

THE ARROW

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PONTIAC.

MICHAEL R. BALENTI, Cheyenne.

Pontiac was one of the three Indian chiefs who tried to join the different Indian tribes in a great confederacy in order to drive out or exterminate the English.

The father of Pontiac was an Ojibway and his mother was an Ottawa. Thus it will be seen how he could easily rule the two different tribes through his parents.

Pontiac was of unusual intellect. He had great ambition. Always eager to enlarge his knowledge and understanding. But with these things in his favor he inherited the Indian trait. When he loved, he loved deeply; his hatred was deep and forgiveness was not in his make up. These traits, natural to the Indian race, obscured his better qualities.

Pontiac was an ally of the French and fought against the English in the French and Indian war. He helped to defeat Gen. Braddock.

When the French met defeat on the "Plains of Abraham" and had surrendered their American possessions to the English, the colonists thought the war was over. But in the language of Paul Jones, "The Indians had just commenced to fight."

Pontiac determined to drive out the English and let the friendly French take possession of America.

In 1760 Major Rogers, with a party of 200 grangers, went to explore the regions gained from France by war. Major Rogers and his party landed on the banks of one of the Great Lakes. They intended to camp there for a few days and rest up from their weary journey. About this time a party of Indians came on them. By signs Major Rogers learned that Pontiac was coming and that he (Rogers) should wait his arrival before continuing his journey. Major Rogers discretely drew his men into line. Pontiac with the air of a king arrived and saluted them with dignity.

Pontiac demanded what business Rogers had there. He made Rogers understand that all that west region was under his jurisdiction, and as long as they treated him with the respect and honor due a king they could come and go and explore. But as soon as they failed to come up to his expectations their passage would be closed.

Pontiac promised Rogers that he would give him all things necessary to life. That he would be unmolested in his exploration of that region. All these things Pontiac lived up to. He even let Rogers have guides and warriors to escort and protect him in that dense forest, miles from protection and help. The pipe of peace was smoked by these two men and every thing seemed calm and serene.

Rogers told Pontiac about England, the King, whom Pontiac placed as he would a brother, and the different things that were of great interest to this noted Indian. Pontiac expressed a desire to visit Enland and the King. He was greatly interested in the English mode of war and wanted to learn how they molded bullets. As will be seen there was no signs of treachery or anything else in Pontiac's action.

The Indians did not like the intruders. While they did not sanction Pontiac's action, they did not protest against his acts. Was not this the far-seeing, high minded chieftain? Did he not know what he was doing? Pontiac's reasons for treating the English as he did are not known. Possibly he desired to trade with them. He may have seen that France had no chance at that time to regain her lost foothold. He may have not desired to prop a fallen cause, and France's cause was a fallen one. At any rate no one tried to dissuade Pontiac. His word was law among the Ottawas, Ojibways and the Pottawatomies. He was

chief of these tribes and his name was known and repeated by all Indian tribes from the source to the mouth of the Mississippi river.

It was a shame that after such treatment the English could not even treat the poor Indians as the French had. The French had supplied the Indians with clothing, firearms, ammunition and almost everything the red man needed. But the English traders treated them meanly and disrespectfully. Some of the greedy unprincipled traders gave the Indians intoxicating liquors in order that they might get their hides, furs, etc., more cheaply, or just take them. Thus it will be seen that the English by their ill-treatment of the Indian brought fire on their own heads.

Pontiac soon saw that the English abhorred him and his men. Saw how unlike the French they were. Saw that they did not love him or respect him as one of his station should be. In thinking over what has been read in class I place King Philip above Pontiac. My reasons for doing so are that Pontiac was a quitter and vain. He desired to be great, and wished men to almost worship him in their attention. King Philip was as strong as Pontiac in regard to character and disposition. His plans were all as good as Pontiac's and he was no quitter and I noticed no vanity in King Philip's make up.

Pontiac saw how things had turned up. Saw that he was no better in the eyes of the English than any common Indian. He then laid plans to attack all the forts on the frontier simultaneously. He therefore dispatched messengers to all the Indian tribes in the Mississippi valley. These messengers in eloquent addresses whipped the Indians into a terrible rage and all the tribes agreed to Pontiac's plans.

A day early in the summer or late in the spring was selected as the day to make the attack. As there was very little read about the other attacks on forts I will not be able to describe the failure. Mackinaw and Detroit were the two most important forts to be attacked, so Pontiac took charge of the attack of these two forts.

The commanding officer of Fort Mackinaw had been warned about the coming attack on the fort, but he became angered at this information and threatened to punish any one else who should bear a like message.

Mackinaw had a defensive stockade and several small cannon. It was the most important fort, therefore Pontiac attacked it first.

One hot day the garrison and commander were invited to watch a game of ball played by two tribes on a level stretch of ground near the stockade. The garrison, with only a few men armed, watched the game from under trees and other places of shade. Now the warriors had brought their wives with them and they sat near the gate that entered the fort. In spite of the hot day they were wrapped up to the neck in blankets.

At one stage of the game the ball landed near the gate and when the players got there the women threw off their blankets and gave the warriors guns, tomahawks, and other things to fight with. The garrison being outnumbered and armless soon were massacred. Every English house, whether residence or trading house, was burned and the inhabitants killed. All the French residents and possessions were unmolested. Such was the result of the attack on Fort Mackinaw.

