

The  
**Carlisle Arrow**

Senior Number



Class Nineteen Hundred Fifteen







**Class of 1915.**

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*Colors:* GARNET AND WHITE.

*Motto:* "FIDELITY."









# The Carlisle Arrow

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## THE BROAD HIGHWAY

By JAMES GARVIE.



WE HAVE reached the end of the  
pathway  
That was smoothed for our faltering  
feet;

And we've reached the mystical gateway  
Which leads to the world-wide street.

To reach the goal towards which men have  
strained,

We must travel the pike that before us lies;  
We must use the knowledge and wisdom we've  
gained,

And not waste the time that so swiftly flies.

This road down which by Fate we are led,  
Perhaps will lead us to victory;  
It is one which, in time, each and all must  
tread,

Whatever has been his past history.

We foster children of a great institution,  
Are standing to-day on the threshold of life;  
With knowledge and wisdom and a trained  
constitution

We are eager and anxious to enter the strife.

At first, it is only the foothills we're climbing,  
Our watchword "Fidelity" serves as a guide,

Let our progress be upward, never declining,  
And some day we shall triumph—yes, triumph  
with pride.

In this never-ending life-journey of ours,  
We may never grow dull, but like stars must  
keep on shining;

We never may stop, for the long days and  
hours

Must be spent in the effort to keep always  
climbing.

Quite true are the words of the poet of old,  
When he said that this world is a stage,  
Where each man must play his own part—shy  
or bold—

And must play on from youth to old age.

Before us there stretches a rough, hilly path—  
At the end, for each one, waits a place;  
Let each of us use all the powers he hath  
To uplift our own noble race.

Some day, homeward we all shall be bound,  
When we've finished the duties at hand;  
And blest is the man who his own work has  
found,

Who's no idler in this busy land.

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## SALUTATORY

By MINNIE ELIZABETH O'NEAL.

(Given at the graduation exercises, May 20, 1915)



UPON this memorable occasion, it is  
my privilege and pleasure to extend  
a greeting to those assembled here  
to-day to do honor to the class of  
1915. This day to which we have so long  
looked forward is a day of great importance to

us; for it marks the beginning of a new life, the  
good or evil outcome of which rests with each  
individual member of the class.

The years here have passed all too quickly;  
we feel that the work, the deeds, the services  
we had planned to do have not been quite up



to the standard we set for ourselves; but we have tried to accomplish the work set before us; and, as a class, we have cherished the same ideals and striven for the same degree of self improvement. We felt from the first that we could not afford to fold our hands in idleness, that time was too precious to waste, and that opportunities might come but once. Therefore we have tried to make use of each moment as it came for the success of ourselves and of those with whom we were associated. When discouraged, we have looked at our motto, "Fidelity." How it has inspired us ever to be faithful! How it has strengthened us and made us the more determined to conquer the most serious difficulties!

To-day we face the world. Responsibility now rests upon our shoulders. We must make good in whatever we undertake and do our part towards keeping up the standard of our Alma Mater. Where we have followed, now we must lead; for our time for leadership has come.

The oft-repeated phrase, "The Indian Problem," is a part of our inheritance; ours to consider; ours to solve. The question confronts us on the day that we become independent citizens; and we, the class of 1915, realize fully the situation put before us by our white brothers.

We are told that each year Carlisle expects more of her graduates. Much has been done by those who have finished the course offered here; Carlisle's graduates are successful in their work; they have kept the high ideals taught them here; but much more is expected of us, since we have had the advantage of the experiences of preceding classes. We, too, must live up to ideals which grow higher and higher with each passing year; we must work for the betterment of our race and for the advancement of civilization. But we are not discouraged at the magnitude of our task; on the contrary, we are strengthened and inspired by those very ideals which demand so much from us; and by daily intercourse with our instructors we have been taught, by precept and example, lessons which are valuable and lasting and how to meet the difficult problems which will ever confront us.

Emerson says, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Each one of us should take this for a motto and aim for a higher purpose in life, as life's goal depends upon our aims. A fixed purpose in life is of the utmost importance for young

## CLASS CALENDAR.

By THERESA MARGUERITE LAY.

### SEPTEMBER.

1. School opened. Six seniors assembled in Room 14.
2. Bessie Gilland assisted in the Primary Department because of her efficiency as a pupil teacher. Escorted the new Seniors into Room 14. The new members are Julia Frechette, Marie Mason, Margaret Brown, and Ethel Greenhair.
3. Michael Wilkie rejoined the class. "Mr." Wooley is presented to the class and is found hard to understand. Michael Wilkie, being the only boy, becomes the pet of the class.
4. Current Events day. Not a senior prepared. Michael Wilkie volunteered to relate his experiences in the country. John Gibson, once a member of the class, now about to leave for Mercersburg Academy, visited us.
7. First chapel exercises of the year. Little Minnie O. represents the seniors creditably. Class adjourns to Room 14. Finds there William Thayer. John Gibson bids the class farewell. He brings with him Mr. McGilberry, who makes us a brief speech. Both leave for Mercersburg on the 9th.
8. Usual routine.
9. John Gibson leaves for Mercersburg, taking with him the best wishes of the class.
10. Wooley and General History. Plenty of Algebra.
11. Current Events day again. Each senior prepared with excellent items.
14. Monday, the seniors' lucky day. The class welcome Kenneth King and Edward Morrin. They bring with them Charles Apekaum, a new-comer from Oklahoma.
15. Minnie Charles and Ovilla Azure return. The class now numbers 19 members, with more to follow.
- 16-17. Usual routine.
18. Current Events day. Class held a brief meeting for the purpose of electing a temporary treasurer. Naomi Greensky is the lucky one.
21. Hiram Chase rejoins the class. Honorably mentioned as one who returned to school in "some style." He was conveyed thither in Brown's taxi.
22. Charles Apekaum, who is taking a half-day course in Business, decides to join the Junior Class.
23. A lad and lassie are discovered taking examinations for entrance into the senior class. They land, however, in the freshman class. We are disappointed.
24. In Room 12 we are notified that our girls are to attend the Cumberland County Fair this afternoon. Excitement reigns.
- 25-28. Only the usual routine.
29. Two more names added to the class list, Cora Battice and Mary Raiche, one of Wisconsin's fair daughters.
30. Wrote our first home letters. Held a meeting to elect a class president. Kenneth King unanimously chosen.

### OCTOBER.

1. Business Department abolished. Naomi and Lillian



people; such a purpose is as needful to each one of us as the rudder is needful to the ship. In our pathway, we must expect to stumble over rocks and to scramble among briars; we cannot expect a path strewn with roses.

I think that the class of 1915 will never be satisfied with just "good enough." We all feel that ours is a higher sphere of action and that we are actuated by a nobler motive, as each member of the class realizes that he has a special place and work in life. No one else can fill that place, if it is abandoned; no one else can do that work, if it is shirked.

The spirit of Carlisle lives in her graduates; her mission is uplifting; and if her graduates go out animated with this spirit, they will not fail to reach their goal, as "not failure, but low aim is crime."

Therefore we the class of 1915 go out into this world with the lofty aim which has been taught us here, feeling that deeds must be done which shall be for the credit of us and our school, feeling that with our motto "Fidelity" as a guide, we shall be enabled to bring to our work an enthusiasm and an interest that shall bear abundant fruit both for ourselves and for our Alma Mater.

out of a job. Charles Apekaum feels that he can not do without us and rejoins the class.

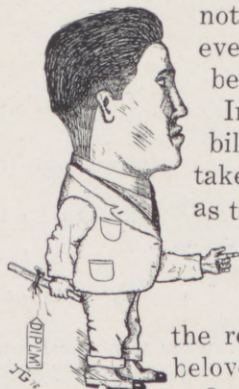
2. In place of the usual current events, the class write to Jennie Ross. It was proposed that we have our picture taken and send the same in the letter.
4. Class assembles after dinner back of the Teachers' Quarters to have its picture taken. Miss Reichel kindly plays the part of photographer. The class is represented at chapel exercises both forenoon and afternoon by Bessie Gilland and Theresa Lay, respectively.
6. This being the thirty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of Carlisle Indian School, there are no lessons.
7. Begin reading "Pushing to the Front." Are honored by a visit from General Pratt.
8. Rose Snow, Mary Kewaygeshik, Josephine Holmes, and Frank Paul join our ranks.
9. Two more possible members, but they didn't pan out.
10. The evening of our "Temperance Program." William Thayer does the honors for the seniors.
- 11-16. A quiet, peaceful week for every senior except one. One of our number toils early and late to prepare for the debate between the Susans and the Mercers (faithful Minnie O.).
17. The debate takes place. Minnie O. wins the debate for the Susans and the seniors, and honor for herself.
- 18-20. The seniors are unusually studious.
21. Mrs. Foster goes to Norfolk to attend her son's wed-

*(Continued on next page.)*

## HISTORY OF CLASS 1915

By EDWARD MORRIN.

WHEN I was asked to write the history of the class of 1915, I felt that to chronicle the events that have been crowded into the short space of four years was a task not to be reckoned with lightly, even though the labor would be, in a sense, a labor of love.



In short, I felt the responsibility keenly and have undertaken the work with misgivings as to whether I shall be able to compile so many facts in such a way as to make the compilation interesting to the reader and acceptable to my beloved classmates.

Our Freshman class—the class which is considered by the upper classmen as the first to enter upon the road to higher knowledge—assembled in proper season with

great promise as regards number and quality. Even at the beginning of the school year, the class was a large one; and by the middle of the first term, it numbered forty-seven, representatives of many states and tribes. We soon united into one family, regardless of previous differences and conditions, and actuated with one and the same ambition—to learn all we could, to prepare ourselves to be useful citizens of this great nation, and to help our people in the years to come.

Our first duty, as a class whose members were to graduate from Carlisle and who were to learn to govern themselves, was to hold a class meeting at which officers were elected, a banner chosen, a motto and colors selected, and plans made for the coming year. The choosing of officers was no easy task, as we hardly knew so soon which of us was worthy to lead so noble a class. After many discussions, the class



finally decided upon Agnes Kimmel for president and Henry West for secretary. The choosing of colors presented some difficulties, as we were a class of many opinions; but the choice was finally made and the "Garnet and White" of 1915 have been to us symbols of class friendships, of steadfast ideals, and of ambitions for the future, while our motto, "Fidelity," has ever been an inspiration to us in time of discouragement.

After we had been thus equipped, we felt able to take our place among the classes of Carlisle; and our actions since have proved that we have made good as a class along every step of the way.

Our membership has varied; at different times new ones have joined, while many of the original members have left us. Therefore, when we faced our second year, we found that we numbered but thirty-six. While we missed greatly those who had left us, we could not but congratulate ourselves on those whom we had acquired, as we knew that they would help to make a name for the class. Among the members of this class who are with us only in spirit to-day, we must mention Paul Baldeagle, who is now attending High School at Quarryville, Pa.; and Henry Red Owl, a young Sioux brave, who was a great Y. M. C. A. worker and who represented the school on different occasions.

The class of 1915 did not have a share in any school activities until its Junior year. This year dawned bright and fair. Many old members were missing, but we welcomed the new boys and girls who had come to fill up the ranks. We had not considered ourselves in any way famous, but in this year we discovered that in our number were several musicians, such as Theresa Lay, Bessie Gilland, Anna Chisholm, John Gibson, Francis Zahn, George Pirotte, and Ovilla Azure.

In society work the class has always held high offices. In debate, 1915 has never been excelled, possessing such debaters as Minnie O'Neal, Cora Battice, Rose Snow, Bessie Gilland, Hiram Chase, John Gibson, William Thayer, Michael Wilkie, Kenneth King, and Ovilla Azure. John Gibson is not only a debater, but a song writer as well; for during this period, he distinguished himself by writing our class song.

Junior year should have been celebrated for the grand reception given, according to custom,

## CLASS CALENDAR

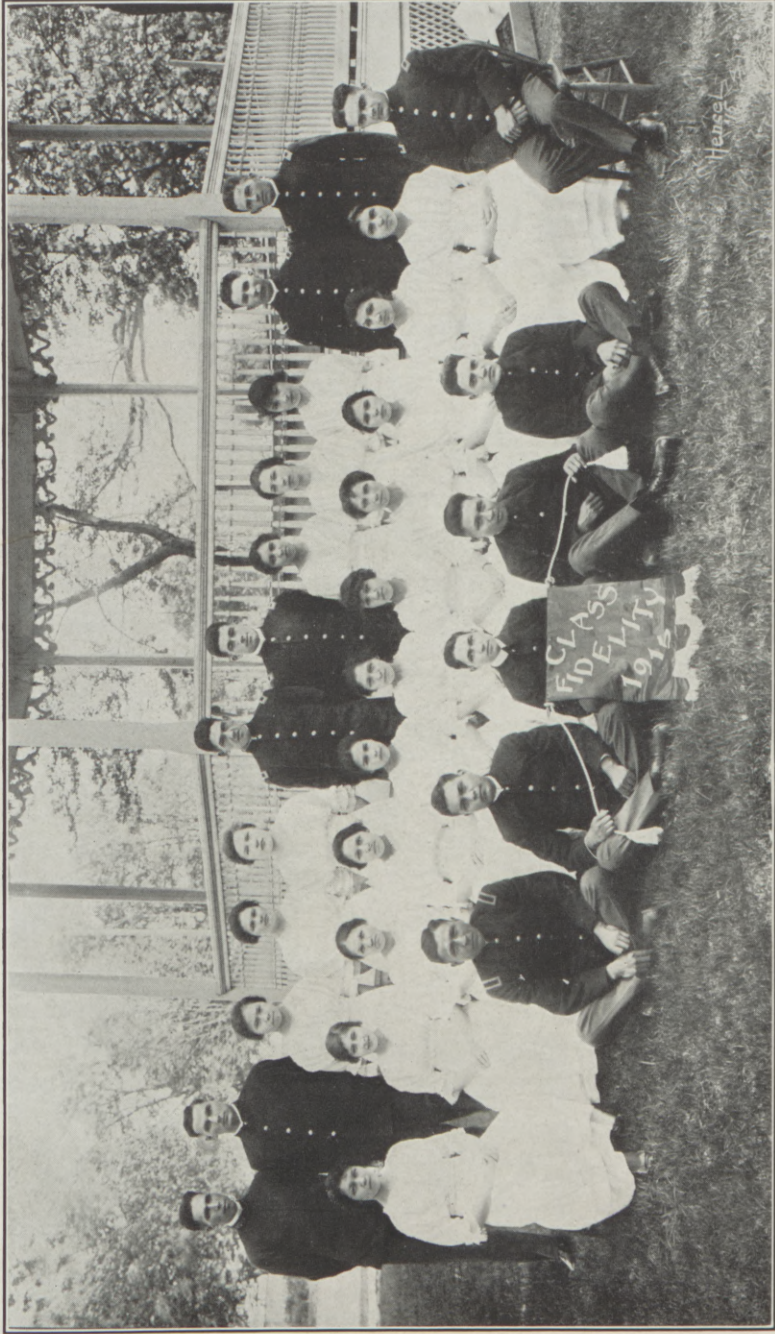
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- ding. Room 14 is left in charge of the class president, Kenneth King.
22. Fred Morrisette and another lad from Wisconsin enter the class, bringing the number up to twenty-eight.
  23. Our number again depleted, two of the members deciding to go back to the junior class. Robert Edwards enters the same class.
  - 24-25. Quiet reigns supreme.
  26. The class of 1915 seems destined to become distinguished. Boasting already a King, a Mason, and a Lay member, it now hails the arrival of an "Israelite" and a distant relative of President Hayes (Henry).
  27. The day appointed for the writing of senior essays on the subject, "Alcohol and My Future." The members of the class are relieved, now that these essays are off their minds.
  28. Nothing doing.
  29. The class on the watch for prospective seniors. Many visitors come through our schoolroom.
  30. Edward Morrin, star athlete of the senior class, leaves with the football squad for Buffalo to play Syracuse University.
  31. Carlisle loses the football game. Edward bears up bravely.

