

The  
Carlisle Arrow  
— and —  
Red Man



OCTOBER 5, 1917

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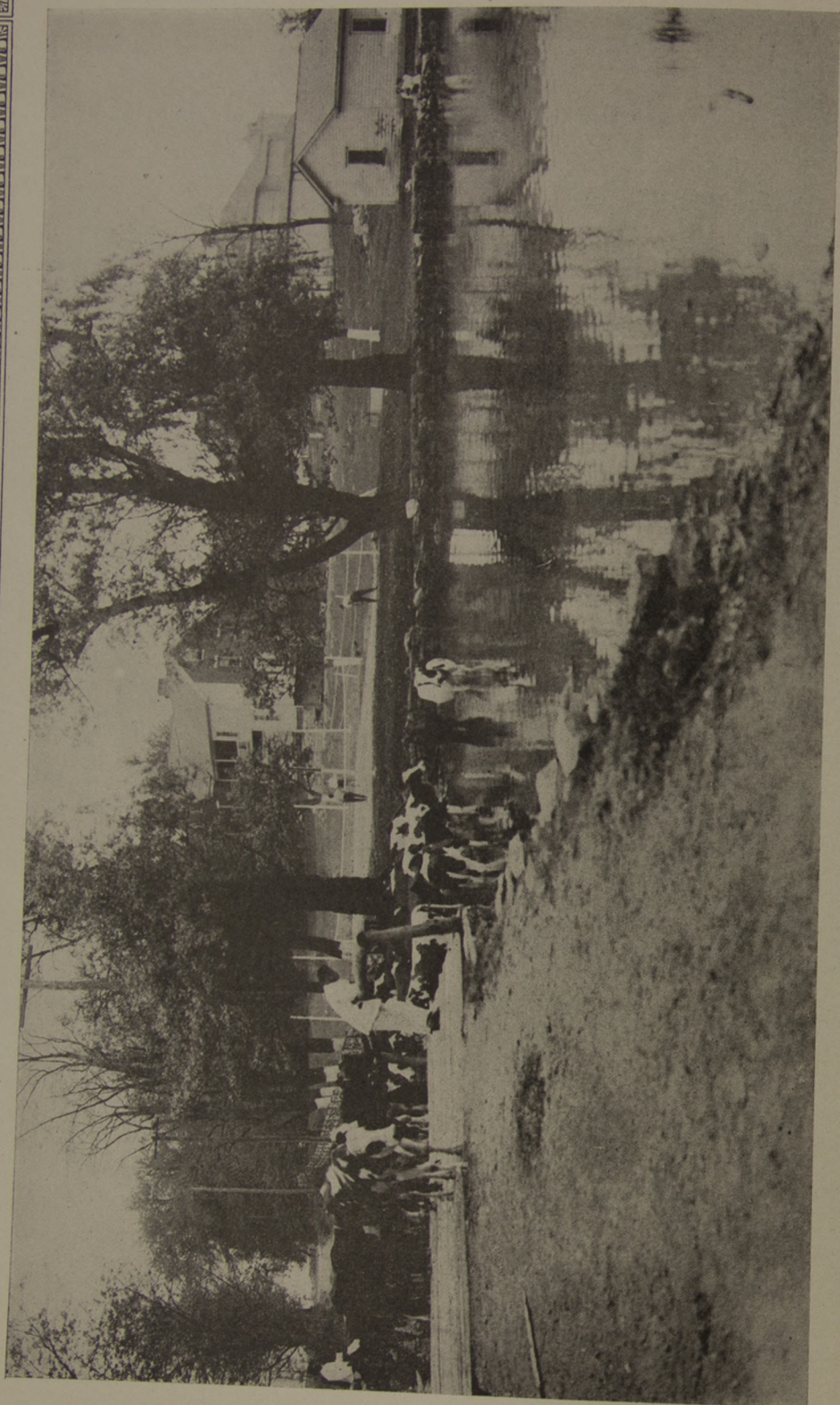


# ❧ The Carlisle Arrow and Red Man ❧

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DAIRY HERD AT THE FARM SPRING, SHOWING REAR OF FARM HOUSE AND FARM BOYS' TENNIS COURT



# The Carlisle Arrow and Red Man

VOLUME XIV.

CARLISLE, PA., OCTOBER 5, 1917.

NUMBER 4



## *The Second Liberty Loan*



By William G. McAdoo



*Secretary of the Treasury*

For the purpose of

equipping with arms, clothing and food our gallant soldiers who have been called to the field;

maintaining our Navy and our valiant tars upon the high seas;

providing the necessary means to pay the wages of our soldiers and sailors and, if the bill now pending in the Congress passes, the monthly allowances for the support of their dependent families and to supply them with life insurance;

constructing a great fleet of merchant vessels to maintain the line of communication with our brave troops in France, and to keep our commerce afloat upon the high seas in defiance of the German Kaiser and his submarines;

creating a great fleet of aeroplanes, which will give complete supremacy in the air to the United States and the brave nations fighting with us against the German military menace; and for other necessary war purposes,

The Congress of the United States has authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to sell to the American people bonds of the United States bearing four per cent interest, with valuable tax exemptions, and convertible under certain conditions into other issues of United States bonds that may be authorized by the

Congress. The official circular of the Treasury Department gives full details.

There is now offered to the American people a new issue of \$3,000,000,000 of bonds to be known as the Second Liberty Loan. They will be issued in such denominations and upon such terms that every patriotic citizen will have an opportunity to assist the Government by lending his money upon the security of a United States Government bond.

It is essential to the success of the war and to the support of our gallant troops that these loans shall not only be subscribed, but over-subscribed. No one is asked to donate or give his money to the Government; but everyone is asked to lend his money to the Government. The loans will be repaid in full with interest at the rate of four per cent per annum. A Government bond is the safest investment in the world; it is as good as currency and yet better, because the Government bond bears interests and currency does not. No other investment compares with it for safety, ready convertibility into cash, and unquestioned availability as collateral security for loans in any bank in the United States.

People by thousands ask the Treasury constantly how they can help the Government in this war. Through the purchase of Liberty Bonds every one can help. No more patriotic duty can be performed by those who cannot actually fight upon the field of battle than to furnish the Government with the necessary money to enable it to give our brave soldiers



and sailors all that they require to make them strong for the fight and capable of winning a swift victory over our enemies.

We fight, first of all, for America's vital rights, the rights to the unmolested and unobstructed use of the high seas, so that the surplus products of our farms, our mines and our factories may be carried into the harbors of every friendly nation in the world. Our welfare and prosperity as a people depend upon our right of peaceful intercourse with all the nations of the earth. To abandon these rights by withdrawing our ships and commerce from the seas upon the order of a military despot in Europe would destroy prosperity and bring disaster and humiliation upon the American people.

We fight to protect our citizens against assassination and murder upon the high seas while in the peaceful exercise of those rights demanded by international law and every instinct and dictate of humanity.

We fight to preserve our democratic institutions and our sovereignty as a nation against the menace of a powerful and ruthless military autocracy headed by the German Kaiser, whose ambition is to dominate the world.

We fight also for the noble ideal of universal democracy and liberty, the right of the smallest and weakest nations equally with the most powerful to live and to govern themselves according to the will of their own people.

We fight for peace, for that just and lasting peace which agonized and tortured humanity craves and which not the sword nor the bayonet of a military despot but the supremacy of vindicated right alone can restore to a distracted world.

To secure these ends I appeal to every man and woman who resides upon the soil of free America and enjoys the blessing of her priceless institutions to join the League of Patriots by purchasing a Liberty Bond.

## *Your place in the big push*

**Ships—hundreds ready and thousands building!**

**Men—an army now in training and the pick of America's fighting legions already on the battle-line!**

**Munitions—a forest of blazing chimneys, a thousand mines pouring out the raw materials with which to forge our thunderbolts of retribution!**

**America, slow to anger, is glorious in her wrath. And you and I; what of us?**

**Some have given our sons, and gladly will give more. But that is not enough!**

**Money is now the nation's greatest need—to keep our boys supplied with food and clothes, for cannon, shells and cartridges, for blankets, horses, aeroplanes and all the tools of war with which to crush a monstrous foe who points to ravished Belgium, her women and her children, and promises that we too shall taste his hate.**

**The Second Liberty Loan is your opportunity to answer him. Don't scoff at the possibility of defeat! If we do not stand together now we shall all pay the same penalty later on.**

*Make your subscription through any Bank or Trust Company.*





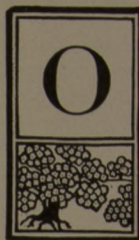
## Those Who Watch and Wait



A Symbolic Fable of Indian Valley.



By Mrs. Bertha Couch Baker



ONCE, a long time ago, there lived in a valley in the Sierra Mountains an Indian called Ta-Sa, or the Wise One, chief of the tribe of Diggers. He was a very kind man, and desired above all things that his tribe should live in peace among their neighbors. Ta-Sa was greatly beloved by his people. Much of his time he sat apart from his people or withdrew to the seclusion of his own wickiup, passing many hours there in serious thought. Greatly did he desire to direct the energies of his young men into paths that would lead to the advancement of his people.

One day a party of his young men came riding into camp with the exciting news of the coming of strangers into the mountains, in queer-looking wagons, many miles away. Also they reported that these strangers were bringing women and little children with them. Ta-Sa called for his horse and rode away with his young men, that he might see this with his own eyes.

They rode hard and fast for two days before they came in sight of the strangers' camp. For several days thereafter Ta-Sa and his followers hid themselves in the mountains and watched these men with pale faces from behind rocky ledges; watched them lay out the land for one another, help each other hew the logs for their houses, build fences to inclose their cattle and horses, watched them as they sat with their women and little children as they ate their food. Then, when the shadows lengthened and the night drew its screen of darkness close around the little encampment, Ta-Sa and his young men crept close to the camp of the strangers and listened to the songs and laughter.

Finally, after many days watching, Ta-Sa said to his followers: "So kind a people and so industrious cannot have come to do us harm; so come, my young men, we will go to their camp and greet them." With his four favorite young men by his side, Ta-Sa walked into the strangers' camp singing a song of welcome as they went.

The newcomers were sitting at dinner with their families when Ta-Sa and his young men entered their camp. The strangers sprang to their feet, snatched up strange looking sticks and pointed them at Ta-Sa and his young men, but when they saw that these five Indians had come into their midst alone they looked foolish, laid down their sticks, put out their hands to the Indians in wel-

come, and the Digger Indians and the white men were ever after friends. The strangers gave Ta-Sa and his young men of their dinner, a dinner the Indians never forgot. There was sweet bread which they had never tasted before, and dried corn which they had never seen, and the gravy made from the fried venison did not taste to Ta-Sa like the wild cherry gravy his wife made for him. The Indians spent the afternoon in the camp of the strangers observing them and their ways. At nightfall, when they made known their intention of departing, the young men were given as a parting token of good-will a small pack of seed corn, and to Ta-Sa the strangers gave a pair of overalls.

