

THE ARROW

ART
INDUSTRY
SCIENCE

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

Vol. II

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1906.

No 20

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

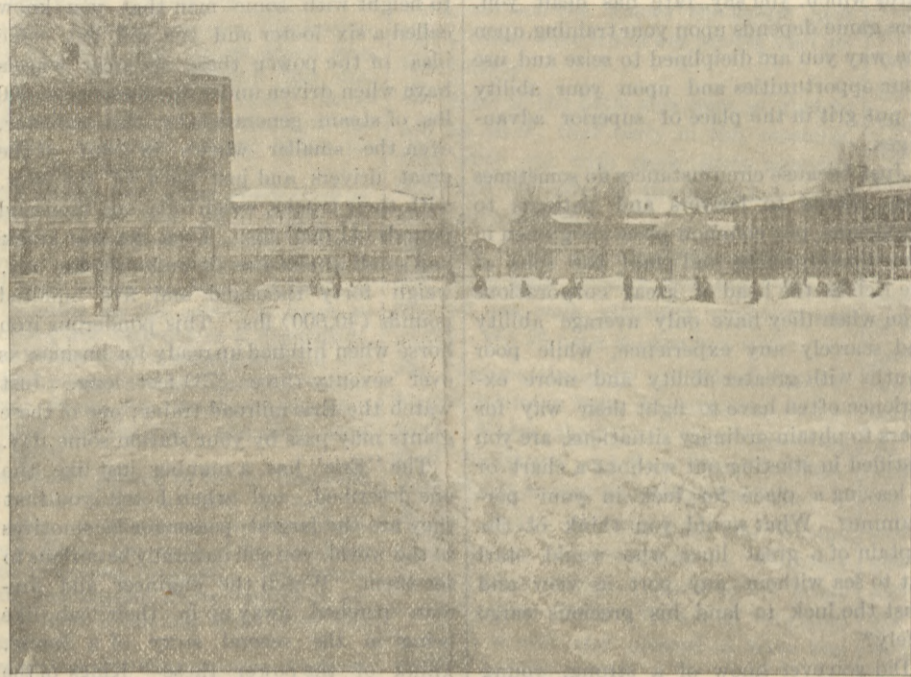
O RPHAN Hours, the Year is dead;
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep:
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.
As an earthquake rocks a corpse
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day:
Solemn Hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.
As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-sung eradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the Year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.
January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave:
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye Hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers!

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Improvement Not Transmutation

I HAVE spoken of the mistake of assuming that the Indian is only a Caucasian with a red skin. A twin error into which many good people fall in their efforts to educate the Indian is taking it for granted that their first duty is to make him over into something else. If nature has set a different physical stamp upon different races of men, it is fair to assume that the variation of types extended below the surface and is manifested in mental and moral traits as well. The contrast, for instance, between the negro, with his pliant fancy, his cheerful spirit under adversity, his emotional demonstrativeness, his natural impulse to obedience, and, his imitative tendency, and the Indian, with his intense pride of race, his reserved habit, his cumulative sense of wrong, and his scorn for the anti-patriarchal ways of the modern world, is as marked as that between shadow and sunshine.

Scarcely less plain is the line—not the line of civilization and convention, but the line of nature—between the Indian and the white man. What good end shall we serve by trying to blot out these distinctions? How is either party to benefit by the obliteration? When we have done our best artificially to turn the Indian into a white man we have simply made a nondescript of him. Looking among our own companions in life, whom do we more sincerely respect—the person who has made the most of what nature gave him, or the person who is always trying to be something other than he is? Was there ever a man with a heaven born genius for mechanics who did his best possible work in the world by trying to practice law or to preach? However fairly he may have succeeded, by sheer force of will, in compelling courts and congregations to listen to him, could he not have done a



THE CAMPUS IN WINTER.

greater service to his own generation and to his posterity by addressing all his energies to the solution of some great problem in engineering? Was there ever a woman who had the divine gift of home making, and whose natural fort was to stimulate a husband and train a family of children to lives of usefulness, yet who contributed a larger share of happiness to mankind by becoming a social agitator? These are every day illustrations in point. Any one can call to mind a dozen instances within his experience some pitiful and some amusing, which point to the same conclusions.

Now, how are we to apply this philosophy to the case of the Indian? Are we to let him alone? By no means. We do not let the soil in our garden alone because we can not turn clay into sand; we simply sow melon seeds in the one and plant plum trees in the other. It does not follow that we must metamorphose whatever we wish to improve. Our aim should be to get out of everything the best it is capable of producing, and in improving the products it is no part of our duty to destroy the source. What would be thought of a horticulturist who should uproot a tree which offers a first-rate sturdy stock simply because its natural fruit is not of the highest excellence? A graft here and there will correct this shortcoming, while the strength of the parent trunk will make the improved product all the finer, besides insuring a longer period of bearing. We see this analogy well carried out in the case of an aboriginal race which possesses vigorous traits of character at the start. Nothing is gained by trying to undo nature's work and do it over, but grand results are possible if we

simply turn her forces into the best channels.