### NOVEMBER.

2. Chapel exercises. Cora Battice and Edward Morrin prove to be the star orators of the day.
3. The usual routine.
4. Edward Morrin again goes forth to fight for Carlisle; this time with Holy Cross College, Manchester, N. H.
5. The instructions "Get ready for your themes" are issued. The subject chosen is "Our Campus."
7. Annual Peace Program. The class is represented by Kenneth King.
9. Seniors give Estelle Bradley, 1914, a farewell send off.
10. A—— breaks his record of silence and gives an excellent recitation in Ancient History.
11. A genuine Mohawk from Hogsburg, N. Y., enters the class.
- 12-15. Silence broods over the Campus.
16. James Garvie, proving too much for the juniors, is promoted to our class. Gilbert Renville, a recent arrival from South Dakota, also joins us.
17. One of our number is called home suddenly; but he promises to join us later.
18. Edward Morrin tells of his trip to Chicago. We leave untold the result of the game.
- 19-22. Nothing attempted; nothing done.
23. Mrs. Parkman, a supervisor of schools, visits us. She gives us much helpful advice.
24. The football squad off to Providence to play Brown University. Thence they will go to the Sunny South, where a few games are to be played.
25. The seniors play another of their pranks. This time the victim is "Mother Foster." The class presents her with a surprise basket of choice fruit with Thanksgiving compliments.

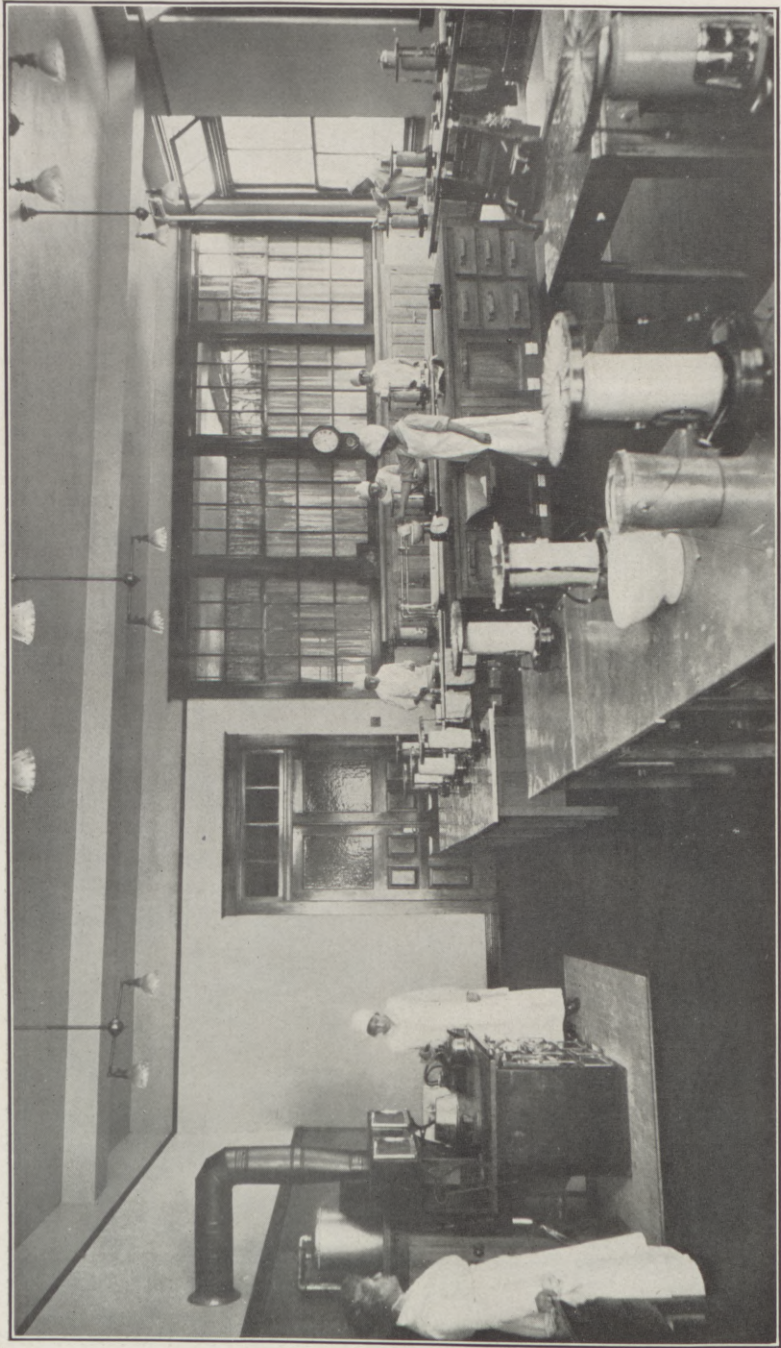




GRADUATING CLASS OF 1915

James Garvie, Frank Paul, Margaret Brown, Marie Mason, Marie Gilland, Edward Morrin, Kenneth King, Theresa Lay, Julia Frechette, Mary Kewaygeshik, Ovilla Azure, William Thayer, Minnie O'Neal, Mary Raiche, Nettie Kingsley, Josephine Holmes, Naomi Greensky, Cora Battice, Lillian Walker, Della John, Rose Snow, Minnie Charles, Ella Israel, Hiram Chase, Charles Apekaum, Paul Baldeagle, Fred Morrissette, Henry Hayes, Michael Wilkie.





NEW DOMESTIC SCIENCE KITCHEN—ACADEMIC BUILDING.



by our class; but as the school was under quarantine, we were obliged to omit that festivity to the dissatisfaction of all.

We realized that senior year came all too quickly. We cannot realize now that four years have flown and that we are about to pass through those gates which lead to the world beyond the confines of home and school.

At the beginning of the senior year, we welcomed the following new members who were to share with us the joys and privileges we were soon to have: Julia Frechette, Ella Israel, Margaret Brown, Josephine Holmes, Mary Raiche, Mary Kewaygeshik, Marie Mason, Charles Apekaum, Frank Paul, James Garvie, and Fred Morrisette.

When we entered upon our senior year, we elected John Gibson president, Theresa Lay, secretary, and Cora Battice, treasurer. After we had begun our work, we were disappointed to learn that our president was to leave us, as he had made arrangements to attend Mercersburg Academy. Our next choice was Kenneth King, who kept the office only a short time, as he enrolled as a student at Conway Hall. Both of these men are doing good work and are a credit to our class. The class again held a meeting to appoint a new president and the lot fell to the writer.

During this year we paid more attention than before to class and social duties. Among the pleasant social events was a reception in the Mercer Society Room, where the evening was spent in dancing, playing games, speeches, and singing. Coffee and cakes were served.

On New Year's Eve we all gathered on the porch of the superintendent's house and gave our class song and yells to usher in the New Year and bid farewell to the old.

One of the most pleasant events of our Senior year was a reception given to us by the Domestic Science Department. The dining-room was beautifully decorated with plants and with the class colors, garnet and white. When we were seated we partook of an appetizing dinner prepared by Miss Keck. At the close of the feast, our president, Kenneth King, who acted as toastmaster, called on different guests for toasts and they responded as follows: Mr. Lipps, Carlisle; Mr. DeHuff, the Senior Class; Mrs. Ewing, Our Girls; Mr. Griffiths, Our Boys; Edward Morrin, the Faculty; Theresa Lay, Our Class President; Miss

- 26. Thanksgiving holiday. Each senior does ample justice to the turkey.
- 27-29. The usual routine.

#### DECEMBER.

- 1-7. Nothing of special note occurred.
- 8. Edward returns from his southern trip. He relates his experiences to all who will listen.
- 9-17. Waiting for something to turn up.
- 18. Current events as usual. Interesting session.
- 21. Miss Reichel assigns characters in "Julius Cæsar," which we are to read during the holiday season.
- 22. Begin reading "Julius Cæsar." Because of his "lean and hungry look," James Garvie is assigned the part of Cassius.
- 23. Senior boys excused for the afternoon. Girls have unsatisfactory lessons and are excused at 3:30. The girls make a tour of the rooms where the various Christmas programs are being given. The visits over, the Seniors have a little party in Mercer Hall. Coffee and crullers are served. Games are played. Extemporaneous speeches win applause. Kenneth King toasts the class in an admirable fashion. The party closed at 10:30.
- 24. No boys in school.
- 25. Christmas holiday.
- 28. James Garvie and Kenneth King return from holidays spent in Lebanon. Something extremely funny has happened, evidently, for they are beaming with smiles, but are very reticent on the subject.
- 29. Nothing unusual occurs.
- 30. Mary Raiche, Michael Wilkie, and Frank Paul represent the seniors at chapel. Paul Baldeagle and John Gibson are welcome visitors.
- 31. This evening we followed the usual custom of singing the Old Year out and the New Year in. The class song was sung with stirring effect.

#### JANUARY.

- 1. Mary Raiche, Minnie O'Neal, Nettie Kingsley, and Julia Frechette have attained the dignity of pupil teachers.
- 2-7. Nothing doing.
- 8. Another member joins the class.
- 9. Once more the senior debaters enter the arena. Kenneth King, Ovilla Azure, and Hiram Chase take part in the Standard-Invincible debate. Kenneth King of the Standards is on the winning side.
- 10-15. Spend the time in preparation for a proposed senior banquet.
- 15. The banquet is held in the Domestic Science Department and served as the inauguration ceremony of the department. The banquet, prepared by the new Domestic Science teacher, Miss Keck, marked an important event in Carlisle history and will always be pleasantly remembered by the class of 1915.
- 25. Mr. Mann instructor of mathematics, leaves Carlisle for the West. His place is filled, temporarily, by Ovilla Azure. "Professor Azure is some mathematician" is the verdict of the underclassmen.
- 26. Kenneth King becomes a student member of Con-



McDowell, Loyalty; Miss Reichel, the Native American; Frank Paul, Our Flag; Charles Apekaum, Uncle Sam; Nettie Kingsley; the Red and Gold; Michael Wilkie, Fidelity; Hiram Chase, the Ladies; Bessie Gilland, the Gentlemen; William Thayer, Our Football Boys; Ovilla Azure, Turkey; Margaret Brown, Friendship; Lillian Walker, Music; Julia Fretchette, Our Domestic Science Department; James Garvie, the Occasion.

After dinner, the company adjourned to the music room, which was decorated for the occasion, and we all listened to the following program: Selection, Senior Orchestra; reading, "The New York," Minnie O'Neal; vocal solo, "The Melody of Love," Mary Raiche; recitation, "The Open Door," Cora Battice; cornet and trombone selection, James Garvie and Alanson Lay; French song, Ovilla Azure and Michael Wilkie. The remainder of the evening was spent in conversation and dancing. When we left for our rooms, we felt that it was an occasion never to be forgotten and one appreciated by every member of the class. It will ever remain in our minds as one of the most enjoyable events in the annals of our school days.

I have enumerated some of the events of the four years which we have spent here; but far more important than these have been the daily routine of the classroom, where we have come into touch with our classmates and teachers as a class, we have made every effort to accomplish our chief desire, namely to obtain that which a diploma should stand for. Our efforts have been rewarded; the diploma has been received; and we are now sent out into the world to make use of all that Carlisle has taught us.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;  
We have hard work to do and loads to lift—  
Shun not the struggle. Face it; 'Tis God's gift."

way Hall. His place as president of the class is filled by Edward Morrin.

27-30. Class of 1915 loses another member who prefers working all day at his trade.

#### FEBRUARY.

1. Began rehearsals for the Bonnybell play to be presented by the four literary societies. Rolls assigned as follows: Bonnybell, Mary Raiche; the prince, Charles Apekaum; the clown, Hiram Chase; minor characters, Cora Battice, Minnie O'Neal, and Margaret Brown.
- 2-21. Time occupied with study and rehearsals.
22. Washington Day programme. Special quotations from the writings and sayings of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. The Senior Quartette—Mary Raiche, Josephine Holmes, Charles Apekaum, and Hiram Chase—furnish music.
- 23-29. Time spent in obeying the mandate, "All be at the Bonnybell practice to-night."

#### MARCH.

1. Everything promises a profitable month.
- 2-3. Received several visitors.
- 4-5. Lessons well learned.
8. Received more visitors—a teacher with her pupils.
9. Word study and grammar.
- 10-11. Interesting algebra lessons.
12. Rehearsals for Bonnybell continue.
13. The memorable evening. The play is a success. Mr. Garvie's Mahogany Orchestra furnishes music between acts.
14. Mr. DeHuff goes to Georgia.
15. Excellent lessons.
- 16-17. Lessons still keep up to the standard.
18. Rain.
19. Interesting Current Events.
- 22-23. All working hard for Commencement.
24. No chapel exercises.
- 25-26. Usual routine. Nothing startling happens.
29. Mr. DeHuff returns.
- 30-31. Nothing of interest occurs.

#### APRIL.

1. Wrote our usual home letters. Received the startling intelligence that "Prof." Terrance had deserted his ardent post of duty in the dead of night.
5. Special lessons from Mr. Abrams in practical tree planting.

(Continued on next page.)

## AN IMAGINARY TRIP

By MARY RAICHE.



EVERYONE in this world has experienced some time or an other in his life a yearning and a longing to fly away from his existing surroundings and find change and rest in some distant land. One day, when feeling blue and out of

sorts, I fell to imagining myself an oriole ready to fly away from the bleak Northland.

