





The Carlisle Arrow

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CLASS POEM

CALEB CARTER, Nez Perce

FROM out these well-beloved halls
We pass to-day;
For hark! Afar off, duty calls;
We cannot stay.
Life's thorny path, life's stormy sea
Await our feet;
We must not stagger, flinch, nor flee;
We must be fleet.
Ready to take the gold of life
And shun the dross;
Ready to bear arms in the strife,
Nor count the cost.

II

To right the wrong, O classmates true,
Must be our aim.
Be cheerful always, never blue—
Grit wins the game.
Though high our place in life may be,
Though mean our lot,
We'll keep our motto, "Loyalty,"
And falter not.
When'er 'tis hard to play the man,
When hope departs,
We'll sing our song, The Blue and Tan,
To cheer our hearts.

III

For as we sing, our thoughts will fly
Back to this spot,
Where life's ideals, both true and high
To us were taught.
We'll think of classmates fond and dear
At old Carlisle;
We'll meet the future, how'er drear,
With song and smile.
The Class of nineteen hundred twelve
Ne'er lags behind;
We've learned that we must dig and delve
With hands and mind.

IV

We've tried to keep the foremost place
In work or play;
The thought of this will help us face
Life's bitter fray.
And now for the last time we meet
Here as a class,

Which one of all our dreams so sweet,
Shall come to pass?

To make these dreams come true,
we've learned,
We must not shirk;
Both fame and fortune must be earned
By honest work.

V

We Indians owe a mighty debt
To old Carlisle;
For in these walls our thoughts were set
On things worth while.
We go from here, a loyal race
Of leaders bold,
To lead our people to the place
They held of old.
In days to come, our sons shall bless
Our "Red and Gold."

VI

The time has come, O, friends so true,
When we must part.
'Tis time to work; there's much to do;
Youth's in our heart.
A double task is set for all
Red Men to do;
We cannot falter, slip, nor fall;
We must be true.
We must be honest, square and brave
In every place;
The good name of our people save—
Uplift our race.

VII

We're not dismayed; we'll go to meet
Life with a smile.
This thought will strengthen oft our feet—
"We're from Carlisle!"



*"Be a manly man with an ideal
and never rest until that ideal has
shaped itself into something real."*



*"Kindness that does not originate
from the heart is no kindness at all.
When you help a man let him know
that you are doing so because it gives
you pleasure, and not because you
wish to do him a favor."*

SALUTATORY

SYLVESTER LONG, Cherokee

*Ladies and gentlemen, fellow students
and instructors:—*

ANOTHER year of faithful service
and of splendid achievement
has been added to the record of our
beloved school; and, as one of its
representatives, one who to-day will
receive with pride the diploma which
marks the end of a course completed
here, I gladly extend to all a welcome.
This is the proudest moment of our
career, since it is the culmination of
the happiest and most profitable years
of our young lives. The honor of
being the instrument through which
the twenty-one young men and women
who compose the class of nineteen
twelve extend a last token of affec-
tion and regard to their schoolmates
and instructors, and a hearty greet-
ing to our friends and distinguished
guests, is fully realized and appreciated
by your salutatorian.

All too quickly have the years sped,
bringing in their train many pleasures,
duties and accomplishments which
have added new powers and new zeal
to brain and hand, and given us a
truer conception of the world which
we are just about to enter. The years
have brought us also many disappoint-
ments and failures, but these over-
come have only tended to strengthen
us and make us more determined to
conquer the serious difficulties with
which we shall have to contend unaided
when once we have left the shelter of
the hovering wings of our alma mater.

To those whose lives in the world
have been long and whose deeds have
been many, the schooldays of a boy
or girl seem a trivial thing; but to us
they are, just now, a subject for seri-
ous contemplation; they afford us all
we know of life; from them, we must
draw conclusions as to what awaits us
when we go out from here to conquer
or to be conquered in the struggle.
Therefore to-day we look back over

the years spent here and realize that we might have accomplished much more than we have, had we only realized what each day meant when it was ours to spend for profit or for loss; in spite of many pleasant memories which throng our minds as we look back, we see many a wasted hour, many a lost opportunity, which, if utilized, would have added greatly to our mental stature on this occasion.

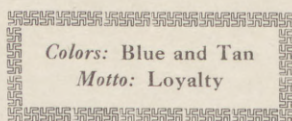
But whatever else we may have failed in, we have absorbed the high ideals for which Carlisle stands and are better men and women for the years we have spent here. By its training, we have a safe, firm foundation laid for characters, and are ready to go forth with courage to meet life's problems and to cooperate with the white brother in his efforts to raise to a higher social plane our once powerful but uncivilized race.

When we have gone through, for the last time as students, the brick portals of this institution, into the great world of competition, we do not wish to be designated as Cherokees, Sioux, or Pawnees, but we wish to be known as Carlisle Indians, belonging to that great universal tribe of North American Indians, speaking the same language and having the same chief—the great White Father at Washington. We realize that the sooner we permit tribe with its customs and prejudices to become a tradition, the better it will be for our own race as well as for that race with which we are destined to unite; for the day will surely come when the white man and the Indian shall become one nation, since this is the inevitable end of two such races when they have once for all laid aside their hostile attitude, and, through a deeper understanding of each other, have resorted to a better means of settling their racial disputes and problems.

Life at Carlisle, with all its pleasures and its work, is over; before us stretches the broad highway; and the hand of hope beckons upward and onward to a goal, far more distant and much harder to reach than that goal for which many of us have so often fought on the lime-marked gridiron—the goal of true character and fully developed manhood.

We shall go away from here; the places which have known us shall see us no more; but our hearts will hold always the memory of our faithful in-

structors, who, outside of their regular duties, have ever tried to instill into our minds those thoughts and principles which they must have who mingle with the people of the world. They have taught us how to be true to the best that is in us; they have given us ideals of conduct which will always be an inspiration; by their example they have taught us what real men and women should strive to become; and they have implanted deep within our hearts that pride of race which makes a man or woman ashamed to do that which will bring discredit upon his people. The pride of being a descendant of the natives of this vast and glorious land is keenly felt as I stand before you. In behalf of my fellow classmates, who share the glorious heritage, I extend to you a most cordial welcome to this closing exercise of our school life at this honored institution.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1912

ERNESTINE VENNE, Chippewa

TO-DAY I am looking back over happy years spent here at Carlisle; I am recalling the hopes and aspirations which have inspired each one of the class to work steadily and faithfully on to the end of his course; I am remembering the many incidents, trivial to others, but of importance to us, that have marked our schooldays. In the face of all these memories, I feel that my task as historian of the Class of 1912 is a most difficult one as well as a most enjoyable one.

Imagine fifty of the most care-free, light-hearted young students imaginable and you will have a picture of this class as it assembled for the first time as Freshmen at Carlisle. At our first meeting, we elected class officers, chose class colors and a motto, and appointed a committee to make out and frame our Constitution. The choosing of colors and a motto was no easy task, for we are a class of many minds, but the choice once made, we have never for a moment regretted it; and the Tan and Blue of 1912 have become to us symbols of close friendships, of steadfast ideals, and of ambitions for

the future, while our motto, "Loyalty," stands for everything that the word implies and is an inspiration to us in times of discouragement and difficulty. Our Constitution was written out and, after being approved, was framed by Evelyn Pierce and Emma Newashe. The words of our class song were written by William Bishop and adapted to the tune of the "Soldiers Chorus" in the Priscilla play given here by the students.

