

# THE ARROW

INDUSTRY SCIENCE

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

Vol IV.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907.

No. 1



## SUCCESS

Two ships sail over the harbor bar,  
 With the flush of the morning breeze,  
 And both are bound for a haven, far  
 O'er the shimmering summer seas.  
 With sails all set, fair wind and tide,  
 They steer for the open main;  
 But little they reck of the billows wide,  
 E'er they anchor safe again.

There is one, perchance, e'er the summer  
 is done,  
 That reaches the port afar;  
 She hears the sound of the welcoming gun  
 As she crosses the harbor bar,  
 The haven she reaches. Success, 'tis said,  
 Is the end of a perilous trip;  
 Perchance e'en the bravest and best are dead,  
 Who sailed in the fortunate ship.

The other, bereft of shroud and sail,  
 At the mercy of wind and tide,  
 Is swept by the might of the pitiless gale  
 'Neath the billows dark and wide.  
 But 'tis only the one in the harbor there  
 That receiveth the need of praise;  
 The other sailed when the morn was fair,  
 And was lost in the stormy ways.

And so to men who have won renown  
 In the weary battle of life,  
 There cometh at last the victor's crown,  
 Not to him who fell in the strife,  
 For the world recks not of those who fall,  
 Nor cares what their trials are;  
 Only praises the ship that with swelling sail,  
 Comes in o'er the harbor bar

*Selected.*

## Joshua Given

Joshua, the subject of this sketch, a member of the Kiowa tribe of Indians, was born in the Indian Territory along in the early sixties, and was of the most turbulent section of that wild tribe. Until the year 1874 he lived the life of a wild Indian boy with nothing to distinguish him from other boys except that his immediate family was poor and wretched as could be, his father, "Satank," being one of the wild, untamed, untamable spirits of the tribe.

By the year 1874 it became evident to the most casual observer that the days of the buffalo, hitherto the substances and wealth of the Indians, were about numbered, in spite of all their efforts to prevent it. Their attempts of fighting for the buffalo by driving off the white hunters ended in failure and brought them in collision with the military and some of them were captured, the worst being subjected to confinement in Texas for their cruelty and desperate character. Among the number was Joshua's father, who, when they were placed in the wagon and manacled preparatory to starting on their journey, commenced to

sing the Indian death song. He was, by some oversight, left in possession of a knife and made a lunge at one of the guards, but was immediately shot down by the others, thus leaving his family to face the world and poverty alone, with no subsistence save what provisions the Government doled out to them, and the scarcity was such that no one had enough and the women were eager for the few grains of corn that would fall on the ground when the horses and mules were fed.

The crops of the year 1874 were a complete failure and the scarcity was felt over all the southwest, corn reaching the price of \$2.50 a bushel, so you may imagine that many suffered the pangs of hunger, among them being the family of which this boy was a member. One day he was observed by doctor's wife satisfying hunger by eating some refuse scraps, so she took pity on him and gave him a full meal, which won him entirely and made him think the doctor's house was the best place for him if he could get there. He was permitted to sleep on the floor of the dispensary, where it was warm, and was very grateful for such food as was given him. He proved himself so useful to the doctor's family and so willing to be used for what he could do, that he was soon looked upon as a fixture, took care of the doctor's horse and such household duties and errands as he could compass, and was known among the whites and Indians by the nickname of "Do-haw," or doctor, and subsisted in comparative comfort. In return for what he could do, he received enough to eat and had a warm place to sleep, all of which he appreciated.

The doctor was a Christian man and regular family worship was practiced, where I suppose was the first the boy ever experienced of religious observance of that kind.

So the long, hard winter slowly passed, and the opportunity was taken of urging on the Indians the claims of education, with the result that they agreed to support it if a man they looked upon as a friend, or myself would take charge of the school.

For the man, Mr. Batty, it was not possible through ill health. I was the alternative, so proceeded to organize the school. Three tribes were represented by equal numbers of boys and girls of the prescribed age, this Kiowa boy being recommended by the doctor as a suitable subject. He was chosen, and an English name given him of Joshua

Given, the Joshua being my own, the surname that of the good doctor.

Joshua proved to be a very intelligent, apt scholar, was in fact the first member of his tribe who learned to speak English, and seemed to understand intuitively what was wanted of him and the other scholars.

Of the three tribes, only one language was understood by the whites. So with the scholars the one language, Comanche and "Pidgeon English" had to do the duty, and the whole thing was helped very much by the intelligence of Joshua, whose preception was remarkably acute.

Suffice it to say that the school, though crude, prospered, the Indian minds were receptive, and they were an orderly and truthful set of pupils. One day there had been some attempt at religious teaching, I do not now remember what, but the boys talked it over among themselves and then came to me, Joshua as spokesman, and in the Comanche language, which I then understood fairly, said that what was taught was all right for white folks but not for Indians. Their religion was the thing for them, and their own medicine men were much more powerful than the whites. The principal argument was the ability of the medicine man to do wonderful things, while I, of course, maintained they had no supernatural power and in working these apparent wonders were deceiving them. They, of course, with all respect for their teacher, were not convinced, but it showed me just where we were so far as their religious belief was concerned.

