

# THE ARROW

ART  
INDUSTRY  
SCIENCE

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

Vol III.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1907.

No. 44

## Vacation Time

The grammars and the spellers,  
The pencils and the slates,  
The books that hold the fractions,  
And the books that tell the dates,  
The crayons and the black boards,  
And the map upon the wall,  
Must all be glad together,  
For they won't be used till fall.

They've had to work like beavers,  
To help the children learn,  
And if they want a little rest,  
It surely is their turn.  
They shut their leaves with pleasure,  
The dear old lesson books:  
The crayons and the black boards  
Put on delighted looks.

So, children, just remember,  
When you are gone away,  
The poor old slates and pencils,  
Are keeping holiday.  
The grammars and the spellers,  
Are proud as proud can be,  
When the boys forsake the schoolroom,  
And the teacher turns the key.

## The Returned Student

Just now a large number of young men and women who have spent the year in school away from home are back again among their old associates, and are trying to adjust themselves to the seemingly changed conditions. They cannot understand how things could become so different in such a short time, especially at home where everything is really rather "slow." The fact is, of course, that the old neighborhood is slow,—a characteristic not necessarily discreditable,—things have changed no more, in most cases, than in any other period of the same length. The lines in the faces of father and mother may be a little deeper, their steps a little less sprightly; some traits in brother and sister may be stronger from development, and former associates may carry more the manner of the man and woman; but all these changes are a part of the changing years.

The boy and girl who have been away have changed. And it is natural that it should be so. They have been surrounded with new scenes, with new associates,—in a new world. Whether this changed life with its new angle of vision has in truth broadened the boy and girl is not as natural a conclusion as it may seem to be. Their attitude in their old home now, on their return, will go far toward helping us to determine the breadth and depth of that thing they are supposed to have acquired. We will not call it an education till we see how it acts, or causes its possessor to act.

If our boy and girl are disposed to make a pedestal of the mountains of knowledge they have at command whereon they sit and view with contempt the "narrowness" of other people, we will have right to question a thing or two that a genuine education would place beyond question. Right here let me say this word narrowness when applied to people has a peculiarity similar to to the word bore as defined by a certain humorist. He said a bore is one who persists in doing all the talking when we want to talk ourselves. A person very often appears narrow because the observer's vision cannot give him any other impression.

If, however, our student boy and girl are able to reduce their knowledge to workable terms in the everyday life, thus bridging the gap and bringing the home folks on a higher plane, yet one common to all, we shall be glad for their year's schooling and for the place that schooled them. To keep in mind that they themselves have made the change will help much in bringing about this adjustment so beneficial to all.

Boys and girls returning to your homes—be helpful, kind and considerate to your relatives and friends. Let those near and dear to you, as well as the entire outside world, know by your conduct that the training received at Carlisle has not been in vain. Be a credit to the institution.



"SCHOOL'S OUT!!"

## Printers Defeat "The Velvet Treaders"

On Friday evening last the employees' base ball nine, known as the Velvet Treaders, were thrown down and dragged in the dust by a nine made up entirely of the disciples of Gutenberg, Faust and Schoffer, who termed themselves the "Printer's Devils," and the score at the end of the game—forgive us for mentioning it—was 21 to 7 in favor of the followers of "the art preservative of arts."

The evening was an ideal one and most of the student body were out to see the game. The gentler sex predominated and great enthusiasm prevailed.

Much was expected of the "Treaders" as it had been heralded abroad that hidden beneath the disguise of the Indian Service was much material that had formerly been of value in base ball matters and that ex-leaguers would be prominent in the game.

But the "Comps" thought not of "what might have been or what used to was," but fixed up the following line up: Catcher, Wm. Weeks; pitcher, Louis Island; 1st base, Eugene Geffe; 2d base, Robert Davenport; 3d base, Fred Pappan; short stop, Levi Williams; left field, Ray Hitchcock; center field, Manus Screamer; right field, Patrick Verney; substitute, James Mumblehead. Read this line up again and then ponder on the nerve of some teams.

The "Treaders" line up was as follows: Catcher, Dr. Shoemaker; pitcher, Mr. Nori; 1st base, Mr. Noble Thompson; 2d base, Mr. Taylor; 3d base, Mr. Colonhaski; short stop, Mr. Shoushuk; left field, Mr. Venne; center field, Mr. Carns; right field, Mr. Canfield.

Well, the game opened with Mr. Gardner as umpire, whose decisions throughout were just and fair to all. Base ball was played for five innings, when the score stood 6 to 6. At this juncture one of the "typos" must have yelled "pull out," for the Printers opened up and "pied" the whole business. They scattered the Treaders in dismay. They swatted the ball all over the field. They turned the game into a "Merry go 'round." They kept on doing things until the score stood 21 to 7, and the "Treaders," sad it is to relate, cried "Hold! Enough!"

