

The Carlisle Arrow

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

VOLUME XII

CARLISLE, PA., MAY 19, 1916.

NUMBER 36

INDIAN DAY AT CARLISLE

On May 4th, Governor Whitman of New York signed a proclamation announcing American Indian Day as an official observance to be celebrated May 13th throughout New York State.

The idea was proposed by A. C. Parker of the New York State Museum, and was adopted by the national conference of Indians in Denver three years ago, but a definite date was not fixed until the Lawrence, Kansas, conference last October. Sherman Coolidge, of the Society of American Indians, with the support of his executive council, there issued a proclamation setting the date and calling "upon every person of American Indian ancestry to specially observe this day as one set apart as a memorial to the red race and a wise consideration of its future."

In every Indian school and upon every reservation special exercises were held today.

Carlisle School Makes Great Hit.

Pennsylvania having indorsed the New York idea or suggestion, the greatest Indian school in the United States, located in our own good old Carlisle, was to the fore with a great celebration with special exercises at the school. This afternoon the citizens of the town were treated to a most creditable parade by the male students. "Uncle Sam" headed the procession, and alongside of him was a "real Indian." Then followed Indian cadets carrying guns marching as only Indian cadets can, and this means well nigh perfection. The band boys were decorated with pennants "fore and aft" and together with their uniforms presented a flashy appearance. Then came delegations representing different tribes, among them Oklahoma, Minnesota, New York, North and South Dakota, Sioux, Omaha and Massachusetts. Immediately following the band was a "float" representing a canoe which had for canoeist two "squaws" and two "braves." Conductor Tyrrell and other prominent attaches of the school rode in an automobile.

The large American flag and the Indian school flag in yellow and gold were carried side by side.

There were probably three hundred men in line and they made a showing such as the Indian Department would have been mighty glad to witness. It showed best of all the great contrast between the uncivilized Indian and the refined educated Indian. The Sentinel congratulates all who had in any way anything to do with the celebration.—*Carlisle Sentinel* (May 13).

An Expert Farmer.

Among the Sioux Indians who came to Hampton Institute in 1886 was Antoine DeRockbrain. He had had but two years schooling previous to coming East, and he remained but three years. Such good use did he make of his time that on his return home he was appointed a day-school teacher in one of the camps.

Since that time he has been almost continuously in the Government Service, and in 1912 passed the civil-service examination for expert farmer and was appointed to the Bull Head District on the Standing Rock Reservation. Several hundred Indians live in this district, and the duties are

practically those of sub-agent. Mr. DeRockbrain is corresponding secretary of the business committee of Standing Rock Reservation, and county commissioner of Corson County, South Dakota.

STUDY AND ATHLETICS.

By Otis E Randall, Dean of Brown University.

Some time ago when the football enthusiasts at Brown were complaining about their difficulties in finding enough free periods in the afternoons to get the team out for practice, there appeared in a New Haven paper an article under the headline, "Recitations Hinder Progress at Brown." This was the more amusing as there is a wide feeling throughout the college world, even among those who are ardent supporters of intramural and intercollegiate sports, that athletics in preparatory schools and colleges interfere with intellectual progress.

Athletics in themselves are in no sense responsible for the evils which are so frequently attributed to them. A school system which does not give proper attention to physical education is ignoring the first requisite in intellectual growth. Physical exercise is best accomplished through outdoor sports, and these sports are the more exhilarating and consequently the more profitable when the spirit of competition is introduced. Athletics in the school system is, in many respects, as essential as the classroom work.

How Standards are Trampled.

It is not athletics which is to blame for the undesirable conditions that we find in our institutions, but the attitude of students and alumni toward the athlete and athletics. So long as we are willing to pay a higher price for the athlete than for the scholar; so long as we seek to evade eligibility rules and to trample on scholastic standards in order to retain the athlete; so long as we are willing to make gods of athletes and fill their heads with false notions concerning their real worth; so long as the representatives of reputable institutions of learning resort to all sorts of deceptive, degrading methods in order to secure men for the teams; so long as we make our scholastic requirements any less rigid for the athlete than the ordinary student, just so long must we expect athletics to interfere seriously with the more important work of the college. It is perfectly possible, however, on account of the great interest which students and alumni take in athletics and other forms of college activity, to use these activities as effective agents in the accomplishment of some of the more serious tasks for which our schools and colleges are founded.

At Brown no student is allowed to play on the teams or take any part in college activities if he is more than six semester hours behind in his class, or if he is on probation or under discipline of any type, or if there is any indication that he is neglecting his classroom work on account of outside interests. This means that a man cannot represent the college in the athletic and non-athletic activities unless he is a satisfactory student, both from the standpoint of scholarship and character. For the athlete who must look after his physical development, this combination of requirements should result in the normal threefold development of body, mind, and spirit. When the students are, made to realize that such regulations are rigidly enforced the love of athletics and the desire to make teams encourage them to devote themselves assiduously to their classroom duties and to obey in full college rules and regulations.—*Piladelphia Public Ledger*.