The Indian character is often misjudged because studied from poor specimens. As Americans we are quick to resent criticisms passed upon us by foreign tourists who have never visited us in our homes, and whose impressions of our whole people have been gained from chance acquaintances picked up at hotels and in public conveyances. On our own part, if we wish to know more of the Italian people, for instance, we do not visit the pauper colony of Rome, or accept as the standard type of the nation the lazzaroni who swarm around the quays of Venice. In like manner, if we are to treat the Indian with justice, we must not judge him by the hanger-on about the edges of an agency or by the lazy fellow who lounges all the day in a gambling room of a frontier town. To get at the real Indian we have to go back into the wilder country, where white ways have not penetrated. There we find him of fine physique, a model of hospitality, a kind parent, a genial companion, a staunch friend, and a faithful pledge keeper. Is not this a pretty good foundation upon which to build?

I have no absurd idea of painting the Indian as perfect in character, or even well on the road toward perfection. Against his generosity as a host must be balanced his expectation that the guest of to-day will entertain him in return to-morrow. His courage in battle is offset by his conviction that any means are fair for outwitting and any cruelty permissible in punishing an enemy. The duty of our civilization is not forcibly to uproot his strong traits as an Indian, but to induce him to modify them; to teach him to recognize the nobility of giving without expectation of return, and to see true chivalry in good faith toward an active foe and mercy for a fallen one. The pugnacity and grit command our admira-

tion on the battlefield, the readiness to endure hunger and fatigue and cold for the sake of making a martial movement effective, are the very qualities which, turned toward some better accomplishment than bloodshed, would compel success. It is therefore our part not to destroy them, but to direct them a right. We accuse the Indian of maltreating his women because he expects them to cultivate the corn and fetch the water from the spring and carry the burdens on the march. We do not always pause to reflect that this is after all a matter of convention rather than of moral principle. When the chase was the Indian's principal means of getting food for his camp, his women were absolved from any share in his arduous enterprises; and in war, offensive or defensive, he has always provided well for their protection. Our attitude toward this subject ought to be that, in a game-stripped country, farming, lumbering or herding must take the place of hunting, and that the same prowess his fathers showed in pursuing game the Indian of to-day must bring to bear upon his new livelihood.

The thoughtless make sport of the Indian's love of personal adornment, forgetting that nature has given him an artistic instinct of which this is merely the natural expression. What harm does it do him that he likes a red kerchief around his neck or feels a thrill of pride in the silver buckle on his belt? Does not the banker in the midst of civilization wear a scarf pin and a watch chain, and fasten his linen cuffs with links of gold? The highest of us is none the worse for the love of what is bright and pleasant to the eye. Our duty is plainly not to strangle the Indian's artistic craving, but to direct it into a channel where its satisfaction will bear the best fruit for himself and the world.

It was not long ago that an eminent American illustrator discovered in a young Indian woman so distinct a manifestation of genius in art that, although she had been educated in the East, she was sent back, on his advice, to live awhile among her own people, study their picturesque side, and make drawings of them selves and their life for future use. We can imagine our hyper-practical critic throwing up his hands in horror at the suggestion of exposing this girl to the degrading atmosphere of her childhood home. So should we all revolt at the idea of driving her back into the existence she would have led if no kind friend had taken her away originally. But she had been trained among good white people; she had reached an age when she would be able to appreciate the difference between the old ways and the new, and to the latter's advantage; and she was a woman of refined instincts and strong character. If she were ever going to be able to withstand the bad influences of frontier life she could do it then. She cherished, moreover, that wholesome pride of race which we are bound to respect wherever we find it, and which enabled her to enter sympathetically into the line of art study assigned to her as no one could who had not shared her ancestry and her experience.

At a gathering of white philanthropists, where several Navajo blankets of different weaves and patterns were exhibited, I was astonished to hear one of the most thoughtful persons present propose that a fund should be raised for supplying the Navajo

Continued on last page.

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THE ARROW

A Paper Devoted to the Interests of the Progressive Indian, only Indian Apprentices doing the type-setting and printing.

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(Excepting the last two weeks in August and Holiday week)

BY THE

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PROVERB.

**"When you play, play hard,
when you work, do not play
at all."**

Theodore Roosevelt

THE OPENING DAY OF THE YEAR.

THE 25th of March began the ancient Jewish year, and for a long period continued to be observed as the legal date even in Christian countries.

A preference existed for January 1st as more suitable, being near the winter solstice, and presenting the four seasons in correct succession in accordance with Nature's plan. The early Jewish, Greek and Egyptian calendars however, did not adopt the idea, and not until the formation of the Roman calendar by the second King, Numa Pompilius, was the desired change effected. Heretofore the year was with ten divisions, or months, to which Numa added two, making twelve, as in the present day. He called the first Januarius, in honor of Janus, supposed to be the deity of doors, the name derived from the Latin janua—door. It seemed fitting therefore that this particular god should have to do with the opening portal of the year.

