

The Carlisle Arrow

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER EDITED AND PRINTED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES INDIAN SCHOOL

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THE CHESTNUT TREE.

STELLA BEAR, Arickaree.

The delicious chestnuts should not be the only attraction to school children but they should take an interest in the general characteristics of the tree and learn to know it as a friend.

A good sized chestnut may be distinguished from other trees by its branches as they are so even at the ends making them appear as though they had been clipped by the gardener's shears.

The chestnut tree grows straight and tall, tapering slightly, and its branches are few and short at the top, yet in the open ground it often has a wide spread as well as a lofty height.

On old chestnut trees the bark is very thick, rough, and deeply furrowed up and down and is dark gray in color, but on young trees it is remarkably smooth. The leaves are long, lance shaped, sharp-toothed, and feather veined.

The sterile blossoms always attract attention; they are in groups upon long, stiff catkins which are in bunches of five or seven. The fertile flowers are in little burrs in the axils of the leaves on the new growth or near the sterile flowers. The odor from them is sickening to many people, thus making the trees objectionable for home grounds.

The nuts from different trees vary in size and somewhat in sweetness so when one is planting these trees for nut raising the best varieties should be planted. In October when the frost comes, the burrs which usually contain three or four nuts, which are packed closely together in velvet-lined coverings, burst open and reveal the rich brown fruit with which we are familiar.

The wood of the chestnut tree is light, coarse-grained and porous and polishes beautifully; it makes good furniture and is durable in positions where other woods are liable to decay. The wood is also used for posts

and railroad ties, vast quantities being used for this purpose.

The chestnut forests occupy mostly dry lands or thin-soiled rocky hills of little value for any other growth and range in nativity from Maine to Georgia.



LEGEND OF THE OPECHE.

EMMA J. ROWLAND, Cheyenne.

When the son of the Red Man had grown tall and strong, his father said: "My son, my brave son, the time has come when you must go forth into the wilderness and fast. Your mother has woven you a mat which you can rest upon." And he went forth into the wilderness, and stretched himself face downward on his mat. Each morning his father would come with cheerful words to his son.

On the ninth morning his son was pale and weak. "Fail not, my son, only four more days remain." On the tenth day his father came with cheerful words and the boy crawled forward to meet his father, and again the father said: "Fail not, my son, only three more days remain." On the morning of the eleventh day the father came with cheerful words and the boy could only move his lips. The father had pity on him and the boy whispered softly, "Take me home, O my father, and the father said: "Fail not my son, only today remains. Think of the feasting and the sweet music of the birds, and tomorrow, even before the sun has risen above the waters, you shall come to the chief's tent; he is waiting for you." The father went home and the good Manito came and gave strength to the boy and said, "You shall come and dwell with me. It is not for your gentle soul to go to war and bloodshed." On the last day the boy was gone. But a bird overhead said, "Sorrow not for me my father for my good Manito has given me the life of a bird." "Opeche! Opeche!" the father cried, which means robin red breast.

WHY THE RABBIT IS TIMID.

LOUISA KENNEY, Klamath.

Once upon a time all the fowls and beasts were friends. They lived in the woods together and spoke the same language. This friendship continued for many centuries. One bright day as they were having their annual meeting the rabbit prophesied that the time was drawing nigh when a great change would take place, and the friendship among some would be broken forever.

The food had always been plentiful and they had never conceived the idea of eating each other's flesh.

Shortly after the annual meeting they noticed that the berries and fishes were becoming scarce. Soon many of the animals died of starvation. The stronger ones seized and devoured the helpless. The fowls began killing and eating each other. Since that day the different animals and fowls have not been friends, and the rabbit, who was looked down upon as the cause of the famine, was searched through-out the deep forest. He was much frightened and hid in the bushes all day; at night while the animals were asleep, he would come out for food. From that day to this, the rabbit has always been timid, and is very seldom seen in broad day light.



JOSEPH ROSS has recently been placed under the Outing System to work in a studio in town, and he is making rapid progress. He is ambitious and the possessor of the natural traits required to become a good photographer. It is thought by many that almost any person can become a first-class photographer, but time has proven that it is more or less a natural gift, and the majority of the successful photographers of today will quote the same reason for their success. We are always glad to know of any boy who is making every moment of his time count, for he is sure to reap his reward in the end.