COMING EVENTS

Monday, May 22—Gymnastic Exhibition, Gymnasium, 7.30 p. m.
 Tuesday, May 23.—Baseball, 4.00 p. m.
 Tuesday, May 23.—Joint Entertainment, all Literary Societies, 7.30 p. m.
 Wednesday, May 24.—Competitive Military Drill, 2.30 p. m.
 Wednesday, May 24.—Baseball, Conway vs. Indians, Indian Field.
 Wednesday, May 24.—Final Band Concert.
 Thursday, May 25.—Field Day, 1.30 to 5.00 p. m.
 Thursday, May 25.—School Sociable.

THE WEEKLY ALMANAC.

May.—Fifth month; has 31 days; began on a Monday and ends on a Wednesday.

Moon's Phases.

Full moon May 17, at 9.11 a. m.
 Last quarter May 24, at 12.16 a. m.
 New Moon May 31, at 2.37 p. m.

Today.

Sun rises 4.50 a. m.
 Sun sets 7.10 p. m.
 Day's length 14 hours 20 minutes.

Morning Stars.

Jupiter, until October 4.

Evening Stars.

Mercury, until June 5.
 Venus, until July 3.
 Saturn, until July 12.
 Mars, all the rest of the year.

SATURDAY EVENING GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

A general assembly of the students was called in the Auditorium at 7:00 o'clock Saturday evening.

After a few selection by the orchestra Mr. Lipps opened the meeting with a heart-to-heart talk with the students. He spoke and advised the students concerning the summer vacations of those who intend returning home, and of the plans he has for those who remain here at school.

After the singing of a number of popular school songs, the meeting was dismissed.

Y. M. C. A. DELEGATES TO ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE.

Last Sunday afternoon at the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. the meeting was devoted mainly to the Atlantic Coast Y. M. C. A. Conference to be held in June in Blairstown, N. J.

The Association is going to send the following members of the cabinet and the following boys as delegates to the conference: President Peter Jackson, Vice President Homer Lipps, and Treasurer Duran. Others are Henry Sutton, James Leader, George May, Elmer Poodry, David Thompson, and Mr. Clevett.

A No-Hit Game Pitched by Kenneth King.

Kenneth King on May 4, 1916, accomplished a feat which is the ambition of every boy who has essayed to pitch a nine-inning game without allowing his opponent a hit. In addition to this he managed to retire ten men by the strike-out method and had two assists.

Haskell has defeated her opponents in every game of

baseball this year, and all are pulling for the team to finish the schedule with a percentage of 1000 in the "games won" column.—*Indian Leader.*

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Rev. and Mrs. Haggerty of Carlisle visited the Invinible Society Friday evening.

Agnes Owl, Eva Jones, and Louis Striker rode in the Indian Day parade in Mr. Bradley's auto.

The third-year vocational classes have been studying hard for their final examination in geometry.

Last Sunday being "Mothers' Day," many of the boys and girls were seen wearing white carnations.

The "odd" division, third-year vocational boys, have finished their final examination on Julius Caesar.

Next week the two sister societies, the Mercers and the Susans, will go to Boiling Springs to spend part of a day. They anticipate a delightful time.

Edwin Miller's auto trip is now ended. He is home in Miami, Okla. He said he manages to find time every day to sing "Carlisle is the School for Me."

The third-year vocational classes had for their final written test the questions on general information which appeared in *The Arrow* a few weeks ago.

The girls are now busy preparing to leave for the outing. A great number of the girls are going, and we all wish them success, and hope they will have a pleasant vacation.

Hattie Snow took her turn cooking in domestic science class last week. We are sorry she did not have macaroni and French fried potatoes, as they are her favorite dishes.

Many of the students are waiting patiently for the first home party to leave, as they expect to return to their homes. But it seems sad to say farewell to the many friends we have made.

Sunday evening in the auditorium some helpful talks were given on the subject of "Mother." Mother is the truest parent we have, so we should try to do what we know she wants us to do.

Bessie Hall, one of our third-year vocational girls, took charge of the domestic science class last Saturday morning while Miss Keck went to market. She says she thoroughly enjoyed the work.

The boys are to be congratulated for the fine appearance they made Saturday afternoon. We hope that with each succeeding Indian Day the celebration will be more true to the progress the Indian is making.

The most pleasing feature of the Indian Day program given by the Susans was an Indian dance given by several of the members. It was surprising to know that Relia Oshkosh was a "big Indian," as she lead the calls and the dance.

The third-year vocational girls in both divisions had the opportunity to learn the different cuts of meat last Thursday. The demonstration was given by a butcher from town, assisted by Miss Keck. The girls found it very instructive.

One of the most interesting features of the Susans' program in honor of Indian Day was the Indian quotations given by the members at roll call in the different languages. Every Susan proved herself loyal to her own tribe by speaking distinctly and in her own language.

The students and faculty of Carlisle send their sympathy to the parents and friends of Mary Gokee, who died April 17, at the school which she was attending at Wahpeton, N. Dak. Mary was a former student of Carlisle and had a good record. Had she remained at Carlisle she would have been a member of the third-year vocational class.

CALENDAR "DETAILS."

To Chaperon Girls to Sunday School, etc., May 21st.
(9.00 a. m.)

Miss McDowell, Mr. Peel,
Miss Roberts, Mr. Rocque.
Miss Beach,

To Accompany Girls Walking Sunday Afternoon.
(4.00 p. m.)

Miss Georgenson, Miss Yoos.

To Inspect Dormitories, Sunday, May 21, (8:30 a. m.)

