

THE ARROW

ART
INDUSTRY
SCIENCE

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

Vol IV.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1908.

No. 26



THE CARLISLE INDIANS 1907



OUR FOOTBALL TEAM AND SQUAD WHO BANQUETED LAST NIGHT

PASCAUL

(By Major General O. O. Howard)

The Yuma Indians of Colorado live on the banks of the Colorado or Red River, which is very long and flows between high banks. In the Mohave country it passes through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, a gorge quite as broad and as deep as the famous Yosemite Valley of California. After leaving the Grand Canyon, the red waters of the river flow through the most barren country of our land. Sometimes there is not one drop of rain for as much as three years, and the vast region is like the Desert of Sahara except right along the river banks.

The officers and soldiers at Uncle Sam's army post, which is called Fort Yuma, have made ditches from the river, and by watering the land it has become a real garden. They raise vegetables and have planted rows of trees which grow well, for the soil is rich when it is watered, but dry as a bone when left alone. There are wonderful magnolia trees here, high, with broad branches, the pure white blossoms looking like so many doves, among the green leaves. The century plant and palmettos stand guard along the roadways within the stockade, and hedges of cacti form impassable barriers. Prickly pears and figs grow in abundance, and everything is green and beautiful, but only because here water has been brought to land which was once called the American desert.

The Indians knew long before Uncle Sam's soldiers came that water makes a wonderful difference in this country, so they clung to the river, never moving far away from its banks, and for this reason are called Yumas, meaning "Sons of the River."

When the tribe was large they cultivated the land along its banks, pine woods sheltered them, and they kept all green while the river gave moisture to their land, so that things grew, which gave them food and support.

Later, the tribe became small, for so many had been killed in battle, and then they were very, very poor. The men, it is true, needed little clothing, but what they had was in rags. They were tall, large fine-looking men but their hair was rough and coarse, unkempt, and falling loosely over their shoulders. Some of the girls were good-looking, wearing fresh cotton skirts and many strings of beads, silver ornaments, and thin shawls which they drew over their faces as the Mexican women do when they are spoken to. They pride themselves upon their fine beaded moccasins also.

I first met these Indians when President Grant sent me to see what could be done to make them more comfortable. When I reached Fort Yuma it was hard to believe that the country was such a desert as I had been told it was, for the fort was in reality an oasis. On my way to the place where I was to meet the Indians I passed through a Yuma village and saw women trying to cook over small sage-bush fires, using broken pots and kettles for boiling some poor vegetables. Children were playing on the high banks which overhung the river. Some had bows and arrows, some slings with which they were shooting pebbles as far as they could into the river below them. Their hair fell down like a pony's mane, floating over their backs and half covering their shoulders. They were without clothing, but I heard their ringing voices, and they seemed as happy as other children. When I left the village I went by boat to the camp of the chief. It was like a poor gipsy camp, an irregular bivouac under some scrubby trees. A great many Indians, both men and women, had rowed over with us to join the Council and it was strangely mixed assembly. They clapped their hands and gave an Indian whoop as Captain Wilkinson and I sat down upon three-legged stools made of pieces of plank a foot square.

The chief, Pascaul, was about eighty years old. He was very tall and thin, his dirty, tattered, cotton shirt was open in front, exposing the bones of his chest. He wore no leggings, but some old moccasins on his feet guarded them from the thorny bushes. His gray hair was put back from his high forehead and reached to his shoulders. He received us with the dignity of a king, holding himself as straight as an arrow without a bend in neck or body, then sat upon a bench lower than ours. The interpreter, a merchant of the village, who had acted as Indian agent for Pascaul, knelt near me, and all the Indians clustered around, while a dozen or more Mexicans and Americans took positions where they could see and hear.

Perhaps because of my own rank and because I was a messenger from the President, this old chief seemed somewhat humbled as he sat upon that low, rough bench and began the story of his life. He began, as Indians always do, with compliments, saying that it was kind of me to come and see such a poor Yuma chief, and that he heard very good things of President Grant, for the Indian agent said he was a true friend to his poor Indians.

"But I was not always poor," he said, then he went on with his story. He was

born on the banks of the big red river, but far from this place. When he became a young man he learned to shoot with a long tough bow, and had plenty of arrows in his belt. His father was killed on the Gila in a battle with the Tontos, and he was made war chief and "head-chief" of the Yumas in his place. At that time the Yumas held all of the land from Colorado to the great sea west and on this side north to the great bend of the Colorado River. East, it reached as far as the Tonto country.

Then the whites came and fought with the Mexicans under Santa Anna the man with one leg, and took California and the Yuma country on both sides of the Colorado River. At this time the Yuma and the Mohaves were one nation. All planted fields together and had enough food, but some soldiers and "white teachers" quarreled with the Yuma Indians. Suddenly the Indians were surprised by white soldiers who came upon them under a very fierce and terrible captain.

Pascaul got his warriors together and fought very hard. They drove the white men back many times, but the great captain had great guns and powder and balls, and the Indians had only spears and bows and arrows.

