

The Carlisle Arrow

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

VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 9

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

The school stone quarry is now being worked.

Charles F. McDonald, '12, has been detailed as assistant in the gymnasium.

Through a friend we learn that Alberta Bartholomeau is employed at the Kickapoo Mission, at Horton, Kansas.

Jefferson Smith, Class '11, writes from Plaza, North Dakota, that he is employed in a printing office at that place.

Alonzo Brown, Class 1909, is now employed by the Hershey Candy Manufacturing Company, Hershey, Pennsylvania.

Since the detail for the second farm is small, it has devolved upon the boys in the lower grades to help with corn husking for a few days.

At the first farm there are two hundred and seventy-five young pigs; the boys who have charge of them are deeply interested in watching their growth.

Many beautiful post-cards have been received from Walter Hunt, who left here two years ago for his home in Oklahoma. He states that he is prospering.

The painters have covered the printing department building with a fresh coat of paint and it has improved it and helped the general appearance of it as only paint properly applied can.

Mr. Baptiste Marengo of Ronan, Montana, a member of the Blackfeet tribe and an ex-student of the school, visited Carlisle recently. Mr. Marengo attended the school from 1893 to 1897.

Julia Guyon, who is at home in Mahnomen, Minn., writes to Mrs. Lovewell, her former teacher, that she is well and happy and often thinks of her friends at the school and of

her studies while there. She expects to return to the school soon and bring with her her brother Joe and a few others.

Some of the football members have reported that Loyd Reed, Ammons Owl, William Nahongava and Samuel Pickard, all Carlisle students under the Outing, were seen at the Lafayette-Carlisle game last Saturday at Easton, Pa.

Minnie Blackhawk returned to the school last week bringing with her a number of new students; she reports that Clara Hall, one of our ex-students, and Stella Bear, Class '10, are doing well at their homes in North Dakota.

Harry Mileham, an ex-student, writes from Topeka, Kansas, as follows: "I receive the ARROW every week, and it is a welcome friend. Carlisle gave me my trade and I am now working for the A. T. & S. R. R. as a first-class finisher, thanks to the school and Mr. Carns."

Lucy Beaver, an ex-student, living at Paden, Oklahoma, writes as follows: "I am keeping house for mother as she needs my help now on account of ailments due to her old age. We have recently visited the radium baths at Claremore, Oklahoma, for her benefit. I always like to read the ARROW, because it is just like getting a weekly letter telling me what the different students are doing in the world as well as at the school."

Wins Prize in Baking.

"It gives me pleasure to inform you that Minnie Blackhawk of Elbowoods, N. D., the Indian girl we had from April 13, 1910 to May 29, 1911, took first prize in making jelly, and second prize in making bread at the fair held at her home the last of September, 1911. This statement is from a letter that Minnie wrote to us dated September 28, 1911. She also says that she is glad she re-

mained at our home during the fall and winter, because of the instruction in house-keeping she received." —Extract from a letter of S. E. Duffel, Waynesboro, Pa., patron of the Carlisle Indian school.

Our Corn Praised.

Mr. Frank V. Holston, Government farmer at Bayfield, Wisconsin, who visited the school recently, bringing with him ten pupils from Wisconsin, has written a letter to Mr. Friedman in which he says: "One thing I forgot to tell you in my past letters. I saw no corn equal to that grown on your school farm anywhere enroute. This struck me as a fact when riding with you, and having this in mind, I paid particular attention on my way home and verified this impression. I am no novice at corn growing, although having done little of it since coming to Lake Superior. I was brought up in the corn portion of Wisconsin, and had a large farm in Iowa from 1890 to 1899, where our principal crop was corn."

Splendid Concert By Two Bands.

The Carlisle Indian School students and attaches were given a great treat Tuesday evening when in the large auditorium the Eighth Regiment and the Indian Band combined gave a concert. The effect of the combination was charming. The volume was great and the music played in a masterly manner under the talented conductor, Mr. Claude M. Stauffer, of the Indian band. —Evening Sentinel, Carlisle.

Improving Our Trees.

A number of expert foresters are at work on the numerous trees of the campus. These are being trimmed and treated. Some of the older trees which have decayed places are being scraped, treated and filled with cement. It is a valuable work, and is being well done.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Mary C. Harris is now at her home in Prague, Oklahoma.

Roman Baird is farming on a large scale near Oneida, Wisconsin.

Robert Davis writes that he hopes to return to school in the near future.

Alfred Degrasse, '10, is attending a preparatory school at New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Elsie Schenandore, an ex-student of Carlisle, is doing well at her home in Oneida, Wisconsin.

Elizabeth Webster, Class '09, is teaching successfully in a day school at Oneida, Wisconsin.

Ida Elm, an ex-student, is now working at an Indian school in Springfield, South Dakota.

The report comes that Ethan Anderson, who is working in Fallington, Pa., is doing well.

Floretta Poodry, who is at Akron, N. Y., writes that she expects to return to Carlisle next month.

Lillian Rice writes from Moores-town, New Jersey, that she is attending school and doing well.

