

# THE ARROW

ART  
INDUSTRY  
SCIENCE

Publication of the United States Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Vol III.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1907.

No. 39

## BASE BALL

### Essay written by Joe Twin, the "Foxy" right fielder of the Indians

(Read before "The Invincibles," December, 1906)

While the history of baseball in America dates back as far as the decades of the early forties, that of the professional branch of the sport did not begin until thirty years afterward. There has been rapid advancement which has been made in the play of this great national game, and the great base ball season just closed proved to be no exception. The next generation of America will be as thoroughly educated in our game of baseball as our English cousins are in their games of cricket. As the present generation of boys become men however, there will be a softer spot in their hearts for a past-time whose ways they know and remember.

First, putting aside for a moment the professional question: Baseball is for every boy a good, wholesome sport. It takes the stoop from his shoulders, and puts hard, honest muscle all over his frame. Strengthens his lungs, and teaches him self-reliance and courage, and makes of him a clean, strong young man. Spring's first breath turned Uncle Sam's domain into a great base ball field. The home plate of this national diamond finds a place on the headwaters of the Mississippi, right field runs into the Pacific ocean, left field's foul line runs into the Atlantic, and a long drive would chase the centre field to the Gulf of Mexico. In all this vast territory they are now playing the most popular American out-door game ever played. So there are not fewer than 100,000 ball teams in the United States. Many of those who view the ball players in captivity in the ball yard know anything of the glad free life he leads on the road, playing ball every day and travelling from one State to another, and among you there are those who are interested or who have played the game already, and maybe some of you will become as great as Manager Napoleon Lajoie, of the Cleveland American League, greatest all around batter of this generation, and as famous as "Hans" Wagner, Pittsburg's great short stop. These two are foreigners and are being considered the best of batters, Lajoie a Frenchman and Wagner, a Dutchman, not only great batters, but leaders in their respective positions; both are infielders. The former a second base man, the latter a short stop, and a hundred or more others who have earned money enough to live in elegance from one end of the year to the other, they are earning easy money and easy living. Take for instance, two members from each of the Philadelphia professionals who are living in town. Charles Bender, Class '02, great pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletic, and Charles R. Pittinger, another pitcher of the Philadelphia National, who coached us last spring. Both are living as well or better than any college professor. Bender will leave here next Monday for Oklahoma on a hunting trip, and Pittinger, usually does a good bit of bowling to keep his pitching arm in good condition. Many of the present day stars made names on school or college teams before entering the professional game. The moral standard of our National game has been raised, and as I said before, the sport today is on a higher plane than ever before, and base-ball is looked upon as a commendable professional game since the ball player receives a high salary and leads a life suitable to one who enjoys playing the game. Expertness in the highest degree is necessary.

Each year finds the rank of the major base-ball leagues brings a class of players who bring intelligence, speed and skill into all departments of the game, while many of the school and college students enter the



THE SPRING—THE OBJECTIVE POINT OF MANY SUNDAY WALKS

base-ball field well equipped for their work. For the school or college man a record of school days wherein he was a good player is pleasing but they learn a good deal more about the game after they get into it than they ever learn about it at school or college. They are taught to control themselves, the refining influence of school or college life has increased their self-respect, the example set them both on and off the field. Several college men refuse to play Sunday ball, and I do not believe in playing Sunday ball. This refusal is not based upon a desire for a day's rest, from the long strain of physical training, but a respect for the Sabbath. The two notable examples are Manager Fred Tenny of the Boston National, and Roy Thomas outfielder of the Philadelphia National, both object to Sunday ball.

The most important part of ball playing now-a-days, outside of good pitching is batting. The team that can bat before a pretty fair pitcher can win base ball games, on the other hand, a team that cannot bat cannot win. Therefore every boy and young man who has, of course already learned to catch a ball, should turn his attention to this department of the game. If you can field fairly well and a sure batter you can find a position on almost any team, but on the other hand, if you are a star fielder or field any kind of ball knocked near you, and you are unable to hit when your side needs a run, you are not wanted.

Therefore learn if you can how to bat effectively, you have been told, or already heard perhaps that nobody can teach you how to bat. That is not so you can be taught, you can teach your-self by earnest practice. All you need is a clear eye, plenty of determination and a body full of grit. Great muscular power is not necessary, for there are many great batters of to-day who were not giants, such small men as Willie Keeler, of New York American, out-fielder, Topsy Hartsel of the Philadelphia Athletics, and also out-fielder Frank Jude, Ex-Carlisle Indian who joined the Cincinnati Nationals last summer. But the fact remains, a good eye is necessary. If you are incapable of following the swift course of a ball from the moment it leaves the pitcher's hand, until it whizzes past you, you will

