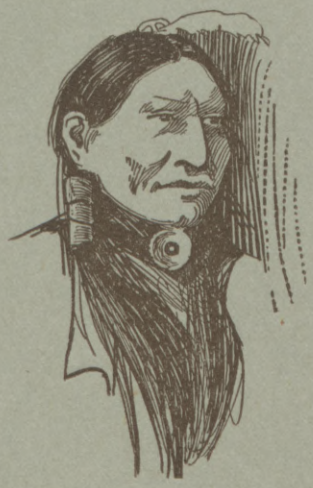
The Carlisle Arrow

Senior Number



Class Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

Class Colors: Crimson and Light Blue

Class Motto: "Perseverance"

ANNUAL SENIOR NUMBER—EDITED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1913

The Carlisle Arrow

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

VOLUME IX. CARLISLE, PA., MAY 16, 1913. NUMBER 36

FAREWELL TO CARLISLE.

By LEILA WATERMAN, *Seneca.*

THE doors of old Carlisle ope wide once more,
And through them goes, as oft before,
Another class, proud of its race—
Firm purpose stamped on every face.

Another class to stem the tide
Of Life's swift river, deep and wide;
Another class to keep the light
Of Carlisle's torch, strong, clear, and bright.

We know that life is full of sorrow;
We know that darkness shrouds the morrow;
Carlisle has taught us, classmates dear,
To face each day without a fear.

To live each day as best we can;
Try to be all that makes a man;
Then shadows from our path will flee,
And we shall surely conquerors be.

This is the message dear Carlisle
Gives to each one of us, the while
We stand here, loth indeed to say
The farewell that we speak to-day:

"Truth and honor be your watchword;
Child of old Carlisle, farewell!
Teach your people Carlisle's lessons,
To them, Carlisle's precepts tell."

SALUTATORY.

By ANNA HAUSER, *Cheyenne.*

ANOTHER year in Carlisle's history has closed and another class has assembled to say "good-bye," in the presence of its friends, to the school to which it owes so much. On this occasion, it is my pleasant privilege to greet you in the name of the Class of 1913, to greet you as friend greets friend, for we know that one common interest binds class and audience together—the welfare of the Indian.

The members of the class which greets you to-day are all inspired by the same motive—are all working for the same end. We realize that we are needed in the ranks of the educated Indian to help along the advancement of our race, and, with this purpose in view, we have been striving earnestly all these years to fit ourselves, mentally and physically, for the work. Now we come here for the last time, as a class, to receive, in the presence of those who are interested in us and our cause, the diplomas which are a sign that our school work has been done well and a pledge that our life work shall be performed to the best of our ability.

Since it is Carlisle that has fitted us for whatever we may do or whatever we may become, it is right and proper that the theme of our salutatory should be "Carlisle, its history, its aim, and its success."

In the year 1879, this institution was founded by far-seeing men to whom had been granted the God-given wisdom to realize that it would be worth while to educate the Indian. The school was at first in an unsatisfactory condition—the equipment was meagre, the enrollment was small, the first students were restless and discontented, complaining because they were so far from home. In spite of all these discouragements, the brave leaders of what must have seemed a "forlorn hope" kept pushing on the work steadily and tirelessly. The response made to their appeals for sympathy was, in most cases, "Is it worth while to educate the Indian?" The question could not be answered then, but we are here to ask it again to-day. Has it been worth while? Has Carlisle's experiment, begun in 1879, reached any measure of success in 1913? The answer to the question will be given you promptly anywhere throughout our country. Look around you. The present plant of Carlisle consists of forty-nine buildings with equipment modern and complete. The school ranks with other institutions of its kind and offers to the Indian boy and girl not only the same academic education that the white man's son or daughter receives, but also affords to the Indian an opportunity to learn whatever trade he may wish to learn. The purpose has always been to train the Indians for teachers in the schools, home-makers, mechanics, or industrial teachers, either among their own people or in competition with their white brothers.

Has Carlisle succeeded in her purpose? The graduates who have gone out from the shelter of her walls during the many years of her existence have shown to the world that Carlisle has succeeded—that it has been "worth while." These graduates are successful in their work, they have kept the high ideals taught them here, they have uplifted their race, and so have helped on the cause of civilization. Some of our graduates fail, of course. Human nature is the same everywhere, and the Indian and the white man alike often fall by the way; but such failures do not lower the standard of the Indian school any more than the white man's college. It is simply a case of neglected opportunity, and the greater the opportunity has been the greater the failure will be.

As a class we have been taught to realize to the full the value of the opportunities which Carlisle has offered us. We have tried as individuals to make use of them, and we ask of you a "God-speed," now that the time has come when we must stand or fall by ourselves. We are young and our hearts beat high with hope and courage for the future. We feel that Carlisle's teachings have not been wasted upon us and that we shall not fail ingloriously in the battle of life. We believe that life is just a larger school, where we shall have to learn lessons every day and where opportunities will be presented to us which, if not neglected, will ultimately lead to success.

Austin Phelps says, "Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success."

First Book of the Chronicles of the Class of 1913

By CORA ELM, *Oneida*, and IVA METOXEN, *Oneida*.

How! I.

IT CAME to pass in the reign of Whitwellezer that descendants of Hiawathaite the Prophet to the number of fifty-six, twenty-eight of whom were maidens and twenty-eight of whom were chiefs of various ages and sizes, according to the way they felt as they were ushered into the Land of Light, the land which lies beyond, and on the edge thereof, of the dark abyss, known to the Timidites who inhabit the Land of Hope (which lies below in the Plains of the Seraphites) as the stairs by which they ascend who toil and spin into golden thoughts the knowledge given unto them by the Teacherites.

How! II.

Now it came to pass that the Teacherites who dwelt in the Land of Light ordered the tribes to assemble themselves together. Thither they came from the boundless prairies of the West, from the forests and the streams, leaving home and kindred. And when they had gathered in one place, they said: "Behold we shall choose a king to rule over us." And they chose one William Garlow to be their ruler. Then they chose a standard that should go before them in battle and chose a sign to be emblazoned thereon that they who looked upon it should receive inspiration and encouragement in the hour of danger and dread. Now these are they that came to the Land of Light and took their stand under the banner of 1913: The Oneida, the Seneca, and the Cherokee; the Chippewa and the Sioux; the Sac and Fox. And of other tribes there were Tuscarora, Winnebago, Pueblo; the Mohawk, Osage, Onondago, and Stockbridge. And it came to pass that King William ordered an inventory to be made; and of tribesmen there were fifty-six; in age averaging sixteen years, and of goodly stature, averaging three and a half cubits. Behold over their heads waved the banner of the blue of the sky at midday and of the crimson which dyes the sky when the sun is sinking. Now this banner was made by Iva Metoxen of the skillful hands, and all the other maidens, each in her turn, embroidered with the shining needle a stitch thereon. And it came to pass that the King of the descendants of Hiawathaite the Prophet said to his people: "Sing us a song." Thereupon, Montreville Yuda, he of the silver throat, sang this song to the sojourners in the Land of Light:

Onward Seniors, valiant and true!
True to life's battle, true to the "blue."
Seniors, conquer, "crimson" ever leads—
Never say down, never say down.

Chorus:

Hail to Class '13, forging ahead,
True to life's purpose,
Ever loyal to "crimson and the blue."
Class of 1913, cheer forever!

"Perseverance!" firmly we stand!
Loyal to truth, ye Senior band.
The goal in sight, forward we're due;
Onward to the summit, "crimson, light blue."

Now it came to pass, after the song had been sung, that the King made a covenant with his people before the Teacherites; and he drew up this covenant to be their guide during the long sojourn in the Land of Light. And this was the preamble of the covenant as it was written:

"With Perseverance for our motto, we, the Class of 1913, in order to promote and encourage class patriotism, to improve ourselves in expressing our thoughts clearly and correctly, and to develop that knowledge which helps us to become true men and women, do ordain and establish this covenant."

Now, while the Class of 1913 dwelt in the Land of Light, this covenant was unto them an inspiration and a guiding star in every time of need or trouble.

How! III.

And it came to pass at the time of the sealing of the covenant that the tribesmen, as was said heretofore, numbered fifty-six. Now as the class waxed old, one by one those who had come from far countries withdrew from the fight with the powers of darkness and ignorance, until there were left only sixteen valiant warriors, both young men and maidens, to rout the foe. Ever and anon from these far countries there comes to the Class of 1913 news of these faithless tribesmen. Most of them, following the example of Hiawathaite the Prophet, have taken to themselves wives or husbands; one is toiling in another Land of Light, learning to help those who fall wounded on life's battlefield. Now the names of these tribesmen are Edith Rance, Mary Cooke, Willard Comstock, John Runsclose, William Newashe, Ellen Grinnell, Mary Silas, Ruth Elm, Rosina Peters, Daphne Waggoner, and Ida Towns.

How! IV.

Now it came to pass in the reign of Whitwellezer that the tribes looking over the land saw that the Children of Light observed Arbor Days; and the King of the tribes said, "We will follow the custom of the country." And they made preparations for the ceremonial, but owing to the inclemency of the weather the ceremony was not observed in the first year of the tribes' sojourn among the Teacherites. But it came to pass in the second year that they planted a goodly tree beside the far-famed guardhouse, and they called the tree "Perseverance" after the magic sign emblazoned on their banner. And it came to pass in the third year that another tree was planted in that part of the fair campus which slopes toward the south, and the tree was named McDowell, after one of the Teacherites whose name was held in honor among the tribesmen. And behold, in the next year another tree was planted, and this bore a name fraught with sadness, for they called it "Titanic," after the ill-fated ship that went down to show the world that wealth and luxury have their heroes as well as poverty and hardship. And these trees have grown and flourished and have waxed strong; and the birds which lodge in their branches will ever sing the praises of those who planted them—the Warriors of 1913.