This change of date was popular, but slow in its general recognition as legal. It was established as such in France in 1564, in Scotland by decree of James VI. in 1600 and in Russia, Holland and Protestant Germany in 1700. In England and Sweden not until a half century later, respectively 1752 and 1753.

Chambers, in his valuable and comprehensive "Book of Days," states that the deity Janus was represented by the Romans as "a man clothed in white, typical of winter's snowy covering, and with two distinct faces, one looking backward to the old year, the other forward to the new." Cotton, an old English poet, writes thus of Janus:

"His reversed face may show distaste
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year."

→ A certain number of girls agreed that it was unladylike to use slang, such as we have in large schools or any expression that might sound vulgar. The members decided upon a severe punishment, which shall be enforced by the hearer. At the next meeting each member will be obliged to tell how many times she has broken the rule.

→ Last Saturday a fire drill was held by the large boys and all showed much improvement. We must observe the rules for fire drills so as to avoid accident.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

MANY a man has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the cards which fate dealt him, that he must pick them up and play the game, and that no effort, however great, on his part could materially change the result. But, my young friend, the fate that deals your cards is in the main your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with fate or destiny, but with you. You will take the trick if you have the superior energy, ability and determination requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which, you say, fate has dealt you. The game depends upon your training, upon the way you are disciplined to seize and use your opportunities and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior advantages.

Just because circumstances do sometimes give clients to lawyers and patients to physicians, put common-place clergymen in uncommon pulpits, and place the sons of the rich at the head of great corporations even when they have only average ability and scarcely any experience, while poor youths with greater ability and more experience often have to fight their way for years to obtain ordinary situations, are you justified in starting out without a chart or in leaving a place for luck in your programme? What would you think of the captain of a great liner who would start out to sea without any port in view and trust the luck to land his precious cargo safely?

Did you ever know of a strong, young man making out his life programme and depending upon chance to carry out any part of it? Men who depend upon "luck" do not think it worth while to make a thorough preparation for success. They are looking for bargains. They are hunting for short cuts to success.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. "Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward his port. He rows against it if it flows the other way."—Success.

A TRUE REFORMER.

WE cannot all be statesmen, we cannot all be preachers, but we all can be reformers, for the good reason that we do not have to go any further than ourselves to begin. But there is no reason why we should end there. Jehoshaphat could have said, "As for me I will keep myself from idols; I will worship the true God; but I do not propose to get myself into trouble by interfering with the long-established customs of the people. People have always worshipped idols and they always will; the custom is hoary with age, and the thing for me to do is to reform myself and to preach individual reform for others, and when the whole world is converted to the true God the idols will rot for want of patronage, and the high places will crumble to the dust." Had Jehoshaphat talked like that he would have been only a preacher, and that is a good thing to be, but he went further and was what every preacher ought to be—he was a reformer.

—Delaware Advance.

TRAINING IN OBEDIENCE.

A FAULT of many of our young men and growing boys is their disregard for authority, whether parental or civil, and, accompanying this, a seeming lack of respect towards their elders. Anything that will tend to remedy these characteristics without lessening a proper independence and individuality is a wholesome and useful influence. The essential of all things military is prompt and unquestioning obedience, and when this obedience is required of students it cannot fail to inspire in them a certain degree of discipline—results beneficial both to the individual and to the State. Such results are, in part, the object of the military training.

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The "Erie" has a number just like the one described, and when I tell you that they are the largest passenger locomotives in the world, you will naturally be curious to see them. Watch the engineer and fireman perched away up in their cab, like being in the second story of a house. Think of the power these "Kings of the Rail" have, and then let your mind go back to the boy Stevenson and his little old tea-kettle and how his mother laughed at what she thought was a little boy's folly. This boy that at 18 years of age could not read, and wanted to come to the United States and was so poor he could not get together enough money to buy an immigrant's ticket. The boy that invented the first miner's safety lamp. The boy that in after years built a floating railroad across the bogs of Chatmoss, 4 1/2 miles long. This boy who grew to be a man, and with his young son Robert, built a locomotive in England that took a prize of £500. I wonder what he and Robert would say if they could see Engine No. 2511 on the Erie R. R. today? Surely they would exclaim: "This is the King of Rails."

Jas. D. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE MAN WHO WORKS.

"THE man that is so far advanced that he likes the work he is doing," said Mr Stoggleton, "has reason to feel hopeful of himself. I suppose that the very great majority of us go through the work we have in hand the easiest way we can and get through it, skipping the hard places when possible and thinking we'll be glad when it's finished; but the next job will be just the same. There will be just about so many hard places in it, and then we'll be wishing just the same that we could get through that job."

"The fact appears to be that we are always trying to shirk the present job. We mean well in a feeble sort of way, and the next thing we tackle we are going to do right up to the handle, but when we strike that, when that becomes the present work, don't we try to shirk that too? We do, indeed. And that's what we do all through life—daily putting off our best endeavors till to-morrow. Kind of a miserable thing to do, isn't it?"