never make a good batter. It is a matter of record that nearly every school or college ball player who has entered the professional ranks has risen to the top of the base ball ladder, and there are to-day nearly one-hundred school or college graduates playing base-ball in the big league. Not a team in the National and American league is without one or two and in some clubs as many as four or five. Out of these Pennsylvania schools or colleges have produced many famous players, and I am glad to say that "Old Carlisle," heads the list with her Indian players, also glad that Louis Sox-Alexis was not a Carlisle Indian. Sox Alexis was from Holy Cross college when he first joined the Cleveland club. Many of you have heard why he failed in fast company, and I presume many of you have heard what a great batter and out fielder Sox Alexis was. Sox Alexis stood above all the other great league players, not only as a great batter, but also "star" outfielder, until he used the fire water, and he came down from the top of the base-ball ladder faster than he went up, when he made his name famous in the base-ball world. As I said before Carlisle sends more men to the major leagues than any other institution of learning in Pennsylvania. Carlisle gave Philadelphia Athletic Bender, better known as "Chief" Bender, the great Indian pitcher. Carlisle has given to professional base-ball not only Bender but Louis Le Roy, to the New York Americans, Captain Charles Roy, of our last year's team to the Philadelphia Nationals, Frank Jude last year to Toledo American Association, afterward to Cincinnati National, and the next will be Lloyd L. Nephew, who will join the Detroit American League next year; and not only these, but there are some others who were out during the summer in fast teams: William Gardner, for the Staunton team of the Virginia League, Charles Guyon, went to Washington, Pa., for the (P. O. M.) Pennsylvania, Ohio and Maryland League. The strong Sunbury team used Indian batteries to win many games, also Genus Baird and William Garlow. Pitcher Titus Whitecrow and myself played with the Tower City, Pa., team of the Williams Valley League. The rest of the College men who are in big leagues are George Winter of the Boston

Americans and Eddie Plank of the Athletics, both from Gettysburg College. Mike Doolin, Philadelphia shortstop, learned to play ball at Villanova College. Christy Mathewson the New York Giants best pitcher is a Bucknell man. So these small schools and colleges have been feeding grounds for the major league clubs.—JOE TWIN.

### "Quitters"

The world has little use for a quitter. For example:

The man who starts, and backs out because the creek is up.

The man who starts to trim the hedge, blisters his hands and decides to let it go until next spring

The man who promises to come and saw your wood on Wednesday and discovers about nine o'clock that a screw is loose in his saw, and lets you know Saturday that he could not come.

The boy who goes to school until he gets as far as simple fractions, then wants to leave school and strike a job.

The girl who starts out to be a great musician and learns just enough to play part of a tune or two, to beguile the fancies of some young man.

There is a big family of the quitters, but they are a sorry lot. You will find them all along the road to human failure. They are clogs in the wheels, broken rails in the roads, time killers and patience killers. With the qualifications of a bill-poster they would like to earn the wages of a railroad president.

The ones who succeed in this world are those who qualify themselves for something and stick to it,—in spite of bad crops, high water, and the measles. And it is not always the ones with the greatest amount of brains who succeed the best. Often the greatest victories are won only through great effort and many hardships.

The best thing a parent can do for a child, is to compel him to finish whatever he undertakes, no matter how much he may cry and rebel against it; with a gentle firmness keep at him until he has done the thing he started out to do.

Success is a kind of habit. There is only this difference between a failure and a success,—one quits, and the other holds on.

## THE ARROW

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[All items preceded by an arrow found in the columns of the paper are furnished by the pupils and published, as nearly as possible, just as they were handed in, with an eye toward the cultivation of the student's use of words and language and represent the idea and intention of the writer alone. —ED. NOTE.]

CARLISLE, PA., MAY 24, 1907

## An Appreciative Patron

REPUBLIC, WASH., MAY 12, '07.

MY DEAR MR. HENDERSON—I have been on the point of writing to you several times to express my thanks for your constant and kind interest in my two girls. Scarcely ever do we get a letter without some reference to you and your friendly interest in their well being. You can hardly estimate what a comfort to myself and wife this is, to know that you watch over them and are continually looking out for their good.

When they left home we certainly expected that for a time any way, they would feel lonesome and homesick, but the most unlikely thing happened for from the first they spoke cheerfully and even happily of the school and the kindness of every one with whom they came in contact. This speaks volumes for the school and staff.

My wife and I, however, feel that much of this pleasant state of affairs should be attributed to you and I will not put off any longer the pleasant duty to tell you so. This vacation that the girls are now enjoying means much to them and to be frank was one of the chief inducements I saw in the idea, that appealed the strongest to me,—for them to mix for a time with folks of culture and refinement, and to get a broader view of life and human nature than they could possibly obtain at home. I am not undervaluing the educational advantages by any means, but to me the contact and mingling with cultured people, especially to young girls, is something beyond price in the formation of character and the building up of a true ideal for the future life. But I did not intend to browse along this way when I started to write, but knowledge of what all this means to our children would come into my mind and so you must pardon this moralizing for this once.

I was sincerely glad to hear of your advancement to room No. 9. Selfishness is not absent from this satisfaction. For in the usual course of school routine our girls will be under your direct tuition. I would like further to state that the children have yet to make any criticism on their treatment or anything that concerns the school. They have certainly "had their feet guided in very pleasant ways" since leaving us; and the pain of separation—for of course we miss them—has been softened to us, by the knowledge that they found themselves among true friends, who are seeking to make things pleasant, as well as useful to them.

Very sincerely yours,

T. D. McDONALD.

## Notes from Outing Girls

Among the many letters received from the girls in the country, none have been more appreciated than the one which Fannie Charley wrote to "The Babies of Company A." In the letter Fannie described her little country brother whose name is Charlie, but who is called "Sunny Jim" because "he laughs and laughs all the time."