Thus equipped, we felt able to take our place among the classes of Carlisle, and as a class we have made good here. Our numbers have varied at different times. Several members have joined us in different rooms and some of the original members have left us. Therefore, when we entered upon our career as Sophomores, we numbered but forty-five, and of these some were new students who had joined us at the beginning of the year. While we missed those whom we lost, we could not but congratulate ourselves on those whom we had acquired, for one of our brightest stars, our class poet, William Bishop, joined us in our second year, as did the elocutionist of the class, Iva Miller. But, alas! we have never recovered from the loss of James Thorpe, our star athlete, Harry Wheeler, another who had won renown on the athletic field, and Charles Kennedy, our violinist. It is a pleasure to know that of those who have left us, all are doing the world's work either in the Indian service or in their own homes. Death comes rarely to a young organization, but one of those who entered with us, Christiana Gabriel, has passed from earth to Heaven, ready to go when her time came. Thinking of her death, we feel inclined to take to heart the lesson taught us by the poet in the lines familiar to us all:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
That innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall
take
His chamber in the silent halls of death;
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

In athletics the Class of 1912 holds an enviable record. We were so fortunate as to have in our number some of the best athletes in school, so for two years we had possession

of the championship banner. The names of those who helped win this banner for us are James Thorpe, Joel Wheelock, Gus Welch, the star quarter-back on the football team, Joseph Poodry, and Harry Wheeler. In basket-ball we stood next to the champions. The players on the team were James Thorpe, Joel Wheelock, Gus Welch, Clifford Taylor, and Albert Scatt. The victories over other classes in field sports have done more to arouse class spirit and add to the brightness of class life than anything else.

Our chief amusements for the Sophomore year centered around athletics; in our Junior year we paid more attention to social duties, and the chief event of the year was the reception given by us as Juniors to the out-going Senior class. It was not meant to be a brilliant affair, but simply a tribute of honor to the class which was about to leave us. As I look back upon it, I am not sure that it was not a brilliant affair; at any rate, the music was good, as it was furnished by a town orchestra, and the refreshments were better, being ice cream, cake, and coffee. The Seniors were appreciative and made little speeches of farewell to us in which they said things that were helpful to hear and to remember.

Among the most pleasant of the class events have been the excursions taken in company with some instructor. Those that stand out most clearly from the others are three taken in company with our teacher: a walk to The Cave, a trip to town one evening, and a visit to the Carlisle High School. Every member of the class who is reading this paper will remember with pleasure each of these occasions and agree with me that they were events worthy of recording in these annals.

Senior year came all too quickly to us. We cannot realize that four years have flown and that our days here are over. As we met for the last time to choose officers, we were all impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and saddened at the thought of parting so soon. The officers chosen for the last term are those who are on duty during this commencement season: President, William Bishop; Vice President, Emma Newashe; Secretary, Ernestine A. Venne; Treasurer, Sylvester Long; Critic, Agnes V. Waite; Reporter,

Fred Cardin; and Sergeant-at-arms, Charles McDonald.

The most interesting incident of our Senior year was the organization of the school city government. The officers corresponded to the class officers and were as follows: Mayor, William Bishop; Town Clerk, Ernestine Venne; Clerk of the Council, Emma Newashe; Clerk of the Court, Fred Cardin; Treasurer, Sylvester Long; Judge, Agnes Waite; Sheriff, Charles McDonald; City Attorney, Benedict Cloud.

On New Year's Eve occurred our best remembered social event. As usual, the Seniors stayed up to watch the new year in that was to give them the happiness of becoming graduates of the Carlisle Indian School. As it was Sunday evening, we could not dance; but, in the place of dancing, we had quiet games, music, singing, and refreshments. At twelve o'clock we went out on the bandstand and gave our class yells and sang our class songs to usher in the new year and to give a rousing farewell to the old. We were chased off the bandstand by the band which also came out to welcome the new year; so we went to Mr. Friedman's house and sang our song to an appreciative audience. Then we went back to the Y. W. C. A. room and there presented our beloved teacher with a copy of *The Angelus* by Millet, which, she said, was one of her favorite pictures. Then William Bishop, our class president, gave a little speech, after which we went to bed to dream of what the new year would soon bring us—our diplomas.

One of our class innovations was the purchasing of caps as a distinguishing badge for the members of the Class of 1912. Our class president called a meeting to discuss the question of having or not having this head gear; and at last it was voted to order blue caps with a tan band around them and a button of the same color on top. Now whoever meets us on street or campus knows that he is meeting a distinguished member of the mighty Class of 1912.

I have enumerated some of the events of the four years which we have spent here; but more important than any detached event, have been the daily exercises of the class room where we have met to learn the things that Carlisle has taught us, where

we have cemented friendships that only death can break, and where we have made plans that, if carried to completion, will benefit and uplift ourselves and our people. Daily intercourse with our instructors have taught us much that is valuable and lasting and their advice and good counsel will help us upward and onward in the life that lies before us. It is the thing that cannot be told about in words that arouse class spirit and weld more closely together the links in that chain of loyalty which shall always bind the members of the Class of 1912, no matter what their lot in life may be.



Let us have the faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



THE CAMPUS BEAUTIFUL

ANNA MELTON, Cherokee

THE mind of every grown person is a picture gallery hung with pictures of scenes which memory has painted in colors that time cannot dim. In the picture gallery of every Carlisle student hangs an exquisite picture, and among these the most cherished is the picture of our Campus Beautiful.

At first glance this picture seems composed of little else than imposing entrances, colonial buildings, winding paths, velvet grass, flower beds everywhere, and, down a gentle slope, the little stream "Le Tort" with its clear, crystal water.

Viewing it more in detail, one sees that there are two entrances to the campus, one on the south and the other on the west side; the latter is the main entrance marked by two imposing pillars of brick and limestone, each finished with a wrought iron bracket upon which is fastened a handsome black lantern. From this entrance, branch two paths, the one to the right is a beautiful road made especially for the sightseers who come to look at the beauties of the campus; while the one at the left is a plain concrete walk which leads up to the buildings.

The campus, seventeen acres in extent, is beautiful in every aspect. The buildings are arranged in rows, fronting a square; in the center of the campus and within this square is

a large band-stand resembling a Chinese pagoda which lends a festive and picturesque air to this portion of the landscape. On the left, is a long, low building which at once attracts attention. Boston Ivy and a Trumpet Vine cover it almost completely, hiding the wear and tear of the ruthless hand of time. This ivy-covered building reminds one of a picture of an old English church. The vines have sent out their tendrils, some in this direction, some in that, until they have woven a strong network over the walls, which it would be hard to tear away.

The other of the two roads winds all through the campus; and, on each side of it is an avenue of trees, conspicuous among which is an aged walnut tree which stands more stately than the others and a little apart from them as though it thought itself better than they; we do not wonder at this attitude, when we hear that under this tree, Washington gave commands to his officers. From the walnut tree, a path leads to the Superintendent's house which is a colonial structure with wide porches in front almost concealed by a huge Wistaria vine. Directly opposite the house is a flag-pole which stands in its place almost as proudly as the walnut tree. This pole was raised early in the fall of 1911 and every Senior and many of the other pupils lent a helping hand to its raising. The same flag does not float from its top every day, for on special occasions, as at flag-salute, there floats a silken flag which was a present to the school and of which the school is justly proud.

All over the campus are flower beds of many different shapes—crescents, rectangles, star-shapes and various other patterns, filled with flowers of many kinds and hues and forming a beautiful rainbow of rich coloring. Late in the summer and in the autumn, nature completes this picture by painting a background of red and gold on the silver poplars and maples. This makes a gorgeous picture never to be forgotten and well worth a place in the mental picture gallery of every lover of Carlisle.

"There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

SENIOR CLASS SONG

WILLIAM BISHOP

TOWERING in a valley fair
Our alma mater stands;
Noble, firm, and dear to heart,
Loved by our Senior band.
She's been our guide in many ways,
Our firm and truthful guide.
Hail! Loyalty, our motto,
We shall e'er by her abide.
Leaving our alma mater grand
We bow in homage low;
Pledging loyalty in any land
Where'er we all may go.
All hail our colors Tan and Blue;
All hail our classmates too;
Long may they live and every day
Be loyal to the Tan and Blue.

