

The Carlisle Arrow

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

VOLUME VII.

CARLISLE, PA., JANUARY 13, 1911.

NUMBER 19

A QUITTER NEVER GETS ANYWHERE.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Every man who ever did anything really great did it by himself. Success can't be gained without confidence. It is force that carries the struggler to his goal. He must believe in his ability—he must possess so much tenacity and courage that others become infected with his assurance. When he meets with disbelief and discouragement, his own faith has to support and sustain him. And such faith is only to be arrived at by training, just as the athlete's stride is the result of months of effort and the hammer thrower's form is the outcome of untiring practice.

Self-confidence is a moral muscle which requires development. It is no different from any other thew and sinew—it can only grow strong through use. If you never try, no one will ever try for you. If you don't make a start, no one will give you the impetus. The world is selfish—every individual is endeavoring, to the best of his might, to utilize his knowledge and experience and advantages to his own profit.

Big things are hard to get, otherwise they would have no value. Ground fruit is easier to pick than that on the tree, but if it were sound it wouldn't lie so low. What is not difficult to secure can be just as readily gotten by every one else. The little posts are always hardest to hold because they require so little ability to maintain and the competition among men who can fill them is many times more intense than the striving higher up.

Only the ambitious achieve, and ambition, without initiative, is a useless possession. It has as much value as a gun without ammunition.

Contentment is rust—men who are satisfied with what they have done soon cease to be of value to themselves and to others. Every twenty-four hours produces a change

in the ways of doing things, and the self-complacent man, content with his knowledge and his opportunity, soon becomes a back number—he stands still while things are moving forward.

Suppose you do undergo a setback or two on the way to greater prosperity, if you're not willing to stand a tumble, you haven't grit and courage enough to hold things after you get them.



Pits Students Against Journeymen.

The Oklahoma State Agricultural College at Stillwater claims to have one of the best equipped and most up-to-date college printing offices in the West, and that it is doing a vast amount of good printing for the cause of education in that state. We are told that they claim to be doing extra good work because they do not admit students to the printing department. We never have seen any printing from the office so cannot pass judgment on the quality of the work but, we believe the department should be run as a school and the student given an opportunity to work there and to learn the printing business if so inclined. The printing done at Kansas Agricultural College; Carlisle, Pa.; Chilocco, Okla.; and Haskell Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas, all manned entirely by students under competent directors, is equal to any received on our exchange list. The Red Man, from Carlisle, and the Kansas Industrialist, at Manhattan, are models in printing. If the exclusive Oklahoma school can do any better work with its force of regulars we would like to see it. . . .

Anyway, it is a fact that these schools are doing good printing, and we believe they are turning out good printers, considering the time they actually spend in the printing office during a four or five year's college course.—Pointers for December, issued by Great Western Type Foundry, Kansas City, Missouri.

HUNTING THE LAND OTTER.

ISAAC GOULD, '07, Alaskan.

The land otter is an amphibious animal and is found scattered among the Shumagin group of islands in Alaska, and also on the mainland.

The jet black fur which covers the animal's body is much sought by furriers, and demands from ten to twenty dollars; when properly tanned and stretched, the pelt measures nearly eight feet in length.

They inhabit the sides of mountains and the shores of small lakes and lagoons, and like the fox, they live under large boulders or in caves.

A much worn trail marks their course from their habitat to the water's edge. They travel mostly at night in search of food.

While foraging for food they most always travel in groups of three or five, and sometimes more.

Like most animals, the land otter has a very keen sense of smell and is very skillful at springing traps, but if one should get caught, the others will not stop but keep on in pursuit of their one aim in life—that is to get food. If, by chance, they feel the least suspicious of a trap being near, they drag their bodies over the ground, and if they strike the spring the trap will snap without injuring them.

One peculiarity of the land otter is, that he does not make any effort to free himself when trapped; the wolf and various other animals will gnaw at the imprisoned limb until they are free regardless of pain.

It has been estimated that the land otter will travel forty or fifty miles during a single night.



THERE is a price on success as there is on every good thing that we seek in this life. In one form or another success must be paid for by efforts. We cannot afford to fool ourselves. Our success depends upon the amount of skill and energy we put into our work.—Personality.

The Carlisle Arrow

Issued Fridays from the Carlisle Indian Press
About ten months in the year.

Twenty-five Cents Yearly

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.

Charles McDonald is working with the Cornman Printing Company in town.

Mrs. Canfield promoted several girls to the dressmaking class during the month of December.

Last Saturday the Varsity basket ball team won from the Shippensburg Normals by a score of 32 to 20.

Tewanima, our Marathon runner, came in second in the race at Buffalo last Saturday, January seventh.

Genevieve Bebeau played two beautiful pieces on her guitar last Sunday evening at the Catholic meeting.

The reading room in Girls' Quarters is nearing completion and the girls are very eager to take possession.