So matters went on. I was succeeded by other teachers until the year 1879, when the Carlisle school was established and Joshua became one of the first scholars, having by this time made some general progress in civilization. He was of great use in handling the large number of totally wild and uncivilized Sioux, and others, who entered the school.

Meanwhile his studies were progressing under good teaching. His religious views had changed long before and he was admitted as a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, and began to take part in our prayer-meetings at the school. As a civilized scholar he began to be used, and useful, as a representative civilized and Christianized Indian, able to address large gatherings.

In time the Presbyterian Church accepted

him as a candidate for the ministry, and he entered on his preparation and in due time was qualified and was sent by his church as their representative among the Indians at Anadarko, Indian Territory.

Meanwhile he had become acquainted with and engaged to a superior, young white woman, who accompanied him as his wife. As far as I know they were well received by the Indians and whites, but the fact that he was master of three or four Indian languages, as well as English, tended to make him unpopular with those who had been in any way deceived or overreached in their business transactions, which entailed a responsibility he could not throw off nor carry, which eventually undermined his health, spite of all that could be done, and terminated his life and usefulness at about the age of forty years.

His life, though not so pleasant, from causes stated, was by no means unfruitful, and I think is more appreciated since his death than during his life. I am sure that from me, whose name he bore and who knew him from the first, he will ever receive the tribute of reverent memory, for what he was and as example of one of the most unpromising, developing into one receiving the respect of both Indians and whites, illustrating the truth of the statement of the poet:

"That the moral pioneer  
 Must from the future borrow,  
 Cloth and waste with dreams of grain,  
 And on the midnight sky of rain  
 Paint the golden morrow,"

—A. J. S.

## Football Schedule, 1907

- Sept. 21, Albright, at Carlisle.
- " 25, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle.
- " 28, Villanova, at Carlisle.
- Oct. 2, Susquehanna University, at Carlisle.
- " 5, State College, at Williamsport.
- " 12, Syracuse University, at Buffalo.
- " 19, Bucknell University, at Carlisle.
- " 26, University of Penn., at Philadelphia.
- Nov. 2, Princeton University, at New York.
- " 9, Harvard University, at Cambridge.
- " 16, University of Minn., at Minneapolis.
- " 23, University of Chicago, at Chicago.

### SECOND TEAM

- Oct. 5, Reading Y.M.C.A., at Reading.
- " 12, Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston.
- " 19, Open.
- Nov. 2, Frankford Athletic Club, at Philadelphia.
- " 9, Steelton Y.M.C.A., at Steelton.
- " 16, Susquehanna University, at Selin's Gr
- " 23, Altoona, at Altoona
- Thanksgiving, Open.

## THE ARROW

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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., SEPTEMBER 6, 1907

### PROVERB

The acme of civilization is the perfect gentleman. Open, loyal, true, humble and affable; honorable himself and in his judgment of others.

### Creek Indians Getting Rich

The tremendous production of oil in the Glenn pool is making the Creek Indians of Indian Territory as rich as the Osages. A citizenship in the Osage nation is now worth about \$25,000, but the Creeks are coming fast.

The average daily production in the Glenn pool is 125,000 barrels. Of this the Indian owners of the land got 12,500 barrels, one-tenth. The oil is worth about 41 cents a barrel. This gives the Indian lessors of the 10,500 acres comprising the pool \$5,125 a day. This amounts to \$1,872,625 a year. This is the royalty which is paid as long as the oil is in the ground. Then there is the money for the lease and the bonus which frequently runs \$5 and \$10 and sometimes \$20 an acre. This is all profit for the Indians.

The Indian never gets the worst of it in the oil game because the government looks after him and sees that the bonuses and the royalties are paid when due. Further than this the government sees that the Indian gets the full benefit of the market price. It's the white man who is putting up his money to develop the country and make them rich who has to stand all the chances of failure. "It's like this," said one of the oil men, "you have to take all the blame for everything. If an Indian sells a lease three or four times the government says that the Indian is not responsible, but if you sell a lease twice the government says you are a swindler. The Indian gets complimented on his shrewdness and a white man goes to prison for the same thing, and there you are."

There are 120 Indian owners of the leases in the Glenn pool getting the \$1,872,625 a year. This makes an average of \$15,650 each on royalties alone. That is more money than a cabinet officer of the United States or a justice of the supreme court receives as salary. The beauty of it all is the Indian does not have to work to get the money. The Indian agent comes around and hands it to him.