It was late September and I, the Oriole, found myself on the Carlisle Campus pecking daintily at the ground in my ceaseless search for food, which was now becoming scarce. It seemed



## CLASS CALENDAR

(Continued from previous page.)

6. Had a test in American literature.
7. Represented at chapel by James Garvie and Marie Mason. During the period in Room 13, Miss McDowell took us to the Grove to look for flowers.
8. Senior girls begin their graduating dresses. Each is to make her own.
9. In place of Current Events, Mrs. Foster takes the class out to study the trees on the Campus. Learned the names of ten. In the evening attended the special program given in honor of the seniors by the Susan Longstreth Society.
10. Study and recitations.
12. Began the study of agriculture with Mr. Loughran in Room 12.
12. Special lessons from Mr. Abrams on tree pruning.
- 14-15. William Thayer and Ovilla Azure join the all-day labor force.
16. Go out to observe trees. Invited in the evening to the Mercer Literary Society.
- 19-20. Two other "honest laboring men" join the labor force.
21. Seniors attend the Mercersburg-Conway baseball game. Kenneth pitched for Conway against John Gibson on the other side.
22. Perfect weather; usual routine.
23. General cleaning day. Seniors stoop from their dignified height and condescend to scrub floors. Visited the Invincibles in the evening.
- 24-27. Everything dull and quiet.
28. Sent a telegram to Paul Baldeagle, who was graduated at the Quarryville High School.
29. Nothing of special note.
30. Visited the Standard Literary Society. An excellent programme rendered in our honor.

### MAY.

1. All seniors who are officers attend a picnic at Mt. Holly. In the afternoon the Senior Class posed for the graduation picture.
2. Nothing of any importance occurs.
3. In Room 14 the class is given a few hints on "Morals and Manners." In Room 11 the seniors begin a review of Modern History. Paul Baldeagle joins the class for the closing week.

(Continued on next page.)

a long time, even to an oriole, since that bright May morning when I first came here and began nest building in the old elm tree. Now the fields were turning brown, the harvest was gathered in, the birds were leaving daily in large noisy flocks; and I said to myself: "It is time for me to go; time for me to leave my old home and fly away to new lands." On the last of September, I joined a flock of birds flying southward, and we flew up, far up over the mountains, until the objects of earth were scarcely visible. From my height, I looked down upon the earth which I had so lately left, and I pitied the poor people there who had no wings and could never feel the happiness of flying far away up among the clouds.

All night we flew on tireless wing and the next morning found us in Virginia. Up into highest peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains we soared; then we gradually let ourselves float towards the earth, where fields of cotton were gleaming white far below us and where the last roses of summer were blooming and filling the air with their fragrance.

Across the Southern States I flew, down into Florida where I breasted the soft breezes of the Gulf of Mexico. Over tops of waving palm trees we flew; across the sparkling Gulf we were borne, and finally we found ourselves in Mexico—a country never before seen by me. I stayed my flight long enough to peer curiously at the people of this strange land and examine, as only a bird can, their crude methods of performing their daily tasks. But I could not tarry here. Spreading my wings, I again flew into the heavens, never alighting again until I had reached my destination—Central America, where I found a resting place until another May arrived, when I should retrace my flight to old Carlisle.

## AN OLD LEGEND

By ROSE T. SNOW.



ANY years ago this earth of ours, with all its changes in temperature, was in such a condition that it never grew any warmer or any colder. It was always the same. The animals soon became discontented and gathered together to talk

of what could be done to bring about a change. The plan upon which they decided was this: One of them, the strongest of them all, should take the earth upon his back and go on a journey in quest of a change for which they so longed. Then the question arose, Who should



## CLASS CALENDAR

(Continued from previous page.)

4. Seniors study and observe "soils."
5. Last call for the seniors as orators at chapel. Minnie Charles "shot an arrow into the air," while Nettie Kingsley favored us with a "Forest Hymn." Mary Raiche and Lillian Walker sang a duet.
6. Mrs. Foster, during a class period in Room 14, takes us to the Library. A pleasant change.
7. General Current events.
- 8-9. Usual routine.
10. Senior girls cook and serve a meal in the Domestic Science Department. A few of the seniors are invited to the feast. No one is made ill. Had a lesson on "etiquette." Made a collection of leaves and flowers for botany work.
11. Seniors take their final examination in Modern History. Eight exempt.
12. Last Chapel day of the year. James Garvie and his orchestra furnish extra music. Finished test in Room 11.
13. Miss Reichel gave us a few more principles of "Parliamentary Law." Assembled in the Agricultural Room to discuss matters for the coming week with Mr. DeHuff and Superintendent Lipps.
14. Several girls spend the afternoon in town.
15. Class assembles in Room 14 to make arrangements for the Baccalaureate services.
16. Baccalaureate Sunday; speaker, Dr. Reed. Seniors are very much in evidence.
17. Second day of Commencement week. Class, chaperoned by Mrs. Foster, attends the championship baseball game.
18. Lacrosse game. Carlisle against Hobart College. Band concert. Class and teacher attend each event.

(Continued on next page.)

undertake the task? Animal after animal tried, but none was strong enough or had a back of the right shape, until the turtle appeared and offered himself as a candidate for the task. He found he was able to undertake the great feat of carrying the whole world on his back, so he bent himself to his precious burden and started on his journey.

First he set out southward; and as he advanced, the air became warmer and warmer, and the grass and trees grew faster and faster. The animals, rejoiced at the change, called this condition "Spring." The turtle went farther; and as he moved slowly along, the air became hot, flowers burst into full bloom, the trees ceased to put forth new leaves, and the animals called this state of affairs "Summer."

After journeying a few months longer in the heat and the sunshine, the turtle turned around and went northward. Cooler and cooler grew the air; the flowers hung their heads; the leaves began to fall. This, they called "Autumn."

Farther and farther north went the turtle; colder and colder grew the air; the flowers and the plants froze; the air was filled with snow. "This is winter," said the animals.

These changes pleased all the animals so much that they begged the turtle to keep his burden and to continue his travels. He consented, and, ever since, the great turtle has been traveling to and fro carrying the world on his broad back.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KENNETH COE KING



**T**HE old Fort Peck Indian Reservation is situated in the northeastern part of Montana and is about one hundred by seventy miles in area. The northern, eastern, and western sides of the reservation are bounded by counties; the southern side is bounded by the Missouri River, and this southern portion is the scene of importance in this narrative.

The small trading-post and sub-agency of Wolf Point, the birthplace of the writer, is situ-

ated fifty miles from the eastern line of the reservation, on the banks of the treacherous, muddy Missouri. An Indian Mission School was founded there by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, were sent there from South Dakota in the year 1860. In the month of March, 1894, I was born and named Kenneth Coe King by my parents, "Walk First" by an old Indian Chief. Each one of my names means "leader," but it remains to be seen whether or not I live up to them.

My father, a full-blooded Sioux from South Dakota, attended Huron College in that State. His parents and forefathers all lived, and had lived, in South Dakota.



## CLASS CALENDAR

*(Continued from previous page.)*

19. Athletic field sports; gymnastic exhibition.
20. The critical moment arrives. Each senior becomes the proud possessor of a Carlisle diploma. Baseball game and annual reception.
21. Final events of the week. Competitive drills and dress parade. Annual Alumni Banquet. Exit 1915.

My mother, a white woman, a native of Virginia and of English descent, has been a school teacher ever since she was sixteen years old. Her relatives all live in the extreme eastern part of the United States.

When I was about three or four months old, my father died, leaving my mother and me in this wild country where there was only a handful of white people. Instead of giving up because of her many hardships, my mother kept on the good work and now she has a fine large school.

My early education was given me at home by my mother. When I was seven years of age, I was sent with Mr. and Mrs. P——, two missionaries, to their home in northern Wisconsin. I was to go to school, at least eight months each year, and my mother paid a certain sum each month for my board and clothing; but during the three years of my stay with these people, I attended school not more than half a year. I worked almost as hard as Mr. P—— himself, thereby easily paying for my board for which my mother paid regularly. Every time I wrote home, the letter was read. If it was not satisfactory, it was destroyed and another was dictated for me to write. At that time, I had another trouble much worse in my estimation than the trouble caused by my guardians. There were a great many Chippewa Indians in that part of the country and I was deathly afraid of them, for I had been taught by the old Sioux at my home that the Chippewas would scalp me if I were caught. I lived in terror, until I found out that no harm would be done me by them.

When I was ten years old, I traveled from Chippewa Falls, Wis., to my home in Montana, making this journey, the first of many, all by myself.

I stayed at home during the summer of 1904 and that fall I went to school north of Madison, Wis., where I stayed five years, returning home but once during that time. During my sojourn with the P——s, I had contracted the bad habit of neglecting my studies—a habit that seemed destined to remain with me all my life; but, as we shall see later, I finally acquired

strength of mind enough to free myself from it and turn over a new leaf.

The school I attended in Wisconsin was a good boarding school and I helped my mother pay the board by working every day in the dairy barn. In the spring of 1909, I spent another period at my home in Montana, eagerly desiring to go to Carlisle; but my mother was opposed to the Government schools and sent me instead to Park College at Parkville, Mo., which is just ten miles from Kansas City. I took up first year high school work there, but here again my negligence in study kept me from being promoted, and early in the spring of 1910 I went home again. My mother, much disappointed, but concealing her feelings as only mothers can, decided that I should go to Carlisle and the necessary arrangements were made. I reached Carlisle August 22, 1910; and, as school had not yet opened, I went to work in the printing office. Later, I entered the Junior class, where my aversion to study kept me until the spring of 1914, when I became a Senior. Every vacation was spent away from Carlisle. One of these was spent under the outing system at Lebanon, Pa.

On my return to school that fall, I made a solemn promise to myself that I should for once do my best. Consequently, I led the Senior class during the months of September, October, and November, was elected President of the class, and was given many other responsible things to do.

These events constitute Volume One in the life history of Kenneth Coe King. Volume Two will contain the rest of the school life of the youth "Walk First."

"Not on the summit, but on the way."



# THE BOOK OF FATE

By CORA MELBOURNE BATTICE.



IT IS a difficult task to arrange the fate of seventeen ambitious girls; but it is a duty not to be shirked by the seer to whom such fates are revealed. Indeed, there is pleasure in it, as my vision peers into the future and the years unroll to show me what fate has in store for each.

Thirty-five years have rolled by since that memorable day when class 1915 assembled for the last time at "Dear Old Carlisle." It is a June day in the year 1950 and I am sitting alone in my library. I have been prosperous and seem to be very happy in my beautiful mansion in sunny Oklahoma, on a ranch of three-hundred acres with every modern improvement. I glance into a mirror to see how I look and notice streaks of gray in my hair, the work of time, alas! Immediately my thoughts fly swiftly back over the years to the day of my graduation when there were no lines of gray in my hair; and I long to know how time has dealt with the girls of my class.

I sent a message to Mrs. ———, formerly Mary Raiche, and begged her to come and visit me, talk over past years, and give and receive information concerning the lives of our girl friends of class 1915. Mary, after her graduation at the West Chester Normal School, had received an appointment as teacher at Odanah, Wisconsin, once an insignificant town, but now a great center of learning and the metropolis of the northwest.

Upon receipt of her answer by wireless that she would come, I began to busy myself with preparations; but the time went slowly, so eager was I for the day of her visit to arrive. At last it came, bringing Mary in her private aeroplane. Aeroplanes are flying over my ranch in great numbers daily, either on business or on pleasure trips. They are as common as the automobiles were in my schooldays. When Mary arrived the following dialogue took place:

*I:* It doesn't seem possible that we have met at last after so many years! Tell me how the world has treated our classmates, many of whom you must have seen during your travels through the United States.

*Mary:* I have just made a tour of our country and I am filled with pleasant memories of my journey and have a great deal of news to

tell you about our mutual friends. Just two weeks ago, as I was leaving New York, I met Marie Mason and Julia Frechette, who are continuing the Y. W. C. A. work begun at Carlisle and who are doing a noble work for foreign missions. And that reminds me, do you know anything about Minnie O'Neal?

*I:* Minnie is living in a beautiful home in Pender, a flourishing city of Nebraska. By her sunny smile and loving disposition, she has won many valuable friends. Her education received at the West Chester Normal School, she uses in teaching her own children. She told me of our dear teacher, Mrs. Foster, who has retired and is living in a beautiful suburb of San Francisco, California.

*Mary:* While in Washington, D. C., I met Nettie Kingsley and Minnie Charles. They are among the women interested in social reforms, devoting themselves, especially, to the temperance branch of the work. Nettie is president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

*I:* Do you know anything about Margaret Brown?

*Mary:* Margaret has a world-wide reputation. Her fame rests upon her literary ability, for she is one of our best-known novelists.

*I:* I am not surprised. Margaret was always reading when at Carlisle. A few days ago, I read in the Ladies Home Journal about one of our classmates, Rose Snow. She is called the "Angel of the Prison." Her life work is much like that of Elizabeth Fry, since she, too, devotes her life to the aid of criminal women and children in America.

*Mary:* About four months ago, I attended the annual conference of one of the most powerful organizations in the country—the Society of American Indians. Ella Israel is the president and Naomi Geensky the secretary of this organization.

*I:* That accounts for the grand work the society is doing—the fact that two of our classmates are at its head.

*Mary:* You remember how Josie Holmes often expressed the desire to be a trained nurse? She completed the course in nursing, and not being satisfied with that profession she studied to be a physician and is now practicing in Odanah, where she has won great success.

*I:* Tell me about Bess, sweet Bess.



*Mary:* Bessie, who was well fitted to practice home economics, founded a school for Indian girls in northern California. She is superintendent of this well-disciplined and progressive school. Lillian Walker, distinguished for her grace, has become a famous theatrical star, appearing in London, Paris, New York, and other large cities, where her singing especially is applauded.

*I:* It is such a pleasure to learn that the girls are making good; but still it is a grief to me that I cannot meet them personally and hear from their own lips of their successes. Have we mentioned all the girls?

*Mary:* No, there are three more—Mary Kewaygeshik, Della John, and Theresa Lay. You remember what a delightful, unaffected girl

Della was? Did you ever meet anyone else so full of mirth and humor? She is a famous actress. Mary is at the head of the Outing office at Carlisle. Theresa, last but not least, has been for many years piano instructor at the Boston Conservatory.

I am so glad I came to see you. From information we have furnished each other, there is no question but that the girls of class 1915 are living up to their motto "Fidelity." But all good times must end.

I regretted to let Mary go at the end of that delightful week, but I had to bid her good-bye. Her visit had been a pleasant one and we had satisfied ourselves that all the girls were true to their Alma Mater and were fulfilling their duties in a most admirable manner.

## GOOD MANNERS

By ELLA ISRAEL.

