

THE ARROW

ART
INDUSTRY
SCIENCE

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INDIAN EDUCATION

Extracts from the Los Angeles Times which will interest Carlisle

Old-fashioned school teachers in attendance at the session of the Department of Indian Education in Los Angeles recently were actually shocked at the new method of instruction as introduced in many of the Indian schools of the country by Commissioner Francis E. Leupp, head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. This new principle of education, demonstrated is practically a development of the kindergarten along practical lines.

Soon the old-fashioned spelling book and reader will be relegated to the educational dust bin. The parrot instincts of children, especially Indian children, are no longer the main mental path to rudimentary learning. They are being forced to understand and know, under the new method, as well as to repeat, but the latter operation is no longer of the prime importance it once was.

"The day of the reservation is passing," said Commissioner Leupp yesterday, "and the future of the Indian lies in individual effort. It is for this that they are now being trained."

This new method of training was shown to the assembled teachers and among the great majority evoked the most sincere enthusiasm. Every one not already familiar with the methods shown felt that this was in a great measure a solution of the problem to reach the interest and understanding of their pupils. Still there were a few who feel sadly the passing of the old traditions of the "school-ma'am."

The session was opened with music by the Mandolin Club of twenty Indian girls from Sherman Institute, and very pretty they appeared in their home-made white dresses as they played their instruments with a feeling and expression remarkable in a people supposed to be little given to the rhythm of the white man's music.

Dr. Arthur H. Chamberlain, dean of Polytechnic Institute in Pasadena, was the speaker of the day. His address was upon "Elementary Manual Training that can be applied to reservation Indian schools." His topic really was, "What is Worth While."

Dr. Chamberlain paid the highest compliment to the new method of education as introduced in the Indian schools.

"All education should be more or less utilitarian," asserted the Dean of the Polytechnic Institute. "Model education should be made to fit the needs of the pupils." He dwelt upon the needs of manual training and the industrial features of education. Continuing he said:

"Perhaps in many ways the Indian schools can teach us knowledge and wisdom. Especially in the matter of industrial education, the work of the Indian school is in these days remarkable. Those of you who are familiar with the 'course of study for the Indian schools of the United States,' industrial and literary, issued as far back as 1901, will if you compare this with many of our own courses of study for the elementary grades today, find the advantages largely in your favor.

"Let me call your attention first to the fact that individuality is worth while. In industrial work particularly the conditions that surround the student, the environment in which he is placed, the social and civic life of the community, the industrial, the commercial, and financial atmosphere pertaining—all this together with the student's likes and dislikes, his strengths and weakness, his abilities and shortcomings, must be thoroughly considered in planning work, that individuality may be developed and character formed.

"We must emphasize the real and eliminate the non-essential. To do this we must consider the materials and possibilities that lie immediately about us. The work in the Indian schools should be adapted to meet local conditions, regardless of what is done elsewhere."

"The great principle in the Indian school today is not to waste energy, but to train the pupils rather in the practical affairs of life as they will find it rather than teach them the history of Greece or the geography of Russia.

"I am insistent upon the right of every Indian child having the opportunity of learning the 'Three R's'" said Commissioner Leupp, "If, after that they desire to go further they will have the opportunity."

INDIAN ART

Miss Angel DeCora, who is a delegate to the institute from the Carlisle Indian school, where she is teacher of art, is one

of the most interesting figures connected with Indian education now in Los Angeles. She is a handsome young Indian woman, a full-blooded Winnebago, and the exhibit of the work of her pupils is one of the features of the exhibition now to be seen at the Normal School. Miss DeCora has made a special study of Indian art, and she has a most complete collection of original Indian designs. She has studied in many of the large cities of the country, and is an enthusiast upon the subject of preserving native Indian art designs.

The institute meetings are, if anything, more interesting after the adjournment of the formal meetings than during the session. It is then that the teachers from all parts of the country meet and compare notes and tell stories of the wonderful progress being made by their charges under the new system introduced. Anecdotes and stories illustrating the life of the Indian, the brightness of the children, and the uplifting which is spreading throughout the country among the Redskin race, especially the younger generation, are the themes of all.

Progress

I saw the "power" turned on in the laundry. A few years ago the work the "power" does now, had to be done by hand. The thought, it had been growing for some time, came out clearly: Have we progressed as much morally, intellectually, etc., as we have along industrial or mechanical lines? Have we, boys, girls and ye who read this? I asked the question; the answer came almost with it: Perhaps not, but we all are trying. Let us realize how ready and powerful our Help is in every right endeavor toward such progress.—X. Y. Z.

