

THE ARROW

ART
INDUSTRY
SCIENCE

Publication of the United States Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Vol. I

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

No 24

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 12th.

VISIONS OF LINCOLN.

By Susie M. Best.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before me straightway rose
An ungainly, awkward woodsman,
Clad in common working clothes.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And, behold a pageant fair
Streamed across a stately city,
And a President was there.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before my vision rolled
Scenes of blood and awful battles
That on History's page are told.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
And I saw a Music Hall,
Decked with flags and dense with people,
And a man the marked of all.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
Hark! was that a pistol shot?
Did I see upon the carpet
Stains of blood, or but a blot?

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
Tolling bells rang in my ear,
And I saw a mourning nation,
Following a black-palled bier.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln,
Rifted were the crystal skies,
And I saw a crowned Immortal
In the place called Paradise.

EULOGIES ON LINCOLN.

Lincoln was the humblest of the humble
before his conscience, greatest of the great
before history. —Castelar.

Our Nation's Martyr, pure, honest, patient,
tender,
Thou who didst suffer agony e'en for the
slave;
Our flag's defender, our brave, immortal
teacher!
I lay this humble tribute on thy honored
grave. —Paul DeVere.

"They bowed before the bier of him who
had been prophet, priest and king to his
people, who had struck the shackles from
the slave, who had taught a higher sense of
duty to the free men, who had raised the
Nation to a loftier conception of faith and
hope and charity." —James G. Blaine.

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THE OLD WALNUT TREE.

One of the prominent objects on the school grounds is the old Walnut Tree, which stands close to the Teachers' Quarters and is a silent sentinel of peculiar interest and beauty.

We rest in peace, where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife, and pain;
He was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Great Captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a
tower.
Our children shall behold his fame
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first
American. —James Russell Lowell.

He was the North, the South, the East,
the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain.
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and
wood. —Maurice Thompson.

Abraham Lincoln was the vindication of
poverty. He gave glory to the lowly. In
the light of his life, the cabin became con-
spicuous; the commonest toil no longer
common, and the poor man's hardship a
road to honor. It put shame on the pre-
judice of wealth and birth, and dignity on
common manhood. The poor received
from him inspiring hope; he taught the
humblest youth that there was for him a
path to power. —Luther Lajin Mills.

WEAR THEM!
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—WEAR WELL—

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AFRICANS WHO ARE NOT BLACK.

Few people know there are nearly 10,000,000 natives in Central Africa who are not black, and who do not look much like the other savages in any way. These natives have a peculiar yellowish copper color, and their skulls are much larger than those of the negroes. Nobody knows any reason for the difference between them and the other Africans. Some scientists think that they are descendants from European or Asiatic races that wandered into Africa some thousands of years ago. Others say they are aboriginal inhabitants of the country and that their color is due to the fact that they are gradually improving and growing beyond the negro type. But these are all guesses. All that anybody knows with any certainty is that they are there.

DON'T BITE THREAD

A PRACTICING dentist says this is the season of the year when his business is given a slight boom by the women who bite their threads. Only professional dress makers and seamstresses may be relied upon to eschew this practice, and all other women who make any of their own clothes are more or less addicted to it.

The incisors are used for the purpose, but it makes the edges of several of the front teeth as uneven as a saw, and at a time, as now, when there is much sewing on summer dresses, produces a state of affairs that no dentist can remedy with any satisfaction to himself or his patrons, so that the boom is nowhere welcomed. Most women who show the evil effects of threadbiting are horrified and make all sorts of promises of reform, but nearly all of them are backsliders.

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SOME THINGS WE NEVER SEE.

A sheet from the bed of a river,
A tongue from the mouth of a stream,
A toe from the foot of a mountain,
A page from a volume of steam,
A wink from the eye of a needle,
A nail from the finger of fate;
A plume from the wing of an army,
And a drink from the bar of a grate.
A hair from the head of a hammer,
A bite from the teeth of a saw,
A race on the course of study,
And a joint from the limb of the law.
A check that is drawn on a sand-bank,
Some fruit from the jamb of a door.