Ta-Sa was very much pleased with this gift, for it was the first pair of trousers he had ever owned. He put them on at once. They felt very queer, and not at all comfortable, but he said nothing of this. Salutations were exchanged, and the Indians started back to the place where the rest of the party awaited them with their horses. The trail back to this point lead them across a stream which they were obliged to jump. The young men stood back respectfully that their chief might jump first. Ta-Sa was very proud of his one-time fleetness of foot, and could even yet outrun some of his young men. Today he made the run and jump with no thought of defeat, but owing to his accustomed freeness being hindered by the overalls he came down in the center of the stream with a loud splash.

He scrambled up the bank of the stream, took off the overalls and flung them to the ground, declaring that he would never put them on again. On his second attempt he made the other bank of the stream very easily.

One of the young men who had secretly coveted the overalls picked them up and put them on and because of the strength of his young limbs jumped the stream when it came his turn, even though he wore the overalls. This made the chief very thoughtful, and at his arrival at his own camp he called together his head men and held council with them. During this council he told the head men of the strangers, their way of living, and many other things concerning them. Also he told of the episode of the overalls.

"The white men have evidently much wisdom," he went on to say, "but their ways are not for me who am no longer young. We know much, perhaps, that these people do not know, but if they have come to stay among us we shall



need to know all they know besides. Tomorrow I shall send back to the strangers' camp the four young men who did accept also of the white man's meat and bread. They shall stay with the strangers, learn their language and their ways, so that when it comes my time to die I shall leave behind me a people who possess much wisdom. In the meantime I myself shall stay at home with my people and watch and wait.

The next day he called his four favorite young men to him and bade them go back to the white men, learn their language and their way of living, and to wrest from them what other knowledge they could.

Two years passed from the time Ta-Sa sent the young men from the camp to live among the strangers until they came riding back. The first one carried a hoe in his hand, the second a hammer, the third a pick, and the fourth a book.

"You are come?" asked the chief, much pleased when they at last stood before him.

"Aye, we have come," they chorused.

"What have you learned?"

"We have learned much," they answered, "but still not enough, for we have come to ask permission to go forth into the world. The white men have told us strange tales of what men can do with their hands and their heads out in the world, and after hearing so much of these things we feel we can never rest until we know that they are truly so; also, we long for more of this learning and wisdom than we can get in yonder camp."

Said the first young man, "They tell me that with my hoe I can learn the tricks of a wizard."

"How is that?" asked the chief.

"They tell me that when it is winter and the snow lies deep on the ground that the white people plant seeds and roots in large houses whereon is placed roofs through which you can see the sun, even as you can see the fish swimming about in the pool through the clear, still water. They say that the sun shines through this roof, and that the silly seeds and roots believe it is summer and grow."

"Wonderful," said the chief.

Said the second: "I have here an instrument which will build many things if only guided by the thought of man. Far to the east lies a land where man uses these instruments to build large living places which they call houses for their families. Also they make large adobes consisting of many rooms which they call ships. These ships are so made that they may glide about on the water even as our skin canoes. I would go and learn to use this magic instrument.

Said the third: "I would go forth and dig from the bowels of the earth the precious substances they call metal. I would also learn to fashion these precious metals into wonderful things. From the most precious I would fashion ornaments, and from the other metals I would fashion ma-

chinery, which is very wonderful in its many uses, and which in the days to come will be of much service to the Indian when he learns to work as the white man works."

"Wonderful," said the chief.

"The white man tells me," said the fourth, that the thing that contains the most magic in all the big outside world is the book. One cannot be really wise in the white man's world until he can keep account of the happenings of the day in writing. When a man can do that he can do do many things. There are men, so they say, who tell how far it is to the sun just by making some writing on a paper. They also say they can look in books and tell you the names of men who lived many years ago, for it has been written there by men who lived at that time who wrote these names down, so it must be so. It appears that when a white man has a beautiful thought he writes it down in a book, and anyone who wants that kind of a thought can buy the book and have that thought always.

"Wonderful," murmured the chief.

Long the old chief sat and pondered on this request while the young men stood silent. Ta-Sa waived his hand and they respectfully withdrew from his presence. Hours passed, and still he pondered. Finally he sprang to his feet and strode to the door, called to the camp crier, who came quickly to his side, and after a brief council started out to summon the head men. They came to Ta-Sa, and he lay the matter of sending the four young men out into the distant world far before them. All night they talked and smoked over the matter, and finally it was decided that the young men should up. Again, the crier was dispatched in search of the young men. He had not far to go to find them, for they, too, had spent the night in council among themselves. When the crier had told them that Ta-Sa awaited them they ran swiftly to his wickiup, brushed aside the curtain of the door, and entered. Ta-Sa looked up. His eyes dwelt calculatingly upon the fine, sturdy forms of the young men before him. At last he spoke:

"You may go out into the great world as you desire." The young men bowed low in thankful silence, then stood erect, and with folded arms listened to Ta-Sa's instructions:

"As the flower of my young men I send you forth to search for the treasure you covet, which is wisdom, and of this treasure you are to obtain as much as you may, that you may bring it home for the benefit of your people. All that the pure air and the sunshine of the mountains can do for you to build you a splendid body has been done. All that good breeding, birth, and training can do for you to give you a clear mind for the planning of wonderful deeds, your father and mother have done for you. Now your life lies in your own hands, and I am handing you the wand of op-



portunity. Go you out into the world and use well these gifts or they will vanish. If you do not live a clean life your body will become a loathsome prison, and your spirit will be imprisoned there in a diseased mind, and you will be regarded as a failure, and I and your people will be ashamed of you. If you so disgrace us and then come back to this valley you will be to us as strangers; you will not be welcomed—nay, you will be driven forth from us. Hence, see to it that you steel your mind to resist all temptation of evil doing.

"Now, before you go you shall sit in council with me and my head men, and you shall tell us down to the smallest thing all of what you have learned in these two years stay with the strangers. I am no longer young, yet I shall endeavor to teach these things you have told me to my people and prepare them for the strange times that are ahead of them when you return. So, while I await your coming I shall be busy."

And for many weeks the young men sat with the wise men of the tribe and taught them the things they had learned in the white men's camp. Then Ta-Sa said to them, "Go and say good-bye to your people and come back to me when you have wrested from the great world outside the mountains the magic of the secrets for which you seek."

Year followed year and the young men came not back, but stayed on in the white man's country, for there were many obstacles to be overcome. They worked hard and encouraged and helped one another. Sometimes they talked of going back, but always just ahead there shone another goal, and they stayed on.

And old Ta-Sa waited and watched for them in his wickiup, built on a high knoll overlooking the windless valley, and which commanded a view of the road as it entered the valley from the outside world. And he charged his young wife to keep always a small fire burning that it might be nursed into a blaze at a moment's notice should the travelers arrive night or day and need refreshment. And he would rise from his couch in the night and go out under the stars and listen, thinking it possible that they might even then be only a few miles away.

Each year he grew more feeble, and slowly his hair whitened, for he was growing old, and his young wife became eyes and ears for him; she, too, watched and waited for the young men's coming.

One night, when the moon hung white and faint in the tip of a sugar pine tree, and a heaven high breeze had lulled the clouds to slumber and tucked them safely to rest on the broad bosom of the mountain peaks, Ta-Sa sent his wife out into the night to listen, even as she had done many times before. Only a moment was she gone. Swiftly she came back to his side and

told him that she could discern a form coming up the road, coming very swiftly, accompanied by a sound as though of a muffled mighty rushing of the wind, and that she had heard voices also. She threw herself upon her knees by the side of Ta-Sa's couch, for she was afraid. Ta-Sa took her hand in his, and thus they waited. Presently he, too, could hear the vibrating, throbbing purr; then it ceased. Voices whispered, the curtain before the door swayed, was brushed aside, and four men stepped softly through the doorway, and came up to the side of Ta-Sa's couch. Ta-Sa turned his head eagerly, but his eyes failed him—he could see but dimly.

"I know who you are though you speak not," he said in a feeble voice. I have little time to be with you; you must tell me quickly of the years that have passed since you left. But first, have you all succeeded?"

"We have," they answered.

A gentle smile of relief and joy spread over Ta-Sa's face. "It is well," he said. "Proceed."

Said the first: "I have brought you a triumph of magic," and he laid in Ta-Sa's hand a beautiful red rose. I have learned the secret of making this rose bloom in the winter time. Then, too, I can make a rose like this from the little wild rose that grows by the way side. Four days ago I plucked it and dipped it into magic water, and now it can not lose its beauty or fade or wither.

"Soon you shall place it on my grave," said Ta-Sa.

The second laid a chain of gold across Ta-Sa's breast. "With my pick I have dug much gold out of the heart of the mountains, and also I learned the cunning trick of making it into chains and other beautiful things. I can teach my people much.

Ta-Sa picked up the glittering chain, felt of it lovingly, wonderingly, and hung it over the shoulders of his wife, who sat with bowed head beside his couch. "My wife shall have it in memory of these long years of patient watching and waiting for this hour to arrive.

The third stepped forward and said: "I have at the door a wonderful machine. It can go as swiftly as the wind, or if I will it will go as slow as the doe to the cream in the evening to drink. It is even more wonderful than the house which sails upon water. In this machine we have traveled from the far east, climbed the high mountains that lie between the east and the west, and dipped deeply into the valleys. We have come swift as the wind to pay you our respects."

"On this wonderful machine I shall ride slowly to my grave, and that within a few days," said Ta-Sa. "You have done well.

The fourth came close to the couch. "I have written a book," he said, "and many people have read it and called it good. In this book I have told to the whole world the legend and stories of



my people. In it are stories of the Great Spirit and the Evil Coyote, of the life of our brothers of the forest air, and water—the same stories that my father's father told him, and told just as he handed it down to me. All this is written on white paper with black letters, and now it will never be forgotten, nor will the name of the Digger Indians be forgotten; thier names will live forever."

In his two hands Ta-Sa grasped the book and pressed it to his bosom. "I shall hold it in my hands in the grave, and I shall hold it thus for centuries to come. It is a great thing you have done," he said to the young man. "I bless you all and give over to you the interest of my people. It is for you to bring all this magic to Indian Valley, to the door of our people."

"But which of us shall be chief when you are gone?" ventured one of the young men.

The dying man smiled. "I will leave that for you four to decide when daylight shall creep over the mountains. Yes, stand you before the door of my house, and my spirit will stand there with you and direct your thoughts, and you shall see that while I have waited I have not been idle."

Ta-Sa turned his face from them and fell asleep, from which sleep he never awakened. And as the daylight crept over the mountains the young men stepped inside and stood before the open door. They looked down over the village as it lay in the valley. As the sky grew lighter and the village below them became discernible, they rubbed their eyes and looked again. A marvelous change had been wrought. In the places of the wickiups their father had built stood rows of neat cabins. Trim gardens flourished behind each dwelling. The river had been dammed and the water therein directed on its way by small ditches flowing through young orchards. A small school house nestled below the brow of the hill.