"What thou wilt  
Thou must rather enforce with thy smile  
Than hew to it with thy sword."—*Shakespeare.*



OOD manners are needed wherever we go. "Conduct is three fourths of life," says Matthew Arnold; and surely it is, when we stop to consider the question; for we know that our mien and our manner have much to do with our influence and work in the world. A good bearing and a kindly manner will succeed where a person possessing more ability but less courtesy will fail.

Originally, the word "etiquette" signified a tag tied on a bag to indicate its contents. Later, rules of society were written on these tags and were sent to guests to tell them just what they were expected to do. To-day by "etiquette" we mean simply the code of good manners which is acknowledged by all the members of society in any one community.

A fine manner and charming ways compensate for many defects of nature. The homeliest people in the world are charming if they are polite, kind, gentle, and courteous.

The ancient Greeks were worshippers of beauty which, they thought, was a proof of the special favor of the gods. All Greek women were beautiful and charming, since, according to their ideas, beauty meant perfection of form, coloring, and facial expression. With

us, the most beautiful person is the one who has the most winning manners, the most beautiful character, and the greatest purity of soul.

Beauty of life and character has no sharp angles. If our inner life is beautiful and pure, it will show in our faces and make them beautiful. It has been well said that the face is the mirror of our thoughts. A young girl was once reading a leaf of an ancient poem. She read only one line, but it brought to her a wonderful message—"God, make me beautiful within," it said. We gain actual physical beauty by being unfailingly courteous, gentle and kind.

An old tradition tells us that Apelles traveled and studied for years, taking note of all that was most lovely and beautiful in the fair women whom he met, in order that he might reproduce these characteristics in his Venus which was to be the fairest of them all. So we should study and copy all that is beautiful in others and try to make ourselves "the fairest of them all."

As a grain of musk will yield fragrance for a very long time, so the influence of our good manners is all-pervasive and will last long. Courtesy is a fortune in itself. It is worth more than money for it will unlock gates to success which gold can never open. Good manners, too, are good security. We can travel far on them, and are always welcome to



the best of society. Magoon says, "There is no policy like politeness, since good manners often succeed where the best tongue has failed." The art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world.

Many of us are careless about our manners, our table manners for instance. We save them for "company;" and when the company is gone, we fall back into our old ways. Such manners are not worth much. They have never been made a part of ourselves, but are superficial and half learned. Confucius says, "Eat at your own table as you would eat at the table of the King."

Our good manners and good breeding are shown by the way in which we dress. If we are dressed well and neatly, and our attire is suited to the occasion, we shall be better mannered, for we shall feel at ease and contented. In "civilized society," says Dr. John-

son, "the man who is best dressed is most respected."

Our conduct and manners are an index to our character. If we are courteous, it shows good breeding and we are more respected thereby. Politeness, to be of real worth, must signify good breeding. It cannot take its place any more than the bark can take the place of the heart of a tree. Sincerity is the basis of all good manners.

The characteristics which mark good breeding are easily discerned. They are unselfishness, love, charity, contentment, heart's ease, etc. We should pattern after Him who gave us the Golden Rule as a foundation of character and who was the first true gentleman that ever lived.

Politeness has been compared to an air cushion which, though there is apparently nothing in it, eases our jolts wonderfully.

## OUR ANNUAL DEBATE

By HENRY HORACE HAYES.



IN ALL colleges where literary or debating societies have been established, arrangements are made for debates between the different organizations. In this feature of the school life, Carlisle Indian School takes an active interest, and four debating societies flourish here.

The good to be derived from the work, or pleasure as it should be termed, of preparing for and taking part in debates cannot be overestimated. To one unused to standing before an audience and addressing it, the ordeal is something dreadful, but the experience teaches the most essential things in life—self-control, confidence, and ease in speaking—qualities which are acquired only by practice.

The annual debate between the Standard and the Invincible Societies was staged in the auditorium on the night of January 9, 1915. These two societies are great rivals for honors in the yearly debates and the honors, so far, are very nearly even. Last year, the debate was won by the Invincibles, who, having tasted victory once and found the taste sweet, remained "Invincible" in confidence as regards this year's debate. The Standards, after a hot fight, were defeated last year; but this year they

lived up to their motto "En avant," and defeated the Invincibles in a debate which was hotly contested from start to finish. The debaters will never forget that memorable night and will remember it as an occasion in which all were victors, or, at least, gainers, even though one side lost; for the debaters all shared the good derived from their preparation and the inspiration of well-delivered argument. All the participants won great praise for the enthusiasm with which they entered into the discussion and for the skill with which they managed the debate. Illustrations, metaphors, and similes followed one another in rapid succession—enough to arouse envy in the mind of any political orator, had one been present. The judges, Dr. W. A. Hutchinson, the Rev. E. L. Coblenz, and Hon. Fillmore Maust, must have had a hard time deciding upon the victors.

The audience was attentive and was entertained by the rival societies with yells and songs which showed the spirit of each society.

Next year is now to be reckoned with. The Invincibles will still be "Invincibles" in confidence and courage; the Standards will ever be "Standards." Our motto, "En avant," lives!



## MY MESSAGE TO GARCIA

By MARGARET JEANE BROWN.



HERE is one man whose figure should be cast in bronze and set up in schoolroom and college classroom. This is Rowan, the man who carried a message to Garcia.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Garcia, a leader of the insurgents, had, with his forces, gone into a hiding place in the mountains. It was necessary that President McKinley send him a message; no telegram could reach him; a man must be sent to deliver it in person; and Rowan was suggested as the one who could be trusted to accomplish faithfully the important task.

President McKinley sent for the man and gave him the message. Rowan placed the precious paper, which contained the message over his heart and started on his errand. For four days he traveled by steamer; from the steamer he stepped into an open boat and continued his journey; then he disappeared into the woods. In three weeks he came out from the other side of the woods, the deed accomplished. He had delivered the message. He had performed his task without asking a question, knowing

instinctively that it was an errand that must be done and that great trust had been reposed in him. For three weeks he traveled through deep forests, dangerous swamps, and ravines, all the time journeying through a hostile country. But what was that to him? He thought only of the message, not of the hardships he had to encounter.

Far away from here, north of the United States, is my home. There is very little chance for the natives to get the education and instruction that I am receiving here. I was sent here to get the learning that the Government can give me; and it is I that must carry a message from this school to my people.

The people in Alaska, although they are good workers, do not care for school and usually they try to slip away from it if they can. They do not know the priceless value of being able to read good books nor do they seem to care; but that is because they have never had the chance.

Now it is for me to show the value of an education, the joy and beauty to be derived from reading good books. That shall be my "Message to Garcia."

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## MY SUMMER AT CARLISLE

By LILLIAN WALKER.



LAST summer, I elected to spend my vacation at Carlisle; and more and more, as the time passed, I realized that my choice had been a wise one.

My original intention had been to spend my vacation under the Outing system in order to learn the duties which every woman has to perform when she becomes a home-maker; but, after school closed in May, I thought the question over and decided to remain at Carlisle, as I realized that this would probably be my last year here and as I was curious to know just how vacation time was spent at school. I knew one thing—that vacation here meant no hard study, but work all day instead. We had some time to ourselves, of course, and our work was a pleasure, since we enjoyed being together

in the different departments to which we were detailed. I was assigned to the sewing room and stayed there for a week, when the matron, Mrs. Ewing, asked me if I would not like to work for her as a housekeeper. I gladly consented to do so to the best of my ability, and from her I learned just what those who were under the Outing system were taught.

When the time came for Mrs. Ewing to go on her vacation, I went back to the sewing room and stayed there until she returned.

One of the pleasant events of the vacation was the picnic at Mt. Holly on the twenty-second of August. It was a beautiful day and you may be sure that the girls were all ready at the appointed hour. We went into ranks at eight o'clock, and at the command from our matron



we marched out to the gateway, where the chartered trolley cars were waiting for us. Very soon the cars were filled with laughing girls on their way to the picnic grounds. An hour later we were in the beautiful valley of Mt. Holly, where everything looked brighter to us than it ever did before. We soon scattered. Some of the girls went to the playground; others went boating; while still others sat under the trees and told stories.

Finally dinner time came and we eagerly gathered at the place chosen for the feast—for feast it was, since we were all famished from our exercise in the open. Every girl appeared on the scene at dinner time and we were soon eating the good dinner that had been prepared for us: baked ham, deviled eggs, rolls, pickles, cakes, pie, lemonade, coffee, bananas, and tomatoes.

After dinner, some of the girls washed the dishes, then scattered in various directions to repeat the program of the forenoon, excepting that at three o'clock the girls had a base ball game which was the most exciting event of the

day. At five o'clock we were called for our last meal, of which we partook heartily. The girls who had not washed the dinner dishes washed those used at supper, while the others adjourned to the pavilion and danced until seven o'clock, when the trolley cars were again at our service. Soon we were aboard, singing merrily, although we were really very tired and were glad when we reached the Girls' Quarters.

The next event of any importance was the return of the Outing girls, whom everyone was anxious to see. They returned the 27th of August, and appeared on the campus while we were drilling—all looking well and all happy because they were "at home" again. On the 28th, the boys returned, glad to greet their friends once more.

I am sure that I had one of the most pleasant of vacations; and when school opened, I felt inspired to unusual diligence in my studies, to apply myself as never before to the tasks which every one must perform who desires a Carlisle diploma.

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## THE "VISION" OF GEN. R. H. PRATT

By THERESA LAY.



THIRTY-FIVE years ago, through the diligent efforts of General R. H. Pratt, the Carlisle Indian School was first brought to light. Before this, Mr. Pratt had been a captain in the army, under General Sheridan, and had fought face to face with the Indians of the West.

While his army was engaged in a skirmish in one of the Western States, Captain Pratt was put in charge of a band of thirty-five Indian prisoners and was ordered to bring them East, into Florida. He found these prisoners in a deplorable condition; some with their legs riveted together with iron chains and others with their wrists fastened together in the same manner, and it was then that the young soldier had a vision. He saw that the Indians were like other people, after all, and that if they were treated properly, they could be made into worthy citizens. He therefore set about to find a way of making good his convictions.

Upon reaching Florida, he settled the Indians in a comfortable fort among the white men and began to teach them the ways of the white man. In four years these Indians had become competent workers and had left off their wild Indian customs, readily adapting themselves to their environment.

General Pratt then went to Washington and interested the Government officials in the Indian question as they had never been interested before. As a result of his efforts, the Government set apart for his use a tract of land in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Here, with a small party of Indians, General Pratt founded this school in 1879. Little did he dream then that thirty-five years later it would be ranked as the greatest school of its kind in the country and be a power in the cause of civilization.

The school is the result of keeping one's eyes and heart open to the call of humanity.



## TRIBAL LAY OF 1915

By E. H. F.



FROM the smiling Western Prairies,  
From the mountains, plains, and  
sea,  
Old Carlisle calls to the Indian,  
"Your children, send to me."

Came Montana's son, Kenneth Coe King,  
A Sioux who knows almost everything.

Wisconsin, Land of the Chippewas,  
Sent many a youth to sing her praise.

Edward Morrin and William Thayer,  
Two Chippewas, ready to do and dare.

Fred Morrisette, a Chippewa, too,  
And Josie Holmes—to Carlisle true.

And Mary Raiche, a Chippewa maid,  
Says her debt to Carlisle can never be paid.

Ovilla Azure, a tall Chippewa, came  
From North Dakota—true blue, like his name.

And Michael Wilkie, same tribe and State,  
Has come to Carlisle to share her fate.

Julia Frechette, a Chippewa of visions untold  
Came to Carlisle her fair mind to unfold.

Naomi Greensky is a dear little Chippewa, too—  
If it weren't for the Chippewas, what should  
we do?

From Oklahoma came a Creek  
Named Henry Hayes—Carlisle to seek.

Thence, too, came Ella Israel,  
Who, you must know, is a Cherokee belle.

Also Charles Apekaum—curious name—  
He'll raise the Kiowas to deathless fame.

Next Michigan sent two girls to Carlisle,  
Lillian Walker, an Ottawa—look at her smile!

Another Ottawa girl from Michigan came—  
Mary Kewaygeshik—nice little name.

Minnie O'Neal, a Shoshoni in race,  
Was sent by Wyoming to find here her place.

And dear Nettie Kingsley—a Winnebago—  
Came here from Nebraska some years ago.

New York, close at hand sends her sons to  
Carlisle;

A number of good youths, without guile.

From the Empire State came a Seneca maid—  
Theresa's her name—no more need be said.

A Seneca lass, by name Della John,  
Came here from New York one sunshiny morn.

And along with her came, from the same State,  
you know,

A Seneca lassie whose name is Rose Snow.

New York is the home of the Seneca tribe,  
But many Cayugas have dwelt there beside.

Minnie Charles, a Cayuga, a very fine lass,  
Came here from New York to make one of this  
class.

From out North Dakota, where loud the winds  
blew,  
Came Bessie Gilland of the tribe of the Sioux.

Two Sioux from South Dakota came,  
Baldeagle who will soar like his name.

And Francis Paul, to Carlisle true,  
Who boasts with pride that he, too, is a Sioux.

James Garvie, another talented Sioux,  
Has ambitions about which—but he will tell you.

From far off Pacific, the famed Golden Gate,  
Comes Marie, a Medum, the pride of her State.

From Alaska, the land of furs and gold,  
Comes Margaret Brown to join Carlisle's fold.

Margaret is the only one here from Alaska,  
But Hiram, an Omaha, comes from Nebraska.

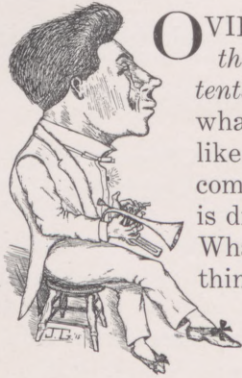
Arizona sends one, who's not a dreamer,  
John Gibson—Carlisle's only Pima.

A lass from Okla. came, Cora Battice,  
A Sac and Fox—but she bids me cease.



## THE BOYS OF CARLISLE '15 TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HENCE

Revealed in a Dialogue Between OVILLA AZURE and MICHAEL WILKIE.



**O**VILLA (*sitting in a chair by the window and peering intently into the heavens.*): Oh! what is that coming? It looks like an airship! It is surely coming towards the house! It is drawing nearer and nearer! What can it mean? Let me think! To-day is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation from Carlisle and well do I remember that my old chum Wilkie said he would be with me on this day if he were alive and well. Wilkie owns "The Wilkie Airship Factory" of Rollo, North Dakota, so of course it is he coming to redeem his promise.

