

The Carlisle Arrow

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER EDITED AND PRINTED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES INDIAN SCHOOL

VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 39

RUNNING DOWN THE BOOTLEGGERS.

M. FRIEDMAN in the RED MAN.

The Circuit Court of Appeals has recently rendered a decision in the case of Friedman *vs.* The United States Express Company, in which it held that the old Indian Territory is still Indian country and subject to the same laws for the suppression of the liquor traffic among Indians as reservations in other parts of the country. Promptly acting on the decision, the Department of Justice has instructed the marshals of that section of the country to enforce the law and arrest the violators.

This decision will mean much for the thousands of Indians who reside in that section and who, while nominally enjoying the rights and privileges of citizenship, stand in as great need of protection as the Indians of other tribes.

The RED MAN is informed that the department of the Indian Service for the suppression of the liquor traffic is planning to increase its force in that section of the country as rapidly and as far as funds will permit. The chief special officer states that his men will assist the marshals to enforce the law as interpreted by the Court of Appeals.

The Indian Bureau has recently brought action against several men in the District of Columbia for violating the law in selling liquor to Indians. This is a splendid move, as many Indians come to Washington each year for the transaction of tribal or private business before the Department of the Interior, and in the past it has not been very difficult for them to obtain whisky.

It is very evident that the Indian Office is going forward in breaking up the iniquitous liquor traffic among its wards, and that in the future the law will be enforced to the limit. It is also evident that there is no ground for some of the lamentation about the Government ceasing to

prosecute "bootleggers." Indications point to the fact that the Government is now more vigilant, if anything, than it has ever been before and that, as a result, whisky agents will find very little consolation or rest while engaged in the nefarious practice of getting Indians drunk.



Outing Girls Enter High School.

The following is from a letter written by Emilie B. Walter, an eighth-grade teacher of the public school of Kennett Square, Pa., and tells of the good school work of two of our outing girls:

"In September of 1910, Daisy M. Chase entered Kennett Square Public School, doing well in our seventh grade. In September, 1911, she came

to my grade—eighth—and has been one of the best in her class. Our exemption mark is 90 per cent, and Daisy was one of five in a class of forty to attain that average in each of her lessons. She will enter our high school next September.

"The second Carlisle girl in eighth grade is Rosie Peazzoni. Although not exempt in all her branches, Rosie has tried very hard and done good work. She, too, will receive a certificate from grammar grade to high school at our commencement on Friday evening, May 31st.

"The effort made by both these girls is a credit to Carlisle."



"Good habits are formed, and bad ones avoided, only by constant effort."

□ □ JUNE □ □

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living.

—Adapted from Sir Launfal.

Concerning Ex-Students and Graduates

Superintendent Friedman has made it a custom each year to write a letter of greeting and good cheer to all the graduates and returned students of Carlisle. In accordance with this custom such letters were addressed this year. Scores of replies were received, indicating the splendid feeling of loyalty which the students have for the school. A few extracts are published herewith.

Mrs. Mabel George Spring is living at Akron, N. Y. She says:

"I thank Carlisle for what I have learned while there and while in the Outing homes. I try to do my best in everything. My little boy is great happiness to me."



Henry W. Smith, an Oneida ex-student, says:

"I am well pleased to know that I have not been forgotten. I have tried to make good use of what Carlisle has taught me. I am not working for the Government now, but am back on the farm trying to farm the best I know how."



Millie Bailey, of Sisseton, S. Dak., an ex-student, writes to the Superintendent:

"I appreciate the interest you take in me as one of Carlisle's former pupils. Although it has been a number of years since I left Carlisle, I am always interested in the school and her welfare and am very glad to be considered one of her family.

"I am still at home with my parents on the farm. There are not many ex-students around here but the few seem to be doing well. We are all proud of Carlisle and always have a good word to say for her."



Robert Johnson, an ex-student, writes from Kamiah, Idaho:

"I would like to visit the old school, but my farm work and other duties prevent. It will be but a few years more until I will take a trip over with my children to place them in school there. My oldest boy is now as much interested in Carlisle as I am."



Homer R. Patterson, an ex-student, writes from Lewiston, N. Y.:

"I was very glad to get such a good encouraging letter from you. I feel I must answer it or be in debt to you. Carlisle has given me something that no one can take from me. It

has taught me to get a living in this world. I have a nice home for my little family. I do some farming, and also keep up my trade of carpentering, and other work connected with putting up a home. I help put up houses and barns. There were many things to discourage me at the beginning, but now I can work better."



