

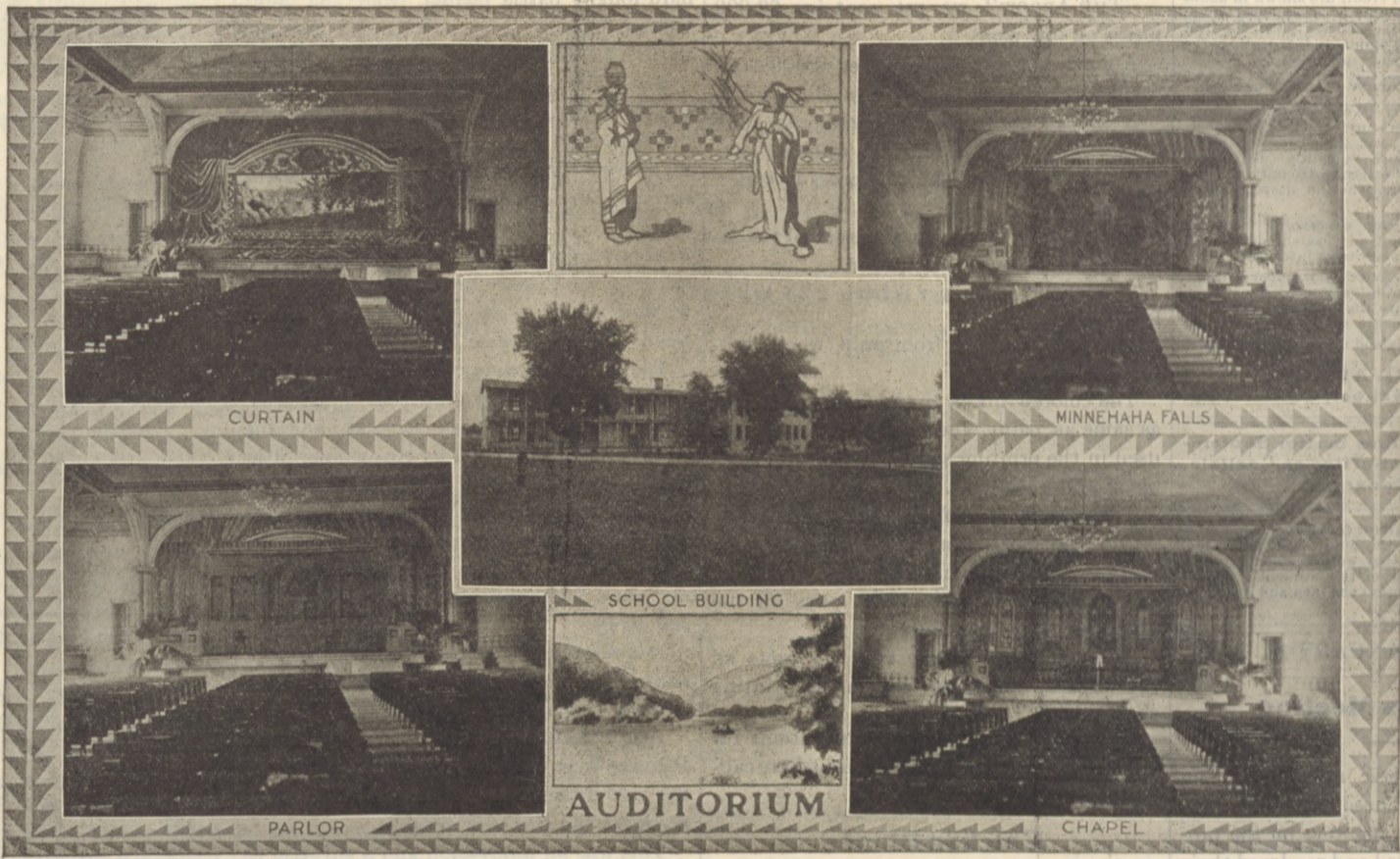
THE ARROW

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

Vol IV.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1908.

No. 20



A New Year's Resolution

I'm a New Year's Resolution;
I'm as good as good can be,
And the world will lose its follies
If 'twill only follow me!
I was sired by good intentions,
I was nursed with loving care,
Fully armed, like great Minerva,
From my birth to do and dare.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:
You can see me robed in white
Where the fortunes of the future
Men and nations come to write;
You have met my kith and kindred
As you struggled in the strife,
And you gave them love and praises
All along the ways of life.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:
I'm as good as good can be,
And the fates predict my goodness
Soon will prove the death of me;
But you'll honor me while living,
And if I should pass away
You will bury me in blossoms
In remembrance of to-day.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:
Treat me kindly as you can;
For I'm growing weak each moment,
Starved to death by cruel man;
Soon I'll sleep among my fathers,—
What a countless host they make!
Who in childhood went to slaughter
For a good intention's sake!

—Freeman E. Miller.

Why Some Articles are Delayed

Some writers want to know why their articles are held a few weeks or months, before they are published. We will explain so that the entire family may know some thing of the workings in an editorial sanctum. Here it is.