FOUR ARBOR DAYS

CLIFFORD TAYLOR, Pawnee

OPPPOSITE the Hospital stands a sturdy horse-chestnut tree, stretching out its brawny arms to guard the entrance. Strong and unmovable it stands there, a worthy namesake of the athlete and gridiron hero whose name it bears; for the tree is known to Carlisle by the name of "Thorpe," a name which was bestowed upon it at its planting four years ago.

"Thorpe" was planted in the golden youth of the Class of 1912. On that first Arbor Day, the entire class, gaily adorned with streamers of tan and blue, left the Hall and gathered around the little sapling selected for the occasion by our painstaking nurseryman. Carefully its roots were buried in the rich soil, tenderly the coverlid of earth was tucked around the tender tree, gayly it was christened with laughter and merry speeches, and then was left to the tender mercies of the sunshine and the rain. To-day it stands in full beauty and vigor, a type of the vigorous, sturdy class which planted it and of the stalwart Thorpe for whom it was named. It is a splendid memorial of our first Arbor Day.

Filled with pride at the success of our first venture, the Class of 1912 laid elaborate plans for its second Arbor Day; but on the day set for the planting of our Sophomore tree, the clouds gathered, the golden rays of the sun hid themselves from sight, and the rain and chill breezes quenched all enthusiasm. So for two years,

the Freshman horse-chestnut was to us the only symbol of our youth; it grew in strength as we grew in wisdom, and, in our days of discouragement, when impassible obstacles seemed to confront us, it whispered to us to keep right on growing and our outlook would be different as we neared the sky. As we near the end of our growing season here at Carlisle, we realize to the full the value of the tree's silent example and its message to us to "keep on growing upward."

A few feet to the north of our historic guard-house, stands our Junior tree, a little elm which is destined some day to cast its shadow over this historic spot. The day of its planting was a memorable one. The class assembled in the shadow of the guard-house, and under its old gray walls they planted the tiny sapling with many a jest and many a song. We gave to it the name which is of all words most warmly cherished by the Class of 1912—Loyalty; and there the little elm stands to-day loyally guarding the entrance to the campus, a constant reminder in the years to come of the class that put her there.

Once more the Class of 1912 celebrates Arbor Day—its last as a class. Appropriately a Weeping-beech is chosen for the planting, for were we not all weeping inwardly at the thought that the next Arbor Day would find us scattered no one knows whither. The ceremonies attendant upon the planting of this tree were extremely impressive. After the exercises by the school in the chapel, the Seniors, with banners proudly floating before them, marched out to the spot selected for the planting, a conspicuous place lying between the guard-house and the Administration Building. Each Senior as he stood around the newly-planted tree paid a tribute of original verse; when all had taken part in this ceremony, each took a handful of earth and threw it on the roots of the sapling, whose tiny branches were decorated for the occasion with tan and blue. The tree bears an honored name, one which is dear to the heart of every Senior, a name which stands for loyalty, for good counsel, and for ever ready help in all times of need. It would not be seemly to speak the name here, but all of you can learn it from the tree itself which keeps no secrets from nature lovers.



GRADUATING CLASS 1912—CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL



CADET OFFICERS OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.
There is maintained at Carlisle a military organization of the boys. Regular drills are held during the year and the students obtain much benefit from the physical exercises and the lessons in character building.

Three trees we leave behind us to guard the memory of the Class of 1912. With each of them we have planted the precious memories of our school life, and around them we have cemented anew the chains of friendship which must ever bind the class whose motto is "Loyalty." As these trees grow in beauty, so may our lives grow in the beauty of right-living and right-thinking; as they stretch out their branches to guard the walls nearest them, so may we ever guard the name and fame of "Old Carlisle."



*"We are not here to play, to dream,
to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads
to lift.*

*Shun not the struggle,—face it,—
'Tis God's gift."*



MY TRIP TO BOSTON

ELLA JOHNSON, Seneca

THE most delightful trip which I have taken this year is the journey to Boston, whither, in company with eighteen girls and a chaperone, I went to attend the Harvard football game and to see the sights of the famous New England city.

We left the school grounds for the station at half past six and at seven were on the train for Harrisburg, a special car having been put at our service. We did not have to change cars until we reached West Philadelphia, where we had to wait about twenty minutes. While waiting we appeased the pangs of hunger with sandwiches at ten cents apiece, each girl eating two. At the time we were too hungry to think of the price, but have often thought since of our reckless extravagance.

At ten-thirty, we left Philadelphia for Boston and felt that our journey had really begun. Unfortunately the day was very foggy, so we missed many places of interest along the way and grew tired of the monotonous ride sooner than we would otherwise have done. When we reached Jersey City, there came a break in the tedious ride, for our train was switched off and we found ourselves on the ferry boat. The conductor gave us permission to get off and stand on the platform of the boat so we could see what was before. We gladly availed ourselves of the per-

mission and enjoyed greatly the novel ride in spite of the fog which was so dense that we could not tell one building from another. We noticed the four bridges which we passed, however, saw Blackwell's Island, and became much excited as we went through Hell Gate. Hell Gate, as it is called, is distinguished by numerous large rocks so deposited in the channel as to make the passage very difficult. On this day it happened that another boat was passing The Gate, too, and, as both boats were running at full speed, an accident was just avoided. Neither boat would stop; our boat was going with the current and, had it stopped suddenly, it would have crashed against the rocks.

The ferry-boat trip, interesting though it was, was short and soon we were on land again. The rest of the journey was uneventful. We reached Boston at eight o'clock, tired and hungry, and glad to reach our rooms at the United States Hotel. A photographer wanted to take our pictures right on the spot, but our chaperone told him we had retired and could not be disturbed. But before breakfast the next morning, we had the pictures taken.

The next morning was Saturday. At nine o'clock, five automobiles came to take us on a tour of the city. It would be impossible to tell what we saw on that ride through the large city of Boston. First of all we were struck with the narrowness of Boston's streets and expected every minute to experience a collision. This feeling soon passed away and we devoted ourselves to sight-seeing. On the ride, we had pointed out to us Bunker Hill Monument, Fanuil Hall, Public Library, Old South Church, Paul Revere's House, Harvard University, the homes of Longfellow and Lowell, and many other places connected with people or events of which we had read and studied. Our tour ended at Harvard. We went through the university grounds, lunched at the university cafe, and then went to the Stadium, where the real excitement of the whole journey began and ended. During the game, each girl did her best to encourage our schoolmates with her cheering.

The game came to an end at last and new pleasure awaited us. We were invited to go to the Plymouth

Theater, where we had the privilege of seeing the quaint, old-fashioned play, Pomander Walk, excellently acted.

The next day, Sunday, we went to the Catholic Church for early mass, after which we visited the Church of the Holy Trinity, for most of us are Episcopalians and would have been glad to attend the service there. The interiors of both churches are magnificent.

At two o'clock we made ready for another automobile ride, which ended this time in Newton Highlands, where we were invited to a tea-party. At seven o'clock we all went to a Congregational Church where a special service was rendered. We girls sang in the choir; Mr. Friedman delivered an address; William Garlow and Nan Saunooke also made speeches; Nora McFarland gave an illustration of sign language; while a quartette, composed of Sadie Ingalls, Emma Newashe, Nan Saunooke, and myself, sang an Indian song. The church was crowded, and some of us were scared, but we all did our best for the honor of the school which we were representing. We returned to Boston at eleven o'clock and began our preparations for the return to Carlisle on Monday.