How! V.

Now it came to pass that after the descendants of Hiawathaite had dwelt among the Teacherites four years, the King called the tribes together and said: "We are goodly folk, having profited by our teachings and by the examples set before us; let us examine ourselves that we may know what manner of men or maidens we

are and what are our ambitions and chosen occupations. And they looked one at the other, and found that of the sixteen left to carry the banner of 1913, three of the warriors were printers, one a painter, three telegraphers, and one trying to acquire the skill and learning of a lawyer. And of the maidens, six were dressmakers and two teachers. And the King looked long at the class of 1913, and behold it was good. Then said the King: "We have learned of the things which the class can do with the hand and with the mind trained in this direction, but we should know something of the individual talents which distinguishes one man or maid from his fellow." And one of the tribe told of the famous old-maid humorist who numbered herself among the members of the class and who was known as Cora Elm. And verily she keeps the people around her filled with merriment, until sleep weighs heavily on her eyelids. And she plays on the mandola and she tells tales learned in near-by countries to delight her companions. And another told of Sylvia Moon, and Sadie Ingalls who were skilled in the fabrication of overalls, so that none could excel them in fashioning these garments—no, not one among all the sons of men. And still another called to mind Leila Waterman, the sweet singer of the tribe, who wins all hearts with her song.

Now of song birds the class has many. Estelle Bradley who has held many a gathering spellbound with the magic of her voice, and Montreville Yuda than whom there is only one greater, the incomparable Caruso, the greatest tenor the world has ever known.

Now it came to pass that while the singers were receiving their meed of praise, a young warrior sat modestly by speaking not at all; and one of the tribesmen said, "Behold here, Harrison Smith who makes rare music upon the saxophone. And here, also, is Peter Eastman, one of the musicians among us. Then up rose a maiden and said, "The Mandolin Club must not be passed by without mention, for behold its members are fair to look upon and they make joyous music upon their instruments; Sadie Ingalls, Anna Hauser, Estelle Bradley, Sylvia Moon, and Iva Metoxen are their names."

Now it is not seemly that the class of 1913 boast of its exploits and its prowess, for are not their deeds recorded in the Chronicles of the Land, that he who runs may read? No tribe was ever so dauntless, so invincible, so brilliant, and so daring. Where will you find such players of football as the young braves—Broker, Garlow, Eastman, and Smith. Verily their like is not to be found. Francis Eastman, whose tribal name is "Wamba" will dwell forever among Teacherites, for his is a cheerful disposition and he loves well to teach in No. 4½ in the Plains of the Seraphites. Then said one of the tribe, "Where is our wise man?" And Fred Sickles stood up in all the glory of his youth, and around his head gleamed a halo, for the reason, forsooth, that he had never failed in class. These are the talents and the abilities of the tribes gathered together in the Land of Light.

How ! VI.

And it came to pass that all the dwellers in the Land of the Teacherites were divided into four tribes, each with its special service to perform in the land. And the Class of 1913 was apportioned among these four societies as follows: To the "Mercer" went Anna Hauser, Lida Wheelock, Sadie Ingalls, Sylvia Moon, Estelle Bradley, and Leila Waterman. And verily these performed active service for the society and from their number were chosen the rulers over the whole body. And in the fullness of time the "Mercer" Society went forth to debate on questions of mighty import, and therein the silver-tongued orators, Anna Hauser and Lida Wheelock, won great renown for their skill and their eloquence. Now to the "Susans" were apportioned two members, Iva Metoxen and Cora Elm, who have never faltered in their good work. And to the "Invincibles" went two mighty men of valor—orators invincible in debate and fitted to contend with the strangers encamping around about the country. Henry Broker and William Garlow are the names of these great orators, the echo of whose voices ring in these halls after many moons have waxed and waned. Now to the "Standard Society" went the two Eastmans, Yuda, Smith, and Sickles, each of them the flower of his tribe.

Now it came to pass that these societies, tiring of their intellectual efforts, said one to the other: "Let us relax awhile and make ready feasts where we may spend our time in revels, in song, and in laughter." And straightway each of the four societies whose names and deeds have been duly chronicled in these pages, prepared for the Seniorites special programmes which did cheer them mightily. And at one of the feasts there appeared a prophet, a bird of ill omen, by name Benedict Cloud, who predicted dire events that were destined to befall the members of the Class of 1913 when ten years should have passed over their heads.

How! VII.

And it came to pass that during the last days of King William's reign there came from his own far country a fellow tribesman who had wandered away from the Land of Light into the Land of the Philistines who dwell within a city of the Plains.

And this young Chief's name was Earl, being of the tribe of Doxtator, they who flourish in husbandry and also, betimes, make noises upon the cornet and the trombone.

How! VIII.

Now it came to pass that as year followed year in the reign of Whitwellezer, the tribesmen, the descendants of Hiawathite the Prophet came to the end of their sojourn in the Land of Light. And the Seraphites who dwelt in the Land of Hope made a farewell feast for the Seniorites, where feasting and revelry went merrily on until a late hour. Now the night on which the feast was held was the last night of the year; and as the New Year was ushered in with the loud pealing of the bells, the Seniorites, to whom this year meant so much, stood shoulder to shoulder to greet its coming. And they sang their song and they renewed their convenant, and in his heart each one made a vow of loyalty and friendship which should last until time should be no more. And many other things were done for the happiness of the Seniorites, which space forbids mention, but which are cherished in their hearts.

Now these are the Chronicles of the descendants of Hiawathaite the Prophet. They have fought with the powers of darkness and of ignorance; they have finished their course; they have kept the faith.

THE SKATING POND.

By PETER EASTMAN, *Sioux.*

THERE are many forms of amusement at Carlisle for the Indian boy—amusements that develop both mind and body and produce the combination of strength and intellectual ability that is the ideal of every one who goes here. Besides football, lacrosse, basketball, and track, we have that which to me is best of all—skating. Our skating pond is an artificial one, and, for that reason, perhaps, it has a charm for me which no other spot on the Carlisle grounds possesses. Its situation is picturesque in the extreme. The pond, about fifty yards wide and two hundred yards long, is situated on the west side of the grounds, facing north. On the south is the main road, on the west the Letort Creek, on the north the grove, and on the east a small stream which is used for the purpose of flooding.

Until recently, a beautiful sycamore stood as a sentinel on the eastern bank of this stream. Its age no one knew, but, since the coming of students to Carlisle and for many years before, the sycamore stood guard at the entrance to the grounds. Now it lies low, the victim of a fell disease which ate out its faithful heart.

Which is more attractive, the grove or the pond, is a question I have never been able to answer. When one first steps upon the school grounds, in summer usually, the pond, of course, is dry. Then the grove attracts all of his attention and he finds it impossible to describe its beauty and grandeur. It is a natural grove; the trees are as nature made them, and the dense foliage is ever beckoning the weary student to rest in its shade. At the entrance of the grove stands a tall elm tree, surely one of the most beautiful elms that ever grew. There it stands with its boughs reaching far and wide, like welcoming hands stretched out to greet the newcomer. The boughs of this elm cast a dark shade over a little stream flowing gently at its feet. This little stream known to us as the Letort, is very small in size, but it has all the assurance of an Amazon or a Mississippi, as it dashes along in its tiny bed. It knows that small as it is it is very useful, for it furnishes power for a mill, water for numerous creatures when the hot summer comes, and, best of all, its waters are converted into a skating pond as soon as freezing weather comes, thus affording pleasure to every student at Carlisle.

The process of flooding is simple, but it took much money and many weeks of labor to prepare it. Those who furnished the money and those who worked for the completion of the pond must feel well repaid if they know of the joy and pleasure it brings to the hearts of the Indians who are being trained at Carlisle. The flooding is accomplished by the following means: A small tributary is made which flows along one side of the pond. At the ends of this are locks; the upper lock is opened, the lower one is locked, and in a very short time, a pond with an average depth of four feet is ready for Jack Frost. Often Jack Frost is very slow in coming and the would-be skaters grow very impatient, but they are paid for waiting by the fun they have when he at last arrives and converts the pond into a plain of shining ice. When Jack Frost has fully completed his work, the students are granted extra holidays that they may enjoy the fun of a real northern winter, a new experience to many of them. The joy of it cannot be expressed in writing. A mere spectator could not help having a good time, just watching the boys and girls frolic about on the ice. Everywhere one can see jolly races and friendly trials of skill. Owing to the perfectly smooth surface, the pond is especially adapted for fancy skating.

No matter where I may go after leaving Carlisle, no matter what my experiences may be, nothing can ever banish from my memory the image of the skating scenes at Carlisle which I have witnessed so often. I shall always see the grove-shadowed pond alive with girls and boys dressed in bright sweaters and caps, filling the air with happy words and laughter. This year the Seniors have given to the pond a very effective touch of color by their conspicuous class hats of "red and blue." The skating of these Seniors is the envy and admiration of the under classmen, and, for the sake of ages yet to come, it may be well to immortalize in this paper the names of those who excel in the art of skating. All are excellent, but Henry Broker, William Garlow, Lida Wheelock, and Cora Elm excel all others.

Those who leave Carlisle carry in their hearts a picture gallery hung thick with pictures of happy days and never-to-be-forgotten scenes. Among them all, the most beautiful picture is that of the skating pond when Jack Frost has been abroad.

MY VACATION.

By LEILA WATERMAN, *Seneca.*

MY vacation this summer was one of the most enjoyable which I have ever spent. On the 25th of June, a party of four girls, with our Y. W. C. A. Secretary, Miss Ruth Cowdrey, left for Eaglesmere, Pa., to represent our school Association. Eaglesmere is a picturesque spot in the Alleghany Mountains, filled with fascinating nooks especially designed by Mother Nature to delight the visitor. Of these places, perhaps the most strikingly beautiful is the large lake which bears the lovely name of "Lake of the Eagles." This lake is set in the midst of a forest, which, at first glance, seems to be the "forest primeval," but closer examination shows that it has been carefully laid out into paths, each with some especial feature to attract the attention.

