

# THE ARROW

ART  
INDUSTRY  
SCIENCE

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Vol. I

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## JUNE.

**M**ARCH is a trumpet flower.  
And April a crocus wild;  
May is a harebell slender,  
With clear, blue eyes of a child;  
July is the cup of a tulip.

Where gold and crimson meet;  
And August a tiger lily.  
Tawny with passion and heat;  
But June is the rose of the world,  
Precious and glowing and sweet.

Fair is the blush of the dawning,  
Over the face of the sky;  
Sweet is the tangle of music,  
From wild birds fluttering by;  
Brilliant the glow of the sunset  
And graceful the bound of the deer;  
Glad is the laugh of the children,  
Ringing like joy-bells clear;  
But what can compare with thy beauty,  
Oh, red, red rose of the year?

—Kindergarten Review.

## THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

A CIVIL answer will often save you from rudeness and insult. Even rough men are softened by a few sweet, gentle words of a child, just as I have read that a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird.

The boy was playing in the garden when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand.

The boy looked at it for a moment, and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take good aim. The little arm was raised backward without frightening the bird, and it was within an ace of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes.

Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side and the stone fell to the ground again, and when the little warbler had finished his merry piping it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him and asked him, "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy?"

You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up, with a face of half shame and half sorrow, as he answered, "I couldn't because he sung so."

And civil words may some time save you from damage, just as its sweet song saved the bird.—Selected.

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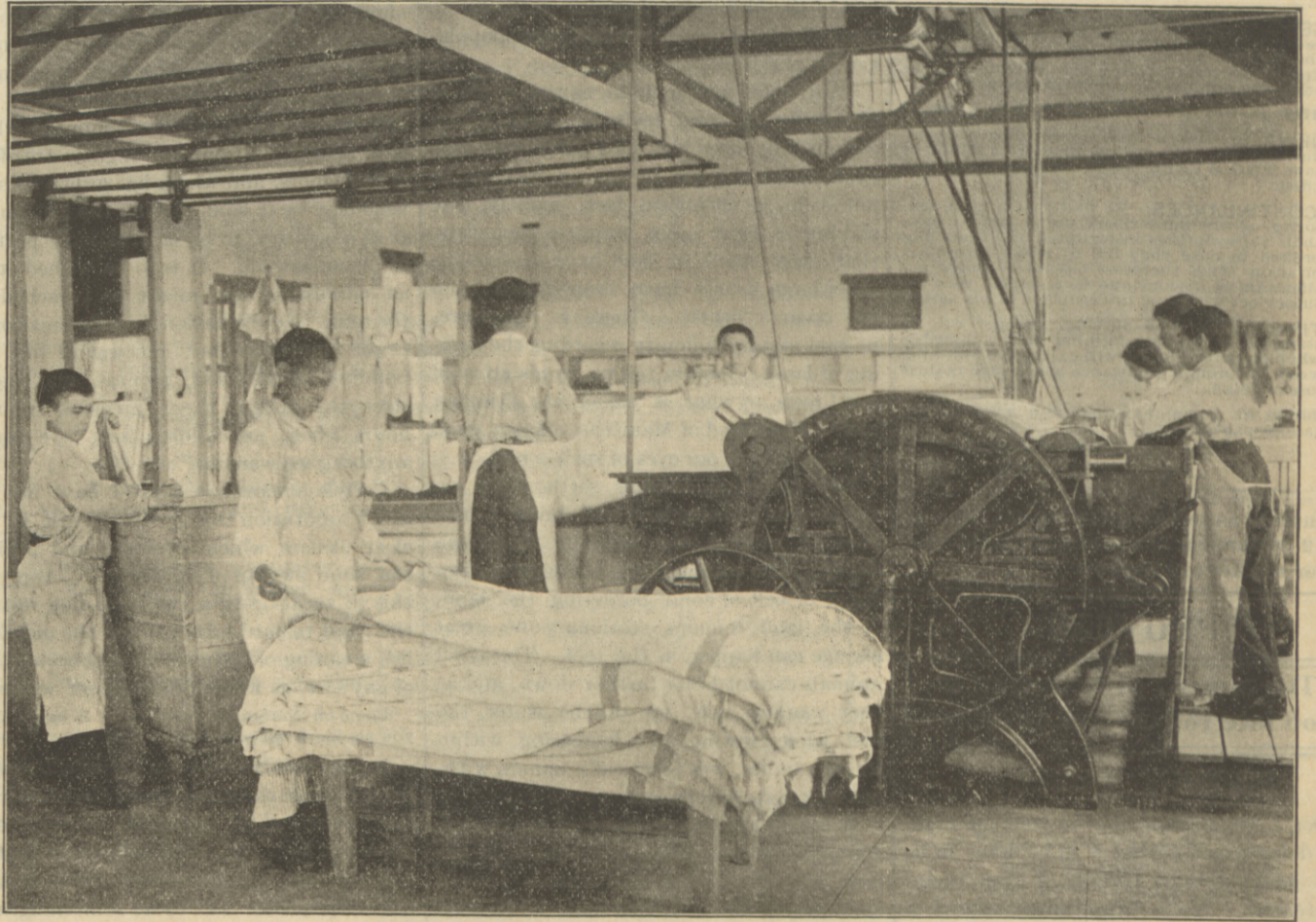
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SMALL BOYS RUNNING MANGLE IN LAUNDRY