"But occasionally you meet a man who puts in his best licks every day and rejoices in the labor. He doesn't care a continental what the next is going to bring to him he can handle it, whatever it is. Just now he's engaged with to-day's labor, and he does that up thoroughly and complete and searches out the last nook and cranny. He isn't trying to see what he can pass by, but what he can root out, and he goes home satisfied with his work, and he's the one man in a thousand that leads all the rest, and his pay corresponds with his labors."

—Harvard Times.

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COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY TEST

Novel Experiment to be Made During
Eclipse of the Sun Next August.

ONE of the novelties to be attempted at the eclipse of the sun on August 30, next is to apply color photography to the observation so that a record can be made of the appearance of the chromosphere and corona. The plan, says the Search-Light, is to employ the three-color process, where screens of different colors are used with three different plates, each screen cutting off light of various colors, so that when positives from the three plates are made and used with light of a color corresponding to the screen the resulting picture has the colors of the original.

For the eclipse photographs a camera with three lenses and three screens will probably be employed as it is necessary that the exposures shall be made simultaneously. As the plates are sensitive to the different colors in different degrees there will be a properly adjusted diaphragm or stop for each lens, so that the same time of exposure will suffice for all. The color phenomena of a total eclipse of the sun are considered most beautiful, and great interest attaches to this method of reproducing them.—Forest City Press.

BETSY ROSS HOUSE, BIRTH-PLACE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

THE Betsy Ross house in Philadelphia, where the first American flag was made by Betsy's own hands, is now the property of the nation. It was bought by the dimes of 1,030,000 Americans, many of them school children. The old house 239 Arch street, looks much as it did in Revolutionary days except that it is now wedged between two tall modern buildings. In the summer of 1776 General Washington, Robert Morris and George Ross called upon Betsy Ross with a design for Old Glory, and Mrs. Ross speedily sewed together the first flag. It was adopted by congress a year later. The husband of Betsy Ross had been an upholsterer, and after his death she carried on the business.—Evening Sentinel.

Gymnasium Notes.

A very good game of basket-ball was played by the first team and Juniors at the opening of the sociable last Saturday evening. The score was 22 to 10 in favor of the first team.

Individual practice periods in the Manual of Arms, "Butts Manual Drill" and Light Gymnastics for boys are as follows.—

Monday A. M. 11:30-11:50.

" P. M. 12:30-1:00.

Tuesday A. M. 11:30-11:50.

" P. M. 12:30-1:00.

Wednesday A. M. 11:11:50

" P. M. 12:30-1:00.

" " 6:00-6:45.

Thursday A. M. 11:30-11:50.

" P. M. 12:30-1:00.

Friday A. M. 11:30-11:50.

" P. M. 12:30-1:00.

→ The girls in No 10. have organized a basket-ball team. Lou French as captain Stella Bear, Alice Attigun, Josephine Nash, Stacy Beck and Stella Skye as players.

→ Every student in the school now has two periods a week for regular exercise in the gymnasium. The whole school is divided into 10 classes.

The exercise opens the pores of the skin so that we ought to be specially careful to put on our coats and slant out the cold wind as much as possible to prevent chilling the body.

If we will do what we know our exercise will keep us well and strong—able to resist colds.