We were sorry to leave Boston, where we had been so splendidly entertained; but we were anxious to get home to tell our friends of our adventures. From Philadelphia, we had a special coach all to ourselves and gaily started out with laughter and song. Soon the singing and the laughing died away, and, one by one, we all went to sleep, so that when we reached Harrisburg not a sound was to be heard. At The Junction the herdic was waiting for us. Everybody was glad to get home; but before going to Quarters the boys took us around the Athletic Field, singing all the football songs.

Thus ended a journey which I am sure none of us will ever forget. The memory of those three crowded days will brighten many hours for us in the future.



*"Then let us smile when clouds are
gray,
And laugh at stormy weather!
And sing life's lonesome times away;
So—worry and the dreariest day
Will find an end together!"*

THE APPLE TREE'S STORY

LOUISE KACHICUM, Menominee

I AM only an old apple tree and I have stood in one spot for more years than a mere apple tree can count; hence my story is not one of thrilling adventure or stirring deeds; it is just a simple little eulogy of the people who inhabit the place where my lot has been cast for so long, and a loving tribute to those who have so many times sought the shelter of my branches.

Many years ago I came here, one of many small seedlings brought onto the Carlisle campus by a man known as Apple Seed John, famous throughout this part of the country for his kindly deeds. He has long since passed away to the land where the trees never wither and where storms never come, but his name and memory are still cherished. I am glad that it was he who brought me here. Since the day of my arrival, my home has been at the eastern corner of the Teachers' Quarters. From a sapling, I have grown into a tree of considerable height for an apple tree; but to grow was all I could do to reward the kind and thoughtful care of those who look after my physical needs. In return for this care and for the favors which Mother Nature has showered upon me, I stretch my branches as far as possible out over the grounds to furnish a shelter from the sun's rays to all those who come my way, and in my branches I shelter the birds whose songs help make life beautiful here at Carlisle.

Many distinguished people have stood beneath my branches; but those whom I love best to shelter are the students of Carlisle, many generations of whom I have seen come and go in endless procession.

It is the chief duty of an apple tree to bear apples I suppose; and perhaps in that I may have failed somewhat, for I bear only a few pippins usually eaten by the girls who stay here during the summer vacation. This fruit is scanty, maybe, but it is choice and it gives me great joy to have these apples gathered by the students who climb up my gnarled old trunk or gently shake my branches with long poles.

The only adventure which has ever befallen me during my long life happened several years ago when a severe storm tore off my limbs and laid

me low; I thought my end had come, but loving hands restored me to nearly my former state.

I am only an old apple tree, but I speak to those who love me; I comfort those who in sorrow seek the shelter of my branches; I cheer those who are discouraged; I bid those who have finished their course and who are leaving the protection of my boughs forever, God-speed.

In the spring, when my branches are fragrant with blossoms, I like to remember what one of our American poets wrote about an apple tree:

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds which the breath of summer
days

Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with
crimson breast,

Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.

We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree:



MY EXPERIENCE IN A RAILROAD CAMP

CHARLES McDONALD, Chippewa

MANY people who read stories of railroad camps, or "outfits," as they are often called, seemed to have gained the impression that they are composed of men with whom one would not associate unless one were compelled to do so. This is an exceedingly false impression and should not be entertained for a moment; for, as a matter of fact, such men are the most interesting and valuable friends and associates. They are men, who by long years of experience, have reduced their own especial kind of work to a science; men who love their work; men who love the woods; men to whom Nature has revealed her innermost secrets. In short, they are big-hearted, wholesome-minded men, as all must be who live close to Mother Earth, and it is a privilege and a pleasure to share their life for a season.

I was fortunate enough to secure a place in one of these camps soon after I left Carlisle last spring. The camp was in charge of my uncle who had contracted to clear a right-of-way for the newly-built Soo Railroad. The work, for the most part, consisted of cutting down trees and brush within a hundred feet of the track and burn-

ing it. It sounds monotonous, but there really was a good deal of variety and excitement connected with it; for, as all were compelled to obey the orders of the Forest Ranger, we were often called from our regular task to fight fires farther back in the woods—a work fraught with interest and excitement.

To me the life and work were a never-ending delight. I had been five years at Carlisle, breathing the smoke-laden air of Pennsylvania, and it was glorious to be in the heart of the forest, breathing the fresh, cool air of the woods in springtime. No high-class summer resort could compare with it for a moment.

The work and the way in which it was done were very interesting; it was mainly that of a woodsman, and all the implements a man needed were an axe for felling trees and a "brush-hook," which is nothing more than a short, thick-bladed scythe.

That part of the crew whose work is to cut trees, work in the depths of the forest many miles from any town. A large number of trees is cut and stacked into a huge pile with brush on top. This done, the pile is lighted. It was customary to prepare six or seven piles and then set fire to all of them at once. This part of the work I enjoyed hugely, for, when the fires were started, two of the workmen were detailed to stay behind and watch them, and this duty usually fell to the lot of my cousin and me, as we were the smallest men in camp.

Next to this portion of the daily routine, I enjoyed most the duties of cook. This office involved waiting on the men and having my own meals after the rest were gone. These I ate with the cook, who, being an Irishman who had spent many years in this sort of work, was the life of the camp and an enjoyable companion. After the meals were over, I washed the dishes, cut wood, and carried water, and then had the rest of the day to myself. Part of the time, I tried my hand at cooking, gaining fun and experience thereby; part of the time, I took my small rifle and wandered off into the woods, where, among the tall pines, I hunted squirrels and birds of various kinds.

In these railroad camps, the sleeping quarters are a tent about thirty feet by twenty feet; and in this the men lie on beds made of hay or of fragrant balsam boughs. In the

evening, when all the men have come in from work, they sit on these beds and tell stories. When our crew heard that I was from Carlisle, they naturally wanted to know what the place was like, and so many stories of the noble old school were told there in the heart of the woods.

After all, the woods are an ideal place in which to spend one's vacation days; and any man will do well to go back to the primitive life among the beauties of Nature, back to the life of his forefathers, before entering upon a higher course of study or before settling down to the serious business of life.



"AS OTHERS SEE"

JOEL WHEELLOCK, Oneida
AGNES WAITE, Serrano

"This fair lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy."

"I care not for a man whose achievements in law are high, for I am a suffragette."

—MARY J. GREENE.

"Tis a way I have with me, I spend much of my time trying to prove that luck is against me."

"Crosses on the way have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy."

—CALEB CARTER.

"Whether engaged at my work, or my studies, I aim to improve."

"Promptness is the mother of confidence and gives credit."

—HENRY VINSON.

"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door."

"I take it to be the principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing."

—ANNA MELTON.

"'Tis modesty makes her seem divine."

"Ah! the laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart and draws us to closer companionship."

—IVA MARGARET MILLER.

"In maiden meditation fancy free."

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

—AGNES WAITE.

"A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. I never read without profit; it soon becomes fatiguing un-

less undertaken with an eye to my own advantage or that of others."

—LOUISE KACHICUM.

The philosopher of the class.

"Cigarettes never injure a man's brain, because a man with brain does not use them."

—JAMES LYONS.

"Music is the art of prophets."

"When J. W. hath forgot his notes, he makes as though a crumb were in his throat."

—JOEL WHEELLOCK.

"Half hidden by the lifting veil of modest maidenhood, God's rarest gift to all mankind, a noble woman, stood."

"From teachy, teachy, to music; for music will charm the most savage heart."

—EMMA NEWASHE.

"I desire nothing; my wants are few; I press nothing upon you."

"Studious of ease, and fond of humble things."

—MARGARET LA VATTA.