Sometimes we receive several articles of a very similar nature in quick succession, and when we have published enough of this one kind of reading for the time being, we invariably hold back what new manuscript comes in bearing on the same subject. One of the good articles of recent date was held for one year, and it was still good when it came out in print, so that holding a good paper does not lessen its merit.

Again, the Editor may have the matter for several special issues all arranged for, a few weeks in advance, so that new manuscript must then wait until there is a chance to use it. We try to provide a variety of reading for our readers, all the year around so as not to deaden the literary appetite by feeding too much of any one diet.

Does this answer your questions?

The Training of Indian Leaders

In the Indian day schools those individuals who show special capacity should at the proper age be encouraged to go to a boarding school where training in agriculture, in the mechanical trades, or in the domestic arts may continue. From the boarding schools the few who have the capacity for further training should go on to still higher schools. There should be an organized attempt to discover those pupils who possess strong characters and the qualities of leadership, and to see that they are trained as leaders. If the time has not yet come when such students may advantageously take their places in white schools and colleges, then some Indian school should be set apart and equipped to give this training. Teachers of day schools and boarding schools, and field matrons, are in constant demand, and unless our educational machinery results finally in training Indians for those positions, it has failed. Indians as teachers and leaders among their own people are not numerous. There are certain racial peculiarities which cause some of those who know the Indian best to hesitate to put him in places of responsibility. In many respects he may fail to come up to the white man's standard, but there is one thing he can do which the white man can not; he can furnish an incentive to the younger Indians to do as much as he has done. The boy of parts in some country village in the East, who has gone to college and achieved distinction, has often been the unconscious cause of starting many another boy on the road to wider usefulness. The contagion of example is great.—*Southern Workman*.

Jefferson's Rules of Conduct

Here are some rules made up by Thomas Jefferson which have seldom been seen in print. You boys will enjoy reading them:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap: it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs more than hunger and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

Pen Pictures

The following pen pictures were written by pupils of the Fourth Grade, Miss Reichel, teacher, and are printed just as they were handed in, no corrections having been made.

—EDITOR.

WHO CAN GUESS MINE?

Guess who this is. He has gray hair and kind of brownish eyes and some times he uses a cane. He is kind of old and fat. Some times he goes for a ride on his horse. He always wears his suit when he goes for a ride on his horse. Some times he uses a black horse and some time a white horse.

He is always kind to all of us and he has a pleasant face nearly all the time. He is kind of old but he is always dress handsome all the time. When he do not wear his hat he looks old but when he has his hat he does not look old. We all love him too. He is kind of fat and tall. He has whiskers and he has a light face. Some time he wears his leggings.

JANE KATCHENAGO, Age 11. Tribe Menominee.

GUESS WHO?

A man who is funny. He has gray eyes brown hair and has pearly teeth.

This is alway pleasant and willing to any thing for you.

And has smile on his face.

He like to play with children and tease them.

He wears a brown suit and gray one some-times. We see him nearly every day. We all know this man real well.

MAMIE COOKE, Age 13. Tribe Mohawk.

GUESS WHO?

I am going to write a description of a person. He has got a kind of a bright complexion and about five or six foot tall.

He has black hair and dark eyes. His hair is curly. He weighs about one hundred seventy or more.

He gets up very early and does not go to the dining room where the rest of the boys go to their breakfast.

He is an educated young man.

He most generall stays in the large boys quarters.

OLIVER JOHN, Age 17. Tribe Seneca.

The politicians may throw mud, but he extracts the pay dirt from it first.

Because the road is crooked is no reason why you should not walk straight.

Robert Friday's Wedding

One of the notable occurrences of the week was the marriage of Robert W. Friday and Miss Martha Metoxin, which was solemnized at the Methodist church on last evening, the pastor, Rev. W. S. Huggett, officiating. Both the bride and groom are civilized Indians who reside at Ft. Defiance and are employed in the government service there. Mr. Friday is a full blood Arapahoe who was educated at the Carlisle Indian school, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. This is one of the largest and best known schools of the kind in the United States. The bride is a full blood Oneida Indian girl who was educated at the Indian school at Chillico, Oklahoma.

Mr. Charles Coleman, who belongs to the Mission tribe, of California, and also a graduate of the Carlisle school acted as the best man, and the bridesmaid was Miss Henrietta Miller, another of Carlisle students.

The ceremony took place at 7:30 P. M. and the happy couple returned to the Fort to-day. Both the contracted parties are estimable young people and the Republican extends its congratulations and best wishes for their success in life.—Gallup, N. M., *Republican*.

Sewing Machine Indians

"I am preparing for my annual trip to the Indians of the Florida Everglades, the most interesting trip I ever take," said a sewing machine agent.

"But what do you sell in the outlandish Everglades?" a woman asked.

"Sewing machines, dear madam," he replied.

"To the Indians?"

Even so. There is hardly a squaw in the wild and remote Everglades who has not her machine. Indeed, sewing machines have become necessities in the Everglades, like moccasins or firewater.

"Why? For bead work making. You know this beautiful bead work that the Indians of the Everglades sell? Well, it is all made on sewing machines. It is made on my machines. I have done a good trade in the Everglades for five years."