Eliza Dyer, who is living at Melrose Park, Pa., for the winter, writes that she is perfectly happy in her home.

Sara Mansur, an ex-student of Carlisle, is employed, temporarily, at the Sac and Fox School in Oklahoma.

In a letter from James Strikeaxe, we learn that he is doing well as a farmer near Langhorne, Pennsylvania.

Miss Carrie DeRoin Vieux, who left Carlisle twenty-one years ago, is living on a fine farm near Reserve, Kansas.

Agnes Cabay is now employed as boys' assistant matron at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., and says she enjoys her work there.

Elizabeth Silas, an ex-student, is now enjoying life at Tomah, Wisconsin. She sends her best wishes to friends at Carlisle.

Mrs. Patrick E. Verney, formally Grace Kie, writes that she is well and enjoying her new line of work, that of housekeeping.

Estella W. Ellis, who was graduated last spring, expects to return soon to resume her studies in the Commercial Department.

After a pleasant vacation in Pawhuska, Okla., Anna Miles has returned to Philadelphia to resume her studies in the School of Fine Arts.

Elizabeth LaVatta, who left for her home in New York City last spring, sends greetings to her friends from Larchmont, New York, where she is visiting friends.

Virginia Boone, an ex-student, writes from La Pine, Oregon, that it makes her very happy to receive the ARROW, as it keeps her in touch with all the doings of Old Carlisle and the friends she made there.

Louis G. White writes from Hogsburg, N. Y., that he is getting along nicely at home; that there are many Carlisle boys and girls there, and that they have nice times together. He sends best wishes to his friends.

The Juniors are studying Sir Launfal, and they find it most interesting; the sacred theme and the awakening of the young knight to his obligations and to a fuller understanding of life's duties, have in them a valuable lesson, to which the Juniors are responding with intelligent understanding.

Casper Cornelius, an ex-student, is at present employed as second cook at the Oxford Hotel at Coldwater, Kans., and getting \$35 per month. He says he enjoys nothing more than to read the Carlisle Arrow, and it often makes him wish he were back at Carlisle school. He sends his best regards to all Carlisle friends, and wishes the school success.

Mrs. Alex. Cadotte, formerly Rose Ohmert, writes to Mrs. Canfield from Bayfield, Wis., that she has her own nice little home with everything she could possibly wish for. She is making use of the lessons in dressmaking she received while at Carlisle, and is sewing for a good many people where she lives. Alexander is working at his trade of painting which he learned at Carlisle, and making \$2.50 per day. She sends her best regards to students and employees and hopes the dressmaking class will get as much good out of the instructions in that branch as she did.

"CARLISLE AND THE RED MEN OF OTHER DAYS."

The following is an extract from a letter recently received by Mr. Friedman from Dr. Geo. P. Donehoo, the author of the article "Carlisle and the Red Men of Other Days," which appeared in the June number of the Red Man and has since been issued in pamphlet form by the Carlisle Indian Press: "I had intended sending you an extract from a letter which I received from one of the best historical writers of the day, William Elliott Griffis, L. H. D., of Ithaca, N. Y. He says, in speaking of 'Carlisle and the Red Men of Other Days': 'It is rich in the beauty of choice language and fine thoughts, fitly set, and, being made into a typographical jewel by the skilled hands of young men from the first American families, it gives me joy and pleasure to read and handle it.' You will pardon the personal part of this extract. I give it merely to quote intelligently, the latter part of Dr. Griffis' statement. Such words of praise, coming from the author of so many historical works, should encourage the young men who made this pamphlet an object of real admiration."

Large numbers of requests are pouring into the Indian Office and the school for copies of this pamphlet.



Interesting Letter From an Ex-student Located in Alaska.

Marie McLeod writes an interesting letter from Kotzebue, Alaska, where she has been teaching for several years. She says: "My present home is a small village situated on the coast. It has 175 native inhabitants and 12 whites. The natives live in sod houses, called 'iglos,' with framework of logs. I shall always be interested in the good work being done for the Indians from all over the country at dear Old Carlisle. I am trying to live up to the teachings I received there, and thank the different instructors for helping me. I often think of the different ones who were at Carlisle while I was there, and wish for a flying machine so that I could find out what they are doing in the world. I close with greetings to all of the school, and my heart's wish is: Long may dear Carlisle live!"

NEWSPAPER COMMENT ON THE GAME WITH PITTSBURG UNIVERSITY.

Indians Too Much For Pitt.

Featured by some of the prettiest football ever presented to the large turn-out of fans at Forbes field yesterday, the Carlisle Indian team outplayed and out-generaled the University of Pittsburg eleven, and won to the tune of 17-0, although the locals fought every inch of the way.

Aside from the regret felt by the Thompson proteges losing, due credit must be given the Easterners, who exhibited to the enthusiastic spectators a wonderful display of knowledge concerning the game, using every play known to modern footballists and getting away with it at that.

To say Thorpe is the whole team would be fifty per cent wrong, but he certainly is the most consistent performer trotted out on the Forbes gridiron in many a moon. His returning of punts, line-bucking, fake plays and other maneuvers getting him great applause.

