

PUPTES' ITEMS

Responsibility.

Every body is busy preparing for Commencement.

Mrs. Brewer and little Ruth spent Tuesday in Salem.

Fried hard-tacks is the new dish at the Domestic Science.

The tailors have been busy in the hay field for the last week.

The end of another long term. What have you accomplished?

Harry Queachpalma repaired a chair for Mr. Cooper very nicely.

The blacksmiths repaired two heavy set of tires for our farm wagon.

Ella Brewer, baked a delicious cake for Alice Williams last Saturday.

Ask Carl Briceand who ate the most logan berries last Sunday evening.

Mr. Spink left for Yainax last week where he will spend his vacation.

Bessie Boles treated some of the girls of the sewing room with a delicious water melon.

Nellie Davis, Bert and Amanda Leggett left for their home, at Covelo, California, last Saturday.

Martin Sampson made a special pair of Indian clubs for Ignace Peone to be used for Commencement.

Bessie Chilouquin has just completed a beautiful summer dress, which she will wear on commencement day.

This time last year the "Fair" was in full sway. Now, every one is making their appearance in the berry patch.

Martha— Why do they call that little village, Hayesville? Lot of hay down there?

A number of girls accompanied by Miss Johnston and Miss Luedke went to Salem Saturday last and did some shopping.

Lizzie Beaver presented Addie Cameron a beautiful music book for a birthday present. Addie appreciates the gift very much.

Mable McKie proved her reputation in being an excellent cook last week. She took Miss Evans place in the mess during her absence.

Postal Cards are the style in Chema-wa. Two beautiful postal cards from Seattle, Wash., found their way to Chema-wa for Jane Evans and Anna Miller.

Peter Seltice has a new hat which suits him fine. It is a genuine Stetson. Ask him about it, he also has a fine stick pin which he says stut gave him, who is stut?

At the dinner table on Monday—M. M.—Gee, I got a stand in.

D. G.—These berries look good.

L. K.—Who wants some syrup?

M. M.—Never mind. I got a smile, anyway.

D. G.—Who from?

M. M.—Well! !! !!

L. K.—Well, pass the hardtacks then.

D. G.—With the greatest of pleasure.

M. M.—What's the date?

L. K.—At two o'clock.

M. M., D. G., and L. K.—He! he! he!

M. M.—My, these berries are just delicious.

D. G.—Give me a taste.

L. K.—Me, too?