WHO LIKES PEANUTS?

ALL boys and a good many of their sisters are fond of peanuts. Every body knows that no circus is complete without them, but probably not many boys or girls know just how they grow. The peanut is supposed to be a native of Africa, where it forms the chief food of certain regions, but it is found, too, in South America and Europe, the species varying in the different countries. Here in the United States it is cultivated chiefly in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. The seed planted is the meat or kernel, and care is taken not to break the skins. The plant grows like a vine, and the nuts hang on it like pea pods. A single vine will, it is estimated, produce about 100 nuts if it is of the average good condition. At this rate the yield per acre is forty bushels.

Three varieties of these nuts are grown here—the white, the red and the Spanish. They are readily distinguished as they have individual characteristics. The next time you eat a peanut with two kernels very white, with pink skins, you will know it is of the white variety. The shell of the red nut sometimes holds three or four dark kernels, and its skin is of a decidedly dark red, so you cannot mistake that, while the Spanish nut is so much smaller, with a lighter skin than both of the others, that it will not be mistaken for either. Nearly 5,000,000 bushels of peanuts are used in this country every year.—Exchange.

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PROVERB.

He who won't be Advised can't be Helped.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have some ill-nature, whose occasional outcropping we must expect, and that we must forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Stop, Look and Listen.

It has been said on good authority that the highest price ever paid for a writing was given a lawyer in this immediate vicinity. A certain railroad company had lost enormous sums of money through damage suits instituted by those injured in grade crossing accidents. This company had been most particular in the matter of erecting signs at each crossing, but jury after jury decided that these were of small moment since the warning they conveyed was to "look out for the cars" or "look out for the engine," and in almost every instance it was conclusively proved that the damage was caused by that part of the train not mentioned! So with desperation the railroad commissioned a lawyer of wide repute to compose a sign that would "hold" in court. After some days the following sentence, written on a large sheet of paper, came from the man learned in the law: "Stop, look and listen."

Following this, came a bill for \$10,000. So when you hear some long tongued individual boasting about the dollar a word Mr. Kipling gets, or the surprising sum paid Richard Harding Davis for articles describing the war he didn't see, dismiss the being as a dealer in the hills, for the lawyer aforementioned, got a check for the amount named, and, as far as history enlightens us, no one ever before received so much as \$2,500 a word!

Before the end of the year the lawyer was informed by the president of the road that the new sign had saved many times its cost. And the point I am especially desirous of making in regard to this sign is its immense value to men and women generally, not only in the matter of saving life and limb, but in the higher sense of getting out of life all there is in it.

Stop, look and listen.

How many of us do any one of the three? We rush, are blind and close our ears. Then we sue the world for damages. Do we get them?—Philadelphia American.

I'M GLAD I DID MY WORK WELL.

A poor Irishman left his own country to come to America to better his fortunes. He landed in New York and started out on his search for work. There was but one thing that he could do well, but one thing he had ever learned as a trade. That was stone-cutting. He went from one stoneyard to another in New York City seeking for employment, only when night came to be disappointed. Day after day he searched until all the stoneyards he could hear about had been visited, but all in vain, no one seemed to want him. Only a few coins were left to jingle in a lonely sort of fashion in his pocket. He feared starvation unless he could find work. So one day he crossed the great Brooklyn bridge to begin his search for work among the stoneyards in Brooklyn. After trying several, his search was at length rewarded. The superintendent of this one told him if he would do his work exactly as he was told and be true to the pattern mark on the stone, he might begin, and if he did the first work satisfactorily he might have more work. So with great care he began his task of cutting out the stone according to the lines marked out. There was no beauty in the design, indeed, it scarce seemed like a design, it was neither scroll nor leaf, only a few meaningless lines to the Irishman. Finally the first block was finished. The "boss," as he was called, inspected it, and gave him another block, with the remark "to do that as well." The second offered no more inspiration than the first, but the man kept pegging away at the stone, keeping in mind that he must be true to the pattern if he were to continue to have work.