Small Boys:—Mr. Brown and Miss Hagan.

Girls:—Miss Georgenson and Mrs Denny..

Large Boys:—Miss Williams and Miss Sweeney.

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

	Boys.	Girls.	Total
Pupils on campus	235	149	384
Outing.....	159	88	247
On leave	1	2	3
Deserters.....	4	0	4
Total on rolls May 15.....	399	239	638

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The third-year vocational classes have completed their final exams this week.

The band again defeated Troop B last Wednesday by the score of 5 to 1.

All roads about the campus are to be regraded. Large details of boys are kept busy daily.

The game between the Mutts and Jeffs was very exciting. The Jeffs won by a large score.

The "even" section of the third-year vocational class of girls are glad that the general information test is over.

Daisy Eshelman is on the good side of the cooks at the "Model Home" so that she may get a little more to eat.

The painters are now working on the students' dining hall. The sides are white and the trimmings light gray.

Relia Oshkosh is getting to be an expert drummer equal to the band boys. She proved it Friday night at the Susan Society.

Gertrude Sutton was a Saturday evening visitor at the school. She did not remain long, but proceeded on her way to Philadelphia.

Mr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the wonderful Philadelphia Orchestra, was a prominent visitor on the grounds last Saturday.

Messrs. McGillis, Peel, Rocque, and Denny were seen Monday morning about five o'clock hauling dirt with a mule for their tennis court.

Hobson Tupper has been training the last month in order to compete with the crack runners of Room 8. He says he will be able to hold his own.

Saturday evening dinner was served by Alice Crowe, Olivian Arch, Martha Wheelock, and Belle Peniska. The guests were Mrs. Ewing, Miss Bender, Messrs. Wilnotah and Blythe, and Clarence, Lloyd, and Tony Welch.

The even girls of the third-year vocational class gave a dinner Tuesday noon. The cooks were Catherine Vornwald, Hattie Snow, and Margaret Raiche. The waitresses were Addie Hovermale, Belle Peniska, and Lena Parker.

Mr. W. J. Randall, formerly deputy auditor for the Philippines and later special agent for the Philippine Commission, who was recently transferred to the Indian Ser-

vice as special agent, is spending a few days at Carlisle. He is a native of New York, but went to the Philippines from California not long after the American occupation.

Agnes Owl, Eva Jones, and Louise Stricker had the honor of representing the "Indian of To-day" in the parade on Indian Day last Saturday afternoon.

Hattie Snow expects to leave for the country the first of June, and she may be seen every evening in her room mending or doing some other useful things.

Last Friday evening Dr. Steck of town addressed the Invincible Debating Society. He said it was up to the Indian to make of himself what he will.

Company A had a reception in the restaurant Wednesday evening in honor of their victory in the competitive drill, May 6th. Each member invited a young lady.

The Wall Street delegation from New York all had on a Broadway smile in the Indian Day parade because the leading humorist was Harry Webster, the "Bowery Kid."

A number of the girls, chaperoned by Miss Dunagan, heard the concert given in the opera house Saturday evening by the Carlisle Oratorio Society, assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Invitations have been received to the graduating exercises of the Union High School in Phoenix, Ariz., from Yahola Irving Posey. His Carlisle friends extend their congratulations.

Oklahoma, being represented by a great number of boys than any other State, was honored by having its banner carried in front of those of the other States in the parade on Indian Day.

Fred Cardin, Carlisle 1912, a violinist who is taking part in the May fete at K. U. this week, has been visiting Kenneth King, Michael Wilkie and other old friends a part of the week.—*The Indian Leader.*

Dr. Steck, of Carlisle, in his Indian Day address to the Invincible Society, said he is a sponge when it comes to Indianism. He said that perhaps there was a limit, but he had never gotten full yet, and also stated that he believes he is part Indian himself. We hope he is.

The people that came out to hear the band concert Sunday afternoon were somewhat disappointed as the band could not play on account of the cold wind, but Edward Thorpe and his German band gave a concert on the third floor porch, to satisfy the music hunger of the people.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN.

I am glad that I am an American because I am alive, and I can appreciate what it is to be permitted to live in such a country; where we can make our own laws, where we can express our own ideas, and where we are entitled to all of the advantages that make life worth living. We are not set upon and slain by our governing bodies; we are not drafted into armies and torn from our homes and families; we are not deprived of our property and valuables without proper representation. We can go our own sweet way so long as it conforms with the moral standard of our fellow citizens and do not disturb the peace and dignity of our country. Every time I gaze at the flag, either flapping in the breeze or hanging idle on its staff, I am impressed more and more by these facts and a certain something rises within me that makes me feel so proud and happy that I live in such a country, am part of such a nation, and have equal rights with all my fellow countrymen, whoever they may be.—*Tom Ward.*

Health Notes.

Light promotes cleanliness.
Sunlight is the great germ killer.
A clean mouth is essential to good health.
Bullets may kill thousands, flies tens of thousands.

The Carlisle Arrow

Issued Fridays from the Carlisle Indian Press
About ten months in the year.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 CENTS YEARLY
IN ADVANCE.