Longboat May Become Professional

Tom Longboat, the Indian runner, seems to have broken away from the West End Y. M. C. A. He is at present in Ontario trying to get a race with anybody, but his standing will not permit of any amateur running against him. Professionalism is his only chance unless he makes his peace with the West End, and neither side is overwhelmingly anxious for that. It is generally understood that professionalism is the Indian goal.

Be Self-Reliant

The most important element of success in getting on in the world is self-reliance. Whether you are striving for fame, money, or for anything else; work with your own hands and heart and brain. Keep the "I will" determination always before you, and sooner or later the reward will come—you will conquer. To rely upon the advice of others is to invite failure. No one can be as heartily interested in your affairs as yourself; and dependence upon the advice of others induces a negative state of mind that seldom rises above mediocrity of accomplishment. The person who is always seeking aid through some friend's influence, if he rises at all, must be lifted to it; and usually lacks the stamina to maintain his hold upon it unaided; while he who carves his own way up the mountain will make each step lead up to a higher one. Those who make a success in the world are not helped along by the assistance of others; they create their own prosperity by holding a high ideal always in mind, and persistently directing every effort towards its accomplishment. If you would win you must fight your own battles; don't rely upon the aid of your friends. Your best friends are those your success creates. The success that comes from self-reliant effort is accumulative; there's a positive force behind it that helps it on. There is a degree of satisfaction comes from it, too, that helped-along people never know. Hoe your own row; paddle your own canoe; ask no favors, and it will never be said of you: "His life was a failure."

Advice to the Discontented

Whenever you are tempted to growl against fate or complain of your lot just look around and find out what others are bearing. You will find many men with more brains and better education worse off than you are. Then compare your lot with that of such men and if you don't quit complaining and go in for rejoicing there's something radically wrong with your mental balance. When an obstacle gets in your way don't waste time and energy in complaining about it. If you can't push it out of your path get over it, under or around it any way you can—and leave the obstacle behind you. The second obstacle will not appear half as big if you pass the first.—*Spare Moments.*

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., JULY 19, 1907

PROVERB

**He is my friend that helps me,
and not he that pities me.**

From the Southern Workman

Miss Angel DeCora, '91, who is now teacher of art at Carlisle and has been assisting Miss Cook of the Indian Bureau in arranging the Government Indian exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition, made her headquarters at the school while in this vicinity. She brought with her some interesting specimens of the work of her classes, which attracted much attention in the school Museum.

Miss DeCora is illustrating the Indians' Book which Harper Brothers are to publish in the fall for Miss Natalie Curtis.

A Few Stray Arrow Heads

- ➔ The dressmakers are now making the girl's uniforms for next winter.
- ➔ Texie Tubbs has returned and we are glad to see her looking so well.
- ➔ Miss Goodyear is once more installed in her place in the sewing room after a pleasant vacation.
- ➔ The boys and girls now occupy one side of the dining room, as the other half is being painted.
- ➔ We all like to see Ray Hitchcock's pleasant face in the sewing room where he scratches up news.
- ➔ Mary Bailey, who is at Washington, D. C., states in a letter that she greatly appreciates the opportunities given her at Carlisle.
- ➔ Wednesday night the girls were all awakened by a terrible noise which all supposed to be an earthquake but on examination found it to be a pile of plaster which fell on the second floor.
- ➔ Juanito Poncho, Nekeifer's most faithful assistant is doing excellent work in the kitchen. When Nekeifer sees a boy with the ambition of Juanito he takes a great deal of interest in him.
- ➔ Thru a letter from Josephine Charles we learn that she has been transferred from Beach Haven, N. J., to West Chester Pa. She is now living near Edith Ranco and she says they have fine times together.
- ➔ One of the girls woke up the other morning thinking the dining room girls had gone. She was in such a hurry that she put on her shoes without her stockings and asked if the rising bell had rung or not.

Dreaming and Awakening

I remember, I remember,
When I was just eighteen;
I think I was the wisest youth
This world had ever seen.
It was a childish fairy tale;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I don't know lots of things
I did know when a boy.
I remember, I remember,
This old world seemed so slow;
I'd teach it how to put things through
When once I got a show!
It was a boyish "guess again";
But now 'tis sorry play
To find how hard I have to work
To get three meals a day.
I remember, I remember,
The things I planned to do,
I meant to take this poor old earth
And make it over new.
It was a very pretty dream;
But now 'tis little cheer
To know the world, when I am gone,
Won't know that I was here.
—Nixon Waterman.

