

Mrs. Bristow, of Portland and son, Hurlan, are visiting Mrs. Chalcraft. Mrs. Chalcraft took them in the printing office and some other industrial departments.

Mr. Chas. Payne attended the Y. M. C. A. meeting Wednesday evening, and favored in a talk which was enjoyed very much. His subject was "Getting Started."

Mrs. Campbell spent Saturday with friends in Salem. Mr. Campbell went in for her on Saturday evening and they returned on the early train Sunday morning. Mrs. Campbell says the Easter bells were ringing in Salem very early on Sunday morning and many people attended early service. There was a Union Service at the Methodist Church.

Arbor Day was appropriately celebrated. Songs were sung and recitations were given in the assembly room and then all adjourned to the school grounds where each class planted a tree. Each tree was named. Some of the names were: "Sacasjawa," "Pocahontas," "Colonel Randlett," "Theodore Roosevelt," "Susan B. Anthony," "American Beauty" and "Estelle Reel."

PROGRAM

Song	Choir
Reading, from Oregon School Law, and the letter from State Superintendent Ackerman,	Asa Bagnell
Song	School
Recitation—"Arbor day"	Robert Cameron
Reading	Francis Swartz
"Noted Trees"	3rd Grade
Exercise	Receiving grade
Sketch of J. Sterling Morton,	Francis Guardipee
Recitation "Spring"	Bessie Chilouquin
Essay "The most useful tree"	Grace Barrett
Song	School

Arthur Bensell and wife passed through Chemawa Thursday morning on the 11 o'clock train on their way to Siletz, Ore. Both are Chemawa graduates.

A Spring Song

Look for the Spring surprises, dear, when you walk through the April wood;
 Watch for the tender touch of green that shows in the budding trees;
 See how the sunlight laughs for joy at the song of the rippling brook,
 At the violets bending their purple heads in the breath of the April breeze.
 See if the white anemones, like lingering flakes of snow,
 Go drifting silently through the wood, a thrill with the joy of Spring;
 Hark to the notes that bubble and burst from a gay little warbler's throat;
 Watch for the rose of the bluebird's breast, or the gleam of his azure wing.
 Find me some blue hepaticas, so daintily sweet to see,
 Earnest of fairer days to come when the world is a bloom with May;
 Ponder the bits of springtime lore, ay, ponder them, dear, for me;
 And gather the fragrance that floods the world to stow in your heart away.
 Gather the sunlight's molten gold that streams from the sky above;
 Gather the brightness and bloom and joy that the birds and the blossoms bring;
 Then come to me, dear, with your eyes aglow, and the ringing young voice I love,
 Come to me, dear, with your heart and your hands brimful of the budding Spring.

A LEANNE C. HULL

A Tribute to the Red Man

"The Indian is a natural warrior, a natural logician, a natural artist. We have room for all three in our highly organized social system. Let us not make the mistake, in the process of absorbing them, of washing out of them whatever is distinctly Indian. Our aboriginal brother brings, as his contribution to the common store of character, a great deal which is admirable, and which need only to be developed along the right line. Our proper work with him is improvement, not transformation."

—Commissioner Leupp.