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

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

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

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

The other day a visitor, while witnessing a competitive military drill on Indian Field between the troops of Large Boys' Quarters, was very much interested in one particular cadet captain, Robert Geronimo, and the way he handled his troop. On being told that the young cadet captain was a grandson of the man General Miles called the "Human Tiger," Geronimo, the great Apache fighter, he expressed great surprise and commented at some length on the striking contrast between the old Apache warrior and the young gentleman soldier before him. Written down, his comments, in the language of a once prominent Texas editor, would read something like this:

"For more than a million years, man has been toiling upwards, impelled by the mysterious law that causes the pine to spring towards the sun. Sometimes the advance is by leaps and bounds, as when some giant intellect—some son of God, especially gifted with the attributes of his Sire—brushes aside the obstructions at which lesser men toil in vain; sometimes the Car of Progress stands still for a thousand years, else rolls slowly back toward brutishness, there being none of sufficient strength to advance the standards further up the rugged mountain-side, nearer the celestial city. Thus, ever in ebb and flow, gaining and losing, only to regain; nations rising and falling but to serve as stepping-stones whereon mount a nobler race, a grander people. The irrepressible conflict of the God-like with the beast-like in man goes bravely on.

"In half a million years we have come far—won many a fair field from the dominion of Darkness. We no longer dwell in caves and hollow trees, fighting naked with the wild beasts of the forest for our prey. We have made matter so far subject unto mind that Nature's mighty forces have become our obedient bond slaves. We have built societies, nations, weighed the world, and measured the stars. We have acquired not only knowledge and power, but love and modesty. Life is no longer mere animation, content to gorge itself with roots and raw meat and sit in the sun. The ear craves melody; the eye, beauty; the brain, dominion, while the soul mounts to the very stars."

Notwithstanding all the criticism you hear about our failure to civilize the Indian, you should not become discouraged. You have made, and are making, great progress. Not all that you might have made or all that you are capable of making, still the whirligig of time is revolving in your direction. When shall the Indian—the real Indian—take his place beside the thinkers and workers of other

racers and prove himself a permanent and valuable factor in the nation's life and progress?

This is for you to answer. Yours is a great responsibility. Are you going to measure up to it? Your future depends upon the way you answer this question—not in words, but in deeds.

THE DREAMERS.

By Herbert Kaufman.

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mist of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The world has accolated them with jeer and sneer and gibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give; who share but never spare; who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empires, they have fought for bigger things than crowns, and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or the will to love are not the fires which wrought their resolutions into steel. Grief only streaks their hairs with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece,—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of Destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are the makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which but for one man's dream would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river bed and chain island to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the high-ways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were ail with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the Way—who never wear Doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try,—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal; but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors; their vassals are the years.

There Is No Substitute for Work.

It is a mistake for a boy to think any degree of natural "smartness" can make it unnecessary for a boy to work.

STANDARD LITERARY SOCIETY.

By Joseph Sumner.

The members of the Standard Literary Society assembled in their hall Friday evening and gave a special Indian Day program, which was one of the finest ever given in the Standard hall. Every number on the program was well rendered.

After the roll call and the singing of the society song the following program was then rendered.

Selection—Standard Orchestra.
 Tecumseh's Important Actions—George Warrington.
 Osceola's Career—Francis McMahon.
 Impromptu—Homer Lipps.
 Selection—Standard Orchestra.
 Declamation—Jacob Shambaugh.
 Indians of Today—Donald Brown.
 Essay—Wilford Eshelman.
 Anecdotes of Indians—Henry Sutton.
 Biographical sketch of Red Jacket—Lawrence Silverheels.
 Select reading—Henry Sutton.
 Indian song—George May.
 Pontiac and His Qualities—Max LaChapelle.
 Indian song—Thomas Hawk.
 Impromptu—Francis Auge.
 Canonicus and His Exploits—Andrew Connor.
 Declamation: Indian Eloquence—George Cushing.
 Selection—Standard Orchestra.

Under the good of the society the visitors, who were Mr. Heagy, Mr. Lilly, Mr. Peel, our advisory member, Mr. Yuda, a former Standard, Miss Hagan, and Miss Cornelius, made short but fine and encouraging remarks on Indian Day.

THE INVINCIBLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

By A. L. Beechtree.

Last Friday evening the Invincible Debating Society gave a special program in honor of the first American Indian Day. This also marked the close of the Invincibles' very successful year.

The hall was gorgeously decorated with American flags, pennants, Indian statues and pictures, Navajo rugs, and other Indian curios. The band was there to take part in this meeting, which did not start until 7:30 o'clock.

After President Madison had called the meeting to order and had read a chapter from the Bible, the society song, under the leadership of Boyd Crowe, was sung.

All the business for the evening being suspended, the program was next in order, which was as follows:

Music—Orchestra.
 Declamation—John Flinchum.
 Talk—Chief Joseph's Military Career—Obed Axtell.
 Essay—Life Among the Pueblos—Frank Koyona.
 Red Jacket's Speech—George Francis.
 Indian song—David Wasase.
 Extemporaneous speech—Earl Wilber.
 The Conspiracy of Pontiac—Charles Peters.
 Black Hawk's Address to Gen. Street—William Thomas.
 Cornet solo: "Dakota Melodies"—James H. Eagle.
 Select reading: Tecumseh—Thomas Miles.
 Stories of Indian Life—James Leader.
 Prominent Indians of Today—Donald McDowell.
 Declamation—Alex Roy.
 Address—Dr. A. R. Steck.

