

The
Carlisle Arrow

Senior Number



Class Nineteen Hundred Fourteen





THE SENIOR'S RETURN

Thus they greeted Hiawatha,
 Thus his parents made him welcome
 When he reached the reservation
 After four bright years of schooling,
 Where the paleface trains the red man.
 Proudly did his mother eye him,
 Eyed his necktie, eye his dopestick,
 Eyed his waistcoat, socks, and shoestrings,
 Eyed the cuffs upon his trousers,
 Eyed his dinky, gum-drop derby,
 Eyed them all and then was silent.
 Far too proud she was for talking,
 But his father spoke in plenty,
 "Gar-ne-poo-wah," meaning "Lemon,"
 "Los-ki-tah-wis," meaning "Soak him,"
 "Won-by-boo-dam," meaning "Rotten,"
 "Toom-bish," meaning "Something awful,"
 "Boc-glub," meaning "Rah-rah-rah-Boy,"
 "Ugh-Swat," meaning "Let me at him."
 Thus he greeted Hiawatha,
 Thus his father made him welcome;
 Then, with sad and dismal gruntings,
 Incoherent, pessimistic,
 Then he got a "Swig-hic-pi-i;"
 Paleface calls it "heap big skate on."

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PRIDE OF OUR NATION

By ROSE WHIPPER, *Sioux*.

PRIDE of our Nation, to you we are calling,
Hear our cry rising from mountain and glen,
Ne'er let our summons on dull ears be falling,
Give us, O give us our birthright again!

Pride of our Nation, to you have been given
Knowledge and culture, befitting your race;
It is by you that our chains must be riven,
You who the wrongs of the past must efface.

Pride of our Nation, the Red Man is waiting,
Lone in the forest where once he held sway;

Bending his ear, he can hear the heart beating
Of the new life that is dawning to-day.

Pride of our Nation, our Daystar has risen;
Far in the East is the glimmer of dawn;
Burst are the bonds of our soul's dreary prison;
Rise we to greet the return of the morn.

Civilization's tide, casting us far aside,
Comes flowing back with a sweep strong and true;

Bringing our children home—their scholars' honors won—
Men of Carlisle, we are waiting for you!

SALUTATORY

By SIMON NEEDHAM, *Chippewa*.

LADIES and Gentlemen, Teachers and Schoolmates:—The class of 1914 extends to you a most cordial greeting. We are glad to have you here; glad that you are come to listen to these exercises, which mark the end of our school days and the beginning of a new life upon which we are entering with the same equipment as our white brothers.

This occasion is one to which we have long looked forward as an occasion of much importance in our lives. Will it really mark the beginning of a new life for us, or will it merely develop into a social function, forgotten as soon as the lights are out? The answers to these questions rest with each individual member of the class. We can go out into the world and work as hard as we have here, cherishing the same ideals and striving after the same degree of self-improvement, or we can fold our hands,

spend our days in idleness, and, in a few years, lose all we have won from Carlisle. The diplomas which we receive to-day will always exist to tell of work accomplished, of results achieved, and of honors won here at school; but the question I would put to the class in all seriousness is, Shall we utilize these honors? Shall we make practical use of the lessons which Carlisle has taught us? Or shall we drift along and lose, through inaction, all the advantages which our education is able to give us?

School life and real life are very different, and it does not follow that because we have won distinction in our work here we shall be able to win similar distinction in the world outside these walls. A heavy obligation rests upon us.

As alumni of Carlisle we must make good in whatever we undertake and do our part towards keeping up the standard of this institution. To-day we become members of that band of

graduates who have been leaving Carlisle each year since the first class was graduated. Always and everywhere they are loyal sons and daughters of old Carlisle; always and everywhere they are loyal native Americans, true to the best interests of their country, zealous and unflagging in their great work of uplifting our race—once the proud possessors of this glorious land whose flag of the free floats high over vast possessions.

Thousands before us have been just as talented, just as enthusiastic, and just as worthy of honor as we. Where they have failed, we too may fail; where they have succeeded, we may succeed, if we try with all the might that is within us. We are individuals of different sorts, some of us have developed one set of faculties, the rest of us another; our abilities have been spent in different directions; but if we can only average with the classes that have gone before us to mark out the way, we shall have a right to feel proud and satisfied.

We are about to enter a sphere of action without limit. It is very unlikely that there is in our class any future Lincoln, or Grant, or any other hero or benefactor; but our class is composed of men and women who we feel will be true to themselves, who will have an honest purpose in life, and who, by perseverance and hard work, will win for themselves a place in the business and social world that will be a source of pride to our parents, our teachers, and our fellow classmates.

What we have accomplished here has been done because of the stimulating influence of our surroundings and our teachers. When we faltered, our teachers came to our assistance, freshening our drooping energies and urging us

on by suggestions and explanations; but to-day their duties in this direction cease. Henceforth we must stand alone, with few to encourage us and many to discourage. Hereafter, no one will come to us, in times of doubt and indecision, to point out to us the path we should choose. Hereafter, our friends and our fellow-men will show little interest in our advancement; each will be concerned with his own affairs. Old friends will still be loyal, but only to the extent of congratulating us upon our successes; they cannot stand by our side and help us along the way.

As we stand here to-day before an audience interested in us, and in our account of the different phases of our school life, we are all remembering that scarcely a generation ago our fathers could never even have dreamed of such a scene as this. Can we do as much in the next generation as has been done in this? All the advantages of past deeds and achievements are ours, since, in a large measure, the past governs the future. Therefore, our friends have a right to predict our future from what we have done in the days that have forever vanished. The years spent here at Carlisle have been full of opportunities, many of which we have made good use. May our future lives be full of opportunities for us, and may we seize them at the right moment and use them rightly for the glory of ourselves and of those with whom we are associated.

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to assure you of my gratification and pride at being allowed to address so distinguished an audience. In the years to come, I hope that some one of us may attain such renown that you who are here to-day will be proud to remember that you were at the graduating exercises of the Class of 1914.

OPPORTUNITY

By ALVIS M. MORRIN, *Chippewa*.

"I will find a way or make one."



