

The Carlisle Arrow

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

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HOW CARLISLE WAS STARTED.

Gen. R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., retired, who was founder and the guiding influence of the Carlisle Indian School for a number of years, is in Los Angeles, Calif. The general and his wife are staying at the Angelus for a few days while on their way to visit their daughter, Mrs. Guy Leroy Stevick, at Palo Alto. Following his service through the whole of the Civil war, Gen. Pratt was sent to quell the outbreak of the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes in 1874 and 1875.

It was during the three years that 74 of the principal Indian malefactors were held as hostages in St. Augustine, Fla., that General Pratt really became interested in them. He taught them to read and write, and when the government allowed them to return to their own people 22 Indians elected to remain with Pratt and continue their education. They were sent to Hampton, Va., and to schools in New York.

"It was not a long time before I realized that what the Indians as well as the negroes needed most to bring them to higher civilization was contact with the white race, and with that in view I searched for a suitable location for an Indian school," said the general, who is still hale and hearty. "I found Carlisle Barracks, and this being an abandoned post, I asked the government for it and through a special act of Congress was given the place for school purposes. Beginning with an enrollment of 147, it has increased steadily, until the average attendance at this time is about 1,100. We succeeded in doing what had never before been accomplished, gradually breaking down tribal prejudices by mingling members of 86 tribes in the daily work of the school. The Indians of today are making their marks in the world. They have shown their ability as statesmen, as doctors, ministers and in almost every line of en-

deavor, and have progressed as far as any race on earth in the same limited space of time."—Gazette-Times, Pittsburg, Pa.



A Championship Team.

It is too soon to be deciding the football championship. It is next to impossible often to decide it even after all the games are played, for none of the more prominent teams meets all the others which might be considered rivals for the championship. For instance, the Indians do not meet Yale, and at present the championship seems to lie between these two. There is always room for a difference of opinion at the end of the season. No one will deny, however, that the Carlisle Indians have this year developed one of the greatest teams in the country. Should the Indians win from Syracuse and Brown, and Princeton defeat Yale, they would have as logical a title to the honor of champions as any other team. But, the Indians have a great team, championship or no championship, and justly deserve all the honors they have received from the critics—Carlisle Sentinel.



A Real American Indian.

The Indian has come into his own. Once again he is recognized as a real American. In all the eloquent mathematical articles on the coming series for the world's championship in baseball, two figures stand out as prominently as any. Both are dubbed "chief" by the original writers of baseball news. It's wonderful how they all manage to find just the right nickname. "Chief" Meyers is the chief reliance of the New York team behind the bat. And "Chief" Bender is one of the chief reliances of the Philadelphia team in the box. But of course the Indian could never have received any such a clean bill of citizenship and Americanism unless he had passed the test of the great American game.—Dispatch.

THE INDIAN'S DAY.

In the great struggle for the world's championship between the New York Nationals and the Philadelphia Americans two copper-colored sons of the plains have greatly distinguished themselves. Big Chief Bender, of the Philadelphias, is unsurpassed by any baseball pitcher on this terrestrial ball. Some say that he is the greatest in our whole solar system. Catcher Meyers of New York is one of the best backstops between here and the planet Mars. Both of these remarkable men are red Indians.

The Hon. Joe Choate once said at a dinner of the New England Society that when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock they first fell upon their knees, and then fell upon the aborigines. Things have changed. The aborigines now fall upon the whites and make short work of them.

Shakespeare seems to have foreseen that the red man would some day become eminent in baseball. He says: "Like the base Indian, threw the pearl away."

The Bard of Avon meant, of course, the baseball Indian. What he meant by throwing the pearl away is not so clear. Did he think that the red man would throw the game? Well, at any rate, there is no evidence that any Indian ever did that. The aborigines always play the game on the level.

Alexander Pope never dreamed that the wild man of the praries ever would amount to anything as a baseball player. He refers to him thus:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; His soul proud science never taught to stray Far as the solar walk or milky way."

But proud science has taught the soul of the Indian much in our day. He has learned the science of playing baseball, and he often wallops the ball pretty close to the solar walk and the milky way.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

The Carlisle Arrow

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office at Carlisle, September 2, 1904.

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

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Edward Dismountthrice left for the country last Wednesday.

Miss Hagan is teaching the art students how to weave reed and raffia baskets.

Hellen Gibson left Friday morning for Greason, Pa., where she expects to spend the winter.

Mary H. Wheelock represented the Seniors in the auditorium by giving a recitation entitled "The web of life."

Mr. Stauffer has organized a choir and we may now look forward to hearing good singing every Sunday afternoon.

The Indians won from Johns Hopkins last Saturday by the score 29-6. It was an interesting game, even if one-sided.