Georgia Bennett Pierce, Class 1909, writes:

"I am married and keeping house. I am happy and doing all I can to keep our home nice and pleasant. I am thankful for what the Outing System has done for me in the line of housework and cooking, for it has helped me a great deal."



Eudocia Sedick, Class 1906, writes from 113 Burt Street, Syracuse, New York:

"I am now working with a first-class dressmaker and the date set for the commencement was our busiest season. I was sorry that I could not be with you."



Willard Comstock, an ex-student, is a bank clerk in Chicago, Illinois. He was married last fall and is living at 3510 West Polk St., Chicago. He says:

"I often think of old Carlisle. I appreciate the kindness shown me while a student there. I try to go in to everything with the Carlisle spirit and am grateful for the things I learned while at Carlisle."



The following comes from Alfred De Grasse, Class 1911:

"When a small boy I often heard my mother tell the story about my grandfather, Watson F. Hammond, a native Indian of Cape Cod, who was in the year of 1885 elected representative to the Massachusetts State Legislature, being delegated to go on business pertaining to affairs connected with the Indian School at Carlisle. I often wished, after hearing the

story, that I could be a loyal son of Carlisle and to my surprise my time came when I enrolled as a pupil in 1904. From that time until 1911 I worked to attain the honor of being a graduate of one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the country. I have not had a chance to show what Carlisle has done for me, but just as soon as I regain my health I expect to do my part."



Chay Valenski, a Navajo, who went home last summer, is still at the Good Shepherd Hospital at Ft. Defiance, Arizona. He has improved much in health and is now employed as interpreter and general worker at the hospital.



Robert O. Long, of Sapulpa, Okla., an ex-student, writes:

"You cannot realize how grateful I am to you for your kindness. Such letters are worth more than money. They give one a new lease on life and give him the courage to stand along in line with the best. One realizes that he is not alone in this great life of toil."



Sophia Metoxen Silas, an ex-student, writes that she and her husband are now located at Tomah, Wisconsin, where her husband is employed by the C. & St. Paul R. R. "We are getting along nicely," Mrs. Silas says. "Our three children attend the Indian School here." Mr. Roger Silas is also an ex-student, and while at Carlisle was a famous basket-ball player.



Richard Rush, an ex-student, is now located at Hominy, Okla. He writes to the Superintendent:

"You will have to excuse me for writing to you, but I know I would not be backward if I could only see you once or twice. I have a stepson who is going to school there. I told him it was a good school for I went there seven years. I have been back here now thirteen years. I would like to come up there sometime while the boy is there."



Mary North Tasso, writes from Kingfisher, Oklahoma, that she and her husband are happy in their farm home. She says: "I always do my

duties as I was taught at Carlisle. I lived out in the country there and learned many useful things. I take care of my chickens and raise more every spring. I love to be on a farm, make garden, raise vegetables and other good things to eat. We are making our own living and try to live like the good white people and be honest in all our ways and towards our neighbors."



Amos Reed, an Oneida ex-student, who, while at Carlisle, was a baseball and football player, writes that he appreciates what Carlisle has done for him. He has a family of five children. Failure in health has prevented his doing much work.



Miles Gordon, an ex-student, writes to the Superintendent from Hayward, Wis.:

"I read the Arrow and take a great interest in the doings at Carlisle. It has been 20 years since I left the school. I have two little sons whom I wish to enroll at Carlisle some day. At present I am farming."



Mrs. Betsy Collins Ermatinger, an ex-student, is now living at Sarnia, Ontario. She says:

"I owe much to the benefits I received while at Carlisle. My good husband and I live with our five children in the heart of the city of Sarnia. Three of the children go to school every day. We own our home."



William Little Elk is now located at Watonga, Okla. He left Carlisle in 1881 and has since that time been working at various things. He has been employed in the Indian Service a good part of the time.



Superintendent Friedman has received the following letter from Supt. Sharp, of the Nez Perce Reservation, which shows how a Nez Perce, with some education and training, is making himself felt in his community:

"I have recently seen Stephen Reuben, a former student of Carlisle, and he told me that he had intended visiting you during the commencement week, but on account of ill health he finds that he will not be able to do so. He wished me to write to you and explain why he could not

be present. I believe he has had some correspondence with you heretofore.

"Stephen has made good use of the education he received at Carlisle. He is an energetic man and works his own farm. He takes quite an interest in fruit-raising and has set out a fine young orchard of apples and other fruit. Stephen is one of the leaders among his people and stands well among them. He has a large acquaintance among the whites of the community and is a progressive man."