OR some people things are possible, while to others these same things are impossible. There are people who will grasp whatever opportunities come in their way and push forward with heart and soul in their undertaking, thus accom-

plishing results which were deemed impossible by those who let their opportunities pass because they had neither the grit nor nerve to do the work necessary to secure success. The world thought it impossible to cross the Alps and laughed at Napoleon for trying to gain the other side of the mountains with his large army

and his heavy artillery. With the grit and determination which made him what he was, he succeeded in his undertaking and proved that the deed could have been done long before.

It was not the result of chance that Horatius was able to hold Porsena's army at bay while the bridge across the Tiber was hewn down; nor when Miltiades defeated the Persians; nor when Winkelried, rushing upon the opposing wall of steel, made, over his dead body, a path of freedom for his people. No, these things were not the result of chance, but of seeing the opportunity and seizing it as soon as it was presented. History furnishes thousands of such examples.

Here at Carlisle we are surrounded by countless opportunities—trade schools, books, teachers, athletic instruction, Christian and literary societies, friends interested in our progress, all are here to be converted into our opportunities. We have a great chance to fit ourselves for our life work and prove to the world what our race is capable of doing, given opportunity for self-improvement. Canova, though a scullion in the palace, saw his chance, grasped the opportunity that came his way, and showed to the world what he could do. Why cannot we, who are free to enter upon any vocation and are surrounded by opportunities of which Canova never dreamed, become famous, too?

It is the weak man who waits for opportunities and the strong man who makes them, or, rather, who sees those that are at hand. As a greater man than I have expressed it, "It is the man who did not wait for a chance, but found it and took it, that made himself great."

In this age of the world, the young man who is in earnest finds, everywhere, people ready and willing to help him. A youth striving to excel in his chosen line of work is always noticed and finds willing hands stretched out to aid him. Only a weak man complains of lack of opportunity. There is no reason in the world why one may not be an artist, a scholar, a poet, a states-

man, or anything for which God has given him the required talent. Opportunities for development are everywhere; but there must always be hard work to do; difficult obstacles to overcome; heavy sacrifices to be made; but the precious gifts which God has given us, if only the gift of life itself, must be developed cheerfully and to the utmost. There are thousands of men who have risen from poverty to positions of trust and honor, who have embraced their opportunities and made the most of them in the face of hard battles fought and won.

Some men seize more from the odds and ends of opportunities which others have only half used than others get out of the most favorable conditions. Like bees they extract honey from every flower. Every person they meet, every circumstance of the day adds something to their store of useful knowledge. These men will become the great men of the world.

Among our own race are men, handicapped at first, who have risen to the front. Dr. Eastman, born and reared in a wigwam and living in the wilds of the Indian country, fought his way upward and is now a well-known author and lecturer. Mr. Charles Curtis battled with obstacles and became a United States Senator. Our lot is easier than theirs, for race prejudice has been overcome, and a beneficent Government is giving the Indian youth the opportunities which once belonged only to the white man. Open doors to any vocation are waiting for the Indian to enter.

Successful men are those who have made the best use of their opportunities and have used them for their own good and the good of others. The secret of success, even worldly success, and of greatness, as the world counts greatness, was revealed by Solomon many years ago, when the world was young:—"Seest thou a man, diligent in business, he shall stand before Kings." "Diligent in business" is the summing up of the whole matter. There are chances for all; but, "things do not turn up, unless some one turns them up."



CLASS HISTORY

By FRED BROKER, *Chippewa*, and MYRTLE THOMAS, *Chippewa*.



HE Class Historian feels that it is no slight task to portray conscientiously the life history of the class of which he is an unworthy member—to portray the fortunes and misfortunes of the class in a manner sufficiently interesting to make the chronicles worth while.

I wish I might paint for you a picture of this Class of 1914 as it assembled, forty-five strong, on the first day of our Freshman year. I would draw on my canvas the portraits of forty-five of the most cheerful, light-hearted youngsters your eyes ever rested upon—boys and girls from nearly every State in the Union and representing many different tribes. At our first meeting as a class, officers, colors, and a motto were chosen, according to time-honored custom. The choosing of colors and motto was a difficult task; but the discussions aroused and the different opinions presented and argued over developed the class policy that the class of 1914 should ever stick together and work in unison in order that great things might be accomplished. The colors chosen were Orange and Blue which signify that those who wear these colors must ever be strong and true. They have meant much to us during our course and I feel sure that no member of the class will ever see either color without a thrill for the old days. The motto we selected was the one word "Courage," the most inspiring word in the language. A banner made of our colors and carrying our motto was made by Lillian Porterfield at the end of our Freshman year. The memory of that banner with the one simple word upon its field will give us help and inspiration in many a time of difficulty in the days to come.

The Class song was not written until we became Juniors, when Rose Whipper, a Sioux from Crow Creek, South Dakota, made herself famous by writing it. Miss Whipper has made history for the class of 1914. Not only is she a poet, but she is noted as an interpreter of her language. In one of her visits to New York city she assisted Professor Boas of Columbia University by interpreting for him the Sioux language.

As we entered our Sophomore year we found the class changed somewhat, original members

having left us and new ones having joined. We missed greatly those whom we lost, but extended cordial greetings to those who had been wise enough to join this illustrious class.

In Sophomore year, athletics began to engross the attention of the boys, and we were sorry to lose Edgar Moore, who was considered the best quarter and half mile runner Carlisle has ever had. The class won honors in football, basketball, and track work, our stars being Edward Bracklin, Fred Broker, Alex Arcasa, and Simon Needham. The victories in athletic contests have done more than anything else to arouse class spirit and strengthen class loyalty. Although we never captured any of the champion honors, we have always managed to stand well near the top.

Upon entering Junior year we numbered about twenty-five. Among the newcomers were Hazel Skye and Rose Snow, whom we received in exchange for Alex Arcasa and a number of others who left Carlisle and returned to their homes.