Mary Silas, who went home last fall, was married at her home in Oneida, Wisconsin, to James Cornelius.

The members of last year's Lacrosse team held a meeting Monday noon and elected Reuben Charles their captain.

The advanced carpenters are busy with numerous orders for tables and chairs. Any difficult work is enjoyed by them.

The friends of Marjorie Jackson were glad to see her looking so well when she paid a visit to Carlisle last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Friedman are expecting to return soon; we shall be glad to see them, for they were greatly missed.

Julia Jarvis, ex-student, left Monday for Burlington, N. J., where she will visit with her country people before returning to her home in Washington.

A pleasing feature of the Standard meeting last Friday evening was a song entitled, "My Pal," sung by Alfred LaMont.

An exciting game of basket ball was played Saturday between troops B and F. The score was 12 to 10 in favor of troop F.

Miss Ruth Hefleman, a student at the State Normal School of Millersville, Pa., spent a day here with her friends during the holidays.

Jack Jackson represented the Freshman Class last Monday morning; his recitation expressed fine sentiment and was well recited.

Leonard Hudnall of Small Boys' Quarters returned to school after spending last Saturday and Sunday with a friend at Bucknell College.

Carlisle Greenbrier gave a solo at the second Presbyterian church for the Christian Endeavor Society last Sunday evening; her sweet voice gave pleasure to all.

Father Stock complimented both the boys and girls on their good behavior Sunday evening in the music room. He said they did better than any pupils he had ever met.

The Glee Club of Small Boy's Quarters held it's first regular meeting on the evening of Wednesday the fourth. The program rendered was voluntary, each member responding with a will.

The ice last Saturday afternoon was not in good condition for skating, so the boys spent the afternoon in playing a series of basket-ball games between the different troops, and in bowling.

Mr. Whitwell gave an earnest talk on New Year resolutions at the opening exercises last Monday morning. "Not so much the resolutions as the faithful performance of duty during the entire year makes up the sum of our success."

The Freshmen were represented by Alex Arcasa at the afternoon chapel exercises Monday. He gave an excellent oration entitled "Perseverance," a word which all of us should adopt as a motto, especially at this time of the year.

Miss Johnston had as her guests Christmas week her cousin Miss Lillian S. McAlphine, of Waterford, Pa., and Miss Hazel V. Johnston of Primrose Hill Farm, Collins, N. Y.

Miss McAlphine left for her home on Saturday. Miss Hazel Johnston spent last week in Washington, D. C., returning to her home via Carlisle. While in Washington she attended President Taft's New Year's reception. Both ladies think Carlisle one of the most delightful and interesting places that one could visit.

The Seniors held a very pleasant meeting on the evening of the 9th. The question debated was: Resolved, "That steam is of more benefit to the world than electricity." Lewis Runnels and Ellen Lundquist for the affirmative; Mazie Skye and Minnie White for the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Mrs. Patterson and Joseph Loudbear were visitors.



The Optimist Looks Us Over.

The school was visited last week by Leigh Mitchell Hodges, of the Philadelphia North American. He is better known as "The Optimist" whose optimistic writings are read and enjoyed by a very large number of people. He was accompanied by Rev. Pilgram and seemed much pleased with the work being done in the different departments of the school. As a writer of note, he is especially interested in printing and said some very encouraging things about the work of the boys in the printing department.



Mercers Elect New Officers.

The president of the Mercers, at the last meeting, called the house to order and roll call followed, each member responding with a sentiment. New officers were elected: President, Nan Saunook; vice-president, Carlisle Greenbrier; recording-secretary, Gladys McLane; corresponding-secretary, Anna Rolette; treasurer, Lida Wheelock; reporter, Hallie Skye; Critic, Lillian Porterfield; marshal, Cora M. Battice; question committee, Agnes Waite chairman, Lillie Simmons and Charlotte Welch associates; program committee, Helen Johnson, Clemence La Traillie and Florence McLane. The program was next in order: Song by the members; recitation, Floretta Poodry: impromptu, Lida Wheelock; select reading, Margaret LaVatta. Time being limited, the debate was omitted.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Joseph Cannon left for his home last Monday.

Frank Johnson left last Sunday evening for the Moody Bible School in Northfield, Mass.

After spending a winter at Kelton, Pa., Agnes Bryden come in last week to have her eyes treated.

Robert Giroux left for Philadelphia Monday morning where he will undergo an operation on his eyes.

Joseph Libby, commercial student, was called home last Friday by the death of his brother George.

The weather has been very pleasant for the last few days, which reminds us that spring is not so very far distant.

Philip Cornelius is doing some very nice cabinet work in the carpenter shop; his latest accomplishment is a round center table.

The improvements in Small Boys' Quarters are going on rapidly, the work being that of fitting steam pipes and painting.