Emma LaVata lives near Fannie and they have nice sociable times together.

Charlotte Tarbell lives at Freehold, N.J., and she writes that she spends much of her time caring for the little chickens.

Rose McArthur writes nice cheerful letters; just like the jolly girl that she is. Like all the others, she speaks of the nice home she has and of the kindness of the people with whom she lives.

Mary Silas writes that she and Liela Schenandore are having nice times with Miss Edge. She says that they play "Little Carlisle" at their study hour in the evenings. She also tells what fine bread Liela can make and describes Miss Edge as "an ideal country mother."

Little Artemis Harris, who lives with Mrs. Ludt a few miles out in the country, came in last Thursday to have a tooth pulled. Artemis went out last winter to stay two or three weeks and has stayed ever since. When asked when she intended to come in to stay she promptly replied, "I am going to stay with Mrs. Ludt until I am gray-headed."

## Thos. Saul, Designer

The May number of the *American Printer*, one of the best magazines devoted to art printing, in the United States, contains a reproduction of an artistic cover-design in colors by Thomas T. Saul, the foreman of the morning detail in The Printery. The same magazine contains a half-tone of the entire printing detail and an article complimentary to the boys on their progress in "the art preservative."

As a result of the publicity given to Thomas' work he has just received an order from the Biggars Printery at Corsicana, Texas, for an elaborate design, on which he is now engaged.

When a magazine of the class of the *American Printer* gives a complimentary notice and reproduces in colors the work of a printer, you may depend upon it that there is merit in the design or it would not be even noticed.

Carlisle as a school is proud of Thomas Saul's work and progress, and the Printery detail are patting him on the back.

## Our Feathered Neighbors

Last Thursday evening Professor Stevens of Dickinson College gave us a very interesting talk on birds. He showed us pictures of birds and their nests; told of their habits and pointed out characteristic markings by which we may identify many of our bird friends. "That they are our friends is conclusively proven. Scientists have made it their business to investigate the habits and incidentally the stomachs of many birds heretofore regarded as the farmer's enemies. They have found that injurious insects constitute the greater proportion of their food—thus proving beyond a doubt that birds are friends to be cherished not to be destroyed for ornaments or wanton pleasure. We should be grateful for the pleasure they afford us, aside from their very valuable assistance in destroying so many insects that would destroy our food plants."

Professor Stevens told us many other facts that are helpful and we are sincerely grateful to him and extend our thanks.

## Band Concert

The band concert in the auditorium on Monday evening was one of the best that has been rendered for some time. Mr. Stauffer has worked unceasingly to overcome the loss occasioned by the many changes in the *personelle* of the band, and has succeeded in bringing order out of chaos. The rendition of Dix's "The Musical Critic's Dream" was especially interesting, taking as it does a popular melody and treating it as an offertory, gloria, nocturne, sonata, etc., bringing out the full instrumentation of the band.

## A Trip to Mt. Holly

Fifteen young ladies of the dignified Junior Class of '09, under the care of their teacher, Miss Wood, spent a most enjoyable day at Mt. Holly last Saturday.

Starting from the Carlisle ground on the 9:15 car and arriving at Mt. Holly at 10:30, the jolly girls with their teacher started for High Point. On the way rock structure was studied, flowers were picked, etc. When at the summit we had our pictures taken and sang our class song "Onward" and others made some speeches and did some dancing—all with great spirit.

The descent from the mountain was made in double quick time for it was past noon and we were all hungry. The plain bread and butter, whetted by a sharp appetite, was delicious.

After lunch the pleasure of boating was indulged in. This is where the Alaskan girls demonstrated their ability in the art of rowing. Pictures were taken of those in the boats.

The paper mills which we visited were very interesting as we studied the process of paper making from the brown filthy rags to the finish. We, the Junior girls, extend our thanks to Miss Wood for a day of great pleasure.

JUNIOR.

## NOTES OF THE TRIP

After the visit to the paper mill, several of the Junior girls were heard to say, "I'll never chew paper again."

No wonder the Junior girls looked dull last sociable night, it was because they had climbed to High Point.

While at Mt. Holly on Saturday, the Junior girls had their pictures taken. All were happy but they wished to have their picture taken while laughing. Miss Wood then suggested that they all think about Alonzo Brown as he is the "fun maker" of the class. The thought of Alonzo brought on laughter.

Several of the members of the Junior class had a pleasant time at Mt. Holly. While there they visited the sand banks or quarry, which I know was very interesting to us all. The sand used for cement for walks and to make white bricks is received from this quarry.

The Junior girls on Monday told the boys about their trip to Mt. Holly with Miss Wood. "Just you wait until the boys go."

Last week the Junior class studied about "Landslides." Some Juniors from the prairie lands of our country had never seen the like, but if they had come along with the Junior girls to Mt. Holly they would have seen "Girl Slides" down the side of High Point when noon hour was approaching. Some say there is no fun without the boys, but we certainly had a whole lot of it last Saturday without them.

## Supt. Custer en Route

Mr. B. B. Custer, Superintendent of the Indian School at Albuquerque, N. Mex., stopped over between trains on Wednesday evening as the guest of Mr. W. G. Thompson, Superintendent of Industries.

