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Washington's Day

Oh, how the world remembers!

It is many and many a day
Since the patriot, George Washington,
Grew old and passed away.

And yet today we are keeping
In memory of his birth,
And his deeds of truth and valor
Are told by every hearth.

How he fought for Independence,
All little children know;
And why we signed the Declaration
A hundred years ago.

To be as great as Washington,
I could not if I would,
But I've made up my mind that I
Will try to be as good.—Ex.

The Old Barn

By Robert Davis, Eighth Grade.

"The barn was low, and dim, and old,
Broad on the floor the sunshine slept,
And through the windows and the door
Swift in and out the swallows swept."

The old barn that stood in the middle
of the field was known by all the tramps

who used to go there for their night's
lodging when they were on their way
north or south.

The tramps would lie there and sleep
until the sun would peep in upon them
and swallows had all ready begun to
sweep by and it made them think that
was time to creep out and look for some
thing to eat.

About a hundred yards from this barn
was a fine garden which had all kind of
vegetables that a tramp likes and that is
the reason this barn was known by the
tramps.

This barn is south of the railroad track
and north of it is a river.

The town is about one mile from the
barn.

A crowd of tramps were once seated
together telling stories about this barn,
and when they first slept in the barn.
One of the old tramps said when he passed
along here twenty five years ago "I
stopped off and slept in the barn so you
younger fellows can imagine about how
old the barn is, but when I first came
along here there was no garden here,
and the inside of the barn was warmer.