Twenty-five years later I met this great captain of whom Pascaul spoke.

He fought the Yuma nation and defeated them more than once in 1848. He told me that the right way to deal with savage Indians was to fight them, fight them, fight them, till they give up. Then they would always be good, peaceable Indians. He said that the Yuma Indians were often gigantic in size and could beat the soldiers skirmishing. They ran behind rocks, logs, or knolls, and sometimes even came out boldly to face the regulars, but they had only bows and arrows, knives and spears while we had cannon and muskets. This may be one way to get the country, but I can not think it the right or the best way. At any rate, Pascaul's warriors were killed and many more wounded and carried away prisoners by the great captain.

Then the young chief's heart was broken and he gave up the fight. The captain talked well, but after this the Yuma Indians grew poorer and poorer. Although they made ditches and tried to raise corn and vegetables and trade with soldiers, white men and Mexicans, still they remained poor and sick.

Now the old chief had come to employ help for his children. He begged me to ask the President to give money for a big ditch to bring water to make the poor land better, and for more good land for the

Yumas. Then if they would let the bad Mexicans and white men alone and work on their own land, he hoped the tribe would rise up again and be strong and happy.

The old chief was greatly loved by his people. I saw one little fellow about five years old run to him and look up in his face. The old Indian smiled upon the boy and ordered a woman near the shore to give him a piece of bread. The chief guessed the meaning of my questioning look and told me the little fellow's name was "Juanote."

Fourteen years after this Council, Pascaul came to me in San Francisco. He was one of the oldest Indians I have ever seen, about ninety-four years of age, but, if anything, brighter than when I visited him in Arizona. With him came a younger Indian who spoke English and acted as his aide and interpreter, and this Indian was the boy Juanote. The aged chief had taken this long journey to ask me once more to help his children, the Yuma Indians. They did not want to be sent to live with the Mohave tribe, for these Indians, he said, did not like the Yumas and would not treat them well. After he had spoken for his people, who were always nearest his heart, he enjoyed looking at the new surroundings. Although he was nearly one hundred years old he never saw a large city. How happy and childlike he was about it all. To walk the streets, leaning on the strong arm of Juanote, who was as curious and observing as he; to watch the crowds of people and many new and strange things; but above all to ride up and down the hills on cable cars.

He stood straight and tall before me as he said good-by and started back by a coast steamer. Then he went up the Colorado in a smaller boat, finally landing in safety on the east bank of his beloved Red River.

Without Christian teaching, without reading a book, only once visiting a large town, this dignified hero studied the wants of his people, fought their battles, behaved nobly under defeat, and was too noble ever to be completely crushed, though he lived for many years in neglect and extreme poverty. May this great son of the river, Pascaul, find his reward in the better land!—
St Nicholas—

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

A good is more valued when we are in want of it than when we enjoy it.

Some men seem to think that the world owes them a debt of gratitude for simply being alive.

THE ARROW

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

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
by the

Indian Industrial School
Carlisle, Pa.

PRICE:—Twenty-five cents a year,
fifty numbers constituting a year,
or volume.

RECEIPT of payment and credit are shown in about two weeks after the subscription is received, by the Volume and Number on the address label, the first figure representing the Volume and the other the Number, to which your subscription is paid.

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Address all communications and make all remittances payable to

THE ARROW,
Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter September 2, 1904, at the post-office at Carlisle, Pa. under the Act of Congress.

[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 28, 1908

Monday's Entertainment

Washington Day was most appropriately observed on Monday evening last in the auditorium, when the program was entirely devoted to matters pertaining to Washington's birthday.

The evening was most enjoyably spent and the program was one of the best of the entertainments given by the pupils this season.

The pupils seemed to take special patriotic pride in the parts assigned them and the result was an almost perfect entertainment.

PROGRAM

Selection, "George Washington, Jr." School Orchestra.
Manual of arms, Normal Boys.
Dialogue, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" Twelve Pupils from Nos. 6 and 8.
Song, "Old Glory" The School.
Recitation, "George Washington's Birthday" Susie Porter (No. 5)
Speech, "Washington" Arthur Coons.
Medley, "Patriotic Airs" School Orchestra.
Dialogue, "A Schoolboy's Dream" Eleven Boys from No. 7.
Recitation, "The Color Guard" David Robinson (No. 8)
Song, "Washington" The School.
Oration, "Washington and Lincoln" Oscar Boyd (No. 9)
Recitation, "Like Washington" Daniel Robinson (No. 4)
Star Spangled Banner.

A Union Meeting

The meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Sunday evening was very interesting.

The hall was well occupied by visitors, and members.

President Grover Long opened the meeting by selecting a hymn, after which Miss McMichael gave her interesting talk, followed by Flora Jones and Vera Wagner, their talk being interesting as well as helpful.

The last two speakers attended the Y. W. C. A. convention in Philadelphia last week, which enabled them to tell us of their experiences.—"A Visitor."