ROOM No. 14

IVA M. MILLER, Cherokee

ROOM No. 14 is the goal which every ambitious student at Carlisle is striving with all his energies to reach. Some have reached it—figuratively speaking—by steps of hard study and by a long climb up the stairs of knowledge, and have sat down to rest satisfied with the end achieved and proud of the labor accomplished.

Where is this wonderful room of which I am writing? Imagine a large room situated in the extreme west end of the Academic Building, having outlooks toward the north and south. Looking south, the beholder has an excellent bird's-eye view of the eastern half of the city of Carlisle with its numerous spires and steeples, and the battlements of the county jail looming large in the foreground—a building which is the counterpart of the historic French Chateau d'If. From the opposite windows, Nature spreads a gorgeous picture before the view—a well-kept road winding through the trees and cutting our beautiful campus, which is laid out in grass lawns, artistic flower-beds, and numerous walks.

The room itself is thirty feet wide and forty feet long, with high walls, from the moulding around which are hung many fine pictures, copies of masterpieces which are known and loved the world over: The Shepherdess by Millet; a Landscape Study by F. Leo Hunter; and a Study of Lions by Rosa Bonheur. On the wall, too, is hung the class banner of tan and light blue with "Loyalty" and "1912" embroidered on its field, so that the Class of 1912 is reminded continually that its members must be loyal to one another, to Carlisle, and to the best that is in each one of them.

Room No. 14 is a haunted room, full of sweet memories of classes that have gone forth ready to begin their life battle. Strong and noble characters have left the impress of their personality upon this spot, so that he who understands and realizes the significance of this room, feels that it is a blessed thing to have the privilege of assembling here.

It is impossible to recall the names of those who have created the "atmosphere" of this room, but we all think at once of two names which stand out from the rest: Mrs. N. R. Denny and Charles Dagenette, whose strong personalities seem always with us. They are loved by all with whom they come in contact and are looked up to by all Indians who know them.

Only a few more months, and we, the Class of 1912, shall pass across the threshold never more to recross it as students. It is the earnest wish of every member of the class that the banner hanging so proudly upon the wall may mean more than a mere numeral; more than a reminder of the fact that one more class in the inevitable march of the years has been graduated from Carlisle. We wish that this room may hold our memories; that it may be just a bit more precious because certain members of the Class of 1912 once sat here; that some of us may do something that shall make Carlisle proud of us and give us the privilege of haunting Room No. 14.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors."

LIMERICKS

EMMA M. NEWASHE, Sac and Fox

THERE is a young man, Welch by name,
For whom we predict immense fame;
He was class president,
Which means he is meant
O'er this our great country to reign.

A star athlete, Taylor, you know,
Once wore out his trainer, and so,
Of the goals he made all,
When he played basket-ball;
Up the ladder of fame Cliff will go.

A handsome young man we call Cloud,
Whose praises we all sing aloud;
He is loyal and true,
And he never is blue,
Of him we some day shall be proud.

Oh, Ernestine, Ernestine, dear!
Thy purpose in life seems so clear!
Please let this guide your choice,
Woman's cause needs your voice,
I see fame to you drawing near.

Among us in saintly Sylvester,
Whom we all know will be the world's master;
He is so free from guile,
He'll meet life with a smile,
And he'll always be Carlisle's chief mester.

Small pupils abound in this class;
Miss Johnson's a nice little lass;
She is not much in height,
But her brain is all right;
The quicksands of life she will pass.

"Kid Cardin" policeman has been;
On all class occasions he's seen;
When he looks in the glass,
He says, "There's some class
To me and my fine violin."

Of Bishop we're proud as can be;
His head is a workshop, you see;
It is needless to say
That we'll cheer any day,
For wise and sagacious is he.

There once was a Senior so shy
No lady had e'er caught his eye;
But our Jean came along
And made life a sweet song;
Mrs. Charlie she'll be, by and by.

Miss Wheelock has always good luck;
At lessons she never is stuck;
At play or in school
She always is cool;
In everything, shows nerve and pluck.



THE GROVE

JAMES F. LYONS, Onondaga

WHAT student at Carlisle does not know and love "The Grove," a small patch of woods, used as a playground for the children and as a picnic ground for the small boys in particular, through the hot summer months? It is a little more than an eighth of a mile from the school and can be reached by a path which winds among the shop buildings on the north side of the reservation. Very often is this path trodden by the feet of the Carlisle students and every step of the way is familiar to us all.

The first objects of interest along the way are the sluice gates over which the water comes tumbling, forming a diminutive falls which leaps and dances in the sunlight. One never walks along this road without realizing what a mighty power flowing water exerts. Here, the water has dug subterranean passages in the vicinity of the bridge and has worked upon the rocks until they look as though they had been roughly carved by some great giant's hand.

The Grove, whose area is about five acres, is almost surrounded by the waters of the LeTort Creek, producing the effect of a thickly-wooded island. It is interesting to reflect that of the great forest where once the wild beasts made their lairs, where once our forefathers had their hunting-grounds, nothing but this little spot remains. The trees of the forest have all been felled; the wild game has vanished to make room for advancing civilization; and to-day, as you stroll leisurely through The Grove, all that you will hear will be the mild twitter of the birds flying from bough to bough; all that you will see of wild life will be the birds, the squirrels, and a few other small animals which feed on such food as a spot like this can furnish. The large size of the trees tells us that The Grove was once part of a mighty woodland; and we who have the love of the wilds planted deep in

our souls can hear the stories which these great trees tell of the days long since departed. Listening to the tales of the trees, we forget what a nice, tidy little grove it is with all its underbrush, even, cleared away; and, in imagination we are enjoying the sport of the chase as our ancestors used to do. The old trees found here—buttonwood, willow, walnut, oak, elm, locust hickory, and sycamore—are all old friends of the Indian and are to him full of legends and traditions.

When we have left Carlisle forever, our thoughts will often fly back to the scenes of our schooldays, and again and again, by the magic power of memory, we shall stroll down the path to The Grove, stand on the little hill in the depths of the woods, and feast our eyes on the picturesque scene spread out before us; again we shall watch the girls gather wild flowers with which The Grove abounds; and once again shall we wander past the wood, until we come to the old mill-race and the quaint, gray stone mill which we have visited so often. Those who have spent their youth in William Penn's beloved land of "peace and brotherly love" have beautiful memories to carry with them on their journey into the world; and among these memories the most precious will be the memories of care-free days spent among the trees of our grove when we came very close to Nature and listened to the secrets which she will always reveal to the children of our race.