"In the Everglades," he ended, "the hoot of the loon and the splash of the crocodile in the lagoon are well-nigh drowned in the continuous whirr of a thousand busy machines.—*American*.

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., JANUARY 17, 1908

Senior Class Meeting

The Seniors held their meeting in the Susan's Society room Tuesday evening January 14, 1908. Every member on the programme was well prepared and rendered their parts with much enthusiasm, which is a credit to the class of 1908.

No business was conducted and after the reporter's notes the following program was given:—Class Song, Roll call, each member responded a sentiment; Class prophecy, Josephine Charles; Piano solo Elizabeth Penny; Theme, Ira Walker; Vocal solo Lewis Chingwa and Fritz Hendricks; Impromptu, Florence Hunter; Trombone Duet, Charles Huber, Thomas Eagleman. Debate. Resolved: That the restriction of Negro Suffrage in the South is just. Affirmative, Alice Denomie, Peter Hauser, Flora Jones; Negative, John Farr, Lucy Coulon, Theodore Owl.

The judges were A. Exendine, chairman, Miss F. Hunter and Mr. Bowen as associates, who favored the affirmative side by giving them the debate.

After the programme was carried out the visitors, mostly the "bachelors," were called upon and each responded with a few words which gave evidence of pleasure to all. Minnie Rice's speech was short, but sweet, and we hope we will be favored by her and the other visitors again.

After Fritz Hendricks the critic, gave his report the house adjourned.—Reporter.

Dishonesty—Its Start

I wish to say a word here to the boy who has begun to do dishonest things—to the novice in crookedness. For no other reader are these words intended.

When you read this, stop and think. Why is it that you take property that does not belong to you? Is it not because you think you will gain something? If it could be proven that would gain nothing, would you have any desire to do it? No boy willingly goes into a losing game.

Suppose you get caught—you will readily agree that you have gained nothing. Suppose you are not caught. You only get a stronger notion that you could do it again and not get caught. The more you do it, the more bold you get, until some day—sure as can be—you will get caught.

Then you lose everything,—all you seemed to have gained, and, more than that you lose respectability, self-respect and liberty.

The odds are heavily in favor of your getting caught. If you gamble, would you stake your liberty and manhood against a few dollars?

Printing

(SADIE INGALLS, ROOM 8.)

The last two Wednesdays we have been to the printing shop to find out how printing is done.

First the man who sets the types is called a compositor; the type or letters are made of lead, zinc and antimony.

When the compositor sets the type he puts it in the composing stick; after he has done this he then takes it to the galley.

After he has printed he then reads it over which is called proof reading then he corrects the galley.

"THE ARROW" we get contains 60,000 pieces on one page.

A good journeyman can set 8,000 capital M's in a day.

After he has corrected the galley he puts it in a chase and locks it with quoins.

A man who stands by the press is called a pressman.

In the press there is a place called the fly catcher which turns the paper.

The cost of the paper is from 2½¢ to 28¢ per lb.

The paper is made from pulp, wood, cotton and linen.

The colored ink is made from earth just as same as paint, and the black ink that is used in the printing shop is made from lamp black and linseed oil.

The cost of ink is from 6¢ to \$120 per lb.

Job printing is when they advertise some thing or in commercial business.

A publisher is the one who pays all the expenses in the printing shop.

The editor is the one who transacts all the work that is being done in the printing shop.

The people who help to get the items for the papers that are being published are called the editorial staff.

Chicken Dinner

Quarter Master Kensler, finding that the increase of poultry at the farms was getting a little strenuous, very generously ordered a general slaughter which was a source of great enjoyment to the student body. Tuesday last a chicken pot-pie dinner occurred and the students emerged from the dining room with broad smiles and enlarged girths, with a vote that the Quarter Master was "all right."

A Waste of Time

It is a waste of time to be busying yourself with what you conceive to be the faults of other people. Be assured that others see quite as many and as reprehensible faults in you. A good many people, who think themselves reformers specially chosen to point out and reprove the sins of others, are merely insufferable nuisances.

If you desire to reform your fellows remember that example is more potent than precept, and vastly more agreeable than precept in the form is usually propounded. "Attend to your own business" is rather bluff advice but it is worth considering. Your fellows have faults, no doubt about it, but if they occupy much of your attention, the chances are ten to one that their virtues outnumber yours ten to one. Just keep in mind that you have house cleaning of your own to do. Nobody likes a busybody.—Exchange.

Pleased Visitors

Miss Goldie Gouse, of Carlisle, accompanied by Miss Irene Bowers, Miss Alice Wollett and Mr. George Bowers, of Harrisburg, were interested visitors at the school on Tuesday last, and expressed surprise and admiration of the methods used in the education of the Indian. These young ladies are accomplished musicians and were especially interested in the musical features of the school.

Don't Get Their's

Some boys are always complaining that they do not get "their share." That is doubtless true of that sort of boys, but they ought to be thankful. If they should promptly receive "what is coming to them" every time, there would be a good many uncomfortable half hours scattered among their good times. Better let well enough alone and take things as they come.

