

The Chemawa American

Published Weekly at the United
States Indian Training School.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 25 CENTS A YEAR. CLUBS OF
FIVE OR OVER 20 CENTS

Entered at the Chemawa, Oregon, Postoffice as sec-
ond-class mail matter.

PRINTING STAFF

JOSEPH DILLSTROM, BENJAMIN WILCOX
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CALVIN DARNELL, LOUIS HUDSON FRAZIER
MECUM, ROBERT SERVICE, CARL STONE.

VEGETABLE POETRY

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth;
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.
The onion traveled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain,
Garlic from Sicily obtain,
Spinach in far Syria grows;
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er,
And Southern Europe's sea coast shore
Beet-root on us bestows,
When 'Lizabeth was reigning here,
Peas came from Holland, and were dear,
The South of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt;
But turnips, carrots and sea-kale,
With celery so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land;
And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
Which abler pens might well describe,
Are also ours, I understand.

—London Rural.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, but they don't make them taste any better."

ONE BUTTON WAS IN USE.

A school principal was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said. "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing life, of the second one as representing liberty and the third one as representing the pursuit of happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member, "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's life, an' here's liberty, but mommer sewed pursuit of happiness on my pants!"

Brevities

George Horn is working on the repair detail in the engineering department this week.

Walter Miller, Walter Haight and James Olney are the boys who are working on the S. P. railroad.

It is told of a Scotch baker who had risen to affluence that some one questioned him as to how he had managed to make such a fortune. "Hoot, mon, I was na tryin' to make it at all," he answered. "I was only tryin' to make the very best bread in the United Kingdom, an' the money just made itself." It is a way money has of doing for those who are determined to give their best effort regardless of its rewards. The very best of anything the public needs means rich returns to its producers.—Forward.