As they stood and looked upon the transformation below them the young men understood Ta-Sa's words. Through Ta-Sa's words of wisdom the people had learned habits of industry. The young men understood as they gazed that the people needed no chief; they could now govern themselves, and the time was ripe and the people were ready to receive full instructions in the magic practiced in the great world beyond the mountains. Reverently the young men knelt together in the rosy dawn of morning and gave thanks for the precious gift of wisdom which was theirs to bestow on their people. And they felt that the spirit of Ta-Sa stood with them.

The next day the young men caused a feast to be made. They said the people should ever hail Ta-Sa's name with joy and not with mourning, but ever living in their hearts on account of his patient wisdom.

And thus it is that the Diggers of Indian Valley speak good English, build comfortable homes,

and the men are competent ranchers and farmers. They have dug much gold from the mountains, and the railroad has been hurried along its snake-like path but a short distance from them. The Digger women bake bread from wheaten flour; they clothe their children neatly, and are themselves pretty and intelligent.

And Ta-Sa, who laid the foundation for all of his people's prosperity, had never but once journeyed from the narrow radius of Indian Valley.

### BIBLE READING.

President Wilson has written a letter urging Bible reading for fighting men, and the letter will appear on the fly leaf of a special edition of the Bible to be given to American sailors and soldiers. The message was written at the request of Robert R. Haines, Jr., secretary of the American branch of the Scripture Gift Mission of Philadelphia.

The President's letter is as follows:

"THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves—read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will find it full of real men and women not only, but also of things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always; and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not; what things make men happy—loyalty, right dealings, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the real approval of Christ, who gave everything for them—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean. When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own duty."

"WOODROW WILSON."

### THE GIANTS AND THE MIDGETS

The army of midgets marched upon the giant. He was a thousand thousand times larger than they, but he could do nothing. They swarmed in, around and over him and he could not get away, for the midgets had the greatest power in the world—the power of motion. The giant with all his size and strength could not move.

The giant was a tree and the midgets the army of caterpillars. Leaf after leaf was eaten and no one came to help the poor tree. Yes, several very little friends of the giant did help. But what could two little birds do against that furry army?

The tree has no voice to speak to you nor cry out for help. He cannot help himself nor move out of the way of his enemies. I ask you not to forget the trees in your garden or the tree that stands in front of your house. The trees are our friends and deserve to be cared for. See how your tree is faring in this unequal war. Perhaps, like Gulliver, he is being tortured by the midgets.—*Selected.*



## THE WAR DUTY OF BOYS IS TO RETURN TO SCHOOL.

Government Officials, Military Leaders, and College Presidents Agree on this Counsel as School Time Draws Near.

"Should I go back to school this fall? Shouldn't I be doing something for my country in the war?" These questions undoubtedly are in the minds of thousands of American boys. Upon the authority of the President, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster General, other Government officials, war leaders, and college presidents, The American Boy gives the answer in its September issue.

This answer is: "Do both—go back to school; that will be a service to your country, the greatest you can give."

Such counsel, given on such authority, will help to solve a problem that naturally has vexed not only boys but parents.

"You want to know reasons; you want to be shown," says the magazine in an article based on the letters of a score of eminent men. "Think of the war first. This isn't a war merely of numbers of soldiers and their sheer brute force. It's a war of trained men—a war that is fought largely by mathematicians, skilled mechanics, electricians, aeronauts, seamen, chemists, sanitation experts, surgeons, business men. Thousands and thousands of these educated leaders in the war have been killed or lost to the service through wounds; other thousands may be destroyed. Who will take their places if the war continues long? Certainly it will not be the boys who have dropped out of school.

"There's another reason—a big one. The work of the world will go on after this war has ended. War or no war there must be skilled mechanics, electricians, aeronauts, seamen, chemists, sanitation experts, surgeons, business men. There will be fewer such after the war. That means there will be an unusually good opportunity for you to gain success and distinction in your chosen line of work. But you can't succeed, you can't gain distinction, if you have been a 'slacker' in school.

"The best reason for your staying in school we haven't given yet. It is not only that you can earn more money, when you are a man, if you stay in school; it is not only that you will have a better chance to succeed, as an educated man, because so many educated men will have been lost. It is that, after this terrible war with its tragic destruction, the world will have to be rebuilt. That will be your job; that is, you must do a part of the job. Which part will it be? Will it be an important part because you are fitted by education to do an important part, or will you just drift along, doing what others tell you to do, a follower, if not a bungler? Going to school now, this year, and sticking through, are the first essentials. Don't drop out. Don't be a slacker. Don't be a quitter. 'Carry on!' Do it for your country's sake."

## PA AND MA TO BLAME.

Too many boys and girls are being brought up to think that fine clothes and a good time is all there is to life. They have no home duties. They study no more—if as much—than is absolutely necessary to make their grades in school. They

have no manners. They have little or no religious training. They manage to get along until they must make their own way in the world, or they marry. Then trouble arrives swift and certain. Some marriages can be made to stick if only one of the high-contracting parties has no sense and doesn't know it. But if both of them are similarly afflicted, there's no chance, and Pa and Ma are really the ones to blame, for they brought them up in this fools' paradise.

## KING CORN.

Good old King Corn!

This year 3,124,000,000 bushels in the United States alone. And not one bushel of it to be turned into whiskey!

Do you realize what that means? It means about three quarts of corn apiece every day for a year for every man, woman, and child in the United States. It means, if we did not use corn extensively for stock fodder, and were deprived of other food, and exported none, we could live for a year even though every other source of grain supply were cut off, and still have a little left for Dobbin, Bossy, and Biddy.

That corn-crop forecast is the best news since the Russians decided not to make a separate peace. It is a body blow to the Kaiser and a godsend to the Allies.

We may have less wheat next winter, but who cares if we have more corn? What is a piece of pale, tasteless bread, anyway, to a slab of rich, yellow, well-buttered corn "pone"? Why, one ought to apologize to the pone for mentioning them in the same breath. Corn pone properly made and eaten hot is bread and meat and potatoes all rolled into one. We used to pity southern folks who had nothing but pone during the dark days of the Civil War, but that was before we had been initiated into the manifold delights of that delicacy. Now we think they were mighty lucky.

Give us corn aplenty and we can do without wheat. The Indians had no wheat, but they did have corn, and you may take it from any old school history you care to consult that the corn-fed Indians were a pretty good match for the wheat-eating Puritan fathers. Yea, there were times when the corn-eaters put it all over the bread-and-butter boys in open field fighting.

But, be that as it may, the big corn crop news is reassuring along many lines. More corn means more and fatter hogs; more hogs mean lower pork prices. More corn means more chickens and more eggs. More eggs mean a lower price. Corn! Maize! It is America's great good fortune and Germany's curse, this corn crop of ours. It is wealth and health and happiness. There is no prettier picture than a field of corn as autumn approaches—

When the maize field grows and ripens,  
Till it stands in all its splendor  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage  
And the maize ears full and shining  
Gleam from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Thank God for our corn!—Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.

Automobiles are much like human beings after all. The more noise they make the less they are worth.—Exchange.



## Why Secretary Daniels Issued Dry Navy Order



AN interview with Secretary of the Navy Daniels by Howard A. Banks was a feature story in the *Sunday School Times* for September 9th. Mr. Banks was formerly private secretary to Mr. Daniels. The story of the interview is introduced with graphic sketches of a number of

high naval officers whom Mr. Banks found in the Secretary's office on the day of his visit.

The question put to Mr. Daniels by Mr. Banks was: "Why did you issue the Wine Mess Order to the American Navy, Mr. Secretary?" This order was issued June 1, 1914, and reads as follows:

On July 1, 1914, article 827, Naval Instructions, will be annulled and in its stead the following will be substituted:

The use or introduction for drinking purposes of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel or within any navy yard or station is strictly prohibited, and commanding officers will be held strictly responsible for the enforcement of the order.

The Secretary's reply in full to Mr. Bank's question, as it appeared in *The Sunday School Times*, follows:

The Secretary was smiling across the long room. He rose to greet me with his characteristic hearty handshake. He flung in with a jest a bit of a joke—a quip with plenty of point but no sting. But once he had heard my question, "Why did you issue the Wine Mess Order?" his expression changed to seriousness. The new *Arizona* could not clear for action more quickly than he, and as grim as the 16-inch guns that shake their clenched fists from her gray superstructure was the iron purpose in his eyes to keep the Navy clean and white and dry, as he answered:

"To make it efficient—to make it the most efficient navy in the world. My Wine Mess Order was a preparedness measure.

"There was a time when grog was served—when drinking to excess was not uncommon in the Navy. But the temperance sentiment, on the increase within recent years, has changed the Navy as it has changed civilian life. Secretary John D. Long, who held the Navy portfolio under McKinley, issued an order which prevented any enlisted man from drinking a glass of beer on board a war ship. There remained, however, the wine mess of the officers. To be sure, it was the exception, particularly among the older officers of the Navy, to become intoxicated.

"There was a temptation, however, after a strenuous day on the bridge, or on deck, or below, when wine was served at the ward room meal, or was to be had from the individual officer's locker, to drink, and sometimes to excess.

"One day shortly after I had become Secretary a gentleman came into the Department to plead for the restoration of a young relative of his who had been dismissed from the Navy for intoxication. I showed him the record, which proved that this young officer had not only been drunk, but had at the same time made a public exhibition of himself. I explained that there was no course to be pursued but to act firmly and finally in approving the court martial, which had recommended the young officer's dismissal.

"When I made it plain that the young man must inevitably pay the penalty, this gentleman protested earnestly and with much feeling against what he insisted was the injustice his young relative had received at the hands of the Navy. 'Now that he is the product of your system,' said my visitor, 'you have turned him out in disgrace.' He then went on to tell me the following story of the young man's life. Said he:

"I am a Friend, a Quaker, and the boy's father was a Quaker. He was a little fellow when his father died, and the lad came into my home and has always been to me as a son. I never even so much as had a glass of wine in my home, and when the boy left for Annapolis to go to the Naval Academy he did not know what the taste of liquor was like. I gave him to the American Navy, pure-hearted, unsullied, believing absolutely in the old-fashioned Quaker ideas in which he had been reared.

"In the seven years you have had him in the Navy you gave him the wrong ideas about drinking. You taught him that it was all right for a gentleman to have his toddy. You legalized the wine mess. You had a code that made a youth feel he was narrow-minded if he turned down his glass at the table; but now that my boy has been ruined by you and your system, the Navy kicks him out, and puts a stigma on him."

"Much more than this he said, but this is the substance of his strictures. He was a strong man, and his feeling for the youth whose drinking had wrecked his life was pathetically deep and genuine. When he went out I could not throw off a stinging sense of justice in his accusation. All day it haunted me that in the discharge of my official duty I had been compelled to approve a decree for which a Navy practice was largely responsible.

"For days I was oppressed by the thought that every young man in the Navy, many coming from homes like that described by my Quaker visitor, was subject to similar temptation.