The Printers' Reception

Thursday night was Printers' night in the Gymnasium in every sense of the word, the occasion being the reception given by the Printer boys, in honor of the retiring Superintendent and his estimable wife, Major and Mrs. Mercer.

The affair was purely and strictly printatorial and in no way a general reception. The disciples of Guttenberg put their heads together, and selecting the fair charmers of their choice, after laying out a plan of attack which in itself was irresistible, charged upon the administration forces and after a hard-fought battle retired from the field victors, bearing aloft as a trophy the authority for holding the reception.

To say that the evening was a success would be stating the facts too mildly. It was a howling triumph—a dazzling dream—a Terpsichorean rhapsody—a kaleidoscopic ensemble—an evening long to be remembered.

About seventy couple enjoyed the hospitality of the Printer boys and we have yet to find the first one who will say that it wasn't "simply great."

The orchestra composed of twelve of the school's most accomplished musicians, kindly volunteered their services, and the sweet music discoursed by this willing little band of accommodating fellow students, inspired the assembled guests to the utmost and the spacious ball room was the scene of a continuous rhythm of motion and joy, and good fellowship and congeniality held full sway.

Refreshments were served by a bevy of accommodating young ladies and there was enough and to spare.

Just before the collation was served the Printers were called to the piano, where to the accompaniment of Mr. Stauffer, they rendered the Printers' song.

This was an innovation and a surprise to the guests. To the tune of one of the latest popular songs the "Comps" rendered "I'm in Love with the Printer Boys," an up-to-date local adaptation, which was sung with the vim and enthusiasm so characteristic of "ye devils," and which was received with great applause, and was responded to with an encore.

The Printers Quartette, composed of John White, Manus Screamer, James Mumblehead and Patrick Verney, entertained the throng with two appropriate selections, and was followed by Ray Hitchcock, the prophet of the Printery, who took the "Prints" on a trip around the world, raising the veil of the future in an entertaining way and recounting his visions of the scenes presented.

John White rendered "The Bandelero" in a deep bass voice, much to the edification of the entire essemblage. John and his talents are always most cordially received.

The hall was beautifully decorated and the cosy corners were tastefully arranged and comfortably appointed.

The orchestra was arranged in the center of the gymnasium on a raised platform, which was nicely decorated with the national and school colors and a printing press, the emblem of the "Typos," was installed on one end, festooned in the red and gold.

Much to the regret of all the Major and Mrs. Mercer were absent, but the following is self explanatory:

REGRETS

"Major and Mrs. W. A. Mercer's compliments to the Printers and while thanking them for their kindness in tendering a reception,—regret very much that the indisposition of Mrs. Mercer makes it impossible for them to accept the honor."

Judged from the comments of the participants the Printers' reception has gone down into history as one of the most enjoyable functions of the year and it is the pleasure of the Printers to feel that every one enjoyed the affair.

The Printers have asked THE ARROW to publicly express their most sincere thanks to all those who assisted in the success of their reception by their presence, to the orchestra for their willingness and efficiency, to the girls who served as waitresses for their necessary services, to Mr. Stauffer for his assistance, and to the officials, both executive and cadet, all of whom made the success of the affair possible.

The reception was arranged by the following

COMMITTEES

Financial—Robert Davenport, Guy Cooley, Raymond Hitchcock.

Invitation—Levi Williams, Stephen Glori, Michael Chabitnoy.

Programme and Music—Patrick Verney, Ernest Quickbear, Manus Screamer.

Kefreshment—James Mumblehead, Theo. Owl, Eugene Geffe.

Supt. of Decorating—John White

Indian Art

A beautiful specimen of primitive Indian art, as taught in our Art Department, which is under the instruction of Miss Angel DeCora, is now hanging on the wall in the Mercer Library, and is the subject of much admiration by the many visitors of the institution.

A large full length photograph of Major Mercer in the full uniform his rank is surrounded by a heavy massive frame of poplar, which has been carved by hand in base relief with beautiful designs of purely Indian character.

The design which is intricate yet distinctively Indian is the work of Allie Baring, an Arapahoe, and shows originality of idea and a knowledge of the theory of design, which she has carried through the entire subject.

The carving which is as nearly perfect as possible was done by DeWitt Wheeler, a Sioux, and Ferris Paisano, a Pueblo, both of whom have exercised patience, care and study in bringing their handiwork to a successful completion.

In the attempt to carry out the wishes of the Indian Office on the line of the preservation of Indian art Carlisle undoubtedly takes the lead, and the various beautiful designs in blankets, rugs, etc., which are being turned out by the pupils under Miss DeCora's instruction, is certainly a credit to any institution and is the pride of Carlisle.

Good Words

"If you would get a test of the efficiency of a school system, count the boys in the upper classes. Boys succumb more easily than girls to unjust or flabby work in school; boys have more inducement to leave than girls have; boys are more exposed than girls to the influences that work against the school; boys are more likely to be withdrawn from schools, withdrawn to keep the wolf from the family door. This is sometimes true. It is oftener true that they are withdrawn to keep them from becoming an actual burden on the family. The teeth of the suppositious wolf grow very dull when the boys are keenly interested in their school work, and are making every moment tell for improvement. The string of withdrawal is not on the diligent boy, it is on the boy who is beginning to grow limp; and parental wisdom never did itself more credit than in the withdrawal of such boys. The wolf bogie serves as the excuse, not the cause. Nothing is more fully established than the fact that parents will make the last sacrifice to keep in school the boys who are doing well there."—JOHN KENNEDY.