Few Caribs Left

Americans will always be interested in the Carib Indians because they were the inhabitants of the Antillies when Columbus and his successors discovered those islands. The Caribs were mostly exterminated by the Spanish conquerors, and not a vestige of them is left except in the islands of Dominica and St. Vincent.

The largest group of Carib Islanders is now kept by the British on a reservation on the windward coast of Dominica. The group numbers 500 persons, of whom only about one hundred are pure Caribs, the remainder having more or less negro blood. S. Grieve the Scottish naturalist, has recently visited the reservation and tells what he saw in the book he has just written.

He says the pure Caribs are proud of their race and think they come of the same stock as white men, possibly for no other reason than that their hair is straight like that of the white race. When a Carib woman has a chance to marry a Chinese she usually improves it and says she is marrying a man of her own race. Perhaps she is not very far wrong, as the Caribs are closely related to the Indians of the mainland, who are supposed to be of Asiatic origin.

The Caribs of the islands came originally from the South American mainland, and their relatives are to-day quite widely distributed over northeastern South America. It is hoped to keep them from extinction, but unless they confine their marriages to their own race they will become more negro than Carib.

The Caribs on the reservations have their own king and queen, who are now old and blind and live upon a small pension granted by the British Government. King Ogis, though he has a few subjects, is assisted in his rule by a prime Minister and an advisory council. The influence of the pure Caribs is controlling in the tribal affairs.

Many of the pure Caribs have clean cut and pleasant features and some of the children are quite handsome. The mixed race, however, have pronounced negroid characteristics.

All the children attend school, and education is now confined to the English language. This will be to the advantage of the next generation, it is thought because the Caribs are living in one of the British colonies. The adults still speak the French patois and they also have a language of their own.

They are fond of hunting and are more skilled than the negroes in some kinds of work, but they ask higher wages and thereby often lose opportunities for employment. They are splendid boatmen and perform wonderful voyages in their dugouts across the stretch of sea to Martinique, Guadeloupe and other stretches of land.

Good Report from Moorestown

EDITOR OF THE ARROW:—

I would like to tell you a little about two of the girls and if you think well of it I think it would be nice to put the information in THE ARROW.

Helen Pickard and Lillian Leonard received the highest averages out of a class of forty at the Moorestown Public School. Lillian received a Diploma for the nine months' attendance, during which time she had not been late to a single session.

We feel proud of the good work done by our girls and thought maybe you might like to hear about it too. Very truly,

PATRON.

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Teachers' Club Notes

Miss Evelyn McRost, of Adrian, Mich., who has been enjoying a very pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. E. H. Foster, left for her home on Monday morning amid the regrets of recently formed friends here.

Dr. Shoemaker, the manager of the Club, is spending a few days in Washington, D. C., his home. Mrs. Shoemaker and little Dorris accompany the Doctor and are enjoying a short vacation.

"Pop" Warner is up in New York state at his home in Springville, busily occupied in figuring out the various "tricks of the trade" for the coming foot-ball campaign. The silence of our Coach is almost painful, but it is nothing but the lull before the storm, for this fall there will be "something doing" in foot ball. Keep your eye on "Pop" and the Indians this fall. Something is going to drop.

Miss Evelyn Foster, the entertaining daughter of Mrs. E. H. Foster, of the teachers' staff, came in on a flying visit on Wednesday evening and left Thursday morning for Philadelphia, where she is taking a course in nursing at the Medico-Chi.

Miss Elizabeth Wolf, '08, is most acceptably filling the position of matron at the Club, ably assisted by Esther Reed and Melinda Desautel. Good experience this for future use.

Mr. Wm. Nonast, the tailor expects to leave this week for a couple of weeks' recuperation free from the care of the shop. While absent Mr. Nonast will visit Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, finishing up his leave at the Jamestown Exposition.

Mr. Wise, assistant Supt., and president of the Club, took a flying trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington last week, returning on Sunday morning.

During the illness of Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Culberson, of Carlisle, is efficiently filling the position of matron at the small boys' quarters. Mrs. Saxon, the former matron, now of the Outing Department is exercising "a motherly eye" over the youngsters still.

Miss White, the stenographer, is planning for a short outing amid the rural atmosphere of Butler County, to which point she will soon hie herself away.

Mr. John L. Walters, disciplinarian, is now mobilizing all the large boys in one portion of the quarters, and as soon as the reorganization is complete will make a hasty trip to Texas, his former home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Denny are busy as beavers, putting their little home to rights and settling down for the year.

Miss Yarnall has been acting matron of the girls' quarters since the first of July.

Recent letters from Lockport, N. Y., are assuring that Miss Johnson, one of our teachers who was caught in the wreck at Sunbury some time ago, will experience no permanent injuries therefrom, but is rapidly recovering from the shock and personal injuries.

