

The Chemawa American

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STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF FORTUNATO JAYME, '06

TYPOS

LOUIE JOHN WEBSTER HUDSON

ROBERT CAMERON ORSON BELL

CHARLIE HARRIS JOHN McCUSH

CALVIN DARNELL GUS BOWECHOP

JULIAN FERNANDEZ

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To LIVE we must work, and the kind of lives we are living depends entirely on the way we work. Would you like to live a comfortable life? Then be faithful in your work as its results will bring you happiness.

"KEEP YOUR TEMPER," should be the motto of our baseball players. It was the general opinion of those who witnessed the game last Saturday that the score would have been in our favor had the boys kept cool. When an error is made, that is no reason why one should get discouraged and give up the game. It should be an incentive to try all the more to recover lost ground. Our boys should consider these things and try to pull together for the best interests of all.

SOME SCHOOL ROOM NOTES.

Don't waste time.

What ever you have to do—

"Do it *quick* and do it *well*."

Don't prompt. Stand on your own merit and let your class mates do the same.

Don't be a parrot. A parrot waits for its master to speak and then imitates him. Don't be that way with your teacher, but *think for yourself*.

Don't be eye servers. If your teacher should be called from the room for a moment, apply yourselves to your studies the harder during her absence.

Don't idle. When your teacher is explaining an intricate problem to you give her close attention. You may be *smart* and *know it all* but she may say *something* you ought to know.

Cigarette smokers who claim that the purest rice paper only is used for cigarettes will be interested in the following from a school teacher who says in the Clarion, (Iowa) Monitor: "On last Tuesday one of my boys came to school with two packages of cigarette papers. We put them into a pint bottle, and nearly filled it with water. By Thursday it was a thick solution, so thick that the liquid would hardly run out of the bottle. The boys caught a mouse and gave him about a third of a teaspoonful. He never lived to leave the boy's hands. The boys declared it was poisonous but the girls declared that the boys squeezed it so hard that it died. So on Friday they came to school with three sparrows and two mice. We took them one at a time, and gave them a third of a teaspoonful. The birds flew around the room a short time, then fell helpless on the floor, and died in ten minutes. The mice ran around the room for a while as though nothing had gone wrong, then fell into a fit, from which they never recovered. This should be a lesson to the boys who smoke cigarettes."—The Indian Leader.

Disobedience is the beginning to evil and the broad way to ruin.—D. Davis.