

# THE ARROW

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

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No. 23



## Lincoln's Man

Condemned to death the soldier lay,  
No pitying eye his sorrow wept,  
Even he for mercy would not pray—  
The sentry that on duty slept.  
He scarcely marked the hours that passed,  
He closed his eyes in sullen pride,  
Waiting his doom, until at last  
The guard stood gruffly at his side.  
"Some one to see you." Well he knew  
That face that every mocker limned!  
And as it met his startled view  
The eyes with sudden pity dimmed.  
"Your fault was great, and yet men say  
You took a weaker brother's place;  
Two nights you watched and marched by day."  
The soldier turned away his face  
"And yet you slept, and for that sin  
A soldier dies. Have you no plea?"  
"A pardon I've no wish to win!  
A life disgraced is naught to me!"  
Then Lincoln stooped and loosed his bands,  
And when at length they all were riven  
He raised him with a father's hand,  
"My boy," he said, "Your sin's forgiven."  
"I need true soldiers in the fight:  
Be thou my soldier from this day,  
Go forth and battle for the right  
And think of me when in the fray."  
On many a fierce and bloody field  
That soldier ever sought the van:  
Too brave to fear, too proud to yield—  
His comrades called him "Lincoln's man."  
And once when others turned to fly  
He saw the colors stoop and fall—  
He seized and flung them to the sky  
And gave again the battle call.  
But ere they reached him where he fought  
The cruel steel had pierced his side,  
And as he fell these words they caught:  
"Tell Lincoln how his soldier died!"

## Indians Have Old Bible

Rev. Joseph Brown, pioneer Sabbath school missionary for the State of Wisconsin, now in charge of Winnebago presbytery, has just returned from a visit to the Indians of Oconto County, where he came across an interesting historical relic.

The Indian with whom he stayed while organizing a church among them is guardian of a Bible bestowed upon the Oneida tribe in 1754 by the secretary of the Prince of Wales in behalf of the Episcopal Church, while the tribe was still living in Massachusetts. The book is in two volumes, each weighing twenty pounds, and with dimensions of 15x18 inches. Four times since the presentation the tribe has been moved toward the setting sun, but the book, now one hundred and fifty-four years old, never has been without a guardian, being handed down from one generation to another.

The present keeper of the book is an intelligent man of some education, who has adopted civilized ways of living.

## From Porto Rico

SAN JUAN, P. R., Jan. 21, 1908.

DEAR ARROW:— I am an ex-Carlisle, (Class '05,) and am always anxious to know how Old Carlisle is getting along. I came to Porto Rico on July last and have been employed ever since in the Treasury Department of Porto Rico, as stenographer.

Please give my best regards to all my Carlisle friends and my best wishes for the success of the school and the Indian as a whole, and Rah-rah-rah for last year's Football Team.

Hoping to receive a letter soon as I am anxious to hear from Carlisle, I beg to remain,  
A. C. RODRIGUEZ.

## Efforts and Results

Effort is necessary to obtain results; but if it does not bring results it does not count for much in the world. We can sometimes overlook failure on the ground that great effort was made; but failure is really failure and cannot be wiped out. This our students ought to consider. So often your teachers will say, "He deserves so much credit for his efforts." Yes; he does. But if he is on a society program and cannot be heard or understood it is very hard to give him the credit. We want results, too. Take on that program a number that is well given. We show our approval in enthusiastic applause whether effort was made or not. So it will be when you get out to make your own way in the world. The one who is continually making the effort without gaining results will soon be displaced by the one who can bring things to pass. The employer wants his work done—not attempted—and he is not going to pay out his money to an employee who cannot give equal value in effective labor. Now, this must not discourage the struggling students nor satisfy those whose tasks come easy. The former will need to continue striving, but with the purpose of overcoming and not letting that familiar phrase, "He made such an effort," cover all his failures. This, as other things, will become a habit. Then, on the other hand, those who do not need to strive in their work fall far short of their possibilities. While they surpass their unfortunate fellow-students, yet they might be reaching greater things. Neither class can be excused. With both it must be strife and success, effort and results. The one must follow the other in all undertakings.—*Sherman Bulletin.*

## Indian Languages

The first essential step in the work of the bureau of ethnology was a classification of the American Indian tribes into groups allied by language. It was found that within the area with which the nation has to deal there are spoken some 500 different languages as distinct from each other as French is from English, and that these languages can be grouped in some 50 or 60 families. It was found, further, that in connection with the differences in languages, are many other distinctions requiring attention. Tribes allied in languages are often allied also in capacity, habits, tastes, social organization, religion, and arts and industries.

## Good Report

One of our patrons in Burlington, N. J., sends in the following report which shows how our girls are getting along out in the country. Such reports are an inspiration to our girls and is one of many received:

"Edith Maybee, who is living at Deacon Station, has won two prizes from the M. E. Church in Burlington, N. J. Edith is very much interested in the Sunday School and has not missed a Sunday since April, 1907. She is also getting along very well in the school."