*(Rushes out of the house just as the airship comes to earth with a graceful swoop. A man alights and greetings pass between them.)*

Just as I expected! I knew you would come, even if you had to charter an airship. How good it would have been could you have brought all of your classmates with you. But do come into my house where you must make yourself entirely at home. While you are here, my house is yours. I have a well equipped wireless station here, if you wish to send a message home in regard to your safe arrival.

*(They enter the house.)*

About six months ago, I saw in THE RED MAN that you were making a tour of the world.

*Wilkie (who has tried in vain to get a chance to speak)*: I am; and it is the crowning joy of my trip to be here in your house and to hear once more your faltering accents. You know I promised to be here on the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation and here I am. Can it be possible that we have been separated so long?

In the course of my travels I have met all the boys of our class and bring with me greetings and remembrances from the hearts of all.

*Ovilla*: Tell me all about them. How do they look? Where do they live? What are they doing? Whom did they marry?

*Wilkie*: When I first started on my aerial journey, I landed at Odanah, the metropolis of Wisconsin, where I met Edward Morrin, once president of our class, now manager of a large publishing company which sends out a daily paper widely circulated throughout the United States and Canada. I then journeyed to Chicago and alighted at the union depot, where I had the good fortune to meet the happy little couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Chase, who were on their way home to Wind River, Wyoming, where Hiram is the foremost lawyer of that section of the country. Mrs. Foster was along with them, and the three were planning a visit to Venice. We had a long conversation about old school days—

*Ovilla (interrupting)*: Did he say "If M—— could only see me now!"

*Wilkie*: I did not forget to remind him of his famous saying. He was evidently the owner of two large dirigibles, one of which he was using. He told me that he owned large estates both in Wyoming and Nebraska.

As I traveled across the waters heading towards Rome, a thought came to me of a certain individual in the class of religious appearance and tendencies. Naturally such a person would be found in this great Catholic city, I thought; so I visited St. Peter's and was not greatly surprised to find there Father William Thayer, an important dignity of the church. While at Rome, I was told that Henry Hayes was the star of the Bonny Belle Opera performing at the Globe in London. Without wasting a moment, I steered for the world's metropolis, London, landed, and procured a ticket. The play was certainly the best I ever saw and reminded me strongly of the Bonny Belle given at Carlisle many years ago. After the play was over, I notified Henry of my arrival and was greeted with his everlasting smile. During the conversation, he told me that while he was traveling in India he met Charles Apekaum, B. S., engaged in missionary work among the natives. This did not surprise me, as you may



remember he was connected with the Y.M.C.A. when at Carlisle.

Leaving London, I set out for Paris and landed near the Jardin du Luxembourg. First of all I visited the Wanamaker store, where Fred Morrisette is a shareholder, and consequently connected with the administrative department. He was busy but was overjoyed to see me and stopped long enough to introduce me to the French maiden he had married.

*Ovilla:* Could anything be more interesting! But did you know, Michael, that Frank Paul has his residence in this city? After graduating, he took a course in agriculture at Carlisle, became a successful farmer, and is now retired. I hear that he is negotiating with the University of South Dakota in regard to a position as "Professor of Agriculture," which he is being urged to accept. He is the owner of a seven-thousand acre farm.

*Wilkie:* I cannot imagine Paul a professor, can you?

*Ovilla:* Not easily; but he is not the only professor in the class. I was in Sioux City last summer; and, as I am always interested in music, I visited the Conservatory of Music there and met Professor James Garvie, now an eminent musician. At first I did not recognize him, as his hair was about a foot long and he had gained much in weight.

*Wilkie (interrupting):* I must not forget to tell you about the Indian conference I attended last fall. There I saw Mr. Thomas —, known as the Indian orator. He was master of an extensive vocabulary—so extensive that his speech was incomprehensible to some.

*Ovilla:* What a treat it has been to hear such good tidings of the boys of '15. Not one has been a failure; each one has kept the faith and has shown the world that the Indian can fill the same positions of trust and honor as the white man.

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## MY TRIP TO CARLISLE

By JULIA FRECHETTE.



FOR some time previous to last June, I had been desirous of becoming a student at Carlisle; and, through the kind help and co-operation of my guardian, who was a teacher here during the whole of General Pratt's regime, I was permitted to enroll myself as a student. And so I set out for Carlisle on the morning of June 31st, on a through train over the Pennsylvania line for Harrisburg.

I passed through many beautiful places; for, at that time of the year, Nature is at her best. Traveling alone through a two days' journey, I had much time for reflection. Gazing upon these acres and acres of rich farming land, I could not help wondering what had caused all the suffering from hunger and want which I had myself witnessed among Chicago's poor during my sojourn of six months there.

The first stop of importance was at Columbus; but, as it was night when the train stopped there, my only impression of the city was a

place full of loud-voiced newsboys and confectionery peddlers, bent on annoying weary travelers trying to rest.

We passed through Pittsburgh just at the dawn of day. It was a beautiful sight to see the different-hued flames leaping from the great furnaces and an inspiring sound to hear the roar of industry ever noticeable in a factory town.

Not far from Johnstown, I saw the famous "Horse Shoe Curve"—a sight worth coming a long distance to see. While crossing the Allegheny Mountains I kept thinking how rich in mineral wealth this great State of Pennsylvania is.

At 9.30 a. m. on Wednesday, I reached Harrisburg and immediately boarded a train for Carlisle where I arrived at 1 o'clock. This was the beginning of my career as a student at the foremost Indian school in America and I feel proud of the high standard to which Carlisle is attaining daily.



## THE LEGEND OF MENO

By MARY WONITA KEWAYGESHIK.



YEARS ago, there lived a young girl from the tribe of the Ottawa—a girl whom everyone admired, for she was kind and gentle to all, even to the animals, whose language she seemed to understand. Her name was Meno, and she was of humble station, being the daughter neither of a chief nor of a warrior; nevertheless, as is the custom among most tribes, she was promised in marriage to the bravest and strongest.

At this time and in this tribe lived Saga, known far and wide for his wonderful age and his appearance of youthfulness, which was produced by magic arts. Saga was greatly feared, for he was artful in the crafts of wickedness, causing misfortune, ill-luck, and sickness to fall upon those who offended or displeased him. He also knew the good things and was found useful by those towards whom he was well disposed.

Saga's rival was Mekwa, a man far below him in standing and one who was humble and kind. Mekwa loved Meno and Saga did his best to get rid of him and one day he disappeared. No one knew where he had gone.

Saga was rejoiced to think he had got rid of his rival, and proceeded to woo Meno. Meno paid no attention to him, but showed in every way that she was pining for Mekwa. In anger, Saga changed the beautiful girl into a hideous thing—a snake.

All this time Mekwa was dreaming of winning Meno. He had killed the three lions on the bay, who came out at night with their backs all red fire. Many others had tried to kill them but had always failed; for whoever approached these lions lost his strength, not through fear but through magic influence.

Mekwa returning, elated by his wonderful exploit, found Meno gone and learned that Saga had caused her to go. Bravely Mekwa went to Saga and asked him where he had taken Meno. Saga was surprised, for because of his magic arts he thought Mekwa would not dare ask him such a question or come boldly into his presence.

Because of this insult, Saga quarreled with Mekwa. At last they decided that the stronger

should have Meno. Saga was certain that he would win and began to boast to himself. Mekwa only said: "I can whirl you until you beg." Saga laughed at this; but at once he began to go round and round, rising higher and higher into the air and whirling faster and faster, and his fine feathers, which he had so carefully dyed, blew off and were scattered all around. Finally he began to be afraid, and he acknowledged that he was beaten. As he whirled, his magic power was lost and he grew into an old, old man. Many people crowded around to watch the whirling; and those who never before dared to laugh at him were now laughing at old Saga. Saga begged Mekwa for mercy and the people laughed louder and louder. Before Mekwa granted Saga's prayer, the people had laughed so long and so hard that their mouths were stretched. This is why the mouths of the Ottawas are so large.

Besides the people standing around, there were birds and beasts, also; and you can, to this day, tell which or who laughed at old Saga. Saga very quickly restored Meno to her original form and gave her to Mekwa because he was the stronger. But Mekwa's strength was not all his own; he had called on his friend, Moyyay, the Whirlwind, and Moyyay it was who had whirled old Saga about.

Up to this time, all birds on earth were white. After Saga had been conquered, the birds gathered his feathers and began to decorate themselves with them. The crow got all the black feathers, as he was greedy; and that is just why crows are so black to-day. The robin grabbed and got several kinds, and to this day he goes as a bird of several colors. The bird who was almost left out was the red-headed woodpecker. He got only one red feather. He had a very strenuous time trying to decide where he could place it to become him most. He tried it on his tail, his back, and finally his head. Then he had a hard time trying to make others used to his appearance. Most thought his head was bleeding.

The Ottawas held no grudge against Saga in spite of their big mouths; for, had it not been for his whirling, there would not be so many beautiful birds.



## MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By WILLIAM JOSEPH THAYER.



IN ancient times, the Romans erected statues of their heroes in public places that their youth, in contemplating these statues, might be inspired to emulate the noble examples set before them. In our day, very few statues are erected upon which we may look and from which we may receive inspiration; but in their stead, histories of noble men and women are given to us in the form of autobiography which, from all points of view, are as full of inspiration and convey as many lessons to us as the statues ever did to the Roman youth.

It is customary of distinguished people to write their autobiographies and in them to tell their fellowmen how the writer made good in spite of small beginnings, and by means of hardships and sacrifices.

My autobiography is not intended to serve as an inspiration to any one, since I have not yet entered upon the hardships and sacrifices of life; for, although my father is a poor man, he has always managed in some way or another to have his family live comfortably.

It was on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1894, that I was born to Henry and Mary Thayer, who, at that time were living on a farm situated about eight miles northwest of the city of Shell Lake, Wisconsin. At the time of my birth, my father was a farmer, as his father and his father's father had been; for, as far back as we can trace, my English ancestors have been tillers of the soil. They came from England, settled in the State of Maine, and moved west as the country became settled by the whites. My French ancestors, the Denashas, were Canadian Frenchmen who inhabited the region adjacent to the upper Great Lakes long before my English ancestors came to this country. But the ancestors of which I am most proud are the Indians, both my grandmothers being full-blooded Chippewa Indians, who inhabited this country of ours before either my French or my English forefathers. Unfortunately, my Indian ancestors, like most Indians, never kept any records of their predecessors—in fact we can trace back for only a little more than a hundred years.

It was while living on my father's farm that I first attended school. I had heard so much about going to school from my brother that one day when school was about to open, I asked my mother if I might not go with my brother. She gladly consented, although she thought it was too far for me to walk, since the school was about two miles from the farm; but I managed to walk the four miles every day.

My first day at school is one which I shall always remember, for, young as I was, I received that day the idea of the necessity for an education and making for one's self a good name.

I continued to go to school in that little country schoolhouse until I was about eight years old and then I was sent to the Government School at Hayward, Wisconsin, along with two of my brothers. We were among the first to enter the school, which had been completed only the previous summer.

This was the first time that I had ever attended or seen a large school and I knew from the beginning that I should like it very much; and I did like it, for the large boys as well as the matrons and teachers were very kind to us smaller ones and did all they could to help us—a fact which we greatly appreciated.

Every summer, during my stay at the school, we went home for our summer vacation and helped as much as we could on our farm.

After finishing the term at Hayward, I went to live with my uncle and aunt at their home at Winter, Wisconsin. While there I attended the public school and went ahead very rapidly for instead of going only a half day, as was the custom at Hayward, I went all day.

I stayed with my uncle for about three years, during which time I took a great deal of interest in hunting and fishing in the near-by forest and streams; in fact I spent all my spare time, especially on Saturdays, in this amusement; and, game being plentiful, I usually returned home with something in my game bag.

Thinking that I could not do myself justice until I graduated from Hayward, I went back there in the fall of 1911 and entered the gradu-



ating class. We had a profitable and pleasant school year and graduated in June, 1912.

When he presented me with my diploma, the superintendent of the school asked me what school I intended to enter in the fall. I told him that I was thinking of Carlisle but was not sure whether I should be able to go there or not. I went home after graduation and helped my father through the summer. I am sure that my former superintendent was not surprised to receive a letter from me in September asking him to recommend me for Carlisle; he did so, and it was not very long before I received an application blank which I made out promptly and sent to the superintendent at Carlisle. In the latter part of October, we were summoned to Hayward and told that we were to leave for Carlisle that very day. Our party had a very pleasant trip east and it was especially interesting to me who had never been so far away from home before. We reached Carlisle on the 31st of October. After I had been asked a few questions, I, to my great surprise, was told to report to the Sophomore class.

That year we had a medium sized class and almost all passed into the Junior class to our great satisfaction. After commencement, I went to work under the Outing System on a truck farm about five miles east of the city of Trenton, N. J., and stayed there until the last of August, when I returned to Carlisle and began school work again. My Junior year was one of

hard work, for I was determined to enter the Senior class that spring; nor was my work in vain, as I made the desired grade. Through the kindness of Mr. Lipps, our supervisor in charge, I was able to spend my summer vacation at home, where I was greatly benefited in health and enabled to return to school strong and well and determined to graduate next spring—an ambition which I hope to realize before I go home again.

Having written the story of my past, I am sure that you would like to know what I intend doing after I have left Carlisle—I hope as a graduate. During my stay here, I have been learning the carpenter's trade and intend to adopt it for my life work.

As was stated in the beginning of this paper, I do not expect that anyone will derive inspiration from this meagre account of a boy's life; but I hope that other Indian boys who have the welfare of the Indians at heart will try to obtain an education and help solve this Indian problem which is foremost in the minds of all educated Indians.

In conclusion, I wish to say that perhaps few of us will ever become renowned; still we all may do our best and show to our fellow-men that we are capable of doing a little more than was expected of us; and by living honest, upright lives at all times we can help raise the standard of living in whatever place we happen to be.

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## OUR SKATING POND

By NAOMI EVELYN GREENSKY.



OF THE many forms of amusement at Carlisle for the boys and girls—amusements that develop both the mind and the body—one of the best is skating.

The skating pond is an artificial one, about two acres in area, situated on the west side of the school grounds. On the north is the Grove; on the west, Le Tort Creek; on the south, the main road; and on the east, the little stream which is used to flood the pond.

The pond is surrounded by buildings and tall trees and is the center of attraction in winter

when it is in good condition for skating; in summer, its glory has departed, it is dried up and looks more like pasture land than a skating pond. But in winter it is the best place for a good time for everybody. Everywhere, one can see the boys and girls moving about on the ice, either skating, running, sliding, walking, or racing.

This scene on the pond is usually enacted during the Christmas holidays, as it is at this time that the skating pond is usually at its best.

The pond is flooded by opening the upper



lock of this stream used for this purpose; then the lower lock is closed; and after this is done a pond from one to two feet in depth is ready for Jack Frost. Jack Frost is a person upon whose regularity you cannot depend.