Henry Roman Nose, writes from Bickford, Oklahoma, that he was not able to attend commencement and sends greeting. Henry is one of the first Indian young men who came to the Carlisle school. He is one of the prisoners taken to Florida, then to Hampton, and finally to Carlisle.



William J. Owl, Class 1911, writes from the Cherokee Indian School, that he is still employed there and is getting along all right. He thinks, however, that he will return north before long to get more education and training.



Jason Betzinez, an Apache, is located at Fort Sill, Okla. "I have never attended school since I left Carlisle, but I am trying to learn all I can and use what I learned at school the best I know how. I have been working at the blacksmith trade since I left Carlisle." This was in 1897.



Reuben Quickbear, a Sioux and a member of the first party of pupils to come to Carlisle in 1879, has been elected one of the commissioners of Millet County, South Dakota. Mr. Quickbear is a leader among his people, the Rosebud Sioux.



Peter F. Francis, an ex-student who is now living at 60 West Newton Street, Boston, Mass., writes to the Superintendent:

"I have your letter and it has made me very happy. It is a kindly word of encouragement to a struggling son in a great city, and words cannot express my great happiness to realize that I am one in that body of young

men of whom Carlisle is proud. I shall try to live my life so that Carlisle will never regret the great interest she takes in my welfare.

"Like your great victorious aggregation of football warriors who have won the admiration and respect of the whole country by their fair play, every one of your men and women will some day come into the great fields of endeavor and become victors.

"The character that Carlisle has moulded for me and the great ambition she has instilled within me have made me a fearless and patient student."



John E. Johnson, who was known as Johnson Enos at Carlisle, is now at Blackwater, Arizona. He says: "Perhaps you doubt my existence, but I am alive and as loyal as ever to Carlisle." He says the Pima Indians had a very happy Christmas. The little Pima children celebrated the day as we did here, and William Nelson, Class 1910, was their good Santa Claus.



George A. Martin, an ex-student, writes from Ponsford, Minnesota, telling his appreciation of what Carlisle has done for him. He has worked at many different things since he left the school, mostly at blacksmithing. He has worked in the Dakotas, Montana, and Idaho, also Canada. He says: "I have always tried to make my living in an honest way."



Minerva Mitten, Class 1902, who has not been heard from for a number of years, writes, "I am happily married and comfortably settled on a farm. My husband, while he has not had the advantages of schooling, can prove the old saying that experience is the best teacher. It is our aim in our home to live the lives of Christians, to do the best work possible, stand firm for that which is right, and to be true and honest in all our dealings.

"Like many others who have been to government schools, I did not appreciate fully what was being done for me there until I left the school and came in contact with the world and its struggles. Then I found I had not finished but just begun."

Minerva is married to Daniel Williams and lives at Sanborn, New York.

The Carlisle Arrow

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About ten months in the year.

Twenty-five Cents Dearly

Second-class matter—so entered at the Post-office at Carlisle, September 2, 1904.

Address all communications to the paper and they will receive prompt attention.

VITAL LAMPADA

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

There's a breathless hush in the close tonight—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks—
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year
While in her place the School is set
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Meeting.

The Christian Associations met together on Sunday evening in the Y. M. C. A. hall.

A number of hymns were sung, the new organ which was used for the first time at a union meeting adding to the heartiness of the singing.

The leader, Harrison Smith, read a selection from Proverbs; Sylvester Long led in prayer, and Leila Waterman and Stella Bradley sang a duet.

Mr. Whitwell then gave a very interesting talk on "Seeing God in Nature," in which he urged the students to make good use of their opportunities at this season to study the wonderful works of God around us everywhere. The service closed with an evening hymn and the Lord's prayer.

Carlisle Indian Graduates in Law.

The Philadelphia North American has this to say about Mr. Albert Exendine:

"With the close of the year of the

Dickinson School of Law, Albert Exendine, a Delaware Indian from Oklahoma, will finish his work at the institution and will practice law in the West. He is a typical product of the civilizing influence exerted by the Government, having graduated from the Carlisle Indian School before entering the law school.

"Born at Anadarko, Oklahoma, Exendine, before he was out of his teens, attended a Presbyterian mission school on the reservation. From there he came to the Carlisle school, and during his career there he achieved a national foot-ball reputation, being considered one of the greatest ends in the country. He was captain of the 1906 team and was an all-American selection."

NOTES OF RETURNED STUDENTS.

