

"DON'T" FOR THE BAND.

Don't be the last one to find the place in the book when the number is announced.

Don't get in a straggling heap when you march.

Don't think your uniform is of more importance than your playing.

Don't think the leader is joking when he appoints evening hours for rehearsal—but be there.

Don't spread out your feet and sit on the edge of the chair. Sit up straight and you will play better music.

Don't think your "best girl" is in the crowd listening to your instrument and play it accordingly.

Don't think you can let your eyes wander all over the country and pay attention to the leader at the same time.

Don't keep the members waiting for you unless it is unavoidable. This is not courteous.

Don't keep tooting on your instrument after the leader has given the signal to play a piece.

Don't put aside your instrument and not practice it until you hear that the band has an engagement and then rush to the band hall expecting to play good music.

Don't play your horn as if you want to batter down the four walls. Remember the days of Jericho have passed.

Don't hesitate about going to rehearsal on account of the weather, but go and see if the other fellow is there.

Don't think the band can't get along without you. If you do, you are mistaken.

Don't forget that a true musician can be a gentleman and add dignity to his calling as well as to the profession of doctor, minister or lawyer.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

Chemawa is feeding hundreds of birds since the snow storm. Cracked wheat, cornmeal, bread crumbs, seed and different grains are scattered under the sheds, porches, at the barns and at the different places the birds frequent. Where the steam pipes are laid the snow has melted away and the ground is warm.

They flock at these places more than elsewhere, which shows that they are sensible enough to know that it is just as important to be warm and comfortable as it is to have plenty to eat. Many have already perished and hundreds are doomed if steps are not taken to feed them.

The mild climate at Chemawa and vicinity has encouraged the birds to remain here for the winter instead of going farther south. Many birds from the north come here to spend the winter.

Nearly every boy and girl carries from the dining hall after each meal pieces of bread and other food to feed the birds. It is often the case that some boys will take advantage of the almost helpless birds and throw at them and sometimes kill them, but that is not so of the boys at Chemawa. There are from one to five birds cared for in nearly every room at the boys' quarters. There will no doubt be some fat birds around here in the spring, judging from the amount of feed they are now getting.

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