Mr. Custer has been visiting Chicago on official business and it was the intention of Mr. Thompson to have Mr. Custer address the student body, but urgent official business at Albuquerque called him home.

## Not to be Outdone

Following the good example recently set, on Wednesday morning last there arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Venne, a new edition to the Venne household in the form of the cutest little Chippewa-Seneca girl baby that you ever saw. Mr. Venne is now parading the grounds with an increased chest expansion and receiving the congratulations of his friends.

Mr. Warner gave a treat to the baseball boys last Sunday while staying in Gettysburg. He took them out to see the most important places of the battlefield.

We will be pleased to see you!!

KRONENBERG'S

Clothing for

Large and Small Boys

No. 8, S. HANOVER ST.

## Arrow Heads

➔ Hallie Skye who is working in the dining hall says she enjoys her work very much.

➔ Miss Sadie Robertson is entertaining her father, who is making his first visit to Old Carlisle.

➔ The Juniors are preparing a musical programme which will be rendered at their next Class meeting.

➔ Miss Goodyear and her girls are very busy making the summer uniforms, which will be in use before long.

➔ The band boys are glad to know that Carl Silk and Arthur Mandan are coming back to join the band again.

➔ A letter was received from Hattie Billings who lives in Morristown, N.J., stating that she has a fine country home.

➔ Miss Gaither, the girls' outing agent, left on Tuesday for a trip over her territory looking after her numerous family.

➔ Archie Dundas, our cornet player, is now mastering the mysteries of the mandolin. We expect to hear him some day.

➔ Henry Burton says through a letter that he is still enjoying his country life. His friends wish him a pleasant summer.

➔ Miss White led the girls' prayer meeting on Sunday evening and succeeded in arousing considerable interest among the attendants.

➔ Helen Lane gave a very interesting account of the trip of the Junior girls to Mt. Holly. The Junior boys are sorry to miss the trip, but they expect to go in the near future.

➔ Robt. Davenport and Patrick Verney have been working at the Volunteer office, the past week. We are glad to know that the Printing Office is turning out Journeymen.—TYPO.

➔ Mr. Henderson led the large boys' prayer meeting on Sunday evening, taking for his topic "Little faults that spoil our lives." The subject was handled in a manner both instructive and pleasing.

➔ Miss Kaup, of the teachers' staff was called away on Saturday last by the sad intelligence of the death of her nephew. Miss Kaup has the sympathy of the entire school on her mission of sorrow.

➔ Dora W. La Belle writes to a friend that she is having fine times at Mt. Holly, N. J. She often sees Susie Whitetree who also lives there. Dora misses Carlisle very much as her best friends are here.

➔ Elvira Valez, a former Porto Rican student of our school and who was a member of the 1908 class, is now Mrs. Gustavo Grano. Her many friends and classmates extend many congratulations and wish them success.

➔ Ask Theodore Owl what man is best fitted for President of the United States? You might ask Daniel Earrings what is an Indicative Nerve? And who was the Senior who is reading the same letter over about eighteen times?

➔ The Seniors have been studying the habits of insects and methods of preventing them from injuring vegetation. They were much interested in watching the silk worms hatch and were astonished to see how greedy they were.

➔ On Sunday, Grace Primeaux invited Elizabeth Penny, Claudie McDonald and Margaret Cadotte to partake with her of the first strawberry ice cream of the season. It was delicious. All invited Grace to call again in the near future.

➔ The small girls were all invited to spend an afternoon with Miss Henderson. They picked flowers and frolicked on the lawn to the great delight of Miss Hilton. Their refreshments were very appropriate and the little folks appreciated the outing.

➔ Sunday after service in the Auditorium Miss Sadie Robertson took the girls out for a walk all around a mile square. We wanted to come back by the farm but were afraid the walk would be too short, so we came back by the railroad—Walker.

➔ At the hotel in Elmira, N. Y., Wm. Newashie was barred from his room by Wm. Garlow who was his room-mate. Newashie stayed out too late and consequently Garlow locked the door and went to bed. The next morning one of the boys found him sleeping out in the hall.

SIPES' SHOES

—WEAR WELL—

**LOCAL MISCELLANY**

**Items of Interest Gathered by our Student Reporters**

[All items preceded by an arrow found in the columns of the paper are furnished by the pupils and published as nearly as possible, just as they were handed in]—Ed