During this year we paid more attention than before to social and class duties. Among the most pleasant social events was a reception given by us to the outgoing class of 1913. This reception was held on New Year's Eve in the Mercer's Hall, which was artistically decorated for the occasion. The evening was spent in playing games and singing. Refreshments, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, and fruit, were served during the evening. At twelve o'clock both classes joined and went to the Band Stand where we ushered in the New Year with class yells and songs.

In society work, class '14 holds an enviable record, a majority of the class having held high offices in their respective societies. We must mention particularly our excellent debaters, among who are Rose Lyons, Margaret Chilson, Rose Whipper, Simon Needham, and Fred Broker.

Meanwhile, we were not neglecting the purpose for which we came to Carlisle; and, by Junior year, nearly everyone of us had chosen the trade for which he felt himself best fitted and was working at it with a will.



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1914

Boys: (standing) Harry Huston Bonser, Frederick Charles Broke, Peter Joseph Jourdain, Edward Guy Bracklin, Simon Needham. Girls: (standing) Louise Blueky, Germaine Alice Renville, Florence May Renville, Lillian Simons, Rose Letha Whippet, Hazel Nellie Skye. Sitting: Anna J. Roullette, Joseph MacDonald Jocks, Marguerite Chilton, Alvin Michael Mornin, Myrtle Thomas, Frank Holmes, Rose Elzora Lyons.



CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL BAND OF 1913

Senior year came all too soon, and we began to realize that the goal was near. We are glad that we are going out into the world to work and to test our powers; but a feeling of sadness comes over us when we think that our school-days are over. This mingled feeling of elation and sadness followed us all through the Senior year. We number now only eighteen, and of these several are new recruits, so there are few left of that happy-eyed band who gathered at Carlisle in 1910.

So many pleasant things occurred in this last year that it is impossible to enumerate them. For some reason, the event that comes to my memory first and brings with it the most pleasant recollections is a treat of coffee, doughnuts, and candy given us in the schoolroom by one of our beloved teachers. Another memory, always to be cherished, is that of a little social gathering, on Christmas night, in Mrs. Foster's room. The evening was spent in singing and in speech-making, everyone present contributing a short speech.

On New Year's Eve—our last New Year at

Carlisle—we all gathered in front of the Superintendent's house and gave our class song and yells to usher in the new year and give a suitable send-off to the old. In the midst of our merry-making, the thought came to all of us that the new year we were greeting would bring us our diplomas and would bring to a close our existence as a class.

I have mentioned some of the events of the four happy years we have spent here; but of more importance to us than our social life have been the class-room exercises and the hard work done under the guidance of our instructors. Important, too, have been the strong friendships which we have formed for one another.

Now we have finished our course and we feel that we must go out into the world to uplift and benefit ourselves and those who are associated with us. We leave here forever; but in our hearts there will live always the memory of our happy school days. The broad highway of life is beckoning us; with our motto "Courage" ever in mind, we can enter it without fear.

SENIOR ALPHABET

By MARGARET CHILSON and ANNA ROULETTE.

A STANDS for ARROW, a neat little sheet.
Which darts forth weekly, its patrons to greet.

B STANDS for Bracklin, a boy surely forging ahead.

B STANDS for Bonser, the boy of low voice and soft tread.

B STANDS for Broker, whose heart's full of joy,
And B stands for Bluesky, a girl rather coy.

C STANDS for a maiden who came to Carlisle,
Marguerite Chilson, a name with some style.

D STANDS for Duty, for Dare, and for Do;
With these for our weapons, we'll prove soldiers true.

E STANDS for "Eats" that we recklessly buy;
Science has taught, we must eat or we'll die.

F STANDS for Friendship, for Fun, and for Folly—
Life here at Carlisle has always been jolly.

G STANDS for Germaine of nineteen fourteen,
A sweeter young damsel you never have seen.

H STANDS for Holmes—"Holmes sweet Holmes," says the song;
Doubtless he'll have a "sweet home" before long.

I STANDS for Idleness, unknown to this class.
Lessons ne'er daunt us, we know we will "pass."

J STANDS for a fellow who bears the same name
As a wonderful river of Scriptural fame.

J STANDS for Jocks—a Canadian bold,
Who lives so far North that he laughs at the cold.

K STANDS for knowledge; it stands, too, for kind;
Those who have knowledge are kindest we find.

L STANDS for Lyons, a classmate most dear;
Her name stands for courage; she never knows fear.

M STANDS for Morrin who feels Cupid's dart;
He came to Carlisle to develop his mind,
But instead has developed his heart.

N STANDS for Needham, a son of Carlisle,
Whatever Fate sends him he takes with a smile.

O STANDS for Ordinary, which does not apply
To the class which leaves Carlisle to-day with a sigh.

PERSEVERANCE comes next in our alphabet plan;
It is Fourteen's own password for woman and man.

Q STANDS for Quickly. How quickly they sped,
The years of our school days, the years that are fled.

R STANDS for Roulette as light as a feather,
She dances like thistle-down that dances on forever.

R STANDS for Renville, a girl from the West,
With lofty ideals, she aims for the best.

S STANDS for Simon and Hazel Sky, too;
Our blessings go with them, whatever they do.

T STANDS for Thomas, to whom we'll give a dime,
Whenever she finds for us, the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

U. S. & Company is the badge of us all;
United we stand and divided we fall.

V STANDS for Vanity from which we are free;
Also for Venerable, which some day we'll be.

W STANDS for Whipper; she's last but not least.
In verse as at table, the best ends the feast.

X STANDS for Xylophone—an instrument grand;
And a well beloved instrument by our Senior band.

YIELD not to temptation, come under "Y;"
Our class will yield never, by Grace from on high.

Z STANDS for Zeal—my alphabet's done—
With courage and zeal all life's battles are won.
With zeal at Carlisle, we've performed each his part;
And we now say farewell, from an o'erflowing heart.



PROPHECY OF CLASS '14.