Pontiac had Detroit next on his schedule and would have been successful if it had not been for an Indian maiden who had fallen in love with Major Gladyn, who commanded the fort, and betrayed his plans so that he was met with preparations. The maiden's name was Katherine. One day

Katherine came to the fort, as she usually did, but when the time came to close the gates she seemed reluctant to leave. Major Gladyn approached her and inquired the reason of such action. After much coaxing on his part and a promise that no harm should befall her she disclosed the plot which was as follows: Pontiac and a number of his chiefs and other chiefs would call on the Major in order to make a treaty, when at a certain time Pontiac would end his address by giving Major Gladyn a wampum belt; it would be turned in a certain way as a signal to make an attack on him and his staff.

As Katherine had said Pontiac with a band of thirty chiefs made a call. He was surprised when he saw all the garrison in full dress standing at attention, ready, it seemed, for an attack. Pontiac asked the reason why the men were ready for war. Major Gladyn only answered that he was giving them exercise. Major Gladyn and his staff came to the council in full dress, armed with two pistols each and their sabers.

Pontiac delivered a lengthy address but never gave the signal for attack and when he left, his party as well as himself seemed uneasy. Pontiac was in a rage. After deep meditation he argued that Major Gladyn was either a coward or else he did not suspect him. So on the following day Pontiac made a call at the fort, but the gates were closed to him and his party. When asking admittance Major Gladyn answered that only Pontiac could come in and none of his party. Pontiac gave one glaring look at the palisade and turned and joined his men; they leaped up and ran away howling into the woods.

The siege began, few men were killed because the Indians kept out of sight most of the time. They had a game of ball outside the fort to draw the garrison out, but the ruse failed. Pontiac desired to have two men from the fort come to his village and make a treaty. Two men went, one a major, against the advice of Major Gladyn. Pontiac held a council and when the two got up to leave Pontiac told them they were to remain as his guests awhile. It was thus that these two men were made prisoners. They were put in a hut along the river and closely guarded. One of the men was killed by an Indian and the other made good his escape. Pontiac became furious at the treacherous Indian and only escape saved his life.

Some way or other Pontiac learned that Katherine had betrayed him. He ordered her brought before him and questioned her. Her reply, I suppose, was in the negative. He then sent her with three warriors to Major Gladyn. The warriors questioned the Major concerning Katherine giving him the information given her by some traitor. Major Gladyn never made a reply. He only gave the savages beer that made them more savage. Poor Katherine was taken back to Pontiac and in a fit of rage he beat her with an Indian club until life was about extinct.

The Indian might have told a lie; might have been naturally treacherous, but he never forgot a favor. Major Gladyn never protected Katherine as he said he would and as he should have done.

In 1764 two parties of soldiers under the command of Col. Buquet went to punish the Indians for their outrages. Pontiac appointed a messenger that went to Florida to ask the French to help him, but the French could furnish him no aid. About this time a great council was held near Niagara by the English and Indians. Most of the Indians agreed to lay down their arms and dwell in peace. As soon as Pontiac saw that the French could not help him he knew if he did not surrender his days would be numbered, so he surrendered and smoked

the pipe of peace at Detroit. He made an eloquent address to the men at the council. Ending his speech he said he could not live near the fort because his young warriors loved firewater too much. He moved his tribe farther away from the lake regions and lived as other Indians did.

He was at St. Louis and dressed in the uniform of a Major of the French army about 1769. One day he went to where there was a celebration, against the wish of his friends in St. Louis. There he soon became drunk. A treacherous man by the name of Williamson hired an Indian to kill Pontiac. When Pontiac left the place of celebration he had just wandered a short distance when the Indian stole up behind him and buried a tomahawk in that noble head.

His tribesmen exterminated the whole tribe of this treacherous Indian. Just for a bribe of a white man this Indian, living in peace, was slain in cold blood and a whole tribe exterminated. This tribe made their last stand on a rock not very far from St. Louis called Starved Rock. Here the tribe held out for ten days and they all perished.

Pontiac's grave has no monument but is marked with a tablet and is somewhere in St. Louis where men walk over him daily.

If Pontiac could only have seen how he was avenged by his followers he would be content, even in death, for it is doubtful if any one man caused so much blood to be shed.

OUR PRAIRIES.

CHARLES MITCHELL, Assiniboine.

Many years ago when this country from ocean to ocean was forested, Old Man, the chief of a tribe of Indians in the northwest, told his subjects that he was going to visit another tribe to the east.

On a preceding journey a medicine man of a tribe of Indians living towards the north presented Old Man with a pair of buckskin pants. They were used by the medicine man in times of famine to cause buffaloes or deer to come near their camps and thus replenish their provisions, and also for defense against their enemies in time of war. To keep the enemies away the medicine man would put on his pants, encircle the camp and in his path a great fire would encompass the camp which prevented the enemies from attacking them. Upon receiving them Old Man was instructed not to use them only in time of famine or danger of attack from some enemies.

Old Man made an early start and in his pride for his medicine pants he forgot all about his instructions. After going beyond the limit some time he looked back and saw a great fire behind him. He was so frightened that he kept on running, setting fire to the forest as he went along. Old Man was not burned, however, for after a long absence he returned to his tribe. Since that time we have had no forests in our western States because Old Man and his medicine pants wiped them off.

The Last Issue.