Each path is marked at the entrance with different colored arrows, and arrows of the respective colors are in evidence at intervals along the road, so that it is impossible to lose one's way. These paths lead to many places of interest called by picturesque and distinctive names, such as the "moose-head passage," for example. This path leads to a place between two large rocks at the entrance to which is a moose head. To go into "moose-head passage" you have to bend down and slowly wind your way between the rocks. It seems rather frightful at first but one soon becomes used to it.

Then there is a path called the "Fat Man's Squeeze," a name which describes the passage very accurately. We did not have to squeeze to get through, but I am sure that a fat man would have to do so.

"Table Rock" is, as its name implies, a large smooth rock; "Fern Rock" was covered with ferns, a very beautiful sight; beyond these was "Lover's Rock" overlooking the beautiful lake.

Although we had a great deal of

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1913, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

STANDING—FRANCIS R. EASTMAN, JOSEPH H. BROKER, MONTREVILLE YUDA, SYLVIA MOON, ESTELLE L. BRADLEY, FREDERICK SICKLES, PETER EASTMAN, HARRISON B. SMITH.

SITTING—CORA ELM, ANNA HAUSER, SADIE INGALLS, WILLIAM GARLOW, IVA METOXEN, LIDA O. WHEELOCK, LEILA WATERMAN.

Students of the Carlisle School Out on Pennsylvania Farms Under the School's Outing System—Learning by Doing.

fun at Eaglesmere, we did not play all the time by any means, but accomplished, to the best of our abilities, the duties which we had come to perform. We had lessons every morning and, as our teachers were all interested in their work, they inspired us with similar interest.

Leaving Eaglesmere the 5th of July, I went home for a few weeks. When the time came for me to return to Carlisle, I was thoroughly rested and ready to begin the work of a new year.

INTERESTING FEATURES OF LANCASTER COUNTY.

By LIDA WHEELOCK, *Oneida.*

THERE are few States in the Union so full of historic and contemporary interest as is the State of Pennsylvania; and so I felt that I was fortunate when I found that the last summer of my school year was to be spent in Lancaster city, about 68 miles from Philadelphia. It was a summer long to be remembered by me, since I became especially interested in historic places and the places of modern interest for which the region is noted.

The city of Lancaster itself was planned by Hamilton in 1730. How surprised its distinguished founder would be, could he revisit the little village which he called into existence nearly two centuries ago. He would find that it had grown into a city of more than 50,000 inhabitants—a busy, bustling place of which the county is justly proud.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the city is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument erected in Center Square in 1874 by the women of the town. It is especially interesting because it stands upon the site of the old courthouse of Lancaster, where many scenes of historic interest occurred. Here the Indians used to meet to make solemn treaties with their white brothers; here speeches full of patriotism and of indignation against England were delivered; here was held the funeral of one of the Presidents of the United States. When the building was destroyed by fire in 1864, many Revolutionary relics perished with it.

But Lancaster city is only a part of a most famous county—famous for the great men it has produced and for the work which it has done for education and for humanity.

Buchanan, the fifteenth President of these United States, was a native of this county and lies buried in Lancaster; Benjamin West, the artist, is one of the county's honored sons; Thomas Paine, the philosopher, came here from England early in his career and wrote those political messages which made him famous; Robert Fulton, the first steam navigator, experimented in the Conestoga Creek; George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration, lived here; John H. Henry went on foot from Lancaster to Quebec in the Revolutionary days; and many others of equal fame whose names I need not mention.

Besides its historic fame, Lancaster County has always been noted as an educational center. Millersville, which has passed the century mark in age, is noted as the home of the first Pennsylvania State Normal School, established April 17, 1855, two years before the passage of the normal school law. Hence, the Millersville Normal School has the proud distinction of being old enough to have a monument in honor of those of its students who died at the front during the Civil War. Franklin College, with its magnificent buildings and campus, was founded here in 1789, the corner stone being laid by Benjamin Franklin. Shippen School, a well-known institution for girls, is also found in Lancaster County, as is the Thaddeus Stevens Industrial School, an institute for the training of friendless boys, regardless of race or color. This most noble of institutions was made possible by a bequest from the philanthropist whose name it bears. Surely any county should be famous which can boast of so many valuable educational institutions.

A description of Lancaster County would not be complete without mention of the bridge which spans Conestoga Creek. The spot across which the bridge has been built was known during the Revolution as "Deering's Ford" and numerous wagons and herds of cattle crossed here on their way to the armies stationed beyond. Across this stream is another and more pretentious bridge—a nine-arch stone bridge which is an enterprise of the late Abraham Whitmer, a public-spirited citizen. In 1795, he obtained a charter from the State Legislature empowering him to erect the bridge and permitting him to charge tolls until he could be recompensed for his labor; later the county bought it at a cost of $58,441.41. It stands there to-day, a lasting monument to the honesty and disinterestedness of the county's early citizens.

"Mere genius darts, flutters, and tires; but perseverance wears and wins."

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1913.

By SYLVIA MOON, *Stockbridge.*

IT is an August evening in the year of 1928, and I am sitting alone in my library idly reading the daily paper in which I am finding little to interest me. Suddenly my wandering glance sees a familiar name—"William Garlow," and my paper falls from my hands as my thoughts fly swiftly back over the years to the long ago when the owner of this name was my fellow student at Carlisle. O, the changes since then! Here am I in a beautiful, spacious home in Superior, Wisconsin, once an insignificant suburban town, now the metropolis of the great Northwest. Aeroplanes are whizzing over my house, back and forth, on business or pleasure bent, as common a means of locomotion as was the automobile in the days of which I am dreaming. Carlisle is no longer in existence, having been abolished in 1920, after doing so much for the Indian race. "What would we all have been had it not been for dear old Carlisle?" I said to myself, and I wondered if our class in particular had paid its Alma Mater the debt it owed in the only way possible to pay it, namely, by growing into the kind of men and women she would wish us all to be. This William Garlow, for instance; it had been years since I heard from him and I wondered if he were filling a position of honor and trust in the world. I picked up my paper, and, to my amazement and joy, read that "William Garlow, Progressive candidate for the Presidency, was on his electioneering tour and would be in Superior the middle of September." My plans were made very quickly. I wrote to William at once asking him to spend the week of his tour in this vicinity

at my house, promising him a surprise in the way of entertainment. He accepted the invitation promptly, and immediately upon receipt of his note, I flew to the wireless station on my estate, and sent frantic messages all over the globe, bidding the various members of the class of 1913 assemble at my house on the fifteenth of September to greet our distinguished classmate upon whom had been bestowed the highest honor a party can give to a man. All accepted my invitation, as did also our dear Mrs. Foster, whom I begged to come to my assistance to help me entertain my guests.

Busy as I was with my preparations, the time went very slowly, so eager was I for the day to arrive. It came at last, however, and with it, first of all, came Estelle Bradley, now the World's Secretary for the Young Women's Christian Association, doing a noble work and full of love and enthusiasm for it. Estelle had just been shown to her room, when Anna Hauser arrived. "Tell me what you have been doing all these years," I cried before she had been under my roof a minute, and I learned that she had graduated from college after leaving Carlisle and was now president of a woman's college in Shawnee, Oklahoma. She and Estelle were soon buried in a discussion of the needs of young womanhood, leaving me free to greet the next comer—a gentleman this time—none other than our old friend Peter Eastman, now the editor of the comic section of the *Sunday Ledger* of Philadelphia, and rejoicing in such a fine position—one that accorded so well with his temperament and inclination. We all gathered at the luncheon table, not knowing what we were eating, so busy were we in exchanging experiences. In the midst of luncheon Lida Wheelock was announced. We made room for her, and at once demanded her life history. She was married, she told us, was living in South Dakota and spent her leisure writing articles about birds, especially red owls, a rare species which she had discovered in Pennsylvania. She was surprised and pleased when we told her that we had read them; that is, all of us excepting Peter. He said that he really had had no time to read about birds, his mind being greatly occupied with the management of his beautiful estate "Renville," located in a suburb of Philadelphia.

After luncheon, as we sat on the veranda talking as fast as we could, an automobile stopped in front of us and out stepped Montreville, dignified and stately, wearing an air of conscious pride. Even before we gave him a chair we began to ask him what noble achievements had given him this air. His modesty was so great that it took much questioning to elicit the information we wanted, but finally we discovered that Montreville was the best judge in New York City as well as the most famous. While Monty was telling of the different cases over which he had presided, Francis Eastman arrived, looking well and prosperous. Francis had married one of his old schoolmates and was living in Peever, South Dakota. He was in the real estate business and was doing everything in his power to help the Indians! How proud Carlisle would have been of this son! Not far behind Francis were Sadie and Harrison, who had met at the station and strolled up together. Sadie was married and living in a Swedish settlement in Wisconsin; while Harrison was a very successful butcher in West Depere, and thought the work much more to his taste than the trade at which he worked when a schoolboy at Carlisle.

Throughout the day, one of the chief topics of conversation had been the books written by Henry Broker. We had all read them and we all knew that critics had pronounced him the greatest humorist since Mark Twain; but we all agreed that Henry certainly did not waste much of his humor on his classmates at Carlisle. While we were discussing the last book written by our distinguished classmate, we saw an aeroplane coming in our direction. It stopped at an "air station," not far from us, and from it alighted Henry himself, who at once began to tell us of his first attempts at writing humorous stories. While we were laughing with Henry, Iva Metoxen appeared, adding another to our group of celebrities, for she, after graduating from a conservatory of music, had become an instructor at the Institute of Musical Art in New York City. Leila Waterman was the next to arrive. She said she had been in Europe studying voice culture and that while there she had met Fred Cardin who had persuaded her to change her name for his. We all laughed at that, for we remembered well how Leila used to complain of the length of her name.

