

# The Carlisle Arrow

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER PRINTED DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

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## "THE MAN WHO BOSSED JOHNSON."

*(This is a sort of business parable that is so pat and edifying that it ought to rival "The Message to Garcia" in popularity. We do not know the name of the writer, but it is published and distributed by the Sheldon School, Chicago.)*

Away back in—well, never mind, it's a good while ago—I was a red-headed kid in a machine shop, and I guess I was pretty bumptious. I was about eighteen and had nearly served my time and wanted a foremanship worse than I wanted anything else in the world. You laugh at my wanting to be a foreman before I'd finished my time, but if the truth was known that's about the ideal of every cub at that age. They don't say so—I didn't then—but thats about it, and it's a good, legitimate ambition.

We had a traveler who sold about all the product of the shop, and it was currently reported that he had graduated from the shop and was getting three thousand a year and doing just as he pleased. Every time he came in from the road he would come out in the shop, give cigars to the foreman and the super, and shake hands with every man and boy in the shop. Then he would go around again with the old man, discussing the work and looking after the details of his orders, and what he said always went with the old man. You'd think that he owned the shop and the old man was super, if you didn't know.

Well, I looked on Van as a prince. When I got tired of imagining myself as foreman I would sometimes wonder if I would ever earn as much as Van, \$3,000 a year! And I was getting \$1.60 per day. Three thousand dollars was untold wealth to me.

One morning I was in a fearful temper, discontented with myself and the world. Some of the men had sprung some old gags that morning, and I had bit on all of them. Naturally, that hadn't helped any. Van came up behind me, and blew a cloud of smoke, making me cough. I picked up a wrench, but when I saw it was Van I dropped it and laughed—nobody could get mad at Van.

"Well, Reddy," he said, "when are you going to be foreman?" Then he sat down and drew me out. Finally he said: You can be foreman, either of this place or some other just as soon as you've had sufficient practice in bossing men. Everybody wants foremen and superintendents and salesmen, and all you've got to do is to start in and practice as you did on the lathe and planer."

"How can I practice? I'm only a cub here; everybody tells me what to do, and I've got to do it. They can practice on me all right—most of them are doing it good and plenty. How am I going to get anyone to practice on?"

"Well, Reddy, there's one man whom you can practice on; that's Johnson."

"Me?"

"No, not you, but Johnson. Every man has two pretty distinct personalities in the one body. One is energetic, ambitious, likes to do right and get along—that's you. The other is careless, shiftless, lazy, and fond of a good time—that's Johnson.

"Now, what you've got to do is to boss Johnson, and you'll find it will take a lot of practice. When you get so that you can boss Johnson successfully—keep him right up to the mark all the time and keep him good natured about it—then, and not till then, you'll have the skill

and practice to boss more than one man. Now, there's the man for you to practice on.

"Will you do it? Shake! I feel sorry for Johnson, for he'll have to stand it. I am going to be around here for a week, and I'll start you right. I'll tell you what to do, and you can tell Johnson just as the old man gives his orders to the super, and you get them from the super. That completes the chain, and makes it a working agreement."

Well, I was just boy enough so that the idea tickled me. Van would come around and say, "Reddy, tell Johnson to do this, and keep after him; see that he does it."

In the course of a week I began to like the game. I also found out a lot of things I had never suspected. As Reddy, the foreman, I used to jack myself up as Johnson, the workman, and, according to Reddy, Johnson was a good deal of a slob. Van went on the road, and I kept after Johnson night and day. I ordered him to bed and ordered him up. I checked up on his work, and I made him study. As Reddy, the foreman, I thought less of myself as Johnson, the workman, until my opinion of Johnson was at a pretty low ebb. I noticed that the old man was watching me a good deal, and I began to be afraid that Johnson would get fired, so Reddy drove Johnson harder than ever.

One night I went to a show, and before the curtain rose I heard two people talking in front of me. One had been away, and he said: "How's Reddy Johnson doing?" "Fine," said the other; "he's assistant foreman at the shops now, in charge of the erecting, with from three to ten men under him all the time."

I heard no more of the play. Was I foreman? When did I become foreman? How long had I been foreman? When the new wing was put up six months before, I was put to work in it with some helpers, and my wages had been raised then.

Yes, I had been foreman for six months, and was so busy bossing Johnson I hadn't noticed it. Had to have outsiders tell me about it.

Six months later I was offered a superintendency of another factory at about double the wages, and the firm advised me to take it, saying that I could come back if I didn't make good. That aroused all the fight in me, and I made good. I think every red-headed man is sensitive to insinuations.

I kept on bossing Johnson until I made a salesman out of him. Now I own some works myself. I am as far ahead of Van's \$3,000 a year as I was behind it when I started. I haven't had a salary for twenty years. In my own works I have got a number of kids that have started to practice on themselves till they are able to hold a foreman's job, and there are some others scattered around getting experience that I'll get back when I want them.