## The Name of Lincoln

There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a man great souled and grand;  
One whose deeds on History's pages,  
Carved in bold relief shall stand.  
There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a time when blood was shed,  
When the boom of cannon sounded  
And the star of war was red.  
There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a shackled race set free,  
Brought from out the ban of bondage  
To the joys of liberty.  
There's a name that brings a picture  
Of a nation bowed in woe,  
For the hand of an assassin  
Laid a noble spirit low.  
'Tis the name of martyred Lincoln  
Calls these pictures from the past,  
And that name with the Immortals  
Shall endure while earth shall last.

## 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 it is usually propounded. "Attend to your own business" is rather bluff advice but 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 your own ten to one. Just keep in mind that you have house cleaning of your own to do. Nobody likes a busybody.—*Exchange.*

## Y. W. C. A.

Lizzie Hayes was the leader of the Y. W. C. A. last Sunday evening. The topic for the evening was, "The True Heart of Christian Endeavor." The leader was well prepared and gave us very helpful thoughts on the subject. There were only a few members present, but interest was not lacking for most of them made helpful remarks. Miss McMichael is always a willing helper and the girls enjoy her talks. Mr. Dickson and Mr. Wise attended the meeting. The former left some good advice with us. Hereafter we will meet for bible study on Monday evening from seven to eight. Every body is welcome.—*Secretary.*

## Richest Indian Dead

James Big Heart, formerly chief of the Osage Indians and said to be the richest Indian in the United States, died of paralysis at his home, near Big Heart, in the Osage nation. Big Heart participated in several battles of the civil war.

Big Heart once bought \$2,000 worth of valentines while in Washington in connection with allotments, and mailed them to prominent statesmen and to members of his tribe. He owned much valuable land and was a stockholder in two national banks.

## Character of President Lincoln

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended Lincoln. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which confirmed good will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. . . . He was a great worker, had a prodigious faculty for performance; worked easily.

Then his broad good humor running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure that if this man had ruled in a period of less facility in printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Aesop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his sayings and proverbs.

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. . . . In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting.—*Emerson.*

## Sure-Enough Poverty

A man is poor when he has lost the confidence of his friends; when people nearest to him do not believe him; when his character is honeycombed by deceit, punctured by dishonesty; he is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character; when principle does not stand out clear, supreme in his idea. When this is clouded, he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the poorhouse isn't necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands forth square to the world, if you never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor though you may be compelled to beg bread.  
Success.

# 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., FEBRUARY 7, 1908

## January Merit Roll

Following are the names of pupils who were given position No. 1 on the January Merit Rolls:

	Average
Senior..... Florence Hunter.....	9.53
Junior..... Irene Brown.....	9.27
Sophomore.... Paul Dirks.....	9.18
Freshman... { Margaret Blackwood {	9.4
{ Joseph Picard {	
No. 10..... Fannie Charley.....	8.94
"  9..... Stephen Glori.....	8.6
"  8..... { Marion McDonald {	8.9
{ Sadie Ingalls {	
{ Axtell Hayes {	
"  7..... { Sarah Mansur {	9.0
{ Lida Wheelock {	
"  6..... { Mitchell LaFleur {	8.6
{ Edmund Venne {	
{ Paul Kinninook {	
"  5..... Mary Darden.....	9.08
"  4½..... Andrew Beachtree.....	9.0
"  4..... { Sampson Burd {	8.9
{ Georgia Fallechief {	
"  3..... David George.....	9.5
"  2..... { Theodore Jemerson {	9.0
{ Hattie Whirlwind {	
{ Robert Big Meat {	
{ Hudson Grant {	
"  1..... { David She Bear {	9.0
{ Hattie Redeye {	
{ Willis Medicine Bull {	
{ Lewis Tewanima {	
Norm. 3rd gr. Anna King.....	7.7
"  2nd " .. Mitchell Tarbell.....	7.8
1st. class C... Ella Frank.....	8.6
"  " .. D... Sarah LaFrance.....	8.5
"  " .. E... Lucy Hill.....	8.2
"  " .. Chart... Elijah Williams.....	7.0

J. WHITWELL,  
Principal Teacher.

## A Few Definitions

The United States can stamp an eagle on worth ten dollars. That's Money.

short-weight coin of gold and make it worth

John D. can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth ten Million Dollars. That's Capital.

A sewer digger works ten hours a day, handles several tons of earth for one dollar and a half. That's Labor.

A poor woman takes a few lumps of coal from a car. That's Theft.

A gigantic corporation takes millions of dollars, an exorbitant profit on necessities, from the common people. That's High Finance.

There are several thousand females just aching to be married. That's a Shame.

There are the same number of bachelors who ought to marry them. That's an awful Shame.

A woman can buy a nice looking hat for ninety-nine cents, marked down from a dollar, but insists on paying \$17.85 for one that looks just the same. That's Foolishness.

