

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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OUR OWN.

IF I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look or tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning,
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own" the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.—[Ex.]

COLONEL PRATT'S TALK TO THE STUDENTS LAST SATURDAY EVENING, AFTER THE CORNELL, 6—CARLISLE, 10 GAME.

The principal thing to be gained by a victory such as we have had to-day is the demonstration of equality in some line.

Demonstrating equality, proving that we are equal to others, has a very great influence in determining the place we may occupy among our fellow-men.

If our strength is equal to theirs they have nothing on that ground to look down upon us for. In addition to strength we exhibit equal skill and equal knowledge in even such a thing as football, which is supposed to be for universities especially; if we show we have the skill that can meet and overcome a university like Cornell, then we have additional ground for claiming equality.

It is a singular fact that in this world all things have to be proven.

It is essential that men in their contentions for the good things of life and in their associations, in their communities, must demonstrate what they are worth; and having demonstrated that, they take their places on their worth.

I believe that color has little to do with it.

The great fault of the colored race is that they are constantly parading their color.

Everywhere it is asserted that the negro has inherent and objectionable peculiarities, and he is taught even by his schools to cling to those peculiarities.

That is what works his injury and keeps him from the place he might occupy if he would drop his own peculiarities and take up and make his own the peculiarities of the white race.

In many things the negro would excel. He has wonderful music; but his schools teach him to sing mostly negro songs and so keep constantly before us all that he is a negro.

If the negro would step up and away from all that and settle down to work in all lines, industrially, professionally, and otherwise, and pay no attention to the fact that he is a negro, show that he is just as capable and true as the white race, the prejudice against him would pretty soon disappear; but everywhere through out the land he is paraded as a negro, and that is his greatest drawback, the greatest clog to his progress.

Now, almost everybody would keep the Indian an Indian.

Buffalo Bill travels all over the land parading what he intends the people to believe to be the peculiar qualities of the Indian.

No man ever put a greater lie before the public than Buffalo Bill.

Here at Carlisle we teach, and we have been at it all the time, that we ought not to hold on to anything that shows we are Indians.

We put aside Indian thoughts, and Indian ways, Indian dress and Indian speech.

WE DON'T want to hold on to anything INDIAN.

There has been occasionally a little

display on the platform here to show how Indians do, but only a little; not nearly as much as in white schools; but the secret of our getting up to our places with the rest of them, the secret of any success we have, is in absolutely and all the time observing this law—FORGETTING WE ARE INDIANS AND PROVING OURSELVES EQUAL TO OTHERS. And we must keep at it until we make our success complete. I should not be surprised, in fact, I rather expect that when we come to our annual struggle in Philadelphia, we shall win as we have done on a former occasion and as we can do again.

Our boys had to sit without exercise in a railroad train all day yesterday to get to Ithaca.

Of course they had a little chance this morning to exercise some, but all day yesterday the Ithaca team was out on the field practicing new plays to beat us with.

It did no good. We whipped them anyway.

A telegram just now from Mr. Thompson says, "A good game. Carlisle 10—Cornell 6."

Now, I want you all to do as someone has said, "Keep everlastingly at it."

When we took up football, I said to the boys, "You may play football on two conditions: First, Under no circumstances, under no provocation will you allow yourselves to slug in any game you play. If you do, all the white people will say, 'That's the Indian of it. What else could you expect of Indians?'"

The white players can slug all they please, and no one will say anything about it. But we must fight with clean hands. They may hurt you some, but the hurt will be more on their side if you don't retaliate."

So the boys agreed to that.

"The other thing; I said, "will be more difficult, but I expect you to do it. You may play football if you will keep at it until you thrash the biggest team in the country, and I will find you the best coach I can, no matter what it costs. The man who can lead you to victory is the man we will have; but you must keep at it until you do this."

We have had successes before and we have had defeats.

Sometimes the elements are against us, but we have reached success.

When we began playing universities, they said, "The Indians can't beat us. They haven't got the head."

But you see the heads of the Cornell team did not keep them from losing yesterday. They have more respect for us now than they had yesterday. Pennsylvania is more anxious now than Cornell was, and I shouldn't wonder if even Harvard is beginning to meditate seriously.

The lesson of it all is that now after long practice and struggle we are admitted into the upper-tendom of football.

But that is only one thing. There are a great many other and more important things, we must learn and practice.

We must train ourselves just as carefully and stick to it just as close as we do in football until we conquer in industries, in good orderly conduct, and in intelligence.

We Indians lack in some things, and one is in the steady application which brings success. If as I have always said, we could have Indians scattered around among the people everywhere, living in such a way that people could find no fault with them, so industrious, so skillful, so well behaved all the time, doing their part with earnestness day in, day out, and never failing, and it came about that people would say of the Indian, "His word is as good as his bond," "He is honest," "He is the best workman," and things like that; if it came about that the Indians were scattered all over our country doing well in all lines of our life, what would become of the Indian question?

Why, it would evaporate like the morning dew. It would disappear.

There would be no difference in the races; but so long as we hold on to and

cultivate anything that makes us peculiar to other people and live in communities by ourselves away from other people, people will be suspicious of us and will say a great many things, they really may have no right to say, nor to think, and because there is no example to contradict what they say, they will be, believed.

"They are Indians. We can't make anything out of Indians." That's what they will keep on saying. We have got to keep doing our best in other things as well as in football.

Let me tell of another thing we now do well, which is far more creditable than football, and there is not another school in the world that can compare with Carlisle in that.

There is no other school that sends its students out to work, as Carlisle does, and accomplishes as much as Carlisle does.

And this has the highest value to us, because it is only the big and strong fellows that can play football; but the little fellows and even the girls can play at the outing, and the little fellows and the girls can make just as big a success of it.

They can, and do become real heroes, too.

It is not the biggest fellows that always win there.

Sometimes the biggest fellows are the ones to make the biggest failures.

Last spring a lady wanted a boy for a very particular kind of work, and asked me to send her a boy who, I was sure could do just what she wanted.

I looked over my boys and talked with Miss Ely about it and considered a number.

We settled upon a particular boy, and sent him to the lady (he is here in this hall but I will not tell you his name).