This issue of *The Arrow* will be the last one this summer. This action is taken, and the paper discontinued, that the force in the printing department may have time to make necessary changes in the equipment of the office and to publish some work of importance for the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the school, which will take every minute of our time from now until the time school opens in the fall. It is hoped, and planned, that when *The Arrow* again resumes publication it will be changed a little bit in form, improved typographically and the matter contained will be not only interesting to the friends, students and Alumni of Carlisle, but of a character that will be, essentially, of the greatest worth and help to them and our institution.

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Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

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Items preceded by an arrow found in the columns of this paper are furnished by the pupils and are published, as nearly as possible, just as they are handed in. This is done to help the students cultivate the proper use of English.

CARLISLE, PA., JUNE 19, 1908

The Talk About Boys.

In the school there are a few boys who attract attention by their innate manliness; they are ambitious to improve their opportunities; they are industrious, orderly and respectful to their superiors, grateful for assistance given them, quick to accept advice or yield to admonition.

They are not goody-goody boys. They do not go around saying how good they are, comparing themselves with others, and reporting every trifling delinquency of their schoolmates to the officers; nor do they spend their times embroidering sofa cushions or doing drawn work.

They are earnest and hearty in play as in work. They are generally among the leaders of the foot-ball and base-ball teams and in all legitimate fun and frolic that may be going on. But they have the self-respect and self-control to behave themselves when the time and occasion calls for it. They may have many of the little failings we expect to find in a boy; their hair may not always be smooth or their clothes brushed, and they sometimes commit the heinous crime of putting their hands in their pockets; but there is no surly scowl on their foreheads; their minds are clean and in the right place. Boys such as these win the respect and affections of their teachers and of the great majority of their schoolmates, and when they graduate, leave a gap that is felt for years.

Opposed to these are a few boys who appear naturally vicious. They are neglectful of their work, disrespectful to their officers and teachers, coarse and vulgar in speech and in thought and action. They consider it an evidence of smartness to disobey the rules and create disorder. They learn little themselves and do what they can to prevent others from learning. They bully the small children, quarrel with the older ones, and make themselves a nuisance to all about them. When such boys are retained in the school it is because there is no other place where they can get an education, and experience has proved that in many cases they can be reclaimed and made useful men. If, however, they are incorrigible and finally leave us, as a disagreeable incident in the history of the institution.

Between these two small classes are the great body of boys, who are not especially inclined to good or evil. Their characters are in a state of equilibrium and may be overbalanced one way or the other by some trifling incident or condition of things. It is these who need to be carefully watched that the opportunity may be seized for directing them into the right path. In no way can it be better done than by bringing them under the influence of manly boys and by creating in them indifference to the friendship, and contempt for the actions of those who would persuade or bully them into wrong-doing.—*Mt. Airy World.*

A CHIPPEWA GIRL.

DELIA QUINLIN, Fifth Grade.

I was born at White Earth, Minnesota, in the year 1891, and brought up by my grandparents. They taught me to speak French, some English and the Chippewa language. We lived on a large farm, many miles from town.

When I was six years of age my grandmother spoke of sending me to school. I was delighted to think I was going. So grandmother got me ready, packed my little trunk and off I went the next week to a Sisters' School. I hung half way out of the buggy for I was so anxious to see the girls. I was very much disappointed when I found they were all large. My grandparents drove away and left me ready to cry. I was too proud and I thought too big to give way to tears, so I swallowed them and said nothing. The Sisters were all very kind to me and glad to have me there they said. I stayed two years but did not do any school work, for I was delicate and small for my age.

I was the baby of the school and always had my own way. I had plenty of toys and pleasures. I remember how the large girls use to play ball with me, throwing me from one girl's arms to another. I did not like that very well, but I stood it because I had to. They often pinched me and pulled me around to make me cry, but I wouldn't cry for any one.

I was restless and a great talker—talking, singing, and jumping around no matter where I was. I use to talk in church while every one else was quiet. The Sisters tried to make me keep quiet, but I wanted to talk all the more. I was crippled for one year, and went limping around but talking at the same time. I never knew I was crippled until I was told. After two years were over my mother took me away from the Sisters and I think I have grown to be rather quiet since.

After awhile I went off for three years to a small school at Morris, Minn. It was there I first began to learn from books. I started from the beginning. I was taught to write my name first. I was still very small and only eight years old. I did not study very hard because I had an aunt there who use to take me around visiting to different places in town.

I was taken out of school hours many a time to waste my time in playing. Mr. Sherman, who was my teacher, did not like to have me miss school so much, because I was always behind my class. He would make me stand in a corner before all the class; sometimes he would give me some good whacks on my hands, and once in a while a shaking, but he could never make me cry. Finally Mr. Sherman went away. I was then ten years old and in the second grade.

I never did care for studies. I was always stupid, I think. Sometimes I ran away from school to go down town and play with the white children. I had many friends in town; I used to go to many parties there. Mr. Johnson, our superintendent, had a little girl by the name of Dottie. Dottie and I were good friends and I went about with her a great deal. Mr. Johnson went away and there was no more Dottie. I was sorry and lonesome for awhile, but I went to school more often then and studied very hard to get good marks in school and in conduct. My mother came there to see me once in awhile and that was always a happy time for me.

My time was up in 1903; I went home and I was very glad to see my old pet dog Watch, who had only three legs. He was my only pet for a while.

