

The Carlisle Arrow

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER PRINTED DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

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NUMBER 12

THE DICKINSON-INDIAN GAME.

By Richard Johnson.

A record crowd had gathered on the Biddle Athletic field that beautiful autumnal afternoon of November the 13th. It was an ideal day for the football game that was to be played between Carlisle and Dickinson. Not a breeze was stirring. The sun was sending his golden rays down on the brown earth so as to make it warm and pleasant for the thousands of fans who were to witness this big game between the two rival institutions. Preceding the game the Indian School turned out in a body, and headed by the band they marched up and down the streets in an impressive parade. It was a beautiful sight. The band boys were clothed with their attractive blue and yellow capes, and they played piece after piece of inspiring music. The boys' companies, led by the color sergeants, marched with measured tread behind the band. As the boys marched up old Hanover street they carried the huge Carlisle banner and Old Glory with them. It was indeed a grand display. It created enthusiasm; everywhere people looked on with great delight. After the parade the Indian students entered Biddle Field. The girls, chaperoned by Miss Hagan and Miss Wilson, took the grand stand on the west side, while the boys were content with the east side seats. The remaining seats were completely filled by the students of Dickinson College.

The east side of the gridiron was lined with carriages and automobiles the wheels of which were draped with the colors of the two institutions. Pennants were every where to be seen.

Yells after yells were being given all the while. If ever college spirit was given manifested it was there that afternoon. There had been much talk about the game, as neither team had a wonderful record. Both teams had been scored against, and both had been beaten. They were evenly matched. The Dickinson team, compared with former teams, was a wonderful aggregation of star ground gainers.

This season Dickinson had started with consistent play on the attack and defense; they had run through some of their opponents without much trouble. Hence there was among the supporters a hope that they would defeat the Indians. However, the Indians were not baffled, neither were they over-confident, for they had gone through the hardest kinds of games and had stored up within themselves a potential force to stop anything that Dickinson might produce. It was true that the Indians were outweighed, but what they lacked in weight they made up in speed and agility. If the Indians won they would have another scalp dangling to their belt—they would be the champions of Carlisle. It would mean much for them and their school.

Just before the game started the Indian team, headed by Captain Calac, ran out upon the field and began to run signals. They were wonderfully fast and showed perfect team work. The Dickinson fans after seeing this display knew that their team would be up against a stiff proposition. Shortly afterwards the Dickinson team appeared on the field; then the referee blew his whistle and called the game. Dickinson's captian won the toss and his team defended the north goal while the Indians prepared to kick off to the Red and White warriors. Calac, the "Indian Idol," kicked off and he sent that pig skin whirling through

the air. A Dickinson halfback received the ball, but he was downed after advancing the ball but a few yards; then an off tackle play gained about four yards; then a left end run advanced the ball about six yards; then Dickinson worked a forward pass and made first down.

Dickinson Ahead in First Period.

After a few more plays Dickinson failed to make first down and she punted; an Indian halfback received the ball and advanced it twenty yards; then an off tackle play, a center smash and a wing shift netted them first down; then by a beautiful play they advanced the ball to within the shadow of the Dickinson goal posts. Here the Indians fumbled and the ball was recovered by Dickinson. The Red and White team advanced the ball up the field to within about forty yards of the Indian goal; here the Indians took the ball and on the second play they fumbled and a Dickinson tackle scooped up the ball and ran thirty-five yards for a touchdown. Score of first period, Dickinson 7, Carlisle 0.

Indians Play the Game to the Finish.

Carlisle did not lose hope. What was seven points to them? They were determined to even the score. The hundreds of fans were now keyed up to the highest point of excitement. Dickinson was leading by the score of 7 to 0. In the next quarter Carlisle scored, but failed to kick goal. The score now stood 6 to 7. In the third quarter Dickinson scored again as a result of another fumble. The college students went wild with enthusiasm, for they felt sure that Carlisle would not catch up for there was only one more quarter to play. In the beginning of the fourth quarter Dickinson began to play to kill time, and people seeing that Dickinson was ahead began to leave the field. The Carlisle students were silent and gloom was cast over them. But right here was the time that the Indians pulled off the unexpected stunt. They showed the old 1913 form when the Indian team was the Red peril of the East. They played like madmen—like wildfire spreading over a prairie. Under all these difficulties, with the score against them and only a few minutes to play, they took that ball and began marching toward the Dickinson goal. The line made great holes for the backs, the backs sprang through those holes and made big gains. Calac, our big fullback smashed through the line like a battering ram, and began to tear the Dickinson line to ribbons. Carlisle would pull off an end run and Dickerson and May would come around those ends like demons. Nothing could stop our boys now. On they went for a touchdown. Now the score was 13 to 14. Carlisle must have another score. There were only about two minutes to play, but the Indians were playing football; they were proving that the would-be "experts" were wrong when they claimed that an Indian team would quit when they were the under dog. The Carlisle Indians played like super-men; they wouldn't be beaten. Dickerson, the Carlisle right halfback, grasped the ball and started for a touchdown. On he came, half human, half-machine. He was a terror; he clinched his teeth and ducked his head; no one could stop him now. He had carried the ball thirty-five yards for the winning touchdown. The Indians kicked goal and the score stood 20 to 14. Dickinson received the ball from kick off and advanced the ball by two brilliant forward passes, then the whistle blew and the game closed.