Josephine Charles, Class 1908, is now employed in the Indian Service at Hoopa, California.

Grace Thumbo, who was a student here eight years ago, is now living at Camp McDonald, Arizona. She has three children.

From Akron, N. Y., Mrs. Mabel Spring writes of a happy home and a dear little son. She speaks gratefully of what Carlisle and the "Outing" has done for her.

Frank Saracino, an ex-student, is now at Gallup, New Mexico. He is working at the round house there. He says Lorenzo Miguel is also working there. Both are doing well.

An interesting letter was received from Samuel B. Wilson, an ex-student of Carlisle, stating that he is farming and trying to do good work at his home in Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Germaine Renville, one of our former pupils, writes to Miss Gaither that she is attending school in her home town of Peever, South Dakota. She often gets very lonesome for Carlisle.

Rose La Rose wrote to Supt. Friedman of her new place with Major and Mrs. A. F. Caldwell in Pocatello, Idaho. She says Emma LaVatta, '11, is keeping house for her father on their ranch near Pocatello.

"We should always act the truth as well as speak the truth."

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

A number of the printers have signed for the country.

John Bigfire was a visitor from the country on Decoration Day.

The Catholics have discontinued their Sunday evening meetings until autumn.

David George left for his home in Syracuse, New York, last Monday morning.

Mrs. H. B. Fralic and little son Harold have gone to Philadelphia for a short visit.

A card from Edison Mt. Pleasant announces his arrival at his home in Lewiston, New York

Mrs. Lucy Gage Yarnall, of El Paso, Texas, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Henderson.

Alexander Arcasa gave an oration on "Behind Time" at the opening exercises Monday afternoon.

John Butler, one of our outing students who is working in Newville, Pa., was a visitor over Sunday.

The school garden is coming on finely. Vegetables will be plentiful judging from the present outlook.

Jonas Homer is in from Altoona, where he is working at his trade, to spend a few days with his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell, Inez, and Harriet were Miss Sweeney's guests at Sunday dinner at the Teacher's Club.

On his way home to South Dakota, Harry Bonser stopped in Chicago, and while there visited the stock-yards.

Through a letter we learn of the recent death of Elizabeth Hull, one of our ex-students who left Carlisle in 1909.

Miss Mollie V. Gaither came in for a few days last week. She is very busy visiting the girls in their "outing" homes.

Mrs. Posey has arranged to meet the girls in the Assembly Hall one evening each week to talk to them on "Womanhood."

At the Christian Union services Sunday evening Mr. Whitwell gave a talk on "Nature," and Leila Waterman and Estelle Bradley sang a duet. Harrison Smith lead the meeting.

ANNIVERSARY OF POSEY'S DEATH.

The following notice is from the Muskogee Times-Democrat of May 29th:

Four years ago to-day Alex Posey, Creek bard and the most gifted writer the Indians ever produced, was drowned in the Canadian River. It will interest friends to know that Mrs. Posey is now at Carlisle, where the two children, Yahola and Wenema, are in school, and that Yahola, the son, is developing the artistic temperament and literary taste of his father to a remarkable degree.

The following is one of Posey's poems which was not published in the book of his writings compiled by Mrs. Posey:

AGAIN.

Do all the beauteous sunsets glow
And all the fragrant flowers blow
But on the border line of Bliss?

Is there diviner joy somewhere
That worldly mortals cannot share
Beyond the rapture of a kiss?

If not, why do we dream, when we
Behold the sunsets wane, or see
The rose in bloom, that there is?

If not, the lovers long in vain
That they will meet and kiss again
In endless lanes of Paradise.

-Chinnubbie Harjo.

NOTES ABOUT OUTING STUDENTS.

Francis White writes from Robbinville, Pa., that he is happy in his country home.

Rose Simpson, living under the Outing in Moorestown, New Jersey, writes that she has a good home.

Harrison Poodry, who is working at his trade of painting at Meyersville, Pennsylvania, sends word that he is well pleased with his place.

Margaret Burgess from Hammon-ton, New Jersey, Isabelle La Vatta from Oaklane, Pa., and Genevieve Bebeau from Jenkintown, Pa., send word that they are well and happy in their pleasant outing homes.

MEMORIAL DAY AT THE SCHOOL.