A married man goes out with the boys; sees six keyholes at 3 a. m.; and tells his wife he has been at lodge. That's too Thin.

## Navajo Tainted Food

Under the cliff opposite our camp in the Canyon de Chelly, was the corral of a mixed flock of sheep and goats, and it was a picturesque sight on our first evening to see them come home in the twilight and swarm into their primitive fold—their little Navajo David meanwhile making the echoes ring with some wild song of his people. He was a grave-faced little fellow, moosehomed and blanketed, and paid us a visit the next morning as his flock grazed about our camp. He leaned silently upon his staff, watching us breakfasting, and we offered him bacon and coffee, than which the Navajo knows no greater luxury. Instead of accepting the proffered hospitality he looked at our camp-fire and asked where the wood came from.

Red owned to some sticks of it having been gathered from the debris about the dwellings of the dead-and-gone cliff people above us.

Now that which is of the dead is to the Navajo *Chin-di*—possessed of evil spirits—and the wood of the dead man's house, if burned, makes evil all that is cooked with it. So in David's philosophy our breakfast was of the devil, and Red's choicest arguments in Navajo were powerless to make him touch a morsel of it.

"*Chin-di*," was all he said, as he rolled his blanket more closely about him and passed on after his bleating flock.—*The Travel Magazine*

## Onward

A few things we want to understand:

Go to school on Monday.

See the cup on the table.

Put our wraps on.

Talk on the lesson.

Sing on. Read on.

Put our minds on work.

Be on dress parade.

Be on the bright side.

Be posted on facts.

Be congratulated on success.

Put our eyes on books.

Keep our ears on guard.

Hold on to what we have.

Get a move on. Hustle.

Do not be put on bread and water.

Find good on all sides.

Be on duty. Rely on self. Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.—*The Brook*.—NON-ENGLISH CLASS.

## The Susans

The house was called to order by the President.

Roll was called and each member responded with a quotation.

After the reading of the minutes and report of the committees the following program was rendered:—Song, Susans; Declamation, Ruth Lydick; Vocal solo, Julia Jackson; Recitation, Emma Webster; Essay, Katie Weshinautok; Piano solo, Fannie Keokuk; Debate—Resolved: That industrial training is more important than academic. Affirmative, Georgia Bennett and Lystia Wahoo; Negative, Helen Lane and Virgie Gaddy. The affirmative side won.

The visitors gave encouraging remarks. After the critic had given her report the house adjourned.—*Reine*

## Manual Training vs. Crime

A writer in the *North American Review* asserts that manual training is almost as good a preventive of crime as vaccination is of smallpox. "What per cent of the prisoners under your care have received any manual training beyond some acquaintance with farming?" a northern man asked the warden of a southern penitentiary. "Not one per cent," replied the warden. "Have you no mechanics in prison?" "Only one mechanic; that is, one man who claims to be a house painter." "Have you any shoemakers?" asked the visitor. "Never had a shoemaker." "Have you any tailors?" "Never had a tailor." "Any printers?" "Any carpenters?" "Never had a man in this prison that could draw a straight line."—*Selected*.

Don't gush, but at the same time don't be too indifferent. People naturally rightly enjoy having their charm appreciated.

## Major Mercer at Columbus

The *Columbus Evening Dispatch* of February 3, has a lengthy account of the arrival of Major and Mrs. Mercer at Columbus, Ohio, from which we clip the following:—

That the Japanese people are a branch of the race of American Indians, having reached a highly cultivated and civilized state, is the opinion of Major William Allen Mercer, 11th Cavalry, who resigned his position as commandant of the Carlisle Indian School several weeks ago and who arrived at the barracks, Sunday, where he intends to remain several weeks with his son-in-law, Captain G. H. Gosman, of the medical department. "Many ethnologists have declared that the American Indians are offsprings of the Japanese race, but with others, I believe that it was the American Indian who migrated to Japan and the result is the highly civilized nation of today," declared Major Mercer, in an interview with a *Dispatch* reporter, Monday.

"The Pueblos look exactly like the Japanese," he continued. "Other tribes also resemble them greatly. In my experience at Carlisle school I found that representative students of various tribes have the general characteristics of the Japanese. They are quick to learn and very energetic and have an abundance of nervous capacity for work. Physically, the average American Indian is taller than the Japanese, but otherwise they are similar in many respects."

"The Indian is the most perfect type of soldier. They are the greatest fighters in the world. While they do not possess knowledge of the modern warfare tactics, they are the keenest strategists.

"The history of the American Indian is enough to prove the fact that they are the greatest warriors. They have resisted the invasion of the white race, ever since Columbus discovered America, and are still resisting. If the Philippine Islands were peopled with American Indians the United States would never subdue them. And, in the United States today the race is as large as when they first roamed free and in possession of all this territory. Statistics show that there were about 280,000 of them when the white race started its warfare against them, and records today show that there are still about that number in this country.