The Indian team proved that they could fight an up-hill battle and fight it successfully.

CARLISLE WINS CROSS-COUNTRY.

In the cross-country race with Dickinson College last Saturday, Carlisle made 23 points and Dickinson 36, low score winning. The race was over the 3-mile course and Peters, who was first man in, made it in 15 minutes and one-fifth second. Zimmerman, Dickinson's man, came in second, being about 75 yards behind. The first five men in from each team score. "Hokey" came third, Torres fourth, Cushing seventh, Charles Brown eight, Red Star ninth, Warrington tenth. Cook of Dickinson came in fifth, and Flood sixth. Our team is to hold the Lee Trophy for one year at least.

DICKINSON COLLEGE MAY DROP FOOTBALL.

The *Dickinsonian* publishes a letter in this week's issue from a member of the faculty on the football situation. He makes a suggestion that Dickinson should drop football as a protest against present-day conditions, principally commercialism, in this sport. The suggestion is certainly worthy of serious attention, and it will meet with approval of many of the alumni of the institution.—*The Carlisle Evening Sentinel*.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT.

By *Roberta Seneca*.

The Carlisle Band, conducted by Mr. Tyrrell, rendered a very pleasing concert last Saturday evening. Several beautiful violin solos by Fred Cardin, also the beautiful solos sung by Alta Printup, entertained the audience. The boys' football cheers furnished the finishing touch to the program, and indicated the spirit that possessed every boy after Saturday's victory.

[Lone Star Having a Successful Season in the West.

William H. Dietz, better known as Lone Star, and former Carlisle football warrior, has had a most successful season with his Washington State College football team at Pullman, Wash. His team has won the championship of the Pacific Coast. Victories over teams such as Oregon University, University of Idaho, Montana University, and Oregon Agricultural College by decisive scores indicate that Dietz must have had a strong aggregation. The Washington State College defeated the Oregon Aggies 29 to 0. The latter team won from the Michigan Aggies, the conquerors of Michigan.

A Student's Comment on Desertion.

Arthur Davenport, John Bohman, and Elmer Hayes, who deserted Carlisle, have lost a fortune by not taking advantage of the great opportunities which mean success in one's future life, if enough effort is put forth.

I am sure that as they grew older, they will realize the loss of opportunity, just through ignorance.

Let us think about this more seriously and stay with Old Carlisle and make the best of the opportunity given us.

Death of Alice Tyndall.

News was received from Walthill, Neb., of the death of Alice Tyndall, who was a student here for three years. Alice was loved by all her fellow-students and her teachers. She had a good record where ever she went, and was punctual in every way. We extend our sympathy to her relatives.

Hospital Nurses Entertain.

Miss Cornelius served supper last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rendtorff, who left Thurs-

day morning for their home in Illinois after a long visit with their son, Dr. Rendtorff.

Mary Hill and Lena Cichel were waitresses for the affair. The other nurses attended the basketball game in the "Gym," and afterward finished eating the good things that were left for them. Everything was eaten up, due to the kind help of Perry Keotah.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The girls gave many yells for the football boys Saturday afternoon.

Rev. Henry Roe Cloud spent the week-end with friends in Carlisle.

Robert Thompson, who is working near Lancaster, was a week-end visitor.

Steven Smith, Jr., of Cazadero, Cal., arrived in Carlisle last Tuesday to attend school.

John Ortego has been promoted from first sergeant to second lieutenant of Company E.

Mrs. Rosa B. LaFlesche, of Washington, D. C., is spending a week with friends on the campus.

Agnes Hatch says: "I surely miss my good eats and my warm bed at the Model Home Cottage."

Boyd Crowe thinks that he can better train for football by eating gravy, so he has quit the training table.

Mr. Duran and a number of boys had an Indian dance last Saturday evening down at the skating pond.

If you want to know anything about Shippensburg, just ask "Teddy" Bellefeuille. He can tell you a lot.

Marie Paisano, a former student of Carlisle, is now teaching in a day school at her home in Paquate, N. Mex.

The girls that have only one more year to stay in Carlisle are going to begin taking cooking lessons right away.

Catherine Vornwald did her share of cheering for the boys Saturday, for she came back with a sore throat.

On account of the Indians winning Saturday's game, some of the boys built a big fire and had a war dance.

Hattie Snow did her first cooking in domestic science last Tuesday. She made a very delicious peach fruit roll.

The Model Home Cottage girls spent Saturday morning making apple and cherry pies for the new restaurant.

Last Saturday, "Cornell" journeyed to Shippensburg, where they beat the State Normal, winning by a score of 13 to 7.

Lawrence Silverheels said that he likes to wear the capes that the band boys wore last Saturday because they look so pretty.

The Catholic pupils are glad that they are to continue the work of the Holy Name Society that Father Stock started while he was here.

Catherine Vornwald, Marie Poupart, and Sophia Newagon are some rooters, for they proved it last Saturday at the football game.

Robert Thompson, an ex-student of Carlisle who is working on a farm near Mt. Joy, Pa., came to pay us a short visit last Saturday.

Evelyn Schlingler will be very busy this week trimming her room. Delia Chew will take pleasure in helping her unpack her treasures.