By EDWARD BRACKLIN, *Chippewa.*



IN the year 2014, Alvis Morrin III sat in his private library of the White House, at Washington, D. C., meditating very deeply. Finally, he sprang to his feet and, opening a closet concealed in the wall, took from thence a package tied with blue and gold ribbon. The contents of the package, revealed by the clear light from his library table, was yellow with age, as well it might be since it had been handed down from father to son for more than a century. He called his wife, and together they opened the package which was found to contain old letters fast crumbling into decay. First of all, bending eagerly over the yellow sheets, they read the record of the original Alvis Morrin, who, they found, had been the leader of the mighty movement which had brought all the nations of the world into lasting harmonious relations. They discovered, too, that he had been the owner of an ærial route from America to all parts of the storied East, and that, owing to an accident in his ærial calculations, he had found a grave in the restless ocean. Although he had found an untimely grave, his name and fame had survived through the ages and he had brought great glory to Carlisle where, by earnest endeavor and ceaseless study of materials and character, he had learned to make himself master of his fate when the time came.

The next letter read by the President and his wife related the fate of one Myrtle Thomas, a classmate of the illustrious Morrin. She, it seemed, had earned for herself the noble title, "Mother of Motherless Children," because of the homes for orphans which she had founded in many lands. After she had established a number of these homes in America, Morrin offered her free use of his ærial route that she might found others in the Old World. She had lived followed by the blessings of those to whom she had given home and shelter in their helplessness.

"And here is a letter from another classmate of your distinguished ancestor!" cried the President's wife, as a letter from Frederick Broker came in sight. He, they read, had been a baseball player after leaving Carlisle, and had won

renown in his position at the receiving end of the pill; but his natural ingenuity of mind would not allow him to be content with the position of professional ball player. After experimenting for a long time, he discovered a new method of tempering copper which placed his name on the world's honor roll. The name still shines resplendent there and the owner sleeps in an honored grave guarded by the waving trees of his native State.

"Hazel Sky! What a beautiful name!" ejaculated the eager lady, as she drew another century-old paper from the packet. "And what a beautiful career!" she added, for she read that Hazel, after leaving Carlisle, had gone into the northern part of what was then Canada (now a part of Uncle Sam's dominions) and, by the mere sunshine of her disposition and the genial warmth of her smile, had turned those frigid, barren fields into the most productive wheat regions in the world. Wherever she went, vegetation sprang up in her footsteps. Truly her career was a wonderful one and one that illustrates the value of a sunny smile and a loving disposition.

The fourth letter supplied information which for half a century philosophers had been seeking. In 2014, you must know, the earth was in easy communication with the various planets and many of the secrets of spiritual existence were known to the inhabitants of the world. It was not known, however, how this knowledge had been obtained nor how the earth had become connected with the rest of the system. The letter solved the whole mystery. Mr. Holmes had established a route to Jupiter and had from there successfully investigated the conditions of the Happy Hunting Ground, so long a shadowy realm to the dwellers upon earth.

Next the interested President and his wife read of Anna Roulette, who had earned a place in our Hall of Fame by her practical lectures on domestic economy and home making. In her letter she speaks sadly of finding Rose Lyons, languishing, with Mrs. Pankhurst, in Sing Sing prison, condemned to a long imprisonment for disturbing the peace by lectures on the then unpopular suffrage movement. She had lived to see her cause prevail and had held office of

high honor in the reconstructed government.

After a long silence, the President speaks: "Here is a woman who, by her devotion to religious uplift, caused the whole world to be as one in the worshipping of the Great Spirit. She often sends a message over Holmes' aerial route from the land of Spirits, to which she has departed."

"Who was that wonderful woman?" asks the President's wife.

"Rose Whipper," was the reply.

Still another document—this time telling of one Simon Needham, who had died poor because he had always spent his large earnings in making the way easier for his fellow-man. He had lived up to his name and every man who needed a helping hand found just the assistance he desired.

But the lives of all the writers of these papers were not given over to good works. It appeared that Germaine Renville, the baby of the class of 1914, had, because of her grace and beauty, become a famous theatrical star, applauded to the echo wherever she went. If her audiences ever grew restless and turbulent, she calmed them at once by playing to them on her violin. This violin is now in the Louvre at Paris, a relic and memento of a great tragedienne.

On one letter the writing had faded beyond all possibility of deciphering, but a calling card dropped from its folds as the letter was opened and the lady read, "Harry H. Bonsor, Proprietor of the Bonsor Poultry Farm, Chickenville, South Dakota." Then they remembered that in various museums throughout the country they had seen specimens of 1914 hens' eggs—small and tiny beyond belief—and they remembered to have heard that it was a man named Bonsor who, through successful experimenting, produced eggs large enough to hatch an elephant.

And now a story of opportunities realized too late—the story of beautiful Florence Renville, she who died a maid because she did not appreciate the opposite sex. Always attractive to her fellow-men, a trifle flirtatious even, she scorned and flouted them to the last.

To Joseph Jocks belongs the honor, we learn from these old papers, of first representing, on moving-picture films, scenes from planets other than our own. His first pictures of this kind were of scenes enacted on Saturn, and the glory and wonder of this achievement still re-

sound in 2014. It was a miraculous feat for one man to accomplish; but Joseph was always a stickler and learned to concentrate his thoughts when at old Carlisle, so that to him there was no such thing as failing, unless one died in the attempt to accomplish one's object.

Louise Bluesky, the wit of the class of 1914, whose lives are recorded in these documents yellowed by the touch of time, had joined "the greatest show on earth" after she had received her diploma. She soon became the chief attraction of this company and commanded the highest salary ever given a performer. And well she deserved it, for it was said of her that she, standing on the stage, straight and dignified as a pine tree, could keep an audience in roars of laughter for hours at a stretch. After tiring of the empty plaudits of the crowd, Louise retired with a vast fortune and started a fruit farm in Michigan.

The name Peter Jordan attracted them next, and they were glad to learn that he possessed all the steady-going virtues of the Biblical river for which he was named. He moved slowly through life without doing any unnecessary hustling, but managed to accomplish much good in his sedate progress toward his life's end. He lived to be more than a century old, thus showing to the world that our feverish way of living tends only to shorten one's days.