Just for speculation some statistician was figuring the life of the Glenn pool with the life of other oil pools and he came to

the \$35,000,000 which will be paid out to the Creeks in royalties before the pool passes the stage of marketable production. That will make every Indian rich. And the beauty of it is that the royalty is in the shape of an annuity on a monthly payment plan. The Indian cannot anticipate his royalties. He cannot sell them or make a contract to sell them. The Government looks after that. All the Indian can do is to spend the money after he gets it every month, and he can do that as well as anybody who ever lived.—Exchange.

### Indian Convocation at An End

The Christian Indian convocation of the Niobrara deanery of the Episcopal church, in the diocese of South Dakota, which has been held on Antelope creek, about thirty-five miles north of Valentine, for the last 5 days, closed Tuesday evening after one of the most remarkable Indian meetings ever held in the northwest.

After a celebration of the holy communion and morning prayer at 9:30 A. M. Tuesday, the usual routine of business was gone through, and at sunset a beautiful service was said, all kneeling upon the open prairie, and the memorable convocation closed with the blessing of Bishop Hare.

One remarkable feature which develops from this convocation is the strong feeling on the part of the Indians to have their own people elected to places of honor and responsibility. As an illustration of the strength of this spirit the Rev. Amos Ross, a native priest was elected dean of the convocation for this session. The election of other officers from native clergy and laity are sure to follow. The next convocation will be held at some mission in the northern South Dakota in 1908.

The Indians fully 2,500, broke camp Wednesday morning and each tribe, after paying a loving farewell to Bishop Hare, set off for home. Some of the Indians and whites drove in a wagon for five and six days, coming from the extreme parts of South Dakota to attend the convocation and received Bishop Hare's blessing.

Bishop Coadjutor Johnson and many other clergymen and delegates arrived in this city Tuesday from the convocation grounds to take the train home. They were accompanied by a large number of Indians, who came down to see them off. One noticeable feature of the convocation was the quiet and orderly manner of the Indians during its session. They are naturally of a noisy, wild disposition. They have a deep respect for the services and an unbounded love for Bishop Hare. The bishop came down from the Rosebud agency Wednesday morning.

The general offering Saturday was \$49 and Sunday \$52. This goes to the native clergy fund. The babies' branch had little boxes in which the papooses had saved their pennies. This amounted to \$30. The junior auxiliary, composed of young girls, gave an offering of \$101.90. This, with the babies' branch, makes a total of \$131.90, which goes to general missions.

At the confirmation service Bishop Hare, assisted by Bishop Coadjutor Johnson, confirmed seventy-four Indians. In the evening he baptized eighteen.

### Ex-Carlisle Students

Clement Whirlwind entered Carlisle at four and a half years of age with the first party of students enrolled at this institution. He is assistant farmer at Cut Meat and a progressive Indian.

Julia Whirlwind is married to Ralph Eagle Feather.

Henry Horse Looking is the Agency Harness Maker at Cut Meat and a good citizen.

Fred Big Horse is farming at Cut Meat. Clarence White Thunder is assistant farmer at Rosebud Agency.

Ben Stead is a fireman on the C. & N. W. Ry.

Valentine McKenzie was one of the first party that came to this school he is now a clerk at the Traders store.

Qovia McKenzie, mother of Valentine was interpreter of the first party to enter here.

Remember that the steam that blows the whistle doesn't turn the wheels.

### SAVED FROM THE SURF

#### Extracts from the Asbury Park Press which will interest us

A large number of persons witnessed a thrilling rescue from drowning at Point Pleasant on Monday, when Thomas Saul, a Carlisle Indian School student, at the risk of his life, saved F. J. Jelinek, a Philadelphia High School student.

Saul, with a number of other Carlisle students, are spending their vacations at Point Pleasant by serving as waiters in the Beacon-by-the-Sea hotel. He had just finished his dinner dishes and went for a stroll on the beach, when, far out in the high rolling breakers, Jelinek was heard to cry for help.

There are no lifeguards at this place and no boat was close enough to be manned quickly. Men and women on shore stood aghast and helpless.

Saul, with confidence in his swimming prowess and strength, threw off his coat and swam rapidly to the fast drowning boy. Reaching him just in the nick time, he grasped Jelinek with one hand, and rode the breakers back to shore.

Saul was cheered as he turned his burden over to those waiting on the beach.

### Good Voice is Dying

Old chief Good Voice, eighty-three years old, of the Rosebud Reservation is dying in his teepee on Oak Creek in Meyer county. Feeling the approach of death Good Voice issued the following statement, requesting that it be published. The statement was dictated to his grandson, Moses Good Voice, who is a stenographer and took the words in short-hand:

"I always obeyed the rules of the government.

When the government asked us to give our children to the school I was the first one to send mine. In order to keep our children out he reservation I asked the government to keep the school on our reservation.

I always looked to the good government, and therefore I asked for a church.

I have no grudge against the people of the United States. That is one reason I want the government to hear from me.

By our disobedience the government used to have war with the Indian. But I always took the government's part and helped them. What I mean by helping the government is: When General Sherman had a fight with the Cheyennes, a Cheyenne shot a horse under Sherman, and in doing my duty I killed the Cheyenne.

