

THE ARROW

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

Vol III.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1907.

No. 48

He Dug

He wanted a job, and, like everyone else,
He wanted a good one, you know,
Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would
keep clean.
And the salary mustn't be low.
He asked for a pen but they gave him a spade
And he half turned away with a shrug.
But he altered his mind and, seizing the spade,
—he dug!
He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,
And the months and the years went along.
The way it was rough and the labor was hard
But his heart he kept filled with a song.
Some jeered him and sneered at the task, but he
Plugged just as hard as he ever could plug:
Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit
—as he dug.
The day came at last when they called for the spade
And gave him a pen in its place.
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste
And victory shone in his face.
We can't always get what we hope for at first—
Success cuts many queer jigs.
But one thing is sure,—a man will succeed
—if he digs.

—Success.

Competent Instructors

The value of a man's service to his employer, aside from his native talent or ability is largely due to the kind of training he has in his trade or calling. There is a right as well as a wrong way to do everything. The foreigner who, on entering this country, hears the English language spoken incorrectly and is taught the new words by an incompetent instructor, is handicapped at the start by his awkward pronunciation, and although we can understand him, yet he is laughed at and sometimes pitied for a fault that he was in no wise responsible for.

Just as the first lessons in a language, color one's speech for life, so the beginner's instructions in any trade make or mar the workman. There are certain fundamentals in every craft to which the beginner's attention should be called before habits are formed which would be hard to eradicate.

The apprentice to the carpenter's trade must be taught how to handle the hammer, chisel and saw; the machinist's apprentice, how to hold a file; and the typesetter, how to pick up a type and hold a stick, in order to get the best results. The man who has been properly instructed in the little details of his trade, learns to conserve his energy, and does from ten to thirty percent more work, with less expenditure of energy, than the uninstructed man who goes at things hit or miss. Watch any firstclass workman, and note the ease and accuracy with which he handles his tools and obtains results.

Skilled workers scarcely ever have to look for employment, the work comes to them. It is the nondescript who shifts from place to place. There is yet a step beyond the skilled worker to be taken if one wills, for above the mere workman comes the teacher. Competent instructors in any trade or calling are in a class by themselves, and from this comes the foremen, superintendents and bosses. In addition to a most thorough acquaintance with their special calling they must learn how to impart their knowledge in the most vivid manner, and be able at a glance to see, not only how the work is progressing, but also if it is being done in the right manner.

There is fascination in doing any work, but infinitely more satisfying is such a thorough control of fingers and brains, that one can not only do the work, but show others how to do it, and at the same time give clear reasons for each step as the work progresses. It is this mastery of a craft which takes all the dullness and monotony out of it, and makes it a source of joy and pride.

Being a help or a hindrance is a secondary consideration with lots of get busy people.

Learn to say no when you mean no, so people can discriminate between you and a woman.



MISS ANGEL DE CORA (WINNEBAGO) OUR TEACHER OF INDIAN ART

A Tie Game

Exactly at 6:30 last Monday evening two picked teams known as the Big Chiefs and the Young Chiefs crossed bats for honors. James Thorpe did the twirling for the Big Chiefs while Mr. Wallace Denny handled his shoots behind the bat to perfection.

Walker and Garlov acted as battery for the Young Chiefs. It was an interesting game with long hits and brilliant plays.

Johnson, better known as "Waddel," had trouble with his eyes in the third. He went to bat and made three powerful swings into the atmosphere each time failing to make connections. Long covered first in grand style. Raub's sensational home-run drive in the fourth was the feature.

Walker, in the sixth, made a long hit to left field in the hands of Oscar Boyd who juggled the ball a while then dropped it. Johnson made a pretty catch in the seventh off the bat of Thorpe. It was a battle between Walker and Thorpe for at the end of the seventh inning the score was 5 to 5. Enthusiasm great, weather warm, umpire, Thompson; Time of game, one hour and twenty minutes.—RAYMOND.

Pope Favors the Sisterhood

A dispatch from Rome says: The form of organization and statutes for sisterhood for Negroes and Indians which has lately been organized by Miss Catherine Drexel, of Philadelphia, have been approved and also authorized by the Pope.

Miss Drexel has been in Rome for some time past working on this project and her reward comes in the approval of her entire work.—Ex.

The Arrow's Vacation

With this issue THE ARROW suspends publication for three numbers and will not appear again until August 23d, when we will endeavor to appear as bright and cheerful newsy and interesting as possible. In the meantime it is hoped that occurrences of interest will be jotted down as they occur by all those interested in the school paper, and that when ye editor commences to cut copy for the next number of THE ARROW he may be snowed under with items and interesting local news.