The scheme is working as well with them as it did with me. You see, it's fundamental. It starts the boy right and gives him the idea of self-control from the beginning. That's all that makes the difference between the proprietor and the employee: one can boss himself; the other can't. It's an old idea. The Bible says, "He that is master of himself is greater than he that taketh a city."

"ABILITY is a poor man's treasure and compensates for absence of talent."

## COMING EVENTS

- Saturday, March 4.—Violin Recital, by Miss Lemer, 7.30 p. m.  
 Saturday, March 11.—Band Concert, 7 p. m.  
 Saturday, March 18.—Games, etc., in Gymnasium, 7 p. m.  
 Saturday, March 25.—School Sociable.  
 Saturday, April 1.—Illustrated Lecture.  
 Saturday, April 8.—Band Concert, 7 p. m.  
 Saturday, April 15.—Games, etc., Gymnasium, 7 p. m.  
 Saturday, April 22.—Joint Entertainment, all Literary Societies.  
 Saturday, April 29.—School Sociable.  
 Saturday, May 6.—General meeting, Auditorium.  
 Saturday, May 13.—Final Band Concert.

## VIOLIN RECITAL.

Miss Sara Lemer Appears in the Auditorium  
 Saturday Evening, March 4th,  
 at 7:30.

Legende .....	<i>Wieniawski</i>
Meditation-Thais .....	<i>Massenet</i>
Valse Triste .....	<i>Sibelius</i>
Orientale .....	<i>Cesar Cui</i>
Mazurka .....	<i>Musin</i>
Serenade .....	} <i>Schubert</i>
Moment Musical .....	
Cradle Song .....	
Ave Maria .....	
Ballade et Polonaise .....	<i>Vieuxtemps</i>
Souvenir .....	} <i>Drdla</i>
Serenade .....	
Viennese Song .....	} <i>Kreisler</i>
Liebesfreud .....	
Wah Wah Taysee (Little Firefly) .....	<i>Cadman</i>
The Bee .....	<i>Shubert</i>
By the Brook .....	<i>Boisdeffre</i>
To a Wild Rose .....	<i>Macdowell</i>
Hejre Kati .....	<i>Hubay</i>

## SATURDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

By *H. P. Sutton.*

Last Saturday evening at seven o'clock a whistle was blown in the Gymnasium to announce that the basketball game between Carlisle and Gettysburg College was about to begin. The band then struck up a lively tune, as a troop of enthusiastic rooters marched down the center of the main floor and took their position in the west end of the Gym, where they at once began their series of school yells and songs. The game began with great enthusiasm. Goals were made in rapid succession, alternating with both teams. The spirit of the student body was especially noticeable and with Duran's lively troop of rooters in the west end and Eshelman's equally enthusiastic followers in

the east end the game developed rapidly. The first half ended with the score reading 15 to 13 in favor of the Indian team. Between halves Duran's troop of rooters entertain the spectators with clever demonstrations in military tactics.

For the second half, Flood was substituted for Battleyon. During this half the teamwork and the speed of the Indians was rated above par. The long and difficult field goals made by Flood attracted much attention, and no doubt went a great way toward swelling the score in the Indians' favor. The last half minute of the game was announced by the scorekeeper, and in the last few seconds of play the efforts of both teams were strenuous. As the ball flashed through the air on its unobstructed way toward the Carlisle goal the timekeeper's whistle blew and the game ended with the score standing 36 to 31, the margin in favor of the Carlisle Varsity.

Following the basketball game was the school social, which opened with a lively two-step in which many couples participated. The orchestra furnished excellent music.

## SUPERVISOR PEAIRS VISITS FORD STUDENTS.

In a letter to Mr. Lipps, Supervisor Peairs who recently visited us, states that while attending the annual meeting of the superintendents of the N. E. A. at Detroit, Mich., he visited the Ford Automobile Factory and saw our Carlisle boys who are taking the students' course there. He has the following to say regarding his visit and the Ford plant as an institution for turning out efficient men and good students:

"I greatly enjoyed the trip through the factory, especially the visit to the English classes. Mr. DeWitt and his assistants are certainly doing great things for the foreign workers in the factory. Among the classes I visited was one made up of twelve of the boys from Carlisle. They were reciting arithmetic, or at least trying to do something with their arithmetic lesson. The crowd was so insistent upon seeing all that was going on, and upon talking with members of the various classes, that it was practically impossible to accomplish much yesterday.

"Your boys seem to be happy and so far as I could learn upon inquiry are continuing to make good. They certainly lose their identity as Indians when they enter the factory, and each one begins to do his individual part among the 27,000 employes of the institution. It is in fact a great melting pot. I wish thousands of our Indian boys and young men might have the incentive and competition of some such institution."

## GENERAL NEW NOTES.

Mrs. Robitaille, who is located in Washington, D. C., made a business trip to Carlisle the first part of the week.