The government asked the Indians to consider whether they would help the government by acting as scouts, of which I was the first member, holding the office as sergeant.

The government asked me to be good both to the Indians and whites, which the government knew that I had well fulfilled. In about 1876 an Indian killed a white man and the army officers requested the Indians to turn the Indian over to the authorities. But the Indians were afraid to arrest him so I went and arrested him and took him to the authorities.

In the same year Crazy Horse, one of our chief warriors, was arrested in our camp and I was ordered to take him to the fort, which I did; and that same day he was killed by the soldiers.

Another time two white men were carrying mail from Camp Sheridan to Black Hills got into a trouble which resulted in the killing of one. Chief Spotted Tail was notified to have the other white man arrested and I was ordered to arrest him which I did and turned him over to the authorities; which afterwards he was hung for his crime.

There were times when the government killed my relatives and took my horses. But, I stood for peace. I might express that I was defeated on both sides. General Harney killed twenty-two relatives of mine and took my horses.

The government sent Red Bead, who was my uncle to make peace with the Indians. But the Indians found out that Red Bead was on the government's side, overpowered him and his party were badly slaughtered. These Indians were composed of tribes from Cheyennes, Oglalas and Rosebud Sioux. I have been to Washington several times as

delegate, and on these occasions I have fully represented my people on good government. I have always looked for good government, therefore I ask the government to hear from me once more."

### Won by California

Since June the 20th Miss DeCora our Teacher of Native Indian Art spent the summer in the west and middle-west. She had on display some fine specimens of Indian art at the National Education Association held at Los Angeles, Cal. She arrived last Friday somewhat tired after a long journey but wore a smile. The California sunshine made an excellent impression on her but with the cool breezes from the Japan current, the fragrance from the many varieties of flowers, the fruit growing all around her could not stop her complexion from turning to a beautiful brown.

Miss DeCora remarked with strong emphasis that she would rather live in California than any other place in the world. She spoke of the people of Los Angeles as being kind, sturdy and full of ambition and with whom one can get acquainted very quickly.

She visited Sherman Institute which is situated in a deep, wide, fertile romantic valley of Riverside county and speaks highly of the place. While at the Sherman she was entertained by an eagle dance. The participants were Hopi children of that Institution. She also visited Long Beach, Redlands and many other places of interest.

On her return home she stopped at Alberqueque met and was received by friends formerly of this school. As she came further east she stopped at Omaha and visited the Winnebago Reservation, the place of her birth. From there to Carlisle she was accompanied by her cousin Charles LaMere.

—CALIFORNIAN, '09.

### Local Fans Defeated Crescents

Wednesday evening in the last game of the season the Local Fans defeated the Crescents 8 to 1.

Walker was in fine form, had speed and curves to loan, and he used it to a great advantage. He struck out three men in the first inning and held the Crescents down to two little hits.

Johnson was Walker's opponent. He was wild in every inning and was touched up for six safe hits.

The Local Fans got two runs in the first inning and kept the good work up until the sixth. Hill saved a shut out for the Crescents. He got a walk in the second inning, reached third on a wild throw and scored on an error.

Garlow's backstop work for the Fans was excellent, not allowing a single ball to pass him. Thorpe made a long hit to left field in the third scoring two runs. The fielding of Dockstader was the feature. The game was called in the sixth inning on account of darkness. Weather, warm; enthusiasm, great; Umpire, DeGrass.—REPORTER.

### "I DIDN'T THINK!"

If all the troubles in the world  
Were traced back to their start,  
We'd find not one in ten begun  
From want of willing heart.  
But there's a sly woe-working elf  
Who lurks about youth's brink,  
And sure dismay he brings away—  
The elf "I DIDN'T THINK."  
He seems so sorry when he's caught,  
His mien is all contrite,  
He so regrets the woe he's wrought,  
And wants to make things right.  
But wishes do not heal a wound,  
Or weld a broken link,  
The heart aches on, the link is gone—  
All thro' "I DIDN'T THINK."  
I half believe that ugly sprite,  
Bold, wicked "IDON'T CARE,"  
In life's long run less harm has been done  
Because he is so rare,  
And one can be so stern with him,  
Can make the monster shrink;  
But lack-a-day, what CAN we say  
To whining "DIDN'T THINK."  
This most unpleasant imp of strife  
Persues us everywhere,  
There's scarcely one whole day of life  
He does not cause us care;  
Small woes and great he brings the world,  
Strong ships are forced to sink,  
And trains from iron tracks are hurled  
By stupid "DIDN'T THINK,"  
When brain is comrade to the heart,  
And heart from soul draws grace,  
"IDON'T THINK" will quick depart  
For lack of resting place,  
If from that great unselfish stream,  
THE GOLDEN RULE we drink,  
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause  
To say "I DIDN'T THINK!"  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## 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.]

