

PUPILS' ITEMS

Anna Souvigner works in the laundry.

David Churchill is now working on the farm.

Martha Andy is now working in the sewingroom.

Ben Bearchild is now working in the plumbing shop.

Jerry Rees is always at the office to do his work.

Sallie Beyers is expecting to take music lessons.

Ella Evans said that she is going to take piano lessons.

We were very glad to see Mr. Chalcraft back at Chemawa.

Millie Freedlander is one of Mrs. Theisz's best housekeepers.

In the Domestic Science Mary Boles made delicious brown gravy.

It looks like the blacksmith are going to pull through with a thousand in the school league.

Luemina Belleque and Frances La Bountie returned from their home in St Paul, where they spent their Christmas.

John Hunter is now working on the after shift. He is the engineer this week, John Brown is his oiler and Brown Jones his fireman.

The Excelsior Literary Club is going to give a public entertainment in the near future. All those that are taking part are very busy learning their pieces.

The Seniors gave their schoolroom a good cleaning on Friday. The girls made new window curtains, and the

boys polished the floor and washed the windows.

For some time the girls in Miss Brown's and Mrs. Fickle's sewing rooms have been doing their work nicely and working hard to get the nightgowns out so they can begin on the spring clothing.

A letter has been rec'd from James Evans recently, stating that he will return to Chemawa soon to learn his trade and go to school. He is very anxious to finish school here, as he says there is no school like Chemawa.

As a result of examinations and good daily recitations, the following pupils have been promoted from Third B to Third A Grade: Martha Alfaro, Chester Smith, Josie Harris, Forest Walker and Willie Mose.

ASPIRATION.

As blossoms sweet and flowers fair
Lend their fragrance to the air,

Make my life, O God, each day
Like the flowers that bloom in May;

Shedding o'er all earthly gloom
Heaven's joy and Love's perfume;

Giving forth Thy word of Light
As the stars that shine at night;

Reflecting as the noonday sun
All Thou art, Eternal One.

—Oscar O. Cozad.

Two Irishmen were out hunting, with one gun between them. The man with the gun saw a bird on a twig and took careful aim at it.

"For the love of Heaven, Mike!" shouted the other hunter, "don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," shouted Mike. "The bird won't wait."—Ex.