Mrs. DeHuff and "Baby Ann" returned last Saturday from a two months' visit with Mrs. DeHuff's parents in Augusta, Ga.

Mr. Hastings Robertson, an alumnus of Dickinson law, now practicing law in Martin, S. Dak., was a visitor to the Standard Society last Friday evening. He also visited the Susans earlier in the evening.

**CALENDAR "DETAILS."**

**To Visit Literary Societies Tonight, March 3rd.**

*Susans:*—Mr. McGillis and Miss Boyd.  
*Mercers:*—Mr. Duran and Miss Dunagan.  
*Standards:*—Mr. Abrams and Mr. Tyrrell.  
*Invincibles:*—Dr. Rendtorff and Mrs. Gehringer.

**To Visit Literary Societies One Week from Tonight.**

*Susans:*—Miss McDowell and Mr. Shambaugh.  
*Mercers:*—Miss Wilson and Miss Robertson.  
*Standards:*—Mr. Heagy and Mr. Conner.  
*Invincibles:*—Miss Sweeney.

**To Inspect Dormitories, Sunday, March 5th.  
 (8.30 a. m.)**

*Small Boys and Annex:*—Mr. DeHuff and Miss Bender.  
*Girls:*—Mr. Robertson and Miss Rice.  
*Large Boys:*—Mr. Meyer and Miss Keck.

**To Chaperon Girls to Sunday School, etc., March 5th.  
 (9:00 a. m.)**

Miss Snoddy, Mr. Shambaugh,  
 Miss Donaldson, Mr. Duran.

**To Accompany Girls Walking Sunday Afternoon.  
 (4:00 p. m.)**

Mr. Nonnast, Miss Donaldson.

**TEACHERS' STUDY HOUR DETAIL FOR WEEK  
 BEGINNING MARCH 6th.**

Date.	Large Boys' Quarters.	Small Boys' Quarters.	Girls' Quarters
Monday, Mar. 6.	Miss Wilson Miss Hagan	Miss Bender	Miss Williams Miss Sweeney
Tuesday, Mar. 7.	Miss Roberts Miss Wilson	Miss Hagan	Miss Bender Miss Williams
Wed'sday, Mar. 8.	Miss Roberts Miss Donaldson Miss Wilson	Miss Sweeney	Miss Hagan Miss Bender Miss Williams
Thursday, Mar. 9.	Miss Roberts Miss Donaldson Miss Wilson	Miss Sweeney	Miss Hagan Miss Bender Miss Williams

**PROTESTANT MEETING.**

*By Uneda Burson.*

The meeting opened at the usual time, Agnes Owl presiding. After the singing of a number of songs, the Scripture was read by Mary Largen. The Apostles' Creed was repeated. Dr. Thompson, the speaker for the evening, gave an excellent talk, taking for his subject, "Forgiveness of Sins."

Beulah Logan gave a piano solo. The meeting closed with the singing of a hymn.

**Congratulations.**

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Kennedy, of Washington, D. C., announce the birth of a son, Alvin Kennedy, Jr. Mr. Kennedy was graduated from Carlisle in 1911. Mrs. Kennedy is an ex-student. Both are highly esteemed by their Carlisle friends, who join in extending congratulations on the happy event.

**Entertains Sunday School Classes.**

Mr. Hubley, teacher of the boys' class in the First Presbyterian Sunday School, gave a reception at his home

last Saturday night in honor of the Indian boys' class. All members of both the boys' and the girls' classes were present. Each one expressed themselves as having spent a delightful evening.

**CATHOLIC MEETING.**

*By Francis A. Ojibway.*

The meeting opened with a prayer, after which a hymn was sung. Father Feeser read a few instructions that should be observed by Catholic students in government and boarding schools. The meeting ended with the benediction.

**GENERAL NEWS NOTES.**

The sociable last Saturday evening was a very enjoyable affair.

The Standard Literary Society will elect officers this evening.

Keva Janis writes that she is employed at Pine Ridge, S. Dak.

Miguel Little, one of our ex-students, is now living in Bent, N. Mex.

David Bird has returned from a short visit to his home in Cherokee, N. C.

Mr. Lipps acted as one of the judges at the Dickinson inter-society debate last Friday evening.

Very few cases of mumps at present. Miss Reichel is bringing up the rear in good shape.

Last Sunday evening Lieutenant Brisbois gave the boys an excellent talk on "Conscience."

Nellie Hollowell, an ex-student of Carlisle, was recently married to Frank Grant, of Walthill, Nebr.

Through a letter from Estelle Bradley, Class '13, we learn that she is still living in Sisseton, S. Dak.

Now that there is a third-year vocational class every member is determined to be graduated in 1917.

The even division of the third-year vocationalals have finished their final test on "Health and Sanitation."

Andrew Peters is the happiest boy in the band troop for the reason that he is wearing the corporal's stripe now.

A number of Episcopal boys and girls went down town Sunday evening to be confirmed by Bishop Darlington.