After weeks of monotonous cutting, one block after another, on Saturday at noon the "boss" told him he might have a half holiday and not lose his pay. So he put on his best clothes and fixed himself up as respectable and presentable as he could and crossed the Brooklyn bridge to see New York as a tourist instead of a hungry, discouraged man seeking work. How beautiful the city seemed to him now, how stately and grand the great buildings, how wonderful the store windows!

As he was walking along the beautiful avenue, looking across on the other side, his attention was attracted to a large, beautiful stone arch over an arcade. Here was something interesting along his own line. How he admired the carved scrolls and graceful foliage that twined among them! How symmetrically and wonderfully the work was done! And as a craftsman, he looked carefully to see how each scroll was wrought. He recognized a block which his own hand had cut, as part of the beautiful arch. His eyes lighted with joy and he searched for more of his work, and yonder he saw another block and still another and another. Oh! the joy and gladness that surged through him as he thought, "Why, I helped make this grand arch and its the finest I've seen" As he stood looking at it his eyes filled with tears; he said "How thankful I am I did my work well and worked according to the pattern." A passer-by saw this Irishman standing gazing, the tears coursing down his cheeks, utterly oblivious to all about him. He spoke to him. "Why are you crying?" In an excited way the Irishman said, "Do you see that grand stone arch over there?" "Yes," was a reply, "but I don't see anything to cry about in it." "Well, man," said the Irishman, "I cut that block and that one and that one and this one over yonder, and I'm so thankful I did my work right and was faithful, for I didn't know when I cut it that it was to be an arch or anything half so beautiful."

So may we be faithful to our task. Our Master makes the plan, the pattern is his. He permits us to do the work if we will, and some day over yonder we may see how beautiful the design, and know God's plan.

When we see the saved, and humanity made perfect, we, like that Irishman, will rejoice if we have been faithful to the pattern and have done our work well.—Selected.

Might as Well.

Mother—Now, Willie, you've been eating sweets till you've made yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor.

Willie—I say, if you are sending for the doctor, may I have another sweet? It won't make any difference, you know.

—[Smith's Weekly.]

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The following analysis of success was written for the Rochester Democrat-Chronicle by Fred D. Lamb of the railroad Y. M. C. A. of Rochester. "What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx of a company of railroad attaches.

"Energy," said the coal in the firebox.
 "Be first," said the pilot on the engine.
 "Keep under control," said the airbrake.
 "Have a good foundation," said the ties of the track.
 "Connect yourself to big things," said the whistle.
 "Prepare the way for your coming," said the Gould couplers.
 "Keep on the right track," said the locomotive.
 "Look neat," said the pullman car.
 "Be sure you have a clear track," said the headlight.
 "Keep a going," said the steam.
 "Have a system to your work," said the time-table.
 "Despise not the power of small things," said the coupling pin.—Ex.

Compass Plant.

"Sailors when they're lost, get their bearings from the stars," said a Western miner. "Lost landmen, knowing nothing about astronomy, must trust to their botanical knowledge to lead them home. If I get lost on the prairies I look for a compass plant. This plant is a pretty common growth on the Western plains, and its leaves always point due north. If you know where north is, you are sure the south is behind you, the east on your right and the west on your left, and there is nothing for you to do but to push onward in the direction your home lies. Thus the compass plant has saved many a lost traveler from death on the plains. Woodsmen tell me that, when they get lost, they find due north by examining the tree trunks. On the side of the trunks that faces north the moss, they claim, always grows the thickest. Moss will be found, to a certain extent, all over the trunks, but on the north side there will be two or three times as much of it."

Balls that Boys toss.

The number of baseballs made every day at the present time in the United States is about ten thousand. There are four large manufactories,—one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Bridgeport, Conn., and one in Attica, Mass. The process by which the best quality league ball is made is interesting. All the work is done by hand, machines having been tried repeatedly without permanent success. The centre of a best league ball is solid rubber. Around this is wound about three ounces of Shaker yarn of the best quality, dampened. Then a covering of horse hide is put on. This completes what is termed the first finish. Then the ball is wound tightly with an ounce of the yarn, which is again wound with camel's hair to make it of a uniform smoothness. Over this is put the final covering of carefully selected horse hide. The rubber ball, which forms the centre of all baseballs, is imported from Germany.—[Golden Days]

GOOD ADVICE.