## LEAF-CUTTING BEES.

Perhaps some of my readers may have noticed on their rose-bushes a number of leaves in which neat round or oblong holes were cut. This is the work of the leaf-cutting bee, a pretty little insect looking much like the common honey bee, but with stout orange-red legs and metallic-green reflections about the head. Although the mutilated leaves are all too common, the nest for which they are sacrificed is seldom seen; for this little bee is a carpenter as well as a leaf-cutter, and hides her home away deep in the heart of some old post or board. The hole is much like that of her busy relative, the carpenter bee, but smaller, and, instead of forming a tunnel at right angles to the entrance, penetrates directly into the wood.

When the hole is drilled to her satisfaction, our little friend stops carpenter work, and, flying to the nearest rose-bush, selects a tender, perfect leaf. From this she cuts oblong pieces, which are carried to the nest and formed into a thimble-shaped tube at its bottom. This tube is next filled with pollen and honey, on which a tiny egg is placed. Another trip is taken to the rose-bush, and this time perfectly circular pieces a trifle larger than the diameter of the tube are cut. The little worker forces into the upper end of the tube, forming a tightly fitting stopper. These operations are repeated until the hole is filled with tubes one above another. The lowest eggs are hatched first, and each young bee waits for the one beyond to go forth, in the same manner as the young of the large carpenter bee.—A. Hyatt Verrill.

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## TWO FORMS OF SUTURES. GROVER CLEVELAND ON THE OUTDOOR LAW.

There are two forms of sutures for drawing the edges of wounds together. They are interrupted and continuous. The former is employed when only one or two stitches are used; the latter when the wound has to be regularly sewed, like a seam. By the continuous suture with each stitch, which is independently fastened, if the thread should break in one stitch the wound would be held. An irregularity of seam is often seen in the continuous suture owing to the fact that although the needle had passed at right angles to the incision at each stitch, there is an oblique pull upon the wound when the suture is finished. This is avoided by passing the needle after each stitch through the loop of the preceding one, thus making a sort of continuous chain called the "Glover suture," and making each stitch partly independent of the rest.—Exchange.