Mr. Taylor, ye scientific farmer, is taking a course in Nature Study, at Boiling Springs and Mt. Holly—"Waltz me around again Hughie."

Mr. Goliath Bigjim, the baker, leaves on the 25th for a ten-day trip to the South—the home of the Cherokees.

Miss Mayham is arranging for a short leave of absence to visit the "old folks at home," up in York state.

Mr. Hoffman and family have moved into the cottage formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. MacKey.

Mr. and Mrs. Venne (and the baby) have taken up their abode in the former residence of the chief clerk.

Mrs. Rumborsport ("mother"), our chef at the Club, is faithfully sticking to her work through the hot spell of weather and is putting up a bill of fare fit for the gods. A vacation is due her, which will be taken next month with the best wishes of the entire Club.

Homeward Bound

Corporal C. W. Nick, one of our boys who is in the 7th Cavalry band, doing service in the Philippines, sends a postal from Shanghai, China, by which we learn that he left Manila on June 15 and arrived on June 21st, where he intended to "do" the City for a few days. From Shanghai to Carlisle consumes twenty-seven days of travel.

CHIEF GODFROY TALKS

Last Chief of the Miamis Delivers an Address

At the recent memorial meeting of the Tippecanoe Battleground association held on the battleground to celebrate the government grant of funds to secure a monument to those who fell in a battle with the Indians in 1811, Chief Gabriel Godfroy, the Miami chief, living near Peru, spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I was born in 1834. My father was half Indian and half French, and his name was Francis Godfroy. I never went to school but six months. That was at Vincennes. At that time I could only talk Indian. I came on a packet-boat from Peru to Lafayette and went from Lafayette to Vincennes on the steamboat to go to school. That was in 1844. In six months my mother sent for me and I went back home, in a sleigh, and I went home and went hunting, and never went to school any more.

"I am a Miami. The Miamis were the stoutest and swiftest of all the Indians. They kept their treaties with the whites. The Miamis were not in the battle of Tippecanoe. Indian always keeps his word; white man don't. White man mighty uncertain. (Laughter.) I used to own a good deal of land; I have only forty-eight acres now. I was cheated out of my property by the white man. I have had nineteen children and three wives. The Indian believes in big families like President Roosevelt. (Laughter.) My second wife was a granddaughter of Frances Slocum. I often saw Frances Slocum. She looked like a squaw not like a white woman. She was pretty large woman, but not very tall. Her picture looks like her. I married the granddaughter of Frances Slocum in 1858.

"The Miamis, all except three families, were sent across the Mississippi in 1846, to Kansas, and afterward to the territory. Frances grieved when her people were sent away, and soon died in 1847. Her daughter died the same month. Frances was stolen by a Delaware Indian, and lived near Niagara Falls. This Delaware Indian would never stay where there were many Indians, but would move away off to himself, for fear some one would steal the child. Frances was a very stout young child. She could break ponies, and could jump on ponies when they were standing. One day when she was living with her Delaware father, she found a wounded Indian leaning against a tree. She and her Delaware Indian father took this Indian, who was a Miami, and nursed him back to health. When he got well he hunted for the Delaware, who was getting old, to pay him for taking care of him. When Delaware came to die, he said to the Miami: 'You have been good to me. You shall have this white woman for a wife.' So after the death of the Delaware this Miami, who was deaf, took Frances as a wife, and went back among the Miamis, where he had been chief soldier, and became chief, and lived at Deaf Man's Village. He died in 1833, when Frances was yet quite a young Indian.

"I have sold the relics of Frances Slocum, the dresses and things I had here last year, for \$300. I had to have the money. I used to run races when I was young. At one time I ran a race with a white man. The first race the white man beat me; but I saw he was short winded, so in the next race I doubled the distance and beat him easily (Laughter). The word Wabash means white stone river; Tippecanoe means buffalo fish; Mississnewa means falling water. I am glad you put up monument to white man, for white man was brave. So was Indian."

New Girls' Matrons

Miss Jennie L. Gaither, of Elizabethville, Ky., has been transferred from the Morris Indian School in Minnesota to Carlisle, and has been installed as girls' matron.

Miss Gaither is the sister of our field agent, Miss Gaither of the Outing Department.

Mrs. Estelle M. Armstrong, of Syracuse, N. Y., has also reported as assistant matron and is now performing her duties.

Welcome to both the newcomers.