- Clara Hall is now one of the head girls in the waitress detail.
- Vera Walker has been promoted to first Lieutenant in troop D.
- Miss McMichael returned to duty on the first after an enjoyable vacation.
- William Crow returned from the country and entered No. 10 school room.
- Claudie Marie is now detailed in the dining room and is proving her value as a waitress.
- James M. Stevenson writes from Long Branch, N. J. stating that he has had a most enjoyable time.
- Mary L. Murdock, who went home this summer, says in a letter that she is enjoying sunny Oklahoma peaches.
- Some of the girls in the dining hall are receiving instructions from the matron in charge as to what to do with the corn.
- Susie Poncho, who has been in the country over a year, is now back and all her friends are glad to see her looking well.
- The boys are glad to see the foot-ball boys out on the athletic field getting ready for the Pennsylvania game next month.
- Mamie Vilcan says she has an excellent home and is becoming an expert cook. She wishes to be remembered to all her friends.
- Joe Montes better known as "Squanto" who has been working in the laundry, for some time is now working in the small boys' quarters.
- One of the girls coming in was in such a hurry to get back to Carlisle that while in Camden she actually lost one of the heels from her shoe.
- Thomas Saul, one of our "professional Typos" has returned to Carlisle, and his friends are glad to see him again in his customary haunts.
- John Sanders, who has been working in the quarters for some time is now an orderly at the office. He says he likes the change very much.
- The troops now begin to look like Carlisle, as they are filled up and both the boys and girls are gradually getting back their military appearance.
- Mr. Whitwell returned the first of the week from Rosebud, S. Dakota with new students, some being promising candidates for the football team.
- The Indian waiters from the Beacon-by-the-Sea Pt. Pleasant, N. J., arrived on the eve of Sept., 3rd. looking healthy and strong. Let us all go again next summer, boys.
- Ferris Paisano, '08, returned Tuesday from Lake Chautauqua where he spent the summer. Ferris is looking well and says he had a good time at that place and is now ready to resume the fall studies.
- Antonio Lubo our foot-ball captain who spent the summer at different places in California returned Sunday bringing one student from Redlands, Cal. The captain is ready to begin the season training.
- The members of the Junior class have not all returned yet, and their school room looks vacant. It is rather a small class, but they that are here all look up to the "Ensign," that is on their banner, "Onward" which is one of the things which gives them energy to keep up to their work.
- Albert Exendine returned from Oklahoma Sunday where he spent the summer. Oklahoma's sunshine made a good impression on the ex-captain for he is several pounds heavier. He walks erect with a full breast expansion and appears to be in a good condition for the season's schedule, which is no easy one.
- As the world grows older and new inventions being made as well as new discoveries being discovered, we are constantly adding new words to our language. One of the young men just having returned from his home in the west in telling of his strenuous times during the summer, added a new word to his vocabulary. So if you would be a man among men you must be "christiantious," as well as conscientious.

→ Texie Tubbs, is working in the hospital kitchen.

→ Tom Mayo was appointed officer in the small boys' quarters.

→ The masons are busy at the boiler house repairing the walks.

→ Leroy has been acting as a manager of the Local Fans' Base Ball Club.

→ Joseph John who just came in from the country, is working in the kitchen.

→ Mr. Culberson took some of the small boys for a walk Sunday afternoon.

→ In a letter to a friend Lucy Beaver states that she expects to return soon.

→ After spending two months vacation at his home Charles L. More has returned.

→ Zoa Acton is working in the dining room this month and seems to enjoy it very much.

→ Spencer Patterson who went to his home in New York, expects to return in October.

→ Tuesday evening the girls all assembled in the gymnasium to be reorganized into teams.

→ James Thorpe who went to Hershey's last Monday to play ball, brought back some fine chocolates.

→ We didn't know till lately that we had a poetess among us, Poet Laureate of the Sophomore class.

→ Joe Nelson, who came in from the country this fall is working down at the farm this month.

→ Louise S. Soldier and Mary Gates expect to take a western trip soon, so it is rumored in quarters.

→ Clara Henault is now helping Ruth Lydick as small boys' waitress and she enjoys her work very much.

→ In a letter to a friend John R. Kane states that he is enjoying his work as a farmer at his home in Idaho.

→ Clarence Woodbury returned from Hersheys, Pa. Tuesday looking well. He has gained several pounds while away.

→ Nancy John has returned after having spent an enjoyable vacation at her home in Idaho. Her friends are glad to see her back.

→ Catherine R. Hawk sent some pretty postals to her friends and states that she is enjoying herself. She expects to come back soon.

→ Elizabeth Penny a member of class '08, returned from her home Wednesday morning. She brought with her about twenty-five pupils.

→ Florence Hunter has been promoted to the dress-making class, and says if she can only keep awake, she will like the work very much.

→ All the girls that have been out for the summer report spending a pleasant summer out this year, and are ready for hard winter work.