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Address all communications to the paper and they will receive prompt attention.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Spring is here. The almanac says it begins on March 21st.

Mr. Warner made a flying trip to New York Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Smith, mother of Mrs. Friedman, is on the sick list this week. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Harry Wheeler sang a scared song of his tribe in his native tongue at the Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sunday evening.

The Employees Sewing and Reading Club met with Miss Johnston Thursday evening of last week. All had a very pleasant time.

New electric light fixtures and chandeliers are being put in the Club dining room and parlor. They add much to the appearance of the Club.

Henry Vincent, who operates the spot and other lights, is one of the most faithful and hard-working attendants at the opera rehearsals.

Mrs. Culbertson is very busy with preparations for handling the extra number of people who will be at the Teachers' Club during Commencement week.

Some of the individual medals won by Carlisle's representatives in the track meet at Baltimore a week ago are very attractive and much prized by the winners.

Joseph Ross, Joseph Poodry and Charles Kennedy will play in the Mandolin Club on commencement day, while Alberta Bartholomeau will play the piano.

On Saturday afternoon two Juniors and a member of the class (?) took a cross country walk and enjoyed the lovely spring weather very much. They followed a small brook and learned many features illustrating clearly the way in which the rivers make changes in the land's surface.

Quite a number of small boys are going to the country. Many of them can hardly wait for the time to come. This shows that the Outing System has quite an influence over the small boys.

A number of our students attended the concert given in town by Ellery's Band, Wednesday of last week. It was a wonderful performance, Mr. Stauffer said, and many of the band boys especially enjoyed it.

Father Ganss, who has suffered for months with an affected toe, is now much better. We are glad to note his improved appearance and we hope he may soon be entirely recovered.

Several of the senior girls spoke to the Y. W. C. A. meeting last Sunday evening. The large attendance showed their interest in the work. Mrs. Foster and Miss Kaup visited us.

The members of the Standard Literary Society extend to Messrs. Hitchcock, Nelson, Enos and Bastian, a note of commendation and thanks for their faithful discharge of the duties which have been placed upon them as members of the society.

The dress parade drills on the campus after supper are always witnessed by an interested gathering of students and employees. Much improvement in form has been noted within the last week. The marching of the company from Small Boys' Quarters always attracts favorable comment. The other companies must look to their laurels if they hope to win over the Small Boys.

The fire-drill on Monday morning was a success. The pupils filed out of the auditorium in good order, one-half going by way of the rear fire-escape and the rest by the front stairways and to their respective rooms. The value of these drills cannot be over estimated in dollars alone but even human lives may be the penalty for any neglect on the part of us to obey orders.

The Teachers' Club parlor, which has been undergoing repairs and repapering, begins to look like a rather attractive place. The new paper—a rich green with ceiling of white—shows up well with the white wood work and the dainty gold molding. The floor has been repainted and the border nicely grained. All of this

work has been done by the boys of the carpentry and painting departments under the direction of their instructors. They are to be congratulated on the results obtained.

To do justice to Wesley J. Tallchief, who left Carlisle a month ago, we wish to remove the impression which may have been made upon the minds of his friends here or elsewhere by an article which appeared in the 'Philadelphia Ledger' two weeks ago. It is with a certain knowledge of the facts in the case and to clear a fellow student's good name that we positively assert that said article did not in any particular refer to Wesley J. Tallchief whom we all know as a worthy Carlisle student.

An Excellent Program.

At the Longstreth Literary Society meeting last Friday evening, the following program was rendered: Society song, Susans; recitation, Laura Tubbs; vocal solo, Rosina Peters; essay, Rose Bald Eagle; select reading, Clara Ellis. Miss Butler, our music teacher, was present and she very kindly favored us with a solo, which every one enjoyed. The question: "Resolved, That our mind gains more knowledge from reading than observation." The affirmative speakers were Ivy Miller and Ivy Metoxen; negative, Ruth Lydick and Cora Elm. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The official visitor was Miss McDowell.

In Honor of the Graduates.