Memorial Day was observed at Carlisle Indian School with appropriate exercises in the auditorium. The stage was beautifully decorated with American flags and banked with palms, a feature being large portraits of Lincoln, Lee, Roosevelt and

Taft, which were draped with flags. The Hon. Fillmore Maust of Carlisle, Pa., delivered an interesting and eloquent address, which was listened to with close attention by the students and faculty. The program follows:

- Selection.....School Orchestra
- The Honored Dead, William Palin, *Freshman*
- Song—Tenting To-Night (Page 8) The School
- A Union of the North and South.....
-Hiram Chase, *Sophomore*
- The Army of Peace.....Harry Conroy, *Junior*
- Vocal Solo—Let Us Have Peace.....
-Leila Waterman
- Decoration Day.....Henry Broker, *Senior*
- Song—Flag of the Free (Page 9) The School
- Address.....Hon. Fillmore Maust, Carlisle, Pa.
- America.....The School

WANTED

No. 1 of Volume 3, September, 1910, of THE RED MAN. Thirty-five cents is offered for the above number of THE RED MAN by the State of Alabama, Department of Archives and History. Communicate with the Carlisle Indian Press, United States Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Supt. and Mrs. Friedman returned from their Washington trip Sunday afternoon. On Decoration Day, at Arlington, they had the pleasure of hearing President Taft and Senator Smith.

On a card posted at Minneapolis, Charles McDonald tells of the beautiful decorations in that city on Memorial Day. He further states that he will soon go to Everett, Washington.

Mrs. Canfield and Miss Georgenson chaperoned a party of girls to the Gettysburg battlefield last Saturday. Some of the girls brought back some very pretty souvenirs for their friends.

Joseph Sheehan, an ex-student of Carlisle who is employed as a clerk in a shirt factory at Baltimore, was an interested spectator at the lacrosse game, Carlisle vs. Mt. Washington, last Saturday.

Several members of our Y. W. C. A. are planning to attend the conference which is to be held in Eaglesmere, Pa., from June 25 to July 5. This is one of the most beautiful resorts in Pennsylvania.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Alvis Morrin, a member of the Junior Class, has gone to his home in Bayfield, Wisconsin, for the summer vacation.

Among the students who left for the country last Saturday were David Nori, Oliver Gregory, William Giroux, and John Meade.

Agnes V. Waite, '12, writes of her pleasant surroundings at Noble, Pa. She expects to return to her home in California in the early fall.

Robert Weatherstone left Sunday evening for Chautauqua, N. Y., where he will work at his trade of carpentering until school opens again in the fall.

Stephen Youngdeer and Jack Jackson left last Tuesday afternoon for their homes in Cherokee, North Carolina. They will return in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had for their guest for a few days last week, Mr. Henderson's father, Mr. W. H. Henderson, of Canton, North Carolina.

Cora Battice is making an automobile bonnet out of raffia. It is developing rapidly into a thing of beauty and usefulness under her skillful fingers

Miss Jennie L. Gaither, who has been visiting in Louisville, Kentucky, for the past two weeks, returned last Monday. The girls are delighted to have her back.

Charles Williams, a member of the band and also of our lacrosse team, has gone to Mt. Union, Pa., where he has an engagement to play in the city band.

Fleeta Doctor, who recently went home on account of ill health, writes that she is taking good care of herself so that she may be able to return to Carlisle in the fall.

The new swinging chairs on the campus are beautiful and very comfortable. Our campus has more than ever the appearance of a delightful summer resort.

In his address to us on Memorial Day, the Honorable Fillmore Maust said that we must preserve the freedom and peace of our country and do all in our power to further its prosperity in memory of the patriotic soldiers who died that it might live.

THE WAY THE OPOSSUM DERIVED HIS NAME.

WILLIAM OWL, *Cherokee.*

Many, many winters ago, before the great snow, as the Indians termed the glacial period, the opossum derived his name from the tricks he played on the other animals.

He is a crafty looking little animal with a long tail, with which he can hang or suspend himself from a limb by winding it about the limb. He can climb trees and cling to the branches and the strongest winds cannot dislodge him.

Once upon a time there lived in his neighborhood a deer family with whom he became acquainted, because of Mr. Deer's beautiful daughter, and it was there that he met the panther, and because of the deer's daughter they became enemies. The panther was in the habit of making frequent calls at the deer's and the opossum met him there. The panther's jealousy became so great that he was led to try and kill the opossum.

When Mr. Deer learned of the rivalry between the two, he thought that he would settle the question, and do it in a quiet way, by keeping it a secret from the panther. So one day he told the opossum he would give him his daughter if he would ride the panther by his house, never thinking the opossum would have courage enough to attempt a task of that kind.

