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IN A CLASS of boys or girls at school or in the shops there will be found two or three that can be depended upon more than the others, and what a comfort these are to the teacher. The reliable boy, and the trusty girl—let us have more of them. Last Sunday evening Mr. Forbes, gave some excellent advice on this subject, and if followed, will be the making of many good boys and girls.

ON SUNDAY afternoons, "Old Chemawa" is a favorite spot. Accompanied by a chaperon, you will find groups of young people, who have wandered out there to spend a few hours. Under the branches of the gigantic fir trees—some will be chatting of school life, and others of dear home, recalling some incident that has been brought to their minds by the beautiful surroundings; and deeper in the woods you will find others enjoying a quiet game, while others have prepared a dainty lunch to be eaten in the cool of the evening. They have found a mossy log, which does double duty as a settee and table. You can hear the merry

laughter as you pass this group. It makes you wish of course, but from the distance you hear a bugle call for supper, which tells you; that time is flying, and you must hasten to answer roll call. The woods by this time are deserted. As you pass along the shady path you see a squirrel run along a way side fence and up a tall tree near by, and as you watch the little creature peering through the branches you can almost hear it say, "The woods are mine now, good bye! good bye!"

May Day Thoughts

My little tasks—the little tasks even of my little life—claim the divinest inspirations which the martyrdoms and the crusades of the most splendid souls require.

Everywhere faith, or the capacity of receiving, has a power to claim and command the thing it needs . . . and how these spring days bear us witness that the soil acknowledges this power!—no sooner does it feel the seed than it replies; it unlocks all its treasures of force; the little hungry black kernel is its master. "O seed, great is thy faith!" the ground seems to say, "Be it unto thee as thou wilt;" and so the miracle of growth begins.

We talk about the glory of resignation to the inevitable:—but the true glory is in resignation to the evitable, to stand unchained, with perfect power to go away; with perfect power certainty that no man will drive you back, to stand held only by the invisible chains of higher duty, and, so standing, to let the fire creep up to the heart, . . . that is the truer heroism.

And there are men and women whom we meet every day who are doing that.

—Philips Brooks