"Margaret Chilson! what a shivery name!" said the President's wife picking up and opening one of the few remaining letters. And she read how Margaret used to make her hearers shiver with the sad wondrous music she could evoke from the piano. It was said of her, in her prime, that she had the best feather-weight touch on the ivory keys of any musician of any age. The last time she was heard from she was playing in the Ex-Carlisle Orchestra touring the globe.

"Lillian Simons! why this is the woman who invented that sewing machine which can make anything of which it has a pattern!" The letter showed that she was a genius at sewing even in the primitive days of needle and thimble, of cutting, basting, and fitting. Her name is hailed loudly as the benefactor of her race.

The letters were all read and Alvis Morrin III extinguished the lights. These prophecies may never come true; nevertheless, each and every member of the class of 1914 has it in her or him

to do something for the glory of his Alma Mater, "Old Carlisle, Fair Carlisle."

The author of this prophecy is too modest to state that among the papers was one relating the wonderful inventions of one Edward Brack-

lin, the wizard of his time, who, among other things, had so revolutionized the art of skating, by his invention of a certain type of skate, that now the old, the fat, the lame and the clumsy can glide, all over the ice whenever and wherever they like.

SENIOR PROBLEMS.

By FRANK HOLMES, *Chippewa.*



One who is just looking on from the outside it might seem that a student's life in such a school as this presented very few problems necessary for his solution. But such is not the case. Things are coming up constantly which have to be met and we have to think out the best way to meet them all.

For example, with practically every necessity furnished the student, one is led to believe that there is no expense attached to individual education here at Carlisle; but such an idea is far from correct. It takes a good deal of figuring on our part to devise ways and means for meeting our expenses, for there are many articles not furnished by Uncle Sam, and these must be bought by ourselves. In spite of the wonderful laundry system here, for instance, we often lose articles of apparel and, among so many students, it is impossible to recover these lost articles. They must be replaced, and the expense must be met by us. That is merely one of many illustrations which I could give, proving that there are current expenses here as well as at other educational institutions.

A graver problem is the adoption of a right attitude towards the discipline under which we all must be. In a school like Carlisle discipline is an all-important feature; it is the chief topic of discussion among men and women who are used to being free to come and go as they please. Though at times so many rules and regulations seem to mar the pleasure of our school life, yet we realize that such rules are necessary and that all of them tend to bring about in us those feelings which produce high ideals of thought and a high standard of conduct. But, we are all young and human, so we are constantly yielding to temptation and thereby breaking some rule of the school. But, even

though we break the rule time and again, our judgment never assures us that the rule was worthless and that we had a right to break it. We know that we stray from the side of good order and good government when we break laws that have been made for the best good of the greatest number. At times every student is impatient of authority; we are likely to think that some of those who are over us are not capable of dictating to us; but as we grow older and wiser, we learn to appreciate our instructors at their true worth and to recognize them as our superiors.

A third senior problem comes up in connection with the social life of the class. Naturally seniors expect to be included in all the receptions and other social events of their senior year; so it is a real problem how best to conceal one's chagrin when a longed-for invitation does not come. If the invitation comes, the question is, How shall we act so that we appear to the best advantage? Or, How shall we dress with the limited resources at our disposal? These questions are important, for social events are often of far more importance to the individual student than the giver of the party or reception ever realizes.

But of course the greatest problem that confronts young men and women in their senior year is the problem of deciding upon a career.

The tree of life has many branches from which to pluck success; but care and deliberation must be exercised lest the wrong fruit be plucked. Love for a special career must be one's guide, always. When you find the career you are most interested in, GO AT IT. That is the first requisite for success; the second requisite is STICK TO IT. He who does these two things will not fail. "That man is wise who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is

not fitted," is advice which every one of us should take to heart.

The way in which we solve life's little prob-

lems here at Carlisle will be a help or a hindrance to us when we have to solve life's great problems in the world outside these walls.

SILHOUETTES—GUESS.

By LILLIAN SIMONS, *Mashpee.*

TALL, ruddy-cheeked, mind without relaxation,
Jerky, but quite proper, in both speech and
action.

HAIR hard to manage and always in her way,
But in logic her thoughts seldom go astray.

JUST medium in looks, but not by any means a
fright,
But on the football field he is just all right.

SOLEMN-EYED and noted for her wisdom,
With knowledge gleaned from all Christendom.

TALL, lean, and handsome, always to be seen;
A bright particular star on our football team.

DRESSES just a little short, a dainty maid and
fair;
"A Swede" some say. An Indian, of a type
that is somewhat rare.

SHORT, bright, witty, and full of pranks,
A knightly boy who is ever ready with his
"thanks."

SLIGHT of form and fair to look upon,
"Peaches and cream" her face suggests anon.

HANDSOME, but quite hidden behind that big
horn,
The playing of which makes him look rather
worn.

WITH sparkling eyes and sweetly joyous mien,
The well-beloved "infant" of class '14.

NEITHER one nor 'tother, but musical indeed,
Upon kindred subjects his hungry mind doth
feed.

EYES, nose, smiling lips, and chin,
Tell the tale of loving heart within.

In all the class he is the smallest of the boys;
Who has long since put away his toys,
For he soon will be a graduate,—Oh joy!

SLENDER in form and a decided brunette;
Of her companions she is very select.

SLOW in speech, erect, and very tall,
At the game of "Blind Man's Buff" he beats
them all.

SHORT and plump, with name that covers every
nation,
She is noted for good-natured jollification.

SHORT, plump, fair and rather sweet,
With a ready smile for every one she meets.

DIGNIFIED and calm as becomes her weighty
mould,
One who at the game of "wit" is very rarely
sold.

CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.

By JOSEPH JOCKS, *Mohawk.*



ARE you fond of being out of doors during the winter months with their burden of snow and ice? Too cold? Perhaps, but how can it be cold too when, warmly clad, you are breathing the purest air of heaven and having

your fill of whole some, healthful enjoyment?

Give up the idea that it is too cold, and come with me to Canada for the winter—to Montreal, for choice. There on the long slopes of Mount Royal, from which the city derives its name, much sleighing, tobogganing, and skiing are

to be enjoyed. There is besides plenty of snow shoeing in the outlying districts, while good skating abounds, both in and out of the city, on the many streams, lakes, and ponds, both natural and artificial, in the vicinity.

