

The Carlisle Arrow

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

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GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

The small boys have a pet Maltese cat which Mr. Denny has named "Jake".

Katie Wolf is now out under the school's outing system—at Glenolden, Pa.

Miss Hazard, of the printing department, spent a few days in Washington, Christmas week.

Hanover Spring, a Seneca in the U. S. naval service on the Colorado, was a visitor during the holidays.

Frank Lonestar now has charge of the cylinder press in the printing department. He is doing good work.

Walter Saracino has returned from the country where he has been working under a contractor as a carpenter.

Last week a number of cows were purchased for the dairy, and several new calves have made their appearance.

A number of the pupils received letters from the West which were badly scorched by the fire, which occurred in Pittsburg.

Stella V. Bear, class 1910, who is in Cantonment, Okla., is happily located there. She sends the season's greetings to Carlisle friends.

Many beautiful postal cards have been received from William Yankee-joe, who is at Hayward, Wisconsin. He wishes to be remembered to his friends.

From Honolulu comes a message to Miss Curtis from Engracio Baculy, who is on his way to his home in the Philippines. He says, "No seasick for me."

An elevator is being built in Girls' Quarters for the purpose of carrying the trunks. We will find this a great improvement over the old-time back-breaking method of hauling them up and down the stairways, especially during the outing season.

A recitation entitled "Katrina's Visit to New York" given by Thirza S. Bernel was very good. Thirza used the German accent, which made the piece decidedly amusing.

During the last week the gasoline engine at the first farm has not been running rightly which necessitates watering the stock at the spring, in the old-time way.

Through a letter we learn that Freeman Johnson, who is employed in Rochester, New York, as a tailor, is spending the Christmas vacation with his parents in Basom, New York.

Sarah Hoxie, who is holding a position as cook in the Round Valley Indian School, in California, writes that she is well. She sends her best wishes to all her friends here at the Carlisle school.



CHRISTMAS AT CARLISLE.

ROBERT TAHAMONT, Abenaki.

After having attended a most delightful entertainment in the auditorium, on Saturday evening, the pupils marched in a body to the gymnasium where, amid wreaths of holly and sprays of evergreen, the much-looked-for Christmas presents were given out.

The jolly St. Nicholas greeted us with a speech of welcome and wished us all the joys of the season.

Two large evergreen trees stood in the center of the gymnasium and sparkled cheerily with tinsel trimmings and tiny electric lights. The many gifts were piled at the base of the trees and were distributed to the pupils by the matrons and officers of the various quarters.

The Christmas spirit predominated throughout the evening and after a short sociable we repaired to our quarters.

Much credit is due to those who selected and superintended the distribution of the gifts, which made us all happy.

THE GREAT SPIRIT AND THE MONSTROUS MOSQUITO.

EDISON MT. PLEASANT, Tuscarora.

According to a Tuscarora Indian tradition, a monstrous mosquito once appeared among the people, killing them for his meals. The mosquito first appeared in the vicinity now occupied by the Tuscaroras, along the ancient shore line of Lake Ontario, about six miles east of Niagara Falls.

After the mosquito had killed and devoured many good people, he met the Great Spirit, with his red body. The Great Spirit asked him: "What made you so red?" The mosquito answered, "Oh! I ate a lot of raspberries in the woods." The Great Spirit knew that the mosquito's declaration was truth turned upside down, and after many questions, the mosquito confessed his guilt.

A fight ensued between the Great Spirit and the monstrous mosquito. The mosquito had thought he would secure a good meal, but the struggle was too great for him, so he flew away. The mosquito's long legs soon carried him a good lead from his pursuer. The course of his flight was along the ancient shore line of Lake Ontario.

The mosquito thought he was free from the would-be assassin as he was far in the lead, but the Great Spirit was persistent in the pursuit and sprang upon the monster unexpectedly; he overcame him and ceased his buzzing forever.

After the fight, the Great Spirit rested and smoked the pipe of peace.

The prints on a rock mark his resting place after the victory.

From the time that the Great Spirit smoked the peace pipe over the vanquished mosquito, all mosquitos have had a dislike for smoke and will flee from it.



WORD comes from Mrs. Friedman that she is greatly interested in the historic buildings of Sante Fe.

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Second-class matter—so entered at the Post-office at Carlisle, September 2, 1904.

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

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

The boys and girls are glad to begin school again.

Whitney Skenandore left last Thursday for his home in Depere, Wisconsin.

Rachel Chase writes from her home in Clam Falls, Wisconsin, that her health is good.

A number of the small boys took communion at the Episcopal church Sunday morning.

Mary Dixon left last Saturday morning for Philadelphia where she will take nurse's training.

Anna Miles, after a pleasant visit here with friends, returned to Philadelphia Monday morning.