"As time went by there were more court martials—not many, but enough to add to my profound conviction that the old Quaker had pointed me out unerringly the path of duty.

"I knew very well what the issuing of the Wine Mess Order meant. I counted the cost. I knew that many officers in the Navy, temperate, honorable, as high minded as King Arthur's knights, without fear and without reproach, would resent it, resent it bitterly; they would feel that the order would convey the wrong impression to the world.

"I realized that the order would be assailed by a multitude of people who would regard it as puritanical. I anticipated that the protests against it might reach into the houses of Congress. But if I was at any time tempted not to take the step for any of these reasons, the reflection that every year there came into the Navy hundreds of young men, some of whom might find their undoing in indulgence, made my duty plain. If I had not issued it I could not have rested with a clear conscience unto this day.

"As you know, the storm did break. Some naval officers did fear that the order was a reflection upon them. The penny-a-liners considered it a windfall for them, and much cheap wit was indulged in at the expense of the order. The cartoonists of some big dailies also considered it food for thought. Tragic pictures they drew of Mum's Extra Dry, with a frightened look on its face, 'walking the plank,' to take its doomed plunge into Davy Jones's locker, from the deck of a war ship, while I, depicted as a tyrant as relentless as Nero, was standing on the bridge surrounded by weeping officers.

"The approval, however, outside of these restricted circles, was general. The order was hailed with so much satisfaction by the fathers and mothers of the country that my mail for a month was doubled and trebled. By the time Congress assembled those who had thought to attack the order upon the floor of Congress found there was not a man in either house who ever raised the issue. By that time, too, the Navy officers learned that it was far from any thought of mine to reflect upon the service. I took occasion to let the public know that so far as the mass of the officers were concerned there was no need for the order. It was issued to safeguard the young men who are coming into the service. The public well understood that that was the reason, and heartily approved it.

"As the days went by the order increasingly won over the approval of the officers themselves. To illustrate, one of the ablest admirals of the Navy, a man whose name is known in naval circles all over the world, who is always frank and genuine, told me that he had never known such a revolution in the Navy as had been brought about by the Wine Mess Order. Said he:

"When you issued the order I deeply resented it. I felt that the public would take the view that Navy officers were given over to indulgence, and that some formal action was necessary to keep them sober.

"That is the only reason I would have advanced against issuing it if my advice had been sought.

"On the very day that you issued the order I had stocked up my closet with the usual wines and liquors, as was customary, to be used when I entertained guests on board ship. I had never been either a drinking man or a tee-totaler, but enjoyed a glass of champagne at a dinner party, and on a frosty morning I occasionally took a nip; but I should never have carried intoxicants upon any ship I ever commanded except to entertain some guests in the same way as they entertained me at their homes or clubs.

"I did not, therefore, like the order. But when I first read it I immediately called the steward and told him to pack up all drinkables and remove them from the ship. To me an order is an order. In my long service, whether I liked it or not, my loyalty to lawful commands has never failed.

"I have had a rare opportunity to observe the feelings of the officers. My own opinion is that the Wine Mess Order is the wisest thing you have done as Secretary, and if its future were committed today to the officers of the fleet the Wine Mess Order would never be restored."

"The statement of this admiral is typical, I am convinced, of the opinion of the vast majority of the commissioned personnel of the Navy.

"Bear in mind that this happened before the war in Europe—before Russia outlawed vodka and France absinthe; before Lloyd George said that drink was a greater enemy of England than the Germans; before the King of England became an abstainer in order to set a good example to his troops, and before the Congress of the United States forbade the sale of liquor to any man wearing the United States uniform.

"Even some of the flippant critics of the order evidently thought better of it since royalty has indorsed it.

"The truth is that the world is at last convinced that drink destroys efficiency. Sometimes it takes a long time to do so, but the recent statement of Dr. Mayo that the medical profession would rejoice to see national prohibition is evidence of the long step forward we have taken in the temperance movement. What Dr. Mayo declares to be the sentiment of the medical profession is a complete indorsement of what a distinguished Navy physician said, as far back as April, 1914. That physician was Rear Admiral William C. Braisted, surgeon general of the Navy. If any credit is due for the issuance of that order in the month of July following, it must be shared with him. It was not issued by me until, at my request, he had made a report, showing its wisdom. In it he said:

"It may be stated as a fact that, except as a temporary expedient in certain cases of illness, the use of alcohol is harmful, and its abuse disastrous alike to the individual and to the human race. Its use in the service is based only upon outworn customs, and there is no authority, by law or otherwise, for its continuance, except as contained in the Naval Instructions."





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THE INVINCIBLE DEBATING SOCIETY'S HALL



## *Real Causes of Rejections at Officers' Training Camps*

*Slouchiness, Inability to Speak Orders Clearly, Lack of Prompt Decisions, "Throwing up the Sponge"*

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

Sir:—A most helpful and significant letter, succinctly analyzing the causes of rejections at officers' training camps and admirably expressing many ideals in education, military and scholastic, comes to me from Maj. Gen. H. P. McCain, the adjutant general of the army.

It is a communication with a far-sighted purpose.

I inclose a copy, which I feel you may regard as of decided interest and importance to many readers of your valued paper—not those merely who are interested in the officers' camps, but of interest and value to all who, as parents or educators, realize their responsibilities in the proper training, mental and physical, of the youth of this day.

C. E. HYATT, *President,*  
*Pennsylvania Military College.*

Chester, Pa., Aug. 31, 1917.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Washington, August 28, 1917.

THE PRESIDENT,  
*Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa.*

Dear Sir:—Believing it might be interesting and helpful to schools and colleges in the present emergency, your attention is invited to the following observations of a candidate at one of the reserve officers' training camps, as to the probable causes of the considerable number of rejections of candidates for reserve officers at the training camps.

Perhaps the most glaring fault noted in aspirants to the officers' reserve corps, and one that might be corrected by proper attention in our high schools and colleges, might be characterized by the general word "slouchiness." I refer to what might be termed a mental and physical indifference. I have observed at camp many otherwise excellent men who have failed because in our school system sufficient emphasis is not placed upon the avoidance of this mental and physical handicap. In the work of the better Government military schools of the world this slackness in thought, presentation, and bearing is not tolerated because the aim of all military training is accuracy. At military camps throughout the country mental alertness, accuracy in thinking and acting, clearness in enunciation, sureness and ease of carriage and bearing must be insisted upon for two reasons: that success may be assured as nearly as human effort can guarantee it with the material and means at hand, and that priceless human lives may not be criminally sacrificed. Only by the possession of the qualities referred to does one become a natural leader.

A great number of men have failed at camp because of inability to articulate clearly. A man who cannot impart his idea to his command in clear, distinct language and with sufficient volume of voice to be heard reasonably far is not qualified to give commands upon which human life will

depend. Many men disqualified by this handicap might have become officers under their country's flag had they been properly trained in school and college. It is to be hoped, therefore, that more emphasis will be placed upon the basic principles of elocution in the training of our youth. Even without prescribed training in elocution a great improvement could be wrought by the instructors in our schools and colleges, regardless of the subject, insisting that all answers be given in a loud clear, well-rounded voice, which, of course, necessitates the opening of the mouth and free movement of the lips. It is remarkable how many excellent men suffer from this handicap and how almost impossible it is to correct this after the formative years of life.

In addition to this physical disability and slouchiness is what might be termed the slouchiness of mental attitude. Many men fail to measure up to the requirements set for our officers' reserve because they have not been trained to appreciate the importance of accuracy in thinking. Too many schools are satisfied with an approximate answer to a question. Little or no incentive is given increased mental effort to co-ordinate one's ideas and present them clearly and unequivocally. Insistence upon decision in thought and expression must never be lost sight of. This requires eternal vigilance on the part of every teacher. It is next to impossible for military instructors to do much to counteract the negligence of schools in this regard. This again has cost many men their commissions at camp. Three months is too short a time in which to teach an incorrigible "beater-about-the-bush" that there is only one way to answer a question, oral or written, and that is positively, clearly, and accurately. The form of the oral answer in our schools should be made an important consideration of instruction.

I have further noted at camp that even some of our better military schools have turned out products that while many of them may have the bearing of a soldier in ranks, yet their carriage is totally different as soon as they "fall out." Schools, military and non-military, should place more insistence upon the bearing of pupils all the time. It should become second nature with them to walk and carry themselves with the bearing of an officer and a gentleman. This again is a characteristic that cannot be acquired in a short time and, when coupled with other disqualifying elements, has mitigated against the success of men in training camps.

As a last important element that seems to me has been lacking in the moral and mental make-up of some of our students here is the characteristic of grit. Not that they would have proved cowardly in battle, necessarily, but some have exhibited a tendency to throw up the sponge upon the administration of a severe rebuke or criticism. Their "feelings" have been hurt and they resign. They have never been taught the true spirit of subordination. They are not ready for the rough edges of life. The true training school should endeavor to inculcate that indomit-



able spirit that enables one to get out of self, to keep one's eyes fixed upon the goal rather than upon the roughness of the path, to realize that one unable to rise above the hard knocks of the discipline cannot hope to face with equanimity the tremendous responsibility of the officer under modern conditions of warfare. This idea of grit belongs to the school room as well as upon the campus.

Very respectfully,

H. P. McCAIN,

*Adjutant General, U. S. Army.*

### LEARNING TO THINK.

According to the professor in the summer school of the Ohio State University, there has been a marked deterioration in the last 25 years in the ability of students to think. He says that formerly he was able to lead his pupils to consecutive thought but now they do not concentrate; what they acquire is by parrotlike memorizing.

This is also admitted by other noted educators in different parts of the country, and doubtless has a large amount of truth in it. The youth of today has his attention scattered and diverted over a wide area of interests. The variety of amusements outside the school, the highly spiced and exciting experiences of everyday life are not calculated to develop the ability to fix the attention upon a subject until it has been mastered. The school curriculum is largely given over to a variety of subjects—so great a variety in fact, that few pupils get more than a smattering of each.

But too much ought not to be expected from the public school pupil. When it is realized that nearly all of the instruction he gets in culture, religion, morals and behavior is now given in the schools, it becomes apparent that they have a big job on their hands.

Further than this, the art of fixing the attention is not easily acquired. Ability to concentrate is only gained by painful and persistent effort. Our guess is that the most serious fault here is due to the teacher's failure to instruct the pupils in the method of concentration. They should be expert in this, for college training is supposed to have this for one of its chief objects.

We have not forgotten the dictum of a professor, uttered in our hearing long ago, in a manner calculated to impress all students who heard it. "At the end of the freshman year in college the student ought to be able to think consecutively upon a subject for five minutes; at the end of his sophomore year, for ten minutes; at the end of his junior year for fifteen minutes, and the graduate having carefully utilized the advantages of his alma mater for four years should be able to concentrate and think consecutively for twenty minutes."

The college training which can bring its subjects to the commencement (of their active life) with the ability to think consecutively and with concentration upon a subject for twenty minutes ought to be satisfactory enough for anybody.