It is difficult to ascertain just which of the out door amusements I have mentioned is the favorite pastime of the average Canadian youth, or of the average grown-up, for that matter; for no one is too old, in Canada, to enjoy any one of these exhilarating sports.

Indeed, to make it possible for everyone to have a share in these winter amusements, large clubs are organized for the promotion of out of door sports, and of these clubs whole families are frequently members.

The newspapers, also, help along the winter fun by taking an active interest in these clubs and their members. One paper that I have in mind arranges certain days for school children's outings. For these days, prominent skating rinks are engaged and often noted skaters are invited to give to the children an exhibition of their skill on the ice. On such occasions the children delight in trying to imitate fancy skaters, much to the enjoyment of the crowd of interested on-lookers.

Until a few years ago, the people of Montreal

erected huge ice palaces each winter. These were left to stand from two to three months, usually until about the latter part of March, when preparations were set on foot for a grand ice carnival. This ice carnival always began with the storming of these ice palaces with snowballs, confetti, and fireworks.

Another favorite Canadian sport, in which both man and beast may engage, are the ice races. These ice races and the game of hockey are of international interest, for races and hockey games are arranged for fixed dates and are participated in by both Canadians and Americans. These more pretentious sports take place in Montreal, Toronto, Saranac Lake, New York, and Pittsburgh. All Canada is interested. Canadians from Manitoba, even, being entered in ski-ing contests which are held near Minneapolis.

On these races, much money is often staked, thus giving them an unfortunate commercial interest. The British Columbia thousand-mile race which is held annually, is a case in point.

The expression "too cold" with which this began is never heard in Canada. The colder the weather, the more fun it is to be out of doors. It is for this reason that the Canadian is distinguished for his sportsmanship.

POSSIBILITIES OF SPARE MOMENTS.

By LOUISE BLUESKY, *Chippewa*.



No matter how busy a person may be, or how confining his chosen work is, there are many spare moments in each day which must be filled well or ill. So much depends upon the way in which a person spends these spare moments that the cultivation of some special "fad" is almost a necessity.

Every young man and woman should have a hobby to which he may turn with delight in his leisure hours—such a hobby wisely chosen will broaden character and transform a whole life. It will make an otherwise dreary life a life so well worth living that every day brings new joys with it.

My own hobby is Indian work, such as baskets, bead work in moccasins, bags, etc. Of these I have a small collection at home, so I know

what a delight and source of education a fad may be. It keeps you from wasting time and fixes your mind on something worth while.

Some boys and girls will pick up an education in the odds and ends of time which others will carelessly throw away.

No one is too busy to spare an hour each day for self-improvement. This hour, separated from frivolous pursuits and profitably spent, would enable one to master completely any subject upon which his mind was fixed; in ten years, it is said, this hour would make an uneducated man a learned man. If this is true, consider, then, the enormous possibilities in the two or more hours which we spend every day in foolish diversions.

The present time is the raw material out of

which we must make our future lives. Do not brood over the past nor dream of the future; seize the instant and learn your lesson from the hour.

It is said that God gives us only a moment at a time to live and then that is withdrawn to make way for the next. It is said, too, that the person is yet unborn who rightly knows the value of an hour, sixty of these precious minutes, of which our lives are composed. In connection with this idea, it is appropriate to

mention the inscription on an old sun dial at Oxford: "The hours perish and are laid to our charge."

The worst of a lost hour is not so much the wasted time as the wasted power. "Waste of energy and idleness rusts the nerves and makes the muscles creak," is a quaint old saying. Work has system; laziness has none and nothing ever yet was accomplished without system.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

—Shakespeare.

THE PLEASURE OF CAMPING.

By GERMAINE RENVILLE, *Sioux*.



FOR me the pleasures of camping began last August, when on Monday morning, August 26, about forty of us girls started for Pine Grove with the avowed intention of having a good time.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon we started from the school and walked to town, where we took the street cars for Mt. Holly; from Holly we went to a small station about eight miles from Pine Grove and changed cars again; this time we went directly to Camp Sells, the place of our destination.

When we saw the beautiful Camp Sells and realized that we were to spend a whole week's vacation there, we were all delighted and began at once to acquaint ourselves with our surroundings.

At five-thirty of that eventful first day we sang Grace and enjoyed a hearty supper, after which we all helped with the dishes and felt that camping-out had really begun for us. Early in the evening, after the camp work was done, we all went to the ball diamond and played an exciting game of ball; when it grew too dark for that amusement we slowly sauntered back to the camp, a quarter of a mile away, singing Carlisle songs and giving the Carlisle yells. When we reached the camp, Mr. Weber lighted the campfire, around which we all gathered and began to sing, dance, and play. These campfire meetings were an established evening custom during the week spent at Camp Sells, and one of the most interesting features of them was the Indian war dance performed by most of the girls. The rest of the girls sang Indian

songs and beat the gravy pans for drums, to furnish suitable music for the dancers. Gradually the chaperones began to join in the dance and by the end of the week most of them proved to be "good Indian dancers." Although Mr. Weber did not do much of the dancing, he was kept busy beating the drum for those who did.

That first night we campers were alone without any visitors; but every other night during the week, except Sunday, we entertained guests from different parts of Pine Grove.

So much for our evenings at camp. During the day we either went out picking berries or explored whatever places we choose. Every day a number of girls went swimming in the creek which ran just in front of the camp. This we all enjoyed very much, so long as Mr. Weber was not in sight; any time any one of us saw him we all began to run, for we knew he would duck us.

There is a small town about a half mile from camp; so if we needed candy or stamps we would ask one of the chaperones to take us there. One of our most pleasant tasks was to get mail from the village. On the way back we always took a walk through some of the beautiful spots in Pine Grove, stooping on the way for a drink of ice-cold water from a little stream which came down from the mountains.