I went back to the Sisters and stayed two more years and took music lessons, which delighted me. My harder studies were Bible history and catechism. I was in the fourth grade when I went home for my vacation. I had a talk with my father about going to some other school for three years. He did not like the idea because he thought I was such a stupid girl and he seemed to think it quite useless, but I felt differently about it. At last he said I might come to Carlisle for three years. Mr. Archie Libby came after us on the 23rd of Aug., and we started from White Earth on the stage and took the train at Ogema. We finally reached here. We are glad we

came to this beautiful place. I shall not say anything about my trip because it tired me out so I was almost dead when we reached here.

I am not a good traveler and the trip was a long and dusty one. I was very lonesome for awhile but soon forgot to be for the girls were very kind and always ready to help one another, I found. I am not sorry I came for I have gained in my school work very much, although I was thought dumb at home. I have gained friends out in the country and got acquainted with many people. I have learned to meet strangers, so that I should not be afraid to go out in the world and battle for myself.

I am going home this summer so that I may attend school near there. I shall always remember Carlisle with affection for I have been happy while here. This is all I can remember about my life.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

The base ball team put up a good game against Western Univ. of Pa. last Thursday and won the game by the close score of 4 to 3. The game was well played by both teams, being one of the prettiest games seen on our field this year.

The spring athletic season at the school closed last Saturday when the base ball team was defeated at Phila., by the Univ. of Pa., the score being 5 to 0. Garlow pitched a fine game but the team played poorly in the field, there being seven errors credited to Carlisle. The batting of the Indians was also weak.

Michael Balenti has been reelected captain of the base ball team for the season of 1909 and with the plans which are contemplated for next season carried out, and profiting by the experience and mistakes of this season, the Carlisle Base Ball Team of 1909 should be fully up to the standard of our foot ball and track teams.

The baseball season this year at Carlisle has not been a great success, nor has it been a failure. There were 27 games played, of which 13 were won and 14 lost, and the record shows that the team was about an average one, fully up to the Carlisle standard in this branch of sport. Brilliant ball was played in some games, but as usual, the team was erratic and unsteady. The most notable and satisfactory feature of the season was the decisive defeat of Dickinson in the two games played.

Your Daily Task.

It makes all the difference in the world in results whether you come to your work every day with all your powers intact, with all your faculties up to the standard; whether you come with the entire man, so that you can fling your whole life into your task, or with only a part of yourself; whether you do your work as a giant or as a pygmy. Most people bring only a small part of themselves to their tasks. They cripple much of their ability by irregular living, bad habits in eating and injurious food, lack of sleep, dissipation or some other folly. They do not come to their tasks every morning whole men. A part of themselves and often a large part is somewhere else. They left their energy where they were trying to have a good time, so that they bring weakness instead of power, indifference and dullness instead of enthusiasm and alertness, to the performance of the most important duties of their lives. The man who comes to his work in the morning unrefreshed, languid and listless, cannot do a good, honest day's work, and if he drags rotten days into the year how can he expect a sound career or a successful achievement?

Good work is not entirely a question of will power. Often this is impaired by a low physical standard. The quality of the work cannot be up to high-water mark when every faculty, every function and every bit of your ability is affected by your physical and mental condition. You may be sure that your weakness, whatever its cause, will appear in your day's work, whether it is making books or selling them, teaching schools or studying, singing or painting, chiseling statues or digging trenches.—Orison Swett Marden in *Success Magazine.*

EDUCATING THE ALASKANS.

HOME MISSION MONTHLY.

The young people of Alaska are awakening to the need of more knowledge. In past years many have gone to the Government industrial schools at Carlisle, Pa., and Chemawa, Ore. Many more are anxious to go. A large number have received a few years' training at Sitka. Each year brings us new pupils, but the average age of our pupils is decreasing in years. Pupils returning from the Government schools bring back glowing reports of the excellent equipment of those institutions and their facilities for teaching the trades. As a consequence almost every boy from thirteen years up has visions of getting into some of these great schools. He knows that a skilled carpenter, engineer, machinist or sawmill man commands good wages in Alaska.

Last summer, as I was making a hurried trip to Oregon, one of our most successful native workers in another Southeastern Alaska town said to me: "If you have a chance to speak to the Christian people down there tell them the Government is very kind to let our young people go to their schools. They teach them many good things. When our boys and girls come back they speak English very well. Tell the people in the States that at our Sitka school the boys and girls learn how to live—how to meet the temptations of life and overcome them in the name of our Saviour. Tell them, too, that we want our school at Sitka to teach them how to do things with their hands just as well as do the Government industrial schools." This thorough Christian man, after watching these native young people come and go for a number of years, knew that these people—so weak morally and so bound by heathenish traditions of many generations—must have Christianity if they would succeed as men and women of strong lives. Education without Christianity avails little or nothing in this day of temptations.

The Industrial Training School at Sitka is the only one of its kind in Alaska. Our Boys' Home and Girls' Home are old buildings somewhat dilapidated and, of course, make the work, especially for our matrons, trying and difficult. However, in spite of difficulties, the work has moved steadily along. The girls have done well in the sewing-room and have been, on the whole, careful and industrious in the kitchens. Some of them have been diligent pupils at the organ. Could you see some of their work in darning, patching and other sewing, you would certainly agree that they learn to sew skillfully. Two girls are now happily engaged in making their wedding dresses.

Among the boys the class in carpentry have had by far the best training this year. They have built a seven-room cottage to be occupied by the superintendent and his family.

A class of three have kept up work in steam engineering. As we have no engineering teacher one of the other teachers has looked after that work.

