

The
Carlisle Arrow

Senior Number



Nineteen Hundred Eleven





The Carlisle Arrow

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WRITTEN AND PRINTED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES INDIAN SCHOOL AT CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

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CLASS POEM.

JAMES MUMBLEHEAD, Cherokee.

I.

Four long years at Carlisle we have spent
Midst scenes now loved so well,
While the mystical charm of knowledge
We vainly sought to spell.
And the months and years sped so fast,
That now, long ere we are tired,
Of a sudden, the end comes at last,
To each heart, half undesired.

II.

We are schoolboys and girls no longer,
Care-free days we must leave behind;
Life's duties beckon us stronger,
We must face them with serious mind.
The path of the world must be trodden,
Though rugged and dark be the way;
Oft our hearts will be heavy and weary
As we travel the live-long day.

III.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."
Rough and long may be the journey
Leading to the heights beyond;
Climb and reach Truth's gleaming
mansion—
Dull the men who plod behind.

IV.

On, my classmates!—Never falter!
If the old world makes you blue
When she scatters all her favors
Upon those more blest than you—
Press on harder; when you stumble
And slip back, then, harder try;
From the man who goes to meet them,
Difficulties always fly.

V.

Success is ever gently knocking,
Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;
There she stands to wait your greeting—
Classmates, open wide your door;
Think of others who have started
With a will and purpose bright;
Men of old—the noble-hearted—
Who have reached the mountain's
height.

VI.

Noble be whate'er betide you;
Cling to truth with heart and soul;
Call on Honor—she will guide you,
She will lead you to the goal.
Let your watchword be "Truth Con-
quers;"
Meet each hardship with a smile;
Work with steadfast will and purpose,
For God, for Honor, for CARLISLE.



SALUTATORY.

ALVIN KENNEDY, Seneca.

Passing generations fill these halls;
Passing voices echo from these walls;
We of 1911 are only as the blast—
A moment felt, and then forever past.

INSTRUCTORS, Friends, School-
mates: We are gathered on this
memorable occasion, which marks
an epoch in the history of the class of
1911, and, incidentally, a new phase in
the history of this beloved institution.
The class of 1911—an aggregation of
young men and women, united by close
companionship and by a similarity of
aims and ideals, has with the most sincere
hospitality, invited you to witness the
consummation of its school life. We
have reached the end of our preliminary
journey; it seems to us that we are
standing on the highest pinnacle we
have yet reached in our young lives;
and we ask you to speed us as we pass
from these sheltered halls into life's
more strenuous school.

Among all the classes that will gradu-
ate from educational institutions this
year, this class of ours holds a unique
place. What other class, as it stands
before such an audience as this, can
proudly say: "Not long ago, our fore-
fathers roamed this land as lords and
owners of the soil; our ancestors were
men of might and prowess; the exploits
of Pontiac and Tecumseh, the far-seeing
statesmanship and philosophy of Red
Jacket and Brant are a part of our heri-
tage." In those days upon which every
Indian boy and girl looks back with
pride, it is true that our forefathers bit-

terly opposed the white man's progress;
but a great change has now taken place.
The descendants of these famous warri-
ors are now in harmony with their white
brother's policy and are adapting them-
selves, slowly but surely, to the ways of
the white man, whose ways are the ways
of civilization. We came here, not that
we might forget Indian ways and cus-
toms and ideas, not that we might
forget the warriors who were our
progenitors, but that we might be-
come better and more useful citizens of
this glorious commonwealth—this com-
monwealth whose moral, social, and po-
litical privileges are unsurpassed. This
has been the aim of our good and just
government in maintaining schools for
the education of Indian youth; and, in
the minds of all young Indians so taught,
has been instilled the teaching that it is
a glorious thing to be a citizen of a coun-
try in which the government is by the
people, for the people, and of the people.

We have run the race, we have finish-
ed the course marked out for us here—
short indeed compared with that which
awaits our eager feet out in the great
world—and, as we stand here, waiting
to receive our prize for the race just fin-
ished, our hearts are filled with sorrow
for the parting, gratitude for what has
been given us, and joy for the things yet
to achieve,—ready and waiting for each
one of us. It is no light task to which
we, who have taken advantage of this gov-
ernment school, have pledged ourselves.
We have learned here that the solving
of the "Indian problem" must be ac-
complished by the cooperation of every
Indian boy and girl receiving an educa-
tion at the expense of our government.
An earnest desire pervades the bosom of
each member of this class to show to the
public that the stupendous task under-
taken by the United States government
to civilize the American Indian is not a
hopeless one.

We have received from able instruct-
ors knowledge and training which have
led us to realize that we are here for a

very special purpose; that the receiving of our diplomas is only a sign that we have finished the preliminary work necessary to start us properly on our way; that after we leave here, we shall be no longer students studying hypotheses and theories, but that we must put into practical use that which we have learned. Life lies all before us—a strenuous life it must be for the educated Indian and one full of untold possibilities.

We now, for the last time, assemble as a class, and, as we stand before you, each one firmly believing that education is the foundation upon which his life's structure must be built, and that it is this government which has laid for us that foundation, we ask of you, in parting, that you bid us "God-speed" on our journey.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1911.

EMMA LAVATTA, Shoshoni.
WILLIAM OWL, Cherokee.

ON THE campus, at the east end of the Teachers' Quarters, stands an historic old walnut tree, the guardian and custodian of Carlisle's traditions. Towering seventy feet above us, its lofty arms out-stretched as though showering blessings upon all who pass and repress daily beneath its branches, the old tree breathes inspiration into the hearts and minds of all Carlisle's pupils. The wind, sighing through its leaves, tells the loiterer of many historic characters who have stood beneath its branches, for it has spread its strong limbs over the passers-by ever since our country threw off the British yoke; it tells us of George Washington and LaFayette and of many other heroes who have been born, lived their glorious lives through to the end, and died, while the old tree lived on—and still lives, the type, through all the years, of strength, patience, and endurance. But even more interesting to us are the stories the old walnut tree tells of student days at Carlisle, which, since 1879, has been the foremost Indian school in the United States. And this is the history of the class of 1911—the story of a class that is so soon going away from this campus, to be forgotten by everyone, perhaps, save by the old tree, which has watched over it so long and so well.

"What brought you here?" "What have you done here?" and "What are you taking away from here?" are the three questions that come to the mind of the historian as he muses under the old walnut tree.

(1). We came here because of what Carlisle stands for in the world. The aim of the institution is the betterment of the Indian by taking him from his camp life and surroundings, where the influences are often degrading, and bringing him into close touch with other students who have had the advantage of a longer civilization and with teachers and friends who represent the highest types of manhood and womanhood. Here every opportunity is given the student to fit himself for a useful career, and it is up to him to decide what advantage he shall take of these opportunities.

Every male student who comes to Carlisle has a choice of such trades as that of blacksmith, wheelwright, carpenter, cabinetmaker, painter, printer, mason, steam-fitter, plumber, engineer, etc., or he may learn to be a baker, a horticulturist or a landscape gardener; again he may learn every detail of the photographer's art, or, on the school farms, he may study scientific farming, poultry raising, or dairying. The girls study housekeeping in all its ramifications, cooking, laundry work, plain sewing, dressmaking, and school-teaching. Every student can find an outlet for his energies and the development of his especial talent. Of more value still is the thorough training in discipline and economy received during the years spent here. When the student leaves Carlisle, he is in a position to show the older generation how to become more independent and self-supporting.

This is what brought us here—a knowledge of the aims of this school as I have roughly outlined them, and a desire for an education which should put us in a position to compete on equal terms with our white brother in all walks of civilized life, and which should enable us to disprove the truth of the assertion, so long quoted that it has become a proverb—"Your only good Indian is a dead one."

Under these circumstances and with these ambitions, the class before you left home and friends and journeyed to Carlisle. Now we number twenty-four members, but only nine of the class as it exists to-day were of the original number who drafted a constitution and united all the different elements into a compact whole. We have come from many different states, we represent fifteen different tribes; but the bond that unites us is love, respect, and admiration for our beloved Carlisle.

(2). "What have we done here?" It would take too long to tell you all we have done; but a brief account of our

deeds may be given. When we first appeared on the campus, some of us were sorry-looking individuals, few of us having self-assurance enough to look a questioner in the face or to return any answer other than a harsh "ugh" to a teacher's well-meant efforts to put us at our ease. Only those from the reservation schools dared hold up their heads and answer questions politely. But look at us now! The years have changed all that, and we are able and anxious to answer frankly and politely all questions put to us.

Our class life really began in our Freshman year when many new members were added to our ranks to take the places of those who had not finished their Freshman year with us. Then began that class spirit which is ours to such a marked degree. In our Junior year, our ranks were thinned again—Cupid's darts having fatally assailed many of our most popular members. The old walnut tree remembers those who have gone from us to make homes of their own; and when we are in a listening mood, the soft rustle of the leaves brings to our ears names which we like to say, because they recall pleasant friendships and happy memories—Clarence Woodbury, Josephine Nash, Nina Tallchief, Clara Spotted Horse, etc., etc.

May they always be as happy and successful as they are now is the wish of the class on whose muster roll their names will always be inscribed.