Bender Won

Chas. Albert Bender, the Carlisle Indian base ball pitcher, won over Fred Dinger, at Lancaster in a fifty bird shoot, by killing three more birds, the score being 40 to 37. Bender is proclaimed one of the best in the business. The pitcher copped the wage of \$100.—Sentinel

The Football Banquet

The leading social function of the season of 1908, the Football Banquet, occurred last night in the gymnasium and was pronounced by all to be the event *par excellence* of the year.

It is the custom of the Athletic Association to devote one evening during the season to pleasure pure and unadulterated, and Friday was that evening.

In former years the banquet was entirely a football affair but this year it embraced the winners of the "Varsity C" in the different branches of athletics, baseball, track and football. This resulted in a gathering of representative athletes of the school in an atmosphere thoroughly permeated with the true Carlisle spirit. Fast runners, high jumpers, vaulters, hurdlers, in fact all the branches of sport were the guests of the foot-ball boys. All of the employees were invited and the gathering of about two hundred and fifty was purely Carlisle.

The gymnasium had been beautifully decorated for the occasion and after a couple of hours of pleasure along the line of dancing and promenading the call for the banquet hall was made.

Upon entering the banquet hall the eye was greeted by a scene of fairyland. The posts encased with red and old gold, entwined with verdant creeping and climbing vines and a series of graceful lines of "scalps" drooping from the center of the hall, using as a center piece the banners won by Carlisle at the track meets in past seasons. Festooned in various shapes and figures throughout the entire hall were varicolored electric lights, making a scene indeed beautiful to behold.

Decorations were the feature of the banquet and it was evident the artistic eye and trained hand of Mrs. Warner, the hardworking little wife of our coach, had much to do with the beautiful effects obtained.

The tables were beautifully dressed and candles of red and old gold flickered from the candelabras. A flower and a neatly-gotten-up souvenir of the occasion were at the plate of each guest. The tables were arranged in a figure which permitted the easy entrance and exit of the army of pretty little waitresses who served the following

MENU

Roast Turkey	Cold Ham
Cranberry Jelly	
White and Brown Bread Sandwiches	
Waldorf Astoria Salad	
Olives	Wafers
Neapolitan Ice Cream	
Home-made Cakes	Macaroons
Nuts	Bon Bons
Coffee	

The toasts were all well responded to and a feeling of good-fellowship reigned supreme. The absence of Major Mercer, the chief supporter of the association, was felt by every one present, and following a few remarks by the toastmaster, when his name was mentioned, the football squad spontaneously let out a yell, "Min-ni-wa-ka! Ka-wa-wi," the only yell of the banquet.

"Our Record" was ably and eloquently responded to by ex-Captain Exendine, who in the absence of ex-Captain Lubo, reviewed the most glorious record of the Carlisle Indians of 1907.

"Prospects" are certainly bright if Captain Wauseka's plea for the support and help by good wishes and Carlisle spirit are respected. Wauseka made a most brilliant speech and proved that the team has the right man in the right place.

"Reminiscences" were told by Mr. Will Gardner, in which he told some of the pleasant little experiences of the team while away, and closed his remarks with a few "grinds" on some of the players which will be told and retold for many months to come.

"Presentation of C's" by Mr. Warner followed some good sound logic on the relationship existing between study and athletics, and during his remarks Mr. Warner most forcibly impressed upon the assembled athletes the necessity of strict attention to the education of the mind as well as the body, and made it plain that athletics at Carlisle are always subordinate to the academic department, and should be but the preparation of a sound body and consequent recipient mind.

The following were the

WINNERS OF THE 'VARSITY C

Baseball—Balenti, Eagleman, J. Garlow,

W. Garlow, Wauseka, Hendricks, Leroy, Newashe, W. Pappan, J. Twin, Schrimpsheer, Youngdeer.

Track—Billy, Blackstar, Corn, Exendine, Hunt, Mitchell, Mt. Pleasant, F. Pappan, Rogers, Schanandore, Sundown, Thomas, Thorpe, Twohearts.

Football—Aiken, Balenti, Bowen, Exendine, W. Gardner, Hendricks, P. Hauser, Island, Littleboy, Lyon, McLain, Mt. Pleasant, Payne, Thorpe, Wauseka.

"Athletics" was the toast to which our Supervisor, Mr. Dickson, responded. Mr. Dickson spoke most complementarily of the Indian as an athlete and as a gentleman. The wide and varied experience of the Supervisor permitted him to speak from actual observation, and his remarks were most happily received by all.

After the singing of the school song the banquet of the Athletic Association of 1907-1908 went down into history, a grand success.

Hog Raising

(WILLIAM NELSON, Sophomore)

In order to be a successful hog raiser one must know the origin, characteristics and the conditions best suited to the breed he is to raise although it is not often very necessary to raise pure-bred swine.

The domestic hog contains the blood of two species, *Sus scrofa* and the *Sus Indicus*. *Sus scrofa* was the wild hog of Europe and there are some hogs which have this blood in them. The other has its origin in China. Many hogs contain the blood of both these species.

The hog which originated in Europe is more preferred because they are coarser in bone, and in every other respect, while the hog from China has not this quality.