Thorpe carried the ball two out of every three times for the visitors, Newashe, Wheelock, Powell and Arcasa being the other ground gainers of note. Burd played a strong defensive game.

It seemed that the Indians rely more on their trickery to win games than on straight football, for time after time, tackle through tackle, criss-cross halfback, fake kicks and such formations were used to good advantage, showing that they perfected that end of the play to a nicety.—Pittsburg Leader.

Pittsburg Greatly Outplayed.

The Indians were too much for Pitt; they were too fast, too tricky, too full of football.

The score was 17 to 0 for the red men.

The game was a spectacular one; the aborigines, speedy and elusive, twisting in and out of this play and that one, working Joe Thompson's fellows off their feet, time and again.

Twice the Pitt huskies had chances to score and twice they failed. Once they reached the Carlisle 8-yard line and once they got within 10 yards of the coveted station. On both occasions their efforts to get further were frustrated.

The large crowd was, perforce, compelled to cheer the enemy for its great work. Conservative estimates place the attendance at 11,000, and after the second half had passed into history, the cheers were mostly for Coach Warner's proteges—and many hard-and-fast University of Pittsburg supporters joined in the cheering.

Pitt need not feel ashamed of its showing against the Indians. The football played by the wards of Uncle Sam would have beaten almost any old football team yesterday. Every man was in perfect physical condition; the field was dry and fast, the weather ideal, and everything making for speedy playing, the red men exerted very effort, and not once during the four 15-minute quarters did they let up in their efforts to tear Messrs. Galvin, Wagner, Lindsay et al into smithereens.

So fast were the Carlisle players that only twice during the many punting duels engaged in were Pittsburg players able to bring out the ball after it had been booted into their territory. Indeed, on two occasions, Thorpe, who kicked wonderfully well for Carlisle, got down the field under his own bootings, capturing the ball each time. Once he kicked a beautiful long spiral almost into the midst of five Pitt players and got down the field in time to grab the pigskin, shake off three or four would-be tacklers and dart 20 yards across the line for a touchdown.

This person Thorpe was a host in himself. Tall and sinewy, as quick as a flash and as powerful as a turbine engine, he appeared to be impervious to injury. Kicking from 50 to 70 yards every time his shoe crashed against the ball, he seemed possessed of superhuman speed, for wherever the pigskin alighted, there he was, ready either to grab it or to down the Pitt player who secured it. At line-bucking and general all-around work, this Sac and Fox shone resplendent—and then some.

However, Thorpe wasn't the entire works; there were a few others—white men as well as Indians. Newashe and Arcasa were some stars themselves; so were Powell and Wheelock.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Thorpe and Trick Plays Win.

Breaking a brilliant string of eleven victories without either defeat

or a single adverse score at the hands of opposing teams, the Carlisle Indian eleven handed a rude jolt to Coach Joe Thompson's football stars yesterday afternoon at Forbes field, by the score of 17 to 0. Although Coach Warner's warriors came here touted as wonders, having cleaned up the strong Georgetown University eleven last week to the tune of four touchdowns, there was no expectation on the part of Pitt supporters that the famous visitors would run up any such victory against their favorites.

It is safe to say that never in the history of the game in Pittsburg has a more powerful and brainy aggregation appeared here against a local college than the eleven which Warner sent against the Pitt team yesterday. The Redskins had a star in every position of their lineup and each man an athlete trained to an edge. Pitt has strong men on her team, men who have again and again proved more than a match for star opponents, but the way the Indians completely outclassed the Gold and Blue at certain stages of the game was sufficient to bring to its feet in open admiration the big crowd of close to 15,000 enthusiasts.

In the last four years of football in this city, no such exhibition of football has been furnished the followers of the sport, with the possible exception of the never-to-be-forgotten Notre Dame game two years ago, in which Pitt went down to defeat at the hands of just such an eleven as faced them yesterday.

Although Carlisle outclassed Pitt in almost every department of the game, the great offensive work of the Redmen was the feature of the battle. The Indians scored simply by speed and main strength and there was lacking from their attack much of the trickery for which they are famous for the simple reason that it was not necessary to uncover anything in order to score their victory.

Carlisle's most effective play seemed to be a steady repetition of the age old criss-cross maneuver varied by the equally ancient delayed pass and supported at critical moments by the powerful line-bucks and brilliant end runs. Pitt seemed unable to stem the tide of defeat in spite of a bulldog defense that never gave the Redskins an inch, but made them earn all ground gained.

The Carlisle Arrow

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

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

The blazing first magnitude star of the whole game was the mighty Thorpe, who played right half-back for Warner's machine.

Those who thought the Indians had an irreplaceable backfield man in the doughty Pete Hausser would forget there was such a player could they have seen Thorpe in action yesterday. Never since the days of Gammons has such a half-back been seen on a local gridiron. Combined with great bodily strength and uncanny speed, this player displayed head work of high caliber.