A new basketball team has been organized and the players are under the coaching system of Andrew Condon, the assistant coach.

Although Carlisle's outlook was poor during the early stages of the game with Dickinson last Saturday, Cecelia Hill kept up courage and was a faithful rooter.

Lizzie Allen is now taking her turn at the Model Home Cottage with the other girls. She is an excellent cook as it is, and we wonder what she will be when she gets through.

THE PROTESTANT MEETING.

By Hattie McAfee.

The meeting was lead by Mary Lonechief, who also gave the Scripture reading. The prayer was lead by Mary Welch. The choir then gave a selection.

The speaker for the evening was Miss Jones, who told of the Y. W. C. A. work in Pennsylvania.

She told of the associations in cities and State, and how they are trying to start a county association.

THE CATHOLIC MEETING.

By Jane Gayton.

On Sunday morning Father Welsh celebrated the Holy Mass for the Indian boys and girls. Father Feeser conducted the evening services. The meeting was opened with a prayer. Father's sermon was taken from the gospel of St. Matthew. It was about the Catholic Church being like the grain of mustard seed. He impressed upon our minds the whole history of the Catholic Church. After singing a hymn Benediction followed.

THE OFFICERS' MEETING.

By G. F. Merrill.

Weekly meetings are held by the cadet officers, and the important subjects brought out will be published in *The Arrow*. Students are requested to note the contents.

At the last meeting, the prevailing subject was discipline in general.

Blackboard illustrations on formation and the duties of the officers were given by Captain Herrera.

TWO THANKSGIVING DAYS.

By George Francis.

The first Thanksgiving Day which I can remember was spent at my home in Maine. On the day before, all the men in the village organized themselves into two parties to go out hunting and see which side would kill the most game. It was a big day for the Indians, for every man who was able joined in the hunt, and the small boys went along to carry the small game that the hunters killed. I remember that I went with my father and that before night he had killed more than I could carry. The next morning all the game was collected and was counted and I remember that I was on the side that lost—the side that had to give a Thanksgiving ball and dinner to the winners. Of course our dinner consisted of deer, moose, and other kinds of wild game.

Later when I was in school in Nebraska, I experienced a genuine New England Thanksgiving in spite of the fact that I was in the West. As I was a new student, I did not know just what the celebration of the day would be like; but the first thing that I heard—"No work and no school"—suited me very well. The boys spent the day in hunting, walking, etc., to pass away the time; but we were careful to be at home in plenty of time for dinner, as we knew that there were a great many visitors at the school who would gladly fill our places if we were not there. These visitors were mostly parents who had come to spend the day with their children, and the thought that I was 2,000 miles from home and that my parents could not come to me, made me a bit homesick. The sight of the dinner table, however, banished all thoughts of sadness. It was loaded with everything that could possibly be put on the dinner table, with chicken as the principal dish on the bill of fare. We greatly enjoyed the chicken, in spite of the fact that the turkey is the bird chosen as the emblem of the Puritan Thanksgiving Day.

The reason for this choice is found in the fact that the

turkey is a large, beautiful bird and a native of our country. In the days of the settlement at Plymouth, wild turkeys were found in abundance in the forests. Benjamin Franklin once said that the United States ought to have adopted the turkey instead of the eagle as a national emblem.

The first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in 1621 at Plymouth, on the nineteenth of November. Governor Bradford, of the colony, announced that there would be a day of thanksgiving for the abundant harvest, and the general prosperity. George Washington issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation in 1782; while President Lincoln made this day a legal holiday throughout the United States, and established the last Thursday in November as the date.

There are many things for which a boy ought to be thankful; as for me—

I am thankful that I am well.

That I am in Carlisle.

For all the good things around me.

That I am going to school.

For all that I wear.

For being with other boys and with the girls.

For the opportunities to learn things.

For my good companions.

That I am nearly through this essay.

For all the blessings that I am constantly receiving.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The large boys had a moving day over in quarters last Saturday morning.

Ben Guyon recently gave a lecture to Troop A, the subject being "On Time."

Robert Broker, who is attending Millersville Normal School, paid us a short visit last week. We were glad to see him looking so well.

Last Saturday we were surprised to hear Fred Blythe's name. This was at Shippensburg. "She" even asked how he was getting along.

Cleveland Chingwa, of Ludington, Mich., who was on his way here last Friday, stopped off at Pittsburgh and from there he went back home.

Mary Welch, who went to Millersburg last Sunday, gave a very interesting account of her trip in the Mercers' Society hall last Friday evening.

Theodore Bellefeuille made his "rep" last Saturday at Shippensburg when the "Cornell" team and Shippensburg Normals fought in a tight game.

The marriage of Mr. Edward Gunderson was a surprise to many of his Carlisle friends, all of whom extend their congratulations and best wishes.

Last Saturday the "Cornell" eleven played the Shippensburg Normal School at Shippensburg. "Cornell" was victorious by the score of 13 to 7.

Joseph Shooter and Andrew Condon are playing in their church every Sunday morning. They are two trombone soloists of the Carlisle Indian Band.

Rose Beauregard certainly enjoyed her visit to the Standard Society meeting last Friday, so she says, but it is doubtful as to whether or not she enjoyed her speech.