The rest of the boys have spent most of their time, when outside the schoolroom, sawing and splitting wood—a discouraging task when continuous.

This year we want to add to our equipment a portable sawmill and some machinery for our shops.

Last summer we asked the pupils to pay an annual tuition of twenty-five dollars. Among those who responded willingly and promptly, ten are our big boys or young men.

The Bible Training Class has done good work all winter. Eight pupils have been constant in their attendance. A number of pupils have been very faithful in the Christian Endeavor work and in Bible study and their prayer life. In addition to this, the active Christian pupils have shown more interest in the salvation of others than at any time in the past three years—this is probably the most encouraging feature of the year.

Of all impediments to success the greatest is reluctance to meet a proposition and stay with it until it is solved. It has masqueraded under a myriad of different names but behind each domino the face is that of old-fashioned laziness.

SCHOOL NEWS NOTES

Items of Interest Gathered by our Student Reporters.

→ Mr. Venne is now our disciplinarian. The boys are very glad to have him and he will fill the position well.

→ Emil Hauser has gone home for the summer, but will return next fall to help our foot-ball team gather scalps.

→ Charles Mitchell left Monday for Langhorne, Pa., where he will work at his trade of carriage making during the summer.

→ Mrs. Carter and daughter Mabel left last Friday evening for their home in Hope, Indiana. We all wish them a pleasant summer vacation.

→ Father Bryant, who has come to assist Fr. Ganss, gave a very excellent address to the Catholic students last Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. hall.

→ Mr. Dietz and his staff of designers are very busy preparing Indian designs for the Carlisle Indian School magazine which will make its appearance in the fall.

→ Last Sunday, "Childrens Day Service" was held at the Methodist church. The program was very well rendered by the young people who took part. David Bird gave a recitation.

→ Through a letter to a friend we learn that Rollo Jackson has returned to Fort Riley, Kansas, as a soldier. Rollo prefers to be a soldier, as home life seems too lonesome for him.

→ Mr. Stacey Matlock, class '89, who was an employee here a few years ago, is a visitor at the school. The boys who knew him as an assistant disciplinarian were especially glad to see him.

→ We are glad that vacation is near, but we regret the departure of some of our friends, who expect to go home probably never to return. We wish them a successful and happy life.

→ Miss Myra Troman, a sister of Mrs. Whitwell, of Detroit, Mich., is visiting the school for a couple of weeks. She has never visited an Indian school before and is very much interested.

→ Mr. Miller and family expect to begin housekeeping next week in the cottage formerly occupied by Mr. Wise. The cottage has been freshly painted and papered, and it will seem like moving into a new house.

→ The volunteer song service last Sunday evening was well attended and greatly enjoyed. The choir sang two selections. Mr. Strong and Ralph Waterman gave a trombone duet and the congregational singing was unusually good.

→ Helen Lane, Alonzo Patton, Earl Doxtator, and Patrick Verney, members of the Senior class who have been confined to the hospital for the past two weeks, are improving in health and it is hoped that they will soon be well again.

→ On Friday morning the Senior pupil teachers took the normal children to the grove. After romping about and playing games they had a feast on sandwiches, tomatoes and radishes. They raised the latter in their own gardens.

→ John Solastino, a this-year graduate, from Hampton Institute, was a guest here for a few days last week. He said that he wished it were possible for him to be a student of Carlisle, as he had heard so many good things about our school.

→ Mr. Venne is now disciplinarian, and if the boys do justice to themselves and to the privileges granted to them, they are sure to be treated likewise. He knows the boys probably better than any one on the grounds, and if all boys who remain here for the summer are "true to their trust" it is certain that we shall all have a pleasant vacation.

→ The sweetest and the most desirable quality in man or woman is Charity, or the power to overlook past mistakes in others. There may have been severe temptations, bitter struggles, and such things as extenuating circumstances that are apt to be overlooked in judging those who may have fallen. It is not so much the *Past* as the *Present* and *Future* that should be considered.

→ Mr. Carns, our school painter, is absent on leave for ten days, and Clarence Degraff is in charge of the boys.

→ Mrs. Stocker, mother of Clarence and Harry Woodbury, arrived on Saturday afternoon to spend a few days with her sons here.

→ Many beautiful postal cards were received from Fred Schenandore, who left for his home at Syracuse, New York, about two weeks ago.

→ Margaret Delorimere, a member of the Senior class, left Saturday morning for the country. She will live at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

→ We Indians ought to be proud of the fact we are able to have two gentlemen of our own race in charge of us at "Large Boys Quarters."

→ Sarah Hoxie, a member of the Junior class, has received a letter from her home at Covelo, California, stating that there was snow on the ground there.

→ Edith Ranco, Josephine Nash, and Mary Cooke, have gone to Maine to spend the summer. They are missed greatly by friends and all wish them a happy summer.

→ Last Sunday evening many of the boys went to the union meeting which was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall. They enjoyed the singing very much as it made them feel like singing.

→ Walter Hunt, one of our best long distance runners, left for Yardley, Pa., last Saturday. He will be in for the cross-country run, which he expects to take part in next fall.

→ All the band instruments were turned in last week. Those that were out of order were sent away to be repaired. They will be ready for use next fall when the band boys come back from their vacation.

→ John Mortenes, who this year graduated from the Hampton Institute, visited our school while on his way to Buffalo. He was very much pleased with Carlisle and made many friends while he was with us.

