

PUPILS' ITEMS

Hazel Butler can play some fine music on her banjo.

Mike Olsen caught a snipe down at the lower farm.

Hazel Butler is one of Mrs Theisz's best floor girls.

We all had a good time at the sociable Friday evening.

Jasper Grant makes a good orderly at the school building.

We are glad to see Eugene Williams back to school again.

We are all glad to hear that Joe Moss is learning very fast.

We were glad to see Alphonso Guay enter the tailor department.

Did you hear Mr. Swartz lecture? If you didn't you missed it.

Ethel Logan is practicing hard to make the girls' first basketball team.

Violet Edwards is taking piano lessons and is getting along very nicely.

Bessie Williams has made a dress for Minerva Meacum. It is very pretty.

We are glad to see Louise Stewart out again, after a few days in the hospital.

Lela Wilson makes an excellent leader for the Second Company at McBride Hall.

Laura Harnden is working on the floor at the McBride Hall and is a neat house keeper.

Wm. Watkins is a new apprentice in the carpenter shop. The blacksmiths' will feel his loss as he was a good apprentice in that shop.

Mary Costa is now working in the laundry; she likes her work and Mrs. Woods very much.

We all regret having Miss Bowman leave us, and we wish her success and happiness all her life.

Silas Albert says that the Excelsiors gave a good programme last Thursday evening, especially the piano solo.

After taking the scalps from the tailors' basketball team the blacksmiths are looking forward to the party Mr. Mann promised them if they won.

THE DEAR OLD RED AND WHITE.

Though Willamette always favors
 The "Old Gold and the Red,"
 And the mighty sons of Eugene
 To the "Yellow and Green" are wed;
 We will love our own dear colors,
 For their honor we will fight,
 While the Redskin stands defender
 Of the dear old "Red and White."
 Through the many years of school life,
 'Midst the scenes we love so well,
 We have sought the path of knowledge
 In our efforts to excel;
 Or we win athletic victories
 On the football field we fight,
 Still we work for old Chemawa
 And the dear old "Red and White."
 When the cares of life o'er take us,
 Mingling fast our locks with gray,
 Should our dearest hopes forsake us,
 False Fortune fall away;
 Still we banish care of sadness
 As we turn to memories bright,
 And recall those days of gladness
 'Neath the dear old "Red and White."
 Then here's to old Chemawa,
 May she live and prosper long,
 In the coming years may others
 Sing our old Chemawa song;
 For we'll always love and praise her,
 For her honor we will fight,
 And we'll sing with hearts and voices
 To the dear old "Red and White."

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "It is false!" he said he presumed so.—Ex.

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