In a letter to a friend, Edwin Cornelius writes that he will soon return to the school to continue his studies. Before returning he will go on his annual hunting trip.

On Friday, November 6th, about twenty-two of Carlisle's oldest students gathered at the home of Mrs. L. D. Redrick, of Anadarko, Okla., for a reunion. All reported an enjoyable time.

Many of the girls had sore throats, especially Agnes Hatch, Uneeda Burson, Pauline Chisholm, and Belle Peniska, because of the rooting they did last Saturday that our boys might win the game.

The Carlisle Arrow

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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.

CALENDAR "DETAILS."

To Visit Literary Societies Tonight.

Susans:—Mr. Meyer and Mr. Gehringer.
Mercers:—Mr. Denny and Mrs. Denny.
Standards:—Mr. Peel and Miss Donaldson.
Invincibles:—Miss Rice and Miss Reichel.

To Visit Literary Societies one Week from Tonight.

Susans:—Miss Rice and Miss Reichel.
Mercers:—Mr. Meyer and Mr. Gehringer.
Standards:—Mr. Denny and Mrs. Denny.
Invincibles:—Mr. Peel and Miss Donaldson.

To Inspect Dormitories, Sunday, November 21st. (8.30 a. m.)

Large Boys'—Mr. Brown and Miss Hagan.
Small Boys' and Annex—Miss Georgenson and
Mrs. Denny.
Girls'—Miss Williams and Miss Sweeney.

To Chaperon Girls to Sunday School, etc., November 21st. (9:00 a. m.)

Mrs. Denny, Mr. Meyer,
Miss Sweeney, Mr. Weber,
Miss Yoos,

To Accompany Girls Walking Sunday Afternoon. (4:00 p. m.)

Miss Snoddy, Mr. Clevett.

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Pupils on campus	342	180	522
Outing	82	82	164
On leave	5	1	6
Deserters	5	0	5
Total on rolls November 8th	434	263	697

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the
mother.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

COMING EVENTS.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—Football, Carlisle vs. Fordham University. New York City.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—Football, Carlisle Reserves vs. State Normal School, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—Annual Debate, Susans vs. Mercers, 7:00 p. m.

Thursday, Nov. 25.—Thanksgiving Entertainment, Auditorium, 9:30 a. m.

Thursday, Nov. 25.—Football, Carlisle vs. Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Thursday, Nov. 25.—Football, Carlisle Reserves vs. Peddie Institute, Trenton, N. J.

Saturday, Nov. 27.—Annual Reception by Athletic Association.

Saturday, Dec. 4.—Apollo Quartet and Concert Co.

Saturday, December 11.—Band Concert, 7 p. m.

Saturday, December 18.—Entertainment in Gymnasium. games, etc., 7 p. m.

Friday, December 24.—Christmas entertainment, begins at 7 p. m. at auditorium and ends at gymnasium.

Saturday, December 25.—School Sociable, 7 p. m.

Saturday, January 1.—General meeting at Auditorium, 7 p. m.

Saturday, January 8.—Illustrated Lecture. Roy C. Andrews, 7.30 p. m.

Saturday, January 15.—Band Concert, 7 p. m.

Saturday, Jan. 22.—Debate, Standards vs. Invincibles.

Saturday, January 29.—School Sociable.

Saturday, February 5.—Lecture, Dr. P. P. Claxton.

TEACHERS' STUDY HOUR DETAIL FOR WEEK BEGINNING NOVEMBER 15th.

Date.	Large Boys' Quarters.	Small Boys' Quarters.	Girls' Quarters.
Monday, Nov. 22.	Miss Hagan Miss Bender	Miss Williams	Miss Sweeney Miss Roberts
Tuesday, Nov. 23.	Miss Wilson Miss Hagan	Miss Bender	Miss Williams Miss Sweeney
Wed'sday, Nov. 24.	Miss Roberts Miss Donaldson Miss Wilson	Miss Hagan	Miss Bender Miss Williams Miss Sweeney
Thursday, Nov. 25.			

Notes.—Teachers assigned to Girls' Quarters for Monday night will please ascertain from matron beforehand whether or not there is anything special to be observed for that night, and to what point chaperonage will extend.

Advisory members of literary societies are given credit for one night a week in making up study-hour schedules.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

The Bible.

Alumni Department Notes

By MRS. EMILY P. ROBITAILLE
Secretary.

James E. Compton, who was a student here in 1906, writes from Ft. Washakie, Wyo., that he is always glad to get *The Arrow*, which seems more like a letter than a paper, he states.

On November 10th, the marriage of Josephine Holmes and Henry LaPointe took place at Odanah, Wis., where the young people will make their home. The best wishes of their friends at Carlisle go with them.

Mrs. Eleanor Jacobs Butler, writes from Winnebago, Nebr.: "I was married in June, 1914, to John Butler, who was also a Carlisle student. We often speak of Carlisle and are trying to live up to what we learned there. We now have a home which we call our own and are farming our own land. We send best wishes and ask to be remembered to our friends at Carlisle."

In a letter to Mrs. Denny, Mrs. Estaiene M. DePeliquetaugue, of Massillon, Ohio, writes: "This is a belated note to thank you for sending Lena Watson to us. She has been here a little more than a month, and I want you to know that she has been most satisfactory. It seems to me I have never seen a young girl glorify her work as Lena does. She is a perfect revelation to me and Mrs. Baldwin, who can not say enough in praise of her."