→ Melissa Cornelius says she is anxious for the time to come when she can come back to old Carlisle. She expresses having had a good time.

→ Charlotte Tarbell who is living in Freehold, New Jersey, writes that she spends most of her Sunday afternoons "in the shade of the old apple tree".

→ The Juniors told some very interesting tales about their summer experiences. John White told a great many interesting things about what he saw at Point Pleasant.

→ Misses Inez and Theresa Brown expect to leave for Mount Holly, New Jersey, within a few days. We are all sorry to see them go, but wish them a very pleasant winter.

→ Fred Pappan and John White are again seen among the "Typos" at the Printery. They both had a good time at the Beacon-by-the-Sea and are ready to resume their studies.

→ A letter was received from Mary A. Bailey, who is at her home in Washington, D. C., stating that she expects to take a government position there. We all wish her success.

→ The small boys and the Farmers played a game of base ball last Friday. The game only lasted five innings. The small boys' shut out the Farmers 6 to 0. Joe Ganges the small boys' pitcher did good work.

→ Mr. Whitwell arrived the first of the week from the Rosebud Agency bringing the following students; Samuel J. McLean, Thomas McLean, Robert McLean, Daniel Charging Whirlwind, Minnie Bouncer, Hattie Charging Whirlwind, and Lizzie Spotted Eagle.

## Summer Experiences of Members of the Junior Class

I certainly enjoyed spending my vacation here at the school. This being the first time I ever spent all summer here. At first I felt very lonely, but when we got straightened up, I felt at home again and I was very glad I stayed. During summer I worked in the sewing room all day. And when we had any spare moments we read our library books and sometimes went out walking, or else wrote letters to some of our friends.—Elizabeth Webster.

I left Carlisle under the rules of the out-going System June 27th, 1907, for my vacation. I feel as though I learned a great deal in the line of cooking and would not tremble to obtain a responsible position as cook any where.

I made a speciality of baking pies and cakes which I'd feel proud to offer any one. I found in my country mother an ever willing teacher and I'm thankful that I was placed in her home. I also did house work along with my cooking.

Although away from Carlisle and the sewing room I did not get out of the habit of sewing.—Cecilia Baronvitch.

I lived at Norwood, Pa., which was about nine miles from Philadelphia. The people I lived with were very nice. They took me to different places. I spent a pleasant day at Brandywine Springs, Del. I also went to see the Elks Parade at Philadelphia. The Elks, from the different cities had their own bands for the parade. Our band was with the Long Branch Elks. It took from 10:30 A. M. to 5 for the parade to pass. It was a grand affair. I learned many things in the line of house work while out. My country mother did all she could in teaching me things I did not know. I did all the cooking and housework.—Olga Reinken.

After failing to get a place in the country, I was put in the Hospital, in the boys' wards. I was not a regular nurse but did a great many things. I took temperatures in the morning, and again at four o'clock in the afternoons. I gave all the medicines, giving some of them every two hours. I worked every day Sundays included. From two to four o'clock every afternoon I was off duty. Then I studied and sewed, so I consider my time well spent. I studied and read a good deal. Although I am glad to get back to quarters with the girls again, I think the time I spent in the Hospital was of great benefit to me.—Florence Hunter.

This summer I experienced a very pleasant time at Beacon by the Sea hotel. This hotel is situated along the Jersey shore facing the Great Atlantic's delightful breezes. With two of my comrades we left here on the 17th of June for the sea-shore. I was then pretty well used up by the school year that had just past and was very anxious for a change. When we got to our destination we were received by our patron who gave us a good hearty supper, which we enjoyed as we were tired and hungry.

My work here was bathing master. I enjoyed my work very much in spite of some exciting experiences. Perhaps most of my time was spent in bathing or rolling about in the sand during the day.—Thomas Saul.

My experiences at Pt. Pleasant were a source of much pleasure to me. Having lived all these years in the inland, I have never had the chance of seeing the ocean and all its wonders.

In looking over the broad ocean I often wondered how men were able to cross such a large body of water. Of course the ocean at first looked very terrible to me but as days passed it began to look tame.

My work during the summer was to wait on the table. At first it was very puzzling but I soon got use to it.—Guy Cooley.

I spent my vacation at home in New York state. At first I was rather mixed up in the ways but finally was use to it in a week's time. I was glad to be with my people again.

I did not get out much. I went to the Niagara Falls twice. The first time I went there was kind of cloudy and the last time was a fine day. The firemen's parade took place in the afternoon and was interesting. We stood right by the fence so we saw the

whole parade. It took them about half an hour to get by. Miss Beach was up toward my home for the purpose of enrolling pupils for this school, I was expecting her at any time.—Georgia Bennett.

I had a delightful time this summer, at Pt. Pleasant, N. J. I saw the scenes described in our studies about the Geographical features along the Atlantic coast. I am very thankful to Carlisle for putting forth such a great opportunity.

