

LOCALS

Clarence Cooper returned last Monday from a camping trip.

Miss Hutchinson brought a very pretty star fish from Newport.

Miss Leona Hirsch of Salem was the guest of Miss Irene Campbell during the week.

Miss Anna Beery, of Monmouth, Oregon, is here visiting Misses Dohse and Parrish.

Mrs. Cooper went to Turner last Saturday evening and returned Monday morning, and reported having had an enjoyable time.

Joe and Alfred Lane are the best janitors the seventh grade has had during the year. They kept the class room very clean, and not only swept and scrubbed but carefully dusted the room.

The game on Saturday between the Multnomah team of Portland and our first team was very exciting, and after our boys won, the noise, cheering and general excitement made it very plain that Chemawa has plenty of school spirit.

Miss Weller of Salem gave a very pleasant musical recital in the chapel on Monday evening. She was assisted by a number of her pupils from Salem and the Misses Brewer of Chemawa. The musicale was for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. of Chemawa.

The decoration in the chapel on Monday night were very much admired. Mrs. Chalcraft was kept busy all Monday afternoon arranging the beautiful roses which banked the platform.

Rev. Mr. Winans, of Salem, addressed

the school on Sunday night. He gave us an interesting account of the California earthquake. He was in San Jose at the time of the great quake and although houses all around him were wrecked the one in which he stayed was not damaged.

Our much needed, long looked for printing press arrived on Monday from Chicago. This will make work for more boys, and work will be lighter, and turned out faster. Happy "devils!"

The very sad news reached the school on Tuesday of the death of our beloved schoolmate, Harry Stewart. Harry had many friends in this school, and his death will be the cause of much heart-aching among the pupils and employes. His good behavior and genial ways won many friends.

Pratt and the Snorers

Lieut.-Col. R. H. Pratt, who recently resigned from the directorship of the Carlisle Indian School, has a great distaste for snoring. It is said of him that he once slept in a tent with eight young men, all of whom snored powerfully.

Colonel Pratt could not sleep for all that noise. He lay on his pillow in the dark, and listened in disgust to the snores that resounded from all sides—a medley of gurgles, grunts, and moans. In this horrible chorus each had in it something characteristic and unique. Colonel Pratt writhed and fretted.

A man on his left snored nervously, with a kind of fluttering, wavering accent. His, perhaps, was the most unbearable snore of all. The colonel, listening, nearly fainted with repugnance. Then suddenly, the snore ceased—its producer snorted, and then lay very quiet.

"Thank heaven," murmured Colonel Pratt, "one is dead!"—Ex.