Fill Your Place

(By ANNA GARBER, in "The Inglenook")

You may travel upon this vast globe of ours, sailing from ocean to ocean, traversing the continents in turn, viewing the wonderful works and inventions wrought by man, admiring the lives of those who have left an immortal influence, beholding the beauties and wonders of nature, or, in short turn your mind's eye to anything that lives, moves, or has its being on mother earth, and you will everywhere observe the great necessity and importance of this theme—Fill Your Place.

Each one of us has a place to fill; we all have a mission here,—a work to do in this great, busy world. Everything has a place, else there would be no existence, and the most important, and probably the most difficult is that of finding our place. It is essential that there be a fixed purpose; a true aim in life, and a firm decision as to what place we shall occupy in this vast throng of workers. This may be done by environment, inherited tendencies, or in a personal choice, and in making this choice set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it.

We perhaps can not see the need of properly filling our place. Why not drift along with many others who are going at a rapid pace? But they must reach their destination all too soon, so let us be "rowing, not drifting." It is a duty to your Creator, yourself, and others. The world is in need of competent workers and can use you even if your ability is limited, for one talent well used and cultivated is worth much more than five or ten, undeveloped and buried. It is not what we possess, but how we use it.

Then be yourself, and fill your own place, for no one else can fill it for you, neither can you rightly fill the place of any one else, but you may teach them by your own worthy example. In order to fill our place well and be able to cope with the difficulties and trials of life, we must have preparation. The first part of this preparation lies in the development of character.

Make your character, let your reputation be what it will. "You can not dream yourself into character, you must hammer and forge one for yourself." So it is achieved. The person who has enough strength of character to overcome the daily contests successfully, is the one who will be able to fight the great battles.

What are we without character? We are nothing. Where is the place for him who will not render full value for what he receives? The world does not need such and is better off without them. This is the greatest part of the preparation that we learn to control ourselves, and frame a strong and beautiful character.

Education is also requisite, and is obtained by perseverance and diligence; indeed, it is not so much the difference in brain as in the effort put forth that some are better educated than others. Perhaps they have more of that characteristic known as "stick-to-it-iveness."

Good manners constitute no small part of our education, and these are an index to good character. Thus character and education go together, and form a happy combination in the same individual. We should fill our place every day by seizing every opportunity to do some little act of kindness, or to speak a helpful, cheering word to those around us, not forgetting the aged one, or the little child.

We must realize our possibilities, and feel that it lies within our power to accomplish great things and to make the world richer by lofty purposes. Greatness does not depend on position but on faithfulness, which is very necessary in accomplishing good results.

"He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

Count a man great who fills his place of service well.

We should have high ideals and great ambitions, but without discontent; it is wise to be looking ahead and striving upward.

Failing to fill our place, or to do our duty, influences others. They may be benefited, or injured by us,—just as we choose to do. If we help them, they will pass it on, but if we hinder them by our own poor life, theirs will also be a failure and just how far the

destruction reaches no one can determine. "No man liveth unto himself: no man dieth unto himself."

We should fill our place nobly—however small it may be, for the place does not confer dignity on the man, but the man on the place. All have not equal capacities, hence we cannot all expect to do great things, but it is often the little places that count. So it is important that every one do and be the best they can in the place they should fill. What an ideal place this world would be if every one properly filled his own place! We should do right regardless of what others do.

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Filling our place always, brings success and happiness. In order to fill our place successfully, we must sacrifice pleasure for duty.—hence *success means sacrifice*. Successful people find that shade trees and easy chairs are few and far between on the road to success.

And let us remember that it is every day that counts. Success does not come all at once, but it takes both time and work, for there is "no excellence without great labor." Then I say again, Fill your place in every true sense of the word. Let us live a life of usefulness and great accomplishments, and we will be assured success and happiness both here and hereafter.

Various Vacation Vagaries

➔ What girl was it who blew her ice cream so as to warm it? Ask M. E.

➔ The painters have painted the kitchen and now they are painting the floor of the dining hall.

➔ Some of the small girls are being entertained in the school garden, under the tutelage of Mr. Taylor.

➔ Grover C. Long, Class '11, is demonstrating his ability in mathematics by weighing coal at the boiler house.

➔ Inez Brown, who has been living at Landowne, Pa., is now down at Ocean City enjoying the cool sea breezes.

➔ Mr. Taylor of Kentucky, has joined the tennis club and made his *debut* this week. His record so far is A1.

➔ The carpenters are putting up a new bathroom in small boys' quarters and are generally overhauling the other rooms.

➔ Football is now the sport after supper. Although it is early and a little warm, the participants say that it is an evening's exercise.