We learn from a letter that A. W. Pratt, Carlisle 1901, is making a success on his ranch at Crow Creek, S. Dak.

William Gorrow, who recently arrived from New York, has entered the even section of the third-year vocational class.

Charles Harrison, Irvin Sherman, and John Arnell are touring the Middle States with the "All-Star Basketball Team."

Mr. J. B. McGillis was unanimously elected honorary member of the Invincible Debating Society last Friday evening.

The painters are still at work in the annex building. As soon as they finish there they will repair the Teachers' Quarters.

According to the chemical experiments made in chapel Sunday evening, the little sins we commit are as bad as the big sins.

We were beginning to think that spring had come, but the weather Saturday and Sunday made us think differently.

A special program was given last Sunday at the First Presbyterian Church in honor of George Washington's birthday. A number of recitations were given by the primary class, and a piano solo by Sara Fowler.

## The Carlisle Arrow

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IN ADVANCE.

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

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office at Carlisle, September 2, 1904.

### UNDER THE FLAPDOODLE TREE.

*Being a Little Preachment to the Carlisle Students  
by the Superintendent.*

And they sat under the flapdoodle-trees, and let the flapdoodle drop into their mouths; and under the vines, and squeezed the grape juice down their throats; and, if any little pigs ran about ready roasted, crying, "Come and eat me," as was their fashion in that country, they waited till the pigs ran against their mouths, and then took a bite, and were content.—*Charles Kingley's "Water Babies."*

Whenever an unemployed able-bodied Indian, in order that he may live in idleness, leases to a white man the land he himself should cultivate that Indian has traded the use of his land for the temporary possession of a "flapdoodle-tree." The superintendent makes the lease, collects the rent, and pays it over to the Indian landlord. The Indian has nothing to do but bask in the shade of his grateful tree and eat "flapdoodle" and grow fat and lazy. If, perchance, life under such conditions becomes monotonous and intolerable, "stale and unprofitable," he may hie himself off to the nearest "boot-legging" joint and procure a bottle of "fire-water" with which to revive his drooping spirits. Thus pass the days until pale disease and deformed indigence claim him for their own.

Happily, however, many Indians are beginning to see the evil results of leasing their lands and are commencing to farm them themselves. Even many old Indians, who never before tried to farm, have surprised progressive white farmers at State and County Fairs with their splendid agricultural exhibits. There are still, however, too many able-bodied Indians leasing their allotments who should be farming them and establishing themselves in permanent, comfortable homes, surrounded with productive fields and profitable herds of live stock. Most Indians have land and they should utilize it for their health and happiness.

There are thousands of people in the world today whose only ambition is to have a good time. They prefer a life of idle ease and pleasure, though attended with poverty, dirt, and disease, to one of industry and self-denial accompanied with peace and plenty, good health and self-respect. There is no lasting happiness, no joy in life, for those who have no higher ambition than to merely satisfy their desire for pleasure. Such people never get anywhere and never contribute anything to the world's wealth and happiness. If we do not find happiness in our work, we will never have it.

Do not idle your life away under a "flapdoodle tree." Become producers. Make your lives worth while. Be somebody.

### THE BOY MUST LEARN TO THINK.

During the process of his training in work and for a vocation the boy should be taught to think for himself. "Despite the fact that our age is one of unexampled

scientific and industrial progress," says President Nicholas Murray Butler, "yet nothing in our modern scientific activity is more striking than the undisputed primary of thought—thought not in antagonism of sense, but interpretive of the data of sense." Then, it is well to teach the boy not only to think but also to have regard for the higher aspect of his work or vocation. As the true physician does not practice primarily for his fee, so the highest type of industrial wage-earner does not work with the mere idea of receiving a money reward for his labor; but he is concerned chiefly with carrying out a plan of life for himself and those dependent upon him. The wages furnish the means whereby this ideal is made possible of realization. "We must combat the idea that men are in business, as the phrase goes, merely to make money," says Dr. Felix Adler.

It will be generally agreed by all students of our industrial conditions that the secret of the rise of the ordinary wage-earner to a position of higher responsibility lies in the fact of his being able to think persistently and to formulate for himself an ideal toward which his best effort is to be constantly directed. But this ideal in the mind of the young industrialist is a growth—a thing that develops and reshapes itself in relation to all his experience and training. He must be talked to much on the subject of his life plans and purposes, even though they may be of a juvenile character, and at length he will become thoroughly imbued with a clear, practical idea, so dynamic in its nature that its realization is merely the operation of one of the great and admirable laws of the human mind. In a case of this kind the young worker will gradually learn to feel that his life is in a certain sense divinely ordered, for it will offer a satisfactory response to his higher aspirations; and thereafter he will tend to become a splendid moral force in his home environment. "The trained mind quickly discovers itself in a certain skill of execution, a certain air of mastery, a certain manner of self-confidence, and, especially a certain pleasure of performance."—*Editor Good Citizenship.*

One ought every day at least to hear a little song,  
read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if  
possible, speak a few reasonable words.