"My boy," said a Texas man to his son, who was starting for an eastern city, "let me tell you something which may be of help to you. His advice, as given in *Forest and Stream*, was homely, but good. "You'll get up there and you'll see a heap of people who have more money than you have—a heap of people who have more brains than you have, and more success. Some of them may even be better looking than you are. Don't you worry about that, and don't you be scared of anybody. Whenever you meet a man and he allows he's your superior, you just look at him and say to yourself, 'After all, your just folks.' After you have lived as long as I have, and have knocked around the world you'll find that's all any of us is—just folks." [Ex.]

To hold the torch for another when the way is dark and uncertain is an ambition that angels might covet.

Wayside Jottings.

The young woman had been working in an effort to meet a trying situation. She was perplexed and scarcely knew which way to turn. In her anxiety, a friend of former years called at the office. Formal greetings were exchanged, and after a few moments, the caller said:

"Miss Brown, will you do something for me?"

"Why, certainly, if I can," was the reply.

"Smile."

The worried look immediately left the face, and the humor of the situation was at once apparent, and it was also contagious. During the remainder of the day when the duties were exacting and close application brought back the wrinkles, the request of that friend came again to mind—"Smile!"

I am not sure but this would be a capital motto to put over our desks. It would make the work easier, and certainly it would make the people near by happier.

A young woman of my acquaintance went to room with an elderly couple, who at once nicknamed her "Sunshine." During all the time of her stay there, if doubts came up, or angry thoughts came into her mind, her beautiful nickname served to banish the clouds, and sunshine came back again. It was the contagion of cheerfulness which brightened the day for all around.

Over the desk of another friend of mine hangs this motto: "Don't Worry, but Work." And here is another cheerful worker, who always goes at her task with a bright face. Work is hard, but how much harder it is under a threatening cloud—and the clouds are not all in the heavens, either. Indeed, the most depressing ones are sometimes in our own faces. "Smile!"—*The Baptist Union.*

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Miscellaneous Items.

- John Ortega who has been under the weather for a few days is out again.—
- Yesterday was Franchise Day better known in the Indian Service as "Dawes Day."
- Mrs. Craft, Mrs. Thompson's mother, has gone to Albany, New York, to visit her daughter and friends.
- We learn through a letter that Elnora B. Jamison, class '02 was recently married to Robert De Poe class 1900.—
- We are informed that Coach Rogers is improving some of his spare time in attendance at the Commercial College.
- We congratulate Miss Ely on having passed another mile stone yesterday. We hope to see her pass many more.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. Riley Wheelock were in Carlisle over Sunday. Sunday afternoon they visited friends at the School.
- We learn through a letter that Tiffany Bender '04, who went home because of his ill health is gradually improving.—
- Some weeks ago a letter was received from Mrs Annie Parnell Little, nee Annie Parnell, 1900, in which she stated that a child had come to live with them.—
- Interest continues to grow in our military drills. Officers and privates are working hard, determined to excel on March 4th.
- More snow has fallen in this section of the country this year than since 1894. The farmers claim that it has a good effect on the wheat, and are looking for large crops next summer.—
- The band has resumed practice, and the members are again happy. A program is being arranged for individual practice. In music, as in gymnastics, athletics, drills, etc., individual practice is of paramount importance.
- Mrs. Senseney returned to her home in Chambersburg, Pa. Monday afternoon, after making her daughter and friends at the school a short visit. She was accompanied by Miss Juliette Smith who expects to make a short visit.—
- Miss Delphina Jacquez gave a dinner party last Sunday at her new quarters. Misses Alice Heater, Rose Hawke, Bernice Pierce and Margaret Wilson were her guests. She hopes to give them a better dinner some day before leaving Carlisle.—
- Our Cadet organization has been changed from Infantry to Cavalry. The terms "troop" and "squadron" will take the places respectively of the terms "Company" and "Battalion". The large boys troops are "A," "B," "C," "D," and "E." The small boys, "F" and "G."
- Miss Ella King, a former member of class '05, who went home on account of ill health, writes that she is now enjoying herself in St. Paul, Minn. She expects to travel in Wis. and in N. Dak. to see if the change of climate will do her good. She wishes to be remembered to her former friends.—
- Mr. Edwin Moore, who has filled the position as storekeeper so acceptably for the past year has been transferred to Anadarko, Oklahoma, as assistant-clerk. He left Saturday evening. His friends here wish him success in his new work, but are sorry to have him leave Haskell.—[Haskell Leader. Edwin was graduated from Carlisle with class 1901.
- We learn through a letter from Levi Webster, the sad news that his sister Sophie had died suddenly at Haskell Institute last month. She was bright and ambitious, and possessed a strong christian character. We extend our deepest sympathy to Levi.