➔ The gentle, pleasant, smiling features of Ernestine Venne are somewhat missed in the dining room. She dines with her brother, Mr. A. M. Venne.

➔ A letter was received from Martha Cornsilk, class of '08, stating that she is getting along nicely at Westchester, Pa. She wishes to be remembered to her friends.

➔ The buzz of the wood working machinery in the carpenter shop is a very perceptible sign of activity on the part of Mr. Herr and his detail of apprentices.

➔ Robert J. Davenport, '09, writes from his home in Michigan, sending regards to all his friends and the Juniors in particular. Lieut. Davenport will return in the fall.

➔ Suzette Guitarr gave a little ice cream party Tuesday evening. The invited guests were Achsa Lunt, Sara Smith and Thirza Bernel. All enjoyed themselves very much.

➔ The girls thought the world was coming to an end Tuesday night when some plaster fell. Nearly every girl can tell something about a ghost which they thought they saw.

➔ Texie Tubbs, Elizabeth Webster, Emma Rainey, Lucy Coulon and Theresa Connors held sociable on the campus Wednesday evening, serving apple pie as refreshment.

➔ Raymond B. Meat, former Carlisle student, has resigned from Watonga and is now located at Omega, Okla., from which point he sends remembrances to friends and classmates.

➔ Sara Smith gave a party Sunday. The invited guests were Rose Bald Eagle, Suzette Guitarr and Thirza Bernel. They all enjoyed themselves with jokes and many other things.

➔ Harry Archambault has recently purchased a new camera. He was giving it a trial last Sunday by taking a few pictures of the boys. James Thorpe was one of them. He had on the smile that won't come off.

A Star Recipe

When everything goes badly
And no one seems to care
For you and your ambitions
Or treat you on the square;
When everything's a failure
And nothing a success—
Just try the simple tonic
Of self-forgetfulness.

When comrades disappoint you
And friends betray your trust,
When love and faith and honor
Seem crumbling into dust,
When joy's a million miles away
And sorrow's burden press—
Just try the sovereign remedy
Of self-forgetfulness.

When life looks blue before you
With nothing much ahead,
When you are sorely tempted
To wish that you were dead,
When of your best you've made the worst,
And of your hopes a mess—
Just try the homely antidote.
Of self-forgetfulness.

From starting in the cradle
To ending on the shelf
The source of all discomfort
Is still one's craving self;
So when you want a lasting joy
That will abide and bless—
Just try the reckless rapture
Of self-forgetfulness.

—Priscilla Leonard.

Don't Get Rusty

"I am not going to work myself to death for anybody."

We have heard this foolish expression so very often from peevish, self-pitying men and women that it has come to lose the full force of its contemptible weakness and utter silliness.

Work has killed some men undoubtedly. But the men who killed themselves by work were not the men who complained that they were doing too much. These suicides had no complaint other than they could not accomplish enough in the time and with the strength allotted to them.

It is the lightweight in the world's activity who is heard to whine that he is not going to work his head off for anybody. If he would decrease his whining capacity and increase his pressure, he wouldn't have to do a lick of work for anybody—save himself. The man who is afraid to do a little more than he was hired to do is the man who never rises higher than his job. With jealous eyes he sees young, energetic fellows step over him, and asks where they got their pull.

They got their pull from their push. One pound more pressure on the vast boiler put an immense locomotive into motion. A little extra exertion on the part of an insignificant clerk in a big corporation may lead to gigantic results. Continued and conscientious effort never fails to attract notice.

Don't be afraid of hurting yourself with work. You can't do it. But you can and will hurt yourself by allowing yourself to rust.

Our Regrets

Every man has his regrets in life. When he attains the age of manhood he looks back over his past life and sees where he failed to do his duty while he was at school or while he was learning his trade, and regrets it—wishes he had his life to live over again and possessed his present knowledge at the beginning. You, who are pupils in this institution, have every opportunity to prepare yourselves thoroughly to meet the obligations of life when you leave here. You can get a good education and become master of some good trade if you will only apply yourself. Will you do this or will you spend your time in regrets? You are surrounded with good instructors, but they can not do it all; you have your part to do. You may be placed under the very best instructors obtainable and then fail, if you do not show a proper interest in your work or do not do as you are directed to do. What good does it do to have an instructor explain matters to you if you do not pay attention? It would be wasted time on his part and you would be robbing some one of the same opportunity who wanted to learn. If you are failing to do your part it is time to wake up to the realization of your duty and begin at once. If you do not do this you will have but one time to regret it, and that will be always.

Poverty of thought is worse than poverty of pocket.

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]

→ Josephine M. Gates is enjoying a summer's visit at Fort Yates, N. Dakota.