Mary C. Harris Peacore, who gives her address as Mrs. Frank E. Peacore, Prague, Okla., writes: "It seems that I can not do without *The Arrow*. I am glad to say that I attended Carlisle and learned many useful things while there. I am trying all the time to live up to the teaching of Carlisle. My husband and I are living on my allotment, and since residing here have made many improvements on the place. We both love the work of a farm, even though it is hard at times. I say there's nothing like farming in Oklahoma. I wish you and the school all success and happiness."

Arthur Sutton, class '07, brother of Henry and Charles Sutton, together with his wife, little daughter Nila, father, and mother, stopped off here for a little visit, enroute in their car to Palm Beach, Fla., where Mr. Sutton has accepted a position. His father and mother will remain with them in Florida for the winter, after which they will return to their home at Conesus Lake, N. Y. After graduating from here in 1907, Mr. Sutton accepted a position at Haskell Institute as assistant disciplinarian, later joining the army and going to the Philippines. After three years of army life, Mr. Sutton left the army and went to Detroit, Mich., where he married a Miss Odell, and they have been making Detroit the home for the last four years.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters Written to General Pratt Many Years Ago by Carlisle Outing Students.

Dear School Father, Captain Pratt:

By rights he (the farmer) is not fit for farm life as to my judgement. I am not going to use those teams any longer than I can help, they injure my religion. I have to scold them and use bad words before I can get them a going on such speed as I want them.

My Dear Friend School Father:

Particularly I am endeavoring to assume a splendid

opportunity to say just concisely to you on this beautiful morning. I suppose that you recognize that I am sick in my gilets. I deem I am well again no more. Well, Captain, I want you to let me go home as soon as this month, if you please sir. If I stay here so long I can't entirely well.

My Honored School Father and Friend:

Now I am going to write to you this day and inform you how I like my place. First of all matters I would say earnestly I don't like it. I think the trouble is I am too big for him, because he told me right before my face, he said he rather have a small boy so he can give him \$6 or \$7 a month for his labor. This was when I first came to this place and ever since he has had the same opinion and I thought to myself some times as if I am here with him like a great defileth or endless defileth.

Another thing he can't give me higher wages, he wouldn't do it for any man, and yet he wants me to work on two farms and he give only \$10 a month, gracious alive, a woman get more than \$10 a month for housekeeping. I would rather be a housekeeper than work on two farms for Ten Dollars a month.

I thought maybe I did something wrong on farm and that is reason I get less wages this year; of course the wages are not so high this year, but the mean thing is, my friend, Captain, there are no man of any race that can work for Ten Dollars on two farms. He go off pretty quick, because he have to get there in everything. The way they set him work here I have to get there in everything in a minute, I do it by minutes, I go back and forth between these two farms, go from one to another all day long until sunset and yet I don't suit him, he rather have a small boy. Now what kind of a man would you call him. Is he a man of importance or a man of peculiarities? I kindly ask you for change place.

I am not outdone yet Captain, I'll stand for my rights and obey your rules which will bring the good results in future, because there is no life in world without protoplasm. I have my life with a protoplasm and I am not out done. Some people think around here to themselves that the Indians have no protoplasm whatever, but I think even if the Indian has no physical basis of life he still struggles on even if the temptations and the hardship are placed before him, he struggles on, On, On, and on until he is worth something until he is able to feed himself, until he is able to work and support himself like people surround him.

I am your school son.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Capt. Calac and Guy Dickerson both played a good game Saturday against Dickinson.

Burnell Patterson had the pleasure of visiting some friends while in Newville last Sunday.

On last Saturday many of the boys who did not care to see the football game went husking corn on nearby farms.

Guy Dickerson and Grant White were among the star players at the Dickinson game and made some fine gains for the Indians.

Mike Gurno saved the day for the bone-house last Monday when it caught fire from the rear. We think that he would make a good fireman.

Andrew Solomon, an ex-student who is located at his home in Walthill, Nebr., states that all ex-students in that vicinity are progressing steadily.

Last Saturday after supper a big bonfire was built in back of the guard house and there was held a big Indian war dance in honor of the football victory that afternoon.

We all enjoyed the game held on Biddle Field between Dickinson College and the Carlisle Indians. It was very exciting towards the last half of the game. The student body marched down with band in the lead.

THE MERCER SOCIETY.

By Mary Wilmet.

The meeting was called to order by the president. Roll was called and each member responded with a quotation. The program rendered was as follows:

Song—Mercers.
 Recitation—Amelia Swallow.
 Impromptu—Eliza Berrard.
 Reading—Jane Owl.
 Piano Solo—Marie Poupart.
 Anecdotes—Agnes Hinman.
 Essay—Mae Lavadore.
 Recitation—Clara Snyder.
 Biographical Sketch—Della John.
 Vocal Solo—Vera Green.

Miss Corrine Janis favored us with a piano solo. Mary Welch told us about her trip to Millersville, Pa.

Miss Donaldson and Mr. Peel were the official visitors. Mr. Peel's talk was enjoyed immensely by the members. The critic's report was last in order.

SUSANS.

By Addie Hovermale.