Miss Hazard, who spent the holidays with relatives in Washington, D. C., returned Monday evening.

Samuel Sanook, an ex-student, who is employed by the Altoona carshops, paid us a short visit during the holidays.

John White, '09, was a visitor during the holidays. He is at present employed by the Mt. Holly printing Company.

Those who attended the meeting of the Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A. enjoyed the program rendered by the little folks.

Minnie B. Hawk, who is living in Waynesboro, Pa., spent a few days with us during the past week. She reports having a very nice home.

As it was raining last Sunday, the girls did not go to church in town; they spent the morning in writing New Year's letters to their friends.

Sarah Beuchler, who has been one of our nurses for over a year, left Monday for Lancaster, Pa., where she intends to finish the course in nursing.

Mr. and Mrs. Tranbarger were hosts Monday evening of a very enjoyable gathering of Carlisle employees. Cards and other games were played, refreshments were served, and everybody had a good time.

Last Friday evening, while the Mercer-Standard reception was going on, a game of basket ball was played between the small and the large boys. The former being on their own floor, won by the score of 48 to 12.

The members of the Junior class as well as the Mercers were glad to see Fannie Charley, who spent a few days here. She was a loyal member of both organizations and was greatly pleased to attend the Mercer-Standard reception during her visit.

The tracks in the dairy barn are nearly finished and the feed carrier is now in use. The milch cows are in fine condition; during the last two weeks there has been an increase of more than ten gallons at a milking. There is also a pen full of healthy little calves.

Owing to the rain on Monday there was not any skating. The day was spent in the best way possible by the girls; some of them enjoyed themselves during the afternoon in the bowling alley; in the afternoon others played basket-ball in the gymnasium.

The girls in the four upper grades were so enthusiastic over the Monday evening basket ball games that the following day they organized their class teams. Helen Johnson has been elected captain of the Sophomores, Nan Saunooke, of the Seniors, and Agnes Waite, of the Juniors.

Last Sunday evening the members of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. held their meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall. A short program was carried out as follows; Duet, Inez Whitwell and Estella Vieth; a letter of thanks from Miss Hubert to both associations was read by Iva Miller; vocal solo, Frank Johnson; Christmas lullaby, Jessie Vieth. Dr. Hutchinson of the Methodist church was the speaker.

Although the weather was not very favorable, the short vacation seems to have been immensely en-

joyed by every one. The true Christmas spirit manifested itself in many ways: the desire to share; the willingness to give help when needed; the forgetfulness of self so that another might be happy; all these beautiful traits became apparent in the midst of bustle and responsibility, hence the happy Christmas season at Carlisle.

At midnight, Saturday, the Senior Class song, "The Lavender and White" was heard resounding over the campus in true school spirit and class loyalty. After a charming evening spent in the Y. W. C. A. room, the class had gathered in a body on the band stand to "sing out the old, and sing in the new." The year of 1911, so fraught with interest to them, had dawned and the joy of it echoed and reechoed far and near in their songs and yells. After mutual good wishes and hearty handshaking, they dispersed to sleep, and perchance to dream of hopes fulfilled and worthy actions done.



The Mercer-Standard Reception.

Last Friday evening the gymnasium was the scene of one of the most enjoyable receptions given under the auspices of the literary societies. The large room had been decorated with flags, society colors, and pennants; the bells and the star decorated with arbor vitae, which were a part of the Christmas decorations, remained to carry out the joyous feeling of good tidings and hope to the happy guests. Cushioned seats had been arranged at each end of the room thereby adding to the cosiness and also carrying out the color scheme to an artistic finish. The music was delightful, the floor "just fine," as one of the dancers said, and the refreshments were dainty and appetizing. Every thing was systematically done; the whole arrangement showed careful planning, harmoniously carried out by the different committees who certainly deserve commendation for their excellent management and good taste. Those who won first and second honors in the waltz were, Lillian Porterfield and Leroy Redeagle; Anita Pollard and Louis Rannels. The two-step, Gladys McLain and Leonard Hudnall; Effie Nori and Delancy Davis. The prizes were delicious looking cakes.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

The farmers expect to finish up the cutting of fodder this week.

The rooms in the Small Boys' Quarters are being calcimined and painted.

Jane M. Butler writes from Mar-birth, Pa., that she is well and doing nicely.

Despite the rain the boys attended Sunday school in town as usual last Sunday.

Stella Bear remembered her friends by sending them very pretty Christmas cards.

Many beautiful cards, posted on the way home, were received from Eva Simons.

Amelia Hewitt writes from the country that she spent a very pleasant Christmas.

Jonas Jackson, Class '07, writes from Seattle, Washington, that he is making good.

The Sophomores are studying South America in Miss McDowell's room. They find it very interesting.

Mary Swallow, who has been living under the outing since last fall, returned to school on Monday.