All the breeds found in the United States were imported from Europe; under the American breeders were somewhat modified. There are however some breeds which originated in the United States.

Importation of hogs from England and other European countries has improved many others breeds by being crossed, and this increases the tendency to take on fat.

There are two different ways of classifying hogs: they are according to their size and color. The best way to classify them is according to their size, the large, middle and small, because there are white, reddish and black hogs that are either large, small or of medium size.

The Berkshire takes its name from the county of Berkshire in England where it was first raised. This breed was produced by crossing an English breed with the Chinese hog. Its color is black with white spots on the face and feet, also a white spot at the tip of its tail. It has a long body, dished face and the ears erect. It possesses a great deal of lean meat and therefore it is well adapted to the production of bacon.

This breed is not favorable in the west on account of being too fine in bone and is liable to accidents while they are out pasturing with the steers. It is not a very large hog and it is suitable where they can be turned out in the pasture alone.

The Poland China originated in America. It was first raised in the state of Ohio.

This breed was formed by crossing several different breeds, such as the Big China, Irish Graziers and Byfields, also another breed believed to be of the Poland stock which was brought to this country by the Dutch immigrants. This breed became known as a distinct breed between 1835 to 1840 under various names, but was finally given the name Poland China in 1872. It is a very popular breed and now there are six breeder's associations for the Poland China, each keeping a separate herd book. Its color is black and white. They take on fat readily and weigh from 600 to 750 lbs. They have a very quiet disposition and have a very firm bone.

The Duroc Jersey is of American origin and is less important than the Poland China or Berkshire. The Duroc Jersey is more raised in the south. It is a hardy breed and has a coarse bone, large pendulous ears, thick hair, long legs and a nose of moderate length. There are two breeder's associations for this breed.

The Chester White originated in Chester county, Pennsylvania. It is only an improvement upon the large Yorkshire which it still resembles in many ways.

This breed of hogs are very large, hardy and make good mothers. The ears are pendulous, its color is white. This breed can be made to reach a larger weight than any other breed. One pound is easily gained in a day by this breed when they are two years old. The record of one male is 1307 pounds and that of a female is 1253 pounds. It is a very popular breed and is best suited to that part of the country where they are kept in confinement as it is not well fitted for grazing as other breeds. There are four breeder's associations for this breed.

The Breeder's Gazette reports that Chicago alone exported 22 000 pounds of hog lard to European countries in one week and that \$40,000 000 worth of hogs were shipped to Chicago in the month of January. This means over 4,000,000 hogs during that month. Kansas City also had 40,000 hogs shipped into its yards in one week. Some believed that most of them were shipped from Oklahoma but 65% of these hogs were Kansas products. This shows that the hog business has grown from what it was twenty years ago. Hog raising has been called a wealth producer.

Etiquette of the Flag

The army regulations of the United States provide that the flag at every post shall be raised at reveille each morning and lowered each evening at salute and the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner."

The flag is never left out over night for any reason, except perhaps one. When a fort or military post is actually under fire from the enemy the flag may wave defiantly until hostilities are over. This was poeticaly exemplified in Key's immortal song, wherein one line has it, "Through the night our flag is still there!"

At all army posts, moreover, there is a special storm flag, half as large as the regular post flags, which is flown in stormy and windy weather.

Another regulation is that on all occasions when the flag is displayed at half mast it shall be lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is hoisted to the top of staff before it is lowered.

—Harper's Weekly.

Struggle of Life

Life is a severe struggle from the time the moral decision is made until death. All must struggle with heredity for all have inherited good and bad tendencies. Some are the garbage-box into which their ancestors have deposited evil while others are just the opposite. But heredity need not determine the destiny of a life. Many good men come from bad homes and many bad men from good homes. Fatalism is no good. The lions didn't eat Daniel because he was all hair and back-bone. If some of you had been in his place you would have slipped down without letting the beast know there was a bone in you. Fight your evil tendencies with will and back-bone and then insure victory by letting the Spirit of God come into your life to give predominance to the good tendencies and you will win out.

—Ex.

Susans

The house being called to order by the President, roll call was next in order. Each member responded with a helpful quotation.

There were a great many members absent but the following program was rendered: Susans Song, Susans; Select Reading, Edith Ranco; Recitation, Fannie Keukuk; Impromptu, Rosina Peters; Story, Bessie Charley; Piano Solo, Mary Redthunder; Debate, Resolved: That the present system of immigration is injurious to the United States. Affirmative, Marguerite Blackwood and Clara Spotted Horse; Negative, Lizzie Hayes and Julia Jackson, as one of speakers was not prepared and the other absent the judges could give no decision.

Miss Hawk gave us some very encouraging remarks.

After the critic's report the house adjourned.

In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer.

Take a rest, a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop.

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.]

→ The Juniors are interested in the study of the germination of seeds.

→ We are all busy for commencement. Never mind, cherries will soon be ripe.

→ The farmers are making up a good base ball team, which will rank second to none in farm annals.