The opossum at once began planning for the ride. He knew the days and hours the panther made his calls at the deer's home. After thinking seriously he decided to meet the panther and have a talk with him; but when he saw the panther coming he decided to deceive the panther in such a way that probably he would have pity on him and help him.

While the panther was quite a distance away the opossum lay down in the path and began to roll over and over as if suffering from pain. When the panther came up he laughed and started on his way, for he was glad to see the opossum who was, as he believed, dying. After he had passed the opossum called to him for help, asking the panther to carry him home. The panther only laughed, but after a second thought he decided it would be a good scheme, for he could prove to the deer family that he was not an enemy to all the other animals as

some had thought. The panther returned and took the opossum upon his back and started off to the home of the opossum for he was sure the opossum could not live.

In order to reach the home of the opossum they would have to pass the deer home and that was what both were anxious to do. Just as they came to the deer home all the deer family came out to see the opossum ride the panther. As they passed, they heard some of the deer remark about the courage of the little opossum. Upon hearing that the opossum sat up straight and began kicking the panther in the sides as if he were a horse, and then cried out, "See me ride the panther!" Upon hearing that, the panther became very angry and tried to catch the opossum, but he escaped in the branches of some trees nearby.

When the panther learned of the trick he was enraged and was more eager than before to kill the opossum, but he could not catch him because he could not climb a straight tree or one that had many limbs on it.

In those days the rain gods were not so numerous and water was scarce, there being only one pool from which the Indians and all animals received their water. The panther knew the opossum would have to have water to drink, for he could not live without it, so he went to the pool to lie in wait for him, for he was sure of getting him when he came for a drink.

After a time the opossum became thirsty and knew that he would have to have water or else he would perish; so he began to plan another trick by which he might deceive the panther. One day he went down hoping to find the panther absent or asleep; but he was neither; so he was at a loss as to what he should do. As he was going down to the place he called home, he saw an Indian maiden coming toward him carrying a water pot. As he thought she was going for water, he stepped aside and awaited her return. She soon appeared, as she had only gone to a neighboring village for some maple syrup, which the Indians were accustomed to make.

While the maiden was gone the opossum planned a way to deceive her and thus get a drink; so when he saw her coming he lay down in the path and acted as if he were dead.

The maiden kicked him to one side as she passed him, and went on. But when she was out of sight the opossum got up and took another path and so came in ahead of her and repeated the act, only to be kicked aside again, for the maid thought that two opossums did not amount to much as their meat was never eaten and their pelts were too small to make into robes, so she would not bother with them. The opossum did not give up, though his first two trials had been failures. He tried his trick again and this time he succeeded in deceiving her, for she thought that three opossums would be of some use; so she set her pitcher down beside him, and went to search for the other opossums. While she was gone the opossum dipped his paws into the pitcher, and to his surprise he found that it contained syrup, and that he could not quench his thirst with it, so he started off very discouraged. When he walked off he stepped into some dried leaves, and the syrup caused them to stick to his feet, so he had another idea which would enable him to deceive the panther at the pool. The opossum went back and upset the pitcher and the syrup ran out, and he rolled in it until he was covered with it; then he went and rolled in the dried leaves until he was covered with them; then he headed for the pool and on his arrival he found the panther still waiting.

When he came up the panther asked who he was, and he told him that he was the porcupine, and that he had fallen from a tree and his quills had pierced the leaves and remained on him; so the panther let him help himself to the water and leave the pool unharmed.

After the opossum had gained a safe distance, he called to the panther and made known who he was. The panther did not chase him, but remained at his station, for he knew he would have to come again. The panther stayed at the pool until he was almost starved, in hopes of catching the opossum, but Mr. 'Possum never showed up, so the panther was forced to go in search of food.

While the opossum had a chance to drink water he drank all he could, then filled the pocket on his stomach with water, which would last a long time. The panther did not know that the opossum had a pocket or pouch in which he could carry things,

so that was another way in which the opossum fooled the panther.

After the opossum had fooled the panther three times, the panther disappeared and was not seen for a long time, and then it was rumored that he had died in his den of starvation. All the animals had congregated about his den, but they were afraid to look in. After a few days the opossum came by and saw the other animals there and asked what was the trouble. They told him, so he went to the entrance and looked in and noticed that all seemed to be true; and then the opossum asked the crowd if the panther had kicked and breathed harshly when he died, but they did not know.