Sunday Evening Meetings.

- Mr. Gansworth lead the Small Boys' meeting. His subject was, "Daniel proposed in his heart not to defile himself."
- Mr. Venne lead the Y. M. C. A. meeting. His topic was, "What I owe to the Young Men's Christian Association."
- Miss Bowersox lead the Large Girls' meeting, and Miss Carter the Small Girls' meeting. The subject was, "What I owe to the Young Woman's Christian Association."

Academic Notes.

- James Parsons, typo, has entered "Prep."
- The pupils of No. 4 are studying square measure.
- Jonathan Printup and Leroy George are school orderlies now.
- Many in the art classes are making little valentines this week. The designs and colors are very pleasing.
- The Juniors have taken up a short course in English which they expect to finish before Commencement.
- A few of the Senior boys were transferred from the afternoon to the morning division last week in order to divide the work more evenly.—
- The Seniors have finished reading Hamlet and have found it very interesting. They are now studying the principal characters in the play.—
- Miss Goyituey, teacher of No. 3 school room is ill. She is suffering from a cold and a severe sore throat. Florence Welch and Emma Burrows are substituting in her room. The pupils are making every effort to help their teachers.
- One of the most enjoyable entertainments given at the school during the past year was that given last Saturday evening by the Edison Motion Picture Company. It was almost entirely free from that shimmering and shivering that so often mars such productions. It is difficult to select any one number on the program as being the best, there were so many good ones, The Storm at Sea, Fun in a Bakery, The Tramp's Dream, A Glimpse of Luna Park, Spearing Salmon in the Columbia River, The Great Train Robbery, A Daylight Burglary, Spring House Cleaning, The Scare-Crow Tramp, and The Life of an American Fireman were of the first class.

Miss Robbins gave us a talk on Cattle Raising in chapel last week. After giving us an idea of the original wild cows, she told us how the stock men have developed the modern dairy and beef cattle, turning every part of the animal to best commercial advantage. The different cuts of beef with prices were shown by a chart taken from a U. S. Gov. Bulletin. A chart showing a model dairy barn was also very interesting. She urged the necessity of intelligent feeding and care of the animal, and willingness to do hard work in order to be successful. It is hoped that our boys and girls who own land will be awake to their opportunities which this talk on dairying and stock raising suggests as possible to them. There is no reason why every Indian who owns land should not make a good living without any aid from the government. A little "brains mixed with hard work" will solve the problem.

Industrial Notes.

- The new base-drum is being lettered to read thus; Indian School, Carlisle.
- Last week the afternoon laundry detail was treated by Miss James with doughnuts which they enjoyed very much.—
- All Senior girls detailed to the sewing-room, and the dressmakers under Misses Goodyear and Seawright are working on the graduating dresses.—
- The Senior girls have become so skillful with the needle, that they are able to make their own graduating dresses this year a fact in which they take much pride.—'05.
- The sewing Department is kept very busy at the present time, on account of the graduating dresses, summer uniforms and work dresses that have to be done by commencement.—

→ The printers have printed in pamphlet form, for the Sophomore class, the play of "Katharine and Petruchio" adopted from "Taming The Shrew" by Wm. Shakespeare. The play will be given by the class in the near future.