During the suspension of the paper the "Printery" will be overhauled and dressed up by Messrs. Ray Hitchcock and Charles Wicks, who will be more than busy straightening up matters and material, getting the "pi" in the cases and in putting the shop into condition for another year.

Quay's Indian Dead

The late Senator Quay's old Indian chum, Andrew John, former president of the Seneca Indian nation, died of cerebral hemorrhage, recently at the Emergency hospital, Washington, to which he was removed the day before. The 20 odd years which the Indian chief spent in Washington city made him a familiar character in that city, particularly at the Capital and the Interior department, where he looked after the interests of his tribesmen.

During his long residence in Washington Andrew John came to know the late Senator Quay, who claimed to have a strain of Indian blood in his veins, and this acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship. Andrew John would visit Mr. Quay at the Capital and the Senator would often visit the Indian at his boarding place.

A B C's for Young Men

Attend well to your business.
Be punctual in your payments.
Consider well before you promise.
Dare to do right.
Envy no man.
Faithfully perform your duty.
Go not in the path of vice.
Have respect for your character.
In all things be true.
Judge only after deliberation.
Know thyself.
Lie not, for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never profess what you do not practice.
Occupy your time in usefulness.
Postpone nothing you can do now.
Quarrel not with your neighbor.
Recompense every man for his labor.
Save something against a day of trouble.
Treat everybody with kindness.
Use yourself to moderation.
Villify no man's reputation.
Watchfully guard against idleness.
Xamine your conduct daily.
Yield to superior judgment.
Zealously pursue the right path.
& never give up.

New Postal Card Rules

For years Americans and others have been sending to the United States from foreign countries postal cards (private mailing cards) with messages written on the front as well as on the back of the cards, although in this country this advantage has been denied the users of Government postal cards. Some months ago the United States postal laws and regulations were amended so as to give that privilege to buyers of post cards, but such concession was not made applicable to postal cards.

In order to remedy this inconsistency and to prevent further confusion and annoyance to the public, Postmaster-General Meyer has promulgated an order, effective August 1, 1907, providing that the face side of a postal card may be divided by a vertical line placed approximately one-third of the distance from the left end of the card; the space to the left of the line to be used for a message, etc., the portion to the right to be used for the address only. A very thin sheet of paper may be attached if it completely adheres to the card, and such a paster may bear both writing and printing. Advertisement, illustrations or writing may appear on the back of the card and on the left third of the front.

Postal cards bearing particles of glass, metal, mica, sand, tinsel or other such substance are declared to be unmailable, except when enclosed in envelopes with proper postage affixed, or when treated in such a manner as will prevent the objectionable materials from being rubbed off or injuring the hands of persons handling the mail.

Bogus Indian Blankets

Persons desiring genuine Indian Blankets would do well by corresponding with Mr. Venne at the Leupp Studio before purchasing. Many spurious blankets are sold to the unsuspecting tourist by unprincipled Indians in the Southwest for profit only.

Central Illinois woollen mills produce the famous "Indian art" blankets which are purchased by credulous tourists from Navajo Indians in the far Southwest. One of the leading mills of Morgan County turns out thousands of these blankets every year, the bulk of them being bought by the Indians and then sold to travellers, the latter being led to believe that the weaving was done by the redmen.

Indians buy blankets at \$4 to \$5 each, and dispose of them for twice this sum as "genuine Indian blankets." The thrifty Indian knows that his squaw can manufacture but a few blankets per year with her crude weaving appliances. The larger sizes which can be purchased at wholesale for \$10 are sometimes sold to innocent and unsuspecting tourists for \$50.—Exchange.

Moral: When in doubt see Mr. Venne.

THE ARROW

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(Excepting the last two weeks in August)

BY THE

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Carlisle, Pa.

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[All items preceded by an arrow found in the columns of the paper are furnished by the pupils and published, as nearly as possible, just as they were handed in, with an eye toward the cultivation of the student's use of words and language and represent the idea and intention of the writer alone.]—ED. NOTE.

CARLISLE, PA., JULY 26, 1907

An Indian Loon-Hunt

Early in the summer, when the ice was moving out of the Nepigon river, which flows into Lake Superior at Red Rock, several hundred Chippewa Indians were gathered about the Hudson Bay post near that place.

One day when a loon, or a great northern diver, was seen in the lake opposite the post, word quickly passed among the listless loungers, and the village was instantly on the move. Birchbark canoes were slid into the water, and a few of the braves took their squaws with them, while others went alone. By one impulse they shot into the lake to chase the sharpened loon. The bird, seeing the approach of so many canoes, dove out of sight. That was the signal for a spurt on the part of the canoeists; and they scattered widely, according to each paddler's guess of where the loon would come up.