→ A letter was received from Rose Monroe, stating that she is enjoying herself at De-ward, Michigan.

→ Soon as the weather permits the track candidates will have an opportunity to show what they can do.

→ Mary Goodbo left for her home in Oklahoma last Tuesday. We all miss her in the dining room.

→ The Freshman class are writing essays on fertilizers. Some of them have handed in some very fine papers.

→ Miss Scales and Miss Ellis were guests of the Mercer Literary Society. They each gave some encouraging remarks.

→ William Martell, who has been out for two winters, will be in this spring and expects to join one of the upper classes.

→ A letter has been received from Eleanor Spring, '10, who is living in Beverly, N. J., stating that she has a very nice home.

→ Owing to the snow Sunday the Catholic boys and girls did not go to town but held their services in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

→ Grace F. Wayman, who is living in Morrestown, N. J., says she is glad that it will soon be time for her to return to Carlisle.

→ John Reboin, one of the Nez Perce boys, has been in the hospital for three weeks. His many friends wish him rapid recovery.

→ We are sorry to hear of the death of the mother of Lucy and Eliza Nawaugiesic. Lucy and Eliza are both graduates of Carlisle.

→ The Susans are preparing a special program for the Seniors this Friday evening, and the interesting part seems to be the debate.

→ Grace Kieh, who is out in the country, writes to her sister and says she is enjoying herself also wishes to be remembered to her friends.

→ Some of our girls and boys were allowed to go skating down on the creek on Saturday afternoon. All seem to have had a pleasant time.

→ Clare Trepania entertained a few of her friends Sunday evening. Clara gave a few choice songs which were highly appreciated by all present.

→ Mary and Nina Tallchief, who have been out in the country so long, expect to come in this spring. Their friends are anxious to see them.

→ Father Ennis, who is now in Washington, D. C., sent several souvenir postals to our girls, and sends his regards to all of the Catholic pupils.

→ The carpenters are repairing the worn out floors in the girls' quarters, where the girls stand to comb their hair in front of the looking glass from day to day.

→ The base ball team is improving in their work very rapidly and are patiently waiting for out door work. Captain Balenti is expecting a winning team this year.

→ Wauseka, our "little" Senior, joined forces with the "Bachelors," and defeated his team-mates, the Seniors, last Saturday evening in a great game of basket ball.

→ Jesse Picotte, of Greenwood, S. D., who entered the school last fall, is doing well in the printing department and expects to follow the trade when he leaves school.

→ Saturday morning was a busy morning for the Club girls, as they wanted to get all of their work done in the morning so they could go for a sleigh ride in the afternoon.

→ Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Mayham escorted a party of girls to town Saturday to see a performance in the Armory given by skillful artists on roller skates. All enjoyed it very much.

→ The Freshmen class of the afternoon division are reviewing History. They find it interesting as well as instructive and enjoy studying. The subject is, "Progress of our country."

→ The Small Boys' Society is getting along nicely with its programs.

→ The Juniors are reading about the South American countries, and find it interesting.

→ Izora Tallchief who works down town came in over Sunday. Her friends were very glad to see her.

→ The mandolin club girls are practicing very hard for Commencement. They hope to be able to play by that time.

→ William H. Nelson, a Sophomore, represented his class with an essay on "Hog Raising" last Monday morning.

→ Eli Perkins is now in St. Louis, Mo., and wishes to be remembered to his Fort Berthold friends here at school.

→ The carpenters are very busy making window frames and sashes for a new cottage which will be erected next summer.

→ A letter from, Susan L. Shield, states her intention of coming back to Carlisle next fall to take up her studies again.

→ We are very glad to see Private Mitchel Arquet back on the farm again. He has been in the hospital for about two weeks.

→ Emma Webster went out sleighing last Saturday afternoon with Mr. Wise's family, and reports that she had a most delightful time.

→ We say "good luck" when we find a horse-shoe, but when we come to think of it the blacksmith is the only one that gets all the good luck out of it.

→ No. 5 pupils have finished reading the story of Black Beauty which they had been reading for the last few weeks, and which was a very interesting story.

→ The "Giants" and "Little Ones" of the girls' basket ball teams expect to have a game in the near future. The giants are sure of victory but wait and see.

→ Cecelia Denomie, an ex-Carlisle student who is attending the Chilocco School is doing finely, and wishes to be remembered to her friends, and especially to her classmates.

→ Through a letter from May Wheelock we learn that she is enjoying herself, but on account of her mother's ill health she does not expect to return to Carlisle until next fall.

→ Rose A. Simpson, who is living at River-ton, New Jersey, says in a letter to a friend that she is enjoying herself at her home and school work. She expects to remain there all summer.

→ The Junior girls' basket-ball team expects to meet the Sophomores next Saturday. A hard game is expected but the Juniors hope to show the Sophomores that they know how to play.

→ Frank Lone Star is hard at work training for the "Class Contest" next spring. He has joined the track team for that purpose. We hope that he will make a success of whatever he undertakes to do.