His punting was steady, sure and well-directed, his punts many times sailing over the heads of the Pitt backfield to an incredible distance, giving the fast Indian forwards plenty of time to dump the Pittsburg runners when the catch was made. The Indians' winning play was a snappy onside kick, which was twice grabbed by the forwards within a few yards of the locals' goal line and carried over for a touchdown. This play was used daringly by the Carlisle quarterback at critical times, and followed as it was by a half-dozen speedy runners, brought the desired results. — Pittsburg Post.

Indians Had Superior Team.

In one of the most thrilling and spectacular exhibitions of football ever played on a local gridiron and in the presence of 12,000 wildly enthusiastic fans, the hitherto invincible Pittsburg University football team was compelled to bow to superior forces of the Carlisle Indians yesterday afternoon at Forbes Field. The score was 17 to 0 in favor of the aborigines and gives a fair idea of the comparative strength of the two teams. It was a case of a superior team winning—a team which was coached to the minute in all the tricky plays of up-to-date football and composed of eleven of the speediest and cleverest gridiron men ap-

pearing in this city for many years. —Pittsburg Press.

Coach Thompson Makes Statement.

"We were fairly beaten by a better team, and give the Indians due credit for their victory. It was certainly a wonderful aggregation that we faced and, mark my word, they will be heard from before the season ends. Although some of our men failed to come up to expectations, let the public wait until the Indians complete their season before they decide on our standing. If Coach Warner's eleven doesn't make trouble for Penn, Harvard and all the big fellows this year, I miss my guess." —Pittsburg Press.

ABOUT CARLISLE ATHLETICS.

The second team plays Wilkes Barre high school at Wilkes Barre to-morrow.

The Junior Varsity plays the Gettysburg Tigers upon our field at 2:50 p. m. to-morrow. Telegraphic report of the Harvard-Indian game will be received at the field.

The football team will play Harvard tomorrow for the first time since 1908. Harvard is credited with having the strongest football team in the country although defeated by Princeton last Saturday upon a rather fluky play.

Indians Win Cross Country Run.

The dual Cross Country Run between the Indians and University of Pennsylvania, run last Saturday at Philadelphia, was won by the Indians. Tewanima was first in and Talayamptewa second. The race, which was close and exciting, was witnessed by a large number of people, it being run over a fine course in Fairmount Park. Carlisle's points were 34 to Penn's 21. The distance was five miles and the time was 31 minutes, 12 4-5 seconds.

ON the evening of October 31, there were sounds of revelry proceeding from Carlisle School's big Laundry. These sounds came from a gay assemblage of employees of the school, who had gathered there to celebrate Halloween. Most of the participants were masked, and some of the costumes were amusing, while others were very artistic.

NOTES OF THE DAY AND GAME.

Arcasa, in Thorpe's old place, played with his usual snap and "ginger."

"Pop" Warner was the recipient of many congratulations after the game.

A number of Carlisle outing students were at the game, cheering for the Indians.

The largest crowd yet attending a football game this year witnessed the Penn-Indian game.

Mr. Stauffer and his band occupied a conspicuous place on the field, next the side-line.

The people at Hotel Normandie, Indian headquarters, made it pleasant for all who stopped there.

The boys got through the game without any injuries excepting Sam Burd who received a wrenched knee.

The weather was all that Carlisle could expect, and the trip an enjoyable one for all who attended the game.

From the very first it was seen that Penn was not to be feared in the least so far as scoring was concerned.

It was a splendid game to witness—open, fast and spectacular. It was also clean, and devoid of any wrangling or roughness.

The boys and girls, to show their appreciation of the Normandie people, gave a few songs and yells before departing for their train.

Welch is a coming player—his work at Philadelphia Saturday was like that of an old veteran at the game. His 95-yard run for a touchdown was the most spectacular feature of the game.

About 160 students took advantage of the low rates and special train privileges. They left here at 7:10 Saturday morning, returning that evening at 5:30. They were accompanied by the band, under the direction of Mr. Stauffer. Miss Gaither and Miss Reichel chaperoned the girls, while Mr. Henderson was in charge of the boys. These students presented a nice sight marching to Franklin Field. They were repeatedly cheered by people along the streets. When they entered the south gate of the field, headed by the band, Penn students gave them a rousing cheer.

THE STORY OF THE DEFEAT OF PENN BY THE CARLISLE INDIANS.

Fighting desperately and determinedly against overwhelming odds, the football team of the University of Pennsylvania was hammered, battered, smashed and smothered yesterday on Franklin Field by the eleven husky redskins from the United States Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., and went down to defeat after a bitter struggle by the score of 16 to 0.

The representatives of the Red and Blue displayed a greater knowledge of the game than they have at any previous time this season. The Indians' perfect, polished, smooth, even-running football machine was too much for them, and from the opening whistle until the close of the game they were kept on the defensive the greater part of the time.

The true Americans, wearers of the Orange and Red, of the Carlisle School, were big, muscular and quick, possessing all the artfulness and cunning natural to their race, and brimful of the crafty teaching of foxy Glenn Warner, their coach, they proved a most formidable aggregation, able to give the best of the college teams of to-day the battle of their lives.