It was a great game. The Velvet Treaders are a good team, but they are in entirely too fast company. And another thing which we will observe as through life we travel *i. e.*, there are no "dead ones" among the "comps" at Carlisle.

We sincerely hope that the stinging defeat will not dampen the ardor of the "Treaders," for the good spirit shown by the employees is most commendable and the amusement is entirely mutual.

We refrain from individual comment believing that each one did his best.

## The Johnson Brothers

A recent letter from Herbert H. Johnson, Jr., an ex-student, shows that he is happily located at Rochester, N. Y., in the employ of the Genesee Fruit Company and doing nicely. A brother, Freeman Johnson, also an "ex-" is working in the same city at the tailor business, the trade he mastered at Carlisle. They both wish to be remembered to all friends at the school.

What is wisdom? Merely common sense in an uncommon degree.

## Thursday's Baby Concert

The Band gave a very interesting concert on Thursday evening last which was one of the nicest little affairs of the season, although interrupted by the inclemency of the weather.

The recent and continued increase in the population on the grounds so appealed to Bandmaster Stauffer that he arranged the following program, which he most appropriately dedicated to "The American Infantry," and which made a decided hit:

Star Spangled Banner	
March, "Babes in Toyland"	Herbert
Overture, "Merry Wives o' Windsor"	Nicolai
Waltz, "Loveland"	Holzmann
Selection, "Bye-bye Baby"	Luders
Serenade, "La Paloma"	Yradier
Characteristic, "The Belle of the Philippines"	Stone
Selection, "No doubt you'd like to cuddle up to Baby"	Carle
Patrol, "The Baby Parade"	Pryor

The selections were most generously applauded and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

## Off for Home

Margaret Cadotte and Alice Denomie with Elizabeth Penny and Nancy John left on Tuesday for a summer's visit at their respective homes, the former at Odanah, Wis., and the latter at Lorena, Idaho. These four young ladies are faithful students and are among the most popular "Carlisle's," and take with them the best wishes of the entire student body for a glorious time this summer and a safe return in the fall.

Mother's apron strings are away ahead of Satan's towline.



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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., JUNE 28, 1907

**PROVERB**

**This world is full of beauty, as  
brighter world's above;  
And if we did our duty it might  
be full of love.**

**The Washington Star**

THE ARROW is under many obligations to *The Evening Star*, of Washington, D. C., for the use of the "School's Out" cut on the first page of this week's issue. *The Star* is a thoroughly up-to-date newspaper, ably edited and reliable in every detail—Its Sunday editions are especially interesting to the students, and the Magazine section is a journalistic revelation.

**Monday's Band Concert**

The band gave us another most enjoyable concert on Monday evening, and in the absence of Mr. Stauffer, the baton was most gracefully and efficiently handled by Mr. John Harvey.

The program of Mr. Harvey's selection was well received and most generously encouraged by a large concourse of visitors and students.

Herewith the program:

- |                              |                                 |          |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------|
| Star Spangled Banner         |                                 |          |
| March                        | "2nd Regt. Conn. N. G."         | Reeves   |
| Overture                     | "Semiramide"                    | Rossini  |
| Serenade (a)                 | "La Paloma"                     | Yradier  |
|                              | (b) "Belle of the Phillippines" | Stone    |
| Waltz                        | "Love's Own"                    | Bramhall |
| Duet                         | "Titl's Serenade"               |          |
| Mr. Romero and Mr. Gansworth |                                 |          |
| "Baby Parade"                |                                 | Pryor    |
| "Whistler and his Dog"       |                                 | Pryor    |

**Procrastination**

Mary Cook and Theresa Brown who are at the sea shore for the summer, are trying to become early risers. One night Mary said, "It is so nice in the morning to go out on the beach, let us get up unusually early?" Mary don't often say that, Theresa consented. So Mary set the alarm and made the clock twenty minutes faster than the right time, so they would be sure to get up early.

In the morning the alarm went off, Mary jumped up stopped it, looked around and exclaimed, "Goodness its early" as she got in bed again. Theresa looked up and and Mary said, "Theresa remember the clock is twenty minutes fast," and Theresa remembered, for they then slept two hours longer.

**Indians in Office**

There have been many Indians who have held highly important civil and military positions. Perhaps one of the most conspicuous of these among American Indians was the famous Tecumseh. He was born in 1768 and killed at the battle of the Thames in 1813. Although a Shawnee, he took sides with the British and became a brigadier general in command of a mixed British-Indian force of two thousand or more. Another Indian general who won for himself a name for bravery and shrewdness was Chief Watie of the Cherokee nation. There was a slight strain of white blood in the veins of this man, however.

He was a Colonel, and afterward a Brigadier General in the Confederate army, commanding an Indian brigade of two regiments and three batteries.