"But they are gradually mingling and intermarrying with the whites, until, I suppose, it is only a question of time until the race is extinct. This process has been very slow, however. It has been made faster of late years because the Indians, as a race, are the richest in the world. Take the Osage tribe and I will venture to say that its people are the richest, per capita, in the world. Through the desire of riches the white man is led to marry the Indian girl and take possession of her lands and money. Then again the old chiefs are realizing the advantage of educating the younger generation. The old Indian hatred of the school is wearing off and the tribes are proud of their members who have gone away and been educated.

"At the Carlisle school there are more than 1000 Indians being educated. About one-third of these are squaws. I found that the Indian as a rule, is honest, intelligent, quick to learn and a bundle of nervous energy. We had a very gentlemanly lot of fellows at the school, good fellows, who could mingle anywhere and with anybody. I have a great admiration for the Indian."

Major Mercer said he resigned his position as head of the school because he wanted a rest. He had been commandant for a little over three years and previous to his appointment by President Roosevelt served for 15 years among them, in charge of agencies and in land allotment in the north and northwest. Major Mercer will take a few months leave of absence and will probably join his regiment in Cuba afterward.

"It is like being back home again he said Monday morning. "My first detail was in Columbus, with the Eighth Infantry in 1880. I was second lieutenant. My daughter, Mrs. Gosman, was born here at the barracks in the house that is now used as the commandant's residence. At that time the post was used as a recruiting station, just as it is now and officers were detailed on duty, as they are now. At that time there were only four companies, composing the members of the permanent party."

Major Mercer was in Columbus three years ago when the Carlisle Indian school football team played the Ohio State university. Major Mercer is an enthusiast over football and believes that the Carlisle team of the past year was the greatest the country has ever produced, as shown by its record. In recalling the game with the Ohio State university, Major Mercer said that it was the second team that was placed on the field here. "As a matter of courtesy we did not care to have this known, but it got out in some way," said the major laughing. "We had to play the Haskell Indians on the following Saturday and ran in the second team against the university. The second team that year, however, was almost as good as the first."

## Oklahoma Evening

On Wednesday evening last the loyal sons and daughters of the newly-admitted State of Oklahoma gave a reception to their friends in the gymnasium, which was one of the best conducted and most enjoyable affairs on the social calendar thus far this season.

The gymnasium had been dressed up in gala attire by a busy army of willing workers who had the pride of their State in view at all times and the large hall responded most agreeably to their efforts.

About two-hundred and fifty invited guests, students and employees, in which the Oklahomans naturally predominated, enjoyed a few hours of real solid continuous enjoyment. The dances followed each other in quick succession and a well rendered prophecy by Harry Cummings and a recitation by Laura Tubbs made most pleasing breaks in the program. Mr. Exendine, one of the most popular of the Oklahoma contingent, made an eloquent address of welcome, in which he urged loyalty and cultivation of State pride and patriotism.

The Oklahoma Song was sung in a spirited manner by the entire representation from the new State and made a hit. The air is the old familiar "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching", and the words expressing true Oklahoman spirit are from the patriotic, Oklahoma-loving pen of Mrs. Estelle Armstrong, our assistant matron, herself an Oklahoma product.

Prizes were awarded to the most graceful couples and were carried off by Texie Tubbs who performed her part which gave David White his opportunity to win, and Irene Brown who piloted Mr. Louis Felix to the finish also a winner.

A most appetizing and tempting collation was served, including chicken salad, olives, sandwiches, fruit, raisins, coffee, etc., and all left the hall at ten-thirty, having spent a most enjoyable evening as the guests of the Oklahomans.

The committees on whom the labor fell and to whom the credit is due were as follows:

Menu—Bessie Charley, Stella Skye, Estelle Armstrong, Grover Long, Edgar Moore, Arthur Finley.

Decorative—Fritz Hendricks, Laura Tubbs, Virginia Gaddy, Shela Guthrie, Ira Walker, Samuel Wilson, Harry Cummings.

Program—Texie Tubbs, Laura Bertrand, Michael Balenti, Marie Lewis.

Invitation—Olive Chisholm, Estelle Ellis, Fannie Keokuk.

Reception—Texie Tubbs, Stella Skye, Bessie Charley, Laura Tubbs, Marie Lewis, Albert Exendine, Michael Balenti, Fritz Hendricks, Peter Hauser.

## Special Agent McConihe

Mr. Walter W. McConihe, Special U. S. Indian Agent, is at present visiting the school in an official capacity and is being entertained at the Teachers' Club.

Supervisor Dickson and Mr. Conihe were interested guests at the Oklahoma reception on Wednesday evening.

## Pert Paragraphs

Never appear to know more than the people you are with, even if you are conspicuous that you do.

Sometimes plenty of good bread and butter is all that is necessary to convert a pessimist into an optimist.

Don't forget that old people feel about as little interest in your troubles as you in theirs.

## 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.]

→ Has anyone seen any snow lately?