This year the skating was fine and we did not have to wait very long for it to come; but

sometimes Jack Frost is slow in coming and we grow very impatient.

The good times on the pond will never be forgotten by anyone who has ever attended Carlisle.

“The bright days and the jolly days,  
The glad and joyful holidays,  
We enjoy them, every one,  
All crammed with laughing, merry fun.”

## A TRIP TO PHILADELPHIA

By MARIE MASON.



HAD just given up all hope of ever seeing Philadelphia again, when one day, after our Y. W. C. A. meeting, the advisory member came up to me and asked if I would not like to hear

Billy Sunday. Of course I would not let such a chance go by; and, although the time set for going was three weeks off, I immediately began preparing for the trip. After three weeks of delightful anticipation, the day arrived, and twelve eager girls were up and ready to go long before it was time. After we were actually on the way it seemed to us excited girls that we could get on faster if we should get out and push the train, although it would have been easier to walk than to push.

We reached Broad Street station at last, a few minutes after noon (for the train was a half hour late) and were met by Miss Johnston, who took us to the Y. W. C. A. Hall, where some of the girls were able to get rooms. Leaving our suit cases and bundles here, we went to the tabernacle where Mr. Sunday preached; but we were unable to secure seats until we went to the delegation door, where they gave us very good seats. The sermon for that afternoon was for young people and his text was, ‘Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.’ He spoke very plainly and it was wonderful to see so many children keeping so quiet. We enjoyed very much both the sermon and the music, which was beautiful.

After the meeting, we went to the Wanamaker store, where we did a little shopping, and then made a tour of the store. The most interesting place to us was the roof, or rather the scenes from the roof. We had a very splendid view of the city, also of Camden, New Jersey.

All of the interesting places and buildings were pointed out to us by the guide, and we spent a very pleasant half hour up there.

When we came down from the roof, we were taken through the dining rooms, kitchen, and school-room. In one of the dining rooms, Mr. Wanamaker entertained thirty-two Indian chiefs and we were proud to think that we were of the same race. When we had made the rounds of the store, we staid to hear the pipe organ, just ready to begin playing. It played for about fifteen minutes and then the store was closed.

In the evening we had supper and went again to the tabernacle for another service. We went this time as guests of Mr. Sunday and were given very good seats. There was a choir of eighteen hundred voices that sang some very beautiful selections and there was a fine sermon upon the text, ‘And His name shall be called ‘Wonderful.’’ After the service, we went back to the Y.W.C.A., six of us going with Miss Johnston because they could not accommodate us all in one place.

The next morning we were awakened by the church bell just across the street. When we went to bed, we thought that we should have no bell to wake us, so at the first peel we all jumped up thinking we were at Carlisle. As we had promised Miss Snoddy that we should take breakfast at the Y. W. C. A. hall, we hurried around and were there in a few minutes.

After breakfast, we went to the tabernacle and found it so crowded that we were with difficulty able to make our way through the passage, but we finally got seats where we could hear the preacher very distinctly. The sermon was on the ‘Power of Prayer,’ a very beautiful



selection was given on the trombone by one of Mr. Sunday's assistants and the audience was very enthusiastic and appreciative.

After the meeting, we went to lunch and out to Fairmont Park, where we went through the museum. It was all very interesting, but we were so tired that on our way home we were trolley-sick, but that did not keep us from being jolly. In the evening, we went to the Garrick Theatre, where there was another religious meeting. The minister called for volunteers to give Bible verses and a considerable number responded. He then asked how many lived outside of Philadelphia and also asked where they lived, and it was surprising to see the number that had come from New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Ohio, Iowa, Colorado, and all over Pennsylvania. When Miss Richardson arose and said that we represented the Y. W. C. A. of the Carlisle Indian School, there was great applause.

We retired early that night, for the next morning we were to have breakfast in the "Dutch Kitchen" and wanted to be ready for the treat. Miss Snoddy was down before the

girls were dressed, so those of us who were all ready went out for a short walk. Although it was so early in the morning, the trolleys that passed us were full of people and we realized what a busy city Philadelphia is. Our walk took us past the university buildings, which are very beautiful with the ivy climbing over the walls. We went back and had our breakfast. It was an "everybody-for-himself" kind of breakfast and we enjoyed very much waiting on ourselves. After our breakfast we all went to the university to visit the buildings and the museum. In the museum we found the Indian relics of most interest to us, but some of us were disappointed to find that we were not represented there.

Our next move was to get our suit cases and visit the house of Betsey Ross, who made our first flag. From there we went to Broad Street Station, arriving just in time to catch the train leaving for Harrisburg. We did not realize how tired we were until we were on the way home, but we felt that we were not too tired to tell of our trip to our roommates when we reached Carlisle.

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## THE LEGEND OF THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE ON MINNESOTA POINT

By FRED WILLIAM MORRISSETTE.



IT WAS when Superior was only a little village that the events which I am about to relate are said to have occurred. I heard the legend from an old pioneer now living at Superior, Wis.

The Bay of Superior is separated from the Lake by a narrow neck of land which is divided into Wisconsin and Minnesota Points. It was on the latter point that the lighthouse was built and it still stands there, although it has long since fallen into decay. In summer, many people visit these points and enter the old lighthouse upon whose walls are written many names, among which are names of those who helped to make Superior the city that it is today. Following is the story that these visitors are told:

It was in the early part of October, many years ago, and most of the inhabitants of this

little neck of land were gathered on the beach watching for a ship to come in. Food was scarce and they were expecting supplies daily. The lighthouse keeper was especially watchful lest, in such rough weather, ships be lost that were destined for Superior and ports beyond.

The lighthouse keeper had a beautiful daughter whose real name was "Marie," but whom the people called "Rosebud" on account of her beauty. She surpassed in loveliness all the maidens of the village.

On this October day, as I have said, the people were gathered on the lake shore peering anxiously into the distance for the long-expected sail. Suddenly some ships came in sight. With eager eyes, all waited for the approach of the vessels bearing the supplies so greatly needed and carrying perhaps friends and relatives whom these exiles longed to see.



The lighthouse keeper was especially watchful as he was expecting a man to come to help him with his work in the lighthouse, and he needed him very much. The ships drew nearer and nearer; anxiety was over for they sailed into the Bay and discharged their passengers and cargo. There was much rejoicing and everyone made merry as they shook one another by the hand and exchanged greetings. But one man stood apart in silence filled with consternation. His power of speech was gone. This was Mr. Calloway, the keeper of the light, who had recognized a deadly enemy in that merry band of passengers and who realized with terror that it was this man who had been sent to assist him. Necessity bade Mr. Calloway come forward and shake hands with the newcomer, but he did so with a bad grace and with a look of bitter hate upon his face. Evidently the recognition was not mutual.

In the latter part of the afternoon of this glad day, the old lighthouse keeper showed the assistant, Mr. Byrons, over his domain and explained to him his various duties. At the landing of the first flight of stairs, they suddenly ceased speaking, stood still and stared at each other. Without warning, Mr. Byrons leaped at the old man, clutched him by the throat and began a desperate struggle. Rose-

bud, preparing supper, heard the confusion but thought nothing of it. Mr. Calloway, by a desperate effort, broke loose from his assailant and started to run up the winding stairs. He knew he was no match for the young man and thought it wisest to take refuge in flight. At the last landing, seeing that he could go no farther, he jumped into the raging lake, his would-be murderer following him into the water.

Meanwhile Rosebud, having prepared supper, went to call her father; but she could find neither him nor his guest. Again and again she called, but there was no answer. Her father did not hear her, for he was fighting for his life in the raging waters of Lake Superior. Wildly she ran to the stairway; but there was no trace of her father there. As a last resort, she ran to the landing; and looking across the foaming lake, she saw her father and Mr. Byrons grappling in the water. Without a moment's hesitation, Rosebud jumped into the water to carry assistance to her father and all were swallowed up by the hungry waves.

Their bodies were never found. And to this day, when a storm is on the Great Lakes, the people say that they can hear the shrieks and cries of those who went to their death in those angry waves.

## POSSIBILITIES IN SPARE MOMENTS

By NETTIE MARY KINGSLEY.

*"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time,  
for that is what life is made of."*



TIME wasters are found everywhere. They not only waste their own time, but waste, also, other people's time. He who hoards and turns to account all his spare time will achieve great results and astonish those who have never learned the valuable secret of how to make good use of their spare time. We must learn to plan our day's work so that each moment may be properly spent.

Our days come to us like friends bringing with them precious gifts. If we fail to accept these gifts, we lose much and the days will soon cease to lay them before us; we will become less and less able to accomplish any

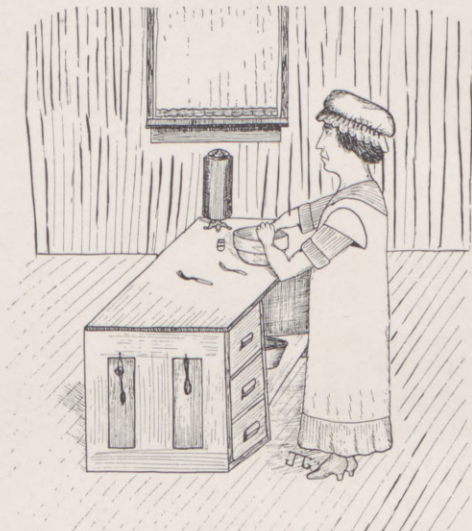
thing; and will soon lose our ability to work to advantage.

Lost health may be recovered by medicine and right living; lost wealth may be regained by industry and economy; lost knowledge may be restored by study and reading; but lost time can never be made up—it is lost forever.

"I have no time," or "I have not enough time," are expressions heard here at Carlisle. The fact is that we have time, but we do not know how to use it. Many people have become successful men and women by snatching every spare moment in a busy day and using it in writing, experimenting, working, and thinking. Ceaseless industry will do wonders; it has made many a poor, obscure lad a rich and famous man.



*"We may live without poetry, music, and art;  
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;  
We may live without friends; we may live without books;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."*



## INAUGURATION OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSE

By DELLA MAY JOHN.

**T**HE inauguration of the Domestic Science Department occurred on Friday evening, January 15th, and took the form of a dinner and reception in honor of the Senior Class. For the forty-two who were present, Miss Keck, the Domestic Science teacher, provided the elaborate menu which read as follows: First course, soup; second course, turkey and all its accompaniments; third course, ice cream, cake, fruit, after-dinner mints, and coffee.

The dining room and tables were decorated with the senior colors—garnet and white. The tables were arranged in the form of a Greek cross, with plants in the center from which long strips of garnet and white reached to the ends, at which were seated Mr. and Mrs. Lipps, Mrs. Ewing, Miss McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. DeHuff, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Foster, and Kenneth King, the president of the class. The plates used were white and gold and beside

each were a red and a white carnation and a place card. At the close of the dinner, appropriate toasts were responded to, Kenneth King acting as toastmaster.

The toastmaster first called on Mr. Lipps to speak for "Carlisle," and on Mr. DeHuff to toast the "Senior Class." Then followed Mrs. Ewing speaking for "Our Girls," Mr. Griffiths, for "Our Boys," Miss McDowell with a talk on "Loyalty," and Miss Reichel with a toast for "The American Indian." The rest of the toast list was composed of different members of the class who gave us their views on "The Occasion," "The President," "The Turkey," "The Ladies," "The Gentlemen," "Uncle Sam," "Friendship," "The Red and Gold," "Football," and "Domestic Science."

Dinner over, the guests and hostesses went upstairs to the music room where a reception was held, during which the following program was rendered by the members of the class:



Music, Senior Orchestra; reading, "The New Year," Minnie O'Neal; song, "Melody of Love," Mary Raiche; recitation, "The Open Door," Cora Battice; cornet and trombone duet, Messrs. Garvie and Lay; French song, Messrs. Azure and Wilkie.

The rest of the evening was given over to conversation, dancing, etc. The reception lasted until eleven o'clock, and then the guests returned each to his own quarters, congratulating one another upon the success of the evening.

## VALEDICTORY

By HIRAM CHASE, JR.

(Given at the graduation exercises May 20, 1915.)

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW STUDENTS:**—It has fallen my lot as a member of the class of 1915 to give expression to a few thoughts appropriate to this occasion. I begin my task with keen appreciation of the relations which we have so long sustained with one another, with the faculty of this school, and with the world of affairs which we are about to enter, ignorant of what is before us but hoping for the best with all the ardor of young womanhood and young manhood.



**CLASSMATES:**—We have been companions for some years—years of diligent application to our studies; years of light and shade to all of us; years of social fellowship and pleasant recreation; years of mental and physical improvement. We have sympathized with one another in our difficulties; we have lightened one another's hearts in times of sadness; and have enjoyed school life in one another's society—as much, I venture to say, as any other class that ever left these portals. We go hence with our diplomas which we look upon as keys to unlock the doors of industry, science, art, literature, and mercantile interests for us and to gain for us admittance to the avenues of wealth and honor. We are going as we are, into the battle of life. What success we shall have, what victories we may win, the future alone can tell.

But we go forth with strong hope and abiding faith that all will be well with us if we perform our duty faithfully in whatever sphere fate may assign us. Where will our fortune anchor us in the harbor of the Future? I see, in

imagination, this class all scattered: Some, the heads of families, engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and trade; others, on the rough sea of political life where many will doubtless acquire honor in state or national affairs, bestowing benefits upon their fellowmen while they hold high and responsible positions in official life. But as we go forth, each to fulfill his destiny, let us forget our youthful prejudices, if any exist, against one another; and through all our lives, be faithful friends as opportunity shall offer. For myself, and I think I speak for all, these school friendships are too sacred to be lightly broken or forgotten; and, by our farewells, and in the final hand clasp, let us renew the bonds which our fellowship in our Alma Mater has woven.

**MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY:**—We leave Carlisle with the profoundest esteem for the wisdom, forbearance, and uniform justice and kindness that you have ever manifested towards us during our stay within these walls. We have perhaps often been hasty, heedless of your feelings and our own best interests, and have caused you great annoyance by our youthful follies; but in every situation you have proved yourselves our true friends and mentors, and in our hearts we have cherished no ill feeling, no ingratitude towards you. For whatever has given you offence, we ask your forgiveness; and we are carrying away with us heartfelt gratitude for all the favors which we have received at your hands.

**FELLOW STUDENTS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE CLASSES:**—As I look into your faces, my thoughts fly backward, and I see this graduating class as it was a few years ago—a handful of inexperienced, puzzled newcomers. What we felt and endured then, half-discouraged by our outward circumstances and our inward



fears, you now feel and endure. But cheer up! for the troubles of the present will dissolve like a morning dream. On your part, you have youth, intellect, and capable teachers; and if you fail (and I do not believe you will) you will have only your own inattention to blame for it.