The following excellent program was given last Friday evening by the Invincible Debating Society in honor of the graduating class: Overture, Invincible Trio; Declamation, George Lavata; Essay, James Mumblehead; Selection, Invincible Trio; Extemporaneous Speeches, Chas. W. Kennedy, William Owl; Vocal Solo, Fritz Hendricks; Select Reading, Leroy Red-eagle; Oration, Edison Mt. Pleasant; Selection, Invincible Trio; Debate: "Resolved, That immigration should be further restricted by an educational test." Affirmative side, Robert Tahamont, Mitchell Le Fleur; Negative side, William Bishop, Joseph Jocks; Invincible Trio, Chas. W. Kennedy, 1st Violin, James Mumblehead, Solo Cornet, Joe B. Poodry, Solo Flute.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

The Juniors are writing papers on their home states for the commencement exhibit.

The Seniors were well entertained last Friday evening by the Invincible Debating Society.

The band team defeated the employees at base ball last Saturday afternoon. The score was 6-2.

If you do not get promoted do not be discouraged, but make up your mind that you will be up with your class before the end of the term.

Peter Mora, who has been out under the outing for some time, has returned to the school looking healthy and happy.

A postal was received from Nathan Lott stating he is well. He sends his best wishes to friends at "Old Carlisle."

The electric lights have been put in place on the gate, which was erected at the entrance to the campus not long ago.

Zoa Harden, an ex-student of Carlisle who is now Mrs. Haney, writes that she and her husband are doing well on their farm in Oklahoma.

Selina Twoguns, a member of the present graduating class, read a story in the auditorium Monday morning which proved to us that a good name is worth more than silver or gold.

New rubber mats have been placed on the central stairway in the Girls' Quarters. They have improved the looks of the stairway very much, beside saving the girls many dangerous falls.

Every one seemed to enjoy the entertainment given by the poet, Fred Emerson Brooks, on Saturday evening. This was partly due to the fact that the students appreciated having a real live poet read his own poems, and also the good jokes and anecdotes that he gave.

Wm. Bishop, one of the printing department boys, is at work down town. He took Jose Porter's place in the Cornman print shop. Wm. has only been at the printer's trade since the summer of 1908, but he is making rapid strides in his work and gives promise of being a fine craftsman.

Last Monday was the first day of Spring. The signs, "Keep off the Grass," are up and let us observe them so that we may retain our beautiful green campus.

Last Saturday afternoon the baseball aspirants appeared on the diamond in old-time form. Several new comers proved to be good players, as was shown by the way in which they handled the ball.

Mr. George Foulk is busy giving the campus roads a new layer of gravel which greatly improves their appearance and also aids very much in preserving the under layer of clay which makes our roads so good.

Harry Wheeler conducted the Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday evening, and although the attendance was not so large as on former evenings, the enthusiasm with which it was carried out showed that the boys are determined to make the association a success.

On January 15, the lady students of Philadelphia College of Pharmacy organized a club which will be known as the W. P. C. We are pleased to hear that Florence Hunter, a graduate of Carlisle, was elected vice-president.

Florence Hunter, class '08, who is a student in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, sends greetings and best wishes to the graduating class. We thank her and regret very much that she can not be present at our commencement.

Miss Eleanor Spring, of Akron, N. Y., is expected to attend the Commencement exercises. Eleanor was a member of the present graduating class and she is naturally very much interested in it. We shall be glad to see her.

Schoolroom No. 9 has selected for its motto the lines: "Give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you!" A class that can and will live up to such a sentiment is bound to succeed. Keep your eye, therefore, on No. 9.

Mrs. Foster and the members of the Senior class have been very busy preparing material for the Senior number of THE ARROW. Their work is finished now and we leave it to the readers of that issue which will appear soon to decide how very well they have done their part.

Mrs. Rosa Bourassa LaFlesche, class '90, writes that she would very much like to be present at commencement but that her work at Chilocco prevents; "duty before pleasure," she says, and "I hope the weather man may behave his best that your commencement may be a great success."

It is certainly fine spring weather. Mr. Robin skips merrily over the campus which shows signs of the South wind's visit. In the evening he may be seen sitting in a tree singing as if his throat would burst. The shy little song sparrow has also made her presence known by singing soft, sweet notes from the tree-tops.