As students we have worked hard and each of us has striven earnestly to have his name each month on the merit roll. In athletics, the class has played an important part. Although we have been unable to win the class championship in track and field sports, we have had such representatives as Louis Dupuis and Moses Friday, Jefferson Smith and Spencer Patterson who were never slow on the track. The former pair are medal winners and the latter couple do not know what a record they could make if pushed hard enough. We have been most successful in basket-ball and football, winning the class championship in basket-ball last season. In football, we have Dupuis and Smith who held positions on the first team, while Coleman, Kennedy, DeGrasse, and Owl were fortunate enough to get positions on the second team. Those of the class who took no part in athletics have distinguished themselves as musicians, and this organization played an important part in rooting and cheering for their respective teams.

In addition to our class work, we have had all the fun of being at school together. Every month, some sort of an entertainment has been given in our class-room, besides special festivities, planned and executed by the class, for some special occasion. Those that stand out clearest from among the rest are the Junior picnic where one of our classmates, who never sees anything but fun outside the class-room, displayed his remarkable abilities as cook; a walk taken one glorious day last October, when the class made a gallant showing, as each one wore a hat made of lavender and white felt to display his loyalty to the class colors; and last, but by no means least, the Surprise Party of New Year's Eve—an evening of joy long to be remembered. Our teacher was the recipient of this surprise party and she enjoyed the merry evening with its games, music, and good cheer as much as any of her pupils. After refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, stuffed olives, ice cream, cake, and coffee had been served, Nan Saunooke, class president, presented a gift, on behalf of the class, to the teacher. As the clock struck twelve, and the New Year—our class year—began, we all mounted the band stand and sang our class song, composed by James Mumblehead, and gave our class yell. Always will the memory of that happy beginning of our last year at Carlisle remain with us.

In height, the members of the class range from less than five feet to over six feet, and an equal degree of variation may be found in its mental equipment; but, whatever we have done, we have tried to do it as best we could, each according to his ability.

(3). "What are you taking away from Carlisle?" is the third question that comes to us, borne on the wind that softly stirs the aged branches of the walnut tree.

The memory of our instructors, first of all, who have always stood by to help in every difficulty—not only in difficulties of the class-room, but outside of school as well. They have taught us the value of industry; of loyalty to the right and to one another; the necessity of doing our work at the right time and in the right way. We have made a part of ourselves the ideals inspired by the teaching at Carlisle—ideals that tend to uplift the Indians of to-day to a higher and nobler state of manhood that they may hold up to their tribesmen the advantages of civilization and help bring them out of their degraded conditions. Carlisle

has taught us to be self-supporting, self-governing and self-reliant individuals.

As the old walnut tree has stood through the storms and winds of the years, bravely withstanding the blasts and ever pointing heavenward, so may we, too, in the harder and less sheltered life ahead of us, stand firmly in the place where Divine Providence has put us, looking ever heavenward for strength to endure the storms of life.



CLASS WILL.

LEWIS H. RUNNELS, San Poil.

WE, THE class of 1911, being adjudged of sound minds, do hereby give and bequeath the following legacies, to wit: To the Superintendent, the Principal, the teachers, the commandants and the matrons we give and bequeath restful nights and peaceful dreams—may all the perils of land, sea, and air be encountered by them only in dreams; to them, also, we give and bequeath our lasting esteem and gratitude with a store of pleasant memories which they are to draw upon at will in the years to come; we bequeath to them our wishes for success and fame in whatever they undertake—may they be as successful in every line of thought as they have been in their efforts to refute the charge that "an Indian cannot be taught a white man's lesson." The Class of 1911 stands forth a proud example of the falsity of this saying.

To the school as a whole, we give and bequeath our good will, our prayers for her prosperity and increased capacity for services, and our promise to help make the name of Carlisle honored in the land.

To our best beloved sister, 1913, we give and bequeath our blessing and our earnest desires that she may live on and encounter victory at every turn of the road. We leave to her the benefit of our peerless example; in whatever perplexity any member of 1913 may find himself, the difficulty will soon be removed if he but say to himself "What would such and such a member of 1911 do in this case?" Such a legacy is of inestimable value, and we are proud that we can leave it behind us. Draw freely on this bequest. Like the cruise of oil, it will never fail you; in fact, as the years go by, the example of this unparalleled class will be of greater and greater worth, as you view their deeds in the light of added wisdom and experience.

To the Freshman Class, we give and bequeath our advice—perhaps the most truly valuable of all our possessions.

We are not niggardly with it and of it there is a goodly store. Copy after the class of 1911; imitate her noble deeds; place your feet in the footsteps she has left upon the sands of time; fix your eyes upon the distant goal which 1911 has already reached; press towards it as if your very lives depended upon reaching it; seek it as a hunter his game, unwearingly, patiently, unswervingly. The Class of 1911 beckons you on; and, while you can never expect to attain the glittering prizes grasped by your illustrious predecessor, you may, by using freely this legacy of advice, receive some humbler rewards. Whenever a task is set you, first of all, remember this bequest of the class so soon to leave you behind—always follow the advice of 1911; it will lead you straight to your goal.

To the Junior Class we give and bequeath our Senior dignity—it comes to you unimpaired, of enduring quality, and but little worn; we bequeath also, our class popularity, which has never faded nor shrunk during the four years we have worn it. May both garments adorn your manly and womanly forms as they have adorned ours. As a minor bequest, we will to them our seats with all that the term implies; not merely the wooden structures, but the dignity with which we invested them as we sat there, the broad-minded spirit which was ours when from them we listened to solemn lectures and short prayers—may the senior class to be grow so greatly in dignity and greatness of soul that they may not be utterly lost in the seats which the class of 1911 filled so superbly.

To whomever it may concern, we give and bequeath our places on the honor roll and the awe and admiration with which we have always been regarded by our instructors and associates. Anyone who is capable of using these two bequests may have them. Their possession involves much toil and great responsibilities, but they are well worth having.

To everyone connected with this institution the class of 1911 gives its hearty support and loyalty, both principal and interest, with the promise that this legacy shall never fail so long as a member of the class remains in possession of his right mind.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint Mr. Augustus Welch sole executor, without bonds, of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven have set our seal on this 30th day of January in the year of our Lord, 1911.

THE SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY.

JEFFERSON B. SMITH, Gros Ventre.

THIRTY years have passed since the class of 1911 assembled for the last time on the campus of the famous Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., and I, a more or less prosperous man, more than content with the gay and care-free life of a bachelor, have just received an invitation to attend the commencement exercises of the class of 1941, about to be graduated from my dear old Alma Mater. The experiences consequent upon the acceptance of this invitation constitute this prophecy.

As soon as I had received the invitation whose coming was so unexpected, I prepared for my journey and was soon on the way. After a few days of traveling, the end of my journey was reached and I was met at the station and escorted to the school by a young man who, no doubt, had been responsible for the invitation that brought me hither. Why should this young man want me—an old fellow like me—here, I wondered, and a glance at the card he had given me solved the mystery; for, on the bit of cardboard was engraved "Alfred De-Grasse, Jr."

Dinner was the first thing on the programme, and, very willingly, I was led to the Dining Hall, where I looked about me with curiosity and interest. Things had changed, but for the better; Carlisle, keeping pace with the march of civilization, had abandoned the old, reliable stand-by of former days, the gravy, and had adopted a more up-to-date bill of fare. The menu of this, my first dinner at old Carlisle after so great a lapse of time, was as follows: Half-shelled oysters with Limburger cheese, Calf Brains on Toast, Owl Pie, Potatoes and Onions, Fish, Ice Cream and Cake, Coffee, and Pickled Goose Eggs. After such a meal, partaken of in the classic shades of the Dining Hall, crowded with tender memories, I was quite ready to retire for the night.

The next day found me in the Gym, where the graduating exercises were held, as was the custom in my day. The immense room was decorated with the banners of the classes of by-gone years and with other adornments suited to the occasion. From far and near a great assemblage of friends and well-wishers had gathered to watch the Indian youth receive his diploma—the token that he was able, thanks to the school, to take his place in the world's procession. The programme was successfully

carried out and the mass of humanity vanished, leaving me alone in the deserted room. Vaguely I looked around, my heart torn with memories both gay and sorrowful; and finally my eyes fell on a lavender and white banner, bearing the inscription "1911—Truth Conquers." Faded and soiled, still it hung there, all that was left to remind this generation that the class of 1911 had once worked and frolicked in these same halls. With bared head and tears filling my eyes, I stood before the faded banner; in a low tone, I murmured, "Many years have come and gone since you last floated over the heads of the sturdy youths who carried you with so much pride. A great class was the class of 1911; a greater or nobler class can never be found, search where one will; may they all have conquered by truth." Then I slowly turned away, glad that once more I had looked upon our faded banner; but filled with memories which brought tears to my eyes and longing to my heart to see once again the classmates of my youth. To hide my emotion, I hastened to my room, where, laying my head down upon the table, I gave myself up to a flood of memories. Soon I fell asleep, and, in my slumber, I dreamed this dream:

I determined to make a tour of the world, if necessary, and visit each and every one of my dear old classmates, to see where fortune had led them and what sort of lives they had carved out for themselves. Accordingly, I left Carlisle and went straight to the city of New York and in a twinkling of an eye I was in the vast city, an excited sight-seer in famous Wall Street. This was a new experience, and I kept turning my head in this direction and in that, really taking nothing in, until my gaze was transfixed by a sign which read, "L. H. Runnels, Physical Culture." Eagerly I entered the large building and met Louis who was surprised and overjoyed to see me. He took me to his house, where, what was my surprise on beholding Nan Saunooke. What luck! to happen upon two of my classmates at the outset of my journey—two so happily married and so prosperously situated. Mr. Runnels, after a long sojourn in Greece, the home of physical perfection, had become one of the foremost physical culture instructors in the world.

