

## The Chemawa American

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### HELP YOURSELF.

"Waiting for something to turn up" is seldom a winning proposition. We can recall but one instance where it was supposed to pay to "wait for something to turn up," and that was a matter of fiction purely—we refer to "Micawber" in "David Copperfield" by Charles Dickens.

In his proverbs Benjamin Franklin says, in effect, that if you are not particular about getting anything, "send;" but that if you really desire a thing "go." In other words, go after it yourself—and then you will get it. There is a great deal in this.

If a young man or woman desires to make anything of himself or herself it is very necessary that a personal effort be put forth. No matter how great may be one's talent or adaptability for a given thing it will never come to full fruition without well considered and continuous effort on the part of the possessor. Your talent with cultivation may make a genius of you, but if you fail to do your part the fellow with really less ability, but who will work hard, will win the

place which by rights should be yours on account of your unusual talents.

If you waste your time and neglect your talents those in a position to help you will eventually abandon hope in you and your good future and will see the uselessness of any further attempt in your behalf. Then you will be dropped—left to sink or swim, as the case may be. To those who would assist you some appreciation should be shown—at least to the point of working hard to make good. It is work that wins every time.

### SUSPICIOUS.

Alderman Curley, of Cambridge, has the reputation of having a large vocabulary and never being at a loss for the right word to convey his meaning. In this connection he tells a joke at his own expense. He says that a few days ago he met an old constituent who had been laid up for a long time, but was well again. The Alderman was struck with the evidence of improvement in the former sick one and said as they grasped hands.

"Well, Tom, I'm glad to see you. You're a rejuvenated man now. I declare you are."

"What's that you're saying?" asked the constituent. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said the Alderman; "I'm glad to see you looking so well again."

"But what kind of a man is that you called me? Don't trifle with me."

"Oh," said the Alderman, grasping the situation. "I called you a rejuvenated man. I mean that you are as good a man now as you were before you were taken sick. I meant no offence."

"Alright," said the constituent, "but I don't like them big words."—Boston Traveler.