

Weekly Chemawa American

VOL. IX.

JUNE 15, 1906

No. 13

A Day In June

See the meadows white with daisies,
Hear the Bob O'Lincoln's song,
While he passes through the grasses,
While he sings the whole day long,
Daises, daises, daises white,
Meadows white with daisies,
Bob O', Bob O', bright,
Singing sweet June's praises.

See the meadows white with clover,
Hear our Robin Redbreast's song,
While he flashes through the ashes,
While he sings the boughs among,
Clover, clover, clover white,
Meadows white with clover;
Robin, robin, now it's night,
Day of June is over.—Ex.

Be Careful What You Say

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,

We know the world is wide;
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young—
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
You'll find it works full well;
Ta try my own defects to cure
Before of others tell,
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.
Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word would do,
To those we little know;
Remember, curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home,"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.—Ex.

The reason some men do not succeed
is because their wish-bone is where their
backbone ought to be.—Ex.

Slander meets no regard from noble
minds; Only the base believe, what the
base only utter.—Ex.