The attack of the Indians was all but irresistible, brilliant and baffling. Before it Pennsylvania's defense tottered, crumbled and scattered. On the offense the redmen were unyielding, inflexible and impregnable. This is evinced by the Red and Blue being able to make the necessary 10 yards for a first down but once during the entire 49 minutes of actual playing.

The work of Burd was phenomenal and was the talk of the entire game. He was in nearly every play and was down the field like a hawk on punts, preventing the wearers of the Red and Blue from getting started when they caught the ball. Many times he crashed through the interference and brought down his man when a run was tried around his end. While it seems like an injustice to mention any one of the Indians for his individual brilliancy, so perfect was their team work, special mention must be made of the backfield—Powell, the powerful fullback; J. Wheelock; Arcasa, and Welch. This quartet performed splendidly and steadily.—Ledger.

From the North American:

Strewn with paleface victims are the wastes of Franklin Field. Knee-deep in the gore of his ancient enemy wades the redskin warrior.

The wailing of the whites is music in the ear of the haughty chieftain, and high on the hills of Carlisle burn lights before every tepee to welcome home the victor.

Fifteen sons of Penn, fifteen scions of the Quaker, who first taught the red man that not all settlers from the old world were denied the impulse to be just to the original holders of the land, tried in vain yesterday to stay the rush of the maddened aborigines from Carlisle.

Hopeless their effort.

Chief Burd and his braves, pupils of the Grand Sachem Warner, medicine man of football and holder of all knowledge, ran ruthlessly over the palefaces, and the squaws can tell to the papooses in figures the story of a new triumph:

"Carlisle, 16; Penn, 0."

It is not the biggest total of touchdowns that a Carlisle eleven has ever made on Penn, but taken in connection with the big cipher on the red and blue end of the report of disaster and considering also the extent of Carlisle's superiority, which was greater even than was shown by this jug-handled score, the defeat may be accounted one of the worst ever sustained by Penn since the red and blue institution first took its ranking among the big fellows.

Slaughter, massacre, almost annihilation resulted from the descent of one of the finest of the many great elevens that Coach Warner has brought to Franklin field.

Excepting only in the point of punting, Carlisle did everything so much better than Penn that it was not a close contest. The redskins scalped, raged, plundered and ravaged. The fleet Arcasa and the rapid-moving Welch skirted the Penn ends as though the gentlemen set to guard these points were stakes driven into the skirts of tepees to foil the wind.

Powell scattered the Penn forwards when making his plunges much in the manner that a rearing and plunging horse forces a crowd out of his way.

The lightning interference of the Indians bowled the Penn tacklers over like so many fistfuls of peas

rebounding from the iron sides of a battleship, and the Indian end plays kept every Penn catcher of a ball surrounded as thickly by redskins as wolves close in a hunter prostrated by cold, hunger and weakness.

It was the Indian day to atone for the defeats of the last two years, and they did it brutally and completely.

Only the excellent punting of Thayer forced the ball out of Penn territory occasionally and permitted a little breathing spell.

In ground gaining the Indians were just ten times as good as Penn. From scrimmage the redmen ran the ball 421 yards, while Penn was able to amass only 41.

It was not so much by use of modern football that the Indians were able to make this big advance. Warner's men used the forward pass but seldom, finding out early in the game that they could gain without having recourse to strategy.

Undoubtedly a lot of the subtle tactics that Warner has spent months drilling into his redskin charges was kept under cover for use in the Harvard game, on the probable chance that the crimson will be a harder foe.

It was a fashionable crowd, and the vari-colored hats made the south stand look like a bouquet of many kinds of blooms.

The Indian delegation had a place on the north side of the field, the large number of the wards of Uncle Sam, both sexes, being placed on the temporary stands raised to accommodate the crowd for the Army-Navy game.

It was the same picturesque throng of other days, the girls with their big blue hats and their waving flags, the lads in military attire, and every face lighted up with the grim smile that comes to the Indian when he knows that he is about to get a chance of squaring up some old accounts with a foe of long standing.

The Carlisle band was there, in most dazzling color scheme, and afforded pleasure to partisans of both sides.

Each team came on the field minus its star.

Penn lacked Mercer, but the Indians were without Thorpe, one of the greatest football players and all-round athletes before the public today.

Man for man, this loss balanced up,

though the Indians with their wealth of stars probably did not feel the absence of Thorpe as much as Penn suffered by the lack of Mercer. Penn's offense is built around its captain, while the Indians do not depend on any one man, Coach Warner really having more good material than he knows what to do with.

Both stars were on the sidelines, showing plainly the result of the injuries that kept them idle. Thorpe tried to punt in practice, and made an effort to run, but the effort plainly cost him so much pain that there was no chance for him to get into the game.

Mercer, after the rout started, wanted to get into the game, and ran to the sidelines, but seeing that nothing could save Penn, Coach Smith humanely insisted on keeping him out of the action, a decision based on good sense, as Penn will need Mercer in games yet to come, in which there will be some chance of scoring a victory.