Bathing and waiting on table were one of our pleasures. Waiting on table is an art which takes practice to acquire. Bathing is an easy art to learn, because it does not take much of an effort, the waves being your supporter.—Whisper!—John White.

I spent my summer vacation at the school and at first thought it would be very lonely but we worked all day so we did not find any time to get lonely.

I worked in the sewing room and before the summer was over I was promoted to the dress-making class. I learned a great deal by staying here all summer. I learned to make my own clothes and besides a great many little things that I would not have learned had I gone to the country.

Our evenings were always taken up either by going walking or else out to the field to see the boys play ball. Major gave us permission to go to the gymnasium three times a week and Miss Mayham played for us to dance and all the girls enjoyed it.

I waited on the large boys in the dining room and besides getting the exercise we had lots of fun as there were four of us. I gained 10 pounds and kept well nearly all summer.

We were all glad to see the country girls and boys come in but yet we were sorry that our quiet vacation had ended so soon.—Irene M. Brown.

I wanted to go to the country when the last party went, but because of my being only in shirt making class Mrs. Canfield thought I'd better stay and work myself into the dress-making class, so I worked in the sewing-room all day during vacation and learned a good deal, as I now make my own dresses which I couldn't do before school was out. It was rather warm sometimes but they made it real nice for us by letting us have a few minutes recess every day and besides they passed around apples occasionally so the time didn't seem so long. One day while I was sewing Aunt Nell came and it was a surprise to me because she hadn't written of coming. We went trolley riding and walking a good deal or read books in the evening and it seemed so quiet with such a few girls here, nevertheless I was glad to have the girls back with all the noise. I was reporter among the girls for THE ARROW and I think it helped me a good deal too.—Claudie McDonald.

I left here last fall both on account of my health and with the intention of attending a good school. I selected Moorestown New Jersey, as being the right place for both purposes and as I had formerly lived there and knew the place very well I was sent there.

I started to attend school the following week after arriving and continued through out the winter, doing well in the studies.

I lived with a very nice family, and which I grew to be fond of; Mrs. Herr, is the name of the lady with whom I made my home. She took a great deal of interest in my school-studies and house-work. She is a very good housekeeper and I think I have learned so much about that particular work from her, but I cannot bake or make pastry yet.—Marie Lewis.

## Indians at Practice

Coaches Warner and Johnson made the call for football candidates last Monday and twenty-five strong well-muscled braves responded. The time was spent in kicking and falling on the ball. This season's schedule is the hardest the Indians have had in years and it means some good hard practice and the Indians are the ones that can do it. Pop has put football spirit in one and all. Watch him with interest for something is going to fall.

When you get something for nothing, there is no danger that you will break your back carrying it home.

**Opportunity No Laggard**

The following is from the pen of Elbert Hubbard, and contains no end of good advice: "There is a graybearded maxim, honored on account of its venerable age, which runs thus, 'Opportunity knocks once at each man's door'. John J. Ingalls once went a-sonnetting around this proverb, and some say he wrote the finest sonnet ever written by an American. I am inclined to think so; and if it is, it proves for us that truth is one thing and poetry another. The actual fact is that in this day opportunity not only knocks at your door, but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and lays for the owner around the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can easily be recalled by everyone where opportunity actually smashed in the door and collared her candidate and dragged him forth to success. These cases are exceptional; usually you have to meet opportunity half way. But the only way you can get away from opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, nor dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive.

"The reason more men do not hear opportunity when she knocks is because they themselves are knocking at the time. Let no man repine on account of lack of early advantages. Rareripes run away from advantages—they can not digest them. 'If I had my say I would set all young folks to work and send the old ones to school,' said Socrates, 420 B. C. What Socrates meant was that after you have battled a bit with actual life and begun to feel your need for education, you are, for the first time, ready to take advantage of your opportunity to learn.

"Education is a matter of desire. An education can not be imparted. It has to be won and you win by working. And this fact also holds: The best educated men are those who get their brain development out of their daily work, or at the time they are doing the work. Quitting work in order to get an education was the idea of a monk who fled from the world because he thought it was bad; a fallacy we have happily outgrown. It takes work to get education, it takes work to use it, and it takes work to keep it. The great blunder of the college is that they have lifted men out of life in order to educate them for life. All educated college men know this and acknowledge it.

"In his last annual report President Eliot, of Harvard, made a strong appeal to parents to get their children into the practical world of life as soon as possible, and not expect college degrees to insure success. Those who want to grow and evolve should not give too much time to the latest novel and daily paper. Don't spread yourself out thin. Concentrate on a few things—the very best educated men do not know everything. Choose what you will be and then get at it. You'll win. If you quit it simply shows you did not want an education; you only thought you did—you are not willing to pay the price".—*Outlook*.

**To Save Burial Ground**

The only Indian woman lawyer in the world is fighting to save the historic cemetery of the Wyandotte Indians situated in the heart of the business section of Kansas City, from the United States Government itself. Uncle Sam has undertaken to sell the historic spot and the young lawyer's contention that this cannot be done has once met with a rebuff at the hands of Judge Pollock, of the Kansas district of the Federal court.