→ The girls are very sorry to hear that Laura Bertrand is going home next Tuesday. Laura is loved by all the girls and is noted for her kindness. We hope she will do good work at home, and return in the fall.

→ The baseball boys have re-elected Michael Balenti to captain the team next year. Having had experience for one season we expect him to have a still better team next year. Michael left last Monday for Bridgeton, N. J., where he will play ball during vacation.

→ Troop C baseball team was sorry to lose one of their best players, John Balenti, who has left for his country home at Tullytown, Pa. We wish him success and a pleasant outing during the summer. When he comes back next fall he expects to hit the line hard and make others work hard for a place on the football team.

→ Grover Long left Tuesday afternoon for his home in Oklahoma. While a great many of us are very sorry to see him go, still we are comforted by the assurance given by his agreeable disposition while here, that he is one of those who makes friends wherever they may be. Success to all of his undertakings.

→ Last Friday evening the Misses Coudry, of Town's End, invited some of us boys and girls out for a walk. We went to the reservoir. A game was played which called for a forfeit if the players were not careful. All had to pay their forfeit by singing or speaking. Miss Johnston and Mr. Venne gave a vocal solo. Joseph Northup gave an oration. Cakes were served and then we journeyed back to school in the moonlight. The party extends thanks to the Misses Cowdry.

→ The sewing-room floor is receiving a new coat of paint this week, which was very much needed. Miss Goodyear and Miss Seawright are on their annual leave, and Mrs. Canfield has charge of all the classes. The girls in the dress-making class are very busy making dresses for the girls who go to the country next Saturday. Margaret O. Blackwood proved herself an expert shirt-maker last week. She made three check shirts in four hours. Margaret is a girl who takes interest in her work. That is why she does so well.

→ The painters are now very busy painting the dining hall floor.

→ The baseball team played their last game last Saturday with Pennsylvania University at Philadelphia.

→ The road from the coal house to the Academic building is being put in fine condition by the stable boys.

→ James Thorpe, one of our famous athletes, went to his home in Oklahoma for a short vacation this summer.

→ Last Saturday's sociable was a very pleasant evening for the band boys because they were not compelled to play.

→ Oscar Raisewing has gone for a short visit. After returning here he will leave for his home at Walthill, Nebraska.

→ The printers were all glad to see the new type come in last Saturday, with a great many other things that they needed.

→ Frank Godfrey has resigned from the service of Mr. J. Wetzel in order to take the position of assistant cook at the school.

→ The Sophomore class visited the sewing room last Friday forenoon and they were surprised to see the work that was done by Virginia Gaddy.

→ Mrs. Carter, the mother of the small boys, has gone on her vacation. Before she left she spoke to the boys who were going home. The boys appreciated her talk very much.

→ The music for dancing last social was entirely piano music, as the band has disbanded. Elizabeth Penny and Frank Mt. Pleasant were kind enough to be our orchestra.

→ Frank Mt. Pleasant and Lewis Tewani expect to sail for London on the 27th of this month, to uphold the "Stars and Stripes" at the Olympic games. The school is proud of them.

→ Among other new materials received at the Printing Department lately are many fonts of modern job type. The apprentices are very much inspired by the new material and machinery.

→ Lewis Tewani, our two-mile runner, ran the distance of ten miles around the cinder track last Friday afternoon. The time was 59 minutes 30 seconds, which is considered fast time for first trial.

→ Wesley Tallchief surprised his friends last Saturday afternoon, when he went fishing to the Cave. He caught a large eel with a short line. We hope he will succeed when he goes to his home this summer.

→ Miss Stella Skye, a member of the Junior class who did such excellent cooking the two weeks during Mrs. Wolf's absence, deserves much credit for her good work. It takes our "Junior" Stella to cook.

→ Last Sunday the Sunday school of the Lutheran Church at New Kingston gave an interesting entertainment at which one of our little girls, Artemis Harris, participated in the exercises and did her part well.

→ Louisa Kenney, one of our little Juniors, is going to the country Saturday. We all wish her great success and a pleasant summer. Louisa is a very studious girl and she intends to work on her music during her spare time while away.

→ Last Thursday evening, several of the girls and boys attended the commencement exercises of the Carlisle High School, which were held in the Opera House. Our Superintendent, Mr. Friedman, gave a fine address to the graduates and also presented the diplomas.

→ About one hundred boys enjoyed themselves swimming last Saturday at the Cave. Clarence Woodbury and Keuben Charles excelled in high diving. Thanks are extended to the new system of rules and to the disciplinarian A. M. Venne, for this pleasant and healthful recreation.

→ The A class and three of the B class of the Normal room had a picnic at the grove last Friday afternoon. They spent their time in gathering daisies and wading in the creek. They were very sorry to return at four o'clock, but they had a very nice time and are planning to go again.

→ Ralph Waterman and Orlando Johnson are to be congratulated for their ambition to become lawyers. They each received a new set of Commercial Law books last week of which they are very proud. They expect to go to some law school after completing the course here. These six new volumes make a fine nucleus for a future library.

→ New work benches have been installed in the carpenter shop.

→ The annual school picnic will be held at Boiling Springs tomorrow, the 20th.

→ Oscar Raisewing has gone to Hampton Institute this week for a short visit.

→ We are all glad to see the school days are over for us. Especially those who are going home.

→ Under the directorship of Miss Beach, our librarian, the school library is being fumigated.