→ Rena Redeye writes that she enjoys her country life.

→ We are all glad to see Ida Axtell back again from the hospital.

→ Everybody is happy because there is fine skating this week, says Dave.

→ The little girls were glad to see little Josephine Swatis back from the hospital.

→ Wesley Tallchief is practicing base ball daily, and he hopes to cover the second sack.

→ We are all anxious to know when the girls' mandolin club are going to give a concert.

→ Joe Nelson is working at the farm this month, and says he enjoys his work very much.

→ The boys and girls are always glad when the time comes to write our home letters.

→ The small girls are glad to see their little playmate Mary Ayers back from the hospital.

→ Lavinia Harris, who has been an orderly for Mrs. Gaither, now works in the sewing room.

→ Our Supervisor, Mr. Dickson, was the guest of the Invincible Debating Society last Friday evening.

→ Joseph Montes who has been in the hospital for several days is out once more, and his classmates are glad to see him.

→ The Y. M. C. A. meeting of last Sunday night was led by Wm. White. It was one of the most interesting meetings of the year.

→ The boys are already practicing on the new board track around the athletic field. We hope to have a fine track team this year.

→ Walter Saracino who is out in the country, states in a letter to a friend that he is well and wishes to be remembered to his friends.

→ The boys at the first farm have a basket ball team. They are willing to play any team. Johnny K. Arquette was elected Captain.

→ Eunice Day and Katie Washentook have been changed to the afternoon division. We miss them very much in the morning.—T. T.

→ Alonzo Brown was promoted to Sergeant Major on the Commissary staff. Alonzo is well fitted to occupy the position. Congratulations, Alonzo.

→ Last Sunday evening the Episcopalians went to church in town; they enjoyed the services very much and were also very glad to see Bishop Darlington.

→ An interesting letter was received from Howard Purse, stating that he is getting along nicely in school and feels sure that he will join his class when he returns.

→ Elizabeth George has been working in the dining room for the last month but is now working in the sewing room. She says there is no place like the sewing room.

→ Bishop Darlington preached a very interesting service Sunday evening at the St. Johns Church after which the confirmation of thirteen students of Carlisle took place.

→ Peter Jordan, who had the misfortune of wrenching his knee a few days ago, was seen out of the hospital, but with crutches. Pete is a candidate of the base-ball squad, and the fans all wish him a rapid recovery.

→ Vera Wagner, an honorable member of the Senior class and soon to graduate, is so very enthusiastic about the work she is going to do on leaving school, that she is making preparations to leave. She has started to pack her trunk. We all wish her success.—X

→ Major Mercer spoke to the whole student body in the dining hall last Friday evening. He gave some very encouraging advice to those who are going home. He also spoke of being the head of this school which has a wide reputation for athletics as well as for the academic department. He closed his speech by bidding farewell to the entire student body. Before he left, the boys gave him a yell which set the house roaring.

→ We are all glad to see the pond in good shape again after the big snow we had lately.

→ William H. Crow, one of the harness-makers has now taken up the trade of cooking.

→ Letters from Gallus S. Eagle state that he likes his country home in Princeton, N. J.

→ Most all the dressmakers returned to the sewing room this month to help out with the graduating dresses.

→ Special days are Lincoln's Birthday Longfellow's Birthday and then comes Valentine day in February.

→ "My name is Henry," said a little boy "but they call me Hen, because I lay around the house so much."

→ The graduates, who are present at the school, are preparing to have a game of basket-ball with the Seniors.

→ George M. Ohmert is working on his buggy. He received a set of rubber tire wheels for the buggy he is making.

→ The Seniors are very busy working on themes for Commencement. They find work of this kind hard as well as helpful.

→ Addison Johnson, who is working at Harrisburg, was here over Sunday. His many friends were glad to see him looking well.

→ No. 5 pupils are very much interested with the history of Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln's birthday is the 12th of this month.

→ Myrtle Peters, a member of the Junior class and who has been quite ill with pneumonia, is recovering rapidly and will soon be able to join her class again.

→ Last Sunday was so cold that the large boys held their Sundayschool meeting in the auditorium. Mr. Whitwell led the meeting and explained the lesson clearly.

→ The talk given by Mr. Dickson in the Auditorium was enjoyed by the Sunday School classes. It was a helpful one and we hope to have another one like it again.

→ A letter was received from St. Elmo Jim, who left here some two weeks ago, for Pawnee, Oklahoma, stating that he is well and enjoying the Oklahoma climate.

→ The Episcopal pupils went to their church in town on Sunday evening. Some of the boys and girls were confirmed, after which the Bishop gave a very helpful sermon.

→ Some Senior told a story of a Hunter buying an Owl noted for its Styles, and a Wolf famous as a Walker from an Eagleman for a Penny not Farr from the Island of '08.—Rats.

→ Ambrose Stone, '05, says in a letter to a friend, that he is getting along very nicely at his home in the icy and snowy Northern Michigan. He wishes to be remembered to his many Carlisle friends.