She immediately wrote back that he would not do.

She said, "He doesn't speak English plainly. He is too small."

She was so certain he could not give satisfaction, she wanted me to take him back at once and send her another. I wrote her that I had considered her needs well before deciding upon this boy, and I believed she would like him very well when he had been with her a little longer and asked her to give him a fair trial, and then if he did not suit we would take him back and send her another.

In about a week I got a letter of an entirely different character.

She said, "I see you know your boys. He is just the boy we need." And all summer he has been more and more a success.

Now, he was only a little fellow.

All the big football teams ask to play with our team, but let me tell you that hundreds and hundreds of people who have work to be done are constantly asking to have our INDUSTRIOUS and SKILLFUL Carlisle boys and girls to come and do that work.

Our school-boy and school-girl earnings last year were over thirty thousand dollars. What do you think of that for a score?—\$30,000!

I want you to get it into your heads, boys and girls, that you must keep at it.

Stick to your chances for education. Stick to all your training opportunities and they will widen out and grow larger before you.

I read you tonight one of the most glorious chapters in the word sent down to guide us. The essence of this chapter is that charity, kindness, love is greatest; such love as bears all things; which will be patient under all trials and difficulties, constantly hoping and looking for good in all things. A wonderful chapter! The qualities described form the best foundation for success that any man can possibly have.

We must show ourselves intelligent in deciding about things that concern ourselves and things committed into our care.

We must think right, and having thought right, ACT right, and so reach the highest success always.

We need intelligence to do that and we must be willing to sacrifice and struggle for intelligence.

We must lay aside our anxiety to see our friends and families at home, because this getting intelligence is the important thing with us just now.

We want to change, to improve conditions about our people, but we can't do that with much success until we are well prepared.

We must stick and never quit one place until something better offers.

When any boy or girl can come to me and say, "I have a chance to go to a higher school," or a BETTER chance to learn a trade or profession, "and I would like to talk it over with you," I am ready to listen; and if it really offers better opportunities than they have here, I will help him to take it up; but it must be BETTER than what they already have.

Suppose two hundred or more Indians had gone into the town of Carlisle twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, as our boys did to-night and the people heard they were coming, what would have happened?

They would have been badly scared. The women would have run down cellar and locked the cellar doors and the men would have got their guns ready to shoot.

But now people are glad to see our boys. While the boys were parading in town the telephone bell kept ringing and Mrs. Pratt had messages:

"We want to congratulate you."
"We have heard of your victory and we are glad."

That has been coming out here for the past hour.

It is coming around all right.

Our friends and neighbors, the white people, join in our rejoicing when we succeed even though those we overcome are their own race.

HAND BATHS, A PREVENTIVE OF COLDS.

It would do no harm to try the following plan of Dr. E. B. Warman, in Presbyterian Banner.

There is such a thing as some people bathing too much, but common decency and health demands more bathing than once a week.

If no bath tub is convenient, there is the wash-bowl, or tin basin.

Says Dr. Warman:

For a hand bath—a bath given to the body by the use of the hands only, or by a sponge or cloth—place a handful of salt in a basin as ordinarily filled for washing.

Allow the salt to dissolve, or hasten the action by stirring it with the hand.

The water should be as cold as you have vitality to withstand.

Use no soap.

Bathe the entire body.

Do not neglect the face and neck in the free use of the salt water.

This bath has an exhilarating influence, tones the entire system, and gives to the skin a healthful condition which amply repays for the time and trouble involved.

If used in the winter, it will be an excellent preventive of colds, besides being a substitute for face cosmetics.

No chapping, no roughness of the skin, and no clogging of the pores will trouble the person who systematically takes a bath of this sort.

Ordinary table salt or rock salt will do, but will not do so well.

The seasalt contains medicinal properties not found in the others.

Whether one exercises or not, the body should receive a daily hand bath of cold or cool water, especially in the summer, either upon rising or before retiring, or both.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not take it that Dr. Warman would not have us use soap for cleansing purposes, but soap will not go well with the salt water.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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class matter.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from
the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has.

ETIQUETTE IN SOCIETY.

A few extracts from Miss Senseney's
talk in chapel. Published by request of
the students:

"A beautiful behavior gives a higher
pleasure than statues or pictures."—EM-
ERSON.

Some people have the mistaken idea
that "Society" is a select class of people
fenced off from the rest of the world, and
hedged in by a certain set of rules and
regulations.

The real meaning of the word is, rela-
tionship of men to one another. Com-
panionship, fellowship. As soon as we,
as mere babies, begin to love our fathers
and mothers, sisters and brothers, we
cease to be healthy little animals that eat
drink and sleep, and become members of
society with duties to each other, and to
the community in which we live.

As citizens we have laws that govern
our lives and property. So in society we
also have laws that govern our actions
and are based on the eternal principles of
common sense and good fellowship.

"Manners are not idle, but are the fruit
of noble natures and of loyal minds."

People of all tribes and all nations
meet on common ground when they keep
the Golden Rule of kindness and good
will to each other.

Our Lieut. Perry went to the frozen
north and became the warm friend of
the Esquimaux, while Robert Lewis Ste-
venson sailed to the far-away island of
the sea, (Samoa) and made among a
strange people, a home in their hearts,
because he treated them as friends and
brothers.

"True politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Home manners should be the best.

We cannot always be happy, but we
can be cheerful and learn to be polite to
every one around us.

Be as gracious and as entertaining to
your own family, as you would be to
strangers away from home. Alas! We
are often most irritable and cross to the
ones we love the best.

Be thoughtful to older people.

Do not enter a room noisily.

Do not slam doors.

Do not walk in front of people.

When knocking on a door don't ham-
mer upon it.

Do not knock upon the door before en-
tering a public place, such as a library
or office.

If you are a gentleman rise when lad-
ies enter a room and remain standing
until the ladies are seated.

A gentleman always opens the door for
a lady, allowing her to pass out first.

He always picks up anything that is
dropped, as a book or handkerchief.

He always raises his hat to a lady when
he meets her, and when he leaves her,
and under no circumstances does he re-
main in her presence with his head cov-
ered. When he speaks to any one, either
a teacher or a companion he should look
directly at the person addressed.