Meanwhile, we commend to the attention of public school teachers—especially high school teachers—the need of teaching students how to think, how to concentrate and how to study. It is in these points that the chief defects of our system lie.—*Fargo (N. D.) Courier-News.*

### "GET THEE A TEACHER."

"Get thee a teacher" was a favorite maxim of an ancient Palestinian teacher, Rabbi Joshua, the son of Perachiah, a contemporary of the Roman Emperor Hadrian. It is a splendid text for modern people, as it was for the ancients.

"Get thee a teacher." It is the seer's advice to the young. The years of childhood and of youth are the years when knowledge finds a responsive soil. It then implants itself securely in the mind, safe against uprooting. The mind of a child has been compared by another ancient seer to paper that has never been written upon before and which therefore retains clearly whatever is inscribed thereon, whereas the mind of older people is likened to paper that has been written upon many times and therefore carries only blurred impressions. That is good psychology as well as good ethics. Let not the young be encouraged merely to nibble at knowledge and make it a side issue to amusement or idleness. Do not allow your sons and daughters to neglect their school tasks for trivial reasons. Youth is the golden age of learning—there is none like it.

"Get thee a teacher." This is the seer's advice likewise to the old. It should have particular weight with people who have had to go into the battle of life with an incomplete education. It is of supreme importance that their intellectual and spiritual culture shall keep pace with their increased economic resources. I have great admiration for the self-made man. He has had to overcome serious handicaps and has succeeded nevertheless, but the trouble with the self-made man often is, as it has been said, that he adores his maker. He sometimes trusts too much to his own powers and fails to give the proper respect to people whose refinement and sensitiveness and quick conscience have deterred them from allowing themselves to win success with the tools of brute force or refined cruelty, too often the instruments of the successful.

"Get thee a teacher" is advice that should be taken to heart likewise by older people who have had a good education in their youth but who are apt to discontinue their interest in knowledge owing to the press of business and the lure of the pleasure chase. With these and other distractions confronting the person of maturer years the tendency is strong to abandon learning and culture altogether. To prevent such a lapse into a life of fatted ease it is a wise precaution to have some one frequent the household who brings with him the message of learning and the atmosphere of culture.

"Get thee a teacher." Secure a master not only of knowledge but also of character. Put yourself under the influence of a high class personality. Choose for your guide one who can impart to you more than knowledge, one who can elevate your soul as well as inform your mind. The best test of the worth of a teacher is that those who study under him are not satisfied to be merely his pupils, but long to become also his disciples. That teacher only is well equipped who can lead you to a fuller understanding of nature, a more intimate relationship with human kind and a closer communion with the Divine.—*New York World.*



## A BOY WHO FOUND HIS INTEREST.

**A**MID squalid and crowded surroundings a boy played marbles in the streets of London at the beginning of the last century. Thousands of boys do the same in every big city every year, and most of them live and die in the same environments. But this boy, Michael Faraday, was destined to see greater things and to solve some of the world's greatest scientific problems.

Not only were Michael's parents very poor, but his blacksmith father was in such delicate health that he could work only part of each day at his trade. Once, when corn was scarce, the family had to rely on public relief. Michael, a growing boy of nine, was given one loaf weekly, and it had to last him seven days.

Such a boy is usually put to work early, and so it was with Michael. Before he had much more than learned to read and write and "cipher" a little, he went as errand-boy to a bookbinder in the neighborhood. Here one of his duties was to carry around the papers that were lent out by his employer. Often on a Sunday morning he got up very early, for the papers all had to be collected again after the patrons had read them. Many a time he was told that the paper was not done with, and that he must call again, and he would then beg to be allowed to have it, anyway, in order not to have to return over the ground again, for his next place might be a mile off. Michael Faraday ever after had a warm spot in his heart for newsboys.

So well did Michael fulfil his duties, however, that in a year's time his master took him as a regular apprentice in the bookbinding business, exempting him from the premium usual in such case on account of his faithful service.

It was while binding a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica that Michael Faraday's future life-interest in the great forces of nature first came to him. Nature is not generally supposed to display her marvels to any great extent in a dingy London court, nor is the encyclopedia held by most people to be an especially entertaining work—only one to be consulted, in fact, in case of emergency. But books were not plentiful in this boy's life, so it is not surprising that he seized so eagerly upon the few at hand.

From the encyclopedia and from books on chemistry, upon which he was also working, he learned that there were wonders lying all about him, some of which he had never so much as heard about. Such simple things as water, fire, and air took on a new importance in his eyes; and when he found he could do things with them by means of some simple experiments described in the books, his delight was unbounded.

Nor was Michael discouraged by the lack of apparatus. He rigged up the best he could with what means he had at hand and with what few things he could afford to buy out of his scanty earnings, and he found that Nature's secrets may be had by the poorest comer, if he will but search for them. His special interest was electricity. He constructed an electrical machine called the voltaic pile, the invention of the Italian scientist Volta, and the greatest in electricity up to that time. It was very simple, consisting merely of salt water and disks of copper and zinc; but it preserved a continuous flow of electricity. With it he decomposed epsom salts, sulphate of cop-

per, and water, little dreaming that even this early he was on the road to his greatest discovery.

Michael found out from bills in the streets and shop-windows that some scientific lectures were being given on certain evenings upon the very subjects in which he was so much interested. He was not the boy to let such an opportunity slip. He obtained permission from his employer to attend, and his brother Robert, who was three years older than himself, made him a present of the necessary money—one shilling for each lecture. He took some drawing lessons in order to illustrate these lectures for his own benefit, and he kept an orderly note-book, in which he wrote down the names of the books and subjects that interested him.

The greatest scientist of that time, and one of the greatest of any time, was Sir Humphry Davy. It was Michael's good fortune that Sir Davy was giving a series of lectures in the near vicinity, and he heard four of them. It seemed to the enthusiastic young dreamer, as he sat in the gallery listening to the unraveling of wonders, that this must be the most glorious vocation in the world. How he longed to leave trade and devote himself to the service of science forever!

With such aspirations in mind, Michael in what afterward he called "his ignorance of the world and simplicity of his mind," wrote a letter, stating his desires, to the president of the royal society. As might perhaps have been expected, there was no reply.

It takes a good deal, however, to dash a real heart-purpose, and Michael went on with his reading and experimenting and making of notes. Later he wrote to the great Davy himself, sending him the notes he had taken of his lectures. He received a reply this time both kind and favorable.

One night the young man was startled by a loud knock at the door. On looking out he saw a carriage, from which the footman has just alighted and left a note for him. It was a request from Sir Humphry Davy that he would call on him the next morning. A position was vacant as assistant in the laboratory of the royal institution, and this Sir Humphry now offered to Michael. But at the same time he advised him not to take it. He said that science was a harsh mistress, and but poorly repaid financially those who devoted themselves to her service. He was of the opinion that Michael had far better stick to his bookbinding.

Such advice rolled off of Michael Faraday "like water off a duck's back." The meanest job in the laboratory seemed better to him than success in any other line. Here was the glorious opportunity for which he had been longing, and he took the position at twenty-five shillings a week.

Not long after this, Sir Humphry made an extended journey to the Continent, and he took Faraday with him as his assistant and amanuensis. The young man was thrown into contact with the keenest scientific minds of the day. He witnessed many interesting experiments, and made note on all that he saw.

While on this trip Faraday's genius began to be recognized. Professor de la Rive, of Geneva, put him upon a par with his great master. He invited them both to dinner. Davy, it is said, declined to dine with one who in some things acted as his servant. De la Rive merely said he was sorry he should have to give two dinners instead of one.

Faraday very soon began to make his mark at home also. Three years after he entered the royal institution he delivered



a series of lectures at the City Philosophical Society, and he published one of his experiments in the *Journal of Science*. So rapidly did he advance in his experiments in chemistry that in five years more he came to be regarded as one of the first chemists of the day.

When he was about thirty years old Faraday began his researches in electricity which lead to the great discovery that made him famous for all time. Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, a few years before this had found that the electricity from a voltaic pile with which he was working would deflect a magnetic needle—a discovery which eventually led to the invention of the telegraph. Faraday believed that magnetism and electricity were one and the same thing; and so, he reasoned, if electricity would affect a magnet, why would not a magnet affect an electric current? He set to work to find out. It took him seven years of hard work, at the end of which time he proved that a magnet would induce electricity in a coil of wire.

There were discouragements galore. Once he wrote a to friend: "I am busy just now again on electro-magnetism, and think I've got hold of a good thing, but can't say. It may be a weed instead of a fish that, after all my labor, I may at last pull up."

When his experiments were successful, however, Faraday's delight was as great as that of his boyhood days, when he discovered that he could perform experiments at all. A friend who was present at one of these experiments never forgot the enthusiasm expressed in his face and the sparkle in his eyes.

One of the results of magneto-electricity is the electric light. This was first used in lighthouses. It was a great joy to Faraday that his greatest discovery should be applied to "the great object of guiding the mariner across the dark and dreary waste of water." He little dreamed how extensively electric lights would be used when he plead for the establishment of "one or more" good ones in English lighthouses.

Hardly less important was his discovery known as voltaic induction, or the power of a current of electricity passing through a wire to develop a current in a parallel wire which does not touch it.

Faraday's third great discovery was the law governing the decomposition of bodies by electricity. Although not all of his discoveries have been applied directly to practical, every-day uses, they have led to other discoveries of great consequence to science.

So valuable was Faraday's work felt to be that honors were showered upon him from every direction. Titles, medals, fellowships, honorary memberships in scientific societies, and offers of professorships of universities came to him from nearly every country of Europe and from the United States. Among his correspondents were Napoleon Bonaparte, in his captivity; Dumas, the great French writer; the Prince of Wales, Maria Edgeworth, and Harriet Martineau, besides the great scientists of the time, including Baron Humboldt, Professor Oersted, John Tyndall, Agassiz, and Herschel.

Nor was Faraday without honor in his own country. For his two greatest discoveries the Rumford and the royal medals were both awarded him the same year, an occurrence hitherto unknown in the annals of English science. He was made president of the royal society, that very organization whose

president had once considered his boyish letter of aspiration not worth the answering.

In all, Faraday received no less than ninety-five honorary titles and marks of merit, only one of which was solicited by himself or his friends. Yet all these counted little to him compared to great truths which his long and faithful investigations had made clear. The secret of his success may, perhaps, be found in the following words from one of his lectures:

"The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities be added industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature."—*Elizabeth Boyd in Young People*.

#### DID YOU KNOW—

That the Italian front is longer than the French, British and Belgian fronts combined?

That some of the Italian positions can only be reached in baskets slung from wires?

That Italian railway trains have been shelled by submarines?

That some of the most famous churches in Venice have been destroyed by Austrian airplanes, which have raided that city more than 100 times?

That in six days the Italians mobilized and equipped and transported to the front an army of 500,000 men?

That the French have built a 52-centimeter gun which fires a shell weighing one and one-half tons?

That the French have in commission 7,000 airplanes?