Having made a long swim under water, he rose far to the south where most of the fifty canoes had run, but an old man and his old squaw were not far from the beautiful black and white head that suddenly arose.

The old man tried to get a shot at the loon with his bow and blunt wooden arrow,—the only weapon the Indians used in this chase,—but the loon was too quick for him and went down again.

All the canoes now rushed that way, the men yelled as they forced their light barks through the water.

The old man and his shriveled squaw were foremost; his muscular frame looking tense as he rapidly wielded his paddle.

Spreading out a little near where they deemed the loon would rise, a dozen of the Chippewas waited, with bows in hand and blunt arrows strung—waited with the alertness of cats watching for a mouse. But the loon fooled them by coming up far west of where he was expected. The canoe nearest to him was that of a fourteen-year old boy, who, with two or three others, put in useless shots. Again a rush was made toward the place where the bird was expected to reappear, every Indian yelled a deep, sharp "Wuh! Wuh!" The squaws in the canoes aided their husbands in paddling, and propelled the canoes when their dusky lords dropped their paddles and seized their bows.

This time the loon, fully alive to the danger he was in, took a wonderfully long swim, coming up far from most of the canoes, and at such a distance from the near-

est that he had a moment or two of breathing before the next dip.

This would have been his chance to fly had he possessed the power of raising quickly from the water on his wings, as the duck or goose. But loons cannot ascend speedily from the surface, and so, when pursued always try to escape by swimming and diving.

As if by common consent the canoes now spread out more widely to surround the strong and agile bird. He came to the surface within a few feet of two or three canoes, and a quick shot hit him in the neck, but it glanced off as from a twig, and down he went again, the scattered canoes dashed toward the spot once more and halting to scan the water for his next rise.

This time the dive was much shorter; the bird was losing wind; possible the blunt arrow had hurt him. A half-dozen arrows "zipped" into the water about him, but not one hit him.

The chase was becoming more and more exciting. At each appearance of the gamely loon, a yell and a rush would occur; the canoes sped converging till it seemed that a half-dozen of them must collide, but always the adroit paddlers sheered aside from destruction. The spray from the frantic paddles covered the crew with water, but neither bucks nor squaws gave heed to that.

The loon would come up now in front, then back of them all; his dives became shorter and shorter; he was evidently in distress, some of the observers were touched with pity and wished the bird might escape, but the laughing, shouting Indians gave no evidence of any such feelings.

In all the chase the old man and his sinewy squaw handled their canoe admirably. Finally, in a perfect crowd of scrambling redskins, the nearly exhausted loon popped up his head beside this canoe. By a quick clutch at his neck the old squaw caught him.

A wild shout of triumph arose from the old man, as his wife clung to the struggling, flopping captive. The whole crowd joined in his shout and we on the land swelled the chorus, while the braves appeared a bit crestfallen that a woman should capture the bird.

Once ashore the lucky squaw, knowing that her feat would not secure her any deference from the disappointed braves, left the loon with her husband, and quietly, yet with a certain proud air of victory, sought her teepee.

The hunt was now the apparent theme of loud talking by all who had gone out, and by all Indians who had remained ashore.

One after another would lift up the great bird by the neck and utter a loud, exultant "Wuh!" At the last the old man took it to his teepee, where it was skinned by one of the young women, and the pelt set drying to sell to the Hudson Bay Company.—X.X.

Hauser Quits

A Hagerstown paper says: "Admirers of baseball and particularly those in Hagerstown will learn with regret that Hauser, the big Indian catcher, who has been doing such splendid work for the local team, is going to get out of the game here. He will go to Carlisle school to spend a few days and then go to Oklahoma to take possession of some valuable land he has inherited. He will devote his time to looking after his interests and expects to return to Carlisle in the fall."

Arrow Heads

➔ Ruth Lydick is in from the country on account of ill health. We all hope she will in a few days be the same jolly Ruth that went out.

➔ Miss Julia Kensler, of Philadelphia, is temporarily assisting Mrs. Culberson at the small boys' quarters, during the illness of Mrs. Sloan.

➔ Emma Webster spent Wednesday with Mrs. Wise and the children at Gettysburg. On the way home they stopped at Mt. Holly and spent the evening. Emma says she had the time of her life.

➔ A very cheerful letter from Jemima Doctor, now summering at Akron, N. Y., announces a very pleasant journey North and a series of good times in general. She sends regards to all her friends, says she is happy, but misses Carlisle, and wonders if the ice cream parlors are still doing business with the tailors.