While Leila was telling of her adventures in Europe, Earl Doxtator arrived. He had just returned from a tour in China with his famous Doxtator Band. He (Earl) was telling us how much the Chinese appreciated good music and of the large audiences that had attended his concerts, when Fred Sickles came. Before he had finished relating his experiences as a missionary among the Hopi, dinner was announced. It was a happy and united company that gathered around the table on that day, thankful that we had all been spared to meet again and proud of one another for the honorable place each one occupied. The evening was spent as the day had been in reminiscences, interspersed with music furnished by Leila and Iva.

On the afternoon of the next day, William, in whose honor the reunion had been planned, made his appearance, and his surprise and delight knew no bounds when he found all his class, except one, present to wish him success in his political campaign. Immediately political discussions became the order of the day and lasted without intermission until the arrival of our missing classmate, Cora Elm, full of apologies for her late arrival. We readily forgave her, when we learned that she was at the head of a home for babies all under three years of age. How she ever got away at all, was a question in our minds. There were babies of all nationalities, she told us,—Chinese, Japanese, Indian, white and negro, and she found them all most interesting and lovable.

The days of our meeting fled by very quickly, and as we parted each one paid a loyal tribute to the influence of Carlisle upon his life. We all felt that, because of our training there, we had had ability and confidence to do great things in the world.

"Character is power, and is the best advertisement in the world."

"Self-confidence and self-respect give a sense of power which nothing else can bestow."

CAMPUS ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.

By Estelle Bradley, *Chippewa.*

IT WAS during vacation that Bigbear made his first visit to the Girls' Quarters. Before that he had never traveled farther than the Dining Hall and he had little use for girls owing to the cruel reception he had received on his first excursion into the dining room. This happened one evening when the work in the dining room was almost finished. The girls were leaving one by one, and before Bigbear knew what was going on he found himself seized by a tall, slender lady, whom he had never seen before, and thrown out of doors for the night. Although Bigbear has cushioned paws, he cannot transfer these cushions to other parts of his body at need, so he suffered from the harsh treatment received at the hands of the young lady who, at that moment, was substituting in the dining room as a matron. Nevertheless, Bigbear never failed to visit the Dining Hall three times a day, the same as the boarders, knowing that there, during meals, he would find his best friends. But he never forgot the insult he had received, and remained aloof from the girls for a long time. Finally, during vacation, as I said, he ventured into the Girls' Quarters. He walked in and was astonished at the stillness everywhere; there was not a soul to be seen and he was filled with wonder for he had supposed that the students were always noisy and in an uproar. Cautiously he walked up the stairs, but met no one, as everybody was out walking. When half-way up the steps, he heard the familiar ring of the telephone bell, and, although no one answered, he felt assured that he was on familiar ground, so he no longer crouched timidly as before, but boldly made his way up the stairs. Suddenly he heard a footfall and soon a real person came into view who gave Bigbear such a grand reception that he then and there decided to adopt these quarters as his permanent home.

The very first evening he spent in his new quarters revealed to him that here was a good hunting ground; for, having gone into the court, he found plenty of game suitable to so skillful a hunter. He lost no time, but caught a rat which he teased for an hour, as is the way with his kind.

It was not long before Bigbear made his way to the third floor, where he found true friends who would bring him a piece of meat when he was too late to get out before the doors were closed. No pet could be so charming as he and none more welcome in any quiet room, for he was so gentle in his manner that the most fragile treasure was safe from him; so unobtrusive in his bearing that he never distracted the attention of anyone from her work, and so dainty in his tastes and habits that it was a pleasure to be in his company.

But Bigbear did not spend all his days in the luxury of the Girls' Quarters; he had adventures of a more exciting nature very often. For instance, one day during the hot summer, Bigbear was lying on the band stand to enjoy the breeze which blew over him. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and his fur began to puff out. There stood a little black dog! Soon another appeared and both stood looking at Bigbear standing still, puffed out to double his usual size, and hissing at them in the most threatening manner. The little dogs, curious to know what kind of curiosity this was, jumped at Bigbear. Although they only did it to tease him (for both Bobby and Collie have the most beautiful dispositions in the world) Bigbear never forgave them for their impudent attack. Thereafter, whenever he heard or saw the two puppies approaching, he would retreat to the house or to the branches of a tree.

Now I must tell you about Bobby, one of the pets of the campus. One day Bobby spent an hour and a half trying to tease Bigbear to come down out of a tree and play with him; but Bigbear would not make friends. Then Bobby saw Dan, the ugly-faced pug, who had just returned from a pleasant automobile ride, and away he went to invite Dan to a place where he had hidden a bone in the ground by a tree. Dan, stylish as he was, matched his strength with Bobby's for possession of the bone, but Bobby came off conqueror, so Dan left him in disgust. No one, it seemed, would play with Bobby, so he decided to get into mischief. Therefore he stole over to the next house where lived three Russian wolfhounds who were absent for the afternoon. Bobby found their stock of bones, selected the largest and choicest, and returned home, slinking around the back way, like the thief he was.

Poor Bobby suffered from being so great an athlete. The Russian wolfhounds would not run with him, he was so much swifter than they; then he tried Dan, who, he thought, would make a good comrade in feats of strength; but Dan failed him entirely. He next sought out Don, the school physician's dog, and here he found his match, for he got plenty of exercise running races and struggling with him.

In mentioning the animals of the campus, one should not forget Mack, who is seldom seen around the campus. "Playful Mack," as he is called, is always tied up at home and rarely goes out for any exercise, much to his and Bobby's disgust, for they love to race with each other.

The animals of the campus play an important part in the education of the Indian youth at Carlisle, for they learn many lessons of wisdom, patience, and shrewdness from them.

"Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone."

MY TRIP TO GETTYSBURG.

By Sadie Ingalls, *Sac and Fox.*

LAST Spring, with Miss Reichel as chaperon, six of us girls visited the celebrated National Cemetery of Gettysburg. Our journey began early in the morning and occupied a delightful two hours, taking us through the beautiful Blue Ridge country with all its magnificent scenery. As we drew near the town of Gettysburg, imposing monuments began to come into view—monuments erected on this battlefield by the different States, in memory of their honored dead. The sight of these shafts gave us a thrill, for we knew that we had reached our journey's end and were about to visit "Fame's eternal camping-ground."

At the station, Mr. Hartzell, a well-known guide, met us and we began, under his direction, our sightseeing expedition. First we drove around the town of Gettysburg—a small American village so quiet and peaceful that only two policemen are needed for duty, one during the day, and the other during the night. The

town is right in the center of the historic battlefield and has many houses made interesting from the fact that their walls are marked with bullet holes. No town of its size in the United States has so many visitors, for during the spring and summer tourists throng here by the thousand. The town was quickly explored and we entered the Gettysburg National Park, which includes the Soldiers' National Cemetery. This park, covering twenty-five square miles or sixty thousand acres, is the only battleground in the world which has been clearly and accurately marked. It is owned and kept in condition by the Federal Government and the State of Pennsylvania. It is so carefully laid out that the position of every body of troops which participated in the great battle and the manœuvers of both sides can be traced readily to-day. Here, more than five hundred memorial shafts and tablets, in addition to more than a thousand markers, representing in value several million dollars, have been erected. There are also four immense equestrian statues in honor of Generals Meade, Hancock, Slocum, and Reynolds. Many monuments bear emblems, one of which impressed me particularly. This was the emblem on the monument dedicated to the Irish Brigade, the figure of a bloodhound, the symbol of faithfulness, commemorating through all the ages the faithfulness of this division of the army. As may be imagined, our drive through this park was full of interest. First came a house with a bullet imbedded in the wall; then the Meade High School named in honor of Major-General Meade. In front of the school building was a statue of a schoolboy dedicated to the schoolboys of Gettysburg. The Meade High School building and the buildings of Pennsylvania College were used, during the war, as hospitals. Turning off to the west, down Confederate Avenue, we saw monuments of various sizes and the original Confederate breastworks. Next was Reynolds Avenue with McPherson's Woods on the right, and the spot where Gen. Reynolds was shot was pointed out to us; here, too, Gen. Archer, a Confederate, and his entire brigade of one thousand men, were captured. Driving through the woods, we drove along Chambersburg Pike, passing by the equestrian statue of Major-General Reynolds. We noticed that the horse in this statue had two feet raised and two down, and we were told that this position in sculpture signified that the rider had been killed; a horse with one foot raised and three down is an indication that the rider was wounded; while the horse on all four feet means that its rider was unharmed.

Statues, cannons, and guns of all descriptions were everywhere; but we did not have time to examine them all nor to hear the stories connected with them. We did stop long enough to visit the house occupied, during the battle, by Jennie Wade, the only citizen of Gettysburg who was killed on the morning of July 3rd. During the battle, the people fled into the cellars; but Jennie kept on attending to her household duties, and was hit by a stray bullet. The house is now a war museum where may be obtained various souvenirs of the dreadful fight. Our way toward the cemetery led us past the statues of Generals Hancock and Slocum and the original earth entrenchments of the Union soldiers near Culp's Hill. Our guide told us how the Union men occupied this hill while the Confederate soldiers were below in the valley and how at this spot General Greene drove the enemy back five times. His portrait statue has been erected at Culp's Hill by the State of New York. We drove to the top of the hill and stopped long enough to go up to the steel observatory, whence can be plainly seen all the important places connected with the first day's battle. The next stop was at Spangler's spring, where the soldiers of both sides met under truce to obtain water. Two little boys were stationed here ready to furnish the tourists with a glass of water from this memorable spring. Not far from here we noticed with interest the only monument erected to the Confederate soldiers.