Grover Cleveland, in the County Calendar for May, (the first issue of the new outdoor magazine published by the Review of Reviews Book Company), says:

"Though the delightful and passionate love for outdoor sports and recreation is not bestowed upon every one as a natural gift, they are so palpably related to health and vigor, and so inseparably connected with the work of life and comfort of existence, that it is happily ordained that a desire of a willingness for their enjoyment may be cultivated to an extent sufficient to meet the requirements of health and self-care. In other words, all but the absolutely indifferent can be made to realize that outdoor air and activity, intimacy with nature and acquaintanceship with birds and animals and fish, are essential to physical and mental strength, under the exactions of an unescapable decree—

For the good God who loveth us

He made and loveth all.'

Men may accumulate wealth in neglect of this law; but how infinitely much they will forfeit, in the deprivation of wholesome vigor, in the loss of the placid fitness for the quiet joys and comforts of advancing years, and the displacement of contented age by the demon of querulous and premature decrepitude!"

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## NOTHING TO DO.

Probably no sentence was ever passed upon a human being so ruinous to morals, so provocative of disease and mental degeneration as to have nothing to do.

There are people of course, who must work too hard and to many hours every day. These people are to be pitied, but their lot is far easier one than the lot of those people who have nothing to do.

It is not natural to have no vocation or to be obliged to put no energy to procure the necessary food and raiment. Such a state of life is unnatural. The fiat went many centuries ago, "Six days shall thou labor and do thy work." There is no other way to live a satisfactory life.

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## PROVERB.

The remedy of tomorrow is too late for the evil of today.

### PROMPT PEOPLE.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold the very first thing that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and though work may be hard to meet when it changes into a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word *now!* Make sure, however, that what is to be done ought to be done. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is a good proverb, but don't do what you may regret.—*Merchant Sentinel.*

## PAINTING TREES FOR PROTECTION.

Buy white lead in kegs, then mix the same with pure linseed oil, making the paint of a consistency for good heavy outside work on a building, applying so as to coat the trees quite heavily.

My plan is to remove the earth from around the trees a day or so in advance, then when the trunk have become dry I brush them with a stiff brush and remove the particles of dirt and also the bark, and thus leave a fairly smooth surface on which to apply the paint.

We make the application from two inches below the surface of the soil to twelve to eighteen inches above; one may apply it as high as it is desired. Before applying the paint, however, carefully search for borers, and wherever they are found cut them out, removing with a sharp knife all the injured tissue, then coat the wound over with the paint.

With us we have not found it necessary to repaint the apple-trees oftener than once in two years. It works perfectly in protecting the trees from rabbits and mice.—Prof. W.B. Alwood, in Rural New Yorker.

## FACTS ABOUT CORAL.

If we take the equator as a natural center, and if we measure off a space of 1,800 miles north and the same distance south of the equatorial line, we shall include between these limits the great fields of coral life. Thus, within these limits we shall find included the north coast of Australia, the Eastern Archipelago, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, Madagascar, and across the Atlantic the West Indian Islands, and also the South Pacific, which latter may be called the great region of coral islands. Round the British coasts there is only one living coral. This is the little "cup coral" of the Devonshire coast, which, like the last of the Mohicans, remains with us to remind us of a once plentiful coral population in the European seas.

Charles Darwin, in 1843, as the result of his study of coral reefs in their native regions, advanced the idea that the true explanation of coral formation was to be found in a geological fact, namely, the sinking of land. We know, as geologists, that large tracts of land have subsided as other large tracts have been raised from the ocean's depths. There is, therefore, no preliminary difficulty regarding the sinking of land. Darwin tell us, in his story of coral reefs, of what is called the fringing reef. The island of Mauritius offers a good example before our eyes of such a reef.

Here the coral animals settle down on the sides of existing land and build a reef running around the land at their own depth. The coral reef here, therefore, is a fringe or belt of coral bordering the land. If the land remains stationary no great change can happen in the reef. The coral animals cannot build further down, and as they cannot live out of the water, the reef, while growing and increasing within its own limits, will practically remain without any material change.