The course is not the bugbear that you fear it is, and its difficulties will vanish before the energy and application that you are (I am

sure) determined to exercise. We leave you here to maintain the honor of this institution. So conduct yourselves that you may depart from it with its blessings.

The hour of parting draws nigh. In spite of hope and faith in the Future, there is a time of sadness in the present, which I for one am not ashamed to cherish and to confess; for it testifies the genuineness of our human sympathy and heartfelt friendship.

## ROOM No. 14

JAMES WILLIAM GARVIE.



ROOM No. 14, or the senior room, is at the west end of the school building on the second floor. It has six large windows, each with a transom, and three doors, one of which has a transom; hence it has an abundance of light and ventilation. In size, the room is, I should judge, about 32 feet long and 24 feet wide with a height of 14 feet. The walls are painted bluish green and the ceiling is cream-color with trimmings the color of the walls. The woodwork, including wainscoting, doors, window frames, and blackboards, which occupy every convenient bit of wall space, is varnished. There are thirty adjustable desks arranged in seven rows with the teacher's desk in front, facing the pupils. Between the teacher's desk and the south windows, stands a table upon which lie newspapers and a large Webster's Dictionary. In the southeast corner, another table holds some pots of geraniums. Pictures are hung upon the walls and also our class banner of white and maroon. This banner hangs directly in front of the students and shares the wall space with three interesting pictures, a copy of Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple," a famous picture that no one ever tires of seeing. As one glances at it, he grasps the idea of Christ's knowledge and intellect displayed so wonderfully even when He was a lad, thus proving His divine, not earthly, nature. Another picture is the "Chorister Boys," a reproduction of the original by Speigler. Looking at this, one is struck by the religious atmosphere and the innocent young faces of the boys who appear to be

conscious of what constitutes a right start in life. The last of the three pictures is Millet's famous "Shepherdess." This picture teaches us the dependence of dumb animals upon their owners, much the same as the dependence of children upon their parents. The sheep look as if they felt perfectly safe in the presence of the shepherdess and her dog. They entrust their lives to the woman who goes into the fields with them and who, they know, will protect them from all harm.

On the north wall hangs Theodore Roosevelt's picture, the features of his strong face expressing bravery, intelligence, leadership. His face is the face of a model citizen—the face of the upright, moral leader of men we all know him to be.

On the wall at the west end of the room is a woodland scene. This picture brings out clearly the beauties of nature; it makes one feel as if he were actually out in a grove enjoying the fresh air and the quiet which seems to prevail. There is a large oak standing in the foreground surrounded by other trees and shrubs.

Alfred Tennyson's picture on the same wall gives us the glimpse of a noble poet's soul as expressed in his pictured face. Tennyson, the poet laureate of Queen Victoria's reign, died in 1892 and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose picture hangs next to Tennyson's, is an American, born and bred in Boston. His features reflect wisdom, kindness, and piety.

Next in order, comes the picture of the



"King of the Forest," copied by Pears from the original by Rosa Bonheur. An immense lion and his mate are lying in a jungle, the lioness drowsing lazily and not feeling the slightest fear because of her powerful lord. The lion is very much awake. He shows power and dignity in every line and is looking around with the pride of one who knows that he is "King of the Forest."

The next picture is of Abraham Lincoln. Everyone is familiar with the portrait of this man whose rugged features express in every line the greatest virtues and the highest ideals of life. No American can ever forget the face of the Great Emancipator.

The last picture on the south wall is a landscape scene by Hunter. We assign it to old colonial days because of the design of the building seen in the distance and the prevailing

style of other details. The picture itself is of a winding road which could belong to any period.

The last, but not the least, of the things which ornament our walls, is the old clock, much more useful than ornamental.

We have radiators around the room, consisting of long steam pipes which bring us much comfort in cold weather. We have, also, electric lights, which are used whenever night school is in session or on dark days.

Small notices of miscellaneous character for educational purposes and for our guidance are posted around in conspicuous places.

Every detail of this room will linger long in our memories and many a time in the years to come shall we think of the lessons we learned here, the thoughts that were inspired here, and the ideals we cherished when we sat within its precious walls.

## OPPORTUNITY

By OVILLA M. AZURE

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



FOR some people things are possible, while for others these same things are impossible. History, from the earliest ages, is full of examples of men who, by seizing the opportunity as it presented itself, made themselves famous and rendered great service to mankind. From Miltiades to our own George Washington, there was not a man among them whom obstacles could discourage or seeming impossibilities dismay. A study of the lives and deeds of those who have done most for the world shows that there are three qualities indispensable to those who would be ready to take advantage of their opportunities—courage, determination, and perseverance.

Here in Carlisle we have many opportunities—books, trade schools, teachers, literary and religious societies, and many other things; we are in the center of civilization, and are living among people who take an interest in us and who know what is best for us. Why cannot we, living in the midst of such opportunities, become the equals of those who have gone be-

fore us and made glorious names for themselves?

Weak men wait for opportunities; strong men go to meet them. It is the lazy and the idle man who is always complaining of lack of opportunity. Opportunity is ever knocking at our door. Some let the simple opportunity go and wait for some extraordinary chance—a thing that never comes in that particular form. Life is crowded with opportunities. As bees extract honey from every flower, so we may derive benefit from every feature of our surroundings. Every person we meet, every circumstance of our day, will contribute to our fund of general knowledge.

There are two motives which actuate those who seize upon every opportunity: (1) A desire to make money; (2) a desire to become famous by rendering aid to one's fellowmen. In the latter class are inventors of all kinds, authors, artists, etc.

When opportunity comes, she is easy to catch and will readily become our servant; once she has vanished, one cannot call her back.

Every lesson learned, every sermon heard and remembered is an opportunity seized. The



man who lies idle should say to himself: "Is the world as good as it can be? Has it no further need of me? Is there nothing that can be invented for its use? Nothing that can be improved?"

Perhaps most of us are too timid. We must go into life with all our might and determine that we are able to do anything.

"I will find a way or make it."

"There is no defeat in life save from within;  
Unless you're beaten there you're bound to win."

## OUR CAMPUS

By NETTIE KINGSLEY.



THE Carlisle Campus comprises fifteen acres situated in the fertile Cumberland Valley. The scenery around and beyond our campus is beautiful, and it changes with every season. The mountains, the trees, and the farms all contribute their share to the general beauty of the scene. Printed on the mind of each student who leaves this school is a charming picture—the Carlisle Campus.

Perhaps the trees are admired more widely than any other feature of the landscape. They are here in wonderful variety, from the hardy growth of the coldest regions to the graceful tree of the Tropics. Conspicuous among them all are several silver poplars, tall, large, and strong.

At the south end of the Teachers' Quarters there are two trees which are worthy of special mention: one is a walnut under which, we are told, Washington stood one memorable day and gave orders to his soldiers. Under its branches many a student has sat enjoying the shade; and in the fall many a student has eaten the walnuts that strew the ground. It stands upon a little knoll and is always an object of interest to those who know the story connected with it. The other is an old apple tree whose branches are held together by an iron rod. The old tree blooms in the spring, and in the autumn bears a few rather inferior apples. Though hard and sour, these apples are eaten by the students, who never admit but they are the most delicious specimens of their kind. Old as it is, the venerable apple tree is doing its duty just as Mother Earth wants it to do.

The growth of trees between the Girls' and

the Teachers' Quarters forms a little park. Scattered here and there are red benches, chairs, swings, and see-saws, where anyone may rest and enjoy the beauties of the campus. The band stand is also in this park.

The campus buildings are simple in design, having once been used as barracks for officers and soldiers. They are made of brick, painted gray, and present a sombre appearance. The original buildings are the Administration building, the Superintendent's residence, the Teachers' and Girls' Quarters, the Dining Hall, and the Assistant Superintendent's house. They are arranged in a square, the buildings facing the campus. The Guard House was built by the Hessian soldiers, many of whom were kept there as prisoners of war. Among them, tradition says, was Major Andre. The Superintendent's residence is on the highest ground of the campus, ground which slopes gently westward towards Le Tort Creek. Its style of architecture is a mixture of Louis XV and colonial and it has a fine white porch supported on large white Ionic pillars. The Dining Hall porch is a combination of Ionic and Doric architecture.

The campus has two entrances. The one on the west, called the main entrance, has a large brick pillar on each side, upon which are lanterns of quaint design. At the other entrance, on the southeast side, the old Guard House stands. A winding road begins at the southeast gate and passes through flower beds, shrubs, and trees. This road unites with the main entrance way and goes out to Pratt Avenue, westward to Hanover Street, which leads into the town of Carlisle.





NEW DINING ROOM—GIRLS' QUARTERS.





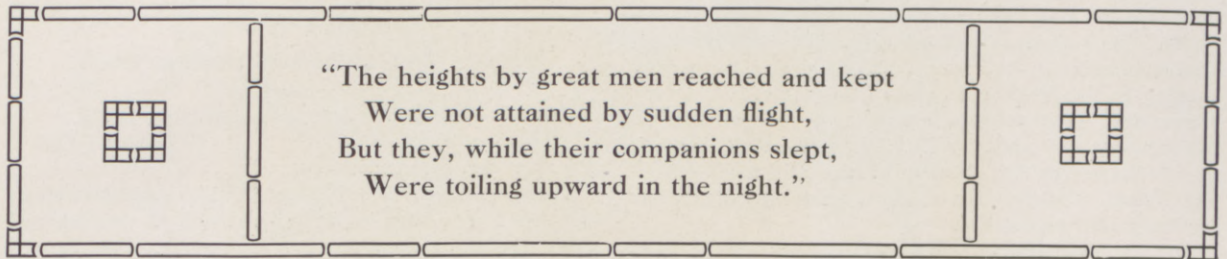
CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL BAND, 1915.



The laundry, another campus building, is covered with Boston ivy and a trumpet vine which bears large purple flowers. In the fall, this vine changes into brown, red, and yellow tints and is a thing of great beauty.


Far above the trees and the buildings towers

the flag pole bearing aloft the red, white, and blue, which can be seen for a great distance all around. It shows that patriotism is being fostered in the hearts of every Carlisle boy and girl, all of whom are taught to love and honor the flag and to be brave and true and pure—the virtues for which the colors stand.



## A SHAKESPEARIAN EVENING

ROSE THELMA SNOW.

 NE Thursday evening we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Charles Richmond speak on the subject of Shakespeare's Plays. The selections chosen for illustration were from the following dramas: "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," "As You Like It," and "Macbeth."

Before beginning the selections, the speaker told us that Shakespeare tried to show, in his plays, the conditions under which his characters lived and how the people represented by these characters could be improved morally. For example, he told us that one of the valuable bits of advice given by Shakespeare was that instead of speaking in a loud and harsh voice, we should speak softly and not raise our voices to a high and unpleasant pitch when talking.

From "The Merchant of Venice," Mr. Rich-

mond recited the scene in the market place where Shylock is in great distress because of Jessica's departure; but where, even in his agony of grief, he thinks of revenge.

He gave the speech of Antony from "Julius Cæsar" to show that in those days the people could be swayed to anger or any other emotion by the influence of a more powerful nature than theirs.

The portion chosen from "As You Like It" was the scene in which Touchstone and Audrey meet with William. This served to show the lightheartedness of some of the characters even under most trying circumstances.

From "Macbeth," we heard the scenes which show Macbeth before and after the murder of the King. These scenes taught us that when a wrong has been done, conscience troubles the wrong-doer.

“Where but in the spirit of man can his nobility be lodged and  
 where his dishonor save in his own cowardly  
 inaction or his unworthy deeds.”



**CARLISLE BOY HEADS CLASS OF SEVEN IN TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL.**

From The New Era (Lancaster, Pa.).

THE East Drumore High School holds a unique position among the High Schools of the county by reason of having graduated a full-blooded Sioux Indian boy with the high honor of valedictorian. The name of the young man, who, by the way, is an athlete of pronounced merit, is J. Paul Baldeagle. It is in the field of scholarship that he has won many minor honors in his alma mater. He is President of his class. The eighth annual commencement of the school was held on Wednesday evening in the Mechanic Grove Tabernacle, and a very interesting programme was rendered. The address of the occasion was made by Dr. George W. Hull, head of the Mathematics Department of the Millersville Normal School, who gave the students valuable suggestions for their later school life.

\* \* \* The presentations were made by J. Paul Baldeagle and Geo. W. Eshleman. "Labor Conquers All Things" was the subject of the oration delivered by Mr. Baldeagle, the first honor member of the class. This oration was especially fine, and was delivered in a pleasing manner. The school is especially proud of their schoolmate, who is the author of the class song, which follows:

Great is the debt we all owe  
To thee, dear home and school;  
But to thee we'll pay all we owe,  
With love from the depth of soul;  
To the lilies of the valley  
All praise and honor is due,  
While through life we'll ever rally  
To the work so noble and true.

Through the three short years of High School,  
Among the scenes we love so well,  
Now as the closing days of High School  
Draw n'igh without our will,  
We'll look to our motto noble,  
That "Labor Conquers All Things."  
With hearts so true and humble,  
All honor and praise life brings.

When the work of life is over  
And we look to thee once more,  
Though our hearts be sad forever,  
Our thoughts of East Drumore  
Will banish every sadness  
And bring back the days of old,  
Which we spent with every gladness  
'Neath the brown and the gold.

The young man, the author of the above song, is only twenty years old. Four years ago he came from his tribe in South Dakota to the Carlisle school. After remaining there for a year and a half he came to Rev. Geo. Bucher, of Mechanic Grove, where he has since been. Mr. Bucher soon found that he was a bright boy and was ambitious, and, being quite a literary man himself, he took an active interest in him and gave him every advantage for getting an education. That Mr. Bucher's efforts have not been in vain, but have been a

marked success is attested by the high degree of scholarship attained by the young man. Mr. Bucher can justly be proud of his protegee. The young man proposes to work his way through college, and the height of his ambition is to get an education and finally read law.

NOTE.—Paul Baldeagle has lived with Mr. Bucher under the "Outing" since December 10, 1912, and has made a good record. He has returned to the school and will join the present Senior Class and will receive his Carlisle diploma May 20, 1915.

**EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM GENERAL PRATT.**

THE ONTARIO, WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
May 15, 1915.

*My dear Mr. Superintendent:*

Your "Catalogue and Synopsis, 1915," came two hours ago and I have been highly exhilarated in reading and glancing over its pages from cover to cover. Your loyalty to what I tried to do, so completely if briefly covering the grounds, is most gratifying.

You have sized the purposes, the history, and the opportunities of the school to render unusual service admirably and made all so clear that no excuse for rejection through misunderstanding is possible.

