

## REFLECTIONS.

I sat alone at my window,  
 Gazing into the starlit sky,  
 And thoughts of the past came o'er me,  
 Of days that had long gone by.  
 How sweet! the smile of companions,  
 As with cheery words they did greet,  
 In those halcyon days at Chemawa.  
 O, when again shall we meet?  
 How dearly treasured those friendships  
 Of schoolmates and teachers, too;  
 How dear the trials of school days,  
 And joys, which were not a few.  
 You moon shining high in the heavens,  
 In that dome of ethereal blue,  
 Will not He, in his infinite glory,  
 Bear a thought of me to you?  
 It seems, as I sit here dreaming  
 Of the scenes that I once knew,  
 The odor of roses comes to me,  
 Any in my mind they imbue,  
 Visions of former comrades,  
 Whose faces I well discern,  
 Through the misty veil of the past years,  
 And of them I long to learn.  
 But friends, our paths are divided,  
 And each to his separate way  
 By an unseen hand must be guided  
 To the realms of glory some day.  
 God grant us both strength and courage,  
 A desire to fight for the right,  
 And may success crown our labors,  
 And in darkness let us give light.  
 A word with you, Mr. Editor,  
 Ere to the waste basket you consign  
 This slight imitation of poetry,  
 Unworthy production of mine.  
 Perhaps the meter's not perfect,  
 The lines perchance do not rhyme;  
 But the thoughts, dear friend, I would im-  
 part,  
 Is from the heart, not the mind.

—Elizabeth Frazer, '97.

[We are pleased to produce the above poem and join the many friends of Elizabeth, who are at the school, in extending greetings to an esteemed graduate of the school.—Ed.]

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## GAME AT BROOKS.

The second baseball team journeyed to Brooks on Saturday afternoon to test their strength with the team of that town. We left the school at about 1:05 o'clock and reached the home of the enemy at about 2 o'clock. Upon arriving at the place we were met by the mascot of the team, who showed us the way to the grounds, which were located in the corner of a field lately sowed with grain, about 200 yards out of town. We drove in on the grounds and after laying around waiting for the enemy to appear they finally got there and we started. As we had brought no umpire along one was selected from among the 12 or 15 spectators present (all men and boys). We took first but and succeeded in making two runs the first inning, but when they came to bat they out-classed us by one score. The game went on like this with them one point to the good up to the fourth inning, when we were leading 6 to 4. They overtook us in the fifth and the score stood 9 to 8 but in the seventh we commenced to get used to the hills and clods on the diamond, and the pitcher, and took the lead again, the score at this time standing 13 to 9. After this we had a few little arguments with the umpire, but at last always gave into him. From this on until the end of the game we kept the lead and when the nine innings were up the score stood 16 to 11.

## QUOTED

"The rule of thumb, guess work and loud assertion of merit may prevail for a season, but in the end the real merit, which can be shown and proved, must take first rank."

"If we know our weakness it becomes our strength."—RUSKIN.