Quakers and Indians each boomed a welcome for the other when the teams came on the field for the start of the conflict, and the flags of the aborigines on the north side of the field danced with joy when the first exchanges of the game showed that the mettle of their warriors had not been overestimated.

Only a half dozen plays had been made when the redskins struck a trail that led straight to a touchdown. They never deviated from it, nor stopped until they had registered their first 6 points.

It was the finest exhibition of straight football seen on Franklin Field this year. Like the memory of old times, it seemed, to see the ball carried 60 yards without once being lost.

Every Indian was in every play. When Arcasa in three tries pushed the ball 20 yards into the territory of the white man, he was at all times surrounded by rapid-moving Indians, who fended off from him the tacklers who would have stopped his way. Welch and Wheelock and the black-haired, raging Powell, had part in the steady, battering onslaught that took the ball to the Penn 20-yard line.

Then Lone Star took the trail.

His keen eye picked a gap wide as an office building between right end and tackle, and he whisk-

ed through it before the opposition could catch its breath.

Futile to try to stop him. In long strides he covered four five-yard line chalk marks, and tackled behind the goal line, fell to earth for the first touchdown.

Not long did the score stand at 6-0.

Kicking, with Penn on the best end, and a fumble took the ball into Indian territory, and it was on his 15-yard line that Welch started for an end run.

Coming sharply from midfield, he ran toward the north line.

Running toward the south at a long angle, he finally formed the apex of a rapidly moving triangle.

Only one man had a chance to catch him, but no player had the fleetness of foot of the Indian, and Welch, maintaining his burst of speed, pulled steadily away, and went over the line for a touchdown after a run of 95 yards.

More band playing, singing, cheers and flag waving from the north stands.

Up to this point it looked like an overwhelming score for Carlisle, so easily did the Indians run through Penn, but after the second score, the palefaces braced, and it was not until the third period that the visitors were once more able to tally.

They got their chances on a piece of bad tactics.

Penn was playing in its own territory and tried for a forward pass from the 20-yard line. It would have been a dangerous expedient anywhere, so superb was the Indians' defense against the play, but at this part of the field it was suicide. Straight to Jordan went the ball, only 25 yards from the Penn goal.

The rest of the way was quickly made. Newashe and Powell in two crashes into the line making 20 yards. Powell hit the line for 2 more, then, with the ball only 3 yards from the last mark, Penn braced, fought and threw back Powell without a gain.

Again the lines faced each other. Penn, set and keen, for another line plunge.

But the redskins were as foxy as they were strong. They took no chance on banging again into that line. Instead, the fleet-moving Arcasa was sent around left end, and Penn, caught entirely unawares, never got near him. Powell missed the goal.

The end play of Roberts and Burd was simply magnificent. They threw

the Penn men out of the way so regularly that the Quakers did not get half the benefit they should have from the fine kicking of Thayer.

Newashe and Lone Star were star tackles, the center trio was superb, and the rapid backfield men simply dazed Penn by the way they ran with the ball and helped each other.

The 25-yard line was the nearest Penn ever came to score, and the stay there was brief.

Between the halves the Indian band made a great hit by marching around the field and going between the goal posts, playing a variety of airs.

Indians The Superior Team.

Outplayed in every department of the game save punting, in which Thayer fairly held his own, the University of Pennsylvania football team was yesterday beaten by the Carlisle Indians by the score of 16 to 0, in the presence of about 15,000 spectators. There never was a moment during the progress of the game when there was any room for doubt as to which was the better team, the redskins seeming full of confidence from start to finish, while the Penn men, starting timidly, never had an opportunity to gain courage, for the reason that during the greater part of the afternoon they were kept on the defensive. The result of the game was a foregone conclusion when the Indians made the first touchdown in nine plays the first time they got possession of the ball on a punt. Eight of these nine plays were line bucks that gained three first downs, and the ninth was an end run by Lonestar, the result of a neat double pass that carried the ball the last 20 yards for a touchdown.—Philadelphia Record.

The Carlisle Line-up.

The line-up of the Indians was as follows: Left end, Roberts, Large sub.; left tackle, Newashe, H. Wheelock sub.; left guard, Jordan; center, Bergie, Garlow sub.; right guard, Bush; right tackle, Lone Star, Hodge sub.; right end, Burd, Veterack sub.; quarterback, Welch; left halfback, Arcasa, Sousa sub.; right halfback, J. Wheelock; fullback, Powell. Touchdowns: Lone Star, Welch, Arcasa. Umpire, Bergen, Princeton. Referee, Crowell, Swarthmore.

SOMETHING OF "CHIEF" BENDER AND HIS GREAT WORK.

The World's Greatest Pitcher.