By this time it was noon, so we interrupted our drive in order to have lunch, which we ate under the trees at our guide's house.

After lunch, we drove along the Emmitsburg Road, the dividing line between the Union and Confederate forces during Pickett's great charge on the third day of the fighting. Here one hundred and fifty cannon were fired on the Union men, who, in turn, opened their batteries upon the Confederate lines. The cannonade lasted two hours with enormous loss of life on each side. During this portion of the drive, we passed the Peach Orchard, the Loop, and the Wheatfield, each telling some eloquent story of the horrors of war. We were impressed by the fact that of the noted Wheatfield, it is said that this is the spot where, on that dreadful day, a harvest of death was reaped, instead of a harvest of grain.

The time was drawing near for our trip to close, so we went hurriedly around the Whirlpool of Death situated in a hollow surrounded by Little and Big Round Tops. Here thirty-nine officers were killed and eighty-nine wounded. Big Round Top is the highest elevation on the battlefield and here an observatory has been erected eight hundred and eighty feet above sea level. On Little Round Top is a bronze statue of General Warren, its brave defender. From Little Round Top we drove to the spot which is memorable as the place where that last charge was made which brought one of the most bloody battles of history to a close. This spot is marked by the Pennsylvania State monument which can be seen from every point in the battleground. On the top is the Goddess of Victory with the gentle symbolical figure of Peace beside her. Around the parapet and on the inner walls of the arches are placed bronze tablets on which are recorded the names of 34,350 officers and enlisted men from the State of Pennsylvania. The battle scenes over the archways represent four branches of the service—the artillery, the cavalry, the infantry, and the signal corps.

Our last stopping place was the Soldiers' National Cemetery, beautifully situated upon the highest ground of Cemetery Ridge. Over the gateway is a tablet bearing Theodore O'Hara's beautiful stanza:

> On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread;
> And Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead.

The burial place proper, which contains the graves of over three thousand soldiers, is semicircular in form. In the center is the National Monument on whose top is a statue representing the Genius of Liberty. She stands on a three-quarter globe, holding, in one hand, the victor's wreath of laurel, and in the other

the national flag. Projecting from the angles of the base are four buttresses on each of which is an allegorical figure—Peace, War, Victory, and Plenty. Upon the panels of the base, between the statues, are appropriate inscriptions, one of which is President Lincoln's address familiar to every American.

As we left the cemetery, the great battle of Gettysburg seemed very real to us and the words of Lincoln took on a new and solemn meaning:

We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."

"No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

By HARRISON SMITH, *Oneida*, and LIDA WHEELOCK, *Oneida*.

"In the manufacture of so small a thing as a package of pins we are told there are many 'points' to be taken into consideration.

"So in making up a paper of 'Pointed Paragraphs' you will observe that there are many points made, but, unlike the paper of pins, there is not always a head for every point. We have, therefore, taken the liberty to make two or three points for one head."

Seniors speak from knowledge, Freshmen from imagination.

A Senior knows that he knows not everything; a Sophomore thinks not that he knows nothing.

Lives of Juniors all remind us that—they're the guys that put the "bug" in the June-bug.

"And is she not a heavenly saint? No, but she is an earthly paragon."

"One of fair mind and nobly planned."

"She is never sad but when she sleeps and not ever sad then."

(LIDA WHEELOCK.)

"He was the soul of goodness and all our praises of him are like streams drawn from a spring."

"The sweet youth is in love; the greatest note of it is his melancholy."

"They lose it that do buy it with much care."

(FRANCIS EASTMAN.)

"My tastes are aristocratic, my actions democratic."

"She will succeed; she believes in all she says."

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

(SADIE INGALLS.)

"I prefer to belong to the intellectual rather than to the numeral majority."

"I am not in the roll of common men."

"I have much ado to know myself."

(HENRY BROKER.)

"Fleety, flity, flight! Whence, and oh heavens! Whither?"

"Beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful, and soft as young."

"And many Jasons come in quest of her."

(LEILA WATERMAN.)

"Strange to the world he always had a bashful look."

"Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to cureless ruin."

"This is such a serious world that we should never speak at all unless we have something to say."

(FRED SICKLES.)

"The very pink of perfection."

"I endeavor to be just, truthful, sincere, and faithful to all humanity."

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

(IVA METOXEN.)

"Never was such a sudden scholar made."

"He would wear golden spurs if knighthood were the reward of worth."

"Who chooseth me shall get what many women desire."

(EARL DOXTATOR.)

"All her thoughts are fair within her eyes."

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

"Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry."

(ESTELLE BRADLEY.)

"He is honest and of open and true nature."

"To give the world assurance of a man."

"I ask no favors and shrink from no responsibilities."

(WILLIAM GARLOW.)

"It is said that she walks accompanied by a strong, aiding champion—conscience."

"Man delights not me."

"There is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."

(CORA ELM.)

"A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross."

"Young and strong, and lightsome as a locust leaf."

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

(PETER EASTMAN.)

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

"Passing courteous but slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers."

"People look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh."

(SYLVIA MOON.)

"Fat, fair, and twenty; a man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."

"For who shall go about to cozen fortune, and be honorable without a stamp of merit."

(HARRISON SMITH.)

"She has a certain noble pride through which merit shines brighter than modesty."

"You have a noble and true conceit of god-like unity."

"A woman can keep but one secret, the secret of her age."

(ANNA HAUSER.)

"A beard was never the true index of brains."

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

"I will utter what I believe to-day, though it contradict all I said yesterday."

(MONTREVILLE YUDA.)

"Action, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character."

MY TRIP TO COLUMBUS.

By LEILA WATERMAN, *Seneca*.

THIS year I had the good fortune to be able to attend the Second Annual Conference of the American Indians, and I thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the privilege. It was an inspiration to me to hear speeches made by people of my own race in behalf of those who had not had their advantages.

The first day of the conference was devoted to the dedication of a piece of land upon which stands Logan's elm and monument, the latter bearing an inscription which tells for whom, by whom, and for what purpose this land is set apart. Naturally, on this day the thoughts of everyone were turned toward Logan, and much time was spent in reviewing the history of the famous Indian. I was most interested in learning of the speech which the great Mingo chief delivered under this very elm, one hundred and thirty years ago. The following lines of this speech interested me so much that I want to make them a part of my essay, as they reveal the attitude of the Indian toward the white man. Logan says:

> I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace; such was my love for the white man that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of the white man." I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, who, last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even his women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature; this called on me for revenge; I have sought it; I killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance; for my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; yet do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear; Logan never felt fear; he will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

The character of the Indian and the whole history of the wronged race are revealed in these few lines of this, one of the greatest, speeches on record. It must have been the pathos, the bravery of spirit, and the real nobility of the outraged chief that influenced the Pickaway Archæological Society to present this land to the State of Ohio. I felt pride in being able to witness this celebration in honor of one of my own race.

In the evening of this same day, the mayor gave us a reception. His address of welcome was very cordial and made us feel that the people of Columbus were indeed glad to have us with them.

The real business of the conference began on the next day, when two sessions were held, one for those of Indian blood only, and the other for both races. At the former meeting, a "paleface" strayed in unperceived. His enthusiasm got the better of him, during some heated discussion, and he was on the floor, talking as fast as he possibly could, until he was interrupted and was told, politely, that no one but Indians were allowed to participate in these discussions. He took his seat reluctantly, saying, "Well, I wish I were an Indian!" At the evening session, when joint meetings were held, the associate members or those interested in the Indian, were allowed to speak. The routine each day was practically the same.

Perhaps it would be of interest to know the names of some of the prominent members of the association who were present on this occasion. Reverend Coolidge, president of the society; Arthur C. Parker, secretary and treasurer, the State archæologist of New York; Henry Roe Cloud, a graduate of Yale, now in a theological seminary; Thomas L. Sloan, a successful lawyer; Dr. Montezuma, a physician in Chicago. With such examples of prosperous and useful citizenship before us, we ought to be encouraged to persist in our efforts to develop others to fill positions of equal responsibility and honor. The men I have mentioned are the pioneers in this great movement; but the outcome lies with us. Shall it end in failure and leave the Indian still dependent upon the Government, or shall it make him an independent citizen? The question waits to be answered by those of the present generation.

Thursday afternoon a luncheon was given to us by the Ohio State University; in the evening a concert of Indian music was given in Memorial Hall. This building is dedicated to Ohio's soldiers and marines and is an imposing structure with its large columns, ponderous doors, and large stage.

Sunday morning I attended Trinity Church because the Reverend Coolidge spoke there. In the afternoon we had services in Memorial Hall when Colonel Pratt spoke to us and told us, among other things, that on the 6th of October, 1879, he arrived in Carlisle with his first group of students.

Sunday evening I went to Broad Street Presbyterian Church and heard Mr. Nichols, the Indian evangelist. It was interesting to me to know that Mr. Nichols was the means of giving to the world the books of Harold Bell Wright, the "Shepherd of the Hills", Dan Mathews," and others so widley read and so filled with ennobling sentiments. It was an Indian who converted and educated Mr. Wright, and that Indian was Mr. Nichols, a lecturer and an evangelist.

On Monday morning we had our last session. After a few songs and a benediction by the Reverend Coolidge, we adjourned. One by one, we left for our several homes, each taking something of value to be thought over and developed until it shall grow into a message or a deed for the advancement and betterment of the Indian race.

POSSIBILITIES IN SPARE MOMENTS.

By WILLIAM GARLOW, *Tuscarora*.