But it is the beautiful moonlight evenings around the campfire that will linger longest in our memories. The moonlight and the fresh mountain air put new life into us, and we dreaded the day when we would have to leave this



CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM 1913



CARLISLE'S LACROSSE TEAM 1913



CARLISLE'S CROSS COUNTRY TEAM, 1913



CARLISLE'S RELAY TEAM, 1913

happy place. That day came all too soon; for on the next Monday morning after the day on which we started we were having our last breakfast out of doors. At one-thirty the train came, and soon we were back in Carlisle with our

friends comparing notes of our different vacations and exhibiting our pictures, of which we had taken a great many—some in our bathing suits, some of our base ball team, and others in various attitudes and costumes.

REMINISCENCES.

By PETER JOSEPH JORDAN, *Chippewa.*



IT WAS in the spring of 1912 that I went to Chicago and entered Greer College to learn the art of motoring. I took a special course in driving and repairing, and during the first five weeks I did little else besides repairing gasoline engines and wiring. Our classes met every afternoon for an hour and a half, after which time we did some driving. This gave me a fine chance to see the city.

Greer College is just across from the Coliseum, where the great national convention was held. I had a fine opportunity to see, at close range, some of our most prominent men. Every afternoon I would walk in Grant Park, where many of these men were in the habit of sauntering about or standing in groups, to discuss possible candidates for the Presidency.

After I had finished the course in motoring I was engaged as a canvasser by Mr. Danzer, of Indianapolis, who was then canvassing the South Side of Chicago in the interest of the United Press Company of Kansas City, Mo. Through this means I became familiar with that interesting part of the city which otherwise I should not have known.

Meeting a friend one day, I was persuaded to take a job at the Union Stock Yards, a change which I soon regretted, for the hours were much longer and the work decidedly unpleasant. However, I soon made another change, going to work for the Butler Brothers as an order filler in one of their warehouses. In three months I was transferred to the store, where I had charge of the entire sixth floor where all kinds of iron goods were handled.

The entire fifteenth floor of this building is arranged for the comfort and convenience of

the employees and patrons. There are well-equipped dining rooms, rest rooms, and a fine, well-stocked library, all of the books and periodicals being for the use of the employees, who are encouraged to profit by this privilege.

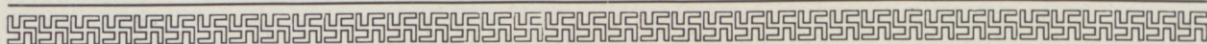
On the roof are courts large enough for four indoor baseball teams to play at the same time. All kinds of games, such as checkers, flinch, etc. are furnished for employees to use during the rest period, if they choose.

This firm employs between eleven and twelve thousand persons, all of whom seem well contented.

Just before leaving Chicago for Schenectady, N. Y., I had the honor of attending a banquet and theater party given to some of the employees by Mr. E. B. Butler, the president of the firm. The play was "Damaged Goods," given by a first class company in Blackstone Theatre. Of course this was a treat which we appreciated, and I remember the event as one of the pleasantest during my stay in Chicago.

I often met ex-students of Carlisle, among them Willard Comstock, who is located there. He and I attended a number of the big-league games, where we had the pleasure of seeing some of our noted baseball stars, namely, C. A. Bender, M. R. Balenti, James Thorpe, and George Johnson.

The call of Carlisle, which is felt by so many ex-students, was so strong that I made up my mind to return, which I did early last fall. I was given permission to take the examinations for the Senior Class, with the happy result that I am now one of them and looking forward to the realization of one of my strongest ambitions—the possession of a Carlisle diploma.



CONDUCT BECOMING A LADY.

By HAZEL SKYE, *Seneca.*



LADY is the name given to a woman who has a kind heart, gentle ways and loving spirit; who is always at her post ready to lend a helping hand to neighbor and friend, and to those who look to her for aid; one who never shirks her household duties but is a home maker in the truest sense of the word. In her house or in society, a lady is full of thoughtfulness for others and never loses an opportunity to help and comfort those with whom she is associated. A lady is always forgetful of self, whether at home or abroad, doing kindnesses to others, not to be praised for it, but because she has an earnest desire to be of service.

A lady is always courteous, always respectful to the aged, and always ready and willing to avail herself of their advice. She proves that she is a lady by every act of her life, the little things being of much more importance than the great things.

To be a lady we do not have to live fashionably nor to have great wealth. Whatever our surroundings, our conduct may always be such that those who know us can say, "She is a lady." That is the highest tribute that can be paid to a woman. To be a lady means to have all the virtues of true womanhood; to help the weak; to right wrong when it can be righted by our efforts; to encourage those who have failed to try again; to cheer our companions upon their way. These things can be done only by one who has a mind full of common sense and a heart full of loving kindness—the chief qualifications of a real lady.

In social life, a lady always tries to put people at their ease, to make them feel at home with her. To do this she must be a ready conversationalist and must talk always on subjects which will interest her hearers; she must never under any circumstances be rude or ill natured, and must be able to create an atmosphere of happiness and peace wherever she is.

DEMONSTRATION OF NORMAL DEPARTMENT WORK

A Demonstration at the Commencement Exercises Given by MISS KAUP, Instructor,
with ROSE LYONS, Pupil Teacher.



AMONG the vocations taught at this school is the training of girls who intend to make teaching a profession. This training is a branch of the academic work and is known as the Normal Department, and the girls in training are designated "pupil teachers."

The training of these teachers is supervised by a normal teacher. The first lessons consist of observing practical demonstrations given by the training teacher in connection with practical talks on teaching. Then the pupil teacher is given a class averaging six pupils of which she has entire charge, but subject to inspection, for three hours daily in all the studies assigned to that grade.

Each pupil teacher plans her work for the succeeding day and presents it for revision or approval to the training teacher.

At frequent intervals observation lessons are

given to demonstrate practical methods of teaching the various subjects of the grades involved.

The pupils of the Normal Department vary in ages from ten to matured years. Nearly all are non-English speaking, neither do they understand the meaning of English words. Much individual teaching is necessary, and at times a student from a higher grade is used as an interpreter, for it is necessary to impart the conception as well as the English names of words.

Indian pupils excel in drawing, penmanship, and music; they like mathematics and do fairly well in that subject, but the English language is difficult for them to acquire, both the oral and the written, because their native vocabulary is small and they use the vocal organs but very little in their articulations.