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LOCAL MISCELLANY

Items of Interest Gathered by our Student Reporters

[All items preceded by an arrow found in the columns of the paper are furnished by the pupils and published as nearly as possible, just as they were handed in.—Ed]

➔ Ask S. D., how to get rid of chewing gum?

➔ Ask Charles McDonald why he had his head scraped?

➔ Ernestine Venne took dinner with the waitresses Sunday.

➔ Bessie Johnson is getting to be an expert dress maker, so they say.

➔ The Sisters took the girls walking Sunday and it was enjoyed by all.

➔ News is so scarce that we now have time to read the advertisements.

➔ Georgia Tallchief, who is working for Mrs. Saxon, says she likes her work.

➔ Myrtle Evans is helping Elizabeth Lafrance and is now an officer of Co. A.

➔ Some beautiful windows have been placed in the girls building the past week.

➔ Who spends his leisure time in sprinkling poor little harmless toads? Ask Nekifer.

➔ The Presbyterian girls who went to the picnic at Mt. Holly report having spent a pleasant day.

➔ Susie White is once more among the old familiar faces and we are glad to have her with us again.

➔ Amanda Wolf, who is living at Westchester, is having a fine time but hopes to return for the winter.

➔ Miss Mayham took the girls for a ride in the *herdock* Saturday night and they all had a pleasant time.

➔ All of the students seem to enjoy the ice cream which is served every Sunday evening in the dining hall.

➔ Texie Tubbs quite frequently favors the girls with most melodious music from her mandolin in the evenings.

➔ Miss Eckert, though no longer an employee, still accompanies the Catholic girls to church on Sunday mornings.

➔ R. O. and S. D. help Nekifer dish ice cream out on Sunday evening. They say they enjoyed it. Ask them why?

➔ Stacy Beck is enjoying her vacation at Clayton, Ga., and tells of the horse-back rides which she occasionally takes.

➔ Mabel Starr, who is working in the dining hall this month, says she enjoys her work very much even if it is warm.

➔ We are pleased to see the jolly face of Charles McDonald again, who returned after a stay of three months in the country.

➔ Word has been received from Jemima Doctor stating that she is having a nice time and expects to go to Buffalo soon.

➔ Sadie Dunlap, who is head girl in Dining Hall, says she enjoys her work and would like to work in there all summer.

➔ Achsa Lunt has been promoted from the mending class to the shirt making class and is now trying to make shirts while sleeping.

➔ Virgie Gaddy, who has been in the hospital a few days is back again and is looking well. They missed her in the dress making class.

➔ What girl was it instead of asking for a fork in the dining room asked for pair of scissors? Was her mind in the dining room or the sewing room?

➔ Theresa Connor is lonesome for mosquitoes. She says it doesn't seem like home without them. "Be it ever so homely there's no place like home."

➔ The dining hall girls enjoyed the pleasant ride which was given to them by Miss Mayham. Many thanks to Joseph for driving are extended.

➔ Alonzo Brown a "Pleasant Pointer," is becoming an expert dish washer at Beacon-by-the Sea Hotel, where he is employed during the summer. Good practice this.

➔ Esther Reed, Elizabeth Wolf, Melinda Desautel, Maggie Goleach and Sarah Shaycaw spent an enjoyable time at Mt. Holly Monday evening being chaperoned by Mrs. Rumsport.

➔ Dr. Shoemaker returned on Monday evening from a short visit at Washington, D. C. Mrs. Shoemaker and little Dorris will return later. The doctor's appearance shows improvement gained by a short relaxation from professional duties.

➔ Ask Tempa how her soda water tasted?

➔ You never miss the water till the well runs dry.

➔ Fine skating around here these moon light nights.

➔ The teachers' quarters are receiving a new coat of paint.

➔ Myrtle Peters has been promoted from the shirt making class to the dress making class.

➔ The ice cream was unusually good last Sunday. Did the waitresses get any? Well I guess.

➔ The east end of boys' quarters looks rather lonely as all the boys have moved to the west end.

➔ Mr. Driver, the baker, left on Thursday for a jaunt toward Jamestown and a short vacation in the South.

➔ Through a letter from Mary Murdock we learn that she is fast renewing old acquaintances in Oklahoma.

➔ The Catholic girls look forward to Sunday as they enjoy the walk down to church during this lovely weather.

➔ Laura Betrand, who is living at Norwood, Pa., says she is having fine times with Olga Reinkin, '09, who also lives there.

➔ Mr. Nonast, in charge of the tailoring department, is taking in the sights of the "Warpath" at the Jamestown Exposition.

➔ Bessie Saracino, who is living at Merchantville, N. J., says she is enjoying her country life and wishes to be remembered to her friends.