Government Protection

The government still finds it necessary to protect the Indians in every commercial transaction with the palefaces. The dispatches from Guthrie state that the United States Attorney has just brought mandamus proceedings against a number of speculators who have leased valuable lands from the Oklahoma tribesman for a song, when the land is estimated to be worth hundreds of dollars. It is not difficult to understand why the Oklahoma promoters should heartily approve of removing the restrictions from the Indian's property, and it is even less difficult to predict what will happen to the Noble Red Man when the government leaves him to the tender mercies of the pale-face civilization.

People find it difficult if they do not know where to find you—if they must renew their acquaintance with you every time they meet you.

Real shams are not sham when they deceive no one.

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.]

→ Roxie Snyder says she enjoys being a waitress, when called upon.

→ Keep your eye open for the "Mercer's" new banner, which is nearly finished.

→ The Juniors have finished their physical geography and are now reviewing.

→ Little Lavinia Harris was promoted from No. 4½ to No. 5 and also Oliver John.

→ No. 6 pupils are studying about Benjamin Franklin this month, and they find it very interesting.

→ Mr. George Foulk was seen on the ice last Saturday afternoon and he seem to enjoy himself very much.

→ Major Mercer was on the skating pond last Saturday afternoon. The girls were surprised to see him skate so well.

→ Elsie L. Valley, of Washungo, Okla. reports having spent an enjoyable time during Christmas and New Years week.

→ The Mercers had quite a number of visitors last Friday. We are always glad to have so many visitors with us.—Mercer.

→ Johnny Arquette who has been working, on the first farm for five or six months says he likes his work at the swinery better.

→ Mr. and Mrs. Justus sang some very interesting duets down at the first farm last Saturday evening for the edification of the boys.

→ Shelah Guthrie, a member of the Sophomore class was a guest of Miss Van Deman to dinner at the Teacher's Club last Sunday.

→ Myrtle Peters, a member of the Junior class, is in the hospital this week. Her friends and classmates all wish her a speedy recovery.

→ Last week the pupils from No. 6 visited the Printery because they are going to study about the early life of Benjamin Franklin.

→ Theodore Owl led the Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sunday evening. It was very interesting meeting, enjoyed by all those who were present.

→ The Small boys have organized a basket ball team. The players are W. Nawashe, J. Tarbell T Gumbie, G. Hot Bread and M. Redege, and some others.

→ Susal Littlesfield writes that she is having a good time although she gets lonely for dear old Carlisle and wishes to be remembered to all her friends.

→ Peter Gaddy, who is working in Mr. Whitwell's office, enjoys his work very much, especially typewriting. He says if it hasn't got a cold he will soon make it talk.

→ Our nurse, Miss Guest, is now beginning to feel at home as her piano arrived sometime last week, and this has helped to cheer her up besides going pleasure to the patients.

→ The other evening several girls were talking about different kinds of birds, when Marcia Melovdoff exclaimed, "Oh! aren't the wood-chucks pretty birds," meaning wood-peckers.

→ Anna B. Johnson who came in from the country during Christmas holidays, says that she enjoyed herself while at the school for a short visit, but Anna was glad to get back to her country home again.

→ The No. 6 pupils went to the Printery last week. Patrick Verney told us many interesting things about the machinery and processes, all of which was very interesting and for which we thank him very much.—No. 6.

→ A letter was received from Mary Britain, who is living in Washington, D. C. She expects to come in to the school in May. Mary has been away from the school for two years, and her many friends are anxious to see her.

→ The members of the Invincible Debating Society enjoyed the talk given by Mrs. Estelle Armstrong on the affirmative side of the question: Res: That the United States should maintain a first class Navy? Mrs. Armstrong is an able speaker and the members of the Invincible Debating Society extend to her a deal invitation to attend their meetings at any time.

→ Nancy Hasholy has finished the pretty rug, she has been weaving.

→ The Tailors are glad to know that four of their player's made the all-shop team.

→ The Sophomore Class are studying about Animal Husbandry, and they find it very interesting.

→ In a letter to a friend, Lucy Davenport says she is having a nice time at her home in Cross Village Mich.

→ Mr. Stauffer expects the mandoline club to play a selection or two before Major Mercer leaves the school.

→ Rose McFarland, writes from Requa, Cal., saying that she is well and wishes to be remembered to her friends.

→ The program of the Small Boys Literary Society was carried out successfully last Thursday evening. Keep it up boys.

→ Ferris Paisano says that he enjoys gymnastics and he can always be found in the gymnasium during his spare time.

→ The Senior boys basketball team has yet to meet defeat. "Take notice ye Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen."—'08.

→ In a letter to his sister Judson Bertrand says that he is well and enjoying life in the west but he often wishes for "dear old Carlisle."