- The carpenters are busy making doors for the Doctor's cottage.
- James Simpson, who is working in the green house, enjoys it very much.
- Della John writes from the country that she has a nice place.
- Eunice F. Day, who is now living at West Grove, Pa., writes to a friend saying she is enjoying her country life very much.
- Charles Mitchell and Reuben Sundown gave interesting talks, in the Junior class about their Southern trip.
- Through a letter we learn that Jackson Saunooke is enjoying himself in Oklahoma and likes his work very much.
- The new game of "punch ball," which is being played on the campus each evening by the boys, seems to have made a hit.
- Next Saturday morning at 10 o'clock the second team J. V. will play with Belaire Juniors on the field and we hope to win.
- Simon J. Hemlock proved himself to be a good ball player in last Saturday's game by making three hits and two runs.
- A letter was received from Francis R. Tomahawk, an ex-student, stating that he has a steady job as assistant farmer at Fort Yates, North Dakota.
- Bessie M. Charley, who went out with the second party to the country, says she likes her country home. She is living with Mrs. Preston in Ashborne, Pa.
- Alice Morris, who is at Melford, New Jersey, writes to a friend saying that she is in good health and also speaks of having a fine country home.
- A letter was received from William C. White, President of the Sophomore class who is at Robinsonville N. J., saying that he is enjoying country life very much.
- One of the girls received a letter from Mabel M. Logan, who went to the country in the first party. She states that she likes her home and work very much.
- The Junior Varsity showed the boys how to fight to the last on Saturday by, making the score 4 to 5 with 2 men on bases and 2 men down in the last inning.
- William G. Burgess, who is working at Boiling Springs, Pa., came in last Saturday for a short visit and we were glad to see him looking well and happy.
- A letter was received from Joseph Tarbell stating that he has a fine home living on farm. Joe says he will be an expert farmer in the near future.
- William Yankee Joe has gone back to his country home in New Jersey. He says he likes Jersey because of the steep but low mountains, and woods where he likes to go on Sundays.
- James W. Mumblehead, a member of the Freshmen Class and also of the quartette gave the Class a very interesting account of his quick trip to Chambersburg Sunday evening.
- Shela Guthrie, who went out in the country a week ago, writes to a friend from State College, saying she is enjoying the country life. She also states that she has a fine country home.
- Many of the students who are going to leave for their homes soon are anxiously counting the days. A great many of them expect to return and some think they will stay home and settle down to working for themselves.
- Through a letter to a friend, we learn that our little Lottie Trampler, who went to the country in the second party, is enjoying herself in Maryland. She likes her new work and home. She wishes to be remembered to her many friends in Carlisle.
- Current events given by the afternoon division of the Junior class were very interesting ones. The girls told about their trip to Mt. Holly. They covered the ground from the start at the school to Mt. Holly and back.
- The Juniors are very sorry to see Harry Cummings leave. Harry has always tried to do his best for his class in everything and we all wish him success and to follow his motto "Onward." Harry goes to Connecticut.—X. X.

- Esther Reed is working in the club and enjoys her work very much.
- Andrew Arquette, of school room No. 1 has potato stalks 3½ ft. high.
- Harry C. Ribs says he likes his work as a dairyman down at the first farm.
- The Freshmen are studying the battle of Gettysburg and find it very interesting.
- The members of the track squad had their photograph taken together last week.
- John Greensky came in from the country and has joined number nine class.
- Harry Cummings, a member of the Junior class, left for the country last Monday.
- A report has been received that Roger Mumblehead is well and getting along very nicely.
- The printers will be kept busy for the next two months printing the catalogue of the school.
- Elizabeth Penny and Josephine Charles spent the afternoon with Mrs. Stocker on Sunday last.
- Laura J. Bertrand, who is living in Philadelphia, is going to Wildwood, New Jersey, soon.
- The Small Boys' baseball team defeated the U. S. Sluggers from Carlisle in a tight game on Saturday. Score 4—3.
- Fritz Hendricks and Thomas Eagleman gave the Seniors a very interesting talk about their trip last Saturday.
- A letter was received from Lystia Wahoo saying that she has a nice home and is getting along nicely.
- Frank Dutton writes to a friend stating that he is enjoying country life and has been crow-hunting for recreation.
- Louis Bear, Richard Lay, Abe Fisher and Jack Johnson went fishing Saturday afternoon. They caught fifteen fish.
- The Junior Class under the instructions of Miss Cutter and Mr. Taylor, finished planting their garden last Tuesday morning.
- Elizabeth Penny occasionally treats her friends with bread and butter and tea. When hungry call at Miss Penny's apartment.
- Some beautiful postals have been received from Anna Minthorn and Hattie Powlas, who have gone to Kansas to take positions in the school at Pottawatomie.
- George Gardner is getting to be a great hammer thrower. He threw the hammer through the netting used as a backstop last week.
- Harry Cummings, one of the Juniors, has left for the country. We all wish him success and that he may follow his motto "Onward."
- Ralph Waterman and William Weeks are learning telegraphy and find it very interesting. They use the standard legless Morse key.
- Through a letter we learn that Robert Friday is doing very nicely as an employee in the capacity of a baker at Fort Defiance. He was a member of Class '09.
- The privilege of going to the Library every evening is greatly appreciated by the boys, as many of them are found there when the Library is open.
- We learn through a letter that Irene Dunlap and Mary Lewis are enjoying their summer homes, and wish to be remembered to their friends.
- Levi H. Williams, one of the band boys says he is patiently awaiting the day when the band will leave for the sea shore. By the way, its "Uncle Levi" now.
- Cornelius J. Petoskey, '02, says in a letter to a friend that he is getting along very nicely at his home in Michigan. He wishes to be remembered to his many friends.
- The regular evening study hour has been suspended on account of the warm weather. The Juniors and Seniors are continuing their study hour for a few weeks from 7:30 to 8:30.
- A letter was received from Elizabeth LaRoque, who is living at Jenkintown, Pa., for the summer. She says she has a fine country home and enjoys her work very much.
- The base ball boys had a long wagon ride between Gettysburg and Emmitsburg, Md., last Saturday. Between these places they stopped at a grocery store, and "Pop" treated the boys to "ginger snaps." One of the boys said "We'll have lots of ginger, in to-day's game." So we did, we won if we did play against ten men.—SHORTFIELDER.