Society News.

- The Susans held a very interesting meeting last Friday evening. Every one on the program was well prepared. The most interesting parts of the program were the Class (1905) prophecy by Lillian Archiquette, and a dialogue by Matilda Garnier, Mary Guyamma and Eudisia Sedick.
- The Senior boys were the guests of the "Susan Longstreth Literary Society" last Friday evening. As it was the first visit

for some of them, they were much impressed with the good spirit which prevailed and the manner in which the proceedings were carried on, and expressed their pleasure by cheerfully responding with words of encouragement.—

The Literary Society meetings last Friday were all interesting. The programs were as follows; Susans—Recitation, Lucy Coulon; Vocal Solo, Elizabeth Walker; Reading, Christine Childs; Recitation, Mary Rannels; Piano Duet, Elizabeth Penny and Selina George; Dialogue, Eudocia Sedick, Matilde Garnier and Mary Guyamma; Class Prophecy, Lillian Archiquette; Debate, Resolved, That direct taxation is of more advantage than indirect taxation. Affirmative speakers, Blanche Lay and Emma Logan; Negative speakers, Bessie Nick and Jos-fa Maria. The affirmative won.

Invincibles—Declamation, Arthur Mandan; Essay, John Holmes; Extempore Speeches, Roy Smith and Olaf Gray; Select Reading, Ambrose Johnson; Oration, Wilbur Peawo; Debate, Resolved, That the present administration of the Indian service is satisfactory. Affirmative, John B. Ortega and John Archuleta; Negative, Antonio Lubo and Adam Fischer.

Standards,—Declamation, F. Gonzalez; Essay, Frank Lachapelle; Impromptu, Fred Waterman; Oration, Vernie Mitchell; Debate, Resolved, That the education of the negro should be industrial rather than liberal. Affirmative, Carl Silk, John Feather and Ruben Sundown; Negative, Lawrence Mitchell, Samuel Brown and Alex Sauve.

→ Assistant Disciplinarian Stacy Matlock, who was in Washington for several days on business relating to his tribe, returned Saturday night bringing with him three of the most prominent and influential chiefs of his tribe—Eagle Chief, Rush Roberts and James R. Murie. They remained until Monday. They expressed themselves as being highly pleased with what they saw at school, and said that the Pawnees had been prejudiced against Carlisle for a long time past, but that now that would disappear, and the Pawnees would send many children to Carlisle.

A reporter of the HARRISBURG PATRIOT in the issue of February 6th. gave what purported to be an interview with three Sioux Indians, One to Playwith, Eating Walker, and Ed. Lapoint, who were on their way to visit Carlisle.

Our three Pawnee friends are the three Indians referred to.

In view of the statements made here by Eagle Chief and the others, and if other parts of the purported interview are as near correct as that above referred to, we are justified in branding the article as another excellent specimen of newspaper "dope".

A New Year Salutation.

*I greet the New Year as a friend,
For God will help me through it.
And as I have a fault to mend
Now's the time to do it.
Ah, yes, I have some good to get
The past, alas! I rue it;
But I and good will soon have met.
Nineteen-five brings me to it.
The years have gone that brought me ill
Because I would so have it;
But greater good awaits me still.
And will come if I name it.*

D. C. Starr.

January 1, 1905.

The Capital.

The capital of the United States has been located in different cities as follows: At Philadelphia from Sept. 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from Dec. 20, 1776, to March 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777 to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from Sept. 27, 1777, to Sept. 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from Sept. 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., from June 30, 1783, to Nov. 20, 1783; at Annapolis from November 1783, to November, 1784; at Trenton from Nov. 1783, to January, 1785; at New York from January, 11, 1785, to 1790, when the seat of government was changed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

Beginning Late.

