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ENVY.

Lucky is the person who is absolutely free from envy. So many allow their own lives to be spoiled or at least marred to some degree by envying some other his good fortune. One has trouble enough of his very own without the extra blighting burden of envy.

How much better it is for ourselves and others if we have been able freely to enjoy the good fortune of another through the unprejudiced knowledge that the recipient of the favor of fortune was worthy. We should rejoice in the good luck of our friend rather than begrudge it him, for rarely, if ever, can his good fortune bring us bad luck.

Be not envious, for in a thousand ways such a disposition will make your own lot seem far worse than it already may be, even granting that at present adversity looms largely in your path. Be a friendly person, not an envious one. If you want to have a friend you must be one yourself. Envy will never bring you friends.

"IN HIS FATHER'S SUIT"

Colonel Winter Wimberly, of Macon, Ga., enjoys a wide reputation as a storyteller in Georgia, that land of storytellers, according to the New York Evening Sun.

Colonel Wimberly was once engaged in a case in which the plaintiff's son, a lad of 8 years, was to appear as a witness.

When the youngster entered the box he wore shoes several sizes too large, a hat that almost hid his face, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at his ankles, and, to complete the picture, a swallow-tail coat that had to be held to keep it from sweeping the floor.

This ludicrous picture was too much for the court, but the judge, between his spasms of laughter, managed to ask the boy his reason for appearing in such garb.

With wondering look the lad fished in an inner pocket and hauled the summons from it, pointing out a sentence with solemn mien as he did so: "To appear in his father's suit," it read.

WAITING.

Jones made an engagement with a lady to take her for a drive, says the Boston Record. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were out except one old shaky, exceedingly gaunt beast. Mr. Jones hired it, and drove to his friend's residence. The lady kept him waiting nearly an hour, and then reviewing the shabby outfit, flatly refused to accompany him.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that horse may die of old age any moment."

"Madam" Jones replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young colt."