But if the courts give her no reply the young woman declares she will stand guard over the cemetery with a shot gun to prevent the removal of the bodies which lie there, among which are the bones of her family.

"So far as the law is just it can bind me," she declares, "but no one shall move the bodies of my ancestors from their last resting place so long as Lyda Conley is able to lift a hand in protest."

The Huron Cemetery is the last resting place for the ancestors of the highest society in the city, and the proof of Indian blood is the badge of admission to the charmed circle. Big Tree, one of the chiefs who made the Wyandottes great in war

and in council, lies buried there. From him descends a legend that the Wyandottes were the first to discover and use tobacco. There are many other tales of great deeds in their lore.

Miss Conley has many of the popular attributes of the Indian. It is her boast that illness is a stranger to her, merely by reason of the fact that she instinctively obeys the Indian rules of health. She can work for days without food and yet without fatigue. In fact, her whole time is spent in a manner that would put a girl less hardy out of the running in a very short time. From early morning until late at night she is busy with her practice, besides reading authorities to sustain her contention regarding Indian rights in the Federal Court. She has been a practicing attorney for five years.

Huron Cemetery contains two acres and is valued at \$70,000. The Federal Commissioners who have the matter of sale in hand are now receiving offers for the tract. After the sale, the bodies, of which there are about 100, are to be moved. It is Miss Conley's contention that title has never passed to the Government.—*Republican*.

**The Lay of the Hen**

How many eggs would a hen lay during the term of her natural life, do you suppose? said the man who has investigated. No idea, eh? Well sir, a good, healthy hen—not speaking of any particular star breed, but just hen—a good, healthy hen does not fulfill her destiny until she has turned out 600 eggs—50 dozen. That's what nature has fitted up a hen to do in the way of eggs, and she gave her eight years to do it.

The first year of her egg-producing life a hen lays only 20 eggs, but in the three succeeding years she rolls up the score to 370. This leaves only 230 that she must give that many cackles for in the remaining years that she must stand on duty in that line, and she divides the task among these four years so that in the eighth year she lays only 20 eggs again—the number she started with. Then she has ended her career as an egg producer, and too often, if she begins another career, short and delusive—this time as the summer-boarder spring chicken.

And speaking of eggs there is a lot about them, familiar as they are to everybody that people don't suspect. Now here's is an egg that would be a rooster if it was hatched. Wrinkle eggs hold roosters in embryo. A protomastic hen lurks in the egg with a smooth-end shell.

There is water a-plenty in an egg, but no more air than there is in a hammer. So long as you can keep air out of your egg it will remain sweet and fresh, but no one has ever succeeded in keeping it out by fair means more than six days. The insidious oxygen is bound to find its way through an egg shell's pores, and the only way to save that egg then is to eat it. It sounds funny, but the instant you give an egg fresh air that instant you ruin health.—*Exchange*.

**Sociable enjoyed by all**

Last Saturday the opening sociable was held in the gymnasium. This being the first since last June it filled every one's heart with ecstasy. From one end of the large gymnasium to the other you could see a hearty shake. The meeting of old friends and making new acquaintances occurred to all. Mr. Venne assisted by Earle Duxtator, Jerome Kennerly, Oscar Boyd and John McKinly furnished the music.

**Typos Back at Work**

During the summer the Printery had three apprentices but since the return of the students for the fall term there are ten in number. The school catalogue which has been set aside all summer will soon be under way. With this year's appropriation we have got many articles for this department and it is up to the printer if he wants to advance.

There is only one thing more dreary than a broken Christmas present, and that is the after Christmas bill for it.

Clouds may have a silver lining but they don't often turn inside out.

**Don't Be A Fault Finder**

From the time you enter the work shop, store or office where you are employed to the time you leave it at the close of your day's work, it is your duty to use your time and attention in such a way as to be of the best service possible to your employer. During working hours your time belongs to the man for whom you are working, and time saved is money earned. So don't waste your employer's time finding fault with your job, the poor tools you have to work with, etc.

The man who never met with obstacle never lived. We all have our troubles, always have had them, and so long as we maintain our material lives we will have them and you must expect to have your share. To grumble and worry about your troubles is to make your way much the harder.

If your employer happens to give you a difficult piece of work to do don't lose time kicking and fussing about it, but go ahead and do the best you can. The successful men are those who know how to obey orders to the best of their ability without finding fault. He who would command must first learn to obey. And the obedient, trustworthy employe is not the man who wastes his employer's time by grumbling and finding fault with circumstances.

The ability to do the right thing at the right time with a willing hand is a talent; better than that—it is an art, and one than which there are few more valuable. So don't waste time grumbling and fretting o'er your difficulties. But learn to keep your tongue still and your hands busy doing the right thing at the right time—*Selected*.

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