The Chinese have a saying nearly two
thousand years old. "A guest demands
nothing, a host exhausts hospitality."

When invited out for the evening—
make your way to the hostess first, before
stopping to speak to other guests. Make
yourself agreeable to all guests.

Leave early, do not stay till people tire
of you. Do the best you can to make
others happy and you will be surprised
to find yourself enjoying life.

If you are a hostess be sympathetic
and intelligent—sincere and friendly.

A good hostess will not try to appear
brilliant but will bring out what is best
in her guests. She will ask some who

are musical to play or sing—or if others
are known for some good story or anec-
dote they tell, she will call for that.

One lovely woman that I knew, told a
particularly good Indian story and I have
known her to give pleasure to many
guests on various occasions by that one
little story told in a simple unconscious
manner.

Never coax a guest to perform. If he
decline there must be a reason for it.

If you have any accomplishments your-
self do what you can at once when you
are requested by guests if you are the
hostess.

In introducing people, present a gentle-
man to a lady, younger people to older
people, less distinguished persons to
guests of honor, etc. It is needed in in-
troducing people to mention something
in connection with the lives of people in-
troduced, as Miss White, allow me to
present Mr. Black who has just come
from Dakota and may know some of your
friends.

Do not shake hands on meeting a
stranger, unless it is in your own home
and you are the host or hostess. Have
tact or cultivate it if you are not fortu-
nate enough to possess it.

Tact means not noticing disagreeable
things. Girls have it more than boys and
are naturally less shy.

In talking to a shy person try not to
appear to notice their embarrassment.

In taking leave of a person, on whom
you are calling, do not wait for a long
pause in the conversation, but rise to
leave, while you are yet talking on an
interesting subject and you give the
pleasant impression that you leave be-
cause you must hurry and not because
there is a pause in the conversation.

Do not follow your guest to the front
door.

Madam Recamier used just two words
to make her friends welcome. When they
arrived she said "at last" and when they
left she said "so soon?"

"Civility implies self-sacrifice; it is
the last touch, the crowning perfection
of a noble character.

When going to an entertainment, the
usher walks the aisle first, followed by the
lady and the gentleman last.

Whether you enjoy a performance or
not appear to do so.

Do not yawn.

Do not consult your watch. Never talk
during performance. To speak or even
whisper during a musical selection is con-
sidered the highest of rudeness.

Do not interrupt a performance by ap-
plause unless it be during a lecture when
there is a good point made or a clever
story told.

When in church your acts should be
governed by those around you.

Never make fun of any church service.

When in public do not attract attention
to yourself by loud talk, manner or dress.
Converse in quiet well-bred tones.

Do not stand so as to obstruct the way in
coming out of church or places of enter-
tainment.

If talking on street, move on one side,
so as not to obstruct passage way.

If a gentleman gives you a seat in the
trolley or in a train, thank him politely,
it is not necessary to say anything else.

People never admire a girl or a man
who allows too easy acquaintance. Be
reserved with strangers.

Public display of affection is considered
bad form. In travelling be polite and
courteous to all.

Never be familiar with your friends,
never tell them disagreeable things or
correct their faults unless indeed you do
it in the gentlest way and extract all per-
sonal element from it, and above all re-
member that "Kind hearts are more than
coronets and simple faith than Norman
blood."

There is hope in the growth of a young
man's business abilities if, when he does
not understand the credits and debits in
his bank book, he takes the trouble to in-
quire as did Frank Yarlot the other day.
His Receipt of Deposit, and interest, in
connection with a certain debit was puz-
zling, but he stuck to it till all was ex-
plained and he went away satisfied.
Cashier Miller is ever ready to explain
individual accounts. He has the stu-
dents' and all other accounts down to a
fine basis, and considers it no trouble to
give legitimate information to any who
hold bank books.

Nellie Valenzuela is still employed at
Phoenix, and writes, she must have the
RED MAN AND HELPER.

INDIANS 10--CORNELL 6.

Expert Stauffer who Umpired the Game
tells how Carlisle won.—From
the Phila. Inquirer.

"Indians everywhere," said a Cornell-
ian. "Why, when a Cornell player was
falling on the ball an Indian would dive
under him and grab it. It would be the
Indian's ball and first down."

It was a magnificent victory for the In-
dians. Clean cut and fully earned. No
flukes, but good, hard, fast football. The
Indians never ceased trying to score more
and only their terrible fumbling kept
them from it.

That Cornell did not have more points
recorded against her was due to the fum-
bling by the Indians. In the first half,
with the ball half a yard from Cornell goa-
line, whither the Indians had steadily
carried it, the Indian quarter-back fum-
bled and Cornell secured the ball. John-
son immediately redeemed that error, for
when Brewster punted, Johnson heeled
the catch directly in front of Cornell's
goal posts, whereupon a Cornell end
threw him and the penalty carried it still
nearer. Then Wheelock kicked a neat
field goal. Latter on, the Indians by
dashing aggressive plays, rushed the ball
for a touchdown.

Cornell seemed unable to hold the red
men. Most of the gains were made be-
tween tackle and end, on both sides of
Cornell's line, the Indians' famous end-
over play gaining repeatedly.

The Indians seemed to have no trouble
in gaining at will. They helped their run-
ner and when thrown would crawl along
the ground until several Cornellians
would sit on their backs. Their inter-
ference was compact and moved fast.
Cornell's ends seemed lost as to how to
get the men, for four or five players usu-
ally surrounded the Indian carrying the
ball and he would be pushed and carried
until he had gained the necessary yards.

The punting by Williams and Charles
was excellent. One kick by Williams
surprised Brewster by going over his head
rolling to the Cornell 25-yard line, where
in the scramble it touched a Cornell play-
er, who could not hold on to it and an In-
dian bounced on it. Then the Indians
hammered out a touchdown. Soon there-
after Cornell blocked a kick on the In-
dians' 20-yard line and the ball rolled be-
hind the goal posts.