Carlisle is rehabilitated and resumes with increasing wideness her original duty of educating and training Indian youth for real and most useful American citizenship.

I congratulate you heartily.

You have my congratulation also that you are now superintendent de facto and no longer precariously "Supervisor in Charge."

To the Printery I lift my hat. The Government establishment could not do it better.

Fraternally yours,

R. H. PRATT.

OSCAR H. LIPPS,  
*Supt. of Carlisle, Pa.*

**WHAT HAVE I TO GIVE?**

By MARIE MASON.

WHAT have I to give to the world? I can give to the world the best that I have and know; I can be kind and generous, where generosity is needed; I can help others, where I am capable of helping.

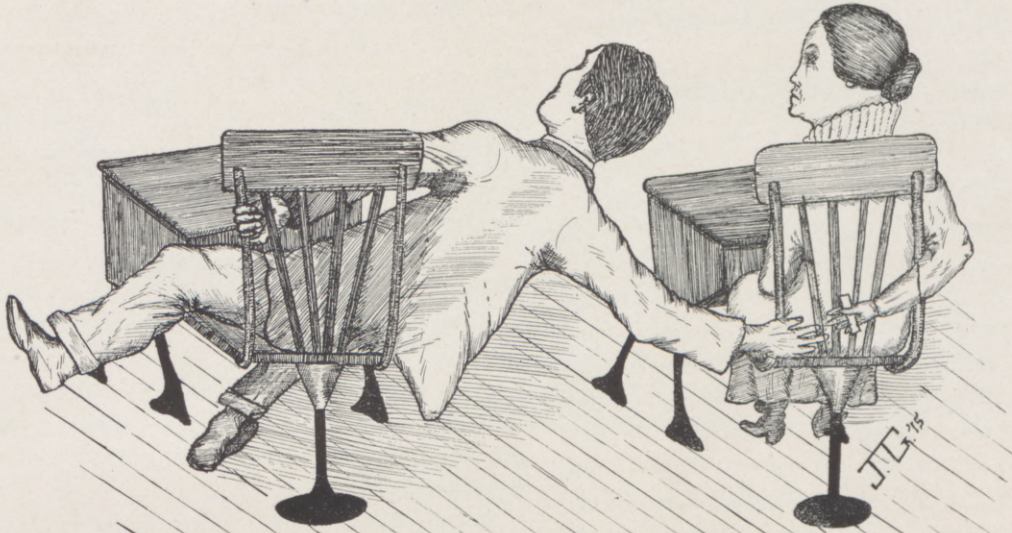
What have I to give to my people? I can give many things to my people. When I go back to my people, I can teach them what I have learned, tell them of the world that I have seen, heard, and known.

What have I to give to myself? If I am good and kind to others, they will be the same to me; if I help them, they will, in turn, want to help me; if I have given to them the best I had, they will want to give to me of the best they have; if I have taught them anything, they will want to teach me of what they know.

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee."

What have I to give to the world? "Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you."





# SCHOOL NOTES

## Outing Notes.

The Outing family at the present time numbers 177 boys and 112 girls. Arrangements are being made to send 12 more girls and 2 more boys before July 1st. In addition to this number there are nine or ten pupils planning to go to the Millersville (Pa.) Summer School the latter part of June and one or two to Chau-tauqua, New York.

The Outing boys are distributed as follows:

Working on farms.....	149
Working at their trades.....	7
Taking students' course at Ford Factory, Detroit.....	18
Attending school at Mt. Hermon, Mass.....	3
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>177</b>

The Outing girls are distributed as follows:

Doing housework.....	106
Training for nurses in city hospitals.....	3
Attending school at Reading, Pa.....	3
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>112</b>
<b>Total Outing.....</b>	<b>289</b>

## A Happy Event.

Cards announcing the marriage of Mr. Royal L. Mann, our former teacher of mathematics, to Miss Georgia Little, on May 23d, at Ignacio, Col., have been received by friends at Carlisle.

## Decoration Day.

Decoration Day, which was rainy, was observed with an appropriate service in the auditorium, after which the men and boys and some of the ladies went to the school cemetery to decorate the graves of those students who lie there. As a closing tribute "America" was sung while the rain fell sadly and steadily, filling the flower cups with tears for our own dead, and for the dead and dying soldiers across the seas.

## Boy Scouts Gather Memorial Day Flowers.

Saturday the 29th Mr. Loughran and a party of our Boy Scouts, in a farm wagon well-padded with hay, went to Mt. Holly to gather flowers for decorating the graves of our deceased students. The day was very wet and the boys often had to wade through swollen streams. They returned with four basketsful of beautiful blooms of various kinds.

The same day George Tibbetts took a party of Scouts to Cave Hill and Bellaire Park, where they found enough flowers to fill two baskets.



*Godspeed the Scattered Clan.*

Minnie Charles left last Monday for Basom, N. Y. *Gardez la foi.*

Josie Holmes is at her home in Odanah, Wis. *Aide-toi, et le Ciel t'aidera.*

Bessie Gilland is with her parents in Thunder Hawk, N. Dak. *Bonne et belle.*

Mary Kewaygeshik returned to her home in Good Hart, Mich. *Toujours pret.*

William Thayer, the *avant coureur* of class '15, left for his home in Hayward, Wis.

Naomi Greensky is at her home in Micada, Mich., and now the sky is *colour de rose.*

Hiram Chase arrived at his home in Pender, Neb., on the 31st ultimo. *Toujours droit et loyal.*

Kenneth King is going to Wolf's Point, Mont., to visit his mother. After that? *Arriere pensee.*

Nettie Kingsley and Julia Frechette are with Miss Edge in Downingtown, Pa. *On doit tenir sa parole.*

Della John and Ella Israel are with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jacobs in Oak Lane, Pa. *Faire sans dire.*

Marie Mason is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Peozzone, whose home is in Wyebrook, Pa. *Essalez.*

Michael Wilkie and Ovilla Azure, *gens de meme famille*, left for their respective homes in Belcourt, N. Dak.

Paul Baldeagle has gone to Mt. Hermon to take the summer course in academic work. *Tiens a la verite.*

Theresa Lay has gone to Irving, N. Y., where she will remain until school opens in the fall. *Dieu vous garde.*

James Garvie, class poet, expects to return to Nebraska; meanwhile he remains at Carlisle. *Aussitot dit, aussitot fait.*

Minnie O'Neal, Margaret Brown, and Mary Raiche are in West Chester, Pa., for the summer. *Jouera qui voudra.*

Rose Snow will spend the summer at her home in Farnham, N. Y., which place she reached last Wednesday. *Tiens ta foi.*

Fred Morrisette will spend some time in Superior, Wis., after which he may go to the Pacific Coast. *Pas a pas on va bien loin.*

Francis Paul returned to the family circle in Rosholt, S. Dak., where he is engaged to wield agricultural implements during the summer.

He plans to return to his Alma Mater early in the fall. *Penser c'est vivre.*

Lillian Walker, accompanied by her mother, who was here to see her graduate, went to her home in Mt. Pleasant, Mich. *Faire mon devoir.*

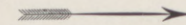
After the finals at Mercersburg Academy, John Gibson will go to Philadelphia to work in Wanamaker's store during vacation. *Belesprit.*

Cora Battice will remain at Carlisle until June 28th, when she will go to the Millersville Normal to attend the summer session. *Pret d'accomplir.*

Edward Morrin has gone to Detroit, Mich., to join the company of eighteen Carlisle boys who are working for the Ford Automobile Company. *En avant.*

Henry Hayes went to his home in Sapulpa, Okla. He expects to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition sometime during the summer. *Sans peur et sans reproche.*

Charles Apekaum left on the 5th in order to stop over at Lawrence, Kans., to attend the Haskell Commencement. From there he will go to his home in Lawton, Okla. *Diseur de bon mots.*



*Social Events.*

On Thursday of commencement week the following distinguished guests were entertained at a dinner given in the dining room of the Girls' Quarters: General and Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Hawkins and son, Commissioner Sells, Assistant Commissioner Meritt and Mrs. Meritt. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lipps and Mr. and Mrs. DeHuff. Mrs. Ewing acted as hostess.

Sunday another dinner party was given in honor of Dr. George Edward Reed and Mrs. Reed, Dr. James H. Morgan and daughter, the Reverend A. H. Hagerty and Mrs. Hagerty, Dr. Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Lipps, and Mr. and Mrs. DeHuff.



*The School Garden.*

Mr. Abrams has put out from seven to eight thousand bedding plants. He has six thousand celery plants ready for transplanting, and a large plot of late corn has been seeded. The Greenhouse is now being cleaned and put in order for the fall assignment.





## THE PROPHYLACTIC QUARTETTE

*The song we sing is a song of health,  
Of smiles that are bright and hearts as light  
Of joy in living greater than wealth  
That you may know, if your teeth are clean and white—*

## Clean Teeth Lend a Glow of Sunshine to Your Smile

### TOOTHsome FACTS ABOUT TEETH

**M**ANY of the diseases of the teeth and gums can be prevented by taking the proper care of mouth and teeth.

The implements best fitted for prevention are quill tooth-pick, waxed silk thread, and brushes with suitable powders.

The tooth-pick should be used after each meal and supplemented with floss silk, used between the teeth. The thread will remove accumulated deposits where contiguous teeth touch.

The brush is used to remove all deposits solid and mucous, and it gives the teeth a bright and polished appearance.

The mechanical friction set up by use of the brush stimulates the gums to more healthful action.

The teeth should be brushed twice daily, morning and evening; it is also a good custom to rinse the mouth before and after eating.

The manner of using the brush is more important than many people suppose. The general method is to brush horizontally, but a moment's reflection will show that this leaves untouched the very situations most in need of cleansing. The brush, used properly, should

be pressed against the teeth and the handle rotated so as to make the bristles sweep vertically between and over them. This, coupled with an up-and-down motion, will thoroughly cleanse the interspaces. The inner surfaces of the back teeth are best cleaned in a like manner, while the corresponding parts of the upper and lower incisors are effectively reached by a vertical drawing movement.

If you are feeling tired and your meals have been tasting flat lately, look in your mouth for the trouble.

The best dinner obtainable is not good when the mouth is unsanitary.

Eating is the most important function of the day in so far as your health is concerned.

You cannot be clean if your mouth is dirty, and your mouth is as clean as your teeth.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of keeping the mouth and teeth in a sanitary condition. Numerous diseases and constitutional weaknesses are the direct results of not observing the proper care of these organs, and the way to take this proper care is with the tooth-brush, powder, and tooth-pick.

*(From The Sherman Bulletin.)*



*Students Qualify for Vocational Secondary Courses.*

The following-listed students have qualified for admission to the first year of the vocational secondary courses to be offered in this school beginning with next September:

BOYS.

- |                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Obed Axtell       | George Merrill       |
| Andrew Beechtree  | Edwin Miller         |
| David Bird        | Joseph Morrin        |
| Laverne Bonser    | Don Ortego           |
| Leon Boutwell     | Manuel Ortego        |
| Donald Brown      | Henry Perrault       |
| Guy Burns         | Lawrence Silverheels |
| James Crane       | Benjamin Skenandore  |
| Boyd Crowe        | Fred Skenandore      |
| Victor Dolan      | Thomas Standing      |
| Wilfred Eshelman  | Joseph Sumner        |
| Fred Ettawageshik | Henry Sutton         |
| George Francis    | Mitchell Tarbell     |
| John Gokee        | George Tibbets       |
| Michael Gurno     | Ralph Tourtillotte   |
| William Hall      | George Warrington    |
| Joseph Helms      | James M. Welch       |
| Pablo Herrera     | Chauncey White       |
| Joseph Javine     | George White         |
| Francis Kettle    | Earl Wilber          |
| Max LaChapelle    | Isaac Willis         |
| Calvin Lamoureaux | Jesse Wofford        |
| Lyman Madison     | Edward Wood          |

GIRLS.

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Elizabeth Allen   | Addie Hovermale    |
| Rose Allen        | Blanche Jollie     |
| Madella Anderson  | Eva Jones          |
| Marie Belbeck     | Anna LaFernier     |
| Emerald Bottineau | Mary Lonechief     |
| Uneeda Burson     | Mary Martin        |
| Lucy Charles      | Hattie McAfee      |
| Della Chinault    | Sarah Monteith     |
| Pauline Chisholm  | Mamie Mt. Pleasant |
| Maude Cooke       | Agnes Owl          |
| Florence Edwards  | Lena Parker        |
| Marie Garlow      | Marie Poupart      |
| Jane Gayton       | Alta Printup       |
| Mary Gokee        | Evelyn Schingler   |
| Sallie Graybeard  | Amy Smith          |
| Agnes Hatch       | Lena Watson        |
| Otie Henry        | Mary Welch         |
| Mary Horsechief   | Lucy West          |

→  
*Will Attend Summer School.*

The following-named members of the Class of 1915 have signified their intention of entering the West Chester (Pa.) Normal School next fall: Cora Battice, Margaret Brown, Nettie Kingsley, Theresa Lay, Minnie O'Neal, and Mary Raiche. They will continue on the Car-

lisle rolls but will be carried on the outing list. They will defray their expenses out of money earned by themselves during past vacations or savings from regular allowances.

As nearly as can be ascertained at the present writing, the personnel of the party of students who will attend the summer term of the Millersville Normal School under the chaperonage of Miss Reichel will be as follows: Cora Battice, Anna LaFernier, Sara Monteith, Sealey Alexander, Daniel Arapahoe, Obed Axtell, Robert Broker, Edward Burnsprairie, James Crane, Ray Komah, Solomon McGilbray, and Edwin Miller.

→  
*Assistant Superintendent and Principal Teacher.*

THE ARROW takes pleasure in felicitating Mr. DeHuff upon his recent promotion to the position of assistant superintendent.

Mr. DeHuff came to Carlisle as principal teacher a year ago last month. Previous to that time he had been engaged in educational work as a teacher in the Indiana public schools and subsequently as assistant principal of the Peru High School. In 1901 Mr. DeHuff went to the Philippines, where he taught for a short time in one of the provinces. His ability as an organizer and educator was soon recognized and promotion came rapidly; he became, successively, superintendent of the Bohol schools, superintendent of the Manila schools, and finally second assistant director of education for the Islands.

WORK AT CARLISLE.

In the year that he has been at Carlisle Mr. DeHuff has worked unceasingly to raise the standard of the academic department. He revised and simplified the course of study, instituted an entirely new system of accounting for books and other property, and reorganized the academic work to meet the requirements of the new course of study which will go into effect next September.

→  
*Improvements at Quarters.*

Liquid soap cups have been installed in the lavatories at Large Boys' Quarters.

The toilet facilities at Small Boys' Quarters are to be improved and enlarged. Liquid soap boxes will be placed also in the lavatory.