→ On account of bad weather the Catholic students could not go to church in town last Sunday. Mass was said in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

→ Josefa Maria, a graduate of '07, wishes to be remembered to all her friends at Carlisle. Josefa is now in California enjoying easy life.

→ Louis Chingwa visited the Susan's Society last Friday and was called on to sing. The all enjoyed it very much and hope he will make another visit.

→ Olena Yakoff, who is now at Seattle, Wash., writes to a friend and states that she is getting along nicely, also wishes to be remembered to her friends.

→ Seniors are preparing to write essays on Agriculture. It is probably we will not have this subject much longer so let us make it as interesting as we can.—'08.

→ Some of the older students have been wondering why they don't sing the "Lord's Prayer" like they used to. We love to sing it often because it is so beautiful.—'09.

→ Clara Trepania entertained a few of her friends Sunday afternoon in the music room with some very choice music which was greatly appreciated by all present.

→ William Newashe, Joseph Tarbell and David Soloman visited the Susans last Friday. They each gave a little speech and the Susans will be glad to have them come again.

→ Through a letter we learn that John Waterman, an ex-student of Carlisle, has put up a blacksmith shop and is doing excellent work at home. His many friends wish him success.

→ Peter Hauser one of our Seniors is steadily improving in health. He had the pleasure of going to town the other day and his classmates have hopes now of seeing him in the class soon.

→ Cornelius J. Petoskey, '02, now of Saginaw, Michigan, says in a letter to a friend, that he is getting along very nicely. He wishes to be remembered to his many Carlisle friends.

→ Alice Denomie and Claudie McDonald, who are attending Prep school in town, seem to enjoy working Algebra, which they say they can hardly do but with hard work, they finally succeed.

→ There are two boys in the large boys quarters who are known as checker players, and they are anxious to meet any one about the grounds for a game, the boys are, Daniel Smith, and Claude Garlow.

→ In a letter to a friend, Louisa Ray stated that he is getting along nicely at his country home and also doing his best with his studies in school. He also wishes to be remembered to his many friends and classmates who are at the school.

→ The girls of the Sophomore basket-ball team are anxiously awaiting the time when we play against the Senior girls. The Senior girls won the championship last year but they'll have to work pretty hard if they win this year.—Wiseacre.

→ A letter was received from William Seatt, of the 7th Cav. Band, in which he speaks of the weather being remarkably warm at Ft. Riley, Kansas. They have been giving concerts out of doors right along.

→ Last Saturday's sociable was a most pleasant one and enjoyed by all.

→ The Freshmen are taking up "Fertilizers" in the Agriculture study and find it interesting.

→ Miss McDowell took some girls in town last Saturday evening to attend the Queen Esther Circle.

→ We are pleased to see Maxie Luce out again, after being confined in the hospital for a few days.

→ The talk given by Helen Lane of the Junior class, on her home State, was a very interesting one.

→ The highest classes of the Normal room are making baskets and all seem to enjoy the work very much.

→ The weather being disagreeable caused the students to hold their services in the auditorium, Sunday morning.

→ The student body are very grateful to Major Mercer for the extra hour allowed for skating on Friday afternoon.

→ The solo given by James Mumblehead at the large boys' Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sunday evening was well rendered.

→ Ethel C. Daniels was elected President of the Mercer Society again, and all seem to be glad as she makes a very nice President.

→ The boys are working hard at their club and wand exercises in the gymnasium. They expect to make a hit this Commencement.

→ Miss Goodyear, who has been ill and not able to attend to her duties in the dressmaking class, is missed very much by the girls.

→ A number of girls were highly entertained last Sunday evening with a selection of choice music given by Fannie Keokuk and Margette Blackwood.

→ Last Saturday afternoon a game of basket ball was played by the painters. The feature of the game was the fast work of Lon Wadda and John McKinley.

→ Lou French, who is at Hayward Wis. writes that they are now having fine skating weather, and wishes to be remembered to her classmates and friends.

→ Mr. and Mrs. Carter entertained the small boys last Thursday evening, with their new phonograph. We all enjoyed it very much. Thanks.—S. B. Q.

→ A letter of recent date was received from Lewis A. Nash an ex-student, stating that he is enjoying western life and expects to find himself in California by spring.

→ The Juniors held an interesting meeting in the music room last Thursday evening. Several took part in the debate which created spirit among the Juniors.

→ A letter was received from Dora Snyder, who is out in the country, stating that she has fine times going sleigh-riding. She also wishes to be remembered to her friends.

→ Levi Williams, who is working in the mailing department at the printing office says that he finds it interesting, although very hard. It keeps the old boy guessing.

→ The meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall was ably conducted by Theodore Owl. Several of the boys volunteered with a short talk which made the meeting very interesting.

→ The "Bachelors" enjoyed the skating of what little we had last week. Let us all hope for more skating, because the "Bachelors" are teaching the "Greenhorns" how to skate.

→ Garfield Siterangok was absent from school a few days last week on account of illness. He is now back at school and his classmates are glad to have him among them again.

→ Marie C. Hunter, an ex-student and a member of Class '09, writes that she is enjoying homelife and expects to go to Chicago in the near future to take up Nursing. Her friends all wish her success in her undertakings.