"Where shall I go next," asked I, "to find more members of our illustrious class?" My host bade me go to Montreal, and, without further instructions, I departed. Arrived at my destination,

fate carried me to the Bureau of Information where I found my old friend William Ettawageshik, his broad grin half concealed by a well-trimmed mustache which bore a rather close resemblance to an old paint brush. There was no need for further inquiries; my quest, for the moment, was accomplished; and I staid with William who entertained me right royally. While at his house, the headlines of a newspaper attracted my attention—"The Walk-o-mobile Ship Flight," one line read. Finding that this flight was to occur in Atlanta, Ga., I lost no time in hastening thither, and soon was gazing in awe-struck admiration at the wonderful modern machine. Equipped with both legs and wings the machine would run a short distance and then fly, puffing like a steam engine, all the while. The pilot of one of these inventions had to be a steady, graceful, and cool-headed man, so I was not overwhelmingly surprised, at the end of the curious race, to find the winner none other than my friend William Owl, of pleasant memory. Nothing would do, after the first greetings were over, but that I should go with him in the Walk-o-mobile.

Half frightened, half jubilant, I embarked; we flew and walked, walked and flew, over land and ocean, and at last I found myself in Japan at the home of my former classmate, now the wealthy owner of a vast toothpick factory. Sharing his home was Ellen L. Lundquist, now Mrs. Owl, and the proud mother of some fascinating little owlets. In spite of my joy at being once more with my old friends, I longed for the good old United States, for I was a stranger to the ways of Japan; accordingly, I made but a short visit at the Owls' nest and set sail for home in a good old-fashioned steamer.

Luck has always followed me whenever I read a periodical, and at this point I was not disappointed, for, one day, I found in a Chicago magazine, a picture that I thought I surely knew. Without an instant's hesitation, I hastened to the metropolis of the West. Up to a celebrated studio I hurried, and found, as I expected, that our classmate Charles Fish was posing there for artists, as the only typical Indian living. But all the credit for his expressive and graceful postures was due neither to him nor to the artist, for his better half was with him, making suggestions. In her I joyfully recognized Minnie White, another classmate. During my stay with the Fishes, we went, one evening, to a circus, where we greatly admired the acting and wit of the head



THE CARLISLE GRADUATING CLASS OF THIS YEAR—1911

clown. Meeting him later without paint and powder, we found to our unbounded amazement that he was our own Fred Leicher, now become a great actor in his special line and bearing proudly on his breast a medal to show that he had played acceptably before the crowned heads of the world. His life was not bare of romance, in spite of his profession, for he shyly told us that he was in love with the snake charmer of the circus—naturally a fascinating creature.

It had been spring when I began my wanderings, now it was July, and I, being weary, went for a rest to Atlantic City, beloved of my youth. One day as I sat by the unfathomable sea, thinking over the successful and happy lives of my classmates, and wondering if I, after all, were not the most unfortunate of them all since I had persistently turned my back on the god Cupid, I heard a cultured voice behind me say, "Lovely one, if you only knew how dear you are to me! you are my life, my soul, my all!" So engrossed was he, that I passed unobserved, but before I stole away I gave one glance at him and beneath his dudish exterior, I saw an old friend. "Old Deacon Mose Friday has got it bad, too," I said to myself. Fearing that my superior charms might cut short the glowing hopes of Mr. Friday, I left without making myself known, and went to Baltimore to witness the departure of the American track team for the Olympian games. Everyone of the vast crowd that was assembled to bid the athletes God-speed on their journey to Greece was loud in praises of the team's coach and trainer, Louis Dupuis, the "medicine man," as he was called because of the magical way in which he trained his men to win every event. I had time for just a word with Lew and learned from him that, had I been in Baltimore the night before, I would have heard the wonderful Mrs. Sousa, wife of John P. Sousa, Jr., leader of Sousa's famous band, perform a wonderful instrumental solo. Young Mrs. Sousa, said Lew, was none other than Shelah Guthrie.

From Baltimore, chance led my steps to Missouri, and I traveled slowly thro the beautiful Missouri valley, until I stopped entranced before a well kept fruit farm, an emblem of prosperity, thrift, and happiness. A proud and happy farmer, with an expression of proud satisfaction, such as Cæsar must have had when he said "I came, I saw, I conquered," was walking about examining his laden trees; sturdy, happy

children were playing in the orchard; and from the house came the sweet and familiar strains of "Yankee Doodle," whistled by feminine lips. Need I tell you that the farmer and his wife were Emma La Vatta and Alfred DeGrasse? Alfred still retained the familiar easy-going movement, which distinguished him in our school days. Mr. DeGrasse invited me to take a journey with him into Kentucky to visit a stock farm in which he was much interested. I gladly did so and found that the farm was one of the show places of Kentucky, celebrated chiefly for its mules! At the house we were met by a kind, gentle-mannered man whom I did not at first recognize as James William Mumblehead, but his wife I knew at once as Estelle Ellis. The latter had become a "suffragette," her rare gift of eloquence and her personal charms making her famous throughout Kentucky.

Denver, Colorado, was my next stopping place; and there, quite by accident, I penetrated into the office of a lawyer who, though quite old enough to know better, was doing nothing more nor less than "holding hands" with his stenographer. Alas! the typewriting lessons taken by Eliza Keshena, while a senior at Carlisle, had born only this fruit! she had succumbed to the handsome eyes and winning ways of her employer. I did not stay to see whether she knew me or not but faded away as quietly as I entered. But my adventures in Denver did not end with this painful experience; in the business section of the great city, I found a much needed laundry and hastened in to make arrangements for some necessary laundry work. Two seemingly native-born Mongolians were presiding over the busy rooms; clad in Chinese costume, wearing the pigtail the sign of their race, and speaking Chinese with great fluency, they would have passed anywhere for Chinese; but my eye trained at Carlisle saw at once that they were not real Mongolians, but were masqueraders. Looking at them sharply, I gleefully recognized in Push-push-ling as his workmen called him, Robert Tahamont, and in Hop-sing, Edison Mt. Pleasant. What a merry chat we had, after the two imposters had divested themselves of costume and queue and donned civilized garb once more.

After Denver, came Reno, of course, and there I stumbled into a crew of Italians making repairs on a railroad track. The boss of this foreign crew interested me particularly, for his foim, as broad as it was long, seemed strangely fa-

miliar. As I drew near, I found that it was, as I had suspected, the stately figure of Alvin Kennedy at which I was looking. From telegrapher, he had grown to be "Section Boss," a post for which I thought him eminently well fitted; but he confided to me in strict confidence that it was only over his men that he was "boss"; at home, he himself worked under the direction of a certain "fair creature" known as Mrs. Kennedy. Alvin was not the only classmate whom I was to meet in Reno. One day while in a store, a salesman entered and began to display a remarkably choice line of toothpicks. He earnestly besought the merchant to adopt this line, assuring him that the toothpicks were made of wood, well-seasoned and guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act of 1906. Interested by the eloquence of the ancient, toothpick-ed man, I had drawn nearer and nearer to him, when we mutually recognized each other. The salesman was Spencer Patterson and he seemed, for some reason, to be amused at the fact that I was still in existence. Spencer had married an Oklahoma beauty, he told me, and had a home in that state. He seemed greatly attached to the toothpick business, but his attachment to the fair lady at home was still greater, so he was eagerly awaiting a satisfactory sale that he might get back.

Again the season has changed. Gray, dismal November has taken the place of smiling, sunny June. In the late afternoon of a November day, I reached St. Louis, still pursuing my quest of the class of 1911. Nothing could be done in the evening, I thought, so I bought, with difficulty, a ticket for the Grand Opera. The curtain rose, and a beautiful maiden began to charm the audience with her clear, sweet tones. The audience sits entranced and the singer receives tumultuous applause. The opera goes on, now solemn, now gay, and at last the chief actor of the performance appears—his acting, not his singing, wins for him the cheers of the audience. With a heart nearly bursting with pride I recognize Maiziebelle Skye and Francis Coleman. After the opera, I was introduced to the better half of each, and we talked over old times until cock-crow.

On my return to the hotel, I noticed that, untimely as the hour was, the bell boys and porters were busy carrying baggage through the corridors. On all the trunks was some sign or emblem to indicate that these were the trunks of a "Newlywed". Curiosity led me to the

parlor, where I stood unobserved for a moment saying to myself, "Behold, the bride cometh!" A burst of merriment; the doors were flung wide; and with much pomp and ceremony there entered Leroy Redeagle and his fair young bride. When the party had dispersed, I was informed by the hotel clerk that the bridegroom was the Mayor of San Francisco, and that the bride was the great-great-granddaughter of the Czar Nicholas II.