**Athletics**

**BASE BALL**

Elmirans have been itching for something in the way of base-ball and yesterday their suffering was relieved, when, after the field and track events between athletes representing Syracuse University and the Carlisle Indian School, the base-ball teams of the two educational institutions engaged in a battle royal on the Maple Avenue diamond, Syracuse winning by the score of three to two.

At the outset of the game it was seen that the teams were evenly matched. After the first two innings, during which neither side scored, the Indian stock went up a few notches and some really began to feel sorry for the boys from the Salt City. In the third inning, however, errors of the infield let in one run for Syracuse.

Nothing more startling happened in the line of run getting until the sixth inning, when the Indians, failing to hit Mack's curves safely began to bunt the ball, which trick netted them two runs, and probably more would have resulted but for some rather stupid base running.

With the score two to one in favor of the Indians in the seventh inning, it looked like their game, and undoubtedly would have been had it not been for Thayer's stick-work. With two men on bases and with two out he made a lucky two base hit which brought in two runs and won the game for Syracuse.

Loose playing by Hendricks and Schrimpscher did much to hinder the chances of the Indians, while the big Syracuse first baseman did a few "stunts" which didn't help much. William Garlow, the Indian pitcher proved to be a strong man and he held the Syracuse men down to a few hits and struck out nine men.

Anyway the game was a "dandy," somebody said, and sure enough he was right.

Score by innings—	R.	H.	E.
Indians.....	0	0	0
Syracuse.....	0	0	0

2 0 0 0-2 6 4  
 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 \*-3 6 2

**THE MEET**

Elmirans appreciated the opportunity afforded them yesterday to attend a genuine college meet in their home city. Fully 3000 people turned out to welcome the sturdy representatives of Syracuse University and the Carlisle Indian School and none can be found who will say that he was not repaid for the trip made to Maple Avenue Driving Park.

There were about 125 students from Syracuse in Elmira, aside from the track team which numbered 37 young men in the very best physical condition.

Carlisle only had fourteen men on their track team and in many events only had one man entered. During the afternoon two of the old Syracuse college records were broken. In the 100 yard dash, R. L. Young, of Syracuse, crossed the tape in 9 4-5 seconds, clipping six seconds of the college record. A. C. Call, Syracuse, completed the two mile run in 10 minutes and 5 1-5 seconds, beating the Syracuse record 13 sec. Hunt of Carlisle led in this event all the way and appeared to have the race well in hand but went to pieces about 20 yards from the finish and did not secure a place. Had he been able to hold out to the finish Carlisle would have won the meet.

**MATCH VERY CLOSE**

It is seldom that a closer track and field meet is pulled off. The Syracuse men and the Indians were very evenly matched, and had it not been for the excellent work of R. K. Young in winning 18 points in the different events in which he entered, a different story might be told. S. Blackstar of the Carlisle school, won the mile and half mile runs with ease. Many are of the opinion that if he had been entered in the two-mile run he would have also captured that event. "Pop" Warner, coach for the Indians, stated last evening that he had saved Blackstar for the half-mile instead of entering him in the two-mile, as he thought it too much to depend upon him for all three of the long distance runs.

The Indians, showed themselves to be fine athletes. They captured 49 points and were only beaten by six points, Syracuse securing 55 points.

One of the prettiest events of the day was the 120 yards hurdle, which was won by R. W. Wisner, of Syracuse. In Fred

Sehannadore the winner had a worthy rival, and it was only the last few feet of the final sprint that decided who would be the winner. The Indian made the last hurdle fully a yard in advance of Wisner, but did not gather himself in time to cross the tape first the wily Syracusan taking the race by a few inches.

In the mile run S. Blackstar, of Carlisle, gave a pretty exhibition. He was led by Heltman until a hundred yards from the tape, when he sprinted and left his rival many feet in the rear. The Indian had plenty of reserve force and finished apparently fresh.

Young, of Syracuse, was the particular star of the meet. He won the 100 yard dash and the 220 yards run, besides the 220 yard hurdle and secured second in the broad jump.

The meet was a big success and the fact may mean that Elmira will be selected as the place for holding the annual Field Day between these two colleges each year. The students from Carlisle are a gentlemanly lot of young men. They are good athletes and if the meet next year is held in Elmira, many expect that the result will be different.