Originally the Cherokees were one of the nations of the Atlantic coast, and spoke a language similar to that of the Iroquois, but were greatly retarded in civilization by being transferred to a desolate tract of country beyond the Mississippi. Yet despite their many hardships and the numerous interventions that have tended to retard their progress, they are among the most highly cultured of all the American Indians. In 1824 a Cherokee named George Guess invented for his people a complete alphabet, and with a written language their literature has had a steady growth peculiarly its own. They also print newspapers in both Cherokee and English.

The Rev. Sampson Occam, a full blooded Mohegan, was also an Indian of prominence. He was born in 1732, and died in 1792, was ordained a minister, and was the author of various writings.

Equally prominent was General Ely S. Parker, a Seneca, who was born in 1828 and educated a civil engineer. When the Civil War broke out he enlisted in the Union army, and became General Grant's secretary and an officer of his staff. Later he was promoted to Assistant Adjutant General, then to Brigadier General, and finally became Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Representative Curtis of Kansas was said to have been a quarter-blood Kansa. J. N. B. Hewitt of the Bureau of Ethnology was said to be part Tuscarora; and Dr. Eastman, a noted agency physician and worker, is three-quarters Sioux.

Mexico furnishes the most conspicuous examples of Indians who have risen to high official positions. General Hidalgo, who was spoken of in that country as the George Washington of Mexico, was said to have been an Indian of full blood. Then there was President Juarez of the same country, who was also an Indian and President Diaz, called the "Maker of Mexico," is also of Indian blood.—*Ex.*

**Band Strengthened**

The band has lately been improved by the addition of several new members viz. Celestino Romero, saxophone; Isaac John, baritone; Michael Alare, bass; Edward Nananka, clarinet; James Stevens, cornet; Mr. Gansworth, flute.

Mr. Gansworth, our newly arrived flutist, has had quite a wide experience both here and elsewhere. During the past year he has been doing orchestra and band work in Philadelphia. The other members have for the past three seasons played under the direction of Mr. Lem H. Wiley in concert tours through the middle and western states.

Mr. Romero, began the study of music at the Chilocco Indian School in 1903. Mr. Johns took up music as a career at Carson, Nev., in 1900. Mr. Alare entered upon his musical life at Chilocco in 1901. Mr. Nananka began the study of music at Phoenix, Arizona, in 1898. He afterwards took charge of the Grand Junction Indian School Band and later joined the Chilocco Indian Band.

Mr. Stevens began the study of music at the Seneca Indian School in 1901, he then went to Chilocco where he played with that organization until 1906. Later he went to Miami, Indian Territory, where he took charge of the band and remained until this season.

They are a great help to the band and improve the sections wonderfully. The band is now in fine trim for their summer's engagement at Long Branch.

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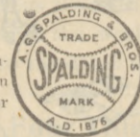
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## LOCAL MISCELLANY

### 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.]

- ➔ Who among the girls goes up stairs like Nebachadnezer?
- ➔ The girls enjoy the automobile rides that "Pop Warner" occasionally gives.
- ➔ Miss Eckert has returned from her vacation. The girls are glad to have her back again.
- ➔ For delicious turtle soup call on Harry Archambault. Soup guaranteed or your appetite refunded.
- ➔ The large boys are thinning down in numbers. The troops are growing smaller and smaller, daily.
- ➔ Susan M. Twiggs is waiting patiently for the day to come when she is to start for the "Wild West."
- ➔ Thirza Bernel, who is working in the dining Hall enjoys her work and wishes to stay there all summer.
- ➔ Marian J. Gates and Louise S. Soldier are having a nice time out in their country home at Jenkintown, Pa.
- ➔ George J. Collins left last Wednesday evening for his home in California. George has been at Carlisle five years.
- ➔ Stacy Beck who will spend her summer at Clayton, Georgia, left Thursday in company with her cousin for that point.
- ➔ Mary L. Murdock is now en route to her home in Oklahoma, where she will spend vacation with "the old folks at home."
- ➔ Miss Mayham and Jemima Doctor report having had an enjoyable Sunday afternoon at Boiling Springs on the 23rd Inst.
- ➔ Vera Wagner and Olga Reinke left for their country homes last week. How we shall miss their pleasant ways and smiling faces.
- ➔ Savannah Beck is to spend her vacation in "dear old Georgia," and left on Thursday for Clayton, where she will recuperate during the warm season.
- ➔ Noble A. Thompson is working in the boiler house as head fireman. He says its awful hot to be a fireman in summer. We all say keep it up, Noble.
- ➔ Recent advices indicate that the health of Juan W. Osif, who went to his home in Sacaton, Arizona, is on the improve. He arrived at home June 19.
- ➔ A letter was received from Chas. McDonald in which he states that he likes his country home, despite the fact that he has to work like "Sam Patch."
- ➔ A box of beautiful rose buds, was received from Susie Whitetree who is spending her summer at Mt. Holly, New Jersey. Her friends were delighted to get them.
- ➔ Phoebe Leonard, '08, left Thursday for a visit amid friends in Chicago during the month of July, and will spend the month of August at her home in the state of Washington.
- ➔ A letter was received from Annie Paul and Sarah Chubb, stating that they have a nice country home, and enjoy their work very much. They wish to be remembered to all their friends.
- ➔ Rose LaRose and Claudie McDonald acted as substitutes at the "club" last Wednesday. They like the change of work, especially hulling strawberries and licking the ice cream dashers.
- ➔ One night when it was stormy and it was lightning, after a crash of thunder Alice suddenly started from her sleep and whispered to her room-mate; "Say, Jennie did you hear the moon pass by?"
- ➔ "Pop" Warner is the hero of the hour. His automobile is kept working over time, much to the pleasure of the large girls, small girls, and all sizes of girls. "Pop" plays no favorites—Everybody is welcome.
- ➔ Emma B. Rainey, "Priscilla" who has been the affable waitress for the band table in the dining room, regrets exceedingly the departure of the band for Long Branch. She says the band boys are an especially interesting study.
- ➔ Clarence Woodbury received a delicious box of chocolate candy last Tuesday evening from a friend who is one of the home party. Clarence was heard saying a few minutes after receiving the delicacies that he was a "bachelor" now.—We wonder why he is now and never before.