This merry wedding party was a fitting close to the panorama that had passed before me as I lay sleeping at old Carlisle. The dinner call aroused me and I sat back in my chair wondering whether it were a dream or reality through which I had been living. Again the forms of my classmates came before me, not old, but crowned with immortal youth as young and vigorous as when I last saw them in 1911. "Ye loyal son and daughters of old Carlisle", said I, "ever press onward! The glory and reputation of your Alma Mater are in your hands. Fight the battle of life in the way that you dreamed of when you lay and dreamed under the old walnut tree; the reward is sure; if victory come not in this world, so live that it will come in the world beyond."



WHO'S WHO IN 1911.

ROBERT J. TAHAMONT, Abenaki.
ELIZA KESHENA, Menominee.

Dignified in manner, determined in speech, yet ready to join in pleasures.
"There is a time for work and a time for play." —NAN SAUNOOKE.
"I have come to the conclusion that mankind consumes too much food."
"I have no secret but hard work."
—EDISON MT. PLEASANT.
"I'll be merry, I'll be free, I'll be sad for nobody."
" 'Tis doggedness that does it."
—FRANCIS COLEMAN.
"I practice what I preach."
"An affable and courteous young gentleman."
—MOSES FRIDAY.
"I care not for physical height; I aim at mental height."
"A still, small voice."
"How far that little candle throws its beams."
—EMMA LAVATTA.
"Wisdom sits upon his brow."
"A virtuous and well governed youth."
—ALFRED DEGRASSE.
"Strength and beauty are in him."
—FRED LEICHER.

"Inspired by the Great Stone Face,
I hope to win in my life's race."
—LEWIS RUNNELS.
"Teachy, teachy all day long, teachy,
is my heart's desire."
—ELLEN LUNDQUIST.
"Do not judge a bird by its feathers."
"A gentleman of a great deal of wit and good humor."
—WILLIAM OWL.
"Strive to make every one happy; greet each one with a smile."
—WILLIAM ETTAWAGESHIK.
"God bless the man who first invented sleep."
"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."
—ELIZA KESHENA.
"Speech is the index of the mind."
"If money talks, it's not on speaking terms with me."
—ROBERT TAHAMONT.
"Like the one who said it, I too, think silence is golden."
—ESTELLA ELLIS.
"Let the world slide, let her go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe."
—LEROY REDEAGLE.
"A maiden fair of face and sweet of soul."
"Sweet is the voice that charms the beasts."
—MINNIE WHITE.
"The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct."
"Like all great men, 'Work, work, work,' I say."
—ALVIN KENNEDY.
"As meek as a lamb, but eager to ascend the heights of life."
—SHELA GUTHRIE.
"In body, like Hercules I strive to be,
But with a jolly disposition, don't you see."
—JEFFERSON SMITH.
"Here, too, dwell simple truth and innocence."
"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
—MAZIE SKYE.
"Whether engaged in athletics or in my studies, it is my aim to win, for, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."
—LOUIS DUPUIS.
"Thy voice is celestial melody."
"Like the gallant knights of old,
I love to hear old stories told."
—JAMES MUMBLEHEAD.
"Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain."
—CHARLES FISH.
"Let the table be loaded with feasts until they burst."
"For he himself was tall and thin,
With lips where smiles went out and in."
—SPENCER PATTERSON.

THE "WHITE HOUSE."

WILLIAM ETTAWAGESHIK, Ojawa.

THE old Guard House, known among the students as the "White House" from its dazzling white-washed front, is a place of historic interest dating back to Revolutionary times. History tells us that it was built by the Hessians whom General Washington captured at Trenton in 1776. These prisoners were all sent to Carlisle, and, while here as prisoners of war, they were set to work building barracks. That may all be true; one does not presume to dispute history; but tradition and reason tell us that this old, historic "White House" was a conspicuous part of the British barracks erected at Carlisle as far back as 1770. The crowns surmounting the towers of the building show that this latter story must be the correct one. Be that as it may, these barracks, no matter who built them, were occupied by troops of cavalry and artillery down to 1860, and at all times the "White House" has served its purpose. In the year 1861—again I quote history—these barracks were burned, the old Guard House alone being spared. In 1878, they were rebuilt, enlarged and beautified and made the home of the government training school for the Indian youth. As this institution has adopted a system of military guard duty, what is more natural than that the old Guard House should continue to fulfill its mission and serve as the headquarters for the guards.

The building is situated at the southeastern entrance of the school reservation, just opposite the east end of the academic building, and about a mile northeast of the town of Carlisle.

The building is of stone and brick, about seventy-five by thirty-five feet, with a height of about twenty-five feet. The walls are six feet thick and support a heavy concave ceiling. A gloomy structure it is, lighted with but two windows, three by four feet, and a few port-holes.

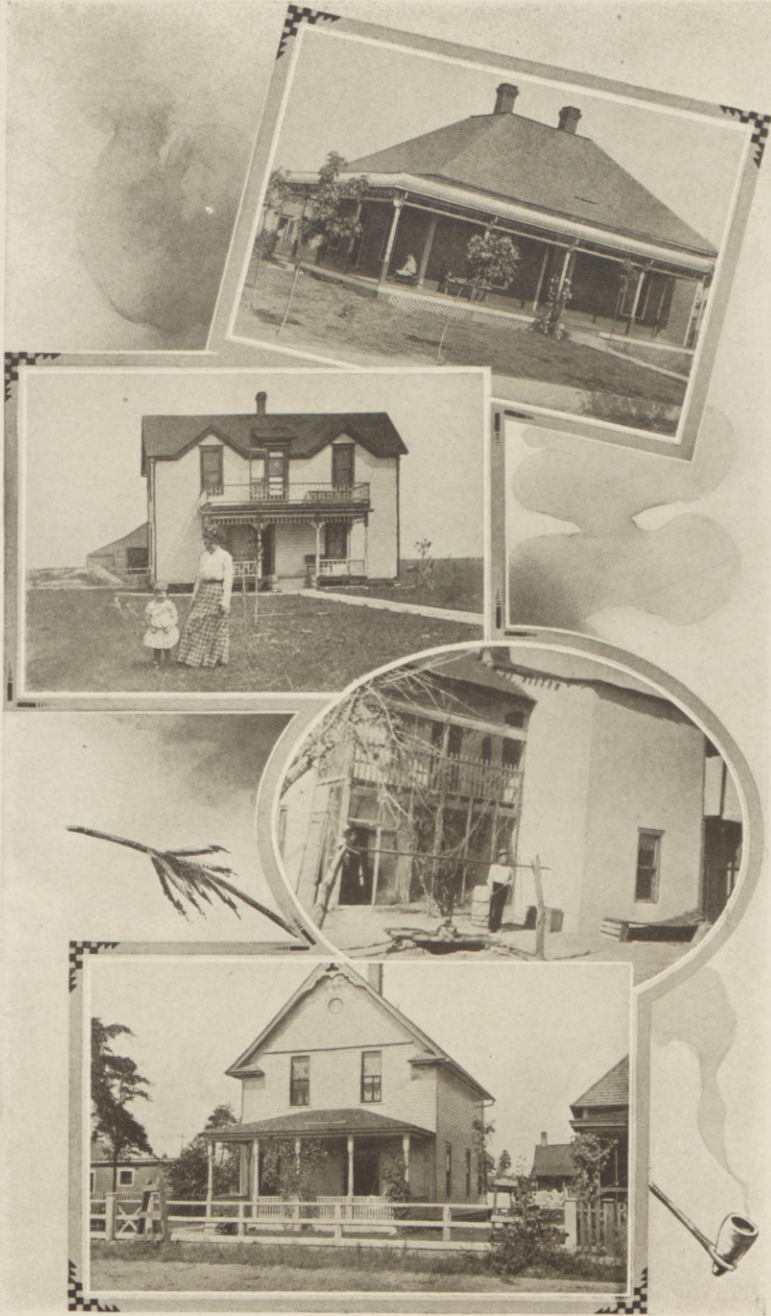
At the extreme east end of this dismal pile, is a cell divided from the rest of the building by a brick partition with a heavy door barred with iron. There are few to sing the praises of this cell which plays so important a part in our school history, so it is left to your humble chronicler to immortalize its charms in this paper. Who having once seen it can ever forget its cold concrete floor and its solitary window with its iron bars?

If these walls had tongues as well as ears, what tales they could tell us of ghosts walking in the moonlight and



HOMES OF CARLISLE EX-STUDENTS AND GRADUATES

ROSE HOWELL ROBERTS, PAWNEE, PHOENIX, ARIZ.; SAMUEL GRUETT, MT. PLEASANT, MICHIGAN
JONAS METOXEN, ONEIDA, KAUKAUNA, WIS.; WALTER MATHEWS AND ANNA PARKER,
OSAGE AND BANNOCK, FORAKER, OKLA.