C. H. Wetherbe.

There are thousands of people who hold to the erroneous view that, at the age of forty or forty-five, it is too late for one who has failed to achieve success in a certain line of work to begin a course in some other direction or calling. All through past history there are many striking examples of the fact that people of energy and good purpose, after failing in certain endeavors, have begun in middle life a new course of activity and carried it on with great credit to themselves. Dr. O. S. Warden, the brilliant editor of "Success," that popular periodical, says: "A great many men and women, who do not discover their possibilities until late in life make the mistake of thinking that they are too old to learn, too old to start in a new calling, to attempt to improve or develop the new continent they have discovered within themselves. There is no time to indulge in regrets. Every moment is rendered more precious in proportion to the lateness of your discovery. Others have succeeded in educating themselves, in doing distinguished work in various fields, who did not find out their real bent or possibilities until youth had passed. History and biography are full of such examples. Andrew Johnson, the seventeenth President of the United States, did not know how to read or write until he had reached manhood. At the age of forty Ulysses S. Grant was regarded as a failure. He had changed his occupation from that of tanner to soldier, and from soldier to real estate dealer, and in the latter calling found himself unable to support his family. The call of his country to arms in 1861 awakened him to the knowledge of himself, and the man who, at forty, was a failure, at forty-two was one of the greatest military commanders of the nineteenth century. It is a lamentable fact that the last half of the life of a large number of people has been comparatively fruitless, simply because those persons, having been disappointed in not achieving success in such directions as they at first started in, were unwilling to try again to find a sphere of labor to which they are adapted, and then engage in it with a determination to accomplish deeds that would bless mankind. It by no means signifies that because a young person has not succeeded in one calling he cannot make a noble success in another one. Even at the age of sixty an earnest person may do much good in a new line of endeavor,

STUDYING ARITHMETIC A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

When King Alfred the Great was reigning over England a thousand years ago, school-children pondered over problems in arithmetic much as our boys and girls do now.

Some of the questions do not sound unlike our own. Here are two, taken word for word from the lesson-book of that day, which is still in the British Museum:

"The swallow once invited the snail to dinner. He lived just one league from the spot, and the snail travelled at the rate of only one inch a day. How long would it be before he dined?"

"An old man met a child. 'Good-day, my son said,' he. 'May you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrice as much as all this; and, if God give you one year addition to the others, you will be a century old.' What was the boy's age?"

American Schools in the Philippines.

A centralized system of free public schools has been established in the Philippines, under the supervision of a general superintendent who has the entire work of organizing and inauguration, with ample and necessary powers granted for the administration of his office. It further provides for the appointment of eighteen division superintendents, one for each organized province; for 1,000 trained teachers from the United States, and for the establishment and maintenance of normal, agricultural, and manual-training schools. An expenditure, furthermore, of \$4,000,000 for the construction and equipment of school buildings, and of \$220,000 for the purchase of text-books and supplies has been made.

Dr. F. W. Atkinson in the

Southern Workman.

OUR HEROES.

*HERE'S a hand to the boy
who has courage
To do what he knows to be right,
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe,
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for him if he says 'No'
There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.
Be steadfast my boy when you're troubled
To do what you know is not right:
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The Right" be your battle-cry ever
In Waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.*

ALWAYS BE CHEERFUL.

An odd looking boy went whistling along the street the morning after a big snowstorm. His hands were bare, his cheeks and ears were red with cold, his shoes were much too large, well worn at that, while his hat was only a hat in name. That he meant business was shown by his spry movements and the shovel that he carried.

Seeing a man at his door, the boy asked if he wanted the snow cleared away from the walks. "How much?" inquired the man. "Ten cents," replied the boy. "Too much; a nickel is enough," said the man. "There is plenty of work today," answered the boy, "and I must do the best I can while it lasts. Good morning."

But the man had just begun to admire the cheerful business air of the boy, and was also moved with pity for him. So he called the boy back, and told him to do the work.

The lady of the house looked out of the window a few minutes later, and said, "Just look at that little boy making the snow fly. Why he works like a snow plow."

Both the man and his wife watched the little "ragtag" as though he were a new curiosity. They became interested as well as amused, and noted how well he did his work.

As he finished the job and came to the door for his money, the lady said to her husband, "Maybe he is hungry; bring him in."

The man asked him to come in. Yes, he was hungry, but he had only time to take a piece of bread. It was a good business day for him. Yes, it was cold out, but he could keep from freezing by hard work, and he needed all the money he could earn.