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Miscellaneous Items

→ Hurrah! For the snow.
 → The small boys do enjoy the snow very much.
 → The Tailors have finished the officers uniforms.
 → Mr. Colegrove, has issued overshoes to all of the large boys.
 → Miss Bowersox is confined to her room for a few days by illness.
 → The first heavy snow, we have had yet this winter, fell last Monday.
 → Albert Logan, who has been in the country has come in for a visit.
 → Mr. Weber and his boys are putting more heat in the large boys quarters.
 → A few of the officers were given instructions on the fire engine by Mr. Thompson.
 → Mr. James L. Miller, one of our former students is a well to-do farmer in Minnesota.
 → Although we have not had any skating, we enjoy seeing the snow-flakes fall once more.
 → Miss Adelia Janese class '05, left last Thursday morning for Philadelphia where she is employed.
 → Otto Wells, a former student, now a farmer at Anadarko, Okla., is getting along well with his work.
 → An interesting basket ball game was played Saturday evening between the first team and the Junior boys.
 → Julia Jarvis who has been visiting friends here, returned to her country home at Burlington, New Jersey.
 → Mr. Robert Davenport, who is taking care of the small boys for this month, says he enjoys his work very much.
 → A letter from Emanuel Powlas a former student, states that the Oneidas in Wisconsin, are having good sleighing.
 → Miss McDowell, took few of the girls out for a short walk on Sunday afternoon which they all seem to enjoy.
 → A letter to friends from Arline Allen says she is getting along nicely with her studies and enjoys her work very much.
 → Ruth Coombs, Miss Barr's niece has gone to Boston to spend the winter, she is missed very much by her many friends.
 → The girls received their uniform-hats, last Sunday morning, and have heard many complimentary remarks about them already.
 → Mr. Glen S. Warner, former foot-ball coach of Carlisle, stopped off on his way home to Cornell to see his former foot-ball players.
 → In a letter to a friend, Miss Marguerite Beauchamp, states that she is getting along very nicely at her country home, in Glenside, Pa.
 → Miss Nancy John who is at Harsham, Pa. writes to a friend that she is enjoying herself very much. She says she likes her country home.
 → Mary Stone says that she is enjoying herself at Kennett Square with Arline Allen. She says that they have had a little skating out there.
 → Ferris Pasiano who is living at Hulmeville says to a friend in a letter that he is having a good time. He spend part of his Christmas at Doylestown, Pa.
 → Solomon H. Webster, who went to his home in Wisconsin, last fall has been enjoying sleigh riding during Xmas Holidays, and wishes to be remembered to all his friends.
 → Arthur Mandan, is working all day on the stage, in the chapel, helping Mr. Harry J. Russell, the scene Artist. Arthur is making fast progress in handling the brush on canvas.
 → An interesting letter was received from Master Mitchell White, to his brother John White, among the few lines he wrote, he said, "I am enjoying life very much." Mitchell seems to enjoy country life, for he has remained out two or three winters.
 → Willard N. Gansworth in a letter to one of his friends here says he is enjoying life in Philadelphia with his two brothers, one of whom is Howard, our former outing agent. We all remember that Willard is excellent on the flute and he plays for three orchestras one of which is the Broad St. Conservatory Orchestra.

A CHAPEL TALK.

→ On Tuesday evening the students gathered in the chapel and after a selection by the orchestra Miss Yarnall gave a talk on poultry raising with special attention to the chicken industry. The different varieties of the chickens as well as the characteristic and most valuable points of each variety were discussed.

The importance of cleanliness throughout and of fresh air, good food and sunshine were shown to have a direct result in the health of the fowl and the quantity and quality of the products whether eggs or meat. The great commercial importance of the poultry industry was most impressively shown by use of large charts which Miss Yarnall told us Samuel Saunook had prepared under her directions. These charts showed the comparative importance of the pork, cotton, wool and several other industries of the United States.

Chicken houses were given much time by the speaker and the ease with which the subjects from nesting and roosting to ventilation were handled showed something of the hard work which has been put forth to make it possible for the school to listen to so interesting and instructive a discussion.

Cement floors were recommended for the houses, but plenty of dust baths in winter and a shed where the "feathered bi-peds" must scratch out the grain and other food supplied them.

The incubator proved to be no unsolved mystery to the lady who told us how to "set" a hen. A simple and lucid explanation was given not only of its working but of the principles involved. The reason for having heat applied above instead of below as was done in the first incubator was fully explained.

In closing the idea that poultry business is a "get rich quick scheme," a no "lazy man's job," was shown to be a folacy. The spirit of this part of the talk as well as throughout was in the words of the speaker "constant vigilance is the price of success with poultry."

Many good talks have been given this year and it is with this in mind that we say that Miss Yarnall's evening of instruction was appreciated to the full measure and voted second to none.

Standard Programme, Jan., 12, 1906.

Declamation	Samuel Wilson
Essay	Archie Dundas
Impromptu	Wm. Isham
Oration	Eli Peazzoni

Debate

Resolved: That the self-educated man is more successful in business than the College-bred man.

Affirmative.	Negative.
Michael Balenti	Wm. Weeks
Spencer Patterson	Leo Walker
Louis Nash	John Larocque

→ The Standard Society was favored last Friday evening with a beautiful cornet duet by Paul White and Archie Dundas.

Invincible. Programme, Jan., 12, 1906.

Declamation	Wm. C. Jones
Essay	Lloyd Nephew
Extemporaneous speeches.	
Henry Thomas	Robinson Daxator.
Select Reading	John Lajueneese
Oration	Chas. Kennedy

Debate

Resolved: That the Republican party is entitled to the suffrage of intelligent citizens.

Affirmative.	Negative.
James Mumblehead	Simeon Stabler
Garfield Sitarangok	Arthur Sutton

Susan Programme, Jan, 12, 1906.

Essay	Frances Ghangrow
Mandolin Solo	Ethel Bryant
Recitation	Elizabeth Wolfe
Reading	Emma Logan

Debate

Resolved:—That a high tax should be laid on all immigrants to the United States.

Affirmative	Negative
Maria McCloud	Josefa Maria
Elizabeth Wolfe	Minnie Rice

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HATS TRIMMED FREE OF CHARGE.

→ The woodworkers has received an order for 40 sleds for the small boys this week.

→ The printing office has received a new supply of paper, Bristol cards, twine etc.

→ Quite a large number of the Teachers and Students of the school attended Dr. Reed's lecture on Thursday evening, given in the Carlisle Opera House.