→ Miss Hawk is enjoying her vacation, a portion of which is being spent in Scranton, Pa.

→ Noel Hodgkins made his parents happy by his arrival at Cheyenne Agency, S. Dak., on July 4th.

→ The florist is busy with his detail all over the grounds and much beautifying work is under way.

→ Miss McDowell and Miss McMichael are spending a portion of the heated season at Ypsilanti, Mich.

→ The landscape detail are trimming up the edges of the driveways and otherwise dressing up the Campus.

→ Lewis Runnels arrived at Keller, Washington, early in July and is spending a happy vacation season at home.

→ Charles LeMere is spending the summer at Winnebago, Nebraska, having reached his journey's end on July 5.

→ Cecilia Baronovitch is enjoying her outing at Wellsville, Pa., and sends cheerful souvenir postals to her friends.

→ Blaine Hill is having fine times at his home, Whitter, N. C., where he found all his friends and relatives in good health.

→ Susan Twiggs writes from Fort Yates, N. Dakota, that she is booming Carlisle among her friends and expects to return in the fall.

→ Mr. Lau's detail at the Doctor's Cottage show their patriotism by placing "Old Glory" on the highest point on the new building.

→ Frank Johnson sends kind remembrance from Winnebago, Nebraska, where he is renewing former acquaintances and visiting relatives.

→ Unauthorized base ball games resulting in infractions of the rules are a rather expensive luxury, as some score or so of boys will testify to.

→ Polly P. Fox arrived home at Emmett, N. Dak., on the 9th inst., and reports having had a delightful journey and a royal welcome home.

→ From Kooskia, Idaho, comes a postal from William Corbett, who is enjoying a visit with his parents and friends. He will return in the fall.

→ Lucy Pretty Weasel writes from Cheyenne Agency, S. Dak., that she had a most enjoyable trip home and was warmly welcomed by expectant parents.

→ James Thorpe is working hard in an effort to make the foot-ball squad this fall. If James can equal his track records on the foot ball squad he will be a star.

→ William Newashe, who is playing with the Hagerstown nine, is making good and looks forward to the time when he can sign B. L. after his name (Big League.)

→ Earle Doekstader, the gentlemanly and obliging orderly for the Superintendent, is now gaily strutting about with the stripes and chevrons of Sergeant. Congratulations, Earle.

→ Savannah Beck writes from Clayton, Ga., that she is slowly getting accustomed to the many changes in her home town made since she has been at Carlisle, but enjoying immensely her vacation.

→ Patrick Verney, at Long branch, shows his interest in the school by sending in a new subscriber to THE ARROW. Patrick is wise and when visitors show an interest in the Indian, he never fails to mention the school paper.

→ Miss Julia C. Kensler, graduate nurse of Philadelphia, who has been serving in a professional capacity at the Superintendent's residence for the past four weeks is now visiting her father, Mr. Kensler, the quartermaster.

→ The laying of the sewerage pipes as well as the water-service pipes for the new hospital and doctor's cottage is now about completed, and the campus again assumes its customary beautiful appearance. This work places the hospital in absolute sanitary condition.

My Trip to Northfield

(GROVER LONG, '11)

Northfield is situated in the extreme northern part of Massachusetts, on the Connecticut River surrounded by beautiful forest-covered mountains.

During the ten days I was at the Conference, I had the pleasure of hearing some of the most eloquent speakers of modern times. There were four lectures daily, each lasting an hour, and one hour was devoted to Bible study. The afternoons were spent in playing base-ball, tennis and other sports.

I think the meeting of the delegates from the different institutions is one of the greatest things that ever happened.

Mr. Moody, the founder of the Northfield Institute, had a great influence.

One of the lectures on Sunday by Rev. Robert E. Spere, in which he spoke of the overcoming power in faith, was particularly convincing. "He that hath faith may fall seven times and rise again, and he that has no faith falls once and stays." The great speeches by Rev. H. Boswell Bates on the problems of the American City were of great interest.

There were seven hundred students who were daily attendants at the Conference and one hundred and thirty-eight different institutions represented.

My idea of such a meeting of men from nearly all parts of the world is that they have begun to realize the need of Christianity in foreign countries as well as at home. I have attended no meeting where the real friendship is shown as it was at this meeting of college students where every one is treated in the best way possible.

During the ten days at Northfield I learned many things that I shall never forget. I can realize how much good it has done for me, and I am thankful for the opportunity to have attended such a great gathering as the Northfield Conference, and hope that next year there will not be less than ten delegates to represent Carlisle at the Conference. Few men have spent ten days at Northfield who do not count the experience one of the finest and most delightful things in their lives. Not everybody has the opportunity to attend the Northfield Conference. Northfield is as good an outing as a person could ask for.