Mr. Nagey's Sunday-school class is increasing in number; the lessons are made very plain and every one seems interested.

After spending a few profitable years in Glenolden, Pa., Lorinda Printup has returned to the school looking well and happy.

Thanksgiving was duly celebrated at Carlisle. We had Turkey and many other good things to go with it. In the evening we held a school reception.

The members of the Mercer Literary Society are busy practicing for their special program which is to be given on the second of December.

The Sunday Services were very interesting, as was demonstrated by the close attention of the audience. The text was: "In Everything, Give Thanks."

On December second the Standard and Invincible football teams will meet on the field for the first time in history; this will be the closing game of the season.

John Farr has been awarded his C by the Athletic Association of Conway Hall. This is the emblem of the school, given at the close of the football season.

Mr. C. E. Mercer said in his lecture that it is wrong for parents to criticise religion before their children for it is likely to have a bad influence on their future life.

After a two-weeks' rest here Ida towns returned to the German Hospital in Brooklyn, New York, where she is a student; she hopes to finish the course in a year and a half.

The repairing of the music rooms has greatly improved their appearance; the pianos are back in their old places and the girls are now doing their regular practice work.

On their way home from Syracuse the football boys stopped at Lancaster, Pa. While there they met Hugh Jennings, who is the manager of the Detroit American League Baseball Club.

Last Monday morning at chapel exercises, Sylvester Long gave a recitation entitled "Spare Moments." It was one that all should have heard and we hope that those who did hear it will profit by it.

In a game of football last Saturday between the Painters and the Specials for the championship title, the Specials won by score of 12 to 0, which makes them champions for the season of 1911.

A number of the Episcopalian girls attended the services in town last Sunday morning. The text was: "My days go faster than the weaver's shuttle." How true this seems when one realizes the time he wastes in dreaming about the future.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Lovewell and Miss Hagan took a large party of girls to the lecture at the Second Presbyterian church. Miss Hench, who took a trip to the Holy land and Palestine a few months ago, gave a description of places visited, and pictures were shown.

Last Friday evening the Mercers gave a voluntary program as follows: Song, Mercers; piano solo, Agnes Bartholomeau; recitation, Thirza Bernell; talk on the Columbus Convention, Nora McFarland; piano solo, Elizabeth George; recitation, Lida Wheelock; anecdotes, Anna Hauser.

The debate was postponed. Miss Hagan was the official visitor.

The afternoon division of the Senior Class visited the High School in town last Wednesday afternoon; they had the pleasure of meeting the teacher of English, Mrs. Keets, and also of hearing some of her pupils recite. We are greatly obliged to Mrs. Keets for courtesies extended, and Mr. Martin, who very kindly escorted us to different departments.

Last week some of the senior boys had the opportunity of seeing, while attending Court in town, some of the old record books of Cumberland County. The records date as far back as 1750, or during the reign of George II. These records are somewhat faded. As an example of neatness and painstaking work, an old book, written by a man when in his sixty-fifth year, was shown us. It was without a blot.



Upper Grades Visit Court.

The four upper grades were allowed the privilege, last Monday, of attending Cumberland County Court. Being very courteously received we found the "atmosphere" of the "law" with Judge Sadler on the bench and many prominent attorneys in evidence, most impressive. Mr Rhey, the district attorney, very kindly explained some of the formalities with which the court surrounds itself; he also furnished us with court calendars. We were there in time to see the impaneling of a jury and to hear a part of a case on "Trespassing."



King—DeLorimiere.

Mr. William Benton King, Jr., of Phoenixville, Pa., and Margaret Isabel DeLorimiere of Hogansburg, N. Y., were married on Friday, the 24th of November, at 9 o'clock A. M., at the Rectory of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, Pa., by the Rev. Father Stock. The wedding which was very quiet and simple, was witnessed by Miss Inez Brown, Mr. W. W. Wyatt, and Mr. Sampson Burd, friends of the bride and groom. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. King left for their future home in Phoenixville, Pa. Mr. King was formerly an employee of Carlisle Indian School, and Mrs. King is a graduate of the school.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Many of the boys who went to the Cave last Sunday had a very enjoyable time.

Ben Lavatta, who left Carlisle some time ago, is at his home in Ross Fork, Idaho.

Mrs. Francis Coleman, nee Ruth Elm, is now on a visit to her parents in Wisconsin.

Theresa Lee, ex-student, writes from her home in Evanston, Ill., that she is well and happy.

Esther Moose, who is living at Oxford, Pa., sent ten cents for the Sunday School collection.

Samuel Saunooke and a few other ex-students, cheered our boys to victory over Johns Hopkins.

Miss Mellie Knapp of Duquoin, Illinois, has recently been appointed assistant laundress at the school.

