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"What should be Expected of the Indian Pupil and What He Should be Taught."

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An old-fashioned preacher with little education, once took for his text this verse: "Elisha, what dost thou here?" The old man didn't know the difference between the word h-e-r-e and the word, h-e-a-r.

So he began: "My brethern I shall divide my subject into two parts: first I will consider what Elisha heard, and secondly, what he didn't hear."

Now, if he undertook to tell all about what he didn't hear, he might talk from July until eternity, and then would not be half through. In telling what the Indian pupils should do, I find myself a good deal like the old preacher.

There are so many things he should do that if I undertook to tell it all I might talk till doomsday, and then would only be fairly started.

The first point I make is that the pupil should always respect his superiors.

Everyone dislikes the over-forward boy—the boy who calls the teacher the "Boss" and his father the "Governor." Everyone, on the contrary, admires the boy who loves his parents and reverences his teachers. The boy who does not will one day board at the Reform School or eat hard tack from the hands of the jailer.

A good old man once asked an incorrigible where little boys went who smoked cigarettes.

"Way behind our stable used to be the safest place but Ma's onto that now." Insolence will never send a child to the front. Good men have no use for boys who learn their lessons in back alleys and empty box cars.

The father of a family was going down town one evening when he turned around to his little hopeful and said: "Jimmy, I'm going down town now. Is there anything you wish me to bring to you?"

"Yes, Pa; I wish you would bring me a plug of chewing tobacco and be back quick as you can, for I am just out."

If that boy does not bring up in the penitentiary or the gallows I shall be wonderfully mistaken.

And yet many of these little fellows are filled with wit and humor, the only trouble being that they are too ready to use it. "In what tense am I speaking?" inquired an elderly female teacher in Portland, "when I say I am beautiful?" "In the past tense," was the witty but impudent reply.

I never find fault with a witty retort, provided it is not impudent and disrespectful. There can be no objection to such a remark as this: Little Willie was watching a dog chasing his tail around for a few minutes.

"Papa," he inquired, "what kind of a dog is that?" "A watch dog," replied the father. "Well," said Willie, "from the time he takes to wind himself up, I guess he must be a Waterbury watch."

2. The pupil should never marry until he can support a wife comfortably.

It is a serious thing to take a tender young girl away from a good home where she has little to do, plenty to eat and wear and the care of a loving mother.

No young man should do it until he can give her as good a home as the one she left.

"Ah," but he says, "he can't live without her." I heard a good deal of slosh from the same old pail, but I don't believe it.

Suppose he was put in the penitentiary for a term of years, what would he do then? Do you suppose he would die? Not a bit of it, if they gave him enough to eat.

I have known people so blinded by what they call love that they never discovered the girl they married had a glass eye and a cork leg until it was too late to squeal about it.

They were not in love they were in a trance. After marriage when the poor girl sees a large wolf looking in at the door, she gets out of the trance mighty quick, and what she had mistaken for love [?] spreads its wings and flies out of the window.

And it often happens that the girls, young boys fall in love with, are fine girls to let other fellows marry. A young man does not see much of the girl's family while he is courting, but he will see lots of them when he starts house-keeping.

Persons who marry young have seldom sense enough to find out each others bad and good qualities—hence early marriages are a fruitful source of divorce.

I cannot but admire the way that the widow Jenkins treated the uncle of Eli Perkins.

One morning he cantered his horse over the widow's farm before breakfast, hustled into the house and said: "Widdler Jenkins, I'm a man of business. I am worth \$10,000 and I want you for a wife. I give you just three minutes to answer."