Many guests from town were present, as well as members of the faculty.

The guests included Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Steck and two children, Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Haggerty and Miss Haggerty, Mr. DeHuff, Mr. and Mrs. Gehringer, Mr. Brown, Miss Beach, Miss Bender, Miss Cornelius, Miss Montion, Miss Hagan, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Roberts, Miss Johnston, Miss Reichel, Mr. Rocque, and Mr. Duran.

Dr. Steck made a very interesting address. It is regretted that the whole student body was not present to hear him.

The president and the advisory member, Miss Reichel, each gave a farewell talk.

Five new members were taken into the society, Wm. Gorrow, Charles Herne, Eddie Youngthunder, Daniel Arapahoe, and Peter Herne.

MERCER SOCIETY.

By Marie Poupart.

The members met at their hall at the usual hour. The roll was called and each member responded with a quotation. On account of the length of the program the business was suspended.

The following program was rendered:

Song—Mercers.
 Incidents in the life of Rev. Sherman Coolidge—Virginia Coolidge.
 Recitation: "Hiawatha's Childhood"—Beatrice Abrams
 Vocal solo—Irene Davenport.
 Indian oration—Mae Lavadore.
 Indian legend in costume—Marie Garlow.
 Guitar duet—Jane Gayton and Etta Waggoner.
 Song—Mercer quartet.
 Recitation: "Peace Pipe"—Mary Welch.
 Indian legend of the crows—Georgina Collins.

Debate.

Resolved, That the Indians should be given the rights of citizenship.

Affirmative—Mary Wilmet and Bessie Hall.

Negative—Lucy West and Jane Gayton.

The house was opened for general discussion, which was very exciting. The judges for the evening were Mary Horsechief, Cora Battice, and Flora Peters. They decided in favor of the negative.

The visitors for the evening were Mr. Duran, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Hagan, Mrs. Dietz, and two visitors from town.

THE SUSANS.

By Daisy Eshelman.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society gave a special program, in their society room, in honor of Indian Day. Roll was called and each member responded with a quotation in her own language. The reporter gave her notes and the following program was rendered:

Song—Susans.
 Black Hawks' speech—Addie Hovermale.
 Indian song—Lizzie House and Florence Abrams.
 Hiawatha's Wooing—Effie Coolidge.
 Piano solo—Josephine Printup.
 Reading—Cecilia Hill.
 Indian legend—Catherine Vornwald.
 Indian legend—Myrtle Peniska.
 Indian legend—Mary Lieb.
 Piano solo—Sophia Newagon.
 Indian song—Mamie Heany.
 The Indian of To-day—Alice Gardner.
 Biographical sketch of Red Jacket—Sara Fowler.
 Song: Star-Spangled Banner—Susans.
 Piano solo—Sophia Newagon (drum accompaniment by Relia Oshkosh).
 Indian dance—Lucy Ashland, Addie Hovermale, Uneeda Burson, Zilla Roy, Sophia Newagon, Catherine Vornwald, Relia Oshkosh, and Nellie Holy Cloud.

The visitors for the evening were: Mr. DeHuff, Mr. Duran, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Hagan, Mr. and Mrs. Hubly and little daughter Rachael.

Each of the following gave helpful and interesting remarks: Maude Cooke, President Sallie Greybeard, Mrs. Foster, the advisory member; Alta Printup, Mr. Hubly, Misses Williams, Bender, and Montion. Miss Rachael Hubly gave a recitation. The critic gave her report and the house adjourned.

AN APOSTROPHE TO WORK.

By Dr. Frank Crane.

I am the foundation of all business.
 I am the font of all prosperity.
 I am the parent, most times, of genius.
 I am the salt that gives life its savor.
 I am the sole support of the poor.
 The rich who try to do without me deteriorate, languish and usually fill premature graves.
 I am the primeval curse, yet a blessing that no healthy man or woman can be happy without.

Nations that woo me ardently rise; nations that neglect me die.

It is I who have made the United States what it is today. I have built her matchless industries, opened up her rich minerals, laid her incomparable railways, reared her cities, built her skyscrapers.

I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America from Rockefeller down.

I alone have raised men up from the ranks and maintained them in positions of eminence.

I am the friend and guide of every worthy youth. If he sticks close to me, no prize or place is beyond his reach. If he slights me, he can have no enviable end.

I am the sole leader that leads to the Land of Success. Sometimes men curse me, seeing in me an arch enemy, but when they try to do without me life turns bitter and meaningless and goalless.

I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet purposeful and fruitful.

Fools hate me: wise men love me.

Savages, some rich men and many rich women shun me—to their undoing.

The giants who fill the presidential chairs of our railroad systems, our great industrial organizations, our colossal mercantile establishments, and our institutions of learning, almost without exception, owe their places to me.

I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich.

I am the support of millions; indirectly the support of all.

I am the creator of all capital.

Wealth is me stored up.

I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the continent, in every ship that steams over the ocean, in every newspaper that comes from the press.

I am more zealously cultivated in America than in most other countries, especially by men of wealth.

I am sometimes overdone—voluntarily by the ambitious, involuntarily by the oppressed and the very young.

But in moderation I am the very oxygen of the able-bodied, even though some, sure of my constancy, look upon me as loathsome. A little taste of my absence quickly brings them to their senses.