➔ Miss Mayham took about 20 girls over to the "Gym" last Wednesday evening and they practiced dancing, and spent a very enjoyable evening.

➔ Susan Twiggs, who went home this summer says in a letter that she is having a fine time at her home at Fort Yates, N. D., but expects to return in the fall.

➔ We are pleased to note improvement in the condition of Mrs. Sloan, of the small boys' quarters, who has had a long siege of sickness but is now convalescing slowly.

➔ Theresa Connor and Claudia McDonald were invited by Mrs. Armstrong and Miss White to spend Saturday evening in town. They report having had a pleasant time.

➔ What is the occasion of all these sweet smiles and brightened countenance of "the gentleman from Kentucky" at breakfast of late? He better be wise or *else he may hamper his future.*

➔ Miss White, of the clerical staff, has left for a short visit among friends and relatives in Butler County. Her smiling face and cheerful voice is much missed by the force in the administration building.

➔ Major took the girls to the new orchard one day last week, and one of the girls thinking she was going to get a nice handful of berries found to the horror of all a great big black *bug* mingled with the berries. She don't like berries now.

➔ There is no question about Ray Hitchcock being a Californian for he carries all the characteristics of a native son of the golden West. A Californian's instinct teaches him the difference between bugs and berries, and a Californian picks berries with both hands. Some go *in* the face, but more go *on* the face. How about this, Ray?

➔ The fire bell which rang Monday evening for a fire in town, caused a great commotion in girls' quarters where every body was stumbling over every body in the attempt to reach the porches and ascertain where the fire was. Some of the girls saw sparks flying all around but not the kind that burl, being poor harmless little lightning bugs.

➔ Elizabeth Walker, Mary Cook, Theresa and Inez Brown seem to be having some jolly times at Ocean City. One evening they went down to the beach and waiting for the car to start which was to take them home, they thought they would have a ride on the merry-go-around. The merry-go-round broke down and they could not get off. The car left them so they were late in getting home.

➔ Casper Cornelius left last Thursday for his home in Oneida, Wis. Casper has been at Carlisle a number of years and was a faithful and honest boy. Some two years ago he became interested in the Y. M. C. A. and later was matriculated. He accompanied Grover Long to Northfield, had a great influence among the boys and left many encouraging remarks. All wish his future a success. Postals notify us of his safe arrival and happy reunion at home.

OSAGE BABIES AT \$20,000 EACH

The Richest Indians of America To-day--Some Facts and Figures

Up to July 1st an Osage Indian papoose was worth at its birth \$20,000.

This value of an Osage Indian baby, be it remembered, is not sentimental. It is figured in cold hard Government money, and every squaw who presented a copper-colored young Indian to her ord and master before July 1 of this year increased her husband's worldly wealth by the sum of \$20,000 and triplets—ah, he was lucky father indeed if his wife presented him with three of a kind!

But if the babies were after June 30, no matter though they might be just as healthy, just as lusty, just as Indian, they didn't bring a cent. How was that? Isn't a baby born in July worth as much as one who comes into the world in April, May or June? Not in the opinion of the great and glorious United States of America. And this is how it happens to be that way:

The Osage Indians are the richest people in the world, through the grace of the Big White Father in Washington and his advisers. There are not very many of them, probably not more than 2,200, counting full bloods and half breeds yet their per capita wealth, counting babies, squaws and grown men, is estimated to be \$20,000, from which each one draws an annual income of \$500, without doing a lick of work. They own prosperous wheat farms, lucrative oil wells, finely yielding gold mines. They rent out their holdings to white men, and sit back and reap the increment. They are in some ways the most-to-be-envied people on earth. When they had their reservation in Kansas the land became so valuable for wheat and general agriculture that the Government thought it was a shame for the Indian to enjoy it. So they were bundled off and hoisted over into Oklahoma. Their Kansas land was paid for at the rate of 1.25 an acre, and the Oklahoma land was purchased for them at the rate of 70 cents an acre, thus giving them a good start in life. There was now something like \$9,000,000, to the combined account of the Osage nation, and the Government guaranteed them 5 per cent. a year on it.

The tribal expenses were paid from this income, such as the support of the agency and the Osage school, and then, year after year, the balance was paid over to the Indians themselves. But their luck didn't stop there.

The land in Oklahoma to which they had been moved began to develop not only great agricultural possibilities, but also mining and oil values. So the Government had unwittingly made them much richer.

Now the Indians, through long leases which the Government has negotiated for them, receive \$50 for each oil well that is drilled, or about \$30,000 a month. Grazing rights yield them over \$200,000 a year and their total income for 1906 was \$1,228,458.