The commercial students are glad to welcome into their department. Arrie Red Earth, from Minnesota.

The printers have just finished the November issue of the Red Man; it is full of interesting reading matter.

Rose Bald Eagle, who went home last June, is doing well; she sends Thanksgiving greetings to all her friends.

Communion services were held at the Second Presbyterian Church last Sabbath; several of our girls were received as members.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huber write of the fine winter weather they are having in North Dakota, which affords sleigh-riding and skating.

George Thomas and Isaac Lyons, two former Carlisle students and once members of the football teams, were at the Syracuse game last Saturday.

The "Easterners" and the "Westerners" from Small Boys Quarters played a game of football last Saturday afternoon. It was a hard-fought battle and—like Yale and Harvard—the score was 0-0.

There were eight hogs recently killed at the first farm. Their dead weight aggregated 2029 pounds. Out of them was made 352 pounds of lard, 648 pounds of scrapple, 400 pounds meat sides, and 510 pounds of hams and shoulders.

The band has been organized into a school city and is now equipped with a judicial body capable of arraigning all those who report late for rehearsals, carelessly break their instruments, or otherwise infringe upon the established laws of said municipality.

An interesting Thanksgiving program was given by the Catholics last Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. hall; a pleasing feature were the vocal duets which were rendered by Ernestine Venne and Clemence LaTraille, and Myrtle and Marguerite Chilson. Father Stock gave a good talk on "Thanksgiving."

The Standard Program on the evening of November 17th was as follows: Declamation, Alfred Myrick; essay, Henry Herrera; impromptu, Sam Wilson; essay, Fred Cardin; instrumental solo, William Winneshieck. Debate: Resolved, "That aeroplanes will be a benefit in time of war and as a means of transportation." Affirmative, John Ramsey, Paul Baldeagle; negative, George Manewa, Chas. Warbonnet. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Miss Kaup was the official visitor. After the critic's report the house adjourned.

Mr. Hughes Addresses Christian Associations.

The Union meeting last Sunday evening was led by the president of the Y. M. C. A., Sylvester Long. The speaker for the evening was Mr. Hughes from Carlisle. Mr. Hughes is the able and enthusiastic secretary of the Carlisle Y. M. C. A., which through his efforts is now in such a flourishing condition. What he said did everyone present much good. After the meeting a joint Cabinet meeting was held.

The Susans' Meeting.

Susan Longstreth Literary Society rendered the following program on the evening of the 24th: Recitation, Iva Miller; dialogue, Dora Morris, Anna Canoe, Susie Lacy and Anna LaFerner; piano solo, Dollie Stone. The question for debate read thus: Resolved, "That women should receive the same amount of wages for the same amount of labor." On the affirmative side were Effie Nori and Lucy Pero; on the negative,

Nettie Kingsley and Mamie Moder. The judges decided for the affirmative. There were a number of visitors among whom were Miss Reichel and several members of the football squad. After the critic's report the house adjourned.

Poems of Alexander Posey.

A recent addition to our Library of interest to lovers of good poetry, is a volume of the poems of the late Alexander Lawrence Posey, the celebrated Creek Indian poet. The book also contains an interesting memoir of the poet written by William R. Connelley. This volume was the gift of Mrs. Minnie H. Posey, one of our employees, the wife of the poet, of whom additional copies may be purchased.

Good Thanksgiving Sermon.

The regular Thanksgiving services were held in the auditorium Sunday afternoon. The speaker for the occasion was the Rev. R. J. Pilgram, who gave a very helpful and interesting lecture, taking as his text the beautiful words of Paul, "In Everything Give Thanks." The remainder of the service was made up of songs and responsive readings. One song given by the choir was especially pleasing.

C. E. Mercer at Carlisle.

Last Thursday evening, Mr. C. E. Mercer, a nephew of ex-President Arthur, gave a plain talk to the student body on the evils of a misguided life. Mr. Mercer knows whereof he speaks, for he has gone to the depths and tasted the bitterness of misspent years. "Religion," he said, "is the only safeguard, and its principles should be early instilled into the mind of every child, and its precepts taught by daily example, no matter what one's station in life may be."

Mr. Mercer was sent by the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He is a splendid speaker and while here held a number of meetings. He held separate meetings for the older students and younger students and an enthusiastic meeting with the football teams in their quarters. He has addressed most of the colleges in the country and is everywhere accomplishing much good for the young man.

**HOW THE GREAT SPIRIT TAUGHT
THE DAKOTAS TO PRAY.**

BENEDICT CLOUD, SIOUX.

Long, long ago in the early days among the Sioux Indians of North and South Dakota the people began to die off in large numbers from an attack of incurable disease. The chiefs were amazed to find that their numbers were rapidly decreasing. They did everything in their power to dispel the awful plague but their efforts were futile.