My followers among the masses are becoming more and more powerful every year. They are beginning to dominate governments, to overthrow anachronistic dynasties.

I am the mother of democracy.

All progress springs from me.

The man who is bad friends with me can never get very far—and stay there.

The man who is good friends with me, who is not afraid of me, can go—who can tell how far?

Who am I?

What am I?

I AM WORK.

Curious Facts About Persons and Things.—Watch Your "Specs."

Eye glasses are among the commonest articles of a personal nature that people lose while traveling.

Last year there were found on the trains and in the

stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad, on the lines east of Pittsburgh alone, a total of 865 pairs of eye glasses. A large number of these were returned to or claimed by their owners. In many instances the owners were successfully traced through the names of opticians and prescription numbers in the cases.

It is a rather curious fact that of the 865 pairs, 666 pairs, or more than three-quarters of the total, were found between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, or on the lines immediately tributary to those cities. This seems to be the "eye glass belt." Only 199 pairs were found on all the rest of the lines east of Pittsburgh.

WHY THERE ARE LARGE KNOTS ON OAK TREES.

By Alvis M. Morrin (*Chippewa*), Carlisle '14.

Mujikiwis, who was a tricky Indian and who often fooled others, sometimes killing them, and who often wooed young maidens and deserted them, stopped one day at the wigwam of a hunter. This hunter had a beautiful daughter with whom Mujikiwis fell in love. She told him to leave, for sooner or later her father would kill him. He heeded her not, but stayed at the wigwam. The hunter, growing tired of his presence, one day took him on a long hunt which happened to be during the winter. At night they stopped, and after building a fire and eating, took off their moccasins to have them dry before the fire during the night. They made a rack, and on the lower cross piece the hunter hung his moccasins and on the upper Mujikiwis put his.

The hunter, who did not fall asleep after retiring, but feigned doing so, arose and exchanged moccasins by reversing their position. This he did in case Mujikiwis tried any of his trickery. Early in the morning Mujikiwis arose and knocked the moccasins on the lower rack into the fire, not knowing that the hunter had changed them and that these were his own. He retired again and at day break both arose. Finding only one pair of moccasins the hunter seized them and finding they were his own, put them on. Mujikiwis then wanted to know where his were and the hunter replied, "Maybe they fell into the fire." Seeing that Mujikiwis had some evil intentions, he seized the weapons and blankets and ran from the place. Mujikiwis, now left alone without moccasins and weapons, wandered about trying to keep warm, but soon his feet became cold and he climbed an oak tree. Here he froze and stuck to the tree and large knots have grown on this tree since that day. Indians point out to their children these knots on oaks telling the story of the death of Mujikiwis.

HABITS THAT SHORTEN LIFE.

It is interesting to observe that at the top of the list of life-shortening habits, an actuary of the New York Life Insurance company puts heavy drinking of alcoholic beverages. Next below it is over indulgence in foods. The heavy diner or drinker, he said in a recent address, was sure of a short life, but seldom a merry one, because the conditions under which he lived precluded the full enjoyment of either physical or mental wellbeing. The abstainer has a 15 to 20 per cent better chance than the moderate drinker and 40 to 80 per cent better chance than the heavy drinker. That is not to say that being an abstainer is a guaranty of a long life for many other factors enter into the problem, but it does mean that, other things being equal, that is the average that the abstainer has. As for smoking, it is only excessive indulgence in tobacco that insurance companies regard as serious.

This, it should be observed, is not the statement of a man who set out to prove either one thing or the other, but, rather, of a careful student of statistics—one with whom the study is not a fad, but a matter of business.—*Columbus (O.) Dispatch.*

THE LIBERTY BELL.

"Stop! for thou art now where a Nation's soul
Turned to the light; and groping from the shadow,
Proclaimed itself through me, before all mankind, free!"

It seems that bells were very popular with the provincial people, though the Friends of the Pennsylvania colony would not allow them to be put up on the tops of any of their meeting houses, and the other denominations felt a little skittish about starting a new fashion along that line. So for many years the "colony bell" hung in the crotch of a tree, and all of the interesting doings of the colony were heralded by the clattering of its rusty clapper.

In November, 1751, it looked like quite a small affair when a quaint letter was sent to Robert Charles in London, asking him that a "bell, good and worthy, of about two thousand pounds' weight, costing about one hundred pounds, be sent to the province. Let the bell be well cast, by the best workmen, and examined carefully before it is shipped, with the following words, well shaped in large letters, round it: 'By order of the Assembly of the province of Pennsylvania, for the State House.' And also have these words, 'Proclaim Liberty through all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.—Leviticus xxv: 10.'"

Robert Charles attended faithfully and well to the work intrusted to him, and the beautiful new bell arrived in due time. The people were delighted with it, and it was hung with much ceremony in the little tower of the State House. Then the first thing that the new bell did was to crack one of its shiny sides wide open. It had come to this country to proclaim liberty, and it had evidently made up its metal mind that to do that as it should be done it would have to become an American bell. And it was at once melted and recast by an American firm of bell-makers, and to-day it bears their stamp upon its side, instead of the name of the London bell man who first made it. Sometimes an inanimate object has been so closely connected with something wonderful and beautiful that at last it seems to become a living, feeling, and knowing thing. And more than any other object in this country has old Liberty Bell, in the Pennsylvania State House, become the personally loved and deeply revered friend of every man, woman, and child in the United States.