The first half ended with the score 10 to
6 on the Indians' credit sheet. The Cor-
nell stands sang songs and cheered their
team to the echo. While the coaches of
each team spoke burning words of wisdom
and loyalty to their charges. Cornell
came out grim and determined; the In-
dians as usual, stolid and calm. It was
soon evident that each team was intent on
increasing the score, but the Cornell at-
tack did not seem able to make the neces-
sary yards to hold on to the ball. Often
the Cornell runner would be thrown for a
five yard loss. The Indians seemed every-
where. It was just a case of our early set-
tlers years ago. An Indian would grab
loose flying Cornell legs while one or two
others would take firm grasp upon the
Cornellian and white jerseys and push
him back his whole length.

I believe there were more "double
tackles" than I have ever seen upon any
field. The Indians followed the ball as
though it were a scalp they intended to
display upon their belts to their sweet-
hearts in Carlisle. In that lies their suc-
cess; they never gave up trying; always
after the ball.

In the second half the Indians fumbled,
but unlike the first part of the game, they
recovered the ball often. The first piece of
luck I have ever seen come their way was
when Cornell blocked the ball and it
bounded towards Cornell's goal and an
Indian secured it. This happened twice,
but Cornell never showed any signs of
being dangerous. The Indians' defensive
tactics held them safe at all times. The
line allowed an agile Indian oftentimes to
slip through and down the runner for a
loss.

When the fast charging and lining up
of Cornell met the equally fast charging
Indian line, the Cornell players seemed
dazed. When they could not gain they
became demoralized. The longer Cornell
played the more easily the Indians
seemed to stop them for losses.

The consensus of opinion on all sides
seemed to be that the Indians could have
beaten any team on Saturday. The
game was replete with brilliant runs.
Several tries for field goals added to the

interest. Cornell used straight football
with occasionally a line man back, but
never advanced the ball over 20 yards
consecutively. The Indians used the
end-over and varied it with a tackle, or a
guard back.

The Cornell student body gave a mag-
nificent exhibition of loyalty after the
game by singing songs for half an hour
and cheering the team time after time.

NATHAN P. STAUFFER.

PRINTERS 44 SHOEMAKERS 0.

(Special to the REDMAN & HELPER.)

The football fever has caught and
whirled the various shop-teams into an
intensity of excitement well nigh border-
ing on to madness.

Last Saturday the future stars of our
gridiron were given an opportunity to
tilt their lances as became true knights
and warriors in defence of a good cause.
The excitement reached a climax when
at two o'clock the shoe-makers and the
printers lined up in battle array to test
the relative merits of the two teams.

It proved to be a thrilling contest and
was sprinkled throughout with brilliant
end runs and fierce line plunges by the
printers against fierce and deadly tack-
ling of the shoe-makers. The result was
a glorious victory for the typos who
seemed possessed of those qualities so fre-
quently attributed to the inhabitants of
the "Inferno" called "devils."

When the whistle blew announcing the
end of the game, the shoe-makers were
dancing to the tune of 44 to 0. "His Sat-
anic Majesty" in a moment of pride, re-
warded the young braves of the "Infernal
regions" with some pea-nuts to the great
satisfaction of all concerned. W. P.

Principles of Health.

Bathe with fresh water every morning
before breakfast. Poor-blooded persons
may use a little warm, but never hot
water. In bathing, rub all parts of the
body with a rough towel from head to
foot. Do not use soap daily. Do not put
on dyed clothes. Wash or change under-
clothes at least twice a week. Night
clothing and bedding should be well
aired. Take systematic daily exercise
without exhaustion. Bodily and mental
occupation may be in due alteration.
Give reasonable rest to body. Take suffi-
cient rest, sleeping at least six hours
about midnight. Early to rise and early
to bed. Keep the air in sitting and bed
rooms always clean and fresh, with a
window open day and night if there be no
other ventilation. Keep no kind of lamp
burning in bedroom. Be in the sunny air
and avoid artificial light as much as pos-
sible. Practice deep breathing through
the nostrils with mouth closed. Keep the
feet always dry and warm, and the circula-
tion of the blood regular. Be regular
in eating, drinking, sleeping, studying
and working. Cultivate calmness, cheer-
fulness and generosity. Help others in
thought, word, deed and example. As-
pire to the good and the beautiful.—[Hu-
manity.

Married one of Our Harness Makers.

Mary Miller, class '96, has charge of
the Primary Department at the Ft. Belk-
nap School. She is efficient, capable, a
credit to any school. She married an
Oregon Indian, Mr. Dodge.—[Red Man
and Helper.

NOTE.—Mr. Dodge is a graduate of Che-
mawa and is harness maker at Ft. Belk-
nap, Montana.—[Chemawa American.

The Sophomores are proud to think that
Joel Cornelius and Wilson Charles two of
the best football boys, are in their class
and also of Dr. Denny.

Delia Webster who left the Carlisle
Indian School this fall, and went to Yank-
ton Indian School, Greenwood, South
Dakota, as a matron of the girls, writes
to friends at Carlisle, she says she wishes
to be remembered to all of her friends
at Carlisle.

Plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty
Even a garment looks worn when it loses
its nap.

I'd rather be a wild turkey and live on
the prairie, said a little boy, than be a
tame turkey and be killed every year.

Mother (crossly):—Samuel you must
not talk when I do.

Samuel:—Oh, mamma, have I got to
wait till you go to bed?

Man-on-the-band-stand.

The tailors have a goose egg on exhibition.

We miss the leaf sweeper or campus cleaners.—

Sherman Chadleson makes an expert baker boy.

A large party of new students arrived on Sunday noon.

The turnip patch behind the shops is having its harvest.—

The Herdic in its new coat of paint is hardly recognized.—

Did you see the eclipse of the moon on the night of Oct. 16th?

The football boys are back, feeling very happy over their victory.—

Miss Dorthea Shaffner from town came to the Sunday afternoon services.

The carpenters are busy working on the new building at the near farm.—

October's bright clear weather is certainly enjoyed at Carlisle these days.

The Blacksmith football team defeated the Tailors last Saturday by score of 32 to 0.—

Several small boys went to Mt. Holly last Saturday and enjoyed picking chestnuts.

Col. and Mrs. Pratt left on Tuesday morning for the Mohonk Conference in New York.