→ Philomena E. Badger was acting matron at the Club on Sunday during Miss Russel's illness. Phillie enjoyed it only she got a little puzzled when they all came in at once but she managed to extricate herself admirably.

→ Helen Lane, a member of the Junior class, gave an excellent talk on "Home Conditions," in the auditorium Monday morning for the A. M. school division. Her home is in the state of Washington and we are glad to know that she comes from such an enterprising and prosperous state, as we learned from her essay.

→ Thomas Mayo came in from the country to visit his friends over Sunday.

→ The cold snap has kept the steamfitters busy, repairing the various leaks about the grounds.

→ The various basket ball teams are getting together for some lively games this coming week.

→ Katie V. Chubb gave us a very nice Indian story Sunday evening, it was enjoyed by all who were present.

→ The small boys are practicing very hard for the commencement drill. They expect to have one of the best drills.

→ Louisa Chubb gave a very interesting society prophecy in the Mercer's last Friday, which was enjoyed by all present.

→ Henry Logan thinks he is the champion checker player in small boys' quarters. He wants to play with some one who thinks he can beat him.

A Wonderful Race

The most wonderful race I ever saw in which an Indian ran 105 miles in sixteen hours, took place recently in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, remarked Therom C. Crawford, of London.

The man who won this race, continued Mr. Crawford, had the benefit of training (through his ancestors) for hundreds of years. He is one of a tribe of native Indians—the Tarambaras—the members of which carried messages for the Montezumas. Prescott tells us that this man's ancestors carried fish to the table of the king subdued by Cortez from a lake 270 miles away, and did it in one day, how many centuries did it take their fathers to achieve such perfection?

These Tarambaras in the province of Chihuahua today are the direct descendants of those who ran with messages and carried fish for the Montezumas. In recognition of their efficiency, the Mexican government made them the carrier of its messages. They are simple people, live almost entirely nude and in the open air. The chests of the men are developed to wonderful power, and their entire bodies give evidence of the physical training they have received. They live in rude log huts, quite different from the Mexican abode.

The race was by twenty of the swiftest runners of the tribe. Those who participated wagered almost everything they had. Their fellow tribesmen bet on their respective favorites. Felicio Cruz, the winner, bet his wife against thirty goats. This was not particularly strange, for the tribesmen often exchange spouses. The Indians and the Mexicans for miles around were wrought to a high pitch. Each of the runners was attended by his wife and a friend or two. The course was laid out in a circular track, in a great divide in the mountains.

When the Indians, their bronzed bodies shining in the sun, lined up for the start at 11 o'clock in the morning, there was a great crowd to see them. At the signal each kicked a ball about the size of one of our base balls, made of feathers and lined with leather. They each had to keep kicking all the way along the course of 105 miles. And each was accompanied by a mounted guard to see that no trickery was resorted to.

All day they ran, the interest of the crowds of watchers along the course never abating. When it grew dark the mounted guards accompanying the runners carried great torches, so that each contestant might see the ball he was kicking. I saw the horses, their mounts, and the runners themselves, outlined against the twilight on a high hill at one time during the race. It was an inspiring and beautiful sight. Though I was keeping late hours, my interest never ceased. I stayed up until the finish.

At last, at 3 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by his guards and many friends, Felicio Cruz finished the last lap in the race. All the others had dropped out. He had won thirty goats and about all the blankets in the tribe and kept his wife. The natives gave him a great ovation. I was satisfied with the purchase of the blanket he wore a part of the time he ran.

What effect did the grueling contest have on Felicio? Apparently none whatever. He did not go to bed; in fact, did not sleep for five days. During all that time he sat on a rude bench outside the door of his hut. He ate but little. At the end of his five days he was as fresh as ever.

Indian's Wealth

It is not generally known that the "Five Tribes," as the Indians of Oklahoma and Indian Territory are called, are among the richest of the inhabitants of the United States and territories. The recent development of oil and gas lands in the Osage, Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw and Seminole nations, and the payment of the royalties secured to the Indians by the United States government, has had the effect of making the "wild Indian" a rich man, and the boss of the pale face. When the remnants of the original owners of this vast continent were relegated to the Indian Territory and Oklahoma it was thought, doubtless, that the lands assigned to them were practically valueless for anything but hunting and agriculture. but what do we find? In the short space of five years the richest oil deposits ever discovered! And the Indians take one-tenth of the output—by government request and under government protection. As an illustration of the ever increasing wealth of these Indians, take an example from the Glenn Pool. This oil basin, about five miles in diameter is situated about fifteen miles southwest of Tulsa, a flourishing city in the Indian Territory. Two years ago it was a barren tract of land—the Indians, to whom it had been allotted by the government, barely making a living on it.

Today the production from this basin is over 100,000 barrels of oil per day, or over 36,000,000 barrels per annum. The price of crude oil is 41 cts. per bbl., hence the royalties to a small band of Indians amount to considerably over \$1,000,000 a year. These royalties are paid by the government's Indian agent at Muskogee monthly; and on pay day it is amusing to see the bucks and their squaws displaying their finery purchased in the local stores from the "uncared increment" of the white man. The Indian's turn has come. For all the years of grabbing and driving by the white man, till the latter thought he had him completely at bay down in a little southwestern portion of this great country, the Indian has his innings. Nature, not man, now says, "Here's your opportunity, seize it." And he has seized it. The illustration quoted above is but a small part of the return this rich section is yielding to the Indian.