"What do you want money for just now?" asked the lady; and the little worker replied, "I want to buy mother a shawl. She has to wear one that you can see through, and it isn't right." Then the lady took his name and address, saying, "We want some more little jobs done, and may want you again."

The boy thanked her in his cheerful way, and hurried on, whistling as he went. That night the mother had a warm shawl, and several other things that her new found friend could well spare. But, more than that, the next day the little snow-shoveler was dressed in a new warm suit from head to foot, and became the trusty office-boy of a leading lawyer. Cheerfulness and industry are sure to win confidence and success.—[Exchange.]

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HARDEST WORKED SEAMAN.

The stokers are the hardest working of all classes of labor on board steamships. From intimate association with them in their labor and from knowledge of low orders of labor on shore, writes B. Brandenburg, in Leslie's Magazine, I can say without hesitation that, as a class, ship's firemen and coal passers or trimmers perform more arduous and repulsive work than the miners in thin veins in the anthracite region, the miners in the hot mines of Montana, the glass blowers of the gas belt, or the grimy toilers in the rolling mill. They receive proportionately less pay. They usually work in four hour watches, four on and eight off. Their location is in front of the firing ends of the battery of ship's boiler or in the bunkers where the coal is stored, both of these being in the very bowels of the ship.

The quarters are cramped, the air full of noxious gases, the light, the terrible glare of the raging fires, and the temperature ranging from 105 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

The most that even the Cunard line pays picked firemen for their mail boats is \$40 per month. The American line has its price regulated at an average of something over \$30 though at times it equals the best rate.

A COMEDIAN'S JOKE.

A CELEBRATED Irish comedian went into a barber's shop to get shaved and, finding the barber out, he determined to have a little fun before his return. So he took off his coat put on a thinner one and quietly waited for a customer. An old gentleman came in soon.

"Shave, sir?" said our pretended barber. The old gentleman took a chair and the comedian began to lather, expecting every moment the barber would appear. Five minutes passed and no barber. Five more and still no barber.

The joker began to get desperate and conceived a bright idea. Putting up his brush he quickly changed his coat again, took his hat, and was about to quietly step out behind the gentleman's back when that worthy turned his head and exclaimed:

"Here, 'sir,' aren't you going to shave me?"

"No sir," promptly replied the comedian. "The fact is, we only lather here, sir. They shave four doors below."

Then he bolted out of the door, leaving the indignant old fellow to his wrath.

PHOTOGRAPHS

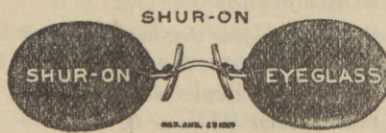
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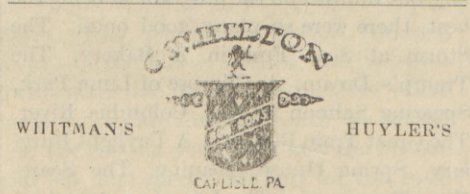
NO IMMIGRANTS IN JAPAN

We have heard over much of Japan of late. Her fighting strength has been computed. We have come to know the shape of the teeth of the youngest child of the admiral in command of the fleet. We know that the population, according to the census three years ago, is 48,000,000—nearly two thirds of our own. But there is one fact about Japan not previously hit upon, says the Boston Transcript.

Japanese population is entirely and intensely Japanese. Some sociologists might delight us with a disquisition on the differing genius of Japan from that of a nation compounded of many peoples, like ours. For the immigrant is a scarce article in Japan. How many millions came to America this last year?

In the whole island empire there are only 14,000 foreigners, and half of these are Chinamen. Englishmen are found to the number of 2,100, Americans are at present 1,000 strong, and of Germans there are only 600.

And the Japanese are likely to increase very largely. A potent, if remote, influence bearing on this increase is a new code of law, perhaps six years old. Whatever its contents may be, the effect of its provisions has been to heighten the number of marriages and depress the number of divorces. The Japanese Parliament, also, is said to be pondering the abolishment of death.



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