Since the trolley car does not run every hour, little Esther Allen has to walk to school in town.

Miss Isabel Hipple, of Lock Haven, Pa. was a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt one day this week.

Lottie P. Hilton came in from the country Saturday, and has entered No. 9 school room.—

Misses Moore and Steele with their guests spent a pleasant day at Gettysburg on Wednesday.

Miss Fannie Andrews of Geneva, N. Y. is spending a few days with her aunt Miss Steele, at the school.

Mr. Allen, our Asst. Supt., returned on Sunday noon with a party of thirty-five pupils from the west.

Rev. L. M. Lawrence, a missionary on the Seneca reservation N. Y. was a visitor at the school last week.

Miss Moore entertained a small party of friends on Tuesday in honor of her sister Mrs. Moore of Kansas.

Did you notice how company D marched out from chapel Sunday? Their marching was hard to beat.

The small boys who went to the mountains last Saturday, brought back almost a bushel of chestnuts.—

Edwin Moore, class '01, who is attending Commercial at Haskell Institute, has been elected president of his class.

Albert Exendine gave a very interesting talk about his trip to Cornell on Monday afternoon in the school room.—

We are pleased to announce the engagement of Melinda Metoxen class '02, to Frank F. Cornelius of Wisconsin.

Mr. James Wheelock and his orchestra played at the Opera House in town, for the first time this season, on Monday night.—

One of the Freshmen boys is having a hard time in trying to distinguish the difference between a locust and a grasshopper.—

Mamie Monchamp writes that she is attending school and enjoys her work. She often thinks of Carlisle and her many friends.—

Miss Burgess the manager of the printing department left early Tuesday morning to attend the Mohonk Conference in New York.

The visitors who came around with the inspecting party last Sunday said that the Indian girls were splendid house keepers. Let us keep up that good reputation girls.—

The design on the black board in school room No. 11 when finished will be very attractive. This is being drawn by Blake Whitebear, (Freshman) for the class-motto.—

Mr. Davies took several girls to the farm on Sunday afternoon. Some of the little girls were running around and frightened "the chickens; in telling the story to another girl she said, "the chickens began to fly and the roosters began to cackle."

Edith Bartlett is sorry to leave the dress making class, but glad to have an opportunity to work in the dining room for a while.

In a very good and well played game the Carpenters were defeated on the grid-iron by the Harness makers, the score being 18 to 6.—

On Saturday a party from the Small boy's quarters spent the day at Mt. Holly Park, where there was also a small party from town.—

Ella Petoskey has made herself very useful in the music room this week, copying a beautiful song to be used next month by the entire school.

Last Sunday the girls received quite a compliment when they were spoken of by the inspecting party as, "The best house-keepers in the country"

The girls walk to the "Poor House" last Saturday afternoon was enjoyed by all but were disappointed in not going around the building as they expected to.—

Dick the canary that lives at the Hospital, has been ill with a cold the past few weeks. He is now feeling better and has almost regained his sweet voice.—

The old time spirit was again felt prevailing at the meeting of the Standard Literary Society last Friday night. It was the best meeting they have had this fall.—

Frank Jude, who plays left end on the Printers Team, has joined the regular squad, and George Pradt who played sub-half back last Saturday has taken his place at end.—

Muriel Carson writes from her country home and says she is getting along very nicely both in school and work. She has entered the high school in Moorestown New Jersey.—

Mr. and Mrs. Warner are entertaining Miss Blanch Warner of Buffalo N. Y. Miss Warner has visited the school before and is sure of a warm welcome from her friends here.

The members of the Freshmen Class are very glad to welcome back one of their classmate, Miss Glennie Waterman, who went home last summer for her health. She is now looking well.—

Miss Veitch, who has gone on her vacation left her four girls assistants in entire charge of the clothing room. They promised to perform their duties faithfully whatever they might be.—

We have the Carlisle Spirit in earnest; it seems to be every where in the air. But Charles Bent says that he has the Carlisle Indian Spirit, because he can sing a foot-ball song in Indian.—

The football boys returned from Ithaca at 11 o'clock on Sunday night. They were met by the large boys, at the Junction. They cheered all the way from the quarters to the station and back.—

Orlando Kenworthy, who left the school early in the fall on account of poor health, writes from Haskell, that he is well. He did not state what he is doing. He sends his regards to all his Carlisle friends.—

Last Thursday, the band went to Hagerstown, Md. to play for the County Fair. There was a much larger attendance than at the Carlisle Fair, and a far better and a more variety on exhibition.—

"Baby" Isabelle was baptized last Sunday by the Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer in the First Lutheran Church. Quite a few from school witnessed the Baptismal service which was very beautiful and impressive.

Mrs. Josephine Warrior White once a Carlisle student died at her home in New York last Thursday morning. Josephine was a kind hearted girl while here at school.

Miss Jackson, recently the girls' matron, was a caller at the school on Sunday afternoon and took the girls out for a walk. It is hoped that she will come often as her smiling face is always a welcome sight—

The toy baskets, and chairs, which were made by the little Normal pupils, are for sale. Several have been sold during the last two weeks.—

The money will go toward buying more raffia for the work.—

The hospital is one of the most attractive buildings at the school. The painters have recently painted the floors in the wards and halls; and the dining-room floor has been beautifully oiled and varnished. The outside of the building is now receiving a coat of paint. Sunday morning inspectors are always welcome. All the patients are convalescing.—

Our boys play Medico-Chi tomorrow at Indian field.

Peter Francis, who entered this school a few days ago, has entered the printing corps.—

The Sophomores Sunday School class elected Miss Florence Welch for their Secretary.

Julio Fernandez, who is now stopping in New York City, dropped in to see the school on Wednesday morning.

Little Isabel Wheelock was a perfect lady, she listened with the greatest attention while being baptized on Sunday last.—

The football boys of the first team had the honor of meeting and shaking hands with ex-Governor Hill of New York, at Ithaca.—

The boys are more than confident of scalping any team now because they have a new Tomahawk, a candidate for the team.