It is said that every layer of sea water, 100 fathoms deep and a mile square in extent, will afford more than sixteen tons of carbonate of lime. If this material be used by the chalk animalcules it might be supposed a foundation could, in this way, be spread over a mile square it would only form a layer not more than 1-1000th of an inch in thickness, or at most the tenth of an inch.

The time occupied in building up a foundation from miles of sea depth on this estimate would be simply inconceivable, or as another authority estimates, the annual accumulation of chalk would not exceed the 1-9000th part of an inch, and therefore it would require 100,000 years to form a layer one foot thick. On this basis, if from the ocean bed 100 fathoms of water, say, are to be built through to the lowest limits of the coral life, we should require a layer of 75 fathoms thick. To effect this 45,000,000 of years would be required at the ordinary rate of deposition. On grounds like these we may well rest content to hold that Darwin's theory explains the erection of coral reefs consistently with the facts of nature, and not the least wonderful part of the corals consists in the construction of an adequate explanation of a difficulty which, prior to Darwin, seemed insuperable to scientific men.—*Glen Mills Daily.*

## A WONDERFUL POWDER.

There is working in the University of Tokio, in Japan, a quiet little man who, if he is almost ignored outside his own country, is fully recognized in Japan itself as a national benefactor. This man is Professor Shimose, inventor of the new Shimose powder, the most powerful explosive known. The secret of its composition is rigidly guarded. Though there is no secrecy as to its terrific power, no foreigner knew anything about it before the present war began. This powder forms the bursting charge of the Japanese army and navy shell. The armor-piercing shell is rent into thousands of small fragments, which are hurled through the air with such force that they tear through the sides of an iron ship. A shell bursting with a charge of guncotton is broken into very few pieces, but the Shimose explosive scatters the projectile into 3,000 or more fragments, which are driven in every direction with equal force, the result being, as one expert says, that "nothing in the vicinity can live."—*The Inglenook.*

## VACATION OR RECREATION?

By Willis Boyd Allen.

Too many of us take our vacation in the literal sense of the word "emptiness." We might as well call it *vacuum* without demur. To loll on a piazza, to smoke one's cigar (or embroider an eminently useless pin-cushion cover) under a shady tree, to while away the sunny hours with a novel, to "kill time" as the terribly truthful expression goes,—these are apt to comprise our idea of vacation, whether we are clerks with a fortnight's freedom before us, or millionaires able to use steam-yachts and "red devils" as adjuncts and auxiliaries in the aforesaid slaughter. All over the United States the average man, woman, and child is just now counting the days that intervene before the advent of this magical season, whether it be weeks or months which is to release us from the regular treadmill of our labors, and which has grown so marvellously, be it said, during the last quarter of a century, to be a reckoned portion of American life. It is to be wished that an earnest sermon might be preached on the text, "Not Vacation, but Re-creation,"—not emptiness, but renewal of life, upbuilding of physical, mental, and moral strength, during these precious summer hours when, as children say, "we can do anything we want to."

Carlyle somewhere says (I have not the exact quotation by me), "Work is the clear stream which sweetens and purifies the sour swamp of existence." Applying this to vacation-time, we need not restrict the word to hard labor: it has the old English meaning of definite, earnest occupation of any sort, as where Shakespeare wrote,—  
"Come on Nerissa: I have work in hand, That you yet know not of."

In any holiday crowd at a baseball match one can hear the same use of the word from the "bleachers," "Oh, get to work there!" meaning, to "play with all your might!"

Right here is the secret of the profitable use of vacation. Let us do something, not dawdle, nor loll, nor dream the hours away,—do something and do it hard, do it with our might. In the change from the regular routine of necessary labor, in the vigorous exercise of mind and body, in the glow of blood and tissue and muscle, as well as the alert motion of the intellect, we shall truly rest and be re-created. And in this creation, which knows no "vacuum" or emptiness of life, the moral vigor, the highest energies of which we are capable, will receive a new and healthy tone and plentiful scope for action.