*Goethe.*

### "LO THE POOR INDIAN!"

A long time ago somebody ejaculated, "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind!" And again there is a sympathetic expression "Lo, the poor Indian!" but this time the object of condolence is the possessor of a tutored mind, tutored at the expense of our Uncle Samuel. And why this sympathy, these words of condolence? Why, this same Uncle Samuel, through Secretary of the Interior Lane, has promulgated a decree prohibiting the pupils of the Carlisle Indian School from participating in intercollegiate football games. They may push the pigskin around their own lot, but the gridirons on which they so often tugged and plugged are to know them no more.

In connection with this harrowing decree, the aforesaid Uncle Samuel makes the startling declaration that in the future football must be subordinated to the educational features of the Carlisle school. This in spite of the prevalent belief that the true college idea is to subordinate all educational features to football, a belief based on the fact that for about four months in the year there are columns upon columns of comment upon this, or that, or the other football star, and not one word about the star's proficiency in his studies. And now our national uncle takes it upon himself to upset all traditions and notions about the higher education.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

## I AM WAR.

## Prize Winning Definition of War by James Logan Mosby in "Life's" Recent Contest.



WAS conceived in passion, hatred, envy, and greed, born in the morning of antiquity, and have a genealogy whose every page drips with the red blood of murdered innocence. I respect neither the febleness of grey hairs, the helplessness of infancy, nor the sacredness of virtue, and walk iron shod,

ruthlessly and impartially, over the form of the weakling or the form of the giant.

I paint the midnight skies a lurid glow from the burning homes I have ravaged, and I turn peaceful scenes of rural beauty, where God's own creatures dwell together in amity, into a raging hell. I set neighbor against neighbor in deadly combat, and incite the brother to slay his brother.

I make puppets of kings, princes of paupers, courtiers of courtesans, and thieves of respected subjects, and empires melt before my breath as does mist before the morning sunlight.

I make of religion fanaticism; the heathen I make a fend incarnate, and of all men I make playthings devoid of reason and justice. Through intrigue I make the intelligent powerful, the unscrupulous wax fat on the spoils of blood-won victories gained by others, and the less learned suffer for their own ignorance.

Famine, want and misery follow in my path; I lay waste to green fields and still the hand of industry. I pillage the land of its resources but contribute nothing to the benefit of mankind, leaving pestilence to stalk ghostlike in my wake and complete the work of destruction. I lay heavy tribute upon my most loyal subjects for the maintenance of my establishment; I squander the vitality and lives of those who serve me faithfully, yet return to the world nothing but ruin and ashes. The baubles of fame I confer on some are the empty shells of false standards wherein the license to commit murder and rapine is held to be the insignia of glory by a mistaken civilization.

I can offer no excuse for my having come into existence, nor can I give one plausible reason why I should not cease to be, other than that so long as men who wield influence are permitted to gratify their selfish desires and ambitions at the expense of the many who must carry the burdens and endure the sufferings, that long will I continue to exact my toll of sorrow, devastation, and death. For I am pitiless—devoid of all feeling; I fear neither man nor God; I am amenable to no law and I am in myself the law and the last resort. *I am war.*

## METLAKAHTLA INDIANS.

Through the Bureau of Education the Government has just assumed complete and direct control of what has been perhaps the strangest civilized community in the new world—the reservation of Metlakahtla on a group of small islands in southeastern Alaska. There since 1887, a group of Indians, who emigrated from British Columbia, have lived as the wards of a lay missionary, William Duncan, who worked for them in their old home, was responsible for their migration, and who since has been, with the sanction of the United States, practically their "government."

Its hands full, because of the thousands of natives to be cared for with limited funds, the Interior Department of the United States Government was glad enough to have the Metlakahtlans so well looked after, and made no interference with the plans of Mr. Duncan and their carrying out. Under his guidance the community prospered amazingly. The society was administered on a communistic basis. Mr. Duncan incorporated the Metlakahtla Industrial Company, putting into it his personal fortune and allowing the natives to earn shares.

A salmon cannery, a saw mill, a warehouse, a general store and other enterprises were put into operation, and schools and other public buildings were erected. Progress continued un-

til the advancing age of the community's leader became reflected in a loss of efficiency and the Federal Government felt that it was its duty to take charge. Two years ago, on earnest solicitation of the residents of Metlakahtla, who had learned of the modern schools of neighboring communities, the Federal Bureau of Education established a school in Metlakahtla and has found the people hungry for knowledge.

At the time of the establishment of the school the industrial plants were allowed to remain as before, but within the last few months they have been taken over by orders of the Secretary of the Interior and are held in trust for the natives, just as they had been held before by the personal leader of the community.