Cora Elm, who is living at Glendolden, Pa., writes that she received many beautiful Christmas presents.

Dana Mitchell, an ex-student, now living at Blanchard, Maine, sends his best wishes to all his friends at Carlisle.

Mrs. Nori and the "babies" will soon return to us; they are now in New Mexico visiting Mr. Nori's mother.

The rain spoiled our skating on New Year's day but we had many good and exciting basket ball games in the gymnasium.

We are glad to learn that Chester Cabay is doing well and taking care of his widowed mother at his home in Bay City, Michigan.

The basket-ball game between the Easterners and the Westerners of the girls' team was an exciting one; each girl played to win.

Anna Hauser writes from Merchantville, New Jersey, that she and her people had a most delightful trip to New York last Monday.

The Sophomores have nearly finished the beautiful story of Evangeline. They hope their next book will prove as interesting as that has been.

A letter received from Daisy Mingo states that they are having fine skating in Oysterville, Mass. She sends best wishes to her friends.

Mr. Dunn, of Carlisle, accompanied by Dr. Black, gave a helpful and interesting talk to the students at the Methodist prayer meeting last Thursday evening.

Now that the holidays and most of the receptions are over, we should do three months of hard conscientious studying and so make this the most profitable quarter of the year.

Miss Cowdry's Sunday School class of the Second Presbyterian Church met at her home Tuesday evening for the purpose of electing new officers. They spent a very delightful evening.

John Arquette, our Marathon runner, won a beautiful silver cup in the indoor meet at New York last Saturday. He took second prize, the distance was ten miles and his time was fifty-five minutes.

Emma M. Newashe, Helen Pickard, Liela Waterman and Marie Paisano, who are all living in Moristown, N. J., were invited to eat Christmas dinner at the country home of Virginia Boone.

Raymond B. Meat, an ex-student of Carlisle, writing from Kingfisher, Okla., says, "I cannot get along without the little paper, as I always like to hear what is doing at Carlisle. I am working here as assistant farmer. I was appointed last Spring; since then, I have been trying to do what is right."

The Catholics assembled in their usual place of meeting on New Year's evening; a few Christmas Carols were sung after which Miss Sarah Carty gave a talk on the "Origin of the Passion Play" which she saw last summer. Clara Trepania gave a vocal solo accompanied by Mary Pleets on the piano and Robert Bruce on the cornet.

Dr. DeForney entertained the "Bachelors' Club" at his house last Thursday evening. There was a thrilling ghost-story by President Wauseka which occupied most of the evening, after which sumptuous refreshments were served by Lyman

Madison. The bachelors present were President Wauseka, Louis Dupuis, James Garlow and William Garlow.

A series of basket ball games were played during the holidays between teams representing the Westerners and the Easterners. The Western girls won after a well contested game 7-6. Soon after the boys began an interesting, but a rather one-sided game, which was won by the Westerners 56-26. An enthusiastic spirit was displayed by the followers of the different teams.

The Catholic students enjoyed their Christmas tree very much and they are very thankful to the Fathers and to the Sisters who took so much pains to give them pleasure; but the smiling face and pleasant talk of Father Ganss was missed by all, and although he could not be with us in body, we know he was in spirit. Our best wishes for a very Happy New Year are with him.



Mottoes Attract Attention.

The mottoes and mail cards issued by the Carlisle Indian Press are much in demand and having a varied use. The following letter is one of many of its kind received by the management:

271 Claremont Ave., Montclair, N. J.
Dear Sir: I am returning, under separate cover, nineteen (19) of the two hundred and two (202) mottoes so kindly sent me in November; and in this letter, a money order for one dollar and eighty-three cents, (\$1.83) in payment for those I have sold. I expected to send this letter long ago, but each time I thought of doing so, some one has asked me to delay in order that she might see the mottoes. They have been greatly admired and I could have sold five times the number of certain ones. As it is, I have realized quite a sum for the benefit of our district nurse, and have received and given much pleasure from seeing the good work of your pupils. Thanking you most sincerely for your kindness and courtesy.

Yours truly,
SUSAN CUTTER LANGSTERH.



THERE was a time when it was believed that if the truth were crushed to earth it invariably would rise again, but the theory is not always tenable in these days. I have seen a beautiful truth battered out of all semblance to itself and prostrate on the ground while large, active lies walked upon its helpless frame and wiped their feet on its hair.—Personality.

THE SHELDRAKE DUCK.

JOHN MCINNIS, Washoe.

Mitchihess was a Washoe Indian hunter, who lived near a river in a dark woods in eastern California. This hunter had a brother who was so small that he kept him in a box, and when he left him to go away on a hunting expedition he closed the box very carefully for fear that some one might get the Lilliputian.