This sum is divided among the enrolled members of the tribe and so an Indian with two wives and ten children, which is not at all an unusual average, would draw as the head of the family \$6,000 without a single lick of labor. Pretty good being an Osage Indian, eh?

Naturally this good news spread and white men began to go into the the nation and to marry the Indian girls. For it made no matter how little Indian blood a person, man, woman or child, might have in his veins, so long as he or she was a member of the tribe by marriage or descent he or she was entitled to his or her share of the annual split-up.

The Government was getting mixed up by this constant marriage and intermarriage. Children of only one-sixty-fourth Indian blood were being counted as Indians. The limit seemed confusing. So the Government called for a final apportionment and enrollment of the tribe, with a division on the census as it should be returned by July 1, 1907.

The Indians with aid of the agency, began to make a careful enumeration of the tribe with all its offshoots and naturally, the arrival of any babies prior to the final date of report was awaited with interest and cupidity, because, as has been stated, each

child would increase his father's rating by \$20,000.

But this easy life of the Osage Indians has not been without its unpleasant features.

Time was when the Osage braves were among the most dignified, mentally acute and famous as hunters of all the Indians. To-day the full bloods, as a rule, are ambitionless and obese, spending their time wrapped in their blankets, posing before the doors of the Citizens' National Bank of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, where they cash there checks and draw their dividends. The rest of the time, when they are not slowly pacing the street in front of the agency, meekly followed by their equally obese wives, they are sleeping or feeding, living in dog kennels of houses, gambling or quietly smoking the fat cigars which have taken the place of their peace pipes.

The intermarriage of Indians of mixed blood has been going on so long and the Indian blood has been reduced in some cases to so small a proportion, that it would hardly be suspected that the President of the Citizens' Bank, for instance, was on the rolls an Osage, more especially as he bears the name of Matthews, and it is as between the full bloods and the mixed bloods that the politics of the tribe find their reason for being. The tribe is governed by a chief, an assistant chief and a council of ten, who are elected by ballot every two years, and the tribe is divided into two political parties, the Indian party and the Progressive party. The Indian party is, as its name implies, the party of the full bloods, who want everything for the full bloods and who desire to maintain something of their old tribal ways. The Progressive party stands for advancement and for the assimilation of the people with their neighbors. But, though the mixed bloods are in a numerical majority, the full bloods are still in a majority among those of voting age, although this situation is rapidly changing. It results, nevertheless, that a full blood is always elected chief, for the reason that the Progressive party, or mixed bloods, always nominate at their caucus a full blood as their candidate in order to draw votes from the opposite party.

There is something rather romantic, if we leave the sordid element out of it, in the case of the young white man who goes into the Indian nation, finds his occupation there and takes from it his wife. He is invariably looked up to and respected. He is not called a "squaw man" there, and as a rule he takes up his wife's little property, uses her returns from the community funds and those of his children for increasing and developing the farm lands, and succeeds on his own merits. Sometimes, however, the case is reversed and the white wife takes up her abode with an Indian husband and with papoose on her back, may at any time be seen sleeping in her lazy contentment, or strolling idly about the streets. Yet this stricture is by no means universal, for there are instances where exactly the reverse is true and Indian families are being raised by white mothers that would do credit to any community.

In the office of the Allotting Commission may be found a young Indian who was quite a famous pitcher for Carlisle, where he spent ten years at school, and two years more at Poughkeepsie. To-day he is the head of a little family, consisting of a very blond white wife and four as charming and beautiful children as it could be possible to find in any similar station in life. For himself and four children he draws \$2,500 a year from his tribal funds; he is the owner outright of five farms of 160 acres each, of as fine agricultural land as there is to be found in this country, each of which is rented out to white farmers, and when this allotment is finished he will be the possessor of ten more of equal size and a matter of \$25,000 in cash, in addition to which he employs his time thriftily as a Government clerk and interpreter a salary of \$720 per year.

Laundry Improvement

Miss Albert and all the laundry girls are highly elated in consequence of the installation of two large electric fans which are in operation, carrying off the torrid atmosphere of that hive of industrious workers.

The laundry has been a rendezvous for hot-air merchants in the past and it is hoped to thus carry off the surplus.

Opportunities Embraced

To the unenlightened who have limited ideas of the value of Indian education the following may be of value. The opinion that the Indian is not a worker but a dependent on the government is fast disappearing and the masses are beginning to see that the Indian is quick to see an opportunity and embrace it.

