

IT IS NO use in trying to be bad while
you can be good.

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ALL THE students in this school must
be kind to one another, and be united.
Remember the story about the old man
who had seven sons, who were quarrel-
ing at each other?

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Boys, do not criticise a boy who is try-
ing to do what is right. Try to be good
and fellow those who have a better rep-
utation. Remember that it is just as
easy to do bad as it is to do good.

Dig In

When you want to get ahead,
Dig in!

When you're up to work you dread,
Dig in!

When Dame Care comes down your way,
Days are sad instead of gay,
When there's nothing seems to pay,
Dig in!

When the other fellows lead,
Dig in!

When you're short on things you need,
Dig in!

When the rent is overdue,
And the landlord says he'll sue—
When the world is looking blue—
Dig in!

Never mind the other man—
Dig in!

You can win—you can win—
Dig in!

Better luck will come your way;
Just make up your mind to stay;
Every dog will have his day,
Dig in!—Ex.

Subscribe for the AMERICAN instead of
borrowing it.

Chipeta

She is bravest and best of a cursed race—
Give her a lodge on the mountain side,
And, when she is gone, on the hill pro-
vide

The queen of the Utes' last resting place.

She rode where old Ouray dared not
ride—

A path through the wilderness rough
and wild;

She rode to plead for woman and
child—

She rode by the yawning chasm's side,

She rode on the rocky, fir-clad hill.

Where the panther mewed and the
crested jay

Piped echoless through the desert
day—

She rode in the valleys dark and chill.

Oh! such a ride as a woman can—

By the Godlike powers that in her
lies,

Or an inspiration from the skies—
Achieve for woman and son of man.

They live, and through the county wide,

Where'er they come, where'er they go,
Though their hair grow white as the
driven snow

They will tell of brave Chipeta's ride,

She is bravest and best of a cursed
race—

Give her a lodge on the mountain side,
And, when she is gone, on the hill pro-
vide

The queen of the Utes' last resting place.

But give her a page in history, too,

Though she be rotting in humble
shroud.

And write on the whitest of God's
white clouds

Chipeta's name in eternal blue.

—Eugene Field, in Ex.