➔ Alice Denomie started Tuesday on her vacation trip. She expects to visit Lou French, an old school-mate.

➔ I am expecting to go home pretty soon, and hope to follow my trade as a mason after I leave Carlisle. Carlisle has given me a great opportunity to prosper.—ULYSSES G. SCOTT.

➔ Robert Davenport, a member of the class of '09, and a valuable member at the Printery left last Thursday for his home in Michigan. Robert was added to the printers' detail a little over a year ago and took to the art of printing very quickly. He is a steady boy, full of ambition and with a determination of gaining something new. He was a faithful officer at the small boys' quarters, had many friends there and elsewhere. In the classroom he was president of the class. All wish him success.

### Teachers' Club Notes

Miss Gedney left on Thursday to spend a portion of the vacation season at her home in Washington, D. C. The valley of Virginia will be graced by her presence later on in the season.

Miss Wood left for her home in New York on Wednesday, and after a short rest will take a course in a summer school.

Mrs. Sloan, of the small boys' quarters, returned this week from a short visit in old Virginia. Miss Sloan will summer at the old home at Herndon.

Miss Frances Scales is at present enjoying the beautiful air and scenery of North Carolina. Miss Scales will make an extended stay amid the classic shades of her southern sunny home, returning in September.

Mr. Stauffer spent a portion of the week at Long Branch, N. J., whither he had been called to make final arrangements for the quartering of the Band this summer. Mrs. Stauffer, who had been on a visit to her home, also returned on Wednesday.

Miss Cutter left on Tuesday for Washington, D. C., where she will spend the vacation season amid friends and relatives, attending Teacher's Institute during August at one of the prominent resorts.

Miss Eckert, the girls' matron, returned from her leave during the week and is now in charge at the quarters.

Strawberry short cake is the order of the day at the Club. But not every day. And then again this coming back or repeating, doesn't always bring results—What's that?

Mr. W. G. Thompson and wife leave on Friday for an extended visit at Albany, N. Y., their former home.

### Flag Upside Down

For the first time in many years the flag at this reservation was "in disgrace" on Thursday morning last. The vigilant eye of Miss Ely discovered "Old Glory" stars down, flying to the breeze the morning in question. Her patriotism asserted itself. She rallied the proper forces and at once had the flag put in proper position. It was soon discovered that the orderly who hoisted the flag was "color blind and angle eyed", and his mistake was not a subject for electrocution. "No blood spilt."

### The Seashore "Comps"

POINT PLEASANT, N. J., June 25, '07.

DEAR FRIEND:—We are all enjoying delightful weather and times. I might say, we are all as happy as birds. You ought to see us in our working clothes. We have no guests yet, so easy times is in our favor just now.

THE ARROW was received and I read it as though it was from my sweetheart.

I had my first swim in the ocean, last Saturday afternoon. Thomas Saul bravely swam against the mighty waves of the Atlantic Ocean, but Francis, the gentleman from Montana, ran up and down the beach like an old hen with a flock of ducks. He promised the ocean another visit. Hastings, our Indian B. L., is looking healthy and strong, he wears the full uniform suit of a working man—overalls and check shirt.

The boardwalk is one of our delights, but no "show" yet.

I suppose the band boys are anxious for Long Branch, please tell them that it is still there.

Wishing you a pleasant summer.

I am your friend, Good bye,

JOHN WHITE.