That tear-producing shells are more effective and more generally used than asphyxiating gas?

That in places the Austrian and Italian trenches are only six feet apart?

That on the western front men have been drowned in the mud?

That infantry charges are now led by officers in airplanes?

That the British have organized a salvage corps to save everything on the battle field; that even the rags are collected and sold?

That the traffic on the roads behind the British front is denser than the traffic on Fifth Avenue, and that it is controlled by traffic policemen?

That the French have organized a corps of scene painters to paint scenery to deceive the German airmen?

That in a heavy bombardment the springs of a field gun wear out in two days?

That soldiers whose faces have been blown away have been given new faces by American surgeons?

That an American woman is giving phonograph concerts in the Belgian first line trenches?

That in one day the French fired \$1,600,000 worth of shells at Arras; that in one week the Germans fired 240 train loads of shells at Verdun; that in one month the British fired 5,000,000 shells on the Somme?—*Book News*.



## The Carlisle Arrow and Red Man

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

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR YEARLY  
IN ADVANCE.

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

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

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

With this issue of The Arrow and Red Man begins a new policy with regard to their publication. The Arrow will be published weekly as heretofore, and on the first week of the month the magazine formerly known as The Red Man will be combined with The Arrow.

The publication will contain the same features as both have heretofore and will be called The Carlisle Arrow and Red Man.

### NEVER MIND YOUR MISTAKES.

The people who make mistakes lead the world. The perfect people work for them, running errands and counting columns of figures.

The genius is not the man who never made mistakes, who had a chance thrust upon him, who was endowed and all that. He is the man who had no chance and was not gifted, but who took the raw material of life and fate as he found it and made something fine out of it.

The only perfect person you will ever meet is the perfect fool.—*Safety Hints.*

### RED CROSS BRANCH ORGANIZED AT THE SCHOOL.

Feeling that in these days of war true patriotism demands immediate acquiescence to the expressed wish of the President and of those upon whom he has conferred authority, the senior members of the Indian School Chapter of the Woman's Section of the Navy League met in the main room of the domestic art department Monday evening, September 24th, and, without discussion of any kind, formally disbanded as a league and by a unanimous vote transferred all money and property belonging to the chapter to such other patriotic organization as might thereafter be formed.

Mrs. Blair was then asked to act as temporary chairman and Miss Hagan as temporary secretary. The visiting representatives of the Carlisle Red Cross Chapter were asked to tell about the work being done by the Red Cross Society

and to explain the steps necessary in order to organize a branch. By request of the other representatives present, Rev. Stock responded and made the necessary explanations in a few clear and forceful words. He was followed by Mrs. Shadinger, who showed sample of the garments and surgical dressings prepared by the Red Cross chapters.

Following these talks it was unanimously voted to organize a society to be known as the "Carlisle Indian School Branch of the Carlisle Chapter of the Red Cross." A nominating committee was appointed, and in accordance with their report the following officers were chosen:

Chairman—Mr. Francis.

Vice Chairman—Mrs. Francis.

Treasurer—Mr. Peel.

Secretary—Miss Donaldson.

Chairman of Executive Committee—Mrs. Blair.

Mr. Francis then took the chair, and after a few fitting remarks called upon Mrs. Blair to name the executive committee. She selected the following ladies: Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. Weber, Mrs. Denny, Miss Robertson, Miss Georgenson, and Miss Hagan. There being no further business, the chair on behalf of the society expressed the thanks and appreciation of all to the representatives of the Carlisle Red Cross Chapter who had assisted us in the organization of the Indian School Branch. The meeting then adjourned.

It is thought that this will soon be one of the largest branches in the State, for it is confidently expected that every student and employee will hasten to enroll. Nearly all the employees are already members of the Carlisle Chapter. Their names will at once be transferred to this branch.

The following motion passed by the Indian School Branch of the Red Cross Society at its meeting Monday night, October 1st, is self-explanatory:

"Whereas, The treasurer of the Carlisle Indian School Branch of the Red Cross has advised the branch that Mr. Nicholas Lassa, on behalf of the Invincible Literary Society of the Carlisle Indian School, has presented the branch with five dollars: Therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Carlisle Indian School Branch of the Carlisle Red Cross does hereby express its thanks for this gift and its appreciation of the fine spirit of patriotism on the part of the Invincible Society in thus aiding the defenders of their country."

By vote of the branch, the secretary was instructed to write also a letter of thanks to Mrs. William Nonnast for her generous contribution to the society. This is her third personal donation since the organization of the Navy League last spring and is greatly appreciated.

The following pupils have already become members of the newly organized Indian School Branch of the Red Cross and have paid their membership fees:

Lucy Greene,	John LeRoy,
Ella Cuellar,	Newman L. Walker,
Anna Skaahkah,	Sampson Benjamin,
Jacob Herman,	Frank Pappin.
Francis Auge, a subscribing member.	

It is hoped that many more names may be published in the next issue of The Arrow.



### THE RED CROSS.

The time of meeting of the Indian School Branch of the Red Cross has been changed from Monday to Thursday evenings. The rooms will be open from 6.30 to 9.30 and members may come at any time, staying the entire evening or such part of it as they choose. The business meeting will be called promptly at 8.30 p. m.

The Red Cross Society has the following classes of membership:

Annual Member .....	\$1
Subscribing Member..... annually....	2
Contributing Member .. annually....	5
Sustaining Member..... annually....	10
Life Member .....	one payment.... 25
Patron Member .....	one payment.... 100

### Help the Work for Humanity—Your American Red Cross Needs You.

The membership of the Red Cross in the various countries is as follows:

Japan—Population .....	30,000,000
Red Cross Membership .....	1,800,000
Germany—Population .....	67,000,000
Red Cross Membership .....	1,400,000
Russia—Population .....	171,000,000
Red Cross Membership .....	1,200,000
United States—Population .....	100,000,000
Red Cross Membership .....	1,000,000

### Join Now—No Field Service Required.

Help your American Red Cross to be prepared for the saving of life and the alleviation of suffering in war and civilian disaster.

### Why Your Country Needs You as a Member of the Red Cross.

You know what the Red Cross is.

You are familiar with some of its achievements—with the organized helpfulness, heroism and self-sacrifice of its men and women amid the horrors of war, devastating plagues and epidemics; and in great calamities, such as the San Francisco fire, the Ohio Valley floods, the "Titanic" and "Eastland" disasters; and other catastrophes involving loss of life and suffering.

Do you know that as an American you have the right to become a member of the Red Cross? That by the payment of small annual dues, and a little unselfish service, you can support your Government in its humanitarian work?

Your circumstances may not permit you to engage in field work—few members can—but you can help; your family and your friends can help by becoming members of the Society and by actively supporting your local Red Cross Chapter.

Your help is needed now. To support its field and base hospitals, its doctors and nurses, and to provide the necessities of military and civilian relief, calls for at least 1,000,000 members. America can do what other nations have done.

No field service is required of members.

### OUR FLAG—HOW TO USE AND DISPLAY IT.

The Flag should not be raised before sunrise and should be lowered at sunset.

*Colors on Parade.*—When the colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectator should, if walking, halt; if sitting, arise, stand at attention, and uncover.

*When Portrayed.*—The flag when portrayed by an illustrative process should have the staff so placed that it is at the left of the picture, the fabric floating to the right. In crossing the flag with that of another nation, the American flag should be at the right.

*"The Star-Spangled Banner."*—Whenever "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, all persons within hearing distance should rise and uncover during its rendition.

*On Memorial Day.*—May 30th, the National flag should be displayed at half-staff until noon, then hoisted to the top of the staff where it remains until sunset.

*Used as a Banner.*—When the flag is used as a banner the blue field should fly to the north in streets running east and west, and to the east in streets running north and south.

*Laid on a Bier.*—When the flag is placed over a bier or casket, the blue field should be at the head.

*Desecration of the Flag.*—No advertisement or lettering of any sort should ever be placed on the flag, nor should it ever be used as a trademark. It should never be worn as a whole or part of a costume, and when worn as a badge it should be pinned over the left shoulder or to the left collar lapel.

*Displaying the Flag.*—The flag out-of-doors should be flown from a pole whenever possible. In the United States Army all flags are suspended from poles and no other way.

*Used in Decorations.*—When the flag is hung vertically (so it can be viewed from one side only) the blue field should be at the right, as one faces it. When hung horizontally, the field should be at the left. The flag should never be placed below a person sitting.

### HALLOWEEN.

On Wednesday evening, October 31st, at 8.00 o'clock, all students and employees are to go to the gymnasium in "full" dress for a Halloween social. A prize of great value is to be presented to the one wearing the best costume.

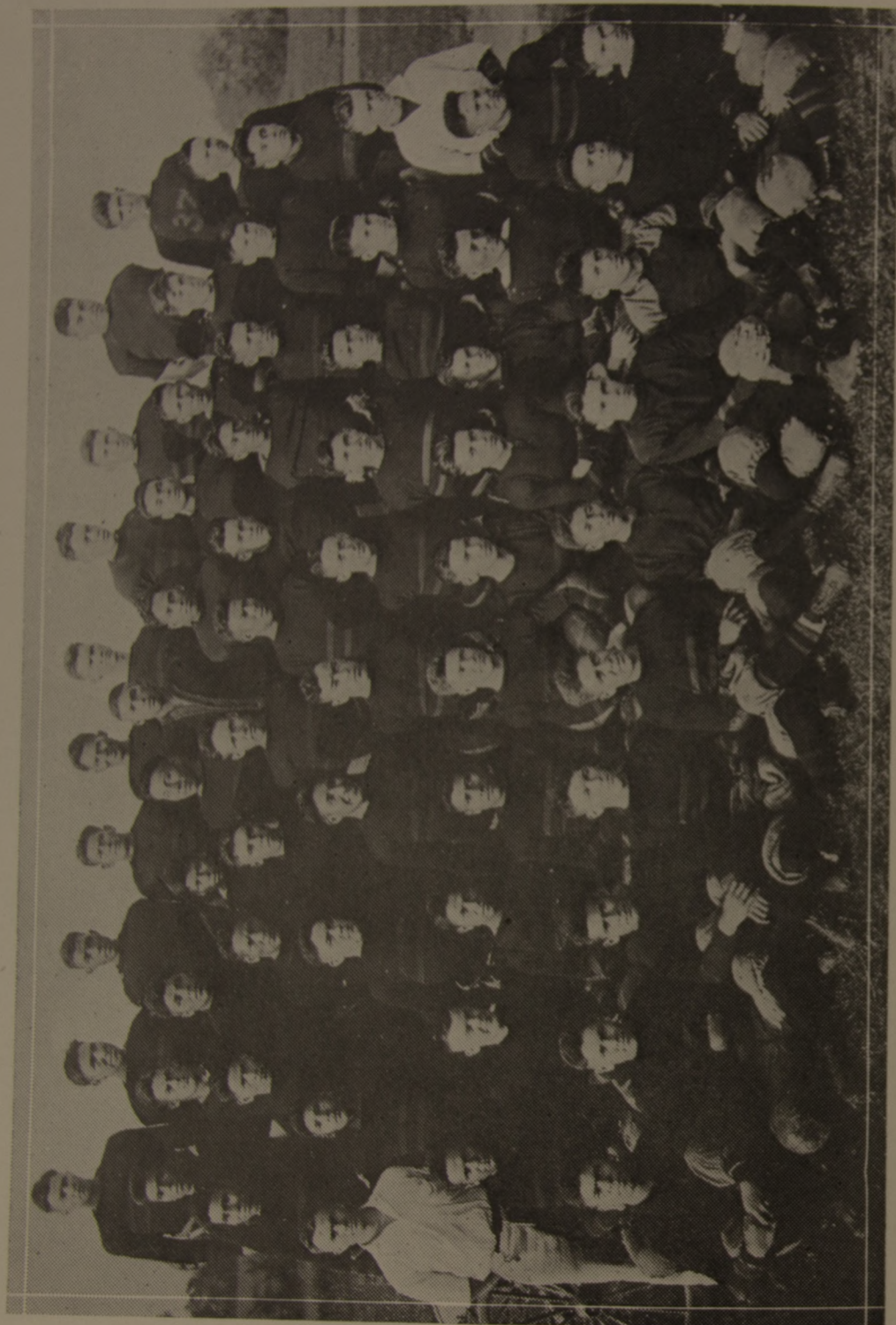
### The Senior Class Meeting.