One day, as this hunter was returning home in his canoe, he saw a very beautiful girl sitting on the bank of the river making a moccasin.

He paddled up softly and silently, intending to capture her, but when she saw him coming, she jumped into the water and disappeared. On returning to her mother, who lived at the bottom of the river, she related the incident, whereupon her mother told her to go back to the hunter and be his wife.

Submissive to her mother's command, she returned to the lodge of Mitchihess, but he was not there. She entered, however, and arranged everything for his return, making a bed of willow boughs.

At night Mitchihess came back with one beaver. This he divided, cooked one-half for supper, and laid the other half aside. In the morning when she awoke, he was gone and the other half of the beaver had also disappeared. That night he returned with another beaver and the same thing happened again. Her curiosity overcame her, and she resolved to find out what use was being made of the other half of the beaver. So she laid down and feigned sleep.

Mitchihess quietly arose and cooked the half of the beaver, and taking a key, unlocked a box and took out a little red dwarf and fed him. Replacing the dwarf in the box he locked him up again and laid down to sleep; before putting him in his box he washed him and combed his hair.

The next morning when Mitchihess had gone for the day, his wife hunted for the key, and having found it, she opened the box and called to the little fellow to come out. This he refused to do at first, but at length he was persuaded. He peeped out and she pulled him forth, but whenever she touched him her hands became red, though she took no heed, thinking she could wash it off at will. But while combing him, there entered a hideous

being, an awful devil, who caught the small dwarf from her and ran away.

Then she was terribly frightened. She tried to wash the red stains off, but the more she washed the brighter they became. When her husband returned that night he had no game. When he saw the red stains he knew what had happened.

He seized his bow to beat his wife, but she ran down to the river and jumped in to escape death at his hands. But, as she plunged into the water she became a sheldrake duck; and to this day the marks of the red stains are visible on the feet and feathers of the sheldrake duck.



A Superb Production.

The December number of the Red Man, published at the Indian school, is out, and it is a superb production. Superintendent Friedman's recent article, published in the College World, is one of the best things in the book. He shows very conclusively that the prominent Indian athletes are among the very best citizens, again correcting an impression in the minds of some that athletes and study don't mix. He proves very conclusively that Benjamin Caswell, '92; Frank Cayou, '96; Frank Mt. Pleasant, Bemus Pierce, James Phillips, James Johnson, Caleb Sickles, and a host of other Carlisle Indian athletes have succeeded phenomenally well after leaving school here.

Another interesting feature is a compilation of comments made by no less than 46 leading newspapers of this country—favorable comments on the Carlisle Idea of education—the only correct idea, and many of these are from leading western papers.—Carlisle Evening Sentinel, December 21.



A Farewell Party.

A farewell party, given last Monday evening by the Misses Cowdrey, in honor of Vera Wagner, was very enjoyable. There were guessing and picture games, all of which were very entertaining. Louis Dupuis, Evelyn Pierce, and Harry Wheeler, won the prizes in guessing. Those in attendance were Adeline and Carlyle Greenbrier, Selina Twoguns, Mrs. Wheeler, James Garlow, Frank Johnson, Jas. Mumblehead, Kenneth King, Edison Mt. Pleasant, and Wm. Garlow. All had a grand time.

THE SEVEN STARS.

MAZIE L. SKYE, Seneca.

One of the legends most often repeated among the Seneca Indians is that concerning the origin of the group of stars called the "Seven Sisters." It is sometimes believed that there are only six stars in the group, and the doubt of the seventh is accounted for in the following story:

At one time there were seven sisters who were under the protection of a venerable grandmother. They had heard of a magic fountain of wondrous powers and were naturally very curious to know more of it, but they had been warned by her against going near the fountain because it was guarded by a huge monster, against whom she had no power to defend herself or others.

One day she left the sisters alone while she went on an errand. They were full of curiosity and the spirit of adventure and decided to go to the fountain. On reaching their destination they were pleased to find it deserted and everything about was peaceful and quiet. Time passed unheeded by the sisters and twilight was falling before they considered the homeward journey. It was with much reluctance that they left the beautiful place.

While only a short distance away from the fountain they heard a deep roar like that of thunder, and almost immediately afterward there stood the fountain guard among them. He seized the largest of the sisters and returned to his haunts. Later he placed her in the heavens as a star. The guard, being a fast traveler, overtook the sisters six times, at each time taking one, who met with the same fate as the first.

It was dawn when the seventh sister was placed in the sky and this accounts for the dimness and sometimes absence of the seventh star.



Don't Be a Butterfly.

Don't be a butterfly. Stick to one thing. Concentrate. What would you think of a farmer who would plow a little in one field, and then before ready to sow the seed, jump the fence and plow another, jump the fence again and plow and harrow and sow there, but not stay long enough to reap the harvest?—Personality.