Besides the athletic contests and other games of larger college delegations is the helpful side of Northfield. The thing that makes it a power is the meeting of picked men from American colleges that stir the best that is in a man. You leave Northfield stronger than when you arrive.

On our return from Northfield we stopped at New London, Conn., a few hours and were invited to a supper by the New London Y. M. C. A. After supper we rode through the different parts of town on the trolley and were shown many historical places, like the old town mill that was built in 1852 and still in operation to-day. One of the most interesting places was the ocean beach where several went in bathing. Our trip to Northfield was delightful, especially the ride on the steamer from New York to New London which took all night.

To the Indian Boys and Girls

It is for you to show in your own lives that the honor of an Indian is not for sale, the word of an Indian something more than an empty form of speech; that you care for your parents and friends and your country, not because you expect to get something out of them in the way of reward, but because you are ready to give to them whatever they need at your hands. If you can accept this for yourselves and believe it of others, and say so plainly, you will do good to your country and your fellow men beyond all power to calculate. You will enroll yourselves in that great church which includes all men and women of honor, whatever their creed, who have refused once and forever to be the slaves either of passion or of self-interest.

Athletic Field Note

The farm boys, or those going to and from the farm, have started a trail across the athletic field, much to the disfigurement of the same. Keep off a beaten path, for once there it is an interesting job to eliminate it.

Kicking

'Tis useless to kick at the wealth of your neighbor
It never will fatten your purse;
'Tis idle to kick at the state of the weather,
It makes it not better or worse.
'Tis empty to kick at the scheme of creation,
It does not affect it a bit;
And vain is the kick at the age that you live in,
Its march is not halted a whit.
'Tis useless to kick at the failings of people,
There's nothing to show for the work;
'Tis vain to condemn the society wrinkles,
It never will alter a quirk.
There's nothing accomplished by sitting and railing,
Improvement more effort demands;
Success is the need of a different person,
The fellow who kicks with his hands.

Long Branch Correspondence

(From Our Special Correspondent)

It is a pleasure to speak a good word for the jolly Indian musicians who are entertaining our visitors and far exceeding the widest expectations of our residents.

We are having pleasant times and large crowds of people are very generous in their approval of our efforts. Our banner crowd was on the Fourth of July. Both afternoon and evening concerts at Ocean Park were attended by an immense throng of appreciative listeners. The band concerts were easily the features of the day and in the evening a pyrotechnical display was the close of the day's entertainment. The aborigines of the American Continent are the chief attraction at this famous resort and are making good or a little better.

John Waterman is blowing himself for all he is worth. He is quoted as saying, "I blow too much, it hurts my breast." It is not stated whether he loses his wind in the instrument or in "orating."

Fred Schanadore has fallen victim to the wiles of a snake charmer.

Manus Screamer asserts that he could sit and blow clarinet all night if they will just keep "those big blue eyes" where he can see them and get inspiration now and then.

Patrick Verney has been having a little trouble with his ear. He has refrained from the luxury of sea bathing but expects to join the "mermen" ere long.

The boys here are all anxious to hear the second band play, and, wish them every success.

Nicodemus Billy, the renowned flute and piccolo virtuoso, arrived this week and is in his customary place in the band.

Eugene Geffe, oboeist, is upholding the dignity of the Seniors and incidentally playing excellent music.

James Mumblehead, "Sunny Jim," is making a great hit among the ladies.

INDIANS WIN

The Carlisle Indian Band Baseball Team played its first game here on the Fourth of July and crossed bats with the Victors, a fast baseball team of this town.

The feature of the game was the pitching of Sundown of the Indians, allowing but two hits and one run. Screamer, the fast center fielder for the Indians, made some grand-stand plays. The battery for the Indians was Gansworth and Sundown.

The score stood nine to one in the Indians' favor at the end of the game.

Football Schedule, 1907

- Sept. 21, Albright, at Carlisle.
- " 25, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle.
- " 28, Villanova, at Carlisle.
- Oct. 2, Susquehanna University, at Carlisle.
- " 5, State College, at Williamsport.
- " 12, Syracuse University, at Buffalo.
- " 19, Bucknell University, at Carlisle.
- " 26, University of Penn., at Philadelphia.
- Nov. 2, Princeton University, at New York.
- " 9, Harvard University, at Cambridge.
- " 16, University of Minn., at Minneapolis.
- " 23, University of Chicago, at Chicago.

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