The members of the Sewing Club held their usual meeting last week in the rooms of Mrs. Henderson, by whom they were very pleasantly entertained.

Our indoor track team will begin practicing as soon as the board track is laid on the athletic field; they expect to participate in various indoor meets during the winter.

One of the latest additions to the faculty of the school is Mr. D. H. Dickey, who comes to us from Brookville, Pa., to take the position of Outing Agent, formerly held by Mr. Henderson.

In a very interesting game of basket-ball Tuesday evening the bachelors won from the married men by the score 11-19. Grey, Ellis, Wheeler, Denny and Deitz, married; King, Wyatt, Mayhew, DeFoney and Garlow, unmarried.

The Y. M. C. A. met at its usual place on Sunday evening. After a few remarks by President Mumblehead, the meeting was opened to the members and a great many took the opportunity to express themselves, thus making the meeting very interesting.

Miss Rinker, our Y. W. C. A. secretary, has returned from her vacation and she was at the meeting last Sunday evening. Selina Twoguns was the leader, and Mae Wheelock read a short sketch about missionary work. Ruth Walton sang "Face to Face" very sweetly, after which Miss Rinker gave a general talk about the work of the Y. W. C. A.

There were many sad faces last Saturday on account of the poor condition of the pond. However, the skating season is not yet over and we may still hear the merry shouts of joy from boys and girls as they glide swiftly over the smooth ice. Later: We had fine skating Tuesday; best of the season so far.

Rev. A. B. Mowers being still on the sick list, Dr. W. H. Washinger, of Mechanicsburg, Presiding Elder of the United Brethren Church, preached to the Protestant students in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. The sermon was such that while we wish for Rev. Mowers a speedy recovery we also hope that this will not be the last time that Rev. Washinger will preach to us.

The Juniors held their meeting in their room Monday evening. After the singing of their song and the transaction of some business, the following program was rendered: declamation, James Lyons; impromptu, Benedict Cloud; essay, Kenneth King; clarinet solo, Joel Wheelock; anecdotes, Agnes Waite; select reading, Joseph Jocks. After calling on the visitors for remarks, and a few words from their teacher, the meeting adjourned.

The students and faculty were kept in a continual gale of laughter by Mr. Ralph Bingham, humorist, who entertained us last Saturday evening. Mr. Bingham's humor is of an entirely different order from that of the humorists who have preceded him on the school's calendar of entertainments, but was highly appreciated. Especially good was the dialogue between the two colored "mammies." A good laugh occasionally helps us all.

The Invincible program was as follows: Song, members; select reading, Frank Lonestar; extemporaneous speeches, Joseph Jocks, Charles Coons; select reading, Eugene Powless; quartet, James

Mumblehead, Sylvester Long, Philip Cornelius and Frank Johnson; oration, Sylvester Long. The question: Resolved, "That the judges of the United States Supreme Court should be elected by the people." affirmative, Robert Tahamont and Edison Mt. Pleasant; negative, Wm. Owl and Moses Friday. The affirmatives won. The official visitor was Mr. Wyatt.

Standards' New-Year Program.

Last Friday evening there was held in Standard Hall a meeting appropriate to the New Year. The newly-elected president took the oath of office, likewise the rest of the officers. After a short speech from the president, the following program was rendered: Declamation, John Ramsey; essay, Simon Needham; impromptu, William Ettawageshik; oration, Rueben Charles. Debate: Resolved, "That the cabinet members should have a seat and the right to vote in the Senate." For the affirmative were William Ettawageshik, Edward Blackwood; for the negative, Vernon Davis, Fred Leicher. The judges awarded the victory to the affirmatives. The official visitors were Miss Hagan and Miss Beach, each of whom gave helpful suggestions. The critic then gave his report, after which the house adjourned.

Susans Elect Officers.

The following were elected officers of the Susan Society: President, Inez Brown; Vice-President, May Wheelock; Recording Secretary, Rosina Peters; Corresponding Secretary, Ella Johnston; Treasurer, Iva Metoxin; Reporter, Myrtle Thomas; Critic, Iva Miller. The program rendered: Song, Susans; recitation, Nellie Boutang; duet, Ella Johnson and Mazie Skye; dialogue, Anna Gilstrap, Maizie Parker, Delia Johnson and Lucy Lane; story, Eliza Dyer; piano solo, Sara Gordon. Debate: Resolved, "That the Carlisle student should learn the science of farming." The affirmatives, Ellen Lundqirst and Eliza Keshena; negatives, Cora Bresette and Estella Ellis. The affirmatives won. Mrs. Henderson, Miss Rice and Mr. Brown were the official visitors. After a fine talk from Mr. Brown, the house adjourned.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE NEZ PERCES

CALEB CARTER, Nez Perce.