The bell's clear tones were first heard on the afternoon of August 27, 1753, when it called the Provincial Assembly together. Again it tolled solemnly to call them into council on February 3, 1757. It was an occasion of much moment, and after long deliberation they decided that they would send their revered Benjamin Franklin across the sea to England, in an attempt to secure kinder, juster laws for the American colonies. Very sad times came upon the colonies during the next few years, and the State House Bell seemed to share in the general gloom, for we read that in October, 1765, "The bell was muffled and tolled when the ship, the Royal Charlotte, bearing the stamps for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, came up the Delaware, under convoy of the royal man-of-war, The Sardine. The tolling of the bell called together the town meeting, several thousand citizens, to the Square, by whose resolve the stamps were transferred to the Sardine and not permitted to be landed. A few weeks later, when the Stamp Act went into operation, the bell was again muffled and tolled. The people of the colonies mourned the death of Liberty."

It was in September, 1766, that the bell again called together the Assembly. It was an important and history-making meeting, for their business was to vote four thousand pounds "to the king's use." This was the last money given by the colony to help carry on Great Britain's military operations.

The now famous bell rang forth an insistent call when the Tea Parties began in Boston and Philadelphia, and after the Boston Massacre the bell called the people together again. They came in crowds, silent but with flashing eyes, for they all knew then what the end was to be. Its clear tones rang forth during the riots in 1775, and from the

Quaker colony £2,540 were sent to the Boston sufferers. There is no record that the Friends ever failed to respond, and respond generously, when the bell called them together for help for those who needed it.

It was on June 7, 1776, that the bell called the Continental Congress together, that the members might hear Richard Henry Lee's of Virginia daring resolution: "These united colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states!" And three weeks later it called the members of the Congress together to hear the final draft of the Declaration of Independence that had grown out of Mr. Lee's resolution.

July 4, 1776, the great step was taken, and fifty-six of the noblest and most thoughtful men in America were brave enough to step up to the Speaker's desk and sign their names to the famous paper. The old bell rang forth right joyously, calling the people together in Independence Square to hear the Declaration read.

It was on October 24, 1781, that the bell rang at high noon. It was a triumphant peal, for it was to announce to the good people of the Quaker City that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered. In November of that great year the bell tuned up a right merry peal to welcome General and Mrs. Washington to Philadelphia. And on April 16, 1783, it pealed forth to the people the Proclamation of Peace. In 1824 the world-famous old bell rang to welcome Lafayette, just as it tolled solemnly ten years later to announce his death to mourning thousands.

On the 4th of July, 1826, the old bell chimed forth right merrily to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Republic, and a few hours later it was muffled and tolled slowly and solemnly, announcing the death of two great men, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

In 1832 the bell tolled slowly and sorrowfully, telling the people of Philadelphia that Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, had passed out into the higher life. One by one the bell that had proclaimed liberty tolled for the passing away of the men who had established our great nation. Then, in 1835, it rang forth a solemn message. John Marshall, the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, lay dead in Philadelphia. The bell tolled slowly as the body of the great lawmaker was borne from the house, to be carried to his home in Virginia. Clear and steady came the soft, muffled tones, when suddenly the note was broken—shattered. A great crack had come in one side of Liberty Bell, and it was silenced forever.

"Bell of the wilderness once wast thou,
Bell of the State and of History now.
Bell of the Battle when war must be,
Bell of the Church, School, and Industry.
And men shall say as thou hangest alone,
God's voice has breathed in thy awful tone!
Bell in whose ringing all is well,
Ring to us ever, Old Bell! God's Bell!"

—The Classmate.

Do You Believe in Nailing up a Horseshoe on Your House for Good Luck?

If you do, you're up to the standards of the heathen who lived in Ur of the Chaldees when God called Abram out of that land because He had something better for him. Archeology has dug up Chaldean clay substitutes for the luck-bringing horseshoe.

Dr. Melvin Grove Kyle, one of the best known of the archeologist, writes every month in The Sunday School Times, a review of the latest archeological discoveries and bearing on Bible truth. This is a sample of the many notable discoveries that are constantly being made by the archeologist—the men who dig up ancient records in Bible lands. A specimen copy of the Sunday School Times containing one of these interesting and informing articles will be sent on receipt of a post card request addressed to The Sunday School Times Company, 1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FIRST INDIAN NEWSPAPER.

No Indian nation on the continent has such a remarkable journalistic history as the Cherokee. Their great schoolmaster, Se-quo-yah, in 1824, perfected for them an alphabet, the first ever invented by aborigines for more than a thousand years.

Se-quo-yah, like many inventors, had been ridiculed and even accounted crazy by his tribe. On many a fine morning his wife, who had little patience with his meditative and philosophical ways, could be heard chiding him for his laziness. In spite of all opposition he persevered, and having spent nearly as much time in persuasion as he had in inventing, at length convinced his people of his utility.

Hence it was that, in November, 1825, the Cherokee Council resolved to procure two sets of type, one fashioned after Se-quo-yah's invention, and the other English, and also to procure a printing press, and the general furniture for a well-equipped printing office. It took a long time to accomplish this, but on February 21, 1828, the iron printing press, together with the entire outfit necessary for publishing a newspaper, was set up at New Echota, Georgia, and the first copy of the *Cherokee Phoenix* was given to the world.