The Government has made it clear that it is not planning to change conditions, but merely wishes to take up the work and carry it on. In a recent proclamation to the Metlakahtlans, Secretary Lane of the Department of the Interior said that his aim is to make the properties, "held for the use and benefit of all the people, most profitable to the whole community." He has asked the United States Commissioner of Education to work out detailed plans for carrying out this community programme.—*Washington Star.*

## A MISTAKE.

It is always a mistake for a boy to think he knows it all, or that he knows even half of what his father knows.

The boy should discover his limitations as soon as he can and then keep within them.—*Selected.*



Children of Sara Williams and Alfred Venne,  
both Carlisle Graduates.

### INVINCIBLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

*By Alex F. Roy.*

The meeting was opened at the usual hour by President Jackson. The president read from the Bible, after which the society song was sung under the leadership of Boyd Crowe. Earl J. Wilber was appointed secretary for the evening. After the usual parliamentary business, the following program was rendered:

Declamation—David Wasasse.

Essay—Alex Roy.

Extemporaneous speeches—Elmer Poodry and Thomas Montoya.

Select reading—Eli Washington.

Oration—John Davis.

#### Debate.

*Resolved*, That to be prepared for war is the best way to preserve peace.

*Affirmative*—Meredith Crooks and P. M. Herrera.

*Negative*—Isaac Willis and George Francis.

The judges were James Holstein, chairman, and Alfred Wells and Charles Peters, associates. They decided in favor of the negative.

Miss Boyd and Mr. McGillis were the official visitors. Mr. McGillis was unanimously elected an honorary member of the society. William Mountain, a member from the Standard Society, gave a short talk on "Preparedness."

### SUSAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

*By Pauline Chisholm.*

The meeting was called to order at the usual hour by the president. Roll was called and each member present responded with a Washington or Lincoln quotation. After business, the reporter gave her notes, after which the following program was rendered:

Song—Susans.

Essay on Lincoln—Sallie Greybeard.

Biographical Sketch of Washington—Hattie Feather.

Vocal duet,—"Washington"—Margaret Raiche and Effie Coolidge.

The Builders—Maude Cooke.

Select reading—Sarah Monteith.

Anecdotes about Washington and Lincoln—Margaret Tarbell.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—Lizzie Allen.

Biographical sketch of Edison—Winnie Lajeunesse.

Mt. Vernon, Home of Washington—Lena Burnette.

Vocal duet—Mamie Heaney and Maude Cooke.

The visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Denny, Mr. Duran, and one of our sister Mercers, Marie Poupart.

### JENNIE ROSS.

The sad news of the recent death of one of Carlisle's best beloved young women was received a few days ago. Everyone who knew Jennie Ross will mourn over her untimely death. Jennie was a good girl, intelligent and ambitious to attain to the best. She was an earnest Christian worker ever faithful to duty and intensely loyal to her friends.

She loved "Dear Old Carlisle," she said in her last letter of a little more than two months ago, when she expressed the hope that she might return to graduate. She was a member of Class '14, but on account of ill health was unable to finish the course.

### THE STANDARD LITERARY SOCIETY.

*By Edwin Miller.*

The Standards met in their hall at the usual time last Friday evening. The president, Homer H. Lipps, called the house to order. After the singing of the society song and the first roll call, the following program was rendered:

Declamation—George Warrington.

Impromptu—Edwin Miller.

Essay—Emerson Metoxen.

Oration—Lawrence Silverheels.

Biographical sketch of Daniel Webster—Theodore Bellefeuille.

#### Debate.

*Resolved*, That the Democratic administration has been a failure.

*Affirmative*—Donald Brown and Henry P. Sutton.

*Negative*—Arnold Z. Holiday and William Mountain.

In the general debate many of the members responded, one of the most interesting speakers being a staunch Democrat from Oklahoma, Dennis Thomas.

For the good of the society both Mrs. Gehringer and Dr. Rendtorff gave timely remarks on "Preparedness, the essential thing for success."

Mr. Hastings Robertson, a former Carlisle student and a loyal Standard, was present and he gave also a very interesting talk.

The judges, Lawrence Silverheels, Leon A. Miller, and Theodore Bellefeuille, gave a decision in favor of the affirmative side.

### GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Homer Lipps, junior at Conway Hall, received the highest mark in the final test in Latin.

The Episcopalian students had their annual reception at St. John's Church last Monday evening.

Last Monday morning George Warrington, head waiter at the dining hall, reduced his force of eight waiters down to five.

Emma Connors had a little party in her room last Saturday afternoon. Coffee, sandwiches, oranges, and candy were served.

Mr. Lipps spoke at the A. M. E. Church in town Sunday evening. His subject was "Christian Training in Relation to Broader Education."

*Notice—Standards.*—Since the election of officers is to be held this evening, all members are requested to be present. Come and cast your vote for the member who you think deserves it.