→ Quite a large number of boys and girls from here had the privilege of hearing a piano recital given by Josef Hoffmann, a young man who has a world wide reputation, and known as the greatest piano forte player living.

→ On request of Mr. Dickson the Nez Perces had their picture taken on Monday afternoon. This was on account of the two boys going home on account of their ill health. We hope and wish them a safe journey to their home in Idaho.

→ In a letter to a friend we learn that our former students Emeline Summers, and Elise Schenandore are doing nicely, and Pheobe Schenandore, who is now Mrs. Cornelius. Pheobe wishes to be remembered to her many school friends at Carlisle.

→ Miss McMichael chaperoned the following girls to the Standards last Friday: Thirza B. Bernell, Roxie Snyder, Nancy John, Rose Hood, and Clara Hall. We certainly did enjoy the meeting, and wish to thank Miss McMichael for taking us.—X. X.

→ The Juniors are all quite well satisfied with the entertainment they gave in the music room last Thursday evening. The room was beautifully decorated and the beautifully productions of the green house added much to the pleasure and enjoyment of the evening.

→ Nina Carlyle, who visited the school last week writes that she enjoyed her visit and if she can arrange her work she will be in Commencement. Nina visited the Susans and read a beautiful poem about the Susans Society, which was enjoyed by all. The poem was her own composition,

→ All the Nez Perce children are very sorry to see John Reboin going home.

→ Joel Wheelock returned from the country and entered room 10. He was formerly a member of the sixth grade.

→ Grace Kieh, who is having a nice time at Millville, New Jersey, expects to come back to the school in the spring.

→ Elizabeth W. Johnson is practicing very diligently on her new violin; it will not be long before she is going to give us violin solo.

→ The students who attended the piano concert given by Josef Hofmann in Carlisle last week have not regretted their attendance.

→ Josiah Saracino writes from his country home that he is getting along very nicely with his studies and wishes to be remembered to his friends.

→ Ira Walker, '04, substituted William Winnie's place in the basket-ball game last Saturday. He did good work and his classmates are proud of him.

→ Lida Wheelock and Elizabeth Lemieux expect to go to the country with the first party. They are going to live together and look forward to a good time.

→ Archie Dundas has distinguished himself as a debater of ability, for the Standard's put him forth to represent the society in a debate at Commencement.

→ Mrs. Foster and Miss Scales of the faculty, accompanied by the Misses Hunter, Penny, Tubbs and Ranco, attended the Hoffmann piano recital last Thursday evening.

→ Mr. Stauffer took the band and mandolin club down town last Tuesday afternoon to hear Sousa's Band. He has a fine band and we enjoyed it very much.—Mandolinist.

→ The Seniors were entertained by the Standards, by the Juniors, and by the Invincibles last week. They highly appreciated the programs that were prepared for them.

→ Miss Guest was a visitor at the Susans' Society last Friday. She favored us with a piano solo, entitled the "Haskell March." We enjoyed it and thank her for the favor.—Susan.

→ One evening last week there was a taffy party at the hospital and Elizabeth Wolf and her partners were so expert at the art of taffy pulling that they won quite a large chocolate cake.

→ Through a letter we learn that Arthur Mandan is now at his home in North Dakota. He is making good use of what he learned here. He is employed at the agency as one of the painters.

→ Last Monday Troops A and B were practicing sabre drill for commencement. It is very hard for the new boys to understand the different movements but entered into with the true Carlisle spirit.

→ The Juniors are busy reading and studying the poem, "Marmion" written by Sir Walter Scott, and find it very interesting and helpful. There is a fine example of patriotism in the events described.

→ Louisa S. Soldier and Josephine Good-iron, who left here last fall, are getting along finely with their work. Josephine works for Mr. J. Carrigan, and Louisa is working at the Catholic School near there, at Fort Yates, North Dakota.

→ Elizabeth Penny is getting the Nez Perce girls into a hard rehearsal. They expect to sing in their native tongue on the Commencement programme. Among the singers are Lizzie Hayes, Nora McFarland Rachel Penny and others.

→ The Mandolin Club seems to be very popular nowadays. After hearing Sousa's Band they think they can play overtures with difficult variations. We hope to hear them demonstrate their ability in the line of music in the near future.—A Flat.

→ Last week Elizabeth W. Johnson and Annie L. Pike gave a party. The invited guests were Lida O. Wheelock, Hattie B. Skye, Clara C. Hall, and Mattie E. Hall. The following was served: marble and mixed cakes, deserts with oranges, nuts and candies, "Honey" was served with great care. The invited guests enjoyed it very much.

→ Western cowboys are organizing a quartette composed of "bachelors," or lonesome four, of the western plain. This quartette is composed of Indian singers and if anyone wishes to have any records of Indian songs, call for Little Old Man and his "bachelors" quartette. These bachelors are not from the same State but they can sing Indian songs that all four of them know.

→ Charles Honyoust is comfortably located at Vernon, New York, and sends greetings to all friends at the school.