Two of our young men, one in the bakery and the other in the tailor shop, both learning trades with which to provide an independent living in the future learned through their own channels that certain surveying work was to be performed in the neighborhood, and seeing an opportunity to make a few dollars and at the same time get a little outing, applied for the position of helpers, after securing the necessary permission from the proper authorities. In due time the applications were favorably acted upon and the boys went to work. Did they do their work as well as their white brother could? Read the following letter:—

MAJOR W. A. MERCER:

Dear Sir:—

The work of boring test holes for locating the rock in Carlisle was finished by the two boys, James Garlow and Oscar Boyd on Saturday last.

They were such good workmen, and in fact every thing seemed to pull along so well that I expect to finish all preliminary work here this week.

My assistant handed the boys their checks, made out to Mr. Miller, on Monday. I trust that everything was satisfactory.

As I stated before, the work of the boys was very, very satisfactory, and I believe that the action of the boys throughout their stay with me was all that could be desired. One can readily see the effect of the school's training.

Again thanking you for your courtesy in permitting me to use the boys, I am,

Very truly yours,

HERBERT N. HATTON,

Eng. in charge.

As will be seen by the above the boys filled the bill and on receiving their checks they immediately returned to the school, deposited their earnings in full, and went back to their respective shops and are now, in all probability keeping an eye open for another opportunity.

Such little things like this are not very often commented upon by the press in general, but they are straws which show which way the wind blows.

"Give the Indian a white man's chance" was ex-Commissioner Jones' slogan. If the Indian of to-day, the educated Indian, is given one-half the white man's chances he will make good.

Where can you find any two young men, be they white, yellow, red or black, that could make better use of their time, their opportunity, or their money? Such is the influence of an education and is worthy the emulation of the Indian youth throughout the entire system of Indian Schools.

The Band at Philadelphia

The trip from Long Branch to Philadelphia, was one long to be remembered. It was a great day for the Elks. A sort of a "Hello Bill" day.

The Carlisle Indian Band was under the protecting arm of the Long Branch Elks, and we were well provided for. While waiting to take our place in the parade, under a blazing sun, the Indians joined with our white brother's band and played the Elks march, under the leadership and direction of Mr. Stauffer. The applause was long and lasting.

Among the thousands, a few Carlisleers were spotted out, among them the following were seen: Mr. and Mrs. Dock Yukatanache, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Misses Olga Reinken, Vera Wagner, Laura Bertrand, Marion Powlas, and Annie George. Mr. Elias Charles, Chauncy Charles, Clarence Faulkner, and Joseph Miguel.

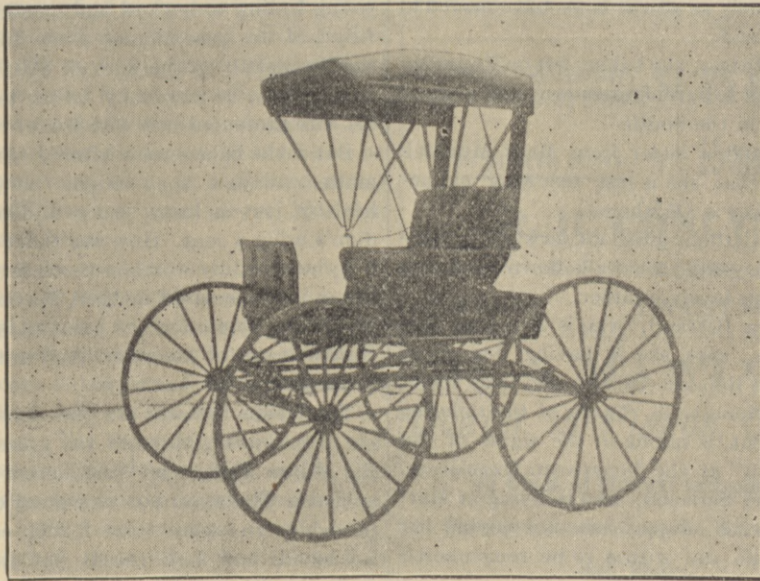
In the parade the applause for the Indian band was continuous. We came back on the morning of July 18th; going to bed, all slept the sleep of the tired troubadour, awakening to a pleasant routine of duty at the Casino.—MANUS.

The heart may be willing but the pocket book weak.

An Opportunity not to be Overlooked

The well-known durability and thorough workmanship of the vehicles made at the Carlisle Indian School can be verified any time and any place where once introduced

A DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEE'S OPPORTUNITY



TOP BUGGY



TWO SEATED SURREY



TWO SEATED MAIL WAGON

To Agents and Superintendents

In buying a buggy or a wagon from us you save money. The saving represented is the difference between the MANUFACTURER'S COST and the MERCHANT'S RETAIL PRICE. There are all kinds of vehicles on the market at all kinds of prices. It is poor economy to buy a poor article because it is cheap. WE use the BEST MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP in all our conveyances and sell them to you AT A SMALL MARGIN ABOVE COST OF MATERIAL.