OPPORTUNITY

GUSTAVUS WELCH, Chippewa

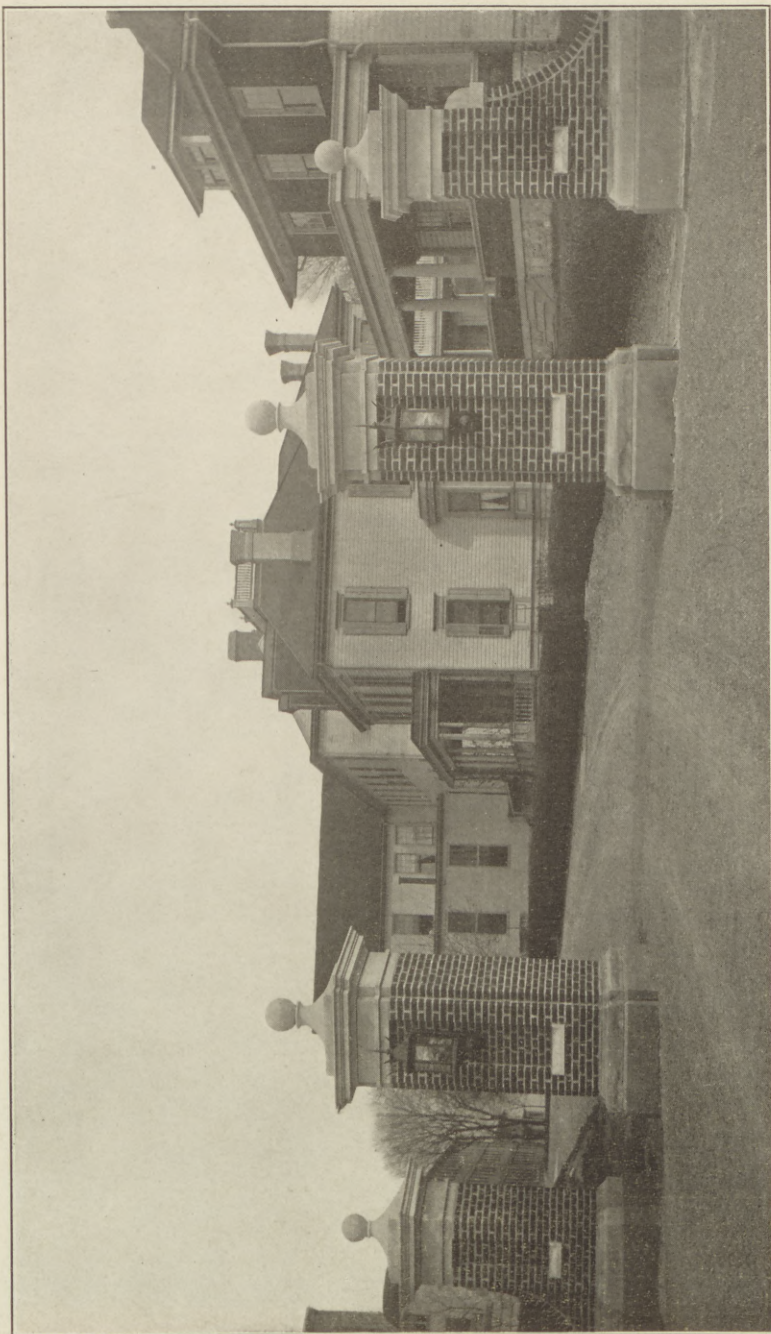
"We must not hope to be mowers and gather the gold, ripe corn, until we have first been sowers and watered the furrows with tears."

MEN who have become great are those who have worked with the most patience, overcome the greatest difficulties, made the best use of their opportunities, and waited most patiently for the harvest.

History is full of examples of men of this character; men who did not go around obstacles but who pushed them aside, leaving the road clear for those who should follow in their footsteps. If we never shrink from that which is obviously our duty, we can



PARTIAL VIEW OF SCHOOL GYMNASIUM DURING GRADUATION EXERCISES



CAMPUS GATEWAY AND MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL GROUNDS

never really fail in our undertakings. The road to success may seem rough and, perhaps, impassable, but if we have the determination to succeed in us the obstacles will vanish like morning fog. Each opportunity or chance that is presented to us should be seized; and, more than that, we should not wait for opportunities to come to us, but we should be on the watch for them.

The difficulties and obstacles that confront the average American youth may be called his Alps—those seemingly impassable mountains, beyond which lies glorious Italy. Henry Roe Cloud is for us an example of those men who have crossed their Alps. He worked his way through the public schools; finished his studies at Yale, and to-day is doing a great deal to bring success to the whole Indian race.

"Weak men wait for opportunities; strong men seize opportunities, conquer them, and make opportunity the servitor."

Opportunity presents itself to us all, and if we are not ready to accept it, the chance is lost forever. We have splendid chances here at Carlisle to learn how to meet the world and to take from it what it has to give us, for there are both industrial and academic courses in which we may accomplish much. Doing correctly the small duties that arise here will bring success both now and in the years to come, just as surely as if these daily duties were tasks of importance to the world at large. It is the habit of doing little things well that will enable us later to accomplish great things.

To-day opportunities are plentiful; we cannot go anywhere that chances to win success do not confront us; but the trouble with us is that we lack the ambition to make the most of ourselves and our circumstances. Each day we see opportunities of some kind, but we have not the necessary grit or courage to seize them; it takes courage and perseverance to succeed.

Wealth-getting is only a side issue in the achievement of success. A man who acquires great wealth may be one whom his country would be better off without; we cannot say that such men have been successful. History proves to us that wealth was of little importance to our greatest men. A great man, like Washing-

ton, who refused pay for his distinguished services shows that money played a very small part in the means used to bring about the success of such people.

The truly successful man sees the needs of the weak, hears their cries, and is always ready to lend a helping hand. Success brings with it, more often than not, worldly advancement, but that is not the goal for which one must strive. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings," says the wise man, Solomon. In this case a king does not necessarily mean the ruler of a nation, but one who is king among men. A man who is fit to stand in native dignity before kings is the man who has succeeded in what he has undertaken; that is, the man who has done his work as it should be done.

When one improves an opportunity, he sows a seed from whose later fruit many others are sure to be benefited.

Why do we young people say we have no chances? In these days every hour brings its chance. There is no occupation in which a man may not become great in his own especial line. We often say of a small duty, "I shall do that to-morrow;" while many such small duties we would be able to perform in the minutes which we throw away. "Live for to-day, to-morrow may never come" should be the motto of all who like to put off things; it is the watchword of success.

All men possess, in the main, similar abilities, only one may cultivate his talents more than another. The man who best cultivates his God-given abilities is the ambitious man; he who neglects his talents is always the idle man, for whom there is no place in this busy, bustling world.

Bender is an Indian who used common occasions as stepping stones to success. He saw an opportunity, and, by working hard and training faithfully, he attained fame in his line of work.

The greatest obstacle in the way of success in life is the idea that opportunity will come and wait until we recognize it. It comes, not in a conspicuous manner, but so quietly and unobtrusively that he must indeed be alert who shall seize it before it has passed him by and vanished forever.

THE REWARD OF PERSISTENCE

WILLIAM BISHOP, Cayuga

"An enterprise, when once fairly begun, Should not be left till all that ought is won."

WE all have some object in view that shall be our calling in life and we are in school now for the purpose of receiving a training that will enable us to reach our ambition in the best manner possible. During the period of our preparation we should endeavor to train the qualities which we possess for the successful adaptation to that purpose. In short, we should first know ourselves, and, finding that for which we are best adapted, go with unfaltering footsteps toward the goal of our ambition. If we would excel in anything we must bring all our mind to bear upon that one thing from the moment we rise in the morning till we retire at night. Nothing, however great or seemingly impossible, can stand a day's work. Whoever is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first will do neither, and if we fluctuate from an opinion at the first counter-suggestions of another we cannot accomplish anything great or noteworthy. But, on the other hand, if we first consult wisely, then resolve firmly, and then execute with inflexible perseverance the purpose in view, we can advance in any line.

Perseverance has wrought wonderful achievements by men who have made use of it; perseverance has wrought exquisite creations out of crude marble; has given treatises and books for the training of the human intellect; has opened unknown seas to navigation; enclosed the Chinese Empire with walls of adamant; and, at present, is connecting the commerce of two hemispheres with a shorter water route, is molding the destinies of hundreds of thousands of young men and young women in the schools, colleges, and universities. The quality that counts in the long run is perseverance; genius, as opposed to perseverance, shows up more brilliantly for a time and then is forever lost. The little things done in a persevering manner outlive in significance the big things done with no extra effort.