### Band Leaves for Long Branch

It is now the eve of the band's departure for Long Branch, where its has a ten week's engagement, and Director Stauffer takes the band away with full satisfaction that it will please its Long Branch audiences more than ever. The band with its new material and soloists is fully 100% better able to entertain than it was last year. The repertoire of the band has increased exceedingly of late, all the new numbers being especially good. All who have heard the concerts of the past month comment on their marked improvement. This vast progress, however, is surely no more than a fitting reward for the unyielding persistence and efficient directorship of Mr. Stauffer, as well as the practice and individual efforts of the members. In addition to last year's soloists, Mr. Harvey, cornet soloist; Mr. Gansworth, flutist, and Mr. Mitchell clarinetist, the band now has the services of Mr. Johns, baritone, and Mr. Romero, saxophone.

However, great efficiency in the musical sphere is not the only accomplishment of our famous band, for from its members it has succeeded in organizing a base-ball team which will meet all comers along the coast.

May the success of the band be but a forerunner of the success of the ball team.

### Inflation

One of the girls after her walk to town the other day was telling her friend that her feet swell when ever she takes a long walk.

"Yes," said Clara, remembering how her friend never noticed her while riding in "Pop" Warner's automobile one evening, "and your head swells when you ride"—A.

### Room Party

The other morning there was a party given by Evelyn Pierce. The invited guests were Katie Dalton, Alice Dundas, Dora Allen, Delia Quinlan, Annie Pike, and Ollie Bourbonnais. All reported having an enjoyable time laughing at each others mistakes.

One girl exclaimed "What is this lemonade or water?" Who was she and why?—S.

### Junior Outing

The jolly Juniors under the chaperonage of their teacher, Miss Wood, spent a very enjoyable time at Mt. Holly last Tuesday. They started at 10 A. M., and stayed till 8 o'clock.

On the way home they sang songs. Some of the ladies in the car were so well pleased that they clapped for an encore. When the class arrived at the school they gave yells, after which good night was said, the crowd dispersed carrying their pies and cakes to have another picnic next day.—JUNIOR.

### Better Water Supply

The changing of the supply main at the Braught corner on North Hanover street will give the Indian School advantage of a double supply.

Supt. Fuller found it necessary to take that main around the corner instead of across the lot and provision had to be made for the school's supply while the change was in progress.

That was easy if you knew how. He went out to the Wm. Henderson home at the corner of Hanover street and Pratt Avenue. The water main extended that far but connection had not been made with the school pipe as the former water supply came from the old main which extends across from Bedford street. Only about 30 feet of pipe was needed to make the connection and now water is supplied from both Hanover and Bedford street mains.

### Wisdom

Act not for the span of time allotted you in this world, act for eternity.

There is no better way of emptying the mind of evil than by filling it with good.

Grow broad,—broad enough to bear with people whom God has made different from ourselves.

Drop oaths, using the name of the Lord in vain, love of gossip, and foul stories.

### The Ancient Ojibway Game of "Moccasin"

The game of moccasin is to the Ojibway what poker is to his paleface brother. Like poker, also it is a game into which the psychological element enters largely, and in which the study of physiognomy plays an important part. It is played as follows:

A couple of blankets are pegged down taut on the ground, end to end. On either side of these opposing players range themselves, usually six from a tribe. The players on one side of the blanket correspond to dealers. Each is provided with three moccasins. Under these, by deft manipulation, much on the order of the shell worker at a county fair, he conceals three marked pieces of bone. In the closed palm of his left hand he holds three pieces of bone similarly marked.

The players on the opposite of the blanket are each provided with a short birch wand. Their problem is to indicate with this wand as accurately as they can the marked pieces under each moccasin, so that in the order pointed out they shall correspond to the order of the pieces held in the dealer's hand, from left to right. Thus, if a player correctly indicates the position of the first piece, but misses on the other two, he loses two-thirds of the wager. Should he indicate at the start, as the first of the series in the dealer's hand, the piece which actually is in the center of the series, he necessarily has missed all his chances and loses his entire wager. But should he indicate correctly the position of the first two pieces, the third, of course, he could not miss, and he, therefore, wins his opponent's wager.

At either end of the blanket is seated an Indian with a tom-tom. On this he keeps up an incessant pounding, accompanying it with a savage chant—an improvised apostrophe to the god of luck. In this chanting business he is materially aided by the bucks who are not playing. This chorus swells to savage yells of exultation whenever a player makes a lucky guess.

The play never ceases, but goes on by day and by night until one tribe or the other is denuded of its possessions. As fast as one player loses his individual stakes his place is taken by another. Each side holds in reserve a collection of common tribal possessions, which are staked by some chosen player at the heel of the game, and as a last chance.

To the beating of the tom-toms and the guttural chant the players with the wands move them in fantastic figures over the moccasins, but their eyes are glued on the faces of the dealers. All the savage stoicism of the latter is brought into play to suppress any fleeting emotion, any change of countenance or gleam of the eye that might furnish his opponent a clew to the desired location of the marked pieces of bone. Sometimes a player's wand will but touch a moccasin, his eyes meanwhile narrowly watching for the least flash of intelligence in his opponent's face; then, like a butterfly, it will be up and circling about again until, encouraged by some expression, real or fancied, on the dealer's countenance, it will drop like a flash on a moccasin, while the dealer grunts corroboration or negation to the guess.

