

LOCALS

Daily inspection is taking place in Mitchell Hall.

The gardeners were gathering cabbage on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Smith went to town on Wednesday.

The gardeners finished digging the potatoes on Monday afternoon.

The blacksmiths are repairing the broken beds in the small girls' home.

We have a very nice teacher in the third grade and she is good to the boys and girls.

Francis Kalama and Benjamin Wilcox have donned the foot ball suits and will try their luck at the game.

While the weather is bad there will be no recess, but the students will have ten minutes of leisure in their rooms.

Mr. Charles Lynch, brother-in-law of Mr. Chas. E. Larsen of Chemawa, paid the school a visit during the week and was agreeably surprised at what he saw while here.

Mr Adolphus B Jones, brother of Mrs. Lucy N. Smith and Miss Florence Jones of Chemawa, died recently in Lewiston, N. Y. He was survived by a wife and two small children. The deceased was a carpenter by trade and was the unfortunate victim of a collapsing scaffold. He was survived by a sister, Mrs. Harriet Pembleton and a younger brother, Horatio Jones, in addition to the two sisters at Chemawa. Deceased was a highly respected man, 32 years of age, and a graduate of Hampton Institute, Virginia, of the class of 1901

It will shock many of our readers, especially those who have at some time attended school at Chemawa, to learn that Lynn Pugh was accidentally shot and killed at his home on Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock, Nov. 7, 1911. A cousin or nephew of Mr. Pugh, Otto Beatty, was handling a shotgun when it was in some manner discharged, shooting Mr. Pugh in the back and ranging in just below the heart. Death was instantaneous. Mr. Pugh was a worthy citizen and had a host of friends who are grieved that he should have met such an untimely and tragic end. He was 32 years old on the day of his death.

WORSE AND WORSE.

"Did you ever notice," said Walter Grimes, "how a fellow, when he once gets 'balled up' and says the wrong thing, has a tendency to get in deeper and deeper? "A friend was first telling me of his experience in attending a reception in Indianapolis some time ago. During the progress of the function an elaborately gowned woman sang for the guests. Her voice wasn't anything to brag on, and my friend, who is very plain spoken, turned to a meek-looking little man sitting at his right and asked in a low voice, 'Who was that old hen who has just squawked for us?'

"That, replied the man addressed, 'is my wife.'

"My friend gasped, 'Oh b-b-beg your pardon,' he stuttered. She is really a rather nice-looking woman and I know she'd sing beautifully if she had made a better selection of her music. Who do you suppose ever wrote a rotten song like that?'

"I am the author of the song,' replied the meek looking little man."—
Louisville Times.