→ No. 8 pupils made a visit to the shoe factory down town last week, and it was very interesting to them.

→ The first Presbyterian Sunday School boys did not attend school last Sunday, on account of communion services being held there.

→ The spring house, down at the first farm, was repaired last week by James Blaine. He did fine work on it.

→ Outfielder Jesse Youngdeer, left last Wednesday morning for Palmyra, Pa., where he will play this summer. Palmyra is a member of the county league.

→ Last Wednesday evening an enjoyable walk was taken by a party of boys and girls from this school, under the guidance of chaprons, viz: Miss Johnston, Miss McMichael and Miss White. Many thanks are extended to these kind teachers of we pupils. The moon was not out in full glory, but nevertheless we enjoyed ourselves.

→ Our new press works nicely, a fact due to the careful work performed by Mr. Weber and his boys in setting it up and making all the necessary electrical connections. It requires exact judgment to superintend a job of that kind, for every thing must be in its place. The printers extend their hearty thanks to Mr. Weber and his boys.

→ The Carlisle Indian track team of 1908 has proved to be one of the speediest teams that Carlisle has ever turned out. This is due to the fact that every candidate has trained faithfully during the season. We find the results of training in their winning the Inter-Collegiate Championship at Island Park, Harrisburg. It is possible that all the candidates who have been members of this year's team will be able to compete with some big teams for the season of 1909. We are proud of Frank Mt. Pleasant and Lewis Tewani, who will represent the Carlisle team in England, and we all hope that they will meet with success.

→ My home is in the state of South Dakota. The surface is somewhat less smooth than that of Kansas and Nebraska. In the west are hills which have been gradually worn down into a cluster of mountains called the Black Hills. Here gold and silver are mined and a low grade of tin ore is found. Farther east wheat and flaxseed are the most important crops. The chief occupation is farming. Sioux Falls is the largest city; it has fine water power and is the railroad center of the state. Deadwood is the mining center in the Black Hills region. Pierre, the capital, is the geographical center of the state. An Indian boarding school is located there.—James Winde, Room 10.

→ How No. 5 Spent One Hour Wednesday A. M.—We went to see our gardens. The radishes, spinach and lettuce are growing large. We picked some radishes for dinner. They are growing big. Some of the gardens are growing, but some of them do not look so good because they are low and the rain washed out the seed. The peas and beans have blossoms and look fine. When we come back we stopped at the green house to see the silk worms. They are getting big. Ours are getting big, too. Mr. Hoffman showed us his garden. We saw some cabbages, tomatoes, onions and Kohl rabi. We ate one of the Kohl rabi. It tasted like a turnip. We saw different kinds of flowers. There were canterbury bells, fox gloves, sweet Williams and Zebra grass. They were beautiful.—Ida Baker, grade four.

Chaplain for Catholic Pupils.

Rev. Arthur W. Brandt, newly ordained to the priesthood, has been appointed assistant to Rev. Dr. Ganss, of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle. Father Brandt, who speaks French and Italian fluently, will make his residence in Carlisle, and will devote his attention mainly to the Indian School. We bespeak for him a hearty welcome from the School authorities and the devoted helpfulness and cordial appreciation of the large Catholic flock in the school. * *

THE HYDAHS OF ALASKA.

HOME MISSION MONTHLY.

A little more than twenty-four years ago the Hydahs in South-eastern Alaska were blanket Indians, some few wearing garments of civilization, but in the warm weather many preferring nudeness. As one Indian said, "My face, same all over." Then came the missionaries. During the initial work, turning up unpromising soil, they labored with all sorts of stony conditions. Much firmness was needed, and much kindness. The few who were favored with a mission in their community—in the earlier days—received seeds of cultivation which to-day is seen in their lives.

The Hydahs at Klinquan are a large well-formed and handsome race, with very light complexions. In earlier days they were noted for their bravery and ferocity in war. Terrorizing all the neighboring tribes, they were known as the "Bulldogs" of the North Pacific. They did not hesitate to attack and plunder English and American vessels. In 1854 they held the captain and crew of an American vessel in captivity until ransomed by the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Their villages were remarkable for the number of totem poles. These carved logs, from one to two feet in diameter, and from twenty to sixty feet in height, often contained hollow cavities in which were placed the dead or the ashes of cremated chiefs, the carvings representing the story of the family, or the history of the owner's family, much like our family tree. The house was a large, low, plank building, from forty to fifty feet square, with a fireplace in the center of the floor and a large opening in the roof for the escape of the smoke.

The Hydahs were and are noted for their skill in carving wood, bone, gold, silver and stone. The first of the great cedar canoes of the Northwest coast were manufactured by them. They practiced polygamy and held slaves. The husband would buy a mere girl from her parents. If she did not suit she could be returned and the price refunded. They were inveterate gamblers. This was their past condition. They and their customs are slowly changing.

In 1905 I came among the Hydahs as teacher. I was their first English white teacher in the town of Klinquan. I found conditions that made me know that kindly, strenuous work was needed if these people were to be saved and become true Christians and good citizens.

As late as ten years ago these people were mostly living in community houses, reckless of life, full of wickedness, gamblers and drunkards. Some of the native men and women had received a training against such doings, and with their own sense of right, fought the conditions. Boats carrying whiskey, brought in by white men, were doing a dreadful work among them, feuds were engendered, firearms were in evidence, shots heard, and their war-like nature was excited through drink.