The languid, dreamy summer Sabbath itself will find us, not yawning over the Sunday paper, but ready for action along fine and noble lines. Everywhere there are people to be helped over hard places, everywhere and every day in the year there is a call for the best there is in us. Shame on the empty life, be it winter or summer! *Frisch auf!* and to work, to the truest enjoyment of "another blue day" that dawns, to the truest rest, the veritable recreation that is possible to every one of us, when "school is done and vacation begun" this good year 1905.—*Boston, Mass.*

## NATIONS BANDED TO PROTECT BIRDS.

An international agreement for the protection of birds that are useful to agriculture was signed at Paris on March 19th by representatives of Belgium, France, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Austria-Hungary, Greece, and the principalities of Monaco, Lichtenstein and Luxemburg. Germany is expected to join the league. Nature calls attention to the fact that Italy, within whose boundaries many migrating birds are annually killed, does not appear among the nations signing the agreement. The protection afforded in the case of the most useful insectivorous birds to be absolute at all seasons, covering their eggs and nests as well as the birds themselves. Protection is denied to ravens, magpies and jays.

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## BIG NAMES; SMALL TOWNS

Little Chicagos and New Yorks Scattered All Over the Country

The myriads of little American hamlets and villages that bear big names present a somewhat amusing spectacle. Some curiosities in that line are worthy of mention, says the New York Tribune.

There is a cluster of houses down in Henderson county, Texas, which is called New York. Miles from the nearest railway, it leads an isolated, self-reliant life and does not worry about rapid transit subways or bridge congestion.

Besides the windy city on Lake Michigan there are three little Chicagos and two new Chicagos. One Chicago, in the mountains of Kentucky, is on a railroad running south from Louisville, on which, in one afternoon, the traveler passes through Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and London.

There are nine little Philadelphias, none of them noted for great thrift or enterprise.

A score or more of places have borrowed the name of the "hub."

Brooklyn is a favorite name. There are at least a dozen of them, but none more peacefully situated than Brooklyn, Pa.

Almost every state has a Washington. Washington, Ky., is one of the oldest towns in the state and almost contemporaneous with Washington, D. C. Its oldest courthouse was erected in 1794.

It has another distinction. As a girl, Harriet Beecher, afterward Mrs. Stowe, taught school there. It was in the old slavery days and once witnessed a sale of negroes in front of the old courthouse. The incident made such a lasting impression that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the result.

High amid the snowcapped Big Horn mountains of Wyoming is a Buffalo.

Cincinnati, Ill., is fading away, if one may judge from the replies of the local photographers. "There is enough of the old town left to make a photograph," writes one, "but I will go and get a picture of what remaining."

## NORSEMAN DRILL ON SKIS

Wonderful Feats Performed by Soldiers in Winter time

No other army in the world is so well prepared for a winter campaign as is the little Norwegian army, because none other has been so well trained to the use of skis and to campaign in severe weather, says the Minneapolis Journal. Nearly all European armies have their ski division, but rank and file is not given the drill under Arctic conditions as are the soldiers of Norway.

The skill attained in handling the ski is marvelous, and the evolutions of a command mounted on these long wooden skates is more interesting than any other feature of military drill.

To a ski runner moving along with his long, gliding movement one would not suspect that he could "about face" almost as quickly as a soldier in a drill hall. The first sight of a ski company obeying a command to 'bout face is bewildering, and the thing must be repeated several times before the spectators will understand how it is done. Even then he will marvel how the men can get around so quickly.

The Norwegian soldiers are taught to do long marching, carrying with them provisions and artillery, and think nothing of a long march in the most rigorous weather making their homes in their canvas tents at night. Their skis enable them to make their way over any kind of country, and no matter what the depth of the snow cover a distance in much shorter time than the average infantry on the march.