Last year the moccasin game was played on the shore of Big Bowstring Lake, about fifty miles from the Leech Lake reservation. To the rendezvous came about one hundred canoes from each tribe, the Ojibways living along the 150-mile course of the Big Fork having the longer journey to make. Squaws and paposes accompanied the bucks, and the canoes of either side were laden with all their belongings. Guns, ammunition, blankets, camp utensils, pelts, dried meat, tobacco, clothing, and about a score of scraggy Indian ponies, the latter brought overland, formed part of the motley collection of stakes. The very canoes themselves, and even the tepee poles and coverings were ultimately to be sacrificed on the altar of chance, for the Ojibway is an inveterate gamster. Long before civilization had even touched him his game of moccasin existed for the purpose to which it is now being put.—*The Indian School Journal*.

What is the use of trying to be better than other people? Let's charge about and try being better than ourselves.



## The Boys

The year has passed, the task is done,  
The parting hour is near;  
The games are o'er, the prizes won,  
Mid college yell and cheer;  
Each youthful heart is beating fast  
With hope of coming joys  
On reaching dear old home at last  
Where loved ones wait "the boys."

And Silence soon will hold her reign  
In hall and class room drear;  
No more we'll hear the glad refrain  
Of college glee so dear;  
The campus and the field, alas,  
Will soon be free from noise,  
And slow the weary days will pass  
Without our friends "the boys."

May Heav'n its choicest blessings send  
To cheer them on the way;  
May Nature all her graces lend  
Without one cloudy day;  
And, when vacation days are o'er,  
And autumn brings its joys,  
What happiness 'twill be once more  
To welcome back "the boys."

Kind Shepherd, take them in Thy care,  
And keep them ever young;  
Save them from demon's cunning snare,  
From Slander's evil tongue,  
And, when the task of life is done,  
And Death's cold hand destroys,  
Father, through Thy Beloved Son,  
Grant rest to "all the boys."

## The Love Story of Pokagon and Lonidaw

(Indianapolis Star)

Could Pokagon, sweet singer of the Pottawattomies, have been present in the Indiana House of Representatives last Tuesday when an appropriation for a monument to commemorate his tribe's last home in Indiana was voted he would felt that he loved and sorrowed not in vain. To Pokagon and to his beautiful romance is due the action of the State in deciding to honor the memory of the Pottawattomies, for the noble character of the last chief and his remarkable love story inspired Representative McDonald to wage his long campaign for the Pottawattomie monument.

There are many others besides Mr. McDonald who believe that the romance written by Pokagon himself is the most beautiful love story of all Indiana and Michigan. The claim that Pokagon's "O-Gi-Maw-Nwo Git-I-Gwa-Ki," or, in English, "Queen of the Woods," is to prose what Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is to poetry, is not without foundation.

One feels the pure passion of the noble chief breathing in every line of his account of the wooing of the beautiful Indian maiden who became his bride. In the simple, direct, primitive language of the Pottawattomies he tells his romance, and the great sorrow that followed. And when it is read it leaves no doubt that an Indian can love with all the passion of a "pale face." Considering the fact that Pokagon was a full-blooded Indian, his literary effort is perhaps the most remarkable of all the Indian race.

A worthy follower of the great Menominee was chief Simon Po-Ka-Gon, or Pokagon. The story of how Menominee in sorrow was forced by the troops sent by Governor David Wallace to lead his band of braves from Indiana toward the great West in 1838, has often been told. Simon Pokagon was then but a lad of 8. He was one of the small band that remained, later to find a home on what is now the Reservation near Holland, Mich. His father was chief of the Pottawattomies in Michigan and his son, destined to be the last leader of the rapidly diminishing tribe, now about 200, succeeded him. Simon Pokagon was born at what was known as Pokagon village, on the Pottawattomie lands in Indiana in 1830. Later he was sent to Notre Dame University, where he became a remarkable student and graduated with honors. He wrote many articles on the Pottawattomie and the Indian race in general, and also gave lectures. He died on Jan. 25, 1899, near Hartford, Mich.

A short time before his death he wrote the story of his courtship and marriage to Lonidaw, a fair Pottawattomie maiden. The great charm of the story lies in the simplicity with which the lover pours forth the passion and the grief of his heart. It is the beautiful legend of the princely Hiawatha and the fair Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, in real Indian life.

Pokagon begins his story by telling how he chanced to meet the shy and winsome Lonidaw, how he sought her favor, doubt-

ing and hoping in turn until she graciously smiled on him and said, "Ae," which is "Yes." Then he was forced to be absent from her for several months.

The night before his return he slept in the woods and listened to the great spirit, Manitou, give the tradition of the origin of the trailing arbutus. Pokagon concludes the vision: "When he had done the old man slept, and a maiden passed her hand above his head; he began to grow small, streams of water began to flow from his mouth and very soon he was a small mass upon the ground, his clothes turned to withered leaves. The maiden moved away through the woods, and over the plain, and all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows our tribal flower, the trailing arbutus.