One day two boats were in the harbor of this little town carrying whiskey and selling it to the natives. There was a sad condition in the town, men and women drunk, children crying, and life in peril. Then came an uprising among the few who stood for sobriety; they battled with the whiskey boats until they drove them out of their harbor. They then called a council of all the older men and talked it over. They agreed to give up whiskey. They have stood by their decision, and if a man is found bringing wine or whiskey into town, he is dealt with by the council and brought before the teacher to sign a paper that he will not trespass again. No suspicious boat is allowed to remain in the harbor. This has been brought about by the Christianizing and educating influence among this people.

This question has been and is, How can we overcome and establish better moral tone?

Superstition still dwells in their midst, old customs have much weight with the old people. The young generation is our hope. In the school we are greatly encouraged. They are quick to learn. The girls show great skill in drawing, sewing, in knitting stockings, fancy shawls and lace. The boys do nice carving, make boats and are interested in mechanical contrivances.

The men build boats and do other carpenter work in the winter; in the spring they trap and fish and work at some industry through the summer.

From a one-roomed community house these people have gone into good homes, containing from three to five rooms. They are now desirous of living like civilized people. If I had been told once that I would go into their houses and sit down with them and eat at their table I would have said it could not be possible; but the sanitary condition has so improved in the town and homes and in the cleanliness of the body that we take pleasure in going into their homes and having them visit us. This winter (1907) the people of Klinquan are building a town hall and of a church under way, and at the doors of their homes the flag and flag pole have taken the place of or have been put on top of the totem pole. Though yet a very imperfect people, they are learning, and the efforts being made through schools and by missionaries is doing much to transform the natives into industrious, useful citizens.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

When Grant was a boy he couldn't find the word "can't" in his dictionary. It is the youths who have no "can't" in their vocabularies that move the world. It is curious to see how the obstacles get out of the way of an American youth who has grit, pluck and determination. To the irresolute the way the space clears about him seems like luck.

While thousands of American lads were wasting their time in comparative idleness, and bemoaning their illfortune in having no chance to do something or be somebody in the world, a boy on an Indiana farm believed that an untiring pursuit of knowledge and a resolute determination can make a way if they cannot find one. He believed that, if young Lincoln could educate himself in the wilderness, and, in order to make a way, could walk hundreds of miles to borrow books to read at night by a log-fire; that, if the slave Douglass could learn to read from scraps of paper and posters on a plantation; that, if Wilson could read a thousand volumes at night and in his spare moments on a farm and lift himself to the vice-presidency,—surely, in a land in which colleges and libraries abound, a land which makes a liberal education possible to the poorest boy, he could get an education himself. He believed that the way to conquer circumstances is to be greater than circumstances. He felt that no tyranny of conditions can possibly imprison a determined will.

In 1881 Albert J. Beveridge, who had studied every spare moment during his labor on the railroad and farm and in the logging-camp, entered De Pauw University. He had been to the Sullivan High School, but a large part of his preparation had been made by his own efforts during his leisure time. It was soon discovered at the university that the newcomer, then only eighteen years of age, was made of stern material. Everyone said, "Yes, and he's a digger, too." He was always at study early and late. Sometimes his light would be seen at four o'clock in the morning, while he pored over his books. While others were at recreation he was at work. There was no limit to the pains he took in preparing himself for the duties of life. Nothing seemed small or unimportant to him. He was determined that, for him, every occasion should be a great one, for he could not tell when fate might take his measure for a larger place and bid him advance. From boyhood he had been firmly convinced that he was in the world to do something and be somebody, and he was determined to go the limit of his possibilities.

At the end of his first year, Beveridge's school-mates, who had a good time, were surprised to find that he had taken the first prize in oratory. At the end of his second year he had taken two prizes, one for original composition and one for oratory, and during his senior year he took the first prize for oratory at an intercollegiate contest which included all the colleges between Ohio and the Rocky Mountains.

What a rebuke is the career of this poor boy from the farm to the thousands of boys who are idling their time away, wishing that they might be somebody, and wondering why they have no chance in the world and why such men as Beveridge are so lucky! The editors of *Success* receive hundreds of letters from youths from all parts of America who are longing for an education and asking how they can get one. We are glad of the opportunity to show them what a poor boy can accomplish by his own pluck, energy and determination.—*Success Magazine.*

ADOBES.

OLGA C. REINKEN, Alaskan.

The word adobe is taken from the Spanish word adober, which means to daub or to plaster. Adobes are houses used in the southwestern part of the United States.

Adobes are made of large sundried bricks. These were made by gathering twigs of sage brush and grass, which was burnt. When it was about half burnt, water and dirt was mixed with it, in order to make it stick together. Then a substance like clay was formed, after which round balls were made of them. In the construction of adobes a great amount of water is required, so they are usually made along the banks of streams. After the bricks are moulded they are set in a slanting position to dry. The bricks are usually eighteen inches long, ten inches wide and about six inches thick. Mortar of the same material is used in placing the walls together.

The adobes last a very long time where there is very little rain, but they are often worn away by sandstorms.

The adobes are usually plastered by the Indian women; they use their hands instead of a trowel.

The color of the adobes depend upon the color of the soil that is used. They are generally gray or a reddish brown.

The interior of the adobes are white-washed with gypsum.

The adobes are very comfortable, being cool in summer and warm in winter and these dwellings can be built with very little cost.

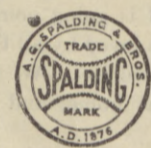
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