→ Major Mercer lowered his sleigh from the store room over the paint shop last Tuesday afternoon when the snow fell thick enough to enjoy good sleighing.

→ Miss Irene Bear, writes that she had a fine time during Christmas and New Years week, she said she knows she would have had a better time if she was among the Carlisle friends.

→ Some of the little girls were so glad to see the snow, that early in the morning, they were out with their sleds enjoying their first sled rides on the walks in front of the girls quarters.

→ Mrs Foster and daughter took the girls out for a walk Sunday morning. We all enjoyed our walk, although, very cold and windy. We all need it once in a while.

→ Frances Ghangrow and Minnie Rice returned Saturday from Emmitsburg Maryland. Where they have been spending their Christmas and New Year holidays. Both report having had delightful time.

→ Mr. Frank W. Canfield, our Outing Agent for the boys, returned on Thursday evening after a seige of illness at his home in Ithaca New York. We are all very glad to see he is well and pleased to have him with us once more.

→ Harold Saxon the son of Mrs. Saxon, small boys' matron, has with the assistance of Dr. Shoemaker and Miss Barr been fighting off an attack of pneumonia the last few days. We are pleased to note that Harold is winning the battle.

→ The small girls of "Company A," received a letter from Mrs. Florence Welsh Johnson, '05, who is one of the librarians at the Northwestern University Dental School in Chicago. She says she enjoys her work and wishes she could have some of the small girls to visit her. While here she was Capt. of Company A.

BASKETBALL PRACTICE FOR BOYS.

Monday	A. M. 7:00 - 7:30, morning school division.
	P. M. 5:00, afternoon
Wednesday	A. M. 7:00 - 7:30, morning
	P. M. 5:00 - 5:20, afternoon
Friday	A. M. 7:00 - 7:30, morning
	P. M. 5:00 - 5:20, afternoon
Saturday	A. M. 7:00
	P. M. 12:30

→ We have to settle down to hard work on our gymnastic drills for commencement. Individual practice in this, as in everyting else, is what counts. To this end special practice has been provided for. It is urged that boys take advantage of the opportunity.

→ Thru letters to Major Mercer and others, we learn that Addison Johnson, who recently began work at the State Printing Department at Harrisburg, likes his work and is determined to make a success of his undertaking. He expects to attend night school and thus better purpose himself for life's battles while making a place for himself in the business world. Addison's record here at school gives us every reason to believe that he will make a good record.

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

The annual reception of the officers and non-commissioned officers was held in the gymnasium Thursday evening. The following program was followed:

The light colored gowns of the girls contrasted strongly with the blue uniforms of the boys—all making a most pleasing picture in the grand march which was led by regimental adjutant Venne and lady.

After the grand march a most appetizing spread was given in the banquet hall. Nicely printed programs upon which was a fine likeness of Major Mercer, were given to each guest.

The gymnasium and the banquet hall were very tastefully decorated.

The committee having the arrangements in charge are to be congratulated on the success of the occasion.

AN INDIAN STORY.

While spending a week in New York state last summer I went for a drive one afternoon, down a narrow valley between the hills near the Catskill mountains. By accident I got in conversation with an old gentleman of probably seventy years. He was an interesting talker and told me among other things that he was in the war from '61 to '65. He found I was interested in Indians and told me the following story which I tell in his own way so near as I can remember.

"It was in '61 when my Company—Company E. of the Second New York, Artillery, went to the front in Virginia. We were joined soon by eighteen Indians from Tonawanda N. Y. who were sent to play in our band. Before many weeks they were ordered to turn in their instruments and go into ranks as privates, to carry muskets and undergo the hardships of soldier life in the Civil War.

"Some objected and after continued correspondence with Washington, orders came to let them go home if they wished. So the government paid their way back to the north. One Indian, Konkopot by name, refused to go but enlisted in my company, E. At first we fellows were rather careful about associating with Konkopot but before the end of the first year every man in the company was his friend, he was made sergeant at about that time. He was then about thirty-five years old and a strange fellow for a soldier. He never drank—he saved his money, except what he spent for books. He read very much. His word was as good as his bond, and he always did what he said; he would do, on time. At the end of the war he had a few hundred dollars and this he took back home.

Just a few years ago I was in Boston at a reunion and was talking with a friend about another Indian who was on Hancock's staff in the 60's. A young Indian man near by came to us and I found that he was Konkopot's nephew. He told me the old man was still alive and well, and had some money laid by for the rainy days."

As I drove slowly up the valley I thought of the days of '61 and of Konkopot who had left those he loved and had let the seventeen friends go home while he had stayed to face death if necessary for four long, bloody years, and to give his help in preserving the Union under whose Stars and Stripes he and the seventeen others had spent happy lives. I thought of the boys at Carlisle and of the many who are always willing to do any thing to help along, though not every one knows it as a kindness, but this means all the more to those who do know.