And thus the lover, with a lover's enthusiasm, paints the scene in the morning when he continued his journey to Lonidaw's wigwam: "The sun though yet unseen, had painted the eastern sky a brilliant red. High in the air were multitudes of wild pigeons, sweeping the heavens as far as the eye could reach, and moving in a line, like columns of trained soldiers, southward to procure their morning meal. All the twigs and branches of the grand old forest were thick fringed with needled frost, forming a silver screen through which the sunshine was sprinkled down, shedding the glory in the tree tops on the ground, filling my youthful soul with love for the Divine.

"Stillness reigned almost supreme along the trail I passed, only broken now and then by the woodpecker beating his chi-eled bill into some decaying wood in search of food; or some partridge on a prostrate tree, sounding his rolling drum to entertain his lady love of early spring. I paused and listened to his oft-repeated drumbeats of love, poured forth in military style, and to myself I said, 'Happy lover; no doubts disturb thy trusting heart, while fear and sore distrust are warring in my soul.'

"I reached the wigwam of my bride to be. All was quite as the morning air. My fluttering heart was all the sound I heard; that like a bird in a cage, beats the bars that held it fast. While standing before the door a strange feeling held me there in in bond which none but a doubtful lover can ever know, and which no language can express.

"While there I stood, Lonidaw opened wide the door, bidding me come in. The chilling gloom of yesterday had left no impress on her face; but instead the fondest smiles of maidenhood were plainly written there, I thought perhaps the deer in the night returned, but soon I learned that he had not; then well I know those smiles so sweet were all for me alone."

"With mutual heart we clasped each other around, and sealed again the marriage vow with concert kisses, imparting a thrill of joy so pure that only they who truly love can ever feel and fully understand."

The wedding followed, a description of which is charmingly given by the bridegroom himself.

"When the moon of flowers and bloom came," he writes, "and mating birds were moving northward, and wild flowers were blooming, and the trees were putting on their robes of green, I took the hand of my dear beloved Lonidaw and she became my bride. No wedding cards passed around, no gifts were made, no bells were rung, no feast was given, no priest declared us one. We only pledged our sincere faith before her mother and the King in heaven. Our hope, our joys were one. Hand in hand along an ancient trail we took our course until we paused, and like two mated birds that search and find a place to build their nest of mud and straw, so we, beside an inland lake where towering woods embrowed its shore, and flags, rushes and wild rice in plenty could be found, built our wigwam home of poles and bark. There oft at dawn and eventide, we fished from our birch canoe, and that she might have more success than I, oft times I would bait her hook and let my own go bare, then wonder why she caught more fish than I.

"Oft returning from the chase, weary and tired of carrying game, I'd follow down the trail upon a narrow neck of land that ran into the shore, and I never failed to see Lonidaw's erect and slender form on hasty run, to get to the boat to bring me home,

No swan ever faster swam or elegantly appeared that she, when bending to the oars, pushing her birch canoe across the swelling bosom of the lake. As she would approach me while waiting on the shore I always hailed her, 'Queen of the Woods.' On our return across the lake she would cling to the oars and have me steer. I always felt her image in my heart and loved to see it in the lake, and oft would ask her if her feelings were kin to mine. Her only answer was an approving glance and downcast smile. Thus, happy in each other's love, we floated down life's stream, all unprepared for cataracts and rocks along the shore.

"Two years flew quickly by when Olomdaw, our first child, was born. The night he came no man of skill or neighbors gathered at our home. Alone in the presence of the Great Spirit and myself, Lonidaw went down to the gateway of death's dark valley and brought forth our darling boy, together with a father's and mother's crown, one for her and one for me. As I beheld in the first morning light our cherished infant nestling on her breast and saw Lonidaw smile in triumph as she gazed on me, my love, respect and sympathy for her were all a sea without a shore. All about our woodland home wild birds and flowers rejoiced with us, and we were richly blessed, feeling the dear boy was sent of heaven to our wigwam as a seal to our union, that it might not be broken; for if there is one holy tie of love more sacred than the rest it is that a truehearted husband feels for his dear wife when their first child is born."

Nearly three years of pleasant life for Pokagon and Lonidaw passed on, and a second child, a daughter, which was christened "Hazeleye" was born. These two little papooses grew up together amidst the lakes and forests, the pride of their father and mother.

At 12 years old the son, Olomdaw, went away to school to be gone three years. When he returned at the end of that time the curse of the redman was upon him, the drink habit. It was not long until he passed away.

The father writes: "I do not wish to bleed my heart or sadden yours; suffice to say, as darkness succeeds the meteor's glare, so his young life went out and left us in the midnight of despair. Dear little Hazeleye was left us then; that sweet rosebud, just opening into maidenhood, the very image of her mother. She was our only hope, and as our hearts were bound up in hers, we consoled ourselves with the assurance that she was far removed from the alluring serpent born of the white man.