One day a young man of the tribe who was following the trail of the bison came across a mud turtle which was on its way to the next water hole but had become exhausted from the heat and was unable to travel further. The hunter was about to pass by when the mud turtle spoke to him and said "I know you are a brave man and would like to be so considered by your tribe. If you will assist me to reach the next water hole I will make known to you a secret which will enable you to rise to prominence among your fellow-men."

The young man was kind-hearted and took compassion on the poor mud turtle and picked him up and carried him with him. As they traveled along, the young hunter told the mud turtle about the awful plague which was causing the destruction of life in his tribe. They soon came to a water hole and the hunter let the turtle down into the water. The turtle was soon out of sight in the cool depths of the water but returned quickly to the top to heartily thank the young man for his deed of kindness. The mud turtle was no longer a mud turtle but a young Indian warrior beautifully decked with feathers and paint according to the custom of his tribe. He said to his benefactor, "Return home my brother and fast for three days on the banks of the river and than you will find a means of subduing this plague and how to increase your numbers." The young man went home and fasted and communed with the Great Spirit for three whole days in the burning heat of the sun and at last he fell fainting on the grass. In his stupor their appeared to him a beautiful Indian maiden dressed in the finest skins and ornaments.

She held in her arms a bundle wrapped in a beaver skin and tied

with a rattlesnake skin. She told him to return with the bundle to his perishing people and gather together all the young warriors and fairest maidens of the tribe, for in the bundle was the peace pipe which they were to smoke. The sweet odor of tobacco would rise as incense to the Great Spirit to appease his anger and arouse his sympathy.

As they smoked the peace pipe they should dance the famous Ghost Dance and the Great Spirit would surely help them.

He took the bundle home and did as he was told.

It was thus he restored health to his people and secured for himself an enviable position in his tribe.

From this the Dakota or Sioux derived the custom of fasting and dancing the Great Ghost Dance which is so renowned among the Dakota Indians.



GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Sam'l J. McLean, Class '07, writes from Darlington, Oklahoma, that he has recently been appointed disciplinarian at the school at that place, at a salary of \$780 per year.

Roy Duncan, ex-student, writes from Covelo, Cal., that he is married and getting along very well. He is getting good wages, baling hay. He wishes to be remembered to his friends.

Noble A. Thompson writes from Black Rock, N. M., that he is getting along nicely. He appreciates the arrow very much, as it keeps him in touch with the school. He sends his regards to all of his old friends at Carlisle.

David Robinson, ex-student, writes from Sawyer's Bar, Cal., that he is well and getting along finely. He is working in the gold mines and making \$2.25 a day. These gold mines clean up from \$300 to \$400 a day. He asks to be remembered to his classmates and friends.

Cain Tawatley writes from Stonery, N. C., that while he is enjoying the North Carolina breezes very much he is often homesick for Carlisle. He says he is proud of the fact that he learned the trade of carpentering while at the school, and that he is going to help his uncle build a house.

FIELD OBSERVATIONS.

SADIE INGALLS, Sac & Fox.

On Friday afternoon the Junior Class left the school room at three o'clock for a trip to Cave Hill.

Some of the things we observed on the way were plants and flowers, chicory, roadside asters, butter and eggs or toadflax, sumach, poison ivy, jimson or Jamestown weed, barberry, milkweed, Queen Ann's Lace or wild carrot, and sorrel.

Besides noticing the different plants, we also took notice especially of the different kinds of trees, which were as follows: the white birch, mulberry, elm, hickory, plane or cotton wood trees, white and black oaks, thorny locust, pine, cedar, and many others.

The other things we observed were first a very large sink hole near Cave Hill; in it were two large oak trees, one small hickory tree, two elms, blackberry vines, and several other kinds of trees that were not very large. The trees that I have mentioned above, at least three of them, were right at the bottom of the sink hole. One seeing the deepness of the sink hole would think it must be very old; and it may be connected somehow with the cave which is not far away from it. Besides this large sink hole, there were two other small ones. Slate was on a side of a hill and was forming into a substance called shale. After observing all these we continued our walk and the beautiful Conodoguinet creek's beauty attracted us and we noticed that it went winding around the foot of the bluish-looking mountains.

These surrounding mountains looked very pretty, for fall is here now and the trees have started to put on their gorgeous hues. Finally, we came to a stop, for we reached the cave, which is in a large rock at a side of a hill and there is a large entrance to this cave; some of us went into it and found it to be quite dark, but we did not venture to go in very far, as it was muddy.

After seeing this we started for home, and once more we looked again toward the Conodoguinet, and then saw that we had not noticed the historical bridge which is across this creek.

On our way home we observed uplift of rocks and piles of limestone rocks ready to be burned, for we had taken another route coming home.