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The Beggar

A Composition from the Eighth Grade

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness
Old oak—give me
That the world's blasts may round
me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout hearted trunk below
And forms set roots unshaken be.
—Lowell.

One spring morning I went out to the woods for a walk. Deeper and deeper I followed a path which lead to a forest which path was big enough to allow one person to pass. Many marks of animal's feet could be seen on the ground. Spring birds were singing happily on each side, while others were flying over head. Here and there I could hear the insects humming and faintly the sound of trampling in the distance. Can it be some harmful animal? Surely, not!

After walking for some distance I lost my path. Wondering where to go next,

I saw a stream with beautiful flowers on each bank. I thought of finding the source, but it wound many miles away from the mountains, and took its pure clear as crystal and fresh water to the ocean.

The stream was between bushes and beautiful proud looking fir trees. My attention was called to a gigantic, king like tree. It looked as if it had a reserved place for its own. A space of about quarter of a mile circumference was given to it alone. Though it was surrounded with thick bushes, but places beneath its branches were all bare without any living plants. There it treasured its dry leaves.

The huge trunk which holds the unnumbered branches was about eight feet in diameter.

While watching the branches moving to and fro by the blast that blew—I could feel the breezes from the meadows and inhaled their fragrance.

Going around on the other side of the tree I discovered another path which lead to an unknown distance. In the distance I could see an object moving towards me, but I could not make out what it was. Sitting on a stump and watching, I saw it was coming nearer and nearer. Finally I made out the outline of a huge animal. This put me into great fear and I began to shiver. I felt as if I were going to freeze to death.

Looking around for a place of refuge seemed nothing except a tree to climb, as there was no house could be seen. I attempted to rise, but I felt that some unseen object was holding me down. My bones seemed to ache when I moved. Strange thoughts prevailed in my mind. It seemed that some one else had the control of myself. Finally I fell down