HOMES OF CARLISLE EX-STUDENTS AND GRADUATES

MRS. LAURA PEDRICK, KIOWA, ANADARKO, OKLAHOMA; ELLEN MARTIN McCOMBE, OSAGE, FOR-
AKER, OKLA.; WILLIAM PAISANO AND MARY PERRY, PUEBLOS, CASA BLANCA, N. M.; BENJ.
CASWELL AND LEILA CORNELIUS, CHIPPEWA AND ONEIDA, CASS LAKE, MINNESOTA

vanishing only when the morning sun made its brief visit through the bars; of the prisoners who have spent their days here in silent meditation, reviewing their history and dreaming of the Hessians who once acknowledged this as their headquarters; of Major Andre, most distinguished of prisoners, who might well have been confined here when he was a prisoner at Carlisle.

There are many things for the solitary occupant of this historic cell to think over as he takes his much needed rest—perhaps the most instructive line of thought which he can pursue is that the crowns which surmount the building have a certain symbolism which it were well for him to learn. A crown represents authority. It is the duty of a citizen to submit to authority.

→
OUR TREES.

ALFRED DEGRASSE, Mashpee.

When Freshmen, we planted a maple white,
"Yarnell," we called it—our hearts were light.

When Soph'mores, a cedar we put in the earth,
"John Rhey," we called it in moments of mirth.

As Juniors under the azure skies,
We planted a maple, called "Olmstead, the Wise."

As Seniors, we planted, with verse and song,
"Truth," a sugar maple, stanch and strong.

May these four trees which we hold so dear,
Grow in strength and beauty year by year.

→
CLASS SONG '11.

Onward press, ye valiant Seniors,
With a heart that's brave and true;
Still aspiring, still advancing—
Keep your noble aim in view.
Press ye on to noble 'leven;
To win we cannot fail,
While we pledge ourselves defender,
Of the lavender and white.

For loyal Sons and Daughters
Are defenders for the right.
Our motto we hail, "Truth Conquers?"
We'll conquer by this truth.
With the lavender and pure white,
Our banner now unfurled
Means purity and courage,
While the sea of life we sail.

HOME MAKING.

EDISON MT. PLEASANT, TUSCARORA.

FROM my home in the northern part of New York, sixteen miles from beautiful Lake Ontario, I came, in the year 1903, to Carlisle, in order that I might acquire an education and receive better training than I could obtain in the schools on the Tuscarora Reservation.

For four years I lived the life of the average young school boy, studying diligently and profiting both in mind and body by the careful training received at this institution. During this space of time, I had, besides the advantages offered here, the great privilege of spending several months each year with an excellent family, on a farm near Ivyland, Pa. The training which I received there has been of inestimable value to me; for there, I was taught to know and to value truth, to be methodical and painstaking with my work, to be economical of time and strength, and, best of all, to love work for work's sake. In addition to this, I was brought daily under the gracious influence of a sweet, gentle woman, whose high ideals have ever since been an inspiration to me.

When the time arrived for the boy to decide upon his life work, which meant in my case, to decide upon a trade, whereby I might earn a livelihood, I chose that of carpentry, the time-honored occupation followed by Him who came into the world to save the human race from the consequences of sin and to dignify labor by his precious example. To me the trade of the carpenter has always been the trade of trades: the clean-looking lumber, as full of possibilities as the sculptor's unshaped block of marble; the odor of the woods with all the suggestions and memories such an odor can bring to the senses; the polished and gleaming tools, each fitted for its own especial task—all appeal to me. I have always felt that I chose well, since it is a trade in which every faculty is awakened and kept alert, and work to which my whole being never fails to respond. As Artemus Ward has said, "I had found my fort;" and, having found it, I resolved to master every detail to the end that I might become a builder worthy of the name—a builder whose work should be an index of his character, strong, honest, and enduring.

Our school is unusually well-equipped in the industrial line and we are taught by competent instructors who have made

the trades their life work; therefore, the way of the beginner who is earnest, is made easy and pleasant. When an apprentice enters the class in carpentry, he is assigned to a work bench with tools for which he is held responsible; in this way there is established at the start that intimate relationship which must always exist between a workman and his tools. Then the apprentice is given blueprints of the various joints which he is required to solve and to reproduce in wood. He makes these joints out of soft wood until his hand and eye are trained to do neat work handily and quickly; and so, by degrees, the learner, if his work is done thoroughly in every detail, becomes a master workman. Here, as everywhere else, it is the first step that counts, and I shall always be grateful to my instructor for insisting upon a thorough mastery and understanding of the principles involved in the initial steps of carpentry.

After the apprentice has learned to make neat joints, he is given a blueprint of plain furniture to work out and solve. This is worked out in soft wood; but when he has learned to manipulate soft wood neatly he is given work with hard woods—making chairs, tables, and other cabinet work. When he has become a competent and skillful workman, he is taught to operate the time-saving machines, of which our shop has eight and which are used when there is extensive work to be done.

The next step in the education of a carpenter is the science of housebuilding. Everything pertaining to the construction of a house so far as the carpenter is responsible, is taught us here at Carlisle. In all the work, the apprentice must help himself and learn wisdom by his own failures; he is taught to notice the defects in his work, and by correcting his own errors, he becomes, in due time, an accurate and dependable workman.

One of the grandest privileges which Carlisle offers to its apprentices is the opportunity afforded them under the Outing System, of spending a period with the leading mechanics in Pennsylvania. I spent last summer most profitably with one of the leading building contractors of Altoona and the experience in housebuilding gained by working with trained artisans has taught me values as no other experience could have done.

Were we learning the trade of carpentry at some technical school other than Carlisle, my paper would be finished. Having learned his trade, the ordinary student has accomplished his

purpose, has finished his course, and is ready to begin his life work. Nothing but the details of his business need have entered into his training. But with the Indian apprentice, the case is somewhat different and much less simple. Not only must he learn his trade that he may practice it as a means of earning his living, but he must use it as a lever, whereby he may uplift his people and put them in the way of better living, or, at least, in a way of living better suited to existing conditions. The carpenter, above all, must show his people how to build and furnish their houses in accordance with the demands of modern civilization. Not only must he know how to fashion and construct, but he must have learned, during his apprenticeship, the value of economy, ways in which to use waste lumber, and the art of making much out of a little.

One of the problems of modern house-keeping is economy. To economize on furniture is an easy problem, easily solved; for high-priced furniture is necessary neither for comfort nor to satisfy one's love of the beautiful. By using common sense, and applying one's skill in utilizing the odds and ends of lumber, dry-goods boxes, and barrels, one may furnish a house comfortably and well. To prove our position, we are prepared to give you a practical illustration. We have here some furniture made from boxes and barrels which were lying around, going to waste, and of absolutely no commercial value. With the help of my classmates, who are also my shop-mates, we made this furniture, for the purpose of demonstrating to you that much may be done to reduce the much discussed "high cost of living." Let me respectfully call your attention, first to this comfortable chair made from a barrel. Do you not see that in it one could rest as comfortably as in the costliest arm chair? Again, here are saucer, porringer, and tray-racks, with a rolling stand for soiled dishes which will serve the housekeeper's purpose as well as a costly sideboard; and here is a desk-chair, so constructed as to serve either as a seat or as a desk; besides these, here is a center table for library or living-room—all made from what was actually waste lumber. We have made, also, a bedroom suite, consisting of this bed, wash-stand, shirt-waist box, and shoe-box. This entire suite can become yours without any appreciable lowering of your bank account, since every piece was constructed from dry goods boxes or similar waste material. The boxes can

be purchased from large department stores for from 10 to 25 cts., perhaps a trifle more, if the boxes are of extra size. If one is handy with tools, he can make the furniture himself, and so save the expense of a hired carpenter. This furniture, as you must see, does not sacrifice beauty to cheapness; when covered, it is not only serviceable and comfortable, but it is pretty and graceful as well, for the lines upon which it has been constructed are those of costly pieces and it is made with as much care as though the material were the rarest wood.

Every furniture maker finds it of great value and assistance to study the plans found in industrial magazines. They enable him to make comparisons, to acquire good taste and judgment, and give him ideas that he can work out in simpler material and thus save time and money. The importance of these magazines cannot be overestimated. They contain clear and simple instruction in building and serve as a teacher to the apprentice if he study the plans and read the articles pertaining to his line of work. In order to be an up-to-date mechanic, a man must keep up with modern methods, and this can only be done by subscribing for a building magazine and reading carefully its pages. To show that I am speaking from experience and not theorizing, let me say that a leading industrial magazine has taught me how to frame a roof and build a stair, and I intend to keep on reading and studying in this way about matters pertaining to my chosen trade.

The last word on practical home-making has not been said so long as these pieces of furniture, beautiful as they appear to a carpenter's eye, stand before you uncovered and unadorned. My class-mate will now demonstrate to you the economical use of materials, by beautifying and making comfortable, as only a woman can, the pieces of furniture which mere man has fashioned. When she has finished, you will be convinced that so far as outward adornment can make a home, we who are about to graduate from Carlisle, have learned to be home-makers.



COLORS AND MOTTOES.

Class Colors: Lavender and White.
Class Motto: "Truth Conquers."