Entering school at the adult age also makes the Indian pupils very diffident.

Oral language, which involves reading, is the leading subject of the Normal Department curriculum.

As the pupils spend one-half of each day in one of the industrial departments, it is very important that they should know the names of tools and terms used in their work. Besides they take greater interest in material things, and for these important reasons the academic work is correlated with the industrial.

A visit by the class is made monthly to one of the industrial shops. The instructor in charge of the shop explains the technicalities of the work, and the pupils observe the way in which the work is done and also learn the names and

uses of the tools used. The shop lesson is then reproduced in the classroom, forming the basis for spelling, pronunciation, oral and written language, reading, and arithmetic lessons.

One visit made by the pupils of the Normal Department was to the wagon shop, and the pupil teacher in charge of the class on the platform will now give a practical demonstration of the manner in which the lesson was reproduced.

It is the pupils' second year in school; one boy of the class was totally without English when he came to Carlisle; the others knew very little.

They are in the first Grade advanced.



Senior Class Statistics

COLORS: *Orange and Blue.*

MOTTO: *Courage.*

There are eighteen members in the class, ten girls and eight boys.

They represent seven States, North and South Dakota, New York, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Oklahoma, and Wisconsin.

The average weight of the girls is 138 pounds; that of the boys, 155 pounds.

The average height of the girls is 5 feet 1 inch; That of the boys 5 feet 6 inches.

The tallest and heaviest member is Peter Joseph Jordan; height 6 feet; weight, 180 pounds.

The shortest member is Hazel Skye; height, 5 feet 1 inch; weight, 127 pounds.

The youngest and lightest in weight is Germaine Renville; age, 17; weight, 111½ pounds.

QUOTATIONS.

By LOUISA BLUESKY, *Chippewa*.

HABIT, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.
—*Augustine*.

A FOE to God was ne'er true friend to men.
—*Young*.

If you would create something you must be something. —*Goethe*.

'Tis only lovely thoughts can make a lovely face. —*Gertrude Cannon*.

HE that never eats too much will never be lazy. —*German Proverb*.

SELF is the only prison that can ever bind the soul. —*Henry Van Dyke*.

LIBERTY consists in the power of doing that which is permitted by law. —*Cicero*.

ACTIONS, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which we spell character. —*Lavater*.

OUR country cannot well subsist without liberty, nor liberty without virtue. —*Rousseau*.

UNLESS you put the best of yourself into what you do, your character will deteriorate. —*Marden*.

No reward is comparable to the inward assurance that you have done your best. —*Marden*.

MEN resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures. —*Cicero*.

THE desire for knowledge, like the thirst for riches, increases with the acquisition for it. —*Sterne*.

TRUE wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing and to do what is best worth doing. —*Hampfreys*.

A MISER grows rich by seeming poor, an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. —*Shenstone*.

CONSCIENCE is a great ledger, a book in which all our offenses are written and registered. —*Robert Burton*.

BLESSED is he who has the art of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. —*Thomas Hughes*.

IT is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy. —*Ruskin*.

OUR doubts are traitors and make us lose the good which we oft might win by fearing to attempt. —*Shakespeare*.

THE exercise of the highest faculties of the mind is not only stimulating but creates the highest character. —*Marden*.



General School News

Edward Bracklin is at Neopit, Wis.

Florence and Germaine Renville are at their home in Peever, S. Dak.

Fred Broker is in Minnesota working at his trade of blacksmithing.

Cora Battice is spending her vacation with her mother in Shawnee, Okla.

Alvis Morrin took the civil service examination for clerical work last Tuesday.

A card from Estella Bradley, Class '13, states that she is enjoying life in Downingtown, Pa.

Anna Skahkak, who is with Mrs. Lippincott in Cinnaminson, N. J., is delighted with her home.

Hazel Skye, class '14, is living in Buffalo, N. Y., with her sister, Mrs. Maggie Tallchief, Carlisle '11.

Myrtle Thomas and Lillian Simons took the civil service examinations for seamstress last Tuesday.

On account of illness, Mary Bailey has given up nursing; she is now with her father in Washington, D. C.

Effie Nori, a member of the Junior Class when she left Carlisle last year, is teaching at Acomita, N. Mex.

James Welch, a member of the Junior Class, has gone to Robinsville, New Jersey, to work on a farm during the summer.

Last Monday, in the auditorium, Mr. McCourt gave one of the best talks on "Temperance" that we have heard for some time.

In a letter from Mrs. Claudie McDonald Fretchenburg, who is living in Washington, D. C., she says: "When I read THE ARROW my heart aches for its associations. I love every inch of ground at Carlisle. My brother Charles finishes at Haskell in June and no doubt he will wander this way."

Commissioner Cato Sells Wants Indians To Do More Farming.

□ □ □

¶ Honorable Commissioner, Indian Affairs, Cato Sells, he say this way: "The farming season is at hand. Every farmer should at once become actively engaged in advising and teaching the Indians how to prepare the soil, the kind of seed to select, when and how to plant, grow and harvest, and the best use to be made of his crop when produced."

¶ War Bow hear what chief, Mr. Sells, say and heap catch it, idea.

WAR BOW HEAP FARM

*By War Bow, Blanket Indian,
Colony Oklahoma.*

□

War Bow think he goin' to farm;
Like country life, got heap of charm;
He goin' to raise it, plenty corn;
Will heap much plow in early morn.

Go in pasture an' catch up pony,
Use curry comb till horse look tony;
Throw on harness, give strap quick jerk,
Heap strong push and get to work.

Heap plant kafir corn and milo,
Raise plenty feed to fill big silo,
Have nice sleek horse an' big fat cow.
Goin' watch white man an' heap learn how.

An', may-be-so, at Indian fair;
War Bow say, "Me sure be there,
You bet me take'm lots of prize,
Goin' show it punkin, biggest size."

An' white man, no more goin' to say
"Indian can't make farmin' pay"
'Cause War Bow show how Indian can
Just same like neighbor, smart white man.

—Colony (Okla.) Courier.