→ Many of the shop employees were seen skating on Saturday afternoon. One of them who had not skated for thirteen years was looking around for a cape for a support and a soft spot on which to settle down.

→ The Seniors have begun to prepare their work for Commencement and one of the subjects to be taken up in Rhetoric is a composition on "My Allotment," which all ought to be able to give a good description about and its locality.

→ A letter has been received from our little Lottie Trampler, who is down in Maryland this winter. She says that she is getting on nicely with her studies and likes to go to school. Lottie wishes to be remembered to friends in school.

→ Manager Loudbear is looking after some new blood for his team. He has signed Daniel LaMere, one of his last year's outfielders, and is also after Pitcher Eagleman. When Tom heard about this he said, "me pitcher for Junior 'Varsity nine?"—Local Fan.

→ Friends of Miss Ella Petoska were glad to see her once more and to know that she makes her stay here a long one this time. She has accepted a position as teacher in No. 2 school-room. Miss Petoska is a graduate, having been a member of the class of 1905.

→ Lou B. French, who is at Hayward Indian School in Wisconsin, writes of having enjoyable times both at work and during her leisure moments. Scott Porter, who is disciplinarian at the same school, enjoys his work. Both of them often think of Carlisle and of the many friends they left,

→ Mr. Hugh Taylor made a hurried official visit to Kentucky last week.

→ Laura Tubbs made quite an impression with her recitations at the Oklahoma reception Wednesday evening.

→ All eyes are looking for the date of the Foot-ball banquet. Have you heard anything? When is it to be?

→ Joseph Sheehan, an ex-Carlisle student now of the Waynesboro Record, was a visitor over Sunday, and was entertained by old friends.

→ John Elkface, who left for his home some time ago, arrived at Bismarck, N. Dak., on the 30th ult., and sends regards to all his friends at the school.

→ Nancy DeLorimiere, who is nicely located Cortland, N. Y. writes to friends that she is very happily situated and is about to enter school and continue her studies.

→ The small boys have formed a literary and debating society and are now perfecting their organization. Constitution and by-laws have been adopted and are now in the printer's hands.

→ Postals received show that Emma Rainey and Edward Sorrell arrived at Inkom, Idaho, on January 30th, after a most delightful journey. Both express themselves as glad to get home once more but feel a deep longing for old Carlisle.

→ Major Taylor, of Kentucky, made his first appearance in regimentals at this school on Saturday last at the formation which was commanded by Colonel Stimpel. Major Taylor fills out the uniform with dignity, having had considerable military experience in old Kentucky.

→ The boys drilled for Major Mercer for the last time on Saturday afternoon. The troops saluted the Major, too. Although some of the small boys did not take part in the drill, they were marched out, and stood in front of their building and watched the other troops while they went through their drill. After they were dismissed and standing on the veranda, Major Mercer came to them and gave them advice, and told them to be good boys. As soon as he got done talking to them, they gave him a yell—No. 10.

## Songs of the Brown Children

(BY FRANCES DENSMORE)

Fastened securely in its papoose cradle or cuddled in its mother's arms the Indian baby hears its first song. It is a gentle crooning, with a bit of the prairie wildness in it, and a great deal of the mother-love that is in the teepee as well as in the sheltered home. Sometimes the crooning melts into braver measure and the mother sings of the warpath, she sings of the warriors who have gone forth decked with the war-paint and returned with many scalps, and as she sings of their valor she hopes that her baby feels in his little heart the thrill of their victory, so that some day he too may become a warrior. As the boy grows older he joins the little circle around the evening fire, sitting on one end of a fire-log instead of lying curled up among the puppies. Sometimes grandfather tells the children to dance, marking the time by slapping his leg and singing a song that has served for many more stately occasions. Thud, thud, go the little moccasined feet, and even the smallest boy learns to shout the sharp "yi! yi!" that gives reality to it all. Grandfather hums other songs that the children love, and they all sing them when the little feet are weary with dancing. The rabbit song is always a favorite, with its question, "Rabbit, where are you going?" and the reply, "They have gone away to the spirits." Then there is the song of "Why the eyelids of the squirrel are white," and the merry song which is sung when grandfather tells the story of how the Beaver stole the Muskrat's Tail and put it on himself. Grandfather says that the Gopher made up the song and all the other animals learned it shouting it to the poor Muskrat, who went about crying because he had his tail. The words mean; Ground Tail, you who dragged your tail over the ground! Ground Tail, Ground Tail. Indian children have never been to a kindergarten, but they sing as they play their game of tossing a pebble from one hand to another, or scamper around the village in a merry chase, playing "Follow my Leader." One of the proudest days in a boy's life is that on which he first joins in a social dance. The old men are

there and the women, as well as the warriors, and they all dance in a circle while the pounding of the tom-tom almost drowns their singing. The boy tries to look quite at ease, but he is thinking that perhaps some day all the others will be sitting down while he dances alone, singing of some glorious victory he had won. Then he will wear eagle feathers in his hair, and carry a tomahawk in his hand, and the women will shout "ha-aha!" in the chorus of his war song.