**SUMMARY OF EVENTS**

120 yd. hurdle, Wisner, Syracuse, 1st, Schanandore, Carlisle, 2nd. Time 16 2-5 sec.  
 100 yd. dash, Young, Syracuse 1st, Rogers, Carlisle, 2nd. Time 9 4-5 sec.  
 1 mile, Blackstar, Carlisle, 1st, Heltman Syracuse, 2nd, Time 4 min. 38 sec.  
 440 yd. dash, Rogers Carlisle, 1st, Coe, Syracuse, 2nd. Time 51 1-2 sec.  
 220 yd. dash, Young, Syracuse, 1st, Rogers, Carlisle, 2nd. Time 23 2-5 sec.  
 2 mile run, Call, Syracuse, 1st, Marble, Syracuse, 2nd. Time 10 min. 5 1-5 sec.  
 220 yd. hurdle Young, Syracuse, 1st, Mt. Pleasant, Carlisle, 2nd. Time 26 2-5 sec.  
 Half mile run, Blackstar, Carlisle, 1st, Twohearts, Carlisle 2nd. Time 2 min 4 4-5  
 Shot put, Horr, Syracuse, 1st, Exendine, Carlisle, 2nd. Dis. 42 ft. 9 1-2 ins.  
 Pole Vault, Allen, Syracuse, 1st, Wisner, Syracuse, and Sundown and Mitchel, Carlisle, tied for 2nd. 10 ft. 6 ins.  
 High jump, Thomas, Carlisle, 1st, Allen, and Thompson, Syracuse, and Exendine, Carlisle, tied for 2nd. 5 ft. 5 ins.  
 Broad jump, Mt. Pleasant, Carlisle, 1st, Young, Syracuse, 2nd. Dis. 21 ft.  
 Hammer Throw, Horr, Syracuse, 1st, Bily, Carlisle, 2nd, Dis. 142 ft. 1 in.

—From *Elmira Advertiser*.

Our baseball team broke its "Hoodoo" on Saturday and won a very well played game from St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg by score of 2 to 1. The boys stopped at a country store on the drive from Gettysburg to Emmitsburg and loaded up on ginger snaps and this may account for the fast game they put up as they certainly had more "ginger" than they have shown in any game this year. Garlow was in excellent form and had the St. Mary's batters at his mercy, striking out 15 men and only allowing three hits. St. Mary's has a strong team having defeated Dickinson, Gettysburg and other fast teams and now that our boys have shown they can play a good article of baseball when they "ginger up", we expect them to keep up their good work. They have a hard row to hoe however from now on with all hard teams to play and all games away from home.

The track team winds up the season tomorrow with a dual meet with Bucknell. The latter have badly beaten Dickinson and should give us a good tussle but we expect Carlisle to win by a safe margin.

**Male Quartette**

The quartette boys sang several selections at the Dickinson College Y.M.C.A. on Friday, May 17th, which so impressed Mr. George Beck that he immediately made up his mind to take the boys quartette composed of James Mumblehead, John White, Lew Chingwa, and Albert Screamer, to sing at his Methodist Church. So on Sunday the boys went to Fayetteville. The Church was too small to accommodate a large crowd that came to hear "the Indian quartette" as was announced. After the services the boys were taken to the homes of well-to-do people, who entertained us with many things long to be remembered. Then we started for Chambersburg, where Mr. Beck took us to his friends. At eleven o'clock we started for home, reaching Carlisle a little after twelve. Then we were taken to the restaurant where the demands of the inner man were satisfied, and as one of the boys expressed it "It was a gastronomical delight, a culinary dream, a Lucullian rhapsody, aye, a veritable ecstasy."—M.S.

**Shorthand Writin'**

One of the smaller boys hands in the following after a day's orderly duty at the office: Miss White is awful, awful smart, she's got a fine position. They say she's dandy at the art of writin' from dictation. She makes the queerest strokes and marks which she calls shorthand writin. They look just like electric sparks, all tumblin' out like lightin. My teacher says she's gone insane, her brain has got the rickets; She says she better take a job a writin' Chinese tickets; But she's a teacher, she don't know, she never goes to town, She hasn't got the least idea of writin' shorthand down. Miss White, she says its writin' sounds; this always makes me laugh. I'm sure it isn't one bit like George Foulke's phonograph. And yet when I went there one day, the Major came and said: "Miss White, will you take down some notes?" and then went on and read. I kept right still and listened just as quiet as could be. I didn't hear a sound of notes, and that's what puzzled me. I guess I'll have to grow up big before I understand. And then perhaps I'll know a thing or two about shorthand. But all the same, I'd like to know what shorthand has to do With writin' sounds or makin' notes, or any thing; wouldn't you!

SMALL BOY'S QUARTERS.

**Cupid's Pranks**

That little mischief-maker, Cupid, is hiding somewhere hereabout and is having all sorts of fun with some of the uninitiated. Why just a few days ago, during one of those beautiful moonlight evenings, he deliberately inveigled a cooing pair down the shaded walk in front of the small boys' quarters, and utterly oblivious to all surroundings, the masculine victim wandered into the excavation lately made there, and disappeared from view. The fair charmer, so engrossed was she with the air castles they had been building, did not notice his absence until some distance had been covered alone and deserted. Hearing faint cries, she returned and extricated her fair Romeo from his unpleasant position. But, of course this is all on the "Q. T."

Another little thing: We heard that there was likely to be some visits from a clergyman ere long in another locality entirely, yet still on the grounds.

Let the good work go on—all the world loves a lover.

**Origin of the Pigmies**

[An Objibway legend, written by Miss Pauline Van Hise, of Long Branch, N.J., from data obtained at different times from the members of the Carlisle Indian Band during its engagement at that resort last summer, and furnished through the courtesy of James Mumblehead, Cherokee, '11.]

There was once an old chief who had ten beautiful daughters. When these girls were grown they all married brave chiefs but one of them, the youngest, put off all her young and handsome lovers and at length married an old man.