The Seniors assembled in the music room on Monday evening and were called to order by the president, Andrew Cuellar. Roll was called, the class song was practiced and the election of officers followed. The result was:

President—Andrew Cuellar.  
Vice-President—Sadie Metoxen.  
Recording Secretary—Bess Hall.  
Corresponding Secretary—Greene Choate.  
Treasurer—George Cushing.  
Sergeant-at-Arms—Elmer Poodyr.  
Cheer Leader—Thomas Miles.

The Treasurer made his report, and after the class song was again practiced the meeting adjourned.





THE CARLISLE INDIAN FOOTBALL SQUAD—1917



## INDIANS WIN SEASON'S FIRST GAME.

The Carlisle Indian football team came back, and re-established themselves on the gridiron last Saturday, when they opened their season and defeated the strong Albright College team by the score of 59 to 0, the quarters ending with the following score: 7, 21, 12, 19.

Carlisle shortened the period for Albright's benefit which prevented a much larger score.

Albright won the toss and the season was opened with the kickoff by Leroy. Captain Tibbets and Leroy put up a fine exhibition with marvelous footwork, which very much resembled the work of the famous Indian football stars of the past. Carlisle's defense was naturally not developed, but the offense and attacks were perfect.

Several inexpensive fumbles marred the opening of the game, but with the exception of strict penalizing the game was one of brilliancy and showed that Coach "Deed" Harris and his braves have a combination of which Carlisle can be proud.

The features of the game were the star running performances of the Indian's backfield, supported by a machine-like interference. On one occasion Herma duplicated Thorpe's feat of zigzagging through the whole team for a touchdown. Kicks netted gains for Carlisle.

In the second half the regular team was substituted by the second string men, who put up a game equally as good as the regulars. Metoxen, who was substituted for Tibbets, showed fine form in football. He made several fine gains around the ends and through the center. A large crowd witnessed the game.

Indians.	Positions.	Albright.
Nori.....	Left End.....	McElwee
Lassa.....	Left Guard.....	G. Shambaugh
F. Godfrey.....	Left Guard.....	Schreffler
F. Walker.....	Center.....	Gamber (captain)
L. Godfrey.....	Right Guard.....	J. Shambaugh
Flinchum.....	Right Tackle.....	Traunman
Coulier.....	Right End.....	Teter
Miles.....	Quarterback.....	Ball
Tibbets.....	L.H.B.....	Hoch
Herman.....	R.H.B.....	Homan
Leroy.....	Fullback.....	Yates

Referee—Paul Smith, Bucknell.

Umpire—Professor Saul, Otterbein.

Head Linesman—Dunn, Dickinson.

Time—Two 12-minute quarters and two 10-minute quarters.

## GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The small boys, led by their captain, have calisthenics every morning before breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Knadler, of Hagerstown, Md., were interested visitors of the school on Saturday.

Mrs. Canfield requested that the girls who are interested in bobbin lace report to her. Only two in the "odd" section have reported thus far, Emily Moran and Nettie Standingbear. This is an opportunity. Do not let it pass. You can make lace during your spare moments.

Mr. Lamason and Miss Sweeney took the girls for a walk to the second farm last Sunday afternoon. They peeped into the creamery, but there was no buttermilk in sight;

then they went through the barn, where they saw some fine cows, such as Guernseys, Holsteins, and Jerseys.

Alexander B. Cadotte, a former student, has joined the Wisconsin National Guard and is now in training at Ft. Douglas; from there he expects to go to Waco, Texas, for further training before embarking for France. He writes that the military training he received while at Carlisle is of great help to him.

The band orchestra are fast getting into shape. Boys, keep up the good work.

Mrs. F. C. Kramer, of Carlisle, spent the week-end with her grand daughter, Mrs. Wheelock, at the school.

Mr. Wheelock says he cannot dance to employees' orchestra music. What does he mean? It's because he has to play in it.

Last Sunday the vocational classes at the Methodist church held an election of officers as follows: President, Clarence Welch; vice-President, Andrew Beechtree; secretary, Emerson Metoxen.

Father Phelan told us in his Sunday talk to learn to pay strict attention to duties. He advised us to be like a sponge, absorb and digest everything that is taught us in school and in industrial departments, and to make use of the things we are taught.

Last Saturday evening the students enjoyed the monthly social in the gymnasium. The music was so inspiring that the floor was well-filled with dancing couples until the whistle sounded recall. Everyone reported a delightful time.

We went to domestic science class last Monday morning and we made gingerbread. Mine turned out fine. Last domestic science day we made war cake. This is made without butter, milk, or eggs. Although so economical it is delicious cake.

Mr. E. B. Massie, of Company A, Fifty-eighth Infantry, who is stationed at Gettysburg, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Canfield, for several days. Upon returning to camp Mr. Massie learned that he had been transferred to a French mortar battery that will soon leave for France.

Miss Isabel Wheelock entertained Misses Katherine Wagner, Helen Swartz and Oella Liggett of Carlisle on Saturday. The young ladies attended the football game between Carlisle and Albright College, and helped the Indians to win an overwhelming victory by their enthusiastic cheers.

The Susan orchestra, which is under the leadership of Abbie Somers, is composed of the following members: Evangeline Wheelock, piano; Ruby Childers, cornet; Abbie Somers, guitar; Clara Shunion, violin; Emma Conner, mandolin; Hazel Buffalo, violin. The Susans are very proud of their cornet player.

The employees' orchestra played the first half of Saturday night's dance and it was fine. The last half was played by the school orchestra. Really we cannot say whether there is any difference—it's a toss up, both furnishing good music. The students appreciate the interest that the employees show toward giving them good times in thus coming out to play.

## COMING EVENTS.

Saturday, Oct. 6th.—Dr. Thomas G. Blaisdell, dean of the Pennsylvania State College, lecturer, 7.30 p. m.

Saturday, Oct. 13th.—Football game: Carlisle v. University of West Virginia, at Morgantown.

Saturday, Oct. 13th.—Moving pictures, 7.30 p. m.

Saturday, Oct. 20th.—Employees' sociable, 7.30 p. m.

Saturday, Oct. 27th.—School sociable, 7.30 to 10.00 p. m.

Saturday, October 27th.—Football game: Carlisle vs. Bucknell, at Lewisburg, Pa.



## WRITES OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE NAVY.

Miss Kaup, teacher of Room 4, received the following letter from one of her former students in response to a number of letters written to him by his former classmates:

MAY, 1917.

Dear Class Mater:—I just received your letters and was surprised to hear from so many pupils at one time, but I sure was glad to hear from you all and glad to hear that you are well and enjoying your school work. I so many times think of Carlisle in the long days when I spent so many good times during my school days, but still I am under much same passion yet, and getting along very nice. I have learned many different things in the life of the blue jackets, and have many more thing no learn yet. I suppose that you all know that because there are so many different things about those battleships that a person might serve eight or ten years and still he wouldn't know all about the different parts of it yet, but I am going to try and learn what I can about it as long as I am in the service.

I get lonesome sometimes when I think of dear Carlisle, but some day I may have the opportunity of coming there for a short visit on my furlough if I ever get it.

I am on the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*, one of the largest ships of Uncle Sam's, and the flagship of the Atlantic fleet, and it is some ship, believe me. Of course, I can't tell you where we are at, because you all know we are in war and all I can tell you is that we are on the way, but I am just as happy as I ever was. I have charge of one of our guns. I am on watch every day and night, sometimes I am on for the afternoon. Today and tomorrow I will be on during the night. We just have it that way.

We have some nice times on the ship. We have band concerts every day after meals, and moving pictures in the evening. We have all kinds of nice movies. We have a piano and a couple of phonographs going during the evenings when we have nothing else to do. We get all the "eats" we want, but we don't have the kind of gravy we have there at school. We have ice cream and pie pretty often here, which is one thing we seldom got there at the school.

I often wonder what is going on there at the school, but you know I cannot see. I would like to get the Arrow, but I think it would be hard to keep track of me, because we move around so much, so I will just have to wait till I can come and see the school once more, but I may never see the place again or you class mates again. Who knows? But I hope I will live to see it again and be able to see you all in the near future.

I have been on board this ship nearly three weeks now. I did not stay at the training station very long. Believe me, we used to drill while I was there, but since I've been on the ship we have only been drilling a couple of hours a day, because there are so many other things to do besides drill.

Well, your school will soon be out and I suppose most of you will go home and some out in the country, but I guess it will be a long time before I can be at home or in the country, but you boys and girls who are going away this summer will spend a happy summer wherever you may be. Make the best of your time while away from school. A person never realizes what a great institution Carlisle is until you go out, and then you will realize how it is. I miss Carlisle so much since I left, and you all know that I am under Uncle Sam's care, but it is different from where I was, but I will always think of you wherever I am at. We may be a long ways from here in a month or two, but can not say where we will go.

I am on the gun crew now since I come on the ship, and I am trying to be a gunner. A person may think it is easy to learn all about a gun, but it isn't. I thought I would learn it in a little while, but I find it different now. I have been on it every day since I come here, but still I

don't know hardly anything about it. There is a big crew on this ship, but I don't know how many yet.

We have hammocks to sleep in, and every morning we have 15 minutes to catch them up and put them away. Of course, if you are not through in that time we get just a little extra duty to do. I always try to do what's right about the rules and keep out of trouble. The rules are much stricter here than at Carlisle, so far as I have seen them. I have not had any extra duty to do yet, and I will try and show what a Carlisle boy can do.

I will close, with all the love in this wide world to my dear class mater. I am your class mate,

WELCH TEESATESKI,  
U. S. *Pennsylvania*.