Different persons have a liking for continually doing certain things and such persons are said to have

hobbies. A hobby is beneficial in that the person in pursuit of his hobby is constantly acquiring an accumulation of something which may be useful to others. Unconsciously he is contributing a useful gift to his neighbor. Some one's hobby may be a branch of science in which he is constantly experimenting, and which to him seems merely a pastime. But he accomplishes things with apparent success because he has given himself entirely to his work; and if he has ability and common sense his achievements will be of benefit to himself and others. Hugh Miller attributes his success to patient research, with the thought in mind that whosoever wills may surpass him, and this humble faculty of patience is more reliable than genius. We should not depend upon our genius to pull us out of a hole; if we have any talent, industry will improve it, and if not, industry will supply the deficiency. It is believed by savages that when they conquer an enemy the spirit of the foe enters into them and thus increases their strength and fighting spirit. This can be applied appropriately to those who have all the advantages of modern civilization. In our struggle for success the obstacles which we overcome give us power to overcome more easily other obstacles, inspire and make us self-confident. More benefit is obtained in the successful struggle with opposing circumstances. The overcoming of an especial difficulty gives to us renewed strength for the next. At an early time in life we must choose that which shall be our occupation; and, once we have made the choice, we should go to it, willingly or unwillingly, day after day, always with the intent to become more proficient in our chosen work. Labor was dignified by Him who came to teach us how to live, and one should go to it without any feeling of humility. The majority of mankind are occupied in daily toil—dignified labor.

The measuring of success is not the number or greatness of achievements, but is the manner in which they were made; how much effort, zeal, and self-sacrifice were put into the making of success. If one should be credited with a gift to his fellow men which was the result of no effort, encumbered with no difficulties, his is not so great a success as

one who toils patiently and persistently, hampered by difficulties, and gives himself entirely to his work. One cannot but feel proud of an achievement which was the result of all his efforts. During our time here at school, preparing for our life's work, to uplift and to ennoble our race, we can derive a great deal of encouragement from the lines of Makey:

"If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
And though in the strife thy heart shall bleed;
Whatever obstacles control,
Thy hour will come—go on, true soul,
Thou'lt win the prize—thou'lt reach the goal."



*To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night
the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any
man.—SHAKESPEARE.*



CLASS PROPHECY

CLARA MELTON, Cherokee

THE day's work was over and I was in my room busily reading a story whose plot turned on the adventures of an Indian boy at college. As the story progressed, my attention was arrested by the fact that all the mistakes and blunders which this Indian boy made were accounted for by the unvarying formula, "Oh! he is just an Indian! You can't educate an Indian; it is useless to try!" Irritated I flung down the book which had no longer any interest for me. Startled by the whistle, I hurried down stairs for a breath of fresh air before supper which, I hoped, would banish from my mind the train of thought started by the book. Over and over these words kept running through my head, "You cannot educate an Indian! You cannot educate an Indian!" And so, when I met the doctor on my way out, it was natural that I should say to him, "Doctor, you have been in the service a long time, is it really of no use to—" Here I stopped short; for, to my amazement, it was not the doctor but a little old woman to whom I was talking. I tried to stammer out an apology; but she interrupted me with, "I am Opportunity; that Opportunity for which you have long been looking. Because you have been loyal and true and have made use of my sisters,

the opportunities which have met you during your course here at Carlisle, I will give you a peep into the future that you may answer your question to your own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of the world about you. Will you go with me?" I hesitated. "The path is long", she continued, "over the hours and minutes to the land of tomorrow; but the way lies under dreamy blue skies and ends in a realm of tan suns; will you let me guide you thither?" "Yes", I answered. She took me by the hand and together we stepped among the phantoms which line the way to the future. First, a sea of strange faces, indistinguishable in the gloom; the faces past, everything suddenly grew dark and nothing could be seen but a narrow path. Here, for the first time, my guide spoke: "Tread this path cautiously" she said, "and stumble not, for we are passing over the minutes and the hours, the days and the weeks which are in store for the Class of 1912." Holding her close by the hand, I traveled swiftly and silently on, over formless mist, across a fathomless gulf, through an interminable tunnel, around a mountain barrier. The darkness lifted; a glimmer of light appeared in the distance, growing brighter as we hurried on. "We are nearing the Land of Tomorrow", whispered Opportunity; and, as she spoke, we emerged into the glaring light of a sun that never yet had arisen on mortals. In front of us the way was blocked by a huge gate of brass where sat Father Time on guard. Fortunately he was nodding over his scythe and dropped the gate key on the ground where it lay unheeded. Hastily picking it up, the little woman unlocked the ponderous gate and we passed through into the Land of the Days That Are to Come.

It looked just as the Land of Today looks, and I experienced no sensation of unreality as we made our way through a little group of buildings, each of which bore the sign, "101 Ranch". The guide led me into a neat little office where sat a woman writing at a desk. Without any effort on my part, I could see plainly what she was writing and with great interest read her signature, "Mary Green, Proprietress 101 Ranch". Summoning a boy, I heard her say, "Take this to Foreman Mt. Pleasant; I wish them to start on a round-up next week." I followed my guide out

of the office, rejoicing that so far my journey into the future had brought me pleasant tidings.

Swifter than thought, the scene changed to Wisconsin and to a little town whose children gathered daily in a tiny schoolhouse for work and play. The children had just been dismissed for the day and I noticed that one little girl was lingering outside the door. A boy of eleven, seeing her loitering there, retraced his steps and joined her, whereupon the following conversation, which filled my soul with glee, occurred:

"Fannie," said he, "I heard something on you!" The little girl's eyes opened wide as she asked anxiously, "Why, what was it?" "I heard you went bare-footed half the winter," said the boy, "and I believe it, too." "The very idea of such a thing," cried the little girl indignantly. "My mamma never lets me go bare-footed, honest!" The boy clapped his hands joyously and cried with glee, "Do you sleep with your shoes on, then?" and was off without a backward glance. The puzzled little girl began to cry helplessly and out came the teacher to inquire into the cause of the tears. Fannie told her the story between her sobs. The teacher smiled as one to whom the joke was old, and bade the child run away, assuring her that the boy would tease her no more. "Good-by, Miss Louise," called the child as she waved her a loving good-by.

How I longed to speak to the gracious school-mistress; but I must remain invisible, and Opportunity sped along swifter than the wind until we came within sight of a great city. Chimes of pealing church-bells came faintly to my ears, growing louder and louder as we neared their source. Before I had time to breathe, I found myself, clad in invisibility as I was, walking through a great church. From the pulpit came these beautiful words spoken in an earnest, impressive voice: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." It was a goodly sight to see the listeners bend forward eager to catch every strain of the speaker's deep, clear voice. It was a voice I knew, and I did not need the programme which Opportunity gave me to read as we hurried on—but on the page was printed, "2nd M. E. Church, North, New York City, James Lyons, D. D.,

Pastor-Emeritus"; Rev. Sylvester Long, D. D., Pastor. It was the latter who had been speaking and whose voice I had recognized. I threw down the programme; but to my surprise Opportunity returned it to me immediately. Examining it more carefully, I saw in small type at the bottom of the page, "Bishop and Sons, Printers." "Three friends accounted for", mused I, as the sheet fluttered to the ground.

The church vanished; I found myself in an orderly linen room, so well-arranged and so beautifully kept that one saw at once that its presiding genius was a woman of well-trained hands and of well-trained mind. The shelves were labeled: "This week's towels"; "Next week's towels," etc. A lady stood at the window with her face turned away from me; but I did not need to see her, it was sufficient to hear her singing in a low voice, "we'll ne'er forget the debt we owe, Old Carlisle;" and I, at once knew that she of the orderly brain and the skillful hands was none other than Mae Wheelock. As my guide paused a moment, assurance was made doubly sure by the entrance of a little maid who cried to the lady at the window: "Guess what I have for you?" The package which she held was addressed to Miss Mae Wheelock, Matron-in-Charge, Chilocco Indian School.