Now her sisters made fun of this old man to her because he was old and feeble but she bore all their taunts good-naturedly. One night they were all invited to a feast at a lodge some distance away. While they were passing along through the woods the old man saw a tree lying in his pathway. Now the sisters secretly wished him to fall and break his neck but his wife gracefully guided his foot-steps. When he got to the tree he gave a sudden cry as of pain and darted in one end of the trunk. He came out of the other end a young and handsome man. His wife was also strangely transfigured for she became an old and feeble woman. He staid at her side and guided her, as she had guided him.

At the feast he sat gazing up in the heavens at one particular star which was exceptionally bright. Then he heard some one speaking to him as from a distance, it said, "Oh my son, the magic powers of evil that bound you are broken and if you eat the magic food before you it will change you to a spirit." He ate and instantly the wigwam began to tremble and rise through the still air of evening.

As the lodge rose slowly upward changed were all the fair sisters and their husbands to birds of many colors. Only the youngest remained sitting in silence till her husband looking upward gave a sigh and she too was changed, not into a bird with feathers, but a beautiful young woman, and her well worn garments became the purest ermine and her staff a snow white feather.

Then again the lodge trembled and an old man with snowy hair appeared at its doorway carrying in his hand a bird cage and he said, "Oh my son, in this cage put those birds and hang it at the door-way of my wigwam."

"I it was who changed your sisters into birds because they mocked you."—You, my daughter are the only one who saw his heart and loved him. In yonder lodge there lives the wizard who transformed you to an old man; be careful lest he darts his rays around you for they are his bows and arrows and the weapons of his magic."

Many years they lived in peace and a son was born unto them who was beautiful like his mother and brave like his father. To please him his father made him little bows and arrows. He was playing around the door way when his father opened the door of the cage and let the birds out for him to shoot at. Very soon he shot an arrow, straight into one's heart it went, and before him stood a woman with an arrow in her bosom. And as her blood dropped to the ground the youth felt himself being borne slowly down. At length he reached the earth followed by all the birds who once more resumed their shape, but not their stature, they remained as little people, like the pigmies, the "Puh Wudjies."

**Miss Fox to Graduate**

We are pleased to note that Miss Agnes K. Fox, one of the patrons of our school, is to graduate from Kee Mar College, at Hagerstown, Md., during the first week in June. Miss Fox will be remembered as a visitor at the school a few weeks ago, and was entertained by Miss Gaither, the Girls' Outing Agent. The Fox family are great friends of Carlisle and Bertha Hawk is now at the Fox home. Miss Fox bears the honor of being president of the Senior Class of Kee Mar and has the congratulations of many friends here.

**High School Graduate**

Felicita Romero, who has been with Miss Biles at New London, Conn., for the past five or six years, will receive her diploma from the High School at that place this June. Miss Biles speaks of Felicita in the most glowing terms and is much interested in her future. It is gratifying to hear of the success of our outing students and the case of Felicita Romero should be an inspiration to other girls to push onward and upward.

**Muffle the Drums**

(BY E. A. BRININSTOOL)

Muffle the drums! Let the bugles blow  
Softly their music this hallowed day!  
March with reverent step and slow,  
Homage to war's martyred heroes pay.  
Over the graves  
Of our fallen braves  
Low droops the flag, while a nation is weeping  
Blow, bugles, blow,  
Softly and low.  
Over the fields where our blest dead are sleeping!  
Muffle the drums! 'Tis a sacred day;  
Hallowed and honored its memory keep;  
Naught but love's tokens we bring to lay  
Over the graves where our fallen sleep  
Blow, bugles, blow,  
Softly and low,  
While fairest flowers Love's hand is here strowing,  
Over the graves  
Of a nation's braves,  
Over the sod which our tears are bedewing!  
Muffle the drums! See, the flag is furled!  
Shouts of the battle have died away.  
Over the fields where war's dust-cloud whirled  
Peace and tranquility reign today  
Clashing of arms,  
Wild bugle alarms,  
No'er shall be heard where our heroes lie sleeping  
Rest, soldier, rest,  
While o'er thy breast  
God's sacred watch-fires their vigil are keeping!  
Muffle the drums! On steep mountain heights,  
Down in the valleys, on land, o'er sea,  
Thundered the guns through wild days and nights  
Spilling the life-blood for you and me,  
Charging brigades  
Met flashing blades.  
Stern was the contest on battlefields gory.  
Sleep, heroes, sleep!  
O'er land and sleep!  
Thine was the contest, and thine be the glory!

**Watchdogs of the Treasury**

It was rather amusing the other day to hear the remarks of one of a group of visitors who were viewing the grounds. Happening to see the wife of one of the staff sitting on the porch engaged in embroidery, this self-appointed, yet misguided guardian of the public funds proceeded to relieve himself of a dissertation on "How our taxes are being squandered," referring to the lady as "one of the teachers at a salary of 12 or 15 hundred a year." It was funny, especially to the staff, who wonder where this poor, deluded mortal got the idea of the twelve or fifteen hundred, and further, where, Oh where, is the employee in this branch of service, who has time for embroidery or anything else, save the pursuit of duty. Ignorance they say is criminal, but in this case it is also amusing. We wonder if dreams come true.

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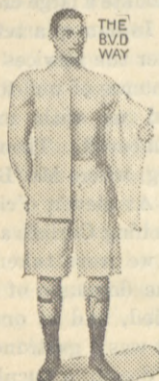
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