

## Left-Over Items

Mary Johnson is making herself a nice new suit.—S. B.

George Williams returned to Chemawa Monday.—F. C.

We have lots of new boys and girls at school now.—J. G.

We are all glad to see so many pupils come to Chemawa.—A. E.

Josephine Harris is working in the sewing room this month.—D. L.

John Steel is fireman at the school building and he likes his work.

As an addition to the band we have Joe Purns as our bass player.—J. S.

Mr. Swartz went to Grande Ronde after some freight for the school.—M. A.

Bessie Clark was very glad to see some of her folks from Oregon City, Tuesday.—M. M.

Arthur Steel works on the office detail and says he likes his work very well.—E. T.

Vernie Cliff is now working in the laundry and is much pleased with her instructors.

Arthur VanPelt is now in the tailor shop. The tailors are making school suits for some of the boys.—B. B. C.

New Pupils are arriving daily at Chemawa, making the average number of pupils larger than ever before.—L. H.

Mrs. Theisz and her house girls will be busy this week preparing the flower gardens around McBride Hall before the damp weather comes.

I came to the Chemawa Indian School Sept. 21, 1908. I'm very much pleased with the school. I'm in the seventh grade.—L. L.

## A HALF CENTURY OF RHYME.

(Written during a 50-mile walk on the rhymester's fiftieth birthday.)

From the South Bend News.

'Tis the dawn of my birthday; I'm fifty this morning;

And here goes for a jaunt in the open, all day!

What's that?—" 'Tis imprudent, I ought to take warning.

I'm getting too old for long walks"—did you say?

Well, the leaf of my life is not yet sere and yellow;

My joints are still supple, my withers unwrung;

If "a man's just as old as he feels," my dear fellow,

I'd have you take notice I'm fifty years young.

'Tis high noon on my birthday; my jaunt is half over—

Yes, twenty-five miles is a fair forenoon's tramp;

But the twitter of the birds and the scent of the clover

Are deliciously potent one's zest to revamp.

'Tis high noon in my life, too—fit time for professing

To heaven deep thanks for not power or wealth

But the love of true friends and that paramount blessing,

Earth's uttermost boon, the perfection of health.

Sinks the sun on my birthday; my outing is finished,

I have told off in miles my five decades of years.

Rather tired? Of course, but with verve undiminished,

And—this hint to the oldest of forty who jeers.

Would you taste life's true joy? Just be cheerful and thrifty.

Let system apportion your work and your play.

Don't worry, eat lightly, walk much—and at fifty

You may tramp with delight fifty miles in a day.

—Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.