AS THE coining machines turn in the gold room of the mint at Philadelphia, every second a grain of gold dust sifts to the floor. At the close of each day, these tiny particles of gold dust are carefully swept up, and at the end of a year these sweepings amount to many thousands of dollars. Life is a mint in which each one of us is a machine turning out, every day, the golden hours and minutes of study and service. Our spare moments may be compared to the grains of gold dust scattered over the floor in the coining room of the Philadelphia Mint. If they are neglected and wasted, much is lost; if they are collected and saved, these odd moments dropped out of a busy day will be found, as the years go by, to be of inestimable value. Everybody works during working hours. One thing that makes one man superior to another is the way in which he utilizes the time when he is not working. He who hoards and turns to account all of his spare time is the one to whom most of life's secrets will be revealed

and to whom all of life's rewards will be given. Days are like friends who come to you each morning bringing the precious gift of twenty-four new and unspoiled hours. What will you do with them? We must seize them eagerly and try to make each one count either for study, for work, for intelligent play, for strength-building rest. Not one should be used aimlessly in loafing or in pursuits which use up vitality and strength to no purpose. We may lose wealth, but it can be recovered; lost knowledge may be regained by hard study; lost health may be restored by proper treatment; but lost time can never be found again.

The waste of time in youth is very great and is usually the cause of the necessity for overwork which so often comes to one when he or she is in middle age. "There are only five minutes before the bell rings and I can't do anything in that time," is the most common expression heard here at Carlisle. Statistics will prove that such "five minutes" wisely used, day after day, would make the difference between a life of intellectual labor and a life of sordid drudgery in the future. History, again and again, gives us examples of poor boys and girls with, apparently, no chance to better their lot, who have made for themselves illustrious careers out of the broken bits of time which we throw away here at Carlisle to our own hurt.

It is said that one hour a day, profitably used, will enable one to master a complete science or to acquire a paying profession. Is there any one of us who does not deliberately throw away such an hour every day of his life? Our daily routine of work and study does not and should not occupy all our time. Everyone should have a hobby, a side-line so to speak, with which to amuse himself in his spare moments. Such a hobby invariably keeps one out of mischief and teaches one much. If wisely chosen, it may lead to desirable things. There is no man too busy to snatch an hour a day for self-improvement, and most men have many hours which they are anxious to get rid of and which they spend in ways leading to self-degradation.

Present time is the raw material out of which we can make whatever we wish to make. "Do not brood over the past and dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour." God gives only one moment at a time; we live always in the present; time gone is gone forever. On a sun-dial at Oxford are the words: "The hours perish and are laid to our charge. The worst of the lost hour is not so much in the wasted time as in the wasted power." Idleness rusts the nerves and weakens the muscles. Systematized work will accomplish almost everything; but laziness will destroy all a man's prospects in life—indeed it will destroy the man himself, body and soul.

The old saying, "Nothing attempted, nothing gained" is true for all of us. A single broken thread in the woven cloth ruins the whole web, and the weaver who has been careless must pay the penalty by having the loss deducted from his wages. So it is in life. He who makes a blunder in his daily use of time mars the web of his life, makes weak places in his equipment, and must pay the penalty by going handicapped for the rest of his life.

When a young man is applying for a position, his prospective employer asks at once, "Where do you lunch at noon?" "Where do you go in the evening?" "Where do you spend your Sundays?" etc. A person's character is revealed in the way he uses his spare moments. As a rule, young men who are bound to succeed spend their evenings by working at some useful thing or by indulging in some uplifting relaxation. Each evening is a crisis in the career of a young man. As Whittier says—

This day we fashion destiny, our web of Fate we spin,
This day for all hereafter choose we happiness or sin,

Time is money; we should not be stingy with it, but we should not throw away an hour any more than we would throw away a dollar bill. Waste of time means waste of money, waste of vitality, waste of character, waste of a whole life. One should beware how he kills time, for it is the duty of each one of us to cultivate every talent we possess by watching with an eagle's eye for every chance of improvement, by redeeming the time that has been loaned us, by defying temptation, by promoting useful pleasures. In this kind of effort, one can make himself useful, honored, and happy.

CLASS SONG—1913

Onward, Seniors, valiant and true!
True to life's purpose, true to the "blue."
Seniors, conquer, "crimson" ever leads—
Never say down, never say down.

CHORUS:

Hail to Class '13, forging ahead,
True to life's purpose,
Loyal to "crimson and the blue."
Class of 1913, cheer forever!

"Perseverance," firmly we stand!
Loyal to truth, ye senior band.
The goal in sight, forward we're due,
Onward to the summit, "crimson, light blue."

"Be a hero in the strife."

"There is not a moment without some duty."

THE GRADUATES.

Montreville Yuda is working in town.

Fred Sickles is working in Philadelphia.

Peter Eastman is at his home in Peever, S, Dak.

William Garlow is at his home in Lewiston, N. Y.

Harrison Smith is assisting Mr. McKean, the disciplinarian.

Anna Hauser and Sadie Ingalls are attending Metzger College.

Francis Eastman and Henry Broker are attending Conway Hall.

Sylvia Moon and Estelle Bradley are with Miss Edge at Downingtown, Pa.

Cora Elm and Iva Metoxen are working in the domestic art department.

Leila Waterman and Lida Wheelock are substituting in the academic department.

Francis Eastman selected the quotations for the Senior Arrow.

"Tell me what a man reads and I'll tell you what that man is."

"By attention ideas are registered in the memory."

"A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.

SEWING.

By LIDA WHEELOCK, *Oneida.*

WE Indians who have been educated by our Government owe a debt of gratitude which can be paid only by putting to practical use all that we have learned here. The Government is instructing the Indian by means of efficient supervision, so that he in turn may create among his brothers, through the elevating influence of education, an appreciation of the Indian's own powers; that he may be trained to meet the demands of life and to develop the ability to become a willing, self-supporting worker. Carlisle was founded for the purpose of giving the Indian a practical training, giving him not only the knowledge of books, but teaching and emphasizing the dignity and nobility of work.

With this aim in view, Carlisle is equipped with about twenty trades for boys, and the girls are taught the three essentials of every woman's education, namely, cooking, laundering, and sewing.

Believing, then, that it is well to relate briefly what every girl and woman should know, I have taken the subject of sewing, in which only the most practical points are brought to your observation through the various demonstrations that are being shown this afternoon. Many of the girls show special talent in this line of art, as the mothers before them have shown ability and skill in their own native art.

Sewing, like all other professions, must be taught step by step, and unless one masters the simple lessons in sewing, including darning, mending, plain hemming, and seaming on simple garments, she cannot hope to become skillful in the art of using the needle, which is so essential to every woman and girl as an aid to domestic neatness and economy and a help to profitable occupation. The demand for sewing is so great among the Anglo-Saxon race that many of the largest institutions have added this important branch of domestic art. Then how much more important is this knowledge for the Indian girls of to-day that are preparing for useful lives a race of people not inheriting the civilization of generations.

Upon entering Carlisle I was placed in the first grade sewing class where I became proficient in darning stockings; I also learned in mending how to match the stripes and plaids.

When you consider the amount of darning and mending one must do in a family of four or five you will readily see why it is so necessary that a child should learn how to mend, because the training is a great help in the household. In this department we were given short hours, providing we were painstaking and did our work well; if not, we remained and were excused at the regular time.

In the second or plain sewing grade I would emphasize the fact that this is practically the foundation of all sewing and therefore thoroughness is absolutely necessary. This training consists in the construction of various patterns for plain clothing, such as shirts, underclothing, aprons, gowns, white waists, etc. When one has learned plain sewing, the higher courses can be readily mastered. One of our girls who left a number of years ago, and who now has a family of her own, writes that she is glad to have acquired so thoroughly the knowledge of plain sewing, for she is able to dress her children, as well as herself, with very little expense. Dozens of such examples could be given if time allowed.

The demonstration in measuring is to convey to you that knowledge in figuring is all important. Unless one can calculate closely the amount of material required for various articles, surely there can be no economy. This is what every girl should know. She should know exactly the price of all goods; be able to distinguish them and above all to keep in close range of her pocket-book. It is a great mistake and an error in judgment for a girl to provide herself with clothes that are rich and costly when she is obliged to live simply and unpretentiously.

The pattern is only a guide, yet when one is not skilled in using it, one will find that the guide is prone to lose the way and very often ruins the whole garment. After learning, then, how to make a plain garment, it is very necessary that the girl should know how to draft and use the pattern for each article before she is granted a promotion to the third grade. She should also know how to make neat button holes and simple embroidery; she should be able to indentify the parts and various attachments of a sewing machine and to use them whenever possible.

After a girl is able to master every detail in plain sewing, she then takes up dressmaking in the third grade, first starting with simple and less expensive goods in making shirt waists, plain white skirts, and wash dresses; then she feels more confidence in herself and is able to take up good quality material in making serge school dresses and uniforms.

Up to this time, if a girl has been trained properly, she is able to cut, fit, and make her own dresses. To prove this statement I need only to point out to you our graduation dresses. These dresses were made by ourselves after selecting the material and drafting the patterns.

In this class are also taught the alteration of suits and dresses, so that a girl may economize by making over last year's dress into a modern fashion, thereby preventing the accumulation of partly worn clothing and saving her money for future use. To show how much a girl may save by making her own clothes, I have calculated the cost of this neat afternoon dress, which was made by one of my classmates. It is trimmed with embroidery, as you see, which is a neat decoration and can be applied to more elaborate gowns and to nearly all household linen. This dress required 6 yards of goods at $0.12½ a yard, or $0.75; ½ yard of linen for the collar, cuffs, and piping, $0.15; findings, $0.15; and two skeins of silk floss, $0.10; making a total of $1.15. A ready-made dress of the same quality material and make would cost you not less than $3.98.

The last grade which has been recently added to the sewing department gives an outlook for greater advantage in the future, for the course in millinery has added a new scope of achievement for the Indian girl.