The opossum stated an instance when his grandmother died, how she had breathed and kicked, etc. Upon hearing this the panther began to kick and groan. The opossum just laughed and said, "Dead panthers never kick or groan." The panther could not work the opossum's own tricks on him. The opossum derived his name because of his excellence at "playing 'possum."



Likes the Arrow and Red Man.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am more than pleased with the Annual Senior Number of THE ARROW, because of the interest I take in the progress of the American Indian and his race for citizenship. I love the Red Man, for his very blood courses through my veins, and it is very gratifying to know that they have in your school an institution that ranks second to none. I am in heartfelt sympathy with all such institutions of learning and cannot express praise enough for the good work done. I cannot find words sufficient to express my appreciation for the kind favor in forwarding me promptly THE ARROW, which I love to read. It is such a pleasure to me to read of the institution and what it is doing.

I am also highly pleased with THE RED MAN, which I receive every month. It has many nice things to tell about the progress of the Indians at Carlisle and in other institutions where the Indian is taught.

Wishing you continued success, you have my best wishes.

R. E. LEE.

Washington, D.C., April 30, 1912.

Notes of Returned Students.

Harriet A. Jamison, a returned student of Carlisle, who is now living at 209 Liberty Street, Warren, Pa., writes as follows:

I often see in THE ARROW letters from returned students, and I enjoy reading their letters and am glad to know that a great many are doing nicely. I graduated from the Warren Emergency Hospital Training School for nurses June 17, 1909, and Geneva Jamison, who is also a returned student, graduated in the same class with me. She now holds the position as an assistant superintendent in the same hospital. I am doing private nursing and I enjoy my work. Best wishes to Carlisle.



From 362 Main Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Flora Moon Bostwig writes to the Superintendent as follows:

"Your most welcome letter was received, and I am more than glad to know that you take such an interest in the returned students. I, for one, am proud of what learning I received while there and for the kindness shown me. I am trying to live my life the best I can and am upholding my good character so that the good old school need not be ashamed of me as a returned student. I am a working woman and work by the day. I have two little ones to take care of and they certainly are my joy in life. I hope to hear more of the dear old school."



From Bumble Bee, Arizona, comes the following letter written by Michael Burns:

"It is going on 32 years since I entered your institution (being a lonely Apache Indian from Fort Laramie, Wyo.) in the summer of 1880, by the request of General Wesley Merritt, who was then a Colonel of the 5th U. S. Cavalry. The school had only 365 pupils. I remained there two years, then asked Captain Pratt to let me out on a farm where I could go to public school and earn money. He sent me to Ohio. I stayed with a good family and went to school for nearly 2½ years. Then I made my way to Kansas, found work on some

farms and went to a university for one year. In 1885, I joined the soldiers again and made my way back to this country, my motherland. I was a scout while Geronimo was on the warpath. I was employed as issue clerk in the Service for four years until the civil service reform went into effect. I have not had work under the Government since 1894.

"I would like to have the paper printed at the school. I am growing old and weak and cannot write as I used to write."



An interesting letter from Michael Solomon comes from New Bridge, New York. He is employed by the R. W. Higbie Lumber Company, as are also George Bigtree and Michael Jacobs, Carlisle ex-students. "My foreman," Mr. Solomon says, "is an admirer of the Carlisle school and likes to have the Indians work for him because they are clever workmen."



Mr. J. M. Phillips, former student, is now located at Aberdeen, Washington. He says, in a letter to the Superintendent:

"I am out of office now and have been sticking pretty close to business getting back my practice. We are getting along well and will always keep alive our interest in Carlisle.

"William Hazlett and family are living here. He is in the real estate business and has an excellent family.

"William Paul married an Aberdeen girl of good family and they are living in Portland. Paul graduated from Whitworth College, Tacoma. He is now working in a bank.

"There are many Carlisle graduates that are not so fortunate in the positions they hold, but most of those I have met can give very good accounts of themselves. And, after all, it is far more important that the majority of us be satisfied and successful in the commoner walks of life."



Amos Elknation, a Sioux ex-student, is now employed as additional farmer at Wapakala, S. Dak.

REGINA AND THE INDIANS.

Ruth Cowdrey in "Over Sea and Land."

MOST of you boys and girls know that Pennsylvania means Penn's Woods, don't you?

Many years ago, when Pennsylvania was really mostly woods and when there were lots of Indians in the woods, a little boy and girl lived there with their mother in a log cabin, near the edge of the forest. They must have been very brave to live there, with no neighbors very near, for there were wild animals in the forest, and often at night the children would hear them prowling around the cabin hunting food. Then sometime an Indian would pass, and Regina and her little brother felt rather afraid of these dark, silent strangers, and ran into the house when they saw one coming; but their mother said that the Indians had made peace with the white men, and would not try to hurt them any more.