It isn't every apprentice who can print his own diploma, but Harrison Smith has had that distinction. The industrial certificates were printed by the school's print shop and Harrison had charge of the work, so that the certificate for him will be an example of his handicraft as well as an indicator that he has merit as a cylinder pressman.



Program by New Members.

The Standard meeting last Friday evening was carried out by the new members. The question for debate read thus: "Resolved; That the Alaskan coalfields should be controlled by the Federal Government." Charles Monchamp and Moses Strangerhorse upheld the affirmative side and Montreville Yuda and Lonnie Hereford argued for the negative. The judges awarded the victory to the affirmative side. Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell were the only visitors; Mr. Whitwell, who is the advisory member, gave an excellent talk.



Starting Out Into the Real World.

Jose Porter, Navajo, and one of the "old guard" of the printing department's force, left school and Carlisle last Saturday for the state of Oklahoma. He expects to locate in Shawnee, where he will endeavor to be not only a "good Indian," but a good printer. Jose has it in him to become a successful working citizen, and he leaves this school with the best wishes of his industrial classmates, with whom he was popular. May he reap a full measure of happiness and success is our wish.

THE NAMING OF A TOWN.

MARGARET O. BLACKWOOD, Chippewa.

A peaceful and quiet town indeed was "The Tall Green Tamarack." The Indian youth and maiden played upon the clean white sand which covered the beach in summer, and remained in camp during the cold, blustry winter season.

This village was situated at the mouth of a smooth river that wended its way through beautiful dells, which bordered its banks and swept on in majesty toward the greatest of all lakes—Superior.

On a cold winter morning one might have seen in this same little village an old Indian woman, whose hair was as white as the pure snow that covered the earth, pick her footsteps from her own little wigwam down to the river where she would await her turn to fill her wooden bowl with the clear, cold water. This was the way each Indian got the water he or she used during the day. The dish the old woman used was very dear to her. It had been given to her by her grandmother who told her that she must always carry the water in it and never let the cup slip from her hands lest the white man should take from them their homes. Steadily did the old woman dip her cup and turn from the river with a thankful heart. For years and years she had done this. She had carried water for husband and children who were as gay and free as those who now surrounded her. But they had all passed away. The merciless winter had taken them from her, and now as she was the only one to drink, one trip a day to the river was enough. Gladly she welcomed the spring when the warm sun melted the ice and snow. She could now walk with ease and gather the roots and berries as she passed to and from the river. One brilliant day in September, when autumn was kissing the hilltops and the Great Spirit was painting the leaves, she went as usual to get her water. As she bent to fill her dish she heard a strange laugh, and glancing up saw across the river a number of pale-faced men. With a cry of horror she let slip her dish and as it settled to the river-bottom her grandmother's warning returned as she cried in an agonized voice: "Nin-dona-gon, do-na-gon!" (Oh, my dish, my

dish). The surveyors, hearing her cry, understood her to say "Ontonagon"; and named the village with her words.

The words of the old grandmother were true; for in the space of ten years the white settlers crowded in for the timber, copper and iron while the Indians with the exception of a few families were sent to the Odanah and the La Point Indian Agencies.



THE LEGEND OF THE POND LILIES.

ADELINE REENBRIER, Menominee.

Many years ago there was a very beautiful star in the heavens. One day it came down to earth to visit the red children in their wigwams. While on this visit, it consulted the chiefs of the tribe as to the best place to live on earth.

One told it to go to the high mountain which overlooked the plain; another, to live on the slope of the hill where the beautiful flowers grew, strengthened by the gentle rains and greeted each morning by the rising sun. A third chief told it to dwell in the forest where it would be lulled to sleep by the songs of the pines and the sweet scent of the violets.

Then the star went back to her home in the blue skies discontented with the places suggested by the old chiefs. She thought the kindly mountain and the gentle slopes of the hills too far away from the dear children whom she loved. The forest was too gloomy to live in, so she decided to look around for herself.

At last she found a beautiful little lake which mirrored the sky on its bosom, and where the children played in their birch canoes.

She sent her rays down in the water and they became roots.

