

Tulalip News.

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— doesn't it look like it?"

Saturday evening there was a clam bake on the beach and a social and reception later in the Assembly Hall.

Sunday there was formal inspection, a band concert, and a dress parade, with visitations from local nabobs. At evening there was the usual Chapel Assembly at which Mr. Peairs gave the young people a splendid talk which caused the very hearts of the young people to go out to meet and greet him in the shape of tumultuous applause.

Monday Mr. Chalcraft came up from the Chemawa School in Oregon and the pupils gave a canoe race on the bay in great sixty foot war a d racing craft requiring eleven paddles to man each one—these swift monsters of the deep go at steamboat speed under the lusty strokes of the dusky paddlers. It is a sport truly royal and one peculiar (in the Service) to Tulalip. For the first race, over a two-mile course, Mr. Peairs named one canoe "Haskell" and one "Tulalip"—of course "Tulalip" was too courageous to beat "Haskell" and the Haskellites (as well as the Tulaliputians) were correspondingly happy. From the rear of one canoe fluttered the Haskell purple and gold while from the other canoe fluttered the crimson and navy of Tulalip. Then the girls of the school concluded to give an exhibition of their canoe craft and therefore manned the craft as soon as the boys had disembarked. One canoe was named "Tulalip" while the other was named "Chemawa" and bore the red and white of its namesake. This was quite as exciting though not so speedy a race as the other and Tulalip, with commendable courtesy, experienced pleasure (especially since both canoes were really Tulalip canoes and manned by Tulalip tili-um) in seeing the red and white forge ahead.

There is no more beautiful sights or sports under the sun than this form of race—the flushed faces, the lusty arms rising and falling, eleven pairs, in per-

fect time and rhythm, the swirling rush of the eddying water rushing in foamy fury from the broad blade of the paddle, the long lithe, graceful canoe leaping through the water like a sentient being, the fluttering colors, the sparkling waters—the ringing shouts and cheers—the perfect bay and perfect day, the loved and honored guests all served to make these races especially memorable. And yet water sports are a portion of the school life for one can easily cast a pebble from the school porch itself into the briny tides of Puget Sound—the beloved Hwulch of the Indian people.

Monday evening Mr. Chalcraft was good enough to entertain the school with a stereopticon lecture on the various Indian school of the country—including his own Chemawa school, though, with singular modesty, the word "Chemawa" never once crossed his lips. The beautifully colored view of Chemewa's fir trees and Chemawa's faneus "Rose Avenue" brought great applause. The hit of the evening, however, came when Mr. Chalcraft threw an excellent portrait of Mr. Peairs upon the screen (greatly to his discomfiture, but to the vociferous delight of the children). The lecture was one of several of a series of rare treats of the season at Tulalip, and was greatly enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to hear it. We sincerely hope Mr. Chalcraft may come often and talk longer.

Mr. Chalcraft's lecture was followed by an informal social and reception.

The next day, June 14, Flag Day, was the day for the boy's annual picnic to the islands, and three launches and three big Indian canoes were commandeered for the service. The boys were sorely disappointed that they could not induce Mr. Peairs and Mr. Chalcraft to remain and go with them for the day's outing in the islands, but to fluttering flags, dipping colors, rousing cheers, blaring band, cheering children, clanging bells and shrieking whistles our distinguished guests took their departures after stealing our hearts away—quite! God bless and prosper them both and bring them both to Tulalip again—and again—and again! And then some!