These three were very busy all day long, with spinning, weaving, sewing, cooking and gathering wood, and they did not have much time to think about being lonely, but when evening came and the dark shadows crept along the edge of the woods, till they covered the little cabin, it seemed as if all their friends were very far away. Then they sat around the hearth, watching the big logs blaze in the open fireplace, and Regina would cuddle up close to her mother and ask her to sing the song about the friend who was always near. And as the mother sang the hymn—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear,
I feel my Saviour ever nigh,
He comes my dreary hours to cheer.
I am with Him and He with me,
So I can never lonely be"—

Regina and the little brother would sing with her, until they forgot their loneliness and could go to bed without being afraid of the darkness, or of wild animals, or of Indians.

The nearest town was several miles away, and when they needed anything from there the mother used to take Regina and her little brother to the home of their nearest neighbor and leave them to stay until she came back. One evening when she returned she found everyone excited and frightened, for Regina was gone, and they did not know where to find her. At first they thought she was lost in the woods, but the little

brother said she told him she was going to run home for a few minutes and would soon be back. When they went to look for her there was no one to be seen—only the house standing empty, with the door wide open. But on one of the footpaths into the forest Regina's mother found a scrap of the dress she was wearing, caught on a thorn bush; and farther on, where the ground was marshy, they saw the footprints of Indians. And though they hunted through the whole country, they never found Regina, and her mother felt sure that she had been carried off by some wandering Indians to their camps far away in the Western forest.

* * * * *

Years passed, until one day in 1764, a strange procession marched into Carlisle, a little town of central Pennsylvania. There were soldiers in front and behind, but most of the procession was made up of children—boys and girls in Indian dress, with brown skins and long hair. But if you look close you will see here and there a head of golden hair, and some of the eyes that stare at you are blue. No Indian children, these! They are white captives, taken from their homes by the Indians, who are now forced by Colonel Bogue and his soldiers to send them back. But the march is slow, not only because the children cannot go fast, but because some of the prisoners try every little while to escape from the soldiers and slip away, back to the Indians whom they have grown to love.

When the town square of Carlisle is reached they meet a group of older men and women who have come here to look for the children they lost many years before. Among them we see the mother of Regina, now a gray-haired woman, eagerly looking into the faces of the returned captives. As she walks up and down the line she is discouraged, for the faces all look strange to her. She tries to talk to the children, but they do not understand her, and even the Indian interpreter cannot find out if her child is there. She is about to leave in despair, when a thought comes to her. Turning back, she walks in front of the children and sings:

"Alone yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear."

The children watch her curiously, but a light comes into the eyes of a

tall dark-skinned girl—her lips begin to move, and presently she, too, is crying:

"I feel my Saviour ever nigh,
He comes my dreary hours to cheer."

The mother hesitates just a moment, and throws her arms around the girl, who, in spite of the changes made by time, is her own Regina. And at last these two loving hearts are united, and able to sing together

"I am with Him and He with me,
So I can never lonely be."

* * * * *

All this happened long, long ago. To-day the scene is reversed, and the streets of the same little town of Carlisle are filled with Indian boys and girls from all parts of the United States—California, Arizona, Oklahoma, Dakotas, and every state where Indians live. They come to the great school where the Government is giving a thousand of these boys and girls a chance to get an education. What they learn there helps them to grow up into useful men and women, and makes them good citizens of our country. But, best of all, they learn of the Saviour who is able to keep them from sin, and to be a Friend and Helper.



NOTES OF RETURNED STUDENTS.

From Wolf Point, Montana, Bedford Forrest sends word that he is doing his best to support his family. He adds that he realizes that Carlisle School has done a great deal for the Indians.

We learn through a friend, that Mr. Harry Wheeler, one of our ex-students, is in Washington, D. C., with some Nez Perce Indians on a business trip. We hope that Mr. Wheeler will visit Carlisle before he returns to his home.

Chester A. Printup, ex-student of Carlisle, is working at his trade of masonry in Sanburn, N. Y., and he must be doing well since he writes us that he will soon be married. He forgot to mention the young lady's name.

Because of his work at Sacaton, Arizona, Ambrose Johnson was unable to attend commencement. He says in a letter: "I am proud that I once attended the Carlisle school, for I have learned to appreciate all the benefits that one may receive from that great institution."