Charles Albert Bender, a Chippewa Indian, whose prowess in the baseball field has attracted much attention, was born in Brainerd, Minn., and removed with his parents when quite young to the White Earth Reservation in that State. In September, 1896, at the age of 13, he entered Carlisle Indian School, and remained there until he graduated in 1902. While at the school, he was exemplary in his habits and made good progress in his studies. He first won fame as a pitcher while at Carlisle, playing on the school team in 1901 and 1902. He says that the best training he ever received was from the good Quaker folks of Bucks County, Pa., while under the Outing System of the school. Besides being a professional baseball player, Mr. Bender is a noted marksman and an expert jeweller. The Philadelphia Press has the following to say of this noted pitcher:

Bender pitched Thursday with brain and nerve rather than with brawn. This is a fact that the prince of strategists, Connie Mack, verified last night. The Chippewa begged for the chance to put New York out of the running. Mack knew well the frail body of his premier pitcher, but he also knew his cunning brain, his dauntless courage, his iron nerve and, best of all, his adroitness in conserving every ounce of energy in his lean, finely organized frame.

So it came that Mack "crossed" all the "dope" of baseball sharps and sent Bender back at the Giants. They had counted on Plank, who had been hit hard for a New York victory in the tenth inning on the preceding day. If not Plank, argued McGraw and his followers, surely it will be slender "Pony" Krause, or the erratic, moist ball pitcher, Morgan. In any event, New York would have a mighty good chance to even up the series.

Mack, the tall tactician, guarded his secret intention jealously. When the crowd saw a big, loose-jointed man stroll languidly into the box when the electric bell crackled its notice that the game was about to begin, a shout went up from the crowded stands.

"It's the Chief," was the cry, and

then came a salvo of cheers like the rattle of musketry.

Bender's exhibition of pitching was the superlative of twirling excellence. He dominated the Giants—turned their puny efforts into channels that always spelled disaster. He was the governing force when the Athletics were in the field, and held the Prides of Broadway in the spell of his mystic arm. Not a single tally was earned by the swing of bats against his sweeping curves. Those same Giants who the day before drove "Iron Man" Jack Coombs and Eddie Plank off their feet by the fierceness of their attack, were as pigmies before the baffling skill of the Chippewa Indian.

Bender, Giving Signals, Startles Crowd.

After "Big Chief" Bender had pitched a few at Ira Thomas, receiving master, at Shibe Park yesterday afternoon, he went to the dressing-rooms, put on a double-breasted sack suit, a fuzzy, soft felt hat, and took up a crooked-handled cane. In this regalia he boarded a car at Twenty-second Street and Lehigh Avenue on his way downtown.

The "Chief" is going to pitch today, and being a practical joker, he decided to practice signals when the car came to a halt as it was about to turn into Arch Street. In a moment all eyes were turned in astonishment and alarm upon the man who is picketed to rebuke the mighty "Matty" to-day.

He took his crooked stick and placed it carefully between his knees, then he passed one gloved hand first above and then below the other. A dozen quick, deceptive little movements were indulged in while the "Chief" grinned.

"Is that man crazy over there?" whispered a woman to a scribe who knows the "Chief" well.

"Don't know," he replied, smiling, "but it looks that way to me."

Pretty soon the "Chief" seemed to have everything to his satisfaction in the way of giving signals for a double-cross on the prospective victim. The car started up and it was not until he detrained at Twelfth and Arch Streets that everybody was quite sure he was "all there," for he turned around and grinned broadly at the man who knew him announced to the occupants: "That's Chief Bender."—Philadelphia Press.

No nation has produced, in proportion to its percentage of people, more famed and gallant athletes than the American Indian, and he is not confined to any one realm of sport.

Chief Albert Bender of the Athletics, a Carlisle graduate, is one of the best pitchers who ever trampled a hurling heap, and for the Athletics he has won his share of games in three pennant races, 1902, 1905 and 1910, and he won a game in the world's series this season. He is, according to Ira Thomas, the greatest speed pitcher in the country, and the cutest curve flinger in either league. Thomas has faced the Cubs several times in world's series. He has caught for Detroit and the Athletics and should know the bypaths of the American league.

Bender is one of the best shots in the land, and he is to work for one of the big gun factories this winter. Bender started to shoot as a youngster, but until he competed in this city he had no idea that he was one of the best marksmen in the land. It is seldom that a big shoot is held but that Bender's name is seen in print, near the top of the list, too.—Denver, Colorado, Times.



Thorpe a Great Athlete.

The 1911 football season has brought into the limelight here a young Indian student who promises to become one of the greatest athletes his race has ever known. He is James Thorpe, who came here from Oklahoma in 1908 with no knowledge whatever of athletics.

Thorpe is a baseball pitcher of great talent and also covers any of the sacks or outfield well. He can put the 16-pound shot 43 feet and broad jump 22 feet 10 inches. He can run 100 yards in 10 seconds, high jump 6 feet and do the high hurdles in 15 4-5 seconds. Moreover, he is a star basketball player, a good rifle shot and is expert at lacrosse, tennis, handball and hockey. As football half back he is probably seen at his best.

Thorpe, who is only 22 years old, is six feet tall and weighs about 178 pounds. He gave little promise of his wonderful talents until his second year, when in a dual meet against Syracuse University, he won the high jump, the shot put, the high and low hurdles, and took second place in the hammer throw.—Carlisle Evening Sentinel.

THE CROW TOBACCO DANCE.

From the New York Times.