→ Walter T. Kennedy, an ex-Carlisle now of Bladell, N. Y., is lucratively employed on the Lake Shore R. R.

→ St. Elmo Jim, who was away for some time visiting his home down in Oklahoma, returned to Carlisle last Sunday evening. His friends were all glad to see him back.

→ Emma Rainey is enjoying life at Pocatello, Idaho, and sends greetings to all her former friends at Carlisle. As Commencement approaches she seems to acquire a sort of "Priscilla feeling."

→ E. F. Mortah, a student at Carlisle years ago, writes from, Walter, Okla., stating that he is enjoying the blessings of life accruing to the studious and faithful and thanks old Carlisle for starting him on the right track.

→ The mother of Miss Reichel, of the academic staff, is now being entertained at the Teachers' Club. Mrs. Reichel is much interested in Indian education and is very enthusiastic in her praise of the methods used at Carlisle.

→ On Saturday evening, the bachelors danced merrily and heartily, rejoicing over their victory which they had over the Senior basket-ball team. The Senior team has been successful in all the games they had except this last one.

→ George Seneca, a former Carlisle student, is now employed by the bridge department, on the division embracing all the bridges between Buffalo and Cleveland, at a nice comfortable salary. The training received at Carlisle is bearing good fruit.

→ Rev. Mr. Vibbert, of Massachusetts, gave the student body a temperance talk on Wednesday evening which was plain and practical. He referred to the evils of drink in the most condemnatory terms and cautioned the Indian youth as to its tendency to degrade and ruin.

Indian Wins at Philadelphia

Albert Nash, the Indian runner, won both events on the programme at the third Regiment Armory last week before a large crowd. Nash met Eyester in a special hurdle race, best two out of three, 50-yard heats. Eyester won the first heat in 7 3-5s, but Nash took the next two in 7 3-5 and 7 4-5s respectively.

In the 800-yard run Nash defeated Waters handily in 2:12 4-5. The Indian ran in splendid form on the indoor track.

Nash is an ex-Carlisle and well known as an athlete of the Carlisle kind wherever sport is known.

Indian School Burned

While the entire school was at mass meeting at Spokane, Wash., on Feb. 11th the girls' Indian school and dormitory attached at Desmet, Idaho, on the Couer D' Alene reservation, 12 miles from Topeka, Washington, were destroyed by fire. Not even the personal effects of the Indian girls were saved. The inmates of the white girls, dormitory secured their personal property. The loss is estimated at \$35,000.

Wise and Otherwise

The fool who is silent passes for wiser.

Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire.

Don't allow your enthusiasm to spring a leak.

The remedy for injuries is not to remember them.

Even the man who smokes must often pay the piper.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

At meal time a small boy demonstrates that he is much larger than he looks from the outside.

Everybody knows how everybody else ought to do things.

The world is apt to regard the chronic hand shaker with suspicion.

There is no truth, however bitter, that is not better than delusion.

It takes a lot to make the average man satisfied with his.

Some men seem to think that the world owes them a debt of gratitude for simply being alive.

March

There's a twang in the air, and the sun shines fair.
But what will it be tomorrow!
There's a soft breeze rare, so away with care:
For trouble we should not borrow.
When the sun tolls out old Winter's knell,
When the buds with joy begin to swell,
And life is life, and all is well,
We've never a time for sorrow.
There's a lilt in the breeze through the waking trees.
But what will tomorrow bring us?
There's a gleam on the leas where the song bird flees.
So list for the songs they sing us
When the rivers wake from their ice clad sleep,
When the springtime flowers begin to peep,
And hope is hope, then let us keep
The joys the spring days bring us.
There's a blue in the sky as the sun mounts high.
But what is tomorrow keeping?
There's a light for the eye as the day creeps by.
So what is the use of weeping?
When the sun shines o'er the world today,
When hope walks with us along the way,
And joy is joy, let come what may,
Flowers will awake from sleeping.
There's a promise true in the sky's clear blue,
But what will it be tomorrow!
There is hope for you if your heart beats true,
So trouble you should not borrow.
When the sun shines warm and soft wind blows,
When the Frost King bows to fate and goes,
And love is love, and the joy tide flows;
'Tis never a time for sorrow.

Chief Sees Roosevelt

Chief Mah-Zhuck-ke-ge-shig of the Mississippi band of Chippewa Indians of Minnesota will take back with him from Washington two evidences of the friendship which the "Great White Father" bears for him. Since his visit to President Roosevelt, in company with Senator Clapp, a week or two ago, the Chippewa chief has received from the president a personal letter of thanks for gifts brought by the Indian, and a large photograph bearing the president's autograph, and a lengthy inscription from the president's pen.

Chief Mah-Zhuck-ke-ge-shig came to Washington from the White Earth reservation in Minnesota, to bear a message of greeting from his people to the president. He had with him an Indian pipe of exquisite workmanship, and an Indian bead bag, made by his wife, and which she sent as a gift to this nation's ruler. The Chippewa chief was presented to the president by Senator Clapp, and in the course of the talk with the president, the Indian pointed to a picture of President Lincoln, and told of the recognition which Lincoln had given him.

