

In Honor of Saint Patrick

Many social events have been given in Chemawa this winter but the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Cooper in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint, outshone them all.

The Auditorium was converted into Blarney Castle modernized excepting the Blarney stone, and that historic boulder was really there although some of the guests had a difficult time to find it.

The room was tastefully decorated the shamrock being in evidence, the design of the frieze which ornamented the walls was composed of a beautifully wrought pattern of Ireland's national emblem.

Green shades softened the light and festoons of Irish green used in profusion finished the whole scheme.

Souvenir guide books were presented the guests on arrival which proved later to be a guessing contest. The names of cities in Ireland were given, and by stretching the imagination could be applied to some of the buildings at Chemawa.

A prize was awarded to the lady and gentleman of correct answers. Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Cloutier carrying off the honors.

The unveiling of the Blarney stone caused great amusement. John Benson was master of ceremonies after a very eloquent speech he lifted the drapery and the interested assembly beheld a big rock with a grotesque face painted thereon.

Old fashioned charades were presented, and a revival of the old time interest was awakened when the company was called upon to guess them.

The party closed at a rather late

hour not before singing some old Irish songs. Mrs. Campbell leading, all the rest joining in heartily. Thus appropriately ending a very enjoyable evening.

For Discouraged Men

Cheer up! The world is taking your photograph. Look pleasant. Of course you have troubles—troubles you cannot tell the policeman. A whole lot of the things bother you, of course, business worries or domestic sorrows it may be, or what not. You find life a hard and rugged road whose stones hurt your feet. Nevertheless cheer up.

It may be your real disease is selfishness in grown selfishness. Your life is too self-centered. You feel sorry for yourself—the meanest sort of pity. It is a pathetic illustration. Rid yourself of that and cheer up.

What right have you to carry a picture of your woe-begone face and funeral ways about among your fellows, who have troubles of their own. If you must whine, or sulk, or scowl, take a car and go to the woods or to the unfrequented lanes.

Cheer up! Your ills are largely imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bankruptcy, or if there were no thoroughfare through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth and make the best of it.

Cheer up! You are making a hypothetical case out of your troubles, and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict. You are borrowing trouble and paying a high rate of interest.

Cheer up! Why, man alive in a ten minute walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are, digging your own grave, and playing pallbearer in the bargain. Man alive, you must do your work. Smile, even through your tears, which speedily dry.—Ex.