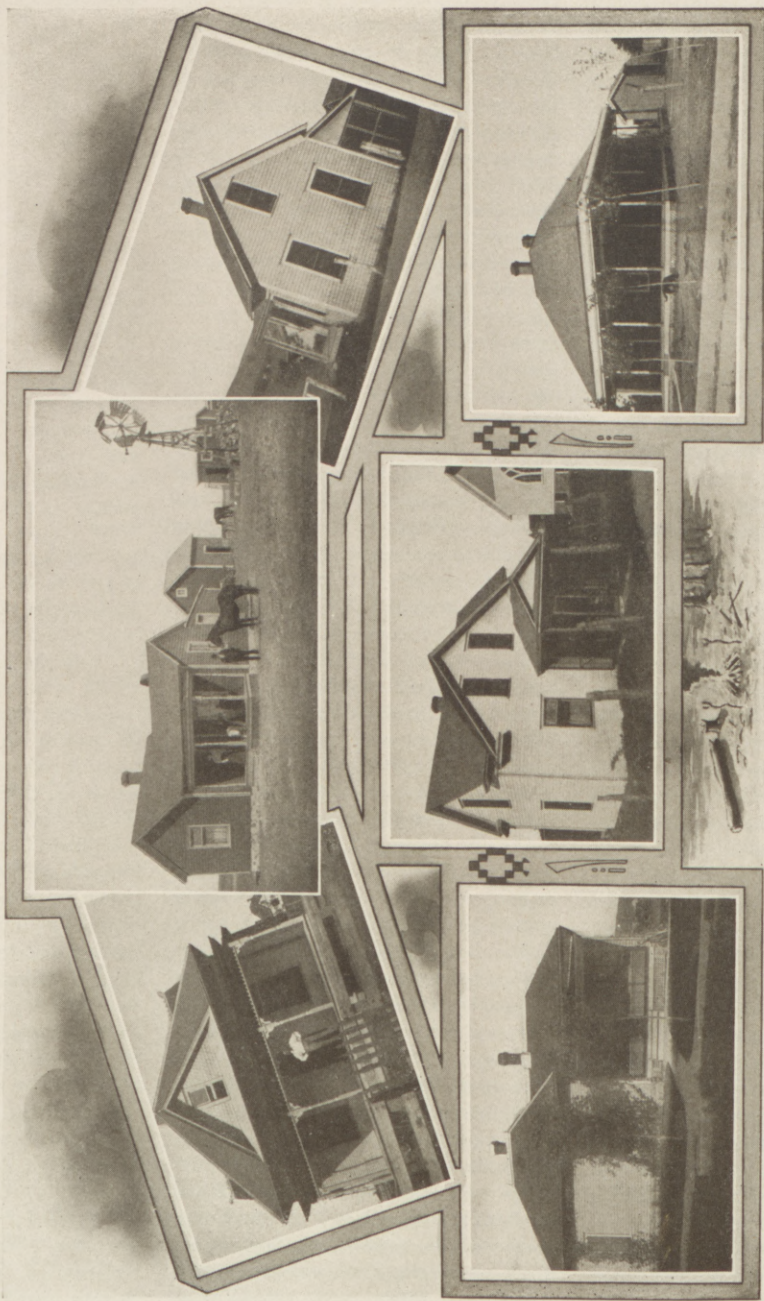
"To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day thou can'st not then be false to any man."

HOME MAKING.

NAN SAUNOOKE, Cherokee.

IT has been said that there is no sweeter word in all the dialects of the earth than the word "home" with all the tender thoughts and hallowed memories that cluster around those four letters. But the word is often used to apply to any habitation in which one happens to live, whether it be a real "home" or not. Since it is the mission of everyone to have a share in home-making at some time during the course of one's life, it is necessary for everyone, especially for every woman, to know what the word means in its broadest and fullest sense. It is woman's work to make the place in which she lives cheerful and pleasant for the tired worker who returns thither after the hard day is over. Housekeeping, than which there is no nobler trade, has been defined as the gift of God to woman to transform a house into a home.

Girls, brought up in the atmosphere of a home that is worthy of the name, have usually this instinct for housekeeping bred in them; but in cases where the girl must be the pioneer to lead her family into better living, she must be taught the tangible things that go into the making of a home, and her mind must be trained to grasp the principles which underlie all housekeeping. This is just what the Outing System does for the girls at Carlisle. Under this system, the girls are given an opportunity of entering properly kept homes to learn the household arts. Many of the girls go out to these homes with very little knowledge of housework and with minds absolutely untrained in that direction. On entering these homes, they are first taught the little things, such as the preparation of vegetables and the proper ways of cooking them; how to set a table properly and how to serve the food. Under the kind and patient instruction of the patron, the girl soon becomes proficient in the lighter tasks and goes on to harder things. Now she is taught plain cooking in all its branches, and also, is taught how to prepare the menu for each day. Of course, cooking is an important feature of the teaching, since food plays so large a part in the making or the marring of a family's happiness, but other branches are just as carefully taught and as conscientiously learned. First of all, we learn that wealth is not needed to make a home, but that time and ingenuity are much more necessary factors. The importance of economy is instilled into us from the beginning—economy not on-



HOMES OF CARLISLE EX-STUDENTS AND GRADUATES

TOP ROW: JAMES WALDO, KIOWA, ANADARKO, OKLA.; JOSEPH DUBRAY, SIOUX, REVINIA, S. D.; ABNER ST. CYR, WINNEBAGO, WINNEBAGO, NEB.
 BOTTOM ROW: W.M. SPRINGER, OMAHA, WALTHILL, NEB.; LEVI ST. CYR, WINNEBAGO, WINNEBAGO, NEB.; MRS. LAURA PEDRICK, KIOWA, ANADARKO, OKLA.

ly of money, but of time and of material. Only such things as are necessary should be purchased for an ordinary home is one of the first rules taught us—simple things that save time and labor, durable things that will last, and, above all, things that will harmonize with one another, and make the whole interior of our homes restful to eye and body; therefore, we are taught the value of inexpensive cloths suitable for coverings and hangings. We soon learn that intelligence is needed to choose rightly; that the hand must be taught to do its work intelligently; that the mind must be trained to use judgment; and that one's taste must be developed by study and knowledge.

Our judgment is trained, and our accuracy is tested by taking measurements, estimating cost, and purchasing materials necessary to the furnishing of a home.

The upholstered furniture which you see before you was measured by myself so that I might buy the exact number of yards of material necessary to cover each separate piece. The bed required fifteen yards; the washstand three yards. The center piece which I made out of butcher's linen cost 35 cts. The curtains for the book-case took three yards; the chair five yards, a paper of tacks and 25 cts. worth of tape. Dressing table took fifteen yards; three curtains five yards each; shoe box quarter of a yard; curtain for the wardrobe three yards; shirt-waist box two and half a yards, and for the davenport seven yards. The total number of yards of material used was sixty-six and a fourth at an average price of fifteen cents a yard. Total cost \$10.68. The time spent in making of the furnishings would average a week or ten days.

The need of education will be felt most keenly when the question of adorning the walls of one's home comes up—bare walls do not belong in a cozy, home-like room, there must be pictures; and to choose pictures requires a trained mind. We are taught that in selecting pictures, care should be taken to choose those that are appropriate for the rooms in which they are to be hung and for those who are to live with them. every picture should teach a lesson; they should be such that the one who looks at them shall feel lifted up above the pretty cares of everyday life. Fortunately, copies of world-famed masterpieces may be had for reasonable prices and put into a frame of passe-partout, in the way that you have seen this afternoon. These will serve every purpose and be a source of enjoyment and inspiration.

As with pictures, so with books — no

home is complete without them; a good book is the best of companions; but just as pictures must be wisely chosen, so must books be; for through books one's education is prolonged all through life. Every woman, who has a house to keep, should read good books to rest her from the harassing labor of household duties. The periodicals of the day should not be ignored, for they serve to keep a home staying woman in touch with what is going on in the great world outside. She should take a household magazine and read its pages carefully that she may supplement her knowledge with the experience of others. All this requires intelligence, which is the foundation of a happy home.

One of the first things the Outing System teaches us is the value of cleanliness in housekeeping. Cleanliness is next to godliness and paves the way for that ideal condition of a pleasant home, "order," which, as we are told, "is Heaven's first law." Economy must also be practiced; economy, not only of money, but of time and material is an essential in the making of a happy home. It should be constantly and openly practiced that the children may early learn its value.

But I would not give the impression that a home is made up solely of decorations and furnishings; of plans and arrangements—these things alone will not make the ideal home. Suppose a home must lack everything but the barest necessities of life, it may be a real home, just the same, if love holds sway there; for love and affection are the center of every family. The warmth and sunshine of love are needed to bring out the virtue and beauty of all the adornments that intelligence and training have provided.