The most spectacular event of the week just past was the tin-can parade headed by Mr. Shambaugh, who rode in a chariot peculiar to those of Caesar's time. The affair was in honor of Mr. Shambaugh's recent marriage.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Mr. Denny is in receipt of a good letter from one of his boys, Robert Tahamont, Class 1911, now of 145 Watson St., Newark, N. J. Robert in commenting upon the action of an ex-student who has lately gotten himself into the papers by getting drunk and making himself generally obnoxious, says: "Dear Carlisle, how often the reputation of the school and the efforts of those who have made it what it is have been lowered by the lack of will power of a student to resist the temporary good feeling brought on by the fire-water that kills thousands of white men yearly. I am sending you an editorial that will help the boys realize the folly of intemperance. I am in the best of health and am working every day and am living a good, clean life. I was just promoted to corporal of the Second Infantry, Company C, of the National Guard of New Jersey. You see I am a product of the famous trophy winning Troop F at Carlisle."

Hastings M. Robertson, a former Carlisle and a graduate of the Dickinson Law School, Class 1907, was an interested visitor this last week. He is now located at Martin, S. Dak.

## Ed Rogers An Example.

Ed Rogers, the Chippewa football star, was brought into the spotlight in Congress recently in the Indian debate, when Congressman S. D. Fess, of Ohio, challenged the fairness of a statement by Congressman D. V. Stephens, of Nebraska, that he knew a great many discredited students of Carlisle out of harmony with their people, out of tune with them, because they had had a sort of education that unfitted them to live among their own people and the environment in which they grew up.

Representative Knop, of Wisconsin, replied to Fess that: "That is not the rule. Mr. Rogers, one of the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota, is a prosecuting attorney in a county in Minnesota, where there are only 600 Indians who vote and over 3,000 white people who vote. He is a man of intelligence, a good lawyer, and capable of holding such a position entrusted to him by white men. He was educated at Carlisle."—*Minneapolis News*.

## After Thirty-three Years.

The Carlisle Indian School has just now a visitor of interest. He is Edgar Fire Thunder, a prominent Sioux Indian of Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak. Edgar is a former pupil at Carlisle, having been one of the first students to enter the institution way back in 1879, and he was here for four years. He is now a prosperous farmer and a man of middle age. Mr. Fire Thunder has just been to Washington, D. C., on important business with Uncle Sam pertaining to his tribe, and this is his first trip to his alma mater since he left it 33 years ago.

In conversation with a Sentinel reporter, Mr. Fire Thunder told of his intimate associations with General Pratt, the late Capt. A. J. Standing, Miss Ely, Miss Burgess, Miss Cutter, and people in the town.

Mr. Fire Thunder will see many changes at the Indian school and in the town since he left them. While the plan of the school campus has changed little, he will note numerous new buildings. A rather pathetic feature of his visit

will be the fact that not a single person is at the school now who was here when he was a student, with the exception of George Foulk, the trustworthy colored superintendent of stables.—*Carlisle Sentinel*.

## DOMESTIC ART DEPARTMENT.

Lecture and Demonstration for the Week Ending  
March 4, 1916.*First, Second, and Third Year Vocational.*

- Monday, February 28—  
Studying the new machine, and a brief history of its origin.
- Tuesday, February 29—  
Naming the attachments and using them.
- Wednesday, March 1—  
Talk and demonstration on different style of sleeve.
- Thursday, March 2—

*Third-year Vocational.*

- Monday, February 28—  
Dress and personal appearance in the home.
- Tuesday, February 29—  
Lesson on the threads.
- Wednesday, March 1—  
Review.
- Thursday, March 2—  
Lesson on materials for underclothing.
- Friday, March 3—  
Lecture by Mrs. Canfield.  
Lecture and demonstration on the seam. By Mary Welch.

*Plain-Sewing Class—(Pre-Vocational).*

- Monday, February 28—  
Sewing-machine attachments:  
(a) gage.  
(b) hemmer.  
(c) tucker.  
(d) ruffler.
- Tuesday, February 29—  
Making a towel:  
(a) material—how cloth is woven.  
(b) warp and woof.  
(c) length of towel.  
(d) cost of one half dozen.
- Wednesday, March 1—  
Apron:  
(a) material for apron.  
(b) shrinking gingham.  
(c) different styles used.  
(d) amount of gingham required for kitchen apron.
- Thursday, March 2—  
Importance of little things:  
(a) how to cut a true bias.  
(b) sew carefully.  
(c) time and speed.
- Friday, March 3—  
Review.

## HOW TO BECOME A GOOD ATHLETE.

By Francis J. Auge.

In order to become a good athlete we must eat the right kind of food, food that will build our muscles. If we eat the right kind of food we are sure to have good healthy bodies. An athlete must eat but three times a day and not too much at a time for by doing so he gets tired easily and never lasts very long in any athletic work which he undertakes to do on the field.

We must exercise our bodies in the right way. For instance, if we were on the track team we would take runs every morning and evening and never run immediately after meals. On coming in from running we should never take a cool bath. Always take a shower bath medium warm. This will cause our blood to circulate better afterward. Cold water will hurt the circulation of the blood.