Come with me to spend Christmas with that famous Indian tribe which led Generals Miles and Howard a merry chase through the Rockies, not so many years ago, covering a distance of over 1300 miles, regardless of the numbers pitted against them.

We will find that the Nez Perce reservation is in the northern part of Idaho on the Clearwater River, a tributary of the Columbia River, almost directly across the boundary line between Oregon and Washington, on the Idaho side.

Our invitation came several weeks before hand, stating the place at which the Indians were to gather for the festivities, and fixing the date, several days before Christmas. No one is barred from the celebration, for the poor and the rich are alike welcome.

On the day appointed, we find all the invited guests assembled in camp which is not to break until the middle of January. The first event on the programme is the delivering of an address of welcome by the chief in a big tent where all the guests are gathered.

When the Christmas Day actually comes, there is a very great bustle throughout the encampment and all seem to be as busy as ants; and some are helpin to barbecue the beef, others are preparing the programme for the afternoon's entertainment, and still others are fixing their war bonnets, leggings, and other articles of apparel worn on such occasions.

At last dinner is announced and the "heap big eat" commences. It is no dog feast, you may be sure; but it is exactly what you would expect to find at some elaborate banquet among white people, with a few natural differences. For instance, here there are dried venison, dried salmon, and other dainties which only an old-time Indian has the secret of preparing.

After dinner is over and the tables cleared away from the big tent, the chief commands each person present to prepare for the annual dance—the "Tukyawa"—a dance which has been handed down among the Nez Percés from generation to generation. It may be said that this dance answers to our Memori-

al Day observance on May the thirtieth. All the old costumes are brought out to be worn by the relatives of absent ones, for the dance is to be in commemoration of those whose places in the tribe have been filled by others. The dance starts with a special song—of very ancient origin—a song so sad that it brings tears to the eyes of all who are within hearing, for the Indians are a very sympathetic race and their dead are very dear to them. When this one song is ended, and the dancers have gone several times in a big circle around the tent, like soldiers marching in file, then all the sad part of the celebration is over.

Now the guests may do any thing they choose to do, and they usually choose to dance. The dances are, for the most part, round dances or the war dance, each of which is always announced by the chief.

During a war dance, the attention of a stranger would naturally be fixed on the decorations of the dancers, and they would notice how curiously this one or that one has painted his body or his shield. These decorations all tell a story, and, should you ask an old-timer, who has to his credit about sixteen or seventeen scalps, the meaning of the emblems painted on a certain shield, he would, perhaps, tell you that during the war with General Howard, or the Crows, or any other tribe, this particular buck scalped his enemy alive; or, that he came off victorious after being surrounded by his enemies. It is like reading shorthand at "Old Carlisle" to interpret these symbols.

During the war dance, if some dancer should lose some part of his ornament, a feather usually, the following performance would ensue:

First, the tune changes, the drum sounds like the roar of a cannon, war whoops arise, and the whole tumult gives the hearer the impression that a real Indian scrimmage is taking place. Now, everything but the singing ceases and the dancers dance in time with the music around the feather lying upon the ground. As soon as the drum starts up again, the dancers suddenly stop and seat themselves in a circle, until the discord ceases. This is kept up for some time.

Suddenly one brave steps to the center of the circle, where the feath-

er is lying; and, as he approaches it, he performs certain maneuvers resembling those which actually took place at some critical moment in his career. Nearer and nearer he draws to the feather; while all, who are closing the circle in on him, watch him closely. At last, the brave strikes the feather with his tomahawk. Then the music stops, all reseat themselves, and the warrior tells of the brave deed which his movements have been suggesting, the record of which is painted on his person. Perhaps it is a tale of a miraculous escape from death; perhaps he tells how he saved some one from losing his scalp to the enemy; probably he shows a scar or two as a result of the encounter. When he has finished his story he returns the feather to the owner. Meanwhile, his relatives are piling money, blankets, shawls, and numerous other articles for him to distribute to his listeners, to show how grateful he is that on this Christmas Day he is still alive, when he might have fallen a victim to his dreaded foes.

During these war dances many things are given away. Visitors, if they happen to be of a different tribe, usually get the most of these. If a lady has asked you to dance with her during the round dance, she pays you, either with a blanket or a sum of money, and you must take the gift or she will feel herself insulted, for it is a time-honored custom of this tribe to make gifts in this manner—from a few cents in value to a span of horses or a wagon.

We have spent the day witnessing many curious customs, handed down from our ancestors; our visit is over, and we return to our homes.



THE man who makes a success of an important venture never waits for the crowd. He strikes out for himself. It takes a great lot of grit. But the man who succeeds has both. Any one can fail. The public admires a man who has enough confidence in himself to take a chance. These chances are the main things after all. The man who tries to succeed must expect to be criticized. Nothing important was ever done but the greater number consulted previously doubted the possibility. Success is the accomplishment of that which most people think can't be done.—Personality.