Under the Outing System, then, Carlisle sends its pupils into homes where they may learn better ways and gain better ideas of life. To the girl, perhaps, this system means more than it does to the boy; for in no other way could she learn to keep house in the proper way and absorb those ideas that will help her when she leaves school, enlighten her people and lift them up to better conditions than they have known heretofore. This is one of the ways in which Carlisle is trying to teach its girls the best there is in life; it is in this way that character is developed and a purpose in life instilled into each one. Life in the homes of patrons, who are uniformly kind and courteous to us, means a great deal to the Indian girl to whom advanced civi-

lization is just beginning to take on a meaning. We spend a period of four months in these homes and can stay for the winter if we choose. If a girl decides on a winter arrangement, she is then given a splendid opportunity of attending school with the white boy and girl. In the majority of cases, a girl is privileged to live with two or three different families during her term here; thus she learns various methods of doing housework and can choose what she thinks best to suit her own needs; but in every home the principles of economy, system and industry which she is taught are the same.

The value of the Outing System cannot be overestimated. As an example, consider laundry-work for a moment. Here at school, we are taught only the ironing of plain garments; at our patrons' homes, we learn how to wash different kinds of fabrics and to remove stains of various kinds. We learn also the ironing of fancy clothing.

The important subject of sewing has been left to the last, simply because the Outing System plays little part in the forming of that accomplishment. Sewing is taught thoroughly here at school, under able instructors. There are four classes in the department: darning, mending, plain-sewing and dressmaking. Here, as everywhere else, the girls are taught to do neat work and to be economical with the materials used. Anyone who completes this course is able to go out and earn her living.

Education means much to the Indian girl, for it gives her the equipment necessary to compete successfully with her white sisters. It gives her, too, the desire to go back to her people and help better their condition; through her example, she will be able to teach them the value of an education. The Indian girl is not educated for herself alone, as is the case with her paleface sister; she must be educated for her people and must prove to them that the work of her Alma Mater has not been in vain. And of all the training that Carlisle gives her, the Outing System means the most perhaps, for it is there that she learns how to care for a home—and every girl should know that whether she be a teacher, a clerk, or a seamstress.



"There is no policy like politeness."



"There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort."

THE CITY OF CARLISLE.

FRED LEICHER, Stockbridge.

SLEEPING midway between the north and south mountains of the Blue Ridge Chain, in what is known as the Cumberland Valley, lies an old town British in name and in early associations—Carlisle, the county seat, in Pennsylvania as in England, of the county of Cumberland. Founded about 1751, it still shows evidences of British antecedents, for the principal streets of the city bear such names as Hanover, Pitt, Luther, and Pomfret—names which were doubtless derived from old England.

In its earliest days, Carlisle was the rendezvous of the British and Colonial troops and early army traditions gave a peculiar and exceptional picturesqueness to the city. A garrison was established here in the early days of the national government and remained here until after the Civil War. The barracks were built so close to the town that a few minutes' walk brought one from the flagstaff at garrison headquarters to the public square. The first building of the group still exists; is known as the Guard House, and is said to have been built by Hessian soldiers captured and sent to Carlisle by General Washington.

The people of Carlisle are intelligent and industrious, and have a standard of breeding, feeling, and bearing which maintains peace and harmony among their neighbors. The old British element has given way to a German element in the community at large. The people of fifty years ago are, most of them, in their graves; old names still linger, but are only echoes of the past; a new population, full of vigor, intelligence, public spirit, and many interests has taken the place of the old, conservative inhabitants.

Carlisle has many beautiful public buildings which serve to beautify the city. Among these are Dickinson College, the Court House, Conway Hall, the different churches, and a large library. Dickinson College, founded in 1782, is to-day one of the leading educational institutions in our country. Fifty years ago its student body consisted largely of southern men, but now students from all over the country attend.

There are many quaint and interesting features of this busy little place. The Cumberland Valley Railroad runs through the heart of the city and the depot is situated in one of the busiest sections. A great many of the houses are built next to the street and have no

front yards. Many of the walks are made of brick and present an old-fashioned appearance.

Carlisle has many manufacturing establishments, and is an industrial city, using steam as a motive power. The streets and many of the residences are lighted by electricity, and all other modern conveniences are enjoyed by the inhabitants. The people are full of dash and spirit and have raised Carlisle from a garrison town to one of the modern little cities of the country—a credit to Pennsylvania and to our union.

THE CAVE.

MOSES FRIDAY, Arapaho.

ABOUT one mile northeast of the Carlisle Indian School, on the bank of Conodoguinet Creek, is a natural cave hollowed out of the living limestone rock. The entrance to this cave slopes eastward, and is of sufficient height to allow a man to walk upright. After a short distance, the entrance branches out into three openings, of which the one on the right is the cave proper, the other two being still unexplored. The cave is a natural one, caused by the action of the water on the limestone rock. Nature can do wonders in the space of a thousand years or more, and, doubtless, in time, our cave will rival the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

As it is, this natural curiosity is an object of great interest to the country round about. It can be reached by taking a trolley car that runs every half hour from the government school; and on Saturdays and Sundays crowds of pleasure seekers may be seen spending their holiday in Cave Hill Park. The creek furnishes facilities for boating and fishing, and recently, gasoline launches have been put on the creek for the purpose of carrying passengers up the stream to Bellaire Park, a mile above. Each of these launches is large enough to accommodate about fifty people. Of all the people who throng the park on pleasant days, there is not one who does not visit the cave on each visit; and many are the traditions to which they lend a willing ear. It is said that the cave was used as a refuge or temporary lodging place for the Indians in early times. Human bones and bones of extinct animals have been found in its recesses which seem to furnish evidence that the cave was used as a shelter by both Indians and animals. A favorite

legend is that once a white girl was made a captive at Chambersburg, brought to the cave, and kept there as a prisoner. Many say that her moans are still to be heard when the wind blows shrill and a storm is beginning to gather. A less grewsome tradition is that the robber Lewis used this cave as his dwelling place when not on his famous raids.

THE SPRING.

LEROY RED EAGLE, Quapaw.

ONLY the artist could give to you a lifelike picture of the Spring which is one of the chief objects of interest in the vicinity of Carlisle; no words can possibly do it justice. This spring, situated on one of the school farms, a half mile from the main school buildings, is one of the most beautiful bits of natural scenery in the whole state. Fancy, if you can, a spring of crystal water, lying north and south at a length of a hundred feet and a width of thirty feet, walled around with stone about three feet in height. On the banks of the spring, towering far above its wall, and stretching out their huge limbs over the middle of the expanse of water, are magnificent old willows—the ordinary-willow, and the weeping willow so famous in song and story. They are of marvellous beauty, and, in the summer, when the cattle from the farms are grouped under their branches enjoying the shelter from the heat of the day, the picture is one which can never fade from memory.

The old spring-house which stands over the spot where the water bursts forth from the ground adds its charm to the picture. It is a small square tower-like building with an old-fashioned fireplace inside; and in its cool depths, down, down, into waters of the spring, milk and butter are kept.

No one ever passes by this spring without stopping to lean over the wall and watch his reflection in the clear water below or follow with his eyes the fish with which the spring abounds, as they dart here and there through the clear water. Every Sunday, the students from Carlisle may be seen there, for a drink from the spring is always the object of a Sunday walk. Some of the more thoughtful, as they gaze at the waters of the spring, reflect how far away they are from the sea, their final resting place.

Through the Canodoguinet creek into the Susquehanna, from the Susquehanna into Chesapeake Bay, from the

Bay to the ocean at last is the course that all this water must take before its journey is over. Some of it never reaches the awaiting ocean, but is used to serve a more useful purpose, that is, to furnish the water whereby the livestock on the farm is supplied. For this purpose, as the spring is at a lower level than the farm buildings, the water is pumped into a tank which stands on the hilltop.

Among the many pictures which hang on the walls of our memory—pictures which we shall recall again and again when our life here at school is over—the most beautiful by far will be the picture of the spring sleeping quietly under its o'ershading willows. And many of us, when we are spent and worn with the toil and stress of life, will long for the days when our heaviest cares could be driven away by a refreshing draught from the old spring.



THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Mazie L. Skye, Seneca.
 Estella W. Ellis, Sac & Fox.
 Elizabeth Keshena, Menominee.
 Emma D. LaVatta, Shoshoni.
 Minnie O. White, Mohawk.
 Ellen L. Lundquist, Menominee.
 Nan E. Saunooke, Cherokee.
 Edison P. Mt. Pleasant, Tuscarora.
 Louis Dupuis, Sac & Fox.
 James W. Mumblehead, Cherokee.
 Lewis H. Runnels, Sanpoil.
 Leroy Red Eagle, Quapaw.
 Spencer Patterson, Seneca.
 Jefferson B. Smith, Gros Ventre.
 Moses L. Friday, Arapaho.
 Francis E. Coleman, Chippewa.
 Charles L. Fish, Sioux.
 Alvin W. Kennedy, Seneca.
 Robert J. Tahamont, Abenaki.
 Fred E. Leicher, Stockbridge.
 William J. Owl, Cherokee.
 William J. Ettawageshik, Ottawa.
 Alfred L. DeGrasse, Mashpee.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Mary E. Nunn, Winnebago.
 Emma E. Jackson, Klamath.
 Margaret I. DeLorimere, Mohawk.



COMMENCEMENT REPORT.