The Juniors are very proud of their classmates in the foot-ball team. They are Williams, Lubo, Mathews, Fisher and Sheldon.—

The game played between the Blacksmiths and the Tailors last Saturday resulted in a score of 32 to 0 in favor of the Blacksmiths.—

The Catholic pupils are allowed by the Sisters to hand in questions concerning their church. These are explained to them at their Sunday afternoon meetings.

Three boys from the Sophomore class are attending the Commercial College in town, that they might become useful in the line they are studying after they end connection with the school.

Jeanette Pocatello invited Francis Halftown, Rose Nelson and Elizabeth Knudsen to a dinner, which she prepared in her room last Sunday. It was very appetizing and daintily served.

A letter recently received from Josiah Powlas class '91, states that he has returned to his studies after a long stay at home. He is now a junior of Medical College in Milwaukee. If nothing very serious happens, in two years more, he will finish the courses of that institution.

Mr. Zeigler has brought some plants up from his house in town, and placed them in the harness shop, where they help much to cheer and enliven the harness makers. Possibly it was on this account that the leather workers defeated the Carpenters in a game of football last Saturday.—

The members of the band who went to Mt. Rock on Oct. 15th had the pleasure of hearing Governor Stone speak. One of the things which he said, that should be remembered is this:—"The man who lives simply to eat, drink and wear good clothes is not worth the space he occupies in this world."

Do not draw out money from the bank when you can help it. Think and save, see how much you can save at the time when your time expires at Carlisle. It has been noticed that some girls have to sit and think before they could make out their request papers, just because they don't know what they want or what they should get—

We see by the Chippewa Herald, White Earth, Minn., that "Rea Funk, one of our pupils, left for Haskell Institute last Monday where he goes to enter the school. We will miss Rea in the printing office and in the band." The Man-on-the-band-stand remembers Rea as one of our "white" little Indians, for a time, and a bright pupil.

Mr. J. N. Choate, the well known photographer of Carlisle and who for many years was largely connected with the school, suddenly passed into eternity last week while sitting quietly in his office chair. We all mourn the loss of Mr. Choate. He had many friends wherever he went, his death was a sudden shock to the people in Carlisle. He died with an attack of rheumatism of the heart.

Clarence L. Butler, class '98, whose name appeared in the Helper several weeks ago, writes that he has been appointed Electrician at Warm Springs, Oregon, instead of an assistant, we misunderstood the statement at the time, and the error we correct in this week's paper. He writes he is quite contented, and feels as though he is doing well. Good for Mr. Butler, we hope he will continue to keep up his good spirit.

THE CARLISLE INDIAN BAND AT HAGERSTOWN.

On October 16th our band furnished music at the Hagerstown Fair. The following incident is related by one of the members.

After taking supper we marched to the station. But on being informed that there were two hours to wait, we broke ranks and started out in different directions to "take in" the town.

As the waiting-rooms were so crowded that it was not safe to leave our instruments there, one of the boys and myself went to the nearest drug store and asked one of the gentlemen behind the counter to permit us to leave our instruments there until we were ready to leave the town. His coarse rude answer was:—"yes but dont get drunk and forget them here." Our white brother must have been ignorant of the fact that we were members of the "Carlisle Indian Band" and not of the average white one.

It happened that he was speaking to a couple of Indian bandmen who had been out on such trips with white bands and knew that it was a usual occurrence with the average military and town bands to club together, get a keg of beer and go off in some alley to tap it, the result being in many cases a night in the "lock up" or his instrument remaining wherever they happen to be, often times out in the rain.

Right here the white bandmen might learn a valuable lesson from his red brother. When we go anywhere to play our appetite is satisfied with a good "square meal" with this, and when we have done our duty we come home together, leaving no one in the "lock up" nor instruments scattered all over the town.

A. M. V.

A Neutral Mother.

Mrs. A. S. Warner, of New York State, the mother of Wm. Warner, Captain of the Cornell Football team, and our coach "Pop" Warner, wrote the following lines and sent to Captain Warner after the Cornell Indian game last Saturday. She no doubt was glad to see Pop Warner's Indians defeat the Cornellians and yet felt sorry for her "Will," the Captain:

The Cornell giants tried one day,
The Carlisle red men for to play.
"Though they might score upon a pinch,"
They thought the winning was a cinch.

Alas! vain thought, the dusky reds,
Made Cornell giants lose their heads.
And when they counted up the score,
Cornell was beaten by just four.

Alas! Alack! how sad the day,
When Carlisle red men came to play
The record stands before all men,
T' was Cornell six Carlisle ten.
A. S. W.

A Letter from a Carlisle Graduate.

Melinda Metoxen writes, "I am just now employed at the Oneida School as seamstress, I enjoy my work very much indeed, am in perfect health and never felt so well and happy as I do now.

I have had a very pleasant summer, Cynthia Webster spent her vacation with me and it was such a treat.

Jonas Metoxen has a little baby boy and he is just the picture of his father. He is so fat he can hardly see, he will surely be a full-back some day. He has blue eyes and a very fair complexion.

Jonas and his wife live in a nice new frame house which has a bay window."

The third team played the Shenandoah Valley Academy foot-ball team on the fair grounds at Winchester, Wednesday. Fully 3,000 people saw the game, few of whom had ever witnessed a game before.

Shenandoah Valley kicked-off at 3:30. Our boys played a very fast, snappy, and aggressive game shutting out their opponents and scoring 39 points. The Shenandoah boys were persistent and continued to do their best till time was called. Halves of 25 and 20 minutes were played.

Mrs. Alice Lambert Otto, class '95, is with her husband at the Shoshone Agency School, Wyoming. They enjoy their work, but Mrs. Otto's health is not good. The young people there who have attended Carlisle, seems to be getting on well, considering the disadvantages under which they labor. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Wheelock, exstudent are both employed in the Shoshone School. They have 150 children enrolled so far, and expect more. Mrs. Otto's two children attended School last year. Mrs. Otto was known as Alice Lambert, and was a member of the printers corps.

MR. GANSWORTH IN MICHIGAN.