Among the Omahas it is the custom for a boy to undertake a vigil when he is about twelve years of age. During this vigil he sings a little prayer taught by his mother, and he seeks a vision that shall determine his future career. It is a solemn ordeal and he must endure it, fasting alone on the prairie. No one compels him to undertake this, but he knows that it is expected, and when he feels himself ready for it he takes his little blanket, and for protection he carries his bow and arrows. Far beyond the camp he goes, beyond the place where his playmates are shooting their blunt arrows, beyond the herd of ponies—far out where the unbroken prairie stretches away to the horizon.

There he wraps his blanket around him, singing the little prayer-song, the words of which mean, "Wakanda (God), here poor and needy I stand waiting." The day passes and the dark comes soft-footed across the plain, putting its arm around him, its hand over his eyes. Sleepless he hears the ghosts whistling by and crying to each other, but he is not afraid, for he knows that they are poor uneasy souls who, during their lifetime, failed in their religious observances.

A coyote's call? Who knows what strange creatures prowl abroad when the watchful day is gone! At last the morning comes, and the noon and the twilight, and his little song to Wakanda rises less bravely than at first. He shudders as he remembers a man who saw the moon in his vision and was forced to work with the women all his life! Will Wakanda show him the symbols of the medicine man, or will he send one of the animals that are his messengers to speak to him?

Weary with hunger and waiting, the little form in the blanket relaxes, the song is still and the patient stars take up the vigil. Two, three, or even four days and nights a boy may be able to endure the fast, until at last he sees his vision:—guided by it he may become a thunder dreamer, a warrior, or a hunter.

Perhaps in his vision he hears a song; he learns it but no one hears him sing it about the camp. He believes in the power of his vision song and reserves it for his hour of greatest need, keeping it as his most treasured secret.

Years pass and the boy becomes a man but into his manhood he carries the little prayer-song and the song he heard in his vision. When the midnight storm sways the teepees he sings to Wakanda in his fear of the tempest, and the song is the little prayer his mother taught him.

The war party goes to meet the enemy, there is the ambush and the battle, yells and shrieks fill the air, arrows whirr past him; he sings his rallying cry, but still the fight seems going against him,—only one hope remains—the song of his vision when he watched alone on the prairie and saw himself a victorious warrior. Fiercely he flings it out, dashing into the thickest of the battle. There can be no defeat, for in him the boyhood vision has become the power of the man's victory.

Such are the songs of the brown children. The poetry and the beauty and the power of them are in the Indian race to-day, but the songs themselves are passing into the silence.

## Oklahoma Bars Cigarette

The lower house of the legislature Thursday passed a measure prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes in the state and providing for the inflicting of a penalty of not less than \$5 or more than \$25 for each separate offense.

## Turn to the Army

Driven by the intense cold and the general lack of demands for all sorts of labor, nearly 2,000 men applied for enlistment at the nine army stations in New York city.

**February**

February—fortnights two—  
Briefest of the months are you,  
Of the winter's children last.  
Why do you go by so fast?  
It is not a little strange  
Once in four years you should change.  
That the sun should shine and give  
You another day to live!  
Maybe this is only done  
Since you are the smallest one;  
So I make the shortest rhyme  
For you, as befits your time:  
You're the baby of the year,  
And to me you're very dear,  
Just because you bring the line,  
"Will you be my valentine!"

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

**Impressing the Indians**

Even as late as the year 1805 there were Indians on the North American continent who had never seen or heard a gun, had never seen tobacco smoke and were capable of worshipping the white man who controlled these wonders.

Rev. A. G. Morice tells of some of the adventures of Simon Fraser, who has stamped his name on Canada. Father Morice writes as follows: "On landing at Lake Stuart Fraser's men, to impress the natives with a proper idea of their wonderful resources, fired a volley with their guns, whereupon the whole crowd of Indians fell prostrate to the ground.

"To allay their fears and make friends tobacco was offered them which, on being tasted, was found too bitter and thrown away. Then, to show its use, the crew lighted their pipes, and at the sight of smoke issuing from their mouths, the people began to whisper that they must come from the land of ghosts, since they were still full of fire wherewith they had been cremated.

"Pieces of soap were given to the women, who, taking them to be cakes of fat, set upon crunching them in, causing foam and bubbles in the mouth, which puzzled both actors and bystanders. All these phenomena, however, were soon explained away, leaving profound admiration for the foreigners and their wares."—Exchange.

**Important Football Changes**

Important changes have been made in football rules for next fall. These changes have been made by the intercollegiate football committee which met in New York last week. The changes made relate mostly to the forward pass and should prove of advantage to weaker teams.