The May number of *The Red Man*, our monthly magazine, will contain a full report of Commencement Exercises. Any graduate, ex-student, patron, or friend of the institution, can get a copy by sending a request for same to the superintendent of the school.

DAIRYING.

WILLIAM OWL, Cherokee.

NOT a more important question today is occupying the minds of those interested in our health and food supply than that of dairying. Scarcely a home in our country is maintained without the use of dairy products in some form. Perhaps through no other avenue are disease germs more widely disseminated than that of milk, butter and cheese. This indispensable food has been the means of spreading disease to such an extent that some scientists have called it the bane of the human race. It is therefore of vast importance that the utmost care be taken in the production of milk from the selection of the cow to its consumption.

I will therefore try to tell you of some of the more modern methods of dairying in use at Carlisle and elsewhere.

The first problem which confronts the dairyman is the selection of a breed. In general structure the dairy and beef breeds can be easily distinguished. The dairy cow shows a decided wedge-shape, while the beef cow is square, full over the back and loins, and straight in the back. The hips are fleshy, the legs thick, the underline parallel to the back line; the head short and the neck full and short.

In dairying for profit one should bear in mind whether he wishes to produce milk for quantity, cream, butter or cheese, and make his selection accordingly. If he wishes to produce milk for quantity alone the Holstein breed is the best. They are docile in temperament, large in size and have great constitutional vigor. They require a large amount of food but in turn produce a larger quantity of milk than any of the other dairy breeds. Their milk is not rich in butter fat but it contains all the necessary food elements, and it is especially well fitted for shipping purposes. If for any reason her usefulness in the dairy is at an end, she fattens readily and makes excellent beef.

If butter is desired, the Jersey should be selected. This breed is often called the butter specialist. The Jersey cow is rather small in size. They have thin slender necks, deer-like heads and neat forms. There is no doubt that the symmetrically developed Jersey cow is one of the most beautiful animals on the farm. The Jersey breed shows considerable variation in colors, ranging from deep black to cream. They have a nervous temperament but when properly treated are usually gentle.

If cream is desired the Guernsey should be chosen. The Guernsey in many respects are similar to the Jersey, however they are somewhat larger and stronger. In color they are generally light yellow or fawn. They are more quiet and gentle in disposition than the Jersey. There is a deeper color in the milk, butter and cream of the Guernsey than other dairy breeds.

If milk is produced for cheese the Ayrshire is best. The Ayrshire are hardy and active and have the ability to gather food from scanty pastures better than other breeds. The horns turn outward and then upward giving the head a bold, upright appearance. The color is usually a variation of red and white. The quality of the milk is good and the quantity is large. The milk is easily digested and is the best for family use. The small size of the butter globules makes separation difficult but renders it easier to manufacture into cheese. The Ayrshire's reputation as a dairy type is based upon the production of cheese.

There is no point of greater importance in selecting animals for the foundation of a herd or in making purchases of additions to a herd than getting perfectly healthy stock. All animals chosen should be critically examined and should afford evidences of being strong in constitution and of healthful vigor. In every case the addition to the herd should be tuberculin tested by a competent veterinarian. The herd, stables and farm from which the purchases were made should be closely examined and as a further preventative of cattle disease, the new addition should be kept apart from the herd for at least one month.

After the selection of a breed is made the next matter of importance is the feeding and housing of the herd, which in all breeds is mainly the same. The health and milk flow of the herd depends almost wholly upon the kinds of food given the cows and the system of feeding and housing. The herd should not be fed as a herd. Cows differ in their tastes and in their requirements as human beings do. To feed all of the cows in a herd alike day after day is a wasteful practice.

Foods for cattle are divided into two general classes, concentrated and roughage. Various formulas have been made for the use of these foods but the dairyman can feed them to best advantage only by making himself acquainted with their value as cattle foods and by discerning the needs of his animals, which depend in a measure upon the climate.

It is of the greatest importance that pure drinking water be given the cows. All stagnant pools in the pastures should be filled up since typhoid fever germs are taken into milk by allowing cows to drink infected water. The barnyard well so commonly found on farms which supplies water for the herd is to be condemned because the inoculated barnyard seepage often finds its way into these wells.

The housing of the dairy herd is next in importance to that of feeding. The old style large and lofty barn in which were kept the cattle, the crops, the manure and farm implements under one roof can no longer be regarded as a desirable place for the dairy herd.

Necessity requires that the forage be housed in a large storage building apart from the cow barn. The best modern plans for the dairy barn calls for a separate or slightly detached building for the cows, with no manure cellar under them and no forage above them at all. Knowing this to be true from actual experience, there has been constructed at Carlisle, during the past year, a new dairy barn, modern in all its construction and equipage, where is being put into practice as rapidly as possible, all the modern methods in sanitary dairying. This barn is entirely open from floor to roof, with width sufficient for two rows of stalls, facing each other. There is a row of windows on each side of the barn which furnish sufficient light. The King System of ventilation is used. The floor and feed troughs are of concrete and so constructed that they can be easily cleaned. The barn is equipped with Loudon stanchions and feed and litter carriers. No manure is allowed to accumulate but is carried out to a concrete pit at some distance from the barn. The liquid waste is also run into a concrete cistern some distance from the barn.

The greatest criticism that can be made against the average farm dairy barn is that the stalls are not kept clean; the walls are dirty and dusty, and the manure is thrown into the barnyard where the cows are compelled to wade when turned out for exercise. This common condition while filthy and unsanitary in the extreme causes the cattle to have sore feet and rheumatism.

Since it has been proven that Tuberculosis is as common among cattle as among human beings the sheltering and housing of cattle is one of the most important items to be looked after. It is commonly believed that tuberculosis is

more prevalent among dairy cattle than among beef cattle, but it has been found that this is due to the dairy cattle being housed in poorly ventilated and unsanitary barns. Tuberculosis in domestic animals and in man must be fought simultaneously if it is to be eradicated.

Not every farmer can afford to build a model barn like the one just described, but the principles of ventilation and sanitation may be observed in the most crudely constructed log stable which shelters the one cow which supplies milk for the family use. The walls can be white-washed and sprayed with crude carbolic acid. The floor can be kept clean and dry, and may be disinfected with land plaster or cinders. If we constantly bear in mind that the cow barn, the same as the kitchen, is where human food is prepared, we will readily see the necessity for cleanliness.

Perhaps no food in its preparation for use requires more care than milk. The whole process of milking exposes it to inoculation by disease germs. This process, while known by all to be one where scrupulous cleanliness and care should be taken, is regarded as a dirty, disagreeable task. The cows should be cleaned daily with a curry comb and brush. This is as good for their general health as it is for the protection and purity of the milk. Immediately before milking, the cow's udder should be wiped with a clean damp cloth to remove the dust which may still remain after currying.

The air of the barn should be as free from dust as possible, since dust carries great numbers of bacteria into the milk.

Preparatory to milking the floor should be sprinkled and no roughage should be fed immediately before milking time. The purity of milk depends also upon the cleanliness of the milker. His clothing and hands should be clean. Often disease germs find their way into the milk from dirty milk cans and strainers. The proper care of milk utensils is often misunderstood. All milk should be washed from the surface of the vessels with cold water before boiling water is applied, as heat will cook the milk, thus forming a coating very difficult to remove. The final rinsing should be in boiling water in order to destroy all bacteria. They should then be placed in the sun to dry.

It is generally conceded that milk is naturally pure when it comes from the healthy cow, but often in well-kept stables the ventilation is poor and many undesirable odors and dust particles find their way into the milk before it can be

moved to more sanitary surroundings. Its flavor, value as a food and keeping qualities depend wholly upon the methods used in milking and caring for the milk. There are two factors that stand out prominently in producing wholesome milk; cleanliness and temperature. If care is taken to produce clean milk and then cool it immediately after it is drawn, there will never be any complaint about poor and unwholesome milk.

We have tried to explain to you how to properly care for milk cows and to produce clean wholesome milk, because it is one of the most indispensable foods. It is one of the foods which can be consumed as nature produced it. All that is required on our part is to keep it free from those foreign elements which destroy its food value. The presence of dairy cows in a country is an index to its civilization. Perhaps among no people is dairying more neglected than among Indians. Although surrounded by herds of cattle, the use of milk and butter is almost unknown. The old Indians are satisfied to let the calves run with the cows. This is partly due to the fact that neither men nor women know how to milk or care for milk and are ignorant of the food value of milk. Often the nutritious prairie and alfalfa hay which produce such wholesome milk and butter are sold, and as a result many of the cows starve. Doubtless no where else than among the reservation Indians where a variety of foods is scarce would the introduction of milk and butter be more beneficial. The old Indians make as an excuse for not keeping milk cows that they do not like milk and butter, but judging from the amount of milk and butter consumed in our Government schools, we must admit that this is merely an excuse for their dislike for caring for cows.

Since nearly all Indians own land and the greater part of them will be an agricultural people, it is very necessary that they have a practical knowledge of dairying. The Indian boy should at least know how to feed, house and milk cows. The Indian girl should know how to properly care for milk and to make good butter.



"Guard well thy thoughts."

"Things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up."

"Be always in time; too late is a crime. Promptness is the soul of business."

"To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune."