When Mr. Gansworth was in Michigan a few weeks ago he wrote the following letter which has been crowded out, until now. The space we give it will be well used, as Mr. Gansworth is an observer as well as a scholar, and his letter will be read with interest:

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:—

If it be not contrary to your custom and I have found favor in your sight, pray, allow me some space in your paper. My head is over-stocked with impressions, ideas, and "what-nots" and I would like to unload some of them and spread them out on your paper. They may not consent to remain there very long but at least they will get an "airing" which may do them good.

It's pretty windy up here and I wonder that the ideas and "what-nots" didn't elope with the wind. The impressions, of course, have enthroned themselves in my head and there they expect to remain—the impostors!

Speaking of the wind reminds me of the unpleasant experience I had with it the other day up in St. Ignace, and of the gallant service a man up there rendered me, or rather my hat.

While I was walking up and down the dock, waiting for a boat back to Mackinaw City, a treacherous little puff of wind came along, maliciously took my hat off from my head, and ruthlessly flung it into the lake. And there I stood without a hat and no way of getting it!

What was I to do? I couldn't swim for it, nor row for it, nor fish it out. But as for the hat, it floated easily and rode the waves as gracefully as the proudest sea-gull on Mackinaw Strait.

A phlegmatic old man who saw my plight ter go to me: "Maybe it ain't no harm ter go ter the store down there on the corner and buy yerself a new hat." So I betook myself thither and bought a brand new Der Kaiser Wilhelm cap.

Meanwhile a crowd had gathered and one brave man actually saved the hat from a watery grave!

Just then I appeared on the scene. A cheer went up—for me or the hat, I know not which. "Make him tip you, he's got lots o' money," I heard a small boy's voice say. So I inquired for the man who had done the work. "It's him" five or six of the crowd said pointing to a young man apparently twenty-five years old. He got a quarter, I, a hat, and we both went our way happy.

By this time the boat, a large railroad ferry, was loaded and ready to start. So I boarded her and soon she was on her way to Mackinaw City heavily laden with passenger cars, freight cars, and passengers.

An hour for dinner at this old lumber city: fried bacon, codfish balls, stewed prunes and a few other things—all for five cents! But I was hungry.

'Twas half past three that afternoon when I stepped off the train at Petoskey. Quite a different place from Mackinaw was this. Not so many lumber piles nor so many heaps of saw-dust, and the houses looked as though the owners had some domestic pride. Large beautiful hotels, too, graced the place, and there are drug-stores, Indian curio stores, Oriental bazaars galore.

The informal saloons are there too, ready to accommodate every silly-ite who comes along. Petoskey is a healthy place and, withal, a beautiful place. Thousands of people come here during the summer months to seek relief from hay-fever, heat, or the rush of business.

Here I made straight for William Petoskey's. He is one of Carlisle's noble sons—not a granduate but one who has made splendid use of the opportunities he had at Carlisle. He is a missionary among the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians around Petoskey. He is also a farmer; and more than that, he is an American citizen.

The day was Saturday, the hour six, and over in the west the sun was setting behind dark, heavy clouds. It looked as if it might rain. William was in his oats field hauling grain and he was in good old Bucks County style too. He was loath to stop his work until he learned that I had come from Carlisle. And then not even the prospects of having some of his grain get wet could have kept him from jumping off his load of oats and coming down to ask about his Alma Mater and his old friends at the school.

Of course the next day we went to church, William and I. The services were

conducted in Indian and a more beautiful language I never heard than the Ottawa—so smooth and rhythmic and musical. That good old word "Manitou," immortalized by Longfellow, still rings in my ears. The Ottawas pronounce it "Manidoo" with a rising inflection on the last syllable.

I should like to tell you more about the quaint services of the morning; and I should like to tell you how in the afternoon we travelled fifteen miles by train, three on foot to the old log church on the hill where William was to preach; and how when we got there we learned that the congregation had moved four miles beyond to the bedside of a sick lady.

But I must hurry on. Most of the Indians through this part of Michigan are taxpaying citizens. Most of them are industrious. You may find the men in the lumber camps, in the saw mills, on the boats of the lakes, and you may find the women busy with their house-work, or working at some hotel or with some private family. Men get from a dollar to three dollars a day for their work.

But here's the worst part of the story: A great many of them are addicted to the drink habit. They'll work hard all the week and on Saturday night get beastly drunk.

But so do the white people there. The life of the lumber camps and the life of the sailor is rough at best. A man who doesn't drink, smoke and gamble has almost no standing there.

Whom then shall we blame for this drink habit among these Indians, the Indians themselves because of an alleged inherent craving for liquor or the white people whose example is ever before them?

Milord, I have done.

HOWARD EDWARDS GANSWORTH.

A MISSIONARY VISITOR.

Rev. L. M. Lawrence, Presbyterian missionary on the Cattaraugus Reservation in Western New York arrived Friday morning with eight students, among them Glennie Waterman who has returned for another term. Mr. Lawrence remained over Sunday and was present at the Saturday evening meeting in the chapel.

Being introduced by Colonel Pratt, Mr. Lawrence after greeting the students and speaking of his pleasure in witnessing the evening's demonstration said that the Carlisle's demonstration was something he had not before experienced, but having seen it, and heard it, and felt it he wanted more of it, and that hereafter he would be a more loyal adherent of Carlisle than ever before because he knew Colonel Pratt was on the right track and that his counsel and encouragement to Indians was always the best.

His remarks were in part as follows:

"These victories are only lessons to us. I was very glad to hear the Colonel speak of the victory against odds. What would a victory be worth if it were not against odds, if we do not meet those worthy of our best effort and endeavors? I believe this is only the earnest of the victory we shall win. A hymn we sing says that out of every tribe and nation we are to win as children of God; that we are to stand on a plane of equality with every individual. It is a right, God has given us, the right to be the best individual it is possible for God to create.

I am glad Colonel Pratt has so high an ideal because it costs something to attain it. I am glad there is something in our every day life for us to strive for and attain unto, and to win gloriously in the strife it means as great a fight as ever mortal was engaged in. Conquering the evil in one's nature and coming up little by little to the place where we shall be masters of ourselves requires strong, steady effort. To this end God gives us the chance to win victories here and there along life's pathway. You win them in the school room and in the trade room. You have won a victory today. Some will win in days to come, on the morrow, and these coming victories shall tell for the supremacy of good in the world. That old man of the Bible wrote better perhaps than he knew when he gave us that letter of large ideals and then said, 'I can do all things through the Christ that strengtheneth me.'

