

LOCALS

Mrs. Liphart is spending her vacation at the home place a short distance from Chemawa.

Our school was represented at the Salem cherry fair by a float entitled "Indian Life of Yesterday."

Quite a large number of employes and pupils attended the Salem cherry fair during the three days it was in session.

Mr. Larsen departed on Monday for the home of his father at Warren, Oregon, where he will spend part of his vacation.

Mrs. Cooper is now in charge of the pupils' dining room, relieving Miss Dohse who had been in charge for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Teabo are now on their vacation, which they are passing at Grande Ronde, where they have property.

Mrs. Chalcraft returned home from Portland a few days ago, having been in attendance at the convention of the Christian Church.

On last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rhodes visited the parents of the latter, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, at Chemawa. Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes returned to Tillamook on Sunday evening by automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Case and son were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Woods last Sunday. They came out from Tillamook by automobile and were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rhodes.

Last Saturday Mr. Lancaster Spencer arrived at Chemawa from his home in Toppenish, Wash. He was here for a few hours only and was accompanied home by his two daughters, Ethel and Bertha, to spend their vacation.

Mr. Chalcraft recently received the program of the closing week of school at Tulalip, Wash. A very pleasing program it was, too. An operetta, "The Seasons", was given and there were many other features of interest.

On Sunday Dr. Fulkerson received a telegram bearing the sad intelligence that his father had just died at his home in Indiana. The doctor started at once for his old home. Death is the saddest thing known to the human mind and the doctor has our sympathy to the fullest.

STOPPING THE STARTED.

One day an old farmer borrowed a mule from his neighbor; after he had finished his work he sent his 14-year-old boy to take it home, says a writer in Mack's National Monthly. The boy had gone about a half a mile when the mule stopped and positively refused to go any farther. After the boy had almost pulled his arm off trying to get him to go, an old doctor came along, and asked: "Why, my son, what is the matter with your mule?"

"Why, sir, can't you see, he has balked," cried the boy.

"Well," said the old man, opening his case and taking out a bottle labeled "carbolic acid," "we'll see what we can do for him," and he poured some of the acid on the mule's back, and in much less time than it takes to write it the mule was galloping down the road a rate he had never gone before.

The boy looked up in surprise, and said: "Doctor, have you got any more of that stuff?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Well, doctor, you are sure you have got a whole lot more of it?" he asked.

"I think I have plenty. What did you want to know for?" he asked with a smile.

"Well. I wish you would pour some on me, doctor, for I've got to catch that mule," answered the boy.