The president called the house to order at the usual hour. Roll was called and each member present responded with a quotation from Shakespeare. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Business was transacted, then the reporter gave her notes and the following program was rendered:

Song—Susans.
 Piano Solo—Sadie Metoxen.
 Anecdotes—Margaret Raiche.
 Piano Solo—Josephine Printup.
 Select reading—Mary Peters.
 Vocal Solo—Rose Heany.
 Impromptu—Eva Jones.
 Piano Solo—Sophia Newagon.

The program being ended, the critic gave her remarks. Mrs. Foster and Miss Boyd were the visitors. Mrs. Foster gave some helpful remarks.

THE STANDARDS.

By Lawrence Silverheels.

The house was called to order by the president, after which the society song was sung under the leadership of Henry Sutton.

Roll call was next in order and, the minutes of the previous meeting were read.

Owing to the fact that a special program was on the schedule the regular duties were suspended for the evening. The program was as follows:

Music—Standard Band.
 Declamation—Homer Lipps.
 Essay—Geo. Warrington.
 Piano Solo—Wm. Edwards.
 Impromptu—Francis Eastman.
 Violin Solo—Fred Cardin.
 Oration—Edwin Miller.
 Music—Standard Band.

Debate.

Resolved, That a high protective tariff is essential to our national prosperity.

Affirmative—Henry Sutton and Edward Morrin.

Negative—Richard Johnson and James Crane.

After the debate another selection was rendered by the Standard Band.

The following visitors were called upon for speeches:

Mr. Welch, Mrs. Ewing, Miss Reichel, and Mr. Peel. Each responded with a good talk.

The following girls were also present: Misses Gayton, Clark, Chief, Fowler, Robitaille, Owl, Peters, Burson, Johnson, Beauregard, Coolidge, Davenport, Rogers, Gray, Peninska, Green, and Caby.

Owing to the lack of time not very many of the young ladies were called upon.

The following boys gave talks also: Messrs. Frank Leith, Boyd Crowe, and Henry Perrault.

The judges gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. The house then adjourned.

INVINCIBLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

By Ewart P. McCurtain.

The Invincible Debating Society met in their hall at the usual hour Friday night and the president, Mr. Ettawageshik, read a few verses from the Bible, after which the song was sung, led by Peter Jackson. The business was transacted and then the program was rendered as follows:

Declamation—Willie Goode.
 Essay—Alfred Wells.
 Extemporary speech—Simon Dwight.
 Oration—Lyman Madison.
 Select Reading—Burnel Patterson.
 Oration—Jonas Poweshiek.

Debate.

Resolved, That the maintenance of a high tariff is necessary for our National prosperity.

Affirmative—Fred Broker and Peter Calac.

Negative—Gustave Looks and Louis Palin.

Mr. Palin was absent and Donald McDowell volunteered.

After a short discussion the judges, Pablo Herrera chairman, George Francis and Clement Vigil, associates, decided in favor of the affirmatives.

Mr. Gehringer and Mr. Meyer were the official visitors for the evening and were called upon and gave us a short talk.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The cross-country team regrets the absence of Edward Greengrass from their line.

Guy Dickerson has been appointed trainer of George Tibbetts' "Whirlwind" basketball team.

Nick Lassa enjoys training so much that every evening after football practice he generally has a cross-country run by himself.

The band boys have been unable to practice this week on account of the painters, who are busy repainting the wood work in the band hall.

In honor of Mrs. V. M. Kelly's birthday Friday, the 12th, a postponed celebration of the occasion was held Monday evening in Teachers' Quarters.

While reciting in the English literature class about war, Guy Dickerson said that football is worse than war, according to General Sherman's definition.

Joseph Morrin may be seen in the dispensary every morning. While in New York he had the roof of his mouth sunburnt while viewing the high buildings.

A letter received states that Francis Bacon, one of our ex-students, is on his way to the Panama Pacific Exposition. Francis is also in business in Plummer, Idaho, and is making good.

We had the pleasure in having Turner Dwight speak to us last Friday night at the Invincible Debating Society. He talked to us about what he saw on his trip up here, and he said he likes the school very much.

MY FIRST THANKSGIVING.

By Mamie Mt. Pleasant.

The first Thanksgiving Day that I can remember was spent at home. I well remember how, on the day before, everyone worked hard all day preparing the Thanksgiving dinner beforehand, so that the sacred day should not be spoiled by work but be a day of rest. As the dinner was well under way and the work all done, we had plenty of time to go to church when Thanksgiving morning came. On the way home from church all of us children were happy in the thought that the time for the feast was drawing near.

I can see now just how that table looked with the great fat turkey steaming in the middle of it in most appetizing fashion; and such appetites as we did have! The day was cold and storming, so we all stayed in the house and joined our elders in singing hymns and telling stories after the dishes were cleared away. In the evening we went to an oyster supper in the basement of the church. I often look back upon that Thanksgiving as one of the happiest days of my life.

Turkey has always been chosen to crown a Thanksgiving feast, because when the Pilgrims had their first Thanksgiving celebration their only meat was wild turkey.

When the Pilgrims first landed in America, they were so thankful to have reached "good land," where they could worship unmolested, that they bowed down and gave thanks to God who had led them there. In 1623, three years later, the colony decided to set apart a day in which to give especial thanks to God for the good he had done to them. Many years later, the last Thursday in November was settled upon as the date for this Thanksgiving and the day was made a legal holiday.