This newspaper was not only the first aborigines' newspaper on this continent, but it was printed in the most perfect orthography. Elias Boudinot, an Indian, who was given the name of the eminent governor of New Jersey, was the first editor. He was aided by the missionaries of the American board.

The *Phoenix* was of the average size of the newspapers of the day, and one-half of it was printed in the Se-quo-yah alphabet. By resolution of the council the printer's apprentices were boarded and clothed at the expense of the council, and the editor was forbidden to publish scurrilous communications, or anything of a religious nature that would savor of sectarianism.

No publication was ever received with such profound wonder by the world as was this *Phoenix*. Copies were ordered from all parts of the country and the London *Times* exchanged with it on equal terms. The publication seemed to be the key which was to unlock the intellectual facilities of the Cherokees.

In November, nine months after the first copy of the paper appeared, a missionary wrote from among them that in his opinion at least three-fourths of the nation could read and write in their own alphabet. Publications from the press of New Echota were eagerly sought, and five years after the adoption of Se-quo-yah's alphabet, the press of this first Cherokee publishing house had turned off 733,800 pages of good reading, and two years after the number had increased to 1,513,800 pages, and before Se-quo-yah's death in 1842, more than 4,000,000 pages of good literature had been printed in Cherokee, and that amount not including the circulation of the *Phoenix*.

As early as 1830 the pages of the *Phoenix* began to forecast the doom that was inevitably to follow. Even then the Cherokees had given up all hope of receiving justice from our Government.

In June, 1832, the *Phoenix* remarked: "The gigantic silver pipe which George Washington placed in the hands of the Cherokees as a memorial of his warm and abiding friendship has ceased to reciprocate. It lies in a corner, cold, like its author, to rise no more."

In October, 1835, the Georgia Guard took possession of the newspaper establishment, and its further issue was prohibited unless it would uphold the course of Georgia against the Indians. Thus perished one of the most remarkable newspapers, both in its origin and results, that America has ever known.

For a long time there was no further attempt at journalism by the Cherokees, but the nation started their next paper in 1844 and called it the *Cherokee Advocate*, which was continued until 1854. It did not attract the attention the *Phoenix* did, as the novelty of Cherokee journalism had subsided. Perhaps one of its most remarkable ventures was the publishing each week, in the Se-quo-yah alphabet, chapters from

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which was prepared also in book form.—*New Orleans States*.

HARD WORK BRINGS SUCCESS.

Anything you may get without a struggle is worth little. Keep this in mind when you are engaged in some difficult task and see if it doesn't help you to stand hardships better.

Things easy to do are the things sought by the easy-going kind of man who never climbs to any height, and is the principal reason why so many men are looking for work. Perhaps he puts up a good bluff of doing hard work, but the deception hurts himself the most and sooner or later he has to look for another position.

Natural ability assists some folks to gain prominence, but without hard work it will not go far. It is not the pupil who learns his lesson the easiest or in the shortest time who amounts to the most in afterlife. The quick to learn often have to work hardest to retain it. When you think of the different boys you used to know, the fellows who were in your class in school, you know now that it is mostly the "grind" who has made the great and real success, not the fellow who could recite on a moment's notice and spent the rest of his time playing. The real "smart boy" you used to know is generally working under the man who was once considered "dense" and "slow," the little quiet chap who did not go out every night to play "kick-the-can" or "run-sheep-run" but stayed home nights and studied and what he received from his lessons in school he has never forgotten. The ability to study and retain in your mind the subjects which you study, brings a fellow to the point where he is rewarded for the lost pleasures of boyhood, he is a man of note in his profession, while the boys who were out playing every spare moment are to be found on the payroll of the boy who was considered a "sissy" or a "grind."

Remember, that few achieve anything really worth while without a struggle, or sacrifice, for its possession. When you have found something to do, stay with it. Do not lose heart if you do not advance very rapidly. A great many people have given up just at the moment when success was almost theirs, but they did not wait long enough. If you give your work your earnest attention and show that you are capable, you are bound to rise.

"Stick" with your job.—*Selected*.

DON'T BE A HABIT MAN.

Do you know what a habit man is? He is a man who does a thing to-day because he did the same thing yesterday. Repeating is easier than thinking—so Mr. Habit Man repeats.

His name is legion. We find him everywhere.

There he is now—that bookkeeper. He has been holding the same job for the last ten years. He has been putting the same figures in the same books all that time. His horizon ends at the top of the page. That is the reason the other fellow who is five years his junior and has been with the firm only two years is now secretary at twice the bookkeeper's pay. The younger man thought. He grew. He found better ways of doing things. He became worth more to the firm and they paid him more. Just a simple commercial transaction, that's all.

A Habit Man is a machine. A machine, you know, does not improve with age. It usually wears out. So does the Habit Man.

Repetition is rust. Doing the same thing in the same way day after day wears a rut that finally penetrates down to the very depths of stagnation.

Cudgel that brain of yours or it will surely lapse into a life-time sleep.

Think! Dig! Make every day a day of improvement. No man is doomed save the Habit Man. And no chains of habit can bind tight enough to hold the man who would break them by red-blooded thinking effort.

Don't be a Habit Man.—*Selected*.