I tried to look into the future and see who the ones are to be who have the courage, energy and character to do the right and best thing and let the seventeen go their way if they will. I could not see far into the future but of one thing I felt sure; that the future of the Indian, as well as of the white man and the negro will not depend upon the ones who do only the easy thing who run away from an opportunity to do what is best, because the "fun is over," but it will depend upon the ones who have for a time sacrificed pleasure and comfort that they might do the hard things, the things which the other fellow failed to do.

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Continued from first page.

with modern power looms so as to build up their special industry. My suggestion that the wool raised by the Indians was not of a quality which would answer for fine work was promptly met by the assurance that it would be a simple matter to send Connecticut-made raw materials out to Arizona, as is already done to some extent. I ventured to suggest that this programme be completed by sending some New England mill hands to weave the blankets, since that was all that would be necessary to eliminate the Indian from the proposition altogether. The argument was not carried further. The Navajo blanket derives its chief value not from being a blanket, but from being a Navajo. The Indian woman who wove it probably cut and seasoned the saplings which framed her rude loom and fastened the parts in place. She strung her warp with her own hands. She sheared and carded and spun and dyed the many-colored threads of her wool. She thought out her own design as she worked, and carried it so distinctly in her mind that she needed no pattern. Now, at what point can we break into this chain and substitute a foreign link without changing the character of the whole? A connoisseur in Navajo blankets, who loves them for the humanity that has been woven into them, and not merely for their waterproof texture or their warmth, balks when he discovers in the design one shape which is not Indian or one color which bears the aniline taint. The charm begins to fade away with the first intrusion of the Caucasian hand into the work. So, if we first waive the questions of Indian wool and native dyes, and then set up a loom of modern device, why not make a clean sweep of the whole business and get rid of the Navajo woman, too? The product of these changed conditions would bear about the same relation to the real Navajo blanket that Lamb's Tales bear to Shakespeare.

The made-over Indian is bound to be like the Navajo blanket from which all the Navajo has been expurgated—neither one thing nor the other. I like the Indian for what is Indian in him. I want to see his splendid inherited physique kept up, because he glories, like his ancestors, in fresh air, in freedom, in activity, in feats of strength. I want him to retain all his old contempt for hunger, thirst, cold, and danger when he has anything to do. I love the spirit of manly independence which moved a copper-colored sage once to beg that I would intercede with the Great Father and throttle a proposal to pauperize their young men and make them slaves to the whites. I have no sympathy with the sentiment which would throw the squaw's bead bag into the rubbish heap and set her to making lace. Teach her lace-making, by all means, just as you would teach her bread making, as an addition to her stock of profitable accomplishments; but don't set down her beaded moccasins as merely barbarous, while holding up her lace handkerchief as a symbol of advanced civilization.

The Indian is a natural warrior, a natural logician, a natural artist. We have room for all three in our highly organized social system. Let us not make the mistake, in the process of absorbing them, of washing out of them whatever distinctly Indian. Our aboriginal brother brings, as his contribution to the common store of character, a great deal which is admirable, and which needs only to be developed along the right line. Our proper work with him is improvement, not transformation.

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Academic Notes

- The Sophomore class has begun preparations for giving a play on the new stage.
- The Seniors are to write about the books they read during Christmas week.
- If you want to know something about the dairy cows consult with the Sophomore class.
- The primroses and other plants sent to the schoolrooms by Mr. Leaman last week add to the cheerful appearance of the rooms.
- Lessons about domestic animals are being studied in the senior rooms. Many questions of interest come up and the class enjoy the lessons.
- The Senior Class presented Miss Cutter with a half a dozen sterling silver teaspoons with '06 engraved on the handle and she is very proud of them.
- The Juniors are very sorry to lose another member of their class. Harriet Jamison, who goes to Waterbury, Conn. to take up the studies of a trained nurse.
- Mr. William Brady, member of class '09, says he is getting along nicely, at his home in Oklahoma. He also states that he wishes to be remembered to some of his small boy friends and class-mates.
- The snow was very welcome as a subject of conversation and written language work in the lowest grades. Now we shall hear some fine songs about snow.

The Eskimo, his country and his habit of life, is getting his share of attention this month in some of the school rooms.

Good Advice for Boys.

NO boy can be depended upon who does not finish the task he sets his hands to do. However disagreeable your work, do it thoroughly. Do it better than the average boy will do it. In that way you will become a dependable boy. Men everywhere are looking for the capable, honest, pretty, dependable boys. The sooner you let people know you are that kind of a boy the sooner you will get a better job. And don't be in a hurry to give up the work you already have. Be sure something better is offered. Wait awhile. Do your work well. Promotion will come.—Des Moines News.—Pioneer.

The Early Use of Skates.