The word I would leave with you tonight, my friends, is that the victories God so kindly and plentifully allows us to win here are only the earnest of those we shall know above, and the more we study the thoughts and life of our Master and live like him the better we are prepared to win. As in your spirit of

loyalty tonight you manifested the Carlisle spirit and were not afraid to carry it beyond the bounds of the school, so may you with courage carry out the principle and teachings received here and great will be your victory. And it will come that the proudest distinction will be that which traces back its beginning to your old alma-mater, Carlisle.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

To the editor of the RED MAN AND HELPER

When we reduce to first principles this complex thing called to talk; do we not go to our friends solely to talk with them? Do we not invite them, that, we may exchange ideas and compare views on subjects of mental interest? Still as things go, people meet all through a season in the midst of social gatherings, at receptions, and entertainments of all kinds without exchanging one word in the way of true intercourse.

We fail to find the clue to the labyrinth of inner life, and know as little of one another's inner tasks and convictions as if we did not meet at all.

We are rich in society and yet poor in companionship and in the overflow of our chatter we are starved for conversation. The privilege of having some one with whom we may exchange a few rational words every day, as Emerson phrases it: "Is the choicest gift in life."

During the past 15 years I have been in close contact with many people of the Latin and Slavic races and thus feel that I am competent to express an opinion concerning them.

There are undesirable and worthless ones among them, it is true, but among what race can we not find such ones?

There is a too general disposition to regard these races as undesirable and incapable of assimilating with the Anglo-Saxon.

This disposition is based on prejudice and ignorance of real facts. They are thrifty, as the savings bank accounts of thousands of them prove; they are, as workmen, industrious and amenable to discipline.

It is not only true that they furnish labor for which there is a great demand here but also true that without them we could not build our railroad and public works nor operate our mines.

There are classes of work that the average American whether of native or foreign parentage, will not do.

These men are looking for work at trades and professions, when not for soft snaps, so that we must depend on the Latin and Slav for pick and shovel work. Americanized will probably not be available for such work as their fathers perform so that it will be necessary to continue to recruit unskilled labor from Southern Europe.

After one generation of residence here, these Slavs and Latins do become Americanized and thoroughly assimilated with our body politic.

That they are capable of absorbing the American idea is shown by the fact, that, under a Kosciusko, a Kossuth, and a Garibaldi, they have already at home fought for Liberty quite as gloriously as we did in '76.

We did in '76. This country should be open to any man who will work. The Indians could have stayed here, had they worked, for work is the foundation of military, as well as of industrial greatness. The race that shall dominate is the race that will be based on the doctrine of equality. The doctrine that knows no race, no color, no Gentile nor Jew, but only man and the man who will work. "Go thou and do likewise."—R.H.

HE KNEW AN AMERICAN.

American towns and cities have dirty streets, and Americans are very careless about throwing bits of paper and trash in places that should be kept clean. It would not do for some of our students to go to Paris, unless they change the way they have of throwing apple-cores and papers on the walk. This little story has its lesson for us: "Here, you little American girl, you pick up every piece of that paper!" was the command which a little visitor to Paris was surprised to receive from a policeman on the street.

The child, who was with her mother had torn a piece of paper into fragments and thrown them on the pavement.

The embarrassed mother was obliged, to stand by and see her little daughter, who had probably never before been asked to wait on herself, pick up every bit of the offending letter, while the officer watched the process as grimly as if guarding a house breaker.—[Christian Register.

What Is The Difference Between Good And Bad People?

The Pittsburg Observer has these comments to make on the subject:

The only difference between good and bad people is that the first conquer temptation, while the latter are conquered by it.

Temptations prove what we are, whether we are all full of character or deficient in it.

One of the best means to overcome them is to cultivate a thoughtful spirit.

The young woman with the precious gift of common sense can easily discern the ugliness that often lies hidden in an attractive covering. I only wish I had a thousand tongues, to tell the power that lies in always doing what is right. It is always well to remember that one's self is one's worst enemy, and that the greatest mistake and the one that leads to all others, is made when we deceive ourselves by allowing our reason to be blinded by foolish feelings or vain pride.

Self-deception is the root of all evil, while the cultivation of high reason is the basis of all good.

Killing Time.

"When I was a boy in a printer's office," says Robert Bonner, "and it came along about three o'clock in the afternoon, I would say to myself, 'suppose the proprietor should come up when we are at work and say, 'Robert, what have you been doing today?' what would I answer? He never did such a thing but I used to reason to myself, suppose he were to do it? If I could not, with pride and pleasure point to what I had been doing, I would pack up at six o'clock and leave the place. I consider that kind of spirit is an element of success, and there is always room for men who show that kind of disposition. The indolent man, who shiftlessly goes through his day's work, will never reach the goal of success. The man who is constantly watching the clock, waiting until it shall strike six, and trying to kill time—well, it will not be long until time will kill him, so far as business is concerned."—[Ex.

Old lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the gov'nor told me to do, mum.

Told you, mum?

Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money.

Our Football Schedule.

Sept. 20, Lebanon Valley College at Carlisle. Won 48 to 0.
 " 27, Gettysburg at Carlisle. Won 25 to 0.
 Oct. 4, Dickinson on our field. Forfeited to the Indians.
 " 11, Bucknell at Williamsport. Lost 16 to 0.
 " 15, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle. Won, 50 to 0.
 " 18, Cornell at Ithaca. Won, 10 to 6.
 " 25, Medico-Chi at Carlisle.
 Nov. 1st, Harvard at Cambridge.
 " 8, Susquehanna at Carlisle.
 " 15, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
 " 22, University of Virginia at Norfolk.
 " 27, Georgetown at Washington.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.
 My 7, 3, 8, is another name for a sailor.
 My 1, 9, 4, is an implement used in writing.
 My 6, 10, 1 is to strike lightly,
 My 11, 8, 5, 2, is said of one who is faithful.
 My whole is what the Printers enjoyed after their victory last Saturday.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Beaten.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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