

LOCALS

Esther Napoleon returned to Chemawa last week from Centralia, Wash.

Alex Covington, now at Keller, Wash., has written the tailors, his former shop-mates, the compliments of the season.

Mr Antone Caisse, now in the Forestry Service with headquarters in Portland, spent his Christmas in Chemawa with his boys and many friends. He is well and getting along nicely.

Mrs. Thompson, a sister of Mr. Edwin A. Smith, returned to her home in Hadlock, Wash., on Wednesday accompanied by her children. She had visited here for a month or such a matter.

Dr. and Mrs. Fulkerson and little son went to Yacolt, Wash., to spend their Christmas with relatives. The doctor returned home on Monday, but Mrs. Fulkerson and son are still at Yacolt and will remain there for a few days longer.

As a result of a game of football between the engineers and All-Stars a party was given in the Auditorium on Tuesday evening the expense being borne by the losers of the game, the All-Stars. From reports which have reached us we are convinced that the latter were good losers, as the party is said to have been a very enjoyable affair in every way. Lack of space forbids a more extended write-up.

THROUGH ONE MAN'S GLASSES.

If you have any one working for you and they lie down on their job, don't fire them at once—just call them in and tell them this story:

Down in Virginia a farmer had an ox

and a mule that he hitched together to plow. One night after several days of continuous plowing and after the ox and mule had been stabled for the night, the ox said to the mule: "We've been working pretty hard, let's play off sick tomorrow and lay here in the stall all day." "You can if you want to" said the mule, "but I believe I'll go to work." So the next morning when the farmer came out the ox played off sick; the farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him fresh hay, a bucket of oats and bran mixed, left him for the day and went forth alone with the mule to plow. All that day the ox lay in his stall, chewed his cud and nodded, slowly blinked his eyes and gently swished his tail.

That night, when the mule came in the ox asked how they got along plowing all day. "Well," said the mule, "it was hard and we didn't get much done, and—"

"Did the old man have anything to say about me?" interrupted the ox. "No," replied the mule. "Well, then," went on the ox, "I believe I will play off again tomorrow; it is certainly fine lying here all day and resting.

"That is up to you," said the mule, "but I'll go out and plow."

So the next day the ox played off again, was bedded down with clean straw, provendered with hay, bran and oats, and lay all day nodding, thinking. Chewing his cud, and gently switching his tail.

When the mule came in at night the ox ask again how they got along without him.

"About the same as yesterday," replied the mule coldly.

"Did the old man have anything to say about me?" again inquired the Ox. "No" replied the mule, "not to me" but he did have a very long talk with the butcher on the way home."