We all have countless things for which to be thankful. I am thankful to-day because I am well, strong, and happy, and able to make myself of use to others.

"The blessings of to-day do not secure a future one,
This is to thank God for what he has already done."

NORTHERN PACIFIC INDIAN EXHIBIT.

Yesterday Superintendent F. C. Morgan, of the Flat-head Reservation, shipped to President Jule M. Hannaford, of the Northern Pacific Railway Company at St. Paul, practically everything which was shown in the Indian exhibit at the Western Montana Fair.

The display is to be taken in charge by the Northern Pacific's immigration agent and is to be made a permanent display at the company's headquarters at St. Paul.

President Hannaford was a visitor at the State Fair and was deeply impressed with the display that Major Morgan had assembled there. When he learned that there would be even a better Indian display at the fair here, he arranged with Major Morgan to have the agricultural products sent to St. Paul for a permanent exhibit.—*The Missoulian*.

Saving the Soldier.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Norton, a young American couple who have spent years in soul-winning work, are now "War Representatives," of *The Sunday School Times* in England and France. Their business is to save the men of the army who do not yet know Christ as their Savior. At two meetings where Mrs. Norton sang and Mr. Norton gave the Gospel message over two hundred soldiers in each meeting accepted Christ as Savior. But the face-to-face personal work the Nortons count even more important than the platform work. They expect to be at the front in France, personally distributing Testaments to the English and French soldiers (they are familiar only with those languages), and with the gift of the Testament urging the acceptance of the Savior. Readers of *The*

Times will have the opportunity to follow their work through the letters which they are sending telling of the miracles of God's grace among the soldiers. A specimen copy of *The Sunday School Times* containing one of these interesting articles will be mailed to readers of this paper on receipt of a post card request addressed to The Sunday School Times Company, 1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Turner Dwight is showing prospects of becoming a good cross-country runner.

Sunday was not a very pleasant day so the afternoon was spent in the quarters resting.

I think every one notices that Eva P. Jones is a good waiter, for we all get our second helping of gravy.

Miss Martha Wheelock was the guest at the Model Home Cottage for dinner last Thursday evening.

The girls on second floor, west hall, are glad because Agnes Hatch and Maude Cooke are with them again.

Since moving into the "Model Home Cottage," Alta Printup and Jane Gayton think the kitchen just the thing.

The work most enjoyed by the Model Home Cottage girls is the making of pies for the restaurant on Saturday mornings.

We are glad to have Rose Allen back in the sewing room again. Now there is some prospect of finishing the uniform shirts.

We are glad to see Dr. Rendtorff back in the hospital. He was not able to visit his patients for several days on account of being ill.

Maude Cooke, who was one of the girls who lived in the "Model Home Cottage" last month, left it reluctantly Monday morning. She has learned many secrets of good housekeeping.

Several of the girls were invited over to the Standard Society last Friday evening. We all enjoyed the program and especially the debate. But we did not like to be called upon to speak.

During the Standard's tariff debate it was stated that under the Republican rule chickens that are mostly all neck and pin feathers could be sold for sixty-five cents. Joseph Helms hopes that the Republicans will soon come into power.

Miss Zilla Roy gave a party to which Martha Water, Uneeda Burson, and Addie Hovermale were invited. The lunch consisted of bread and butter, coffee, peanut-butter sandwiches, crackers, jelly, cheese, olives, fancy cookies, cake, candy, and fruit.

Thomas Montoya entertained a party of his friends at a musical entertainment last Thursday evening in his room. He was very ably assisted in his songs by Max La Chapelle, W. J. Kennedy, and Isaac Willis. Kodeski Arch furnished the violin music.

Besides the vocational girls, a new class has been arranged for the girls who are going home in 1916, to have the privilege of taking Domestic Science. Starting in November it will continue until February and then the next will take its place until the term expires.

Last Thursday Luke Obern gave a birthday party in honor of Jackson Buzzard's birthday. Those who were invited were Kodeski Arch, Walter Starr, Lester Nephew, Julius Iskomer, and Lawrence Obern. The refreshments consisted of potato chips, apples, pie, and candy.

Miss Jones, secretary for the Y. W. C. A., visited Carlisle Sunday. She spoke of the millions of women who are bread earners in the United States. Seven million of them go to work at seven, two million more at eight, and one million at nine o'clock. The seven million are so illiterate that they are not competent to work anywhere except in factories.

THE CIGARETTIST.

By Elbert Hubbard.

As a close observer of men and an employer of labor for over twenty-five years, I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker—never promote him—never depend upon him to carry a roll to Gomez, unless you do not care for Gomez and are willing to lose the roll.

I say do not promote the cigarette smoker, for the time will surely come when you will rue the day you ever placed him in a position where he can plague you by doing those things which he ought not, and by leaving undone those things he should have done.

If you have cigarettists on your pay-roll who are doing good work, do not discharge them. Simply keep them as long as they are of a profit to you, and when you find they become a care gently lay them off, and say you will send for them when you need them.

And then never send for them.

