

## My Room

I sit in my room in the twilight,  
As oft I have done before,  
And gaze upon objects so precious,  
And think must I see them no more.

On the walls hang portraits of dear ones,  
Whom no more on earth I shall see,  
Though my heart has never forgotten  
Those dear ones who fondly loved me.

There's the old-fashioned rocker of  
mother's,

I can see her dear form in it now,  
As she used to sit with her sewing,  
With a smile, and calm, peaceful  
brow.

There are the plants mother loved in  
the window,  
With their blossoms so sweet and so  
fair;

Ah! in days gone by how she watched  
them  
And gave them her tenderest care.

There's the bureau so old in the corner,  
And many a tale it could tell  
Of mysterious packages hidden  
For Christmas and birthdays as well.

Ah! who can chide me for loving  
This dear room with its memories  
sweet,

And yet with them sad ones are mingled  
For here mother slept her last sleep.

Associations are many, which bind me,  
To the room, which I ever hold dear,  
And fond recollections come crowding  
As times goes on with each year.

—Ex.

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The party given by the Estelle Reels last Saturday evening was one of the most pleasurable events of the season. There were about one hundred young

people present. The Estelle Reel Literary Society is composed of the younger girls of the school and is noted for the enthusiasms that is displayed by its members. The party was held in the gymnasium where the committee under the direction of Miss Johnston had arranged a most beautiful decoration. The profusion of fir and Oregon grape, the artistic setting of the beautiful plants and the yards and yards of green festoons won the admiration of the guests. The band under the leadership of Mr. Teabo was present and added much to the pleasure of the evening. Delicious ice cream, cake and cocoa were served under the direction of Mesdames McClelland, Cooper and Teabo. After observing the old custom of "eat with me and be my friend"—the lights winked.

Last Friday evening our first team was defeated by the Salem Y. M. C. A.'s first basket-ball team. Of course every basket they made was earned by hard and fast work. At the end of the first half the score was 4 to 8 in favor of the visiting team. When the second half began the Y. M. C. A.'s team realized that they were up against the real "stuff." Then a most exciting and fast but clean game was put up by both teams, but it seemed that the longer the game played the better the Chemawa team became. We certainly would have been victorious if the time was a few minutes longer, as the score indicated from the beginning of the second half to the result at the end which was 14 to 12 in favor of the Y. M. C. A. Boys if you are manly men if you love our "Happy Home," let not one defeat discourage you, but rise to the spirit in your veins and train yourselves to perfection for the coming games.