This department is equipped for the purpose of covering the complete course in advanced dressmaking and millinery, which includes drafting, cutting, fitting, the making of coat suits and the making of dress trimmings, such as fancy buttons, buckles, and rosettes. The course in millinery includes the making of both buckram and wire frames, such as you see demonstrated, and the making of straw braid or velvet covering

HOMES OF CARLISLE EX-STUDENTS

TOP ROW—MAY JACKSON FISHER, CHIPPEWA, MT. PLEASANT, MICH. VISTA GRAY RING, ASSINNIBOIN, HARLEM, MONT.
BOTTOM ROW—WALTER ANALLO, PUEBLO, WAGNER, S. DAK.; DELIA HICKS MAUPIN, WYANDOT, PERRY, OKLA.

Panoramic Views of the Campus

GENERAL VIEW

LOOKING NORTH

LOOKING SOUTH

and trimmings, such as buckles, rosettes, bows, and ruching, as the style demands. The girls are taught custom work, which trains them to select styles suitable for the customers, with such aid as the instructor sees necessary, thereby fitting the girl to enter business life if she desires.

Our sewing room has been recently remodeled, giving more space, ventilation, and convenience, and with such inducements every girl should enjoy working in this department. If one follows the course, I have no doubt that there will be some failures to meet, but if one perseveres there will come success, as many of the girls who have gone from this school have experienced. It is not Carlisle's idea, however, to fit the Indian girl for business life only, but more especially to train her for a practical home life among her people, for it is only natural that every girl's ambition is to have a home of her own where she will have the greatest opportunity to use her education in sewing.

SANITATION IN INDIAN HOMES.

By Francis Pambrun, *Piegan.*

ONE of the most important trades taught at Carlisle is that of plumbing. It is not only a good paying trade, but it lays the foundations for health, comfort, and happiness in the home and in the community.

The students who adopt this trade not only receive practical instruction in putting up plumbing fixtures, but they study, first of all, the science of sanitation, and a new world is thus opened up to them—a world in which they, in large measure, may engage in a hand to hand conflict with the dread monster, disease, and come off conqueror. Especially is a knowledge of this science of sanitation necessary for the Indian, for reasons which will be discussed later; therefore, the plumbing trade is the trade of all others which enables the Indian student to do the greatest service to his race.

In studying the principles of sanitation, we learn at the outset that the members of a family cannot be strong and vigorous where bad sanitary conditions prevail. One cannot have a garbage pile near the house and expect to live in a healthy condition; for garbage generates germs and attracts flies which carry the germs to the house, poisoning everything with which they come in contact. In view of such familiar conditions, the problem of good sanitation among poor people, people of moderate means, or people who live in countries where water for flushing sewers is not easily obtainable would seem too great to be solved, were it not for the fact that the most important sanitary agents are air and sunlight which are God-given and ours, in unlimited supply, for the taking. With these two agents at everybody's command, with water, which in most cases is abundant and free, there is left for the first factor in improved conditions, the subject of drainage. This the student in the plumbing department must and does understand thoroughly.

A good sewage system is a necessity. All over the United States, municipal governments are enforcing strict sanitary laws and compelling people to abandon the garbage barrel system, once so common, and dispose of all waste matter through properly constructed sewers.

Examples of the evils caused by lack of proper drainage are easily found. In Constantinople, for instance, they have no sewage system. They throw their sewage into the streets to be picked up by the dogs; what is not eaten by them is left to breed disease germs; hence the people of Constantinople are dying by thousands and the lowest order of civilization prevails. In our own country even, in our neighbor city, Philadelphia, the drainage system is not what it should be. It is a familiar sight to see waste water flowing down the streets or through an exposed gutter into which fresh water is turned for flushing. But in no part of the United States is sanitation so grossly neglected or its laws so little comprehended as among the Indians. The reason for this is obvious when one gives a hasty glance over the history of the race. Only a few generations ago, the Indians lived in the open; they had all the air and sunlight of heaven flowing around them night and day; never tarrying long in one spot, the lack of drainage was neither felt nor realized. They lived as men in the dawn of the world lived, breathing air that was fresh and unpoisoned. But notice the difference in conditions to-day. On the reservation, many of the Indians live in small, poorly built frame or log houses, with, more often than not, two or three families in one house. These houses, as a rule, are very small and dirty, with only one window and, in a good many cases, this one window has a flour sack stretched over it, so no sunlight and very little air can enter. Others live in dugouts, as they are called, in the side of a hill, where there is no sunlight and no ventilation whatever. In olden days, Indians used to move camp when the ground around become too dirty, but now they cannot move whenever they wish and so are compelled to live in this way until they are taught to live differently. Naturally, they do not know how to live in one place; their instinct is to move around. It is evident that living in one room, crowded and unventilated, cooking and eating in the same room, are conditions which produce the deadliest of disease germs. Epidemics of all sorts are all too common in that race whose lives used to be long in the land which was all theirs once to dwell in. Of all the curses which ignorance of sanitation has brought upon the Indian, the worst is tuberculosis, the "white plague." We who have studied our trade need no wise physician to tell us that this disease is caused by living in houses without sunlight and ventilation, with too many families under one roof. One third of the deaths among Indians is the result of lung diseases. Realizing this, Carlisle spares no pains to teach thoroughly this important trade. The instructor in this school is, perhaps, one of the best in his department. He knows every part of his work and understands whatever he undertakes to teach.

You to whom the word "plumbing" suggests merely the putting in of bathroom fixtures, the laying of pipes and steamfitting, as you have seen demonstrated here this afternoon, little realize that to us it means the ability to carry life—actual life—to our people who are dying because of their ignorance of the laws which are the foundation of the trade.

The shop in which this trade is taught is a model of its kind and is worth a brief mention. The shop is 45x57 feet in size. It consists of two rooms, of which the one in the back is divided into two parts; one part is

used as a storehouse for pipes and fittings, and such tools as are needed in the digging up of a sewer pipe; the other part is used for a wash room, and here are lockers for the boys to hang their clothes in and all kinds of lavatory conveniences.

The larger room, or front room, is the one in which all the work is done. On one side are seven windows, on the other, four, and a double door in front, all affording plenty of light and air. In the top of the shop are skylights operated by levers, making the ventilating system of the shop modern in every respect. The equipment of the shop is complete and consists of two pipe machines for cutting threads on pipe and for cutting pipes into different lengths, besides other machines necessary to the trade, such as a drill, emery wheel, etc.

Here we learn how to make a house comfortable, how to install all the things necessary to insure this comfort, how to use and care for our tools, and how to judge tools and material.

Not only does the student work in the shop, but, through the outing system, he acquires practical experience in doing actual work in the outlying towns. That is, when a student has acquired some knowledge of the trade here in the shop, he is sent out to work with other plumbers to try himself out and see if he is fit to go out into the world for himself. In this way he receives valuable experience and is ready all the sooner to go back to his home on the reservation and teach the Indians how to live.

MY OUTING.

By Cora Elm, *Oneida.*

WHEN the opportunity presented itself to me to work for Miss Edge, who for many years has been an esteemed patron of this school, I felt that I was indeed fortunate and lost no time in deciding to accept her offer for the coming summer.

Accordingly, in April, I, accompanied by my schoolmate, Lillian Simons, left Carlisle with the first country party.

We certainly were delighted with our country home, which we found situated in a picturesque valley known as the Beaver Valley. The colonial house, built in 1768, gave us a great deal of pleasure, for we took delight in examining its old-fashioned furniture, fireplaces, rare books, and other antiques.

The work assigned to me was that of a waitress, so I had the entire care of the dining room and kept the rest of the house in order. In addition, I was given charge of the chickens; but I am sorry to say that I proved a failure as a farmer. I raised seventy-five chickens, but half of them were taken by weasels or some other wild animal.

Our chief amusements during the summer were playing croquet, riding horseback, and taking long walks through the surrounding country. One of the most enjoyable of these walks was to Cave Rocks, a mass of gigantic stones surrounding a cave on the side of a steep hill from whose top we could see the country for several miles around. We never tired of the view from the top of this hill with its network of verdure, grainfields, and little winding streams flowing in and out everywhere. Another of our favorite places for walking was an old Indian path on the banks of a branch of Brandywine Creek, bordering Miss Edge's lawn.

I am sure that this summer spent amid so many beautiful things was a happy and beneficial outing for me, and it was with reluctance that I left my country home; but, of course, I was glad to get back to school, as there is no place in Pennsylvania that is so dear to me as Carlisle.

HOME BUILDING FOR INDIANS.

By Joseph Henry Broker, *Chippewa.*

WITH the advancement of civilization comes the demand for better ways of living, especially as regards the home. And so it has come to pass with the Indian. His contact with a higher civilization has prompted him to abandon his primitive home for a better one—a home he had never dreamed of in his earlier days.

The tepee and the hogan heretofore had been the only architectural designs of the Indian in his home-building. The tepee, which I will attempt to describe first, was the most simple design of a home for the Indian of the northern section of North America. It was a rude structure, with poles and skins dominating as his building material. The framework consisted of about twenty-four poles —15 feet in length, 3 to 4 inches in diameter—set in the ground in a circle of about 15 to 20 feet in diameter, all leaning toward the center and fastened together, thus forming a cone-shaped structure around which was placed the covering, generally of large animal skins. A spacious opening was made at the top to insure the escape of the smoke of the fire which was always built in the center of the tepee. When it became necessary the site was abandoned and a new site selected. So the Indian of the North was not so badly off as to sanitation.

The southern Indian's ideal of a home was the hogan, more especially among the Navajos. It was built of mud or clay, in a dome shape. A square opening was made on one side for the door. Some doors were large enough to permit a man to enter upright, while other doors were smaller, compelling occupants to pass in and out in a crouching position. Most mud houses were high enough for the occupants to stand upright after entering. The hogan contained neither openings nor windows for ventilation other than the door and consequently was not ventilated properly. These two styles of homes prevailed among the various Indian tribes until a higher civilization forced them from existence.