Never do any more than you can in your part of athletic work. You may over-do your body and you will never amount to much afterwards.

We must take plenty of rest whenever we get the chance. We must sleep eight hours every night and get up at five-thirty every morning and get out and exercise. After awhile we will get into the habit of getting up at that time every morning.

Narcotics have a great deal to do with the athlete in training. An athlete must never use alcohol or smoke cigarettes or chew tobacco while training; these will reduce his muscles so that they will not do their work in the proper way. An athlete who has a quick temper never amounts to very much in this line of work because he gets angry every time some one happens to hit him or hurt him a little in some way. That won't do any good. If he quarrels while playing, this puts out the best athletes on the team.

These are some of the faults with our athletes in school. They get angry at each other easily. It is because they are not training in the right way. No young man has a right to be considered an athlete until he has made good and has qualified himself in the ways that I have mentioned.

## THE EXCEPTIONAL YOUNG MAN.

The exceptional young man is the one who looks upon his employer's interest as he would his own, who regards his vocation as an opportunity to make a man of himself, an opportunity to show his employer the stuff he is made of, and who is always preparing himself to fill the position above him.

The exceptional young man is the one who never says, "I was not paid to do that;" "I don't get salary enough to work after hours or to take so much pains." He never leaves things half done, but does everything to a finish.

The exceptional young man is the one who studies his employer's business, who reads its literature, who is on the watch for every improvement which others in the same line have adopted and which his employer has not, who is always improving himself during his spare time for larger things.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

## PROGRESS OF THE INDIAN.

The vision of Logan or Red Jacket, or even Osceola, could never have carried to a time when their people would take a conspicuous place in the ranks of education and industry. The male Indian never contemplated work in any scheme of existence, nor was he enamored of a fixed home; and his education was what he learned from the stars, the elements, from the traditions of his tribe, and from experience. But the number of Indians to take advantage of modern opportunities is continuously increasing. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his recent report, gives some interesting facts. The new policy of giving the Indian a freer hand in the matter of his own affairs has worked out well. We are informed that the prosperity of the Indian is so closely linked

with his landed interests that every effort is being made to develop farming and stock raising. Education has been undertaken with this in view.

In the Carlisle institute and other schools, home and farm economics are given special attention, and hundreds of Indian boys are placed on these farms during the summer months.

We read of such things as the "Society of American Indians;" of beautiful modern homes belonging to the Indians; of Indians rich in lands and mines and cattle; of the Five Civilized Tribes; of industrial schools (doing good work) among the Sioux; of hospitals, and of many other things.

It doesn't seem so very long since the battle of Little Big Horn was fought, where the gallant Custer and his comrades died at the hands of the immediate ancestors of some of the boys and girls now taking part in civil, industrial, and educational activities. Stranger still does it seem that a full-blooded Indian should since that time have represented his State in the Senate hall of the United States, proving his unquestioned fitness for that high dignity and service.—*Dayton Ohio Journal.*

## TODAY'S INDIAN PROBLEM.

In an address to the superintendents and other employees of the Indian schools, Cato Sells, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, said:

The Indian has demonstrated his humanity and his capacity for intellectual and moral progress amid conditions not always propitious, and I am eager to participate with all the favoring forces that contribute to his racial triumph, believing, as I do, that when he comes to himself as a factor in the modern world his achievements will enrich and brighten the civilization of his native land.

During the last few years a rapid change has taken place in the factors which make up the Indian problem of the United States Government. There are no longer any war-path Indians, and for the main part the elders of the red race have forsaken the old ways and are attempting to follow the paths of the whites. It is hard for the old men and the old women to give over the habits of a lifetime and to rid themselves of inherited tendencies. The older Indians, however, are dying, as all people must die, and the problem, therefore, concerns itself largely today with the young.

The effort of the Bureau of Indian Affairs is to provide for the proper education of the children and the grandchildren of warriors and hunters who only a few years ago were free to roam the woods, the prairies and the mountains, and to whom restraint was unknown. The Indian problem will solve itself as the elders pass away, provided the United States Government does its full duty by the children of the people whose land it usurped and whose rights generally it trampled into the ground.—*Chicago Post.*

## New Indian Policy.

For the first time since the Government assumed the guardianship of Indians and their property, a definite Indian policy has been announced in Secretary Lane's declaration that the purpose of the Indian Bureau must be to equip all Indians for full citizenship and self-government as fast as possible.

To this end, first steps have already been taken towards turning loose those of the Indian words who are now capable of administering their own affairs, and towards placing upon a preparatory list those others who may be considered competent within the near future.

In the education of the Indians, the new aim is towards such academic and vocational instruction as will fit Indian boys and girls for the parts they must play in life, rather than to over-train and over-educate them, unfitting them for useful work among their native environment.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man.—*Franklin.*