HOLLAND is said to be the home and birthplace of skating, and without doubt skating was first practised there and in the far North. In a country of lakes and cannals the necessity of walking and running on ice must have been felt from the earliest days. In Holland they show the bone skates which were found in one of the mounds of which a Friesland village was built. The skates were fastened to the feet by straps passed through holes which were made in the bones. A Danish historian mentions the sport in 1134. The bone skates were also the first used in England. A writer in his account of the amusements of the young people of London in the twelfth century mentions the fact that it was usual for them to fasten the feet of animals under the soles of their feet by tying them around their ankles; then taking a pole shod with iron they push themselves forward with great rapidity by striking this pole into the ice.—Onward.

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RELIGIOUS NOTES.

- The topic for last Sunday prayer meeting was "How finding Christ changes the life."
- Hastings Robertson led the Small Boys meeting.
- Mr. Venne, lead an interesting meeting for the girls last Sunday evening.
- Marion Powlas, led the Small Girls' meeting.
- Mr. Walters, led a very interesting meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Sunday evening.
- The Y. M. C. A. quartette sang at the Christian Endeavor meeting held in the chapel of the Lutheran church last Sunday evening.
- The Y. M. C. A. Bible study was unusually well attended.

This branch of the Y. M. C. A. has been considerably improved this year. Up to the beginning of the New Year the records show that over eighty boys have joined the Bible bands. This shows an increase of twenty over last year figures at this time.

A new course of study is about to be taken by the band of the most advanced. A description of this course will be given in next week's "Arrow."

Counting Uncle Sam's Cash.

OWING to the recent change in the office of treasurer of the United States a task of no small magnitude is going on in the treasury. Every time one treasurer, gives way to another, the cash must be counted and verified before the new official becomes responsible for the money under his care.

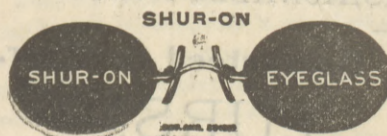
As soon as a change is made the secretary of the treasury appoints a committee of three to select a force to count the cash. This committee picks out a number of clerks in the various offices of the department, and they are set at work to count the millions. Perhaps there may be forty men selected to perform this huge count; maybe fifty or eighty. It is always considered an honor to be one of these counters.

The total sum counted by these men is somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred and thirty millions in money, bonds, notes and everything else. One vault alone contains over a hundred millions in silver dollars. Another has a heavy amount of silver fractional currency, and many tons of nickle five-cent pieces, and pennies.

The working cash is handled first, and in order to give it a chance to do regular duty it is counted at night. Most of the money is counted in bulk and stored away in bags, each containing a certain sum. These are weighed, and if there is even one dollar short, there is instant detection of the wrong count. As each bag is filled by a clerk, who attaches his name by a tag, any discrepancy in the number of coins or any coin missing from the sack is charged to him. This is done, not only to check any tendency toward dishonesty, but also to cause each counter to exercise the greatest care. The new treasurer is Charles H. Treat, of New York, who takes the place of Ellis A. Roberts.—Exchange.

NEXT DAY,

IT WAS the day after Christmas, and all through the house
Everybody was ailing, excepting the mouse;
For papa, and mamma, and Algy, and Mandy,
Had given each other a big box of candy.



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A YEAR AGO

By Margaret Erskine

JUST a year ago to-day one went out from my door, Silently crossed the threshold, coming again no more.
Leaving me one year richer in sorrow, joy, and pain, Leaving me one year poorer of the hours I spent in vain.
I gave no hand at parting. I did not bid him stay. So, as in silence he came, in silence he went away. With his promise of joy and sorrow, brought in the New Year's name.—Sunday School Times.

WHAT CAUSES LIGHTNING?

IN his article, "Heavens' Red Artillery," in the January Technical World Magazine, Prof. G. W. Wilder: makes the following explanation of the cause of lightning, Says Prof. Wilder: "The electrification of the atmosphere is thought to take place through the particles of water vapor, which are always present, coming in contact with the earth and with objects on its surface, such as trees, cliffs and buildings. A frictional effect is supposed to charge the particles, just as a glass rod or a rubber comb is charged by rubbing with a cloth. The air being constantly in motion, the particles are carried about until the whole atmosphere becomes electrified. Each particle carries a certain amount of electrification which is under a definite amount strain or pressure, although this amount usually differs for each particle. The quantity of electricity which may be stored up in the atmosphere at any time may be very great: but, the entire space occupied over any given region is also very large there may be no evidence of its existence. When the water vapor accumulates in the clouds, however, then we have an increase in both quantity and pressure per volume.

STICK TO YOUR DUTY.

SOMETIMES in doing a job of work one runs up against an unexpected difficulty,' says the Industrial School Magazine. At that point many boys want to quit their job. The disposition to do so is precisely the thing that prevents their success in life. When a thing has been undertaken, no obstacle should be permitted to stop the work. The one who sticks to his work persistently, no matter how many difficulties there are to overcome, is the one who succeeds.

Select your path, and travel it straight ahead regardless of obstacle and you will reach the goal. By ways around lead one astray and the goal is missed. If the mistake is seen and the footsteps turned back into the straight path it will be found that others have kept on the path and are far ahead.—Pioneer.

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