"But such was not the case. One day while Hazeleye was fishing in the lake two drunken fishermen rowed their boat with such recklessness they ran into her bark canoe, which was crushed and overturned, throwing her into the water. Lonidaw, standing on the shore, saw the crash and heard her scream. She wildly cried, 'Oh, save my child,' and in her frenzy plunged into the flood and swam desperately, as none but a mother could, to save her drowning child. The faithful dog returning from the hunt, rushed into the lake and reached the wrecked canoe just at the time Lonidaw did. But Hazeleye had gone to the bottom never to rise again. The mother, in her strangling, struggling, sank beneath the waves, and rising she caught hold of the dog and he swam with her to the shore."

Pokagon, the husband and father, was just returning from the hunt when he saw her laying on the beach of the lake apparently dead. He clasped her in his arms and carried her to their wigwam, and on mats and rushes she had lately made he laid her down. She began to gasp, and then to breathe, and amid sighs and groans, sobs and tears, she told him of the sad story of their child. After a lapse of several weeks, which seemed stretched into years as he sat beside his dying wife, he heard a sigh. Slower, slower she breathed until she ceased. The sun had set.

"And then," he said, "I pressed my hand close to her side until I felt the last pulsation of her heart. Then, oh, then, I knew she was dead."

Then came the funeral, of which he wrote: "On her funeral day, no relatives in sable robes appeared. No hearse with ostrich feathers crowned bore her form away. But native hunters of the wild, who oft had

shared the bounties of her home, dug her grave at early morn; then came the fragrant woodland flowers, and on her casket they laid them. They came with blankets pure white around them and with moccasins of deer hide upon their feet, while with uncovered heads and muffled tread, slowly bore her from the door away. A Christian teacher and I next to them came, while in our rear true hearted neighbors followed. Tenderly they carried her along the winding trail, under lofty archways of giant trees, until they reached her last resting place, which she in life had chosen. And there among the evergreen trees upon a beautiful headland, near the shore of our forest lake, in sight of the waters that covered our Hazeleye, we gathered, and they sadly consigned her to the grave, dropping therein modest forest flowers which she in life oft wore, and much admired; and as we listened in silent prayer to the solemn words, 'Earth to earth and dust to dust,' a little dusky maiden of our band, who lately had been taught the Savior's love, and knew Lonidaw well, all unbidden, sang:

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep,  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"The closing words were scarcely sung, when from the shore across the lake, in child like tenderness, the song was again sung, and again and again repeated from shore to shore, weaker and weaker until it died away, a mere whisper in our ears.

"In tears of gratitude, and with a heart of prayer, I blessed the little maiden there. One by one the friends forsook the spot, leaving me there alone to commune with the spirit of my departed Lonidaw. Kneeling beside her grave I breathed a silent prayer to the great spirit that she might be received into the arms of Hazeleye in His Kingdom beyond. Then I arose with a broken heart, and sorrowfully wended my way homeward."

Thus ended the romance, and the chief of the Pottawattomies seldom smiled thereafter. Since his death five years ago the tribe has been without a real chief. There are so few left that the government agent easily manages their affairs. Representative McDonald of Marshall County knew Pokagon well and greatly admired him.

With the appropriation sought from the State Mr. McDonald hopes to rebuild the Indian chapel at the old Menominee village near Twin Lakes, and erect a plain, but substantial monument to the memory of Menominee and his tribe.

## Lucky Ute Boy

Papers of adoption have just been filed with the County Clerk making Earl Dennis, a thirteen-year-old Ute Indian boy, the sole heir of Mrs. Lottie Thompson, a widow of Grand Junction, Col., well along in years, and said to be worth \$70,000. Mrs. Thompson has no children or near relatives.

Young Dennis's brother worked for Mrs. Thompson and Earl paid him regular visits. His manly bearing, quick wit, pleasant manners, eagerness to please, and his anxiety to secure an education and make something of himself soon attracted Mrs. Thompson's attention to the lad and she became his friend and adviser.

The Indian boy developed more rapidly than ever under the good widow's teaching and so impressed her that she decided to adopt him. In order to do this, it was first necessary to get the consent of the boy's mother, as dusky and typical a squaw as ever the sun shone on, as well as the authorities at the Teller Institute.

Young Dennis will continue to attend the institute until next year, when he will have completed the course. Then he will make his future home with his benefactress, who will arrange to send him to some college or university.

## Indian Bridle for Secretary Taft

When William H. Taft, Secretary of War, was in the Black Hills a few days ago he was presented an Indian bridle. The bridle was made by the Sioux and charmed amid ceremonies intended to have the horse which wears it carry the great chief of the United States. The bridle is similar in every respect to one which was presented Theodore Roosevelt at the time he was a candidate for the Presidency.