I am aware that in some parts of Europe cigarette smoking is almost universal, and that no special deleterious effects are noticeable. This immunity is owing to the temperament of the people and the peculiarities of the climate. My argument herein has America and Americans in mind. Poison affects different people differently, and American nerves cannot withstand artificial stimulants.

The dull and phlegmatic Russian can do things we cannot. The Don, Dago, Greaser, and Turk are built on different lines from us. Americans need all the brain power they possess in their business—the modern Hidalgo has no business.

In parts of Europe respectable women smoke cigarettes in public places; in some parts of America ladies smoke pipes and use snuff; in South Carolina are good folks who eat clay; but these things form no precedent for us.

For the cigarette habit no argument can possibly be made. Ask the "fiend" about it and he will smile a silly, supercilious smile out of his gamboge face, and feel for his cigarette box.

Cigarette smoking is not periodic—it is continuous—a slow, insidious, sure poison.

The cigarette smoker is not a degenerate because he smokes cigarettes. Quite often he is a cigarette smoker because he is a degenerate.

In preparing a culture bed for vice germs do not omit cigarettes. Cigarettes stupefy the conscience, deaden the brain, place the affections in abeyance, and bring the beast to the surface.

Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart.

It soon becomes a pleasure—a satisfaction—and serves to bridge over the moment of nervousness or embarrassment.

Next, it becomes a necessity of life, a fixed habit.

This last stage soon evolves into a third condition, a stage of fever and unrest, wandering of mind, accompanied by a loss of moral and mental control. And finally a flabbiness of tissue results from taking the smoke into the bronchial tubes, where pure air is required to oxygenize the blood, and a nervous weakness follows that leaves the victim unprotected, and a prey to any sort of malady or disorder to which he may be exposed or liable.

Beginning as a habit, the matter ere long becomes a vice. The first indication of degeneration is in your cigarette smoker's secretiveness. He feels his weakness and so seeks to present a bold front. "Bluff" is his chief characteristic. He tries to make an impression—he talks big, is full of promises, plans and confidential utterances. He confuses dates, times and places, and often will tell you he has done a thing when he only intends to do it.

A lie is a disease of the will—hypocrisy is a symptom.

When a cigarettist pays his devotion to nature, he always passes the time away by rolling a cigarette, this being the only instance when he displays a zeal in improving the moments as they fly.

He dreams over his work, dawdles indefinitely, picks things up and lay them down, and proves for usgain a and

again the maxim that the strong man is the one who can complete a task, not merely begin it.

One marked peculiarity of the cigarette fiend is that invariably he makes a great discovery: It is that cleverness, astuteness, trickery and untruth are good substitutes for simplicity, frankness and plain common honesty.

The difference between mine and thine is a very hazy proposition to the cigarettist—meum and tuum are not in his lexicon. Larceny and lying are sprouts that grow from the same soil.

The cigarettist has an abnormal egotism—he has much faith in himself. If this faith wavers he rolls a cigarette. Often in advanced stages half the day is given to rolling cigarettes. To find men who roll cigarettes for their own smoking for one or two hours a day is not difficult. To roll his own cigarettes gives the defective something to do. Nervous, clutching, scratching, searching, yellow-stained hands—hands that alternately play the devil's tattoo and roll cigarettes—these are the hands that forge your name and close over other people's money.

I do not make my appeal to the cigarettist himself because it is of no use. He has a fixed belief that he is immune and that all men are mortal but himself.

His name is Mr. Knowitall.

He grins at warning; laughs at the advice of his best friends and turns your brotherly appeal into a joke. He sets his foolish little will against the knowledge and experience of the scientific and business world—all of which action is but a symptom of his paranoiac malady.

The man who quits the cigarette habit must see his own folly, and convince his own mind of the existence of the vice ere it can be eradicated. The trouble is in his brain. There is no salvation for him outside himself. There is no doubt but that the cigarettist is often a man of many good impulses, and over and over in his heart there sweep resolves to cease all subterfuge and be true, but these maudlin resolves are not to be trusted any more than you hearken to the promises of a "dope fiend." The choice between cigarettes and daily doses of cocaine, morphine or bromide is very slight—all and each lead downward to the grave.

Dishonor, perfidy, disappointment, disgrace are the end of all. And so I close by again sounding a warning note to the employer of labor: Place no confidence in the cigarettist, never promote him—he is an irresponsible being—a defective. Love him if you can; pity him if you will, but give him no chance to clutch you with his nicotine fingers and drag you beneath the wave.

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

Have you noticed that the fellows that run most of the big concerns of the country are the ones who always return the courteous answers? If you address the president of the road he will listen attentively and make a decent reply.

But you ask a cub at the depot in a country town and you will get a smart and flippant reply. Go in to a big store and ask for the manager. He will talk pleasantly and give you the desired information. But happen to get in the way of a bright young man who is cleaning the window and he will hand you a package that will make your blood boil. But drop around twenty years later and the cub may have advanced until he is a brakeman on the local freight and the window washer will likely be driving one of the wagons for the store. The president of the railroads and the managers of the big concerns are the fellows who in the flowery days of their youth acquired the habit of returning soft and courteous answers. That is one of the reasons they become railroad presidents and managers of big concerns. The cub who knows more than the president of the railroad will always be a cub, and the smart window washer will still be washing windows in the autumn of his days.—*Reflector*.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else.—*Dickens*.