Dr. Robert H. Lowie, Assistant Curator of the Department of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History, is one of the few white men who has witnessed the famous tobacco dance of the Crow Indians. This dance is the foremost and most elaborate religious observance of the Crow tribe, and is not a single dance, but in reality a cycle of beautiful and impressive performances beginning in the early spring when the seeds of the tobacco are planted, and terminating with the gathering of the crop.

The plant thus cultivated is raised exclusively for what the Indians conceive to be its religious value, and is so highly valued among members of the tribe that they are willing to purchase a small bag of seeds at the price of a horse. Only duly adopted members of the several Tobacco societies are permitted to plant seeds in the Tobacco garden, where each society occupies a clearly defined plot and each couple initiated may drop seeds in two rows.

"I was fortunate enough," said Dr. Lowie, speaking of his experiences among the Crow Indians, "to witness an adoption ceremony held by one of these Tobacco societies.

"The members of the society, together with the candidate to be adopted, met in a tepee for the preparatory painting and singing. Here there were many songs and at each song the women rose and unwrapped their sacred bundles and danced. When, with much ceremony, the preparations were completed, all marched toward the adoption lodge, four steps being made on the way in accordance with the sacred number of these people.

"On entering the large canvas-covered lodge, the drummers sat at one side of an altar-like structure symbolizing the Tobacco garden. Continually during the formal impressive ceremony, small groups of women, or more rarely men, with their eagle-feather fans, sacred bird's-head decorations, and weasel or otter skins, rose and gently swayed their bodies and moved their arms rhythmically back and forth.

"Towards noon the friends of the candidate heaped up blankets and other property in his behalf, as pay-

ment to his 'adoptive parent,' as the person initiating him is called. By way of actual initiation of the candidate he was taken between two men standing at the foot of the altar and danced four dances with them, at the same time learning the songs. It was late in the afternoon when the closing song was chanted, after which all members seized little green sprigs and raised them aloft to symbolize and to promote the growth of the sacred Tobacco."

Dr. Lowie denies that Indians, as is commonly supposed, are entirely lacking in a sense of humor.

"While," says he, "the Tobacco ceremonies showed the serious side of the native character, the performance of the clowns refuted the popular fallacy that the Indians are devoid of humor. A group of men departed from camp and dressed up in the worst possible clothing, blackening their bodies with mud and donning crude masks made of canvas. Also, they kidnapped the ugliest horse they could find and enhanced its unattractiveness by trappings of repulsive-looking gunnysack. They then returned to camp and amused the spectators, stopping the play abruptly as soon as they were identified."

"No member of the Crow tribe," says Dr. Lowie, "is under any circumstances permitted even to hold conversation with his wife's mother. Another strange regulation relates to the playing of practical jokes. A man is permitted to jest with any one he pleases, but is limited to the individuals whose fathers belong to the same clan as his own father. Within this group, however, practically any liberty is allowable. If a man discovers that a 'jokable' relative has committed some foolish or disgraceful act, he can publicly twit him with it, and the person derided must not get angry, but bide his time for some favorable time to retaliate."

Dr. Lowie says the old Crow is very proud of the fact that his tribe has invariably sided with the Government in the history of Indian warfare, and is eager to have the tribe's deeds remembered. Gray Bull, one of the most noted warriors of the tribe, asked Dr. Lowie to put on record the fact that he had saved the soldiers under "Gen. Custer's brother" (possibly Gen. Crook), from an attack by the Sioux.

THE LEGEND OF THE TACQUISH.

AGNES V. WAITE, Serrano.

Arrowhead Springs is the name given to a resort in the mountains just north of San Bernardino, in Southern California. It is named "Arrowhead" because of a peculiar rock formation on the mountain-side which when seen at a distance has the appearance of an arrowhead, the point of the arrow being downward and in the direction of these springs.

The springs contain sulphur water, and many people visit the resort for the purpose of taking rheumatic and other cures.

A legend among the Indians of that vicinity connects these springs with legends of the "Tacquish," an evil spirit, which flies from this point to the San Jacinto mountain on the opposite side of the pass.

Its time of flight is determined according to the behavior of the people living in the vicinity of these springs. The Tacquish is said to assume the form of a large ball of fire, and when it passes across the gorge on its course, the people over whose heads it passes must shriek or holler in order that they may retain their hearts, which the Tacquish is seeking to destroy.

When children are naughty and disobedient, they are brought under subjugation by threats of the Tacquish, whom they learn to dread, just as the little white children do the bogies.



FEW of the men and women who are proudly boasting of the fact that they hail from the old Bay State still are aware of the origin of its name, says the Boston Post, and still fewer are aware that it is derived from a small hill near Squantum.

It appears that the sachem of the Indians of the province dwelt in the early colonies on a small lot of upland, containing about an acre and a half, and fronting the sea. The hill has the shape of an Indian arrow head. The Indian name for the arrow head was "mos," while a hill was called "wetuset," and so the sachem's seat came to be known as Moswetuset. This was later corrupted by the colonists into Moswechuset, and the Indians came to be known as Moswechusetts. Hence "Massachusetts."