Of late the ski work of the Norwegian army has been given much consideration by the military students, who realize that there is much more than an entertaining outdoor diversion in the use of the Norwegian snowshoes. It is for the same reason that every country having snow in winter is educating its soldiers to do effective work in that portion of the year which is usually spent in garrison.—*Public Ledger.*

## HAROLD A. LORING

LECTURE—RECITALS

On the music of the

SIoux INDIANS

Address

Portland, Maine



**PAPER MAKING.**

The last we heard of our friend, the cotton rag, it was expecting to be made into paper. I suppose our little friend will want to know something about that process.

Wasps and hornets were the first paper makers. They were making paper for their own use thousands of years before man had ever thought of such a thing. They did not make their paper of rag, because there were no rags at that time. They made it of wood.

These busy little workers build their nests just as they did at the beginning of the world. They fly from place to place until they find the right kind of wood.

They begin scraping scales from a smooth place on the wood; these they gather into bundles, and fly home with them. Then they chew up these bits of wood, and mix them with a kind of gum from their mouths.

While this pasty mass is still wet, they spread it out into thin paper sheets. Of these, they build their nests. And very wonderful nests they are. I am quite sure that boys and girls would not be able to make one, even if they had all the material, and the finest tools.

We will now find what became of the cotton rag. It was taken with its dirty companions to the sorting room. There all the woolen scraps were carefully removed, because wool is useless for making paper.

The finest and cleanest of the rags were thrown into one heap and the coarsest and dirtiest into another while the medium ones were thrown into the third. This cotton rag went with the first lot. They were thrown into a machine in which they were beaten and fanned until they were perfectly clean.

Then they were passed to another machine where they were torn into very fine shreds, or bits. These were passed onto large vats, where they were bleached. In another vat they were mixed with chemicals which reduced them to a pulpy mass.

This pulp passed on to a machine in which there was a wire screen so very fine that there were sixteen hundred meshes to the square inch. When the pulp had spread out evenly and thinly over this screen, the water ran through, leaving a wet paper film.

This filmy sheet was run off the screen upon a broad belt of woolen cloth. It then passed between many sets of iron rollers.

These pressed all the water out of the paper, and made it dense and firm.

Next it passed between heated rollers, where it was thoroughly dried. The paper was then covered with a kind of glue called sizing, and finished by being run between polished nickel-plated rollers, which burnished and gave it its smooth, glossy surface.

It was then cut into sheets by machinery and wrapped in quarter ream, half ream, and ream packages. These were done up into bundles, and sent to the warehouse, where it was ready to be sold to the dealers.

Perhaps this article was printed on one of the sheets we have just been describing. Who knows?

Paper is also made from wood pulp, straw, sawdust, cotton stalks, several kind of grasses, and from flax and hemp.

Wood pulp is made by grinding up wood of spruce, poplar, and pine trees. This pulp passes through the same machinery that was used for the manufacture of paper from rags. Nearly all our newspapers are printed on paper made from wood pulp.

It is surprising how many articles are made from paper. Houses are lined with build-paper, and roofs are made by covering the same material with coal tar and gravel.

The walls of our homes are decorated with beautiful designs of wall paper. Tubs, buckets, basins, and other household articles are made of it.

Car wheels made of paper and bound with steel are much more serviceable than those made of iron or steel alone.

Bicycle rims made of paper are very light and strong. And we are told that clothing that will shed water, and that will not tear, has already been perfected.

Our libraries are full of books and magazines which were printed on paper. In fact, we could not have cheap books and great libraries were it not for this useful article.

So you see, paper plays a very important part in the affairs of everyday life.—Glen Mills Daily.

**FOREST PLANTING IN NEBRASKA.**

Out in northwestern Nebraska there is a region known as the "sand hill country," a barren, apparently worthless desert, unfit for anything but stock grazing, and not much good for that even. About one-sixth of the total area of Nebraska is embraced in the sand hill region, and it was for the special "benefit" of this section that the so-called Kinkaid law was passed by Congress—a law which permits the entryman to take up 640 acres of government land. Ostensibly the law was enacted to encourage settlement and development of this desolate country, but so far its operation has worked mainly to enable land-grabbers to acquire large tracts of government land for grazing or speculative purposes, more easily and more extensively than before the law went into effect.