According to the new rules, only the man of the passer's side who first legally touched the ball may hereafter take it until it has been touched by an opponent. If the ball when passed forward is legally touched by a man on the passer's side, gets free and is touched by a man on the same side, the ball goes over at the point where touched.

When the forward pass is in the air, defensive players may use their hands or arms only to push their opponents out of the way so as to get at the ball. The players of the side making the forward pass who have a right to receive the pass; may use their arms and hands just the same way that players do when they go down on kicks.

Intermission between the halves of games has been changed to fifteen minutes. A delay of two minutes beyond that gives the ball to the field, which may then place it on the thirty-yard line of the offender. Forfeited games, hereafter, are to score 1 to 0. In the future the field judge is to act as timer, instead of head linesman.

**Farewell Pow Wow**

Lulu Coates, gave a Farewell Pow-wow Monday evening January 27th. A bunch of bachelorette girls were the invited guests. Elizabeth Penny, Florence Hunter, Josephine Charles, Cecelia Baronovich and Edith Ranco were present. Fling was the game of the evening. The first prize was won by Florence Hunter while Cecelia Baronovich captured the booby prize. Refreshments were served at a seasonable hour and the following menu was greatly enjoyed: Ice cream, nuts, candy, cake, fruit, gossip, hot air, coffee natural gas and cocoa.

The evening was greatly enjoyed by the guests. They all vote Lulu Coates a royal hostess.—Guest.

**Little Indians' School Days**

Out on the black prairie of South Dakota, in the valley of a little stream known as Wounded Knee Creek, there is a frame school house where all the pupils are Indians, writes T. R. Porter in *St. Nicholas*. In the old days, before they were confined on great bodies of land called reservations, the Indians used to hunt all over the great western country; and while none of them could read and write, yet even the small boys could follow a trail across the prairie many days after it was made, and they could tell, from looking at the pony tracks, whether the rider was a white man or an Indian.

But after the last Indian war had been settled—after the braves had buried the hatchet and the "peace papers" had been signed by all the great Indian chiefs—the government built school houses in many portions of the reservations, and white teachers were sent to teach the Indians how to read and write and become good citizens.

And the pupils are not all boys and girls, either, but there are some men and women in every school. In this particular school in the Wounded Knee Valley there is one boy about fifteen years old; the boy's father who is forty-five years old, and the boy's grandfather, an old man seventy years old, all going to school in the same room all studying the same books and the same lessons; and the boy learns more easily and rapidly than his father or grandfather does.

When the little Indian boys and girls first come to school, they wear picturesque clothes which the Indians wear in their savage state. But as soon as they are enrolled the government supplies them with clothing like that the white people wear. Lucy's father was a great warrior when he was a young man and he was a great chief when he grew older; but he wants his little girl to learn to read and write, to sew, and to cook, and to keep house as white girls do.

Over at a school in Montana, a little Indian girl one day came to school wearing a purple velvet dress covered with two thousand elk teeth. The dress was made just like a meal sack with arm holes and a hole for the head; but the elk teeth are worth about two and a half dollars each, so that this little girl's dress could have been sold for five thousand dollars.

The little Indians when they first come to school, do not know how to do anything at all. They cannot even talk English, and first they have to learn a new language before they can learn to read. Yet they do this very quickly, and in a few weeks they can talk English quite well; but it takes a long time for them to learn to read. And all the time they are learning to read and write, they are also learning to do the things which any little American boy or girl does naturally. The girls are taught to sew and to cook and to sweep; while the boys learn to cut wood to farm and to take care of horses, pigs, and cows. The larger girls cook lunch for the little girls and boys, and all the schools are provided with kitchens and dining rooms. There is also a little farm attached to each school, and in it the boys grow all the vegetables eaten in the school.

When recess time comes, the little Indians get out and play just as the white children do. They have bows and arrows, and balls and bats, and everything of that kind, and they make just as much noise as the girls and boys at any American school make.

White people used to think Indians never smiled and never laughed; but that was because the Indians were shy and backward when white people were around. When Indians get out by themselves, they laugh and joke and have great fun.

Every year three or four of the brightest pupils at each school are taken down to the agency, where the Indian agent lives, and are there placed in the boarding school, which is equipped by the government. At this big school there are always several hundred Indian boys and girls, and the government pays all their expenses. Here they learn many things not taught at the day schools. They have sewing societies for the girls, and a printing-office and a brass band for the boys. The girls make the clothes that both the boys and girls wear, and the boys in return make shoes for them all. The boys work the farm and tend the stock, and work in the harness shop and in the carpenter shop and learn all sorts of useful things of that

kind; while the girls learn to sew and to cook and to take care of a house.

But after the little Indian is through school he is still far behind the average white boy or girl; for he has never had an opportunity of seeing railroad trains and street cars, and electric lights and gas stoves, and sewing machines, and thousands of things with which white children are surrounded.

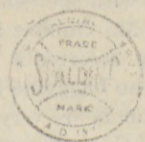
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