Care Postmaster, New York.

## Wasn't Sure.

Gentleman.—"Little boy, what nationality are you?"

Little boy.—"Well, my mother's an Injun, my father's an engineer, so I don't know whether I'm a box car or a caboose."

## An Interesting Event.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Goesbeck, of Wind River, Mont., announce the arrival on the 7th instant of a son, Bruce Goesbeck, Jr., Carlisle sends congratulations.

## Mr. Lipps in Montana.

The following is taken from the Sheridan (Wyo.) *Post*, under date of September 18th:

"Mr. O. H. Lipps, the educational supervisor of Indian Schools, is on a tour of inspection on the Crow Reservation, and was a visitor at Lodge Grass, Mont., on Saturday."

## PROTESTANT MEETING.

By Nettie Standingbear.

The service was opened by the song, "The Fight Is On," after which the Scripture was read by Eleanor Houk, the leader. Mrs. Nicholson, from town, was the speaker. She gave us a beautiful talk on "Mother Love." Three of our little girls, Dorothy Burr, Nellie French, and Grace Rickard, gave pleasure to all by singing a trio, "I've Tried in Vain." The meeting was closed by singing, "I Am Thine, Oh Lord."

The students who have led the meetings up to this time are: Dan Madraus, Nettie Standingbear, Andrew Beechtree, and Eleanor Houk.

## THE CATHOLIC MEETING.

By Andrew Cuellar.

On Sunday morning twenty-four girls attended the early mass at St. Patrick's, and received Holy Communion. The remainder of the Catholic students were present at the 9.30 a. m. mass.

At the evening service leaflets of the League of the Sacred Heart were distributed and read. Father Phelan preached on the Gospel read in the mass of the day. The ceremony was closed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.



## LIEUT. GUSTAVUS WELCH.

Gus Welch, one of Carlisle's honor graduates who has "made good," graduating at Conway Hall, Dickinson Law School, and last spring entered training at Ft. Niagara for the Officers' Reserve Corps, is now a second lieutenant of cavalry, made the school a visit last week. He was one of the few chosen to go to Harvard University to receive training from the French officers stationed there and he stopped off here on his way to Ft. Meade where he will act as instructor of the Reserves.

Gus was one of the best football players ever turned out at Carlisle, being quarter in the teams of '11, '12, and '13, being captain of the team in the latter year.

He made a talk to the students at the Wednesday morning assembly. It was extremely helpful. He encouraged all to get the best possible education and each one to equip himself to become most helpful to the people at home. He said that all students owe it to the Government, that it is needing every dollar now in the conduct of the war, to see that none of the money spent in their education is wasted.

He later talked to the senior boys in Mrs. Foster's room in a way they will never forget, urging them to be ambitious to be somebody in the world.

Carlisle is proud of Lieut. Gustavus Welch and will watch with great interest his record in the Army.



LIEUT. GUSTAVUS WELCH

## CARLISLE AT THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY FAIR.

Carlisle was well represented at the Cumberland County Fair. A large corner of the exhibit building was given to the School in which were displayed work showing the various activities. The print shop, carpenter shop, shoe shop, farm, and academic department were represented, and all by very creditable displays, as was evidenced by the many complimentary remarks made by interested visitors.

Several of our students won premiums: Norton Tahquechi on a quilt, Ned French on a beaded vest and fob, and Alex Wakeman on some oil and water colored paintings.

Mr. Heagy also won premiums on his moths. He has a wonderful collection.

Miss Emily Nonnast, daughter of our tailor, won premiums on her pen-and-ink work.

## County Fair Notes.

The Cumberland County potatoes on exhibit were, on the whole, nice and smooth. This shows that they are free from scab and other diseases.

There were many things to attract one's attention. For those interested in farming, there was a variety of farm products on exhibition. There were exhibits from almost all industries carried on in and around Carlisle. Besides the exhibits there were many amusements such as horse races, merry-go-rounds, and the ferris-wheel.

The band, under the direction of Mr. Wheelock, played two afternoons at the fair and made a very favorable impression.

The Red Cross tent attracted large crowds. The demonstrations, and the woolen garments for the soldiers that were on exhibitions, proved so interesting that many substantial contributions were received by the ladies in charge.

All kinds of cars were seen at the fair: limousines, racers, roadsters, trucks, motorcycles, and last, but not least, Fords.

The needle-work department at the fair was especially interesting to the girls who are taking domestic art.

The show cases at the fair where fancy work of every description was exhibited interested the girls very much, as it furnished them with many new ideas.

The Cumberland County farmers had on exhibit a few insects and some samples of their destructive work, which showed the damage they can do to trees, fruits, and other plants.

Among the interesting things seen at the fair were the patch quilts and the crocheted bed spread. Norton Tahquechi won a prize on his Indian quilt.

The Indian School exhibit at the fair was decidedly attractive.

The Indian School exhibits attracted large crowds of people. The farmers, especially, were impressed by the farm products.

The employees and the students went to the fair last Thursday afternoon. Mr. Francis thanked the boys and girls for their promptness in obeying orders and on their general behavior throughout the afternoon.

Many specimens of poultry were exhibited at the fair, such as Plymouth rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Leghorns, Bantams, and Blacks. Unusually fine ducks, guineas, geese, and turkeys were also exhibited.



(Type Composition by First-Year Class in Printing.)

### GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Stilwell Saunooke was a week-end visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis left Tuesday for Cherokee, N. C. Last Monday the boys in the plumbing shop began a course in steam-fitting.

William Garlow, Carlisle 1912, is in the training camp at Port Royal, S. C.

The girls are very friendly, and so far I am very happy at Carlisle.—*A New Student.*

Carlisle is getting along in years—38 years old tomorrow, the 6th. Many happy returns.

The second team, or "Hot Shots," played Mercersburg last Saturday and were defeated 49 to 0.

It took 30 acres of corn to fill the silos at the first farm, their combined capacity being 280 tons.

Nesbit Weeks writes from his home in Washakie, Utah, that he is sorry he cannot return to Carlisle.

Mr. Hugh Wheelock, of Mt. Union, Pa., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wheelock over Sunday.

The carpenters are busy working on three pieces of furniture which are to be sent to Mr. Lipps in Washington.

Marie Poupart and Pauline Chishom, Class '17, are in the Sophomore class at the West Chester High School.

Amy Smith has moved from the Girls' Quarters to the Model Home Cottage, where she is now assistant cook.

Mrs. Ritchie, who has been hospital cook for some time, resigned last Sunday. The nurses regretted to see her go.

All the boys participated in the snake dance that was led by Mr. Duran at the end of the first half at Saturday's game.

The Junior Class has three new members: Christine Cutler and Agnes and Ida Daybird. This makes 41 altogether.

I am very well pleased with my new surroundings at Carlisle, everything surpassing my expectations.—*Christine Cutler.*

*In a Home Letter.*—The first month of school has been so full of pleasant happenings that I fear I cannot begin to tell you all.

John Le Roy, who is ambitious to become the all American fullback, secured one touchdown and kicked five field goals from touchdowns.

The shops have in them all the tools one can imagine. Each boy has his own set and he is responsible for every tool.—*A New Boy.*

Tomorrow the football team will journey to Lancaster, to play Franklin and Marshall College. We hope they will come back victorious.

A card received from Birmingham, England, announces the safe arrival there of George Francis, Theodore Frank, Peter Tarbell, and Jesse Wafford.

I think the Carlisle School is very nice. The girls are pleasant. I hope I may continue getting along well with everybody.—*Agnes Daybird.*

The Juniors are proud of their classmates, Halfback Metoxen and Quarterback Vigil, who played so well in the game with Albright College.

The juniors held a short class meeting after 4 o'clock on Wednesday for the purpose of getting better acquainted with the new members of the class.

The junior girls spent Monday morning in the domestic science department. They made some rice fondue, which every one said was very good. They also cooked some cream of wheat, and having no milk they served it with

molasses. They sent the cream of wheat to Miss William's class.

Mr. Dennys' pony captured a blue ribbon at the fair.

The Model Home Cottage looks like a fairy-story place.

Raymond Moses has been promoted from the junior to the senior class.

Many of the boys were excused from inspection to cut corn last Saturday.

George Cayenne, who is now a sailor on the ship Oklahoma, was here for a day's visit last week.

Cold weather is approaching, for there are evidences of Jack Frost's work in the falling of the leaves.

Peter New Rider and Wiley Fisher have great ambition for boxing honors, and are faithfully training in that line.

The mountains appear to be very near these beautiful autumn days. One is reminded that Carlisle is "Nestling 'neath the mountains blue."

Many visitors were here to see the game last Saturday afternoon. The bleachers were well filled and there were many automobiles also well filled.

As cold weather approaches, the Red Cross workers are doing all they can to finish knitting as many garments as possible for our soldiers in Europe.

Captain Tibbitts was the star player in last Saturday's game with Albright College. He said the spirit shown by the students helped the team wonderfully.

Saturday afternoon the old Carlisle football spirit came back and led the Indians on to a great victory over a worthy opponent, the final score being 60 to 0.

*In a Home Letter.*—I just wish you could be here to see how nice everything is; the people are so pleasant to us that we cannot help loving them and the school, too.

There are at Carlisle at present six members of class '17: Amy Smith, John Flinchum, George Tibbitts, Andrew Beechtree, Francis Ojibway, and Hobson Tupper.

The girls from California and the Sac and Fox girls from Oklahoma were glad to see Mrs. H. J. Johnson, who came with six new students from the Sac and Fox Agency.

The Mercer orchestra is composed of five girls: Gertrude Pego, Elizabeth Sweet, Edna McDonald, and Vera and Mamie Green. Here is an opportunity. More members ought to join.

All of the boys from the carpenter, mason, tin, and blacksmith shops were sent down to the second farm Saturday morning to cut corn. They nearly finished the seven-acre field.

At the chapel exercises Lt. Gustavus Welch gave a fine talk to the "odd" division. One of the things he emphasized was that we should aim for higher education after leaving Carlisle.

An interesting lecture on "Mother's Love" was given by Mrs. Nicholson Sunday evening. She said when we are away from home we often think of what our mothers have done for us.

No wonder people speak of Carlisle as the finest school of its kind in the United States. I have been here but a short time, yet I am convinced that "Old Carlisle" is all right and the best of its kind.—*A New Student.*

The major, adjutant, and captains of the Girls' Battalion had a little party in the kitchen at Girls' Quarters last Sunday evening. The refreshments consisted of bread, milk, and jelly. Ask any of them how they like "chicken feed."

The Carlisle school is certainly very nice. I am glad that I entered here, for I really like it. The pupils are more than I thought they would be. Everybody is very pleasant and the grounds are clean and beautiful.—*Ida Daybird.*







# Reputation

**G**OOD name in man and wo-  
man, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of  
their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis  
something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave  
to thousands;

But he, that filches from me my good  
name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

—*Othello (Act III, Scene 3).*