In the morning the children rowed out and talked to it, and at last it opened its petals and smiled.

For a long time it was the only one in the lake, then others appeared around it. In time they were found on all the lakes.

*They were called star lilies because they came from the star. Now they are called water lilies, or pond lilies.



ONE of the most important things for us to do is to help keep our school grounds clear of all papers and trash. Let us do our part.

CARLISLE ROSTER OF EMPLOYEES.

The following list contains the names of all Civil Service employees, together with the titles indicating the nature of their services, at the U. S. Indian School at Carlisle. Several positions are unfilled.

M. Friedman.....	Superintendent
S. J. Nori.....	Chief Clerk
Harvey K. Meyer.....	Clerk
Ella F. White.....	Clerk
Will H. Miller.....	Financial Clerk
Mrs. Nellie R. Denny.....	Clerk
Charlotte Belle Mann.....	Clerk
Mollie V. Gaither.....	Girls' Field Agent
James E. Henderson.....	Boys' Field Agent
John Whitwell.....	Principal Teacher
Mary Y. Henderson.....	Teacher
Hattie M. McDowell.....	Teacher
Miriam B. Crosser.....	Teacher
Katherine C. Bingley.....	Teacher
Mrs. E. H. Foster.....	Teacher
Lydia E. Kaup.....	Normal Teacher
Murray A. Collins.....	Tr. Mechanical Drawing
Wm. W. Wyatt.....	Teacher
Fernado G. Tranbarger.....	Teacher
Beatrice E. Scott.....	Teacher
Margaret M. Sweeney.....	Teacher
Emma K. Hetrick.....	Teacher
Lida M. Johnston.....	Teacher
Emma C. Lovewell.....	Teacher
A. Belle Reichel.....	Teacher
Dora S. Lecrone.....	Teacher
Angel DeC. Deitz.....	Teacher Nat. Ind. Art
Wm. H. Deitz.....	Asst. Teacher Nat. Ind. Art
Bessie B. Beach.....	Librarian
C. M. Stauffer.....	Director of Music
Alfred W. Ramsey.....	Business Teacher
M. L. Lau.....	Instructor in Carriagemaking
Edgar K. Miller.....	Instructor in Printing
Wm. Shambaugh.....	Instructor in Blacksmithing
C. H. Carns.....	Instructor in Painting
Abe Colonohaski.....	Instructor in Tinsmithing
H. Gardner.....	Instructor in Carpentry
John Herr.....	Instructor in Carpentry
Wm. Nonnast.....	Instructor in Tailoring
M. I. Zeigler.....	Instructor in Harnessmaking
Harry B. Lamason.....	Instructor in Masonry
Ella Albert.....	Instructor in Laundry Work
Mrs. Ida Boger.....	Asst. in Laundry Work
Mrs. Minnie Daihl.....	Asst. in Laundry Work
Mrs. B. Canfield.....	Instructor in Sewing
Elizabeth Searight.....	Asst. in Sewing Room
Emma E. Boley.....	Asst. in Sewing Room
Wallace Denny.....	Asst. Commandant of Cadets
Frances M. Shultz.....	Asst. Matron
Jennie L. Gaither.....	Matron
August Kensler.....	Quartermaster
Wm. B. King, Jr.....	Asst. to Quartermaster
George Foulk.....	Teamster
Susan Zeamer.....	Asst. Matron
Lizzie James.....	Cook
Frank J. Veith.....	Instructor in Horticulture
F. Shoemaker.....	Physician
Alice Guest.....	Nurse
Elizabeth S. Wilder.....	Cook, Hospital
Harry F. Weber.....	Instructor in Engineering
Geo. L. Gottwerth.....	Fireman
M. T. Dewalt.....	Fireman
H. A. Grissinger.....	Instructor in Farming
Wm. B. Gray.....	Instructor in Farming
Leo E. Griffin.....	Instructor in Dairying

TEMPORARY EMPLOYEES.

William H. Shultz.....	Instructor in Shoemaking
Mrs. Ida M. Sites.....	Assistant in Laundry
Roy Smith.....	Instructor in Bakery
Mrs. Sadie E. Richey.....	Asst. Cook