Up to this point, my heart had been bursting with joy and pride at catching these glimpses of the noble futures in store for the Class of 1912; but my pride experienced a severe shock when Opportunity, my guide, halted her flight near the U. S. Penitentiary. To my horror we stopped; then the blood in my veins ran cold, for I saw that we were entering Sing Sing. Over and over to myself, I kept saying, "Which one? Which one?" as we hurried through the corridors; and my thoughts flew swiftly over the past trying to recall traces of latent criminal tendencies in my beloved schoolmates. The end of my suspense came in due time; we stopped in front of a cell at the end of the main corridor; there stood Iva Miller; my heart stood still; Iva Miller of all persons in a prison cell; I had closed my eyes in horror at the sight but a whispered warning from my guide that time was flying, caused me to open them; what relief I experienced when I saw that Iva was not the inmate of the cell but was earnest-

ly questioning the poor prisoner who was its solitary occupant. Intuition told me that after making good as a nurse, Iva had now become a United States Health Commissioner.

But I longed to get away. Sing Sing had no charms for me even when I knew that 1912 was represented there only in an honorable official capacity; so it was with feelings of gladness that I found my guide pausing next at the door of a cozy little cottage in a pretty country village. The whole scene was one of peace, prosperity, and beauty and the cottage and its surroundings bespoke the presence of an educated home-maker. I was filled with curiosity as to the occupants, for it might be any one of a number of my schoolmates. A five-year old youngster appeared, and, seating himself on the ground, began driving nails into the soft dirt. From the kitchen door his mother called, "Jacob Jr., get out of that dirt!" It was Ella!

Reluctantly I left the pretty cottage, a striking contrast in every way to the elegantly appointed office in which I presently found myself, an uninvited but invisible guest. A distinguished looking man, with lines upon his face furrowed by thought and responsibility, sat at the desk reading his newspaper. A smile brightened his rather serious face; he threw down the newspaper, and hurriedly began to write on a telegraph blank. Easily could I read it as I held Opportunity closely by the hand: "To the Hon. Benedict Cloud, Bismarck, North Dakota, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I heartily congratulate you upon your recent success." Signed, "Augustus Welch, Governor of Wisconsin." I actually gasped with pride at the thought of the dizzy heights of fame to which my schoolmates were destined to arise; and while I was thinking that some of this reflected glory must shine upon even me in the future, behold the scene had changed to a class room where a Geometry lesson was in progress. The Professor, an elderly man with a venerable aspect, peering over his glasses, said very gravely and seriously, "Miss Venne, will you state the theorem?" Ernestine rose and said calmly, "The area of a polygon that circumscribes a circle, equals one half the product of its perimeter and the radius of the circle."

"This learned discussion is too deep for me" thought I, and I was glad to find myself in a noisy rumbling power-house where the forces of nature were busily at work for the aid and service of mankind. "Why am I here?" I said. Opportunity raised her finger and pointed to a sign around which various colored electric lights were playing tag. The sign read, "Vinson's Electric Plant." By the light of the electric flashes darting here and there, I read the posters on a near-by billboard. The most artistic of them all announced that Madam Nehoma, the great actress, was about to make her farewell appearance in America, having been urged to perform exclusively before the crowned heads of Europe. Surely a glorious future for our Emma.

Opportunity snapped her finger; immediately we were in a large law office filled with bookcases from floor to ceiling. She led me up to a leather bound volume which lay open upon a table and bade me read. "I, J. Jones, do hereby will and bequeath"... "Why should I read that?" I wondered. With a commanding gesture, Opportunity bade me continue. "Ross Forks, Idaho, Bannock Co., Dec. 18, 1915. Before me, Marguerite Lavatta, a notary public in and for said county and state, personally appeared. J. Jones, to me known to be the identical person"... "This means nothing to me", said I impatiently; but my guide bade me finish the page. The last few lines were full of interest for they read, "This is a true and correct copy. I do hereby set my hand and official seal. C. Carter, Recorder of Deeds, Douglas Co., Lawrence, Kansas."

The door opened and in came Caleb himself, his hands full of letters and papers which he flung on the desk and hurriedly left the room. Among the papers was a Carlisle "Arrow" which I seized eagerly, anxious to know what the news would be in a Carlisle Arrow to be published many years hence. The news was indeed interesting, if not startling. "Director Wheelock left to-day with the band for Harrisburg, where he will give an eagerly awaited concert". "Clifford Taylor, the Dickinson coach, attended the social last Saturday. He is still urging Myrtle Thomas to abandon dressmaking and become a tailor." "Professor Mac-

Donald, the competent Business Teacher, is visiting in Sisseton, South Dakota, this week". Good news all of it and news which would justly make the reader proud of her friends.

And now I am standing in a large auditorium crowded with women; on the platform stands a stately lady whose hair is flecked with gray; she is saying, "Women, knowledge is no longer a fountain sealed, drink deep, until the habits of the slave, the sins of emptiness—gossip and spite and slander—die." As you have no doubt guessed, Agnes Waite was lecturing a band of Colorado suffragettes.

The assembly of ardent suffragists suddenly was transformed into an assemblage of magnificently gowned ladies all of whom bore the hallmarks of society. Invisible as we were, I felt abashed in the presence of these people with their gleaming velvets, glittering jewels, and stately ermine. "I am in the presence of nobility, at last," I murmured, and wondered why I could understand nothing of the jargon around me. Someone to whom had been granted sharpness of vision penetrated our invisibility. "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" he said to Opportunity. "Ich kann nicht," she replied austerely. At this critical moment wild applause broke forth; I looked toward the stage and there stood Fred Cardin, with his violin! I tried to burst my invisible cloak that I might attract his attention; in my frantic efforts, I lost my balance and felt myself going down, down, down. We landed on our feet in a narrow crooked street. "Oh, this must be Maston, Bossachusetts!" I exclaimed. Opportunity smiled and said kindly, "Boston, Massachusetts, my child." I felt a little indignant at the rebuke, knowing that I had said just what she had said; but I said nothing in my defence for we were entering the Conservatory of Music where, to my unspeakable joy, I heard Anna play. In her playing and from the peaceful look upon her face, I read that she had conquered her temper; that she no longer threatened to make it hot for people if they did not leave her alone.

A familiar stairway now confronted me, and, led by Opportunity, I entered Room 14. Beside the door hung an old oil lamp; the little woman turned up the wick revealing the little group of seniors with their much-loved instructor in their midst.

"Will these things really happen?" I asked. The little woman gave her head an affirmative nod. "Yes," said she, "if Loyalty is really their motto. Loyalty to one another, loyalty to Carlisle, and loyalty to the best that is in each one of them."

"Right face!" came a ringing command. I sprang to my feet. My adventures had been the adventures of dreamland. I had fallen asleep over a book, like any silly, idle dreamer. But was the dream a silly one? Is it not in a way a symbolical answer to the train of thought suggested by the book's question, "Is it any use to educate an Indian?" The members of the Class of 1912 may never fill just these positions revealed to me in my dream, but they will fill others equally useful and honorable, and thus show to the world that in educating this class of Indians, the Government has added just their number to its useful and progressive citizens.



*Look not mournfully into the past;
it comes not back again.*

*Wisely improve the present; it is
thine.*—LONGFELLOW.



ATHLETICS

The Inter-Class Track Meet will be held on Monday, April 29th, just before the second outing party leaves. Much interest is being manifested in this annual class contest and the competition for the banner will be very keen, as usual.



THE INDIAN AND CITIZENSHIP.

The school has just printed a neat pamphlet entitled "The Indian and Citizenship" for the Society of American Indians. The article is reprinted from the RED MAN and is illustrated by three maps, printed in colors. The subject matter is of much interest and value both to the Indian and the public, as it contains accurate information and interesting deductions made by Fayette A. McKenzie on the progress of the American Indian and his race for citizenship. It is the most comprehensive study and discussion of this phase of the red man which has appeared recently, and is being widely quoted by the press.