The Minnesota chief produced a medal which President Lincoln had given him, for his efforts to allay the Indian uprising in Minnesota prior to 1862; and he told President Roosevelt that he had had personal interviews with Lincoln and had received a letter of thanks from him.

The president was greatly interested in the Chippewa chief, and accepted his gifts of pipe and bead bag with profuse thanks. The chief is now a full American citizen, and he did not forget to tell President Roosevelt that he had voted for him at the last election, and hoped to have the chance of voting for him again.

The picture which the president later sent to his Indian friend bears the inscription: "With best wishes for the Chippewa chief who was a friend of Lincoln and who voted for me; and with thanks for the beautiful pipe.—Theodore Roosevelt, Feb. 6, 1908."

The letter to chief Mah-zhuck-ke-ge-shig was one of thanks for the gifts he had brought, and expressed the president's pleasure at having had the opportunity to meet a distinguished member of the Mississippi Chippewa band.—The Tomahawk.

Gardner's Good Job

William J. Gardner, end of the Carlisle Indians' eleven for several years, has signed a contract to coach the Louisville Dupont Manual Training High School eleven, the leading Prep team in Kentucky. He will report September 1 to take charge. Gardner had a number of college offers but Louisville gave him a record contract for High school work.—Sentinel.

All at Once

Sunday morning three girls tried to take a nap. They were all talking at first and some one told them to keep quiet. All at once they jumped up and stood still and all at once they begin to laugh.

All at once the bell rang and they were late for dinner.—That's what "Keep Quiet" did.—Oh, My!

Natchez Indian

One of the repulsive features of the laws under which the Natchez Indians were governed was that when a member of the royal family of the nation died it was necessary that several others of the people should accompany him to the tomb by suffering death at the hands of executioners. When the "great sun," the hereditary chief of the whole nation, died, all his wives, in case he were provided with more than one, and also several of his subjects were obliged to follow him into the vale of shadows. The "little sun," secondary chiefs, and also members of the royal family likewise claimed when dying their tribute of death from the living. In addition to this, the inexorable law also condemned to death any man of the Natchez race who had married a girl of the royal line of the "sun." On the occasion of her death he was called upon to accompany her.

"I will narrate to you upon this subject," writes on old French chronicler of Louisiana, "the story of an Indian who was not in a humor to submit to this law. His name was Etteactael. He had contracted an alliance with the 'sun.' The honor came near having a fatal result for him. His wife fell sick, and as soon as he perceived that she was approaching her end he took to flight, embarking in a pirogue on the Mississippi, and sought a refuge in New Orleans. He placed himself under the protection of the governor, who was at that time M. de Bienville, offering himself to be the governor's hunter. The governor accepted his services and interest himself in his behalf with the Natchez, who declared in answer that he had nothing to fear, inasmuch as the ceremony was over, and as he had not been present when it took place he was no longer available as a candidate for execution.

Indian Boys and Girls at Retreat

On Septuagesima Sunday an attractive and pathetic event took place in St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle. The Indian girls and boys of the Carlisle Government School renewed their baptismal promises and received the Papal Benediction.

This ceremony closed the annual retreat to the Catholic girls and boys of the school, preached by the Rev. William J. Ennis, S. J. The punctuality in attendance, the serious attention, and the edifying deportment during the spiritual talks were noteworthy proofs not only of the disciplinary efficiency of the school authorities, but of the strong spiritual influence over the students won by the unremitting and generous zeal of the pastor-chaplain, the Rev. H. G. Ganss, D. D., and the five Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament (Mother Katherine Drexel's Congregation). The spirit of sacrifice of the boys and girls was evidenced clearly by this willing and large attendance at the Midday talk, which took place during the recreation hour. One of the impressive features of the week's exercises, including Forty Hours' devotion, was the splendid and devotional singing of the Indian girls and boys. Their rendering of "Faith of our Fathers" to the musical setting by Dr. Ganss was inspiring and reminiscent of their forefathers' devotion to the Black Robes.

The charming courtesy of the superintendent, C. H. Dickson, and the assistant superintendent, J. R. Wise, aided materially the success of the retreat, and it was a manifest pleasure to them to make any consistent arrangement for a work which would have beneficial results on school life.—The Catholic News.

One on the Teachers

The teachers are telling with great glee a good joke on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and most capable instructors in the primary grades of one of our schools.

It was Harold's first day at school. Miss Blank came down to his desk and said: "What is your name?"

"Harold Smith," the youngster replied. "And how old are you?" went on Miss Blank, in her methodical way.

"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?" And the teachers are still laughing.

A Boy's Tribute

Mr. A. L. Hildebrand has a farm in Belvidere and one of the most prosperous farmers in that section of New Jersey. He has employed several of our students and said that he always found them to be good workers. Any boy can feel like home when he is under Mr. Hildebrand's charge. His wife is a kind hearted woman.

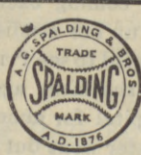
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