Asphalt, coal, clay, gas, slate and a soil unsurpassed in the whole United States.

But the great wealth of the Indians comes from the oil deposits. The oil zone has been proved to exist from the Kansas state line to the Texas border and over 100 miles in width, with Tulsa, the growing city referred to, as the centre. Royalties from the output of these lands exceed \$5,000,000 per annum and are steadily increasing. Every Indian man, woman and child, at the present rate will, in five years, have an independent income averaging \$1,000 per head. Is there any other nation or people or tribe can make such a financial showing?—*Tulsa Herald.*

Be a Doer, not a Dreamer

The way to do things is to do them. That ought to be clear enough. You can't do things by sitting down and thinking what a fine thing it would be if fortune would throw its favor in your lap. Fortune won't do it; it has a finer sense of deserving people than that. It will reserve its favors for those who earn them. It always has and it always will.

Be a doer, not a dreamer. Don't wait for fortune to visit you, but get out and seek her. She must be wooed to be won, and nothing pleases her like hard work. That does not mean aimless work, but work toward an end. First have an aim, then go after it and give it all your energy. Sounds simple? Yes, but it isn't so simple as it sounds, or there would be more success and less failures.—*Exchange.*

Mercers' Election

The Mercer Literary Society had their election of officers last Friday evening. The following were elected: Ethel Daniels, President; Liela Wheelock, Vice President; Mabel Logan, Secretary; Thirza Brown; Corresponding Secretary; Marguerite Reed, Treasurer; Louisa Chubb, Critic; Nan Saunooke, Reporter; and Philomena Badger, Marshal.

The Seminoles of Florida

The Seminoles live in the Everglades not from choice but of necessity, because they have been driven in by the white race. In olden times they farmed, lived in towns, and had orchards and herds of cattle. The white race has driven them away several times. Now they hunt and live on islands, where the morality among the infants is frightful. They are a very clean, moral, and physically superb race, perfectly able to take care of themselves if left alone. These Indians wear calico dresses of many colors, like Joseph's coat. All the men wear short skirts and balloon sleeves. It is a very sensible dress, for they live with water all around them at all times of the year. The women wear long skirts and a highly ornamented jacket. The only thing about their costume which could be thought objectionable is that the men wear any number of handkerchiefs around their necks. The women wear many yards of beads wound around the neck. The older the woman the more beads she wears. I saw some with a wad of beads extending from the ears to the outside of the shoulders—a wad six inches thick. They always seem to be out for a holiday. They are a happy, laughing lot of Nature's children. The young men wear the finest Derby hats with egrets and ostrich plumes. When shoes or trousers are worn they are of the finest quality. How they can buy such good articles can easily be understood when we remember that otter skins bring seven dollars and a half each. One young Indian told me he had caught thirty five otters this season. Some of the families have sewing machines and clocks, and nearly every Indian has a good watch and a purse. They know the value of money, and know how to get it, but as yet do not realize the need of accumulation.

—*Southern Workman.*

Y. W. C. A.

Olga Reinken led the Y. W. C. A. meeting last Sunday evening. Her topic was "The True Center of Life." She was well prepared and the meeting proved to be a very interesting one. Many girls took part by reading Bible verses. Miss Mc Michael gave some very encouraging remarks about the topic. The meeting was well attended. But girls there is still plenty of room. Come and join in our good work. Hereafter we shall have the Y. W. C. A. roll call every Sunday evening and every one is expected to respond with a Bible quotation.—*Secretary*

Mr. Walters, Treats

The boys in the afternoon division, of the Freshmen Class, were treated to "some" candy, by the Sophomore teacher, Mr. Walters, last Friday afternoon.

The boys appreciated his treat indeed. It was remarked that Mr. Walters is greatly admired for his strenuous generosity.—*A Freshie.*

Five Saturdays

There has arrived on the scene with the advent of the year 1908 a condition that will bear considering. The coming year is a leap year. There are 29 days in February. February comes in on Saturday and also goes out on Saturday. Therefore there are five Saturdays—five skating days—in February, 1908.

This is a satisfactory condition, but to the investigating mind there arises the question—who knows when this will happen again?

The next time that there are five Saturdays in February it must be that the month come in and goes out on that day, and it must be in a leap year. Therefore a little reference to figures is necessary to fix the time at which there will be a recurrence of the existing February conditions.

The boy who tries to see how many words he can write on a postal card might change work and figure on this problem a while.

Good Suggestions

The man who makes the best use of his time generally has a good time.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

There are men who prefer their own blunders to other people's good advice.

Trust not to appearances; the drum which makes the most noise is filled with wind.

A course of sin cannot last; it comes to an end some time, and a man reaps what he has sown.

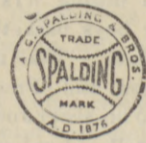
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