As the red man became more closely bound to civilization and its systematic ways, a desire for something better dawned upon him and we find him to-day striving and progressing toward a better home, not only as regards convenience and comfort, but more especially along the lines of better sanitary conditions.

To-day practically three-fourths of all Indians have allotments. My allotment is in the north central part of Minnesota, almost on the southeastern corner of the White Earth Reservation, containing 80 acres of good farming land. On this allotment I intend to build my home.

In home-building the first consideration is the selection of a favorable site. A site on which to build should be on ground more elevated than the surrounding ground so as to insure good drainage. The selection of a site near a good water supply is also essential.

The second story contains four good-sized, well-ventilated bed-rooms,

each containing a large clothes-closet with which all bed-rooms should be provided, and the bath which is most conveniently placed. The windows, as you see, are many and placed so as to insure plenty of light and ventilation for each room. Also in the way of ventilation a fire-place is situated in the dining-room—no modern house should be without one. The building of this house would cost the builder a sum of $800, approximately; an additional cost of a hot-air furnace, $110. The painting would cost about $35, making an aggregate cost of $945.

This is an ideal and a modern house in every respect and is just the thing for a medium-sized family, and it is well suited for any place, town, city, or country. It is extremely popular with a class of people desiring comfort, neatness of design, and a generally well-planned and well-laid-out house.

The character of the surroundings of a home is important and adds to the appearance as well as pointing out the thrift of the owner. The house yard should be large, surrounded by a well-built fence—a picket fence is most desirable, but if not available a hedge may be used.

Trees should be planted in the most convenient places, not too near the house. They are beneficial to the occupants for shade, under which to linger at leisure moments, and they add appearance to the yard.

A grove of trees should be planted, if not already there, on the side from whence the prevailing winds sweep the yard. It would add greatly to the comfort of the people and to the protection of the home in somewhat acting as a windbreak. This grove should also be planted so as to protect the orchard.

The garden should be made back of the house, at a distance making it convenient for the owners to take care of it and see to it properly.

Proper regard to the location of barns and other buildings is necessary. They should be situated away from the house at a distance of about 75 yards. In Minnesota they are generally built in a northeasterly direction from the house, so the north and northwest winds may carry barnyard odors away from it. In the construction of barns and other buildings, one must remember that if he expects to get the most out of his stock he must give careful attention to the feeding and the housing of such stock.

In conclusion, I wish to say that it is not to be expected that all Indians can build such a home as I intend to build, but they can all do as I have done, viz, consult their pocket-books, their surroundings, their opportunities, and their special needs, and then build accordingly.

FARMING.

By Peter Eastman, *Sioux*.

THE Government provides two farms at Carlisle for the purpose of educating and instructing the Indian youth in the line of practical farming.

The Parker farm contains one hundred and ten acres and is located east of the campus. It contains a dairy and piggery.

The Kutz farm, containing one hundred and seventy acres, is located half a mile from the school on the pike extending from Carlisle to Harrisburg. The buildings are large and modern in construction and are kept in good sanitary condition. The farm equipment is modern, and everything for the prompt and efficient handling of all crops is maintained.

The soil is very productive, being of limestone formation. The products of these farms are potatoes, wheat, oats, rye, corn, and rough feed.

The students are taught how to plow, how to pulverize the soil before planting, how to select the seeds, how to plant, and how to take care of the crops after growth has begun.

The work being done by students is a great advantage. They do the actual and necessary work needed on a farm. They learn to economize and the necessity of acquiring system. They are taught all the rudiments that tend to make them successful and prosperous farmers.

The dairy, of recent construction, is a model in this part of the country. Sanitation, one of the essentials of dairying, has been carefully provided for. A silo for storing ensilage has also been constructed.

Thorough instructions are given in milking, butter-making, and the best methods of bottling and caring for the milk. The boys are taught how to test the milk and how to find defects in the milk. The cattle are of grade stock—Jersey, Guernsey, and Short-horn. Registered bulls are purchased from time to time, and thus the cattle are well bred and in good physical condition.

As hog raising is profitable on a farm, a piggery has been constructed near the dairy. Feeding, one of the essentials of hog raising, is taught. A separate slaughtering room is provided where the boys are given a chance to learn how to slaughter and dress hogs.

Students at Carlisle are also given a chance to go out under the Outing System and work side by side with practical farmers until they have learned their ways and methods of farming. Care is taken to choose only those farmers, as patrons, who are of good repute and who will afford the proper home training for the boys. By this method a thorough course in practical farming is taught by actual experience in tilling the soil, selection of seeds, planting of crops, harvesting the crops, necessities of rotation of crops, and the care of animals, together with a host of details about a farm that would be impossible for anyone to be familiar with who has not lived on a farm.

Agriculture is the chief industry among my people. This growing industry is appropriate for the Indians. They have followed it in the past, but on a comparatively small scale.

The Indian is known to have raised corn as early as the discovery of this country and has raised it ever since. It is true that his methods, like the methods of the Navajo to-day, were crude, but he is rapidly changing his methods to suit the demands of the time.

The Indian is used to the free, outdoor life. There he has lived and tilled the soil in the past. The advent of the white man has necessitated a change until now he is able to compete with his white neighbor on equal terms.

The help of our Government facilitates agriculture until now every Indian is capable of being a successful farmer if he chooses to be one.

Farming on the reservation is not only helping to educate them, but it makes them realize the necessity of working the soil. They are given a chance to farm on a medium scale. Machinery, horses, and buildings are purchased for them by an instructor

in farming who looks after their affairs with much interest. The Indian on the reservation needs the instruction.

He must study the soil and realize when and what kind of fertilizers it needs. He must know the best fertilizers and their component parts. He needs to know the proper kind of seeds to select and realize the necessity of sowing nothing but the very best of seeds. Care should not only be taken in preparing the ground before planting, but after the planting it must be kept clear of weeds and all other things which hinder the crop in growing to its fullest capacity. He must know the needs and ways of rotating the crops. There are different means of rotating the crops, but a farmer must know at least one good, practical way.

A farmer must know the best means of irrigation and drainage. He must perform these duties so as to occupy and use as little land as possible and yet obtain good results. He must have a business form of transacting his business. He must know how to keep his accounts and see how he stands in the business.

My reservation is located in the northeastern part of South Dakota, in a productive region where the soil is suitable for all farm products. Here agriculture has not advanced as much as it has in the East. The proper care is not given the soil, and thus it depends almost entirely upon the weather.

Some Indians are farming on equal terms with their white neighbors, produce equal results, and are looked upon as the prosperous farmers of that region.

Our farm is situated three miles north of a small market town with a population of about five hundred. The farm consists of two hundred and forty acres, which is divided into the yard, fields, pastures, garden, and the grove. The buildings are conveniently situated, being near the public highway. They consist of a two-story frame building containing eight rooms, a frame barn large enough to shelter all our stock, a good-sized granary, a chicken house, and a piggery.

A grove consisting of box-elders, cottonwood trees, willows, and soft maples is situated north of the house. The grove protects a small orchard containing apple, plum, and cherry trees and also protects a number of gooseberry and current bushes. The grove affords shelter for the garden, which is located east of it.

Every acre of land is put to some advantage. Along the winding creek, where it is inconvenient to plow, it is taken up for pasturage. A strip across the northeastern corner is taken up by the railroad. The fields are so arranged as to make it more convenient for plowing. The large field on the south was divided last summer into two fields—wheat and oats. The field on the north was used one half for corn, and the other half was summer fallen. The field on the east side of the railroad was used for barley. The field on the southwestern part of the farm was given up partly for corn and the remainder for blue stem.

In summing up the yields of the fields we had an average yield of forty bushels to the acre, the best yield we have had in many years. The best yield was that of oats, which yielded seventy-five bushels to the acre.

The stock of the farm are graded. We have fifteen head of horses and ten head of cattle. The hogs number about thirty or more.

The general way of marketing the crops at home is to haul the grain directly from the threshing machine to the market. If the prices are low, the grain is stored away until the prices are high enough to suit the farmers.

Agriculture is the life of any nation. Without it the progress, wealth, and happiness of any country is impaired.

From time immemorial to the present day, it has been the most essential work of man's hands, until to-day it has come down to us both as a science and an art.

A SUMMER AT OCEAN CITY.

By Anna Hauser, *Cheyenne.*

MY summer was spent at Ocean City, N. J., with a very kind family from Brooklyn, and a very profitable summer it proved to be, for I learned a great many things of which I had never dreamed before; therefore I shall never in all my life regret that I took the chance of spending this particular season down by the sea.

Ocean City, only a few miles from the famous Atlantic City, is situated on an island about seven or eight miles long. On this island, there are no public dancing halls nor any saloons.

We had plenty of work to do, but we had many good times, as well. Each afternoon when our work was finished, we would get our bathing suits and spend an hour or two on the beach. It was a hard task, at first, to keep the waves from knocking us over, but I finally learned how to swim over the large breakers.

At one end of the island there is a small chapel, and during the summer we never missed a single service.

Among the holidays of the summer, I remember best the 26th of August when we went to Atlantic City by water and stayed there all day The boardwalk there, of which one hears so much, is about six miles long and lined with stores and booths containing all kinds of beautiful things. At almost every hour of the day and evening it is filled with rolling chairs and with people on foot. There is a boardwalk at Ocean City, too, but it is not so long. The piers at Atlantic City are another interesting and characteristic feature, especially Heinz's free pier, which is open all the time. At the "new pier" in Ocean City we spent a great deal of our play time, for there they have all kinds of slides and other things to amuse little children as well as grown-up ones.

I came back to school the latter part of August, very glad to be back after spending such a happy summer at Ocean City.

"Education begins the gentleman;
But reading, good company, and reflection must finish him."