In this connection it is timely to note that thousands of acres of this same sand hill region of Nebraska are now being planted to forests by the National government. The forestry department has this spring had some 100,000 jack pine seedlings in Minnesota dug up and shipped to Nebraska for transplanting on the sandhills of that state, hoping thereby to reclaim from the desert thousands of acres. Speaking of this work of the government, a representative of the Forestry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, under whose direction the work is being done, said:

"It is a settled fact that the forests will induce moisture. The pine is a native of a sandy soil, and we are sure it will grow and flourish there. The pines which we are sending to Nebraska are set on what is known as the government reserve near Theford. The pines are set out in rows, in order that they may be cared for."

It has been fully demonstrated that the pines will grow in those sandhills, and as the trees grow up the needles will fall off and make a mulch. In this way a bed of soil will in time be formed, which will hold water after a while and cause springs and streams to appear.

It is expected that the work which the government is doing will encourage the settlers in that region to take up the work of planting pine trees on their land. Some of the farmers have already done so. The Burlington railroad, which runs through that section, is encouraging the work, and well it may, for it has much to gain by the development of the country.

If this forest planting by the government proves successful, as undoubtedly it will, the people of Nebraska will soon realize that the Kinkaid law will be a great detriment to the settlement and development of that state. The people of other western states should see to it that all attempts to pass "square mile" homestead laws to apply to other sections of the arid or semi-arid West be promptly and effectively defeated.—*The Talisman*.

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**GROWTH OF BRIDGE TRAFFIC.**

Probably any person who crossed from Manhattan to Brooklyn by way of the Brooklyn Bridge two years ago during the rush hours would have said that it was almost a physical impossibility for that structure to carry any more passengers, so dense were the crowds that swarmed the cars. Yet, under the pressure of necessity, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has managed, somehow, to greatly increase its service, and the Bridge is now carrying 16 per cent. more passengers daily.

November 10, 1902, a careful count of all passengers by trolley, elevated and bridge trains showed that 307,297 passengers were transported across the structure. An equally careful count on October 17, 1904, showed a total of 356,975, an increase of 49,679 in trifle less than two years.

Since the latter count, the Williamsburg Bridge has come into partial operation, and is sharing the work of carrying the interborough traffic. Of the six tracks planned for this latter structure but two are in full operation, yet over these two a hundred trolley cars an hour are handled, so that the traffic these cars carry, added to the gain of the older Brooklyn Bridge, gives the actual increase of wage earners who daily cross the East River.

The fact that big crowds are handled by the newer bridge causes no apparent diminution of the crush on the older one. Six car trains are operated on the elevated lines where but five car trains were used a year ago, and they will swing out at forty-five second intervals, jammed to the platforms. So rapidly is population pouring into Brooklyn that the wonderful arteries of transportation now built and building can do but little more than take care of the annual increase.—*The W. H. Monthly*.

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**HE MET HIS MATCH**

The Russian marshal Suvaroff was famous as a jester and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus, one bitter January night, such as Russia only can produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded:

"How many stars are there in the sky?"  
The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly:

"Wait a little, and I'll tell you." And he deliberately began counting, "One, two, three," etc.

When he had reached 100, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.

**KNEW HIM BY HIS LUNG.**

An eminent Scotch surgeon and professor in the University of Edinburg was devoted to his profession. The poet Tennyson had at one time consulted him about some affection of the lungs. Years afterward he returned on the same errand. On being announced he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face, nor, still more galling, acquaintance with his name. Tennyson thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But when the professor put his ear to the poet's chest and heard the peculiar sound which the old ailment had made chronic, he at once exclaimed: "Ah, I remember you now! I know you by your lung." Can you imagine a greater humiliation for a poet than to be known, not by his lyre, but by his lung?

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