Our Wagons and Carriages are made by advanced apprentices, under the instruction of one of the most finished carriage-makers and mechanics in the State, and they can be depended upon as the best that can be produced. The object is not profit but instruction. If you are in the service and contemplate the purchase of anything in this line, it will be to your interest to correspond with the Superintendent. Ready for immediate shipment.

The body of these vehicles is a perfectly made, well braced and full-ironed piece of work. Corners are screwed, glued and plugged. Wheels, Sarven or Warner patent, best quality. Gear fully ironed, well braced. Full elliptic axle beds. Springs, four leaf, elliptic oil-tempered steel or Concord style. Axles, best quality drawn steel, highly tempered. Hickory axle beds, full clipped. Trimmings, hand-buffed leather, spring cushions and back. Painting—Each coat is thoroughly rubbed before the next is applied. Only the highest grade paints and varnishes are used. Fourteen coats are used in the process of painting. Body is plain black. Gears are black and red. Painting will be done in other colors if desired. Poles are best hickory, full ironed and braced.

This offer is made alike to employees of the Indian service and to Indians.

For descriptive circulars and prices address,

MAJOR W. A. MERCER, SUPERINTENDENT,

U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

From Far-off Alaska

NOME, ALASKA, July 5, 1907.

DEAR MAJOR:

We left Seattle June 24 and arrived safely at Nome on July the 2d. We had a very nice trip but I was seasick for two days, I went to my meals, but with one bite I was gone again; it wouldn't stay, but I did not give up eating. We came up on the *Victoria* which is a very fine boat. We are staying at the Lamb Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth. Mr. Hawkesworth is the new teacher who will take charge of the school at Barrow and I will help him. They are both so good to me.

Nome is a big place now and we will stay here about a week. The *Thetis* will call for us and we may be four or five weeks aboard on account of the ice.

I will tell you how the natives acted when they saw me: When we landed they gathered around and talked to themselves. I could understand a little of what they said. They were glad to see me. They smiled at me and I smiled back. Some of them recognized me and said in their native language "Coodlalook has come back." My, but they were glad to see me. I met one girl, a former playmate, and she and others told me all the news about my relatives.

We had a good time on July 4. Had races for prizes and other sports.

There is no night here. The sun does not go down until about 9:30 and then you can read without a light until about 12 o'clock at night. The people never go to bed until about 12 o'clock but I don't stay up so late, it is too nice to go to bed.

I think of my Carlisle friends and of the school every day. Many thanks to you and all for the good things that you have done for me. Remember me to all.

Your friend,

ANNIE COODLALOOK.

Entertained Her Schoolmates

A pleasant little social event took place at the home of Mrs. Charles S. Chrisman, 435 West Miner street, Wednesday afternoon July 17, from half-past two to five o'clock, when Miss Mary Tallchief, of the Carlisle Indian School, entertained ten of her schoolmates, whose homes at present are in or near West Chester.

It was a rather unusual gathering, in as much as only two of the guests are from the same States. The list of girls, their tribes and State are as follows:

Nancy Redthunder, Sioux, South Dakota; Maud Cook, Mohawk, New York; Elizabeth Lemieux, Chippewa, Wisconsin; Rose Beck, Cherokee, Georgia; Rachel Penny, Nez Perce, Oregon; Mary LaJoscour, Chippewa, North Dakota; Gertrude Crow, Winnebago, Nebraska; Virginia Boone, Nosack, Washington; Martha Cornsilk, Cherokee, North Carolina; Minnie White, Mohawk, New York.

The afternoon was spent in playing croquet and other games, after which an abundance of cake, ice cream and mints were served, and the young women all went home thinking Mary a very delightful hostess, even though she be of another tribe, being a Seneca, of New York State.

—West Chester Local News.

Member of Indian Commission

President Roosevelt has appointed to the membership on the Indian Commission, vacant by the appointment of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan as Minister to Denmark, Michael E. Bannin of Brooklyn.

Mr. Bannin has long been a personal friend and admirer of the President. In politics he is a conservative, not identified with any special party, but always championing reform.

He was born in Glens Falls, in 1855, went to New York in his youth and engaged in the dry goods business. He is prominent in the Catholic Club, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, New York, the Catholic Summer School, and was one of the founders of the Marquette League.—*Catholic Observer*.

The righteous man has nothing to fear in this world, or the next.

There may be such a thing as good advice, but most of us don't know how to recognize it.