

# The Red Man and Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

THE RED MAN.

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 19. (18-20)

## SWEET SIMPLICITY

WHEN the English tongue we speak  
Why is "break" not rhymed with  
"freak?"  
Will you tell me why it's true  
We say "sew," but likewise "few?"  
And the maker of a verse  
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse?"  
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard;"  
"Cord" is different from "word;"  
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;  
"Shoe" is never rhymed with foe."  
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose;"  
Think of "goose"—and yet off "choose."  
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb;"  
"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."  
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"  
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?  
We have "blood" and "flood" and "good;"  
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could"  
Wherefore "done" but "gone" and "lone?"  
Is there any reason known?  
And, in short, it seems to me  
Sound and letters disagree.

EDWIN L. SABIN,  
in the Bangalore Magazine.

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

SHERMAN INSTITUTE  
RIVERSIDE, CAL., Nov. 15 1902.

DEAR RED MAN AND HELPER:

This is the season of football the continent over, and you will feel more than an ordinary interest in accounts of the games played here between your brother red men and the pale faces of the Pacific coast.

This afternoon witnessed the first game which has needed any thing like work on the part of the Sherman Institute team, as they easily out class all the small college teams they have met so far.

Thoughts of the game between Carlisle and University of Pennsylvania were in my mind, and I wondered how many blankets were needed to protect the rooters from the November winds, possibly snow squalls, which memory brought vividly to mind in contrast to the summer like scene here.

Trees in their greenest dresses after the recent rain, and the park near by a wealth of roses, chrysanthemums and other flowers in full bloom, and only the snow crowned peaks of the St. Bernardino range some thirty miles away looking down upon us from their serene heights gave a hint of winter.

Royal purple and old gold are the Sherman colors, and both grand stand and bleachers glowed with their rich hues, floating from canes, and horns, or fastened on the dresses, jackets and coats of old and young among the fine representative hundreds sent out from Riverside and surrounding towns.

The Indian band, which is now in excellent form, enlivened the period of waiting before the game began.

It was a general disappointment that there could be no playing between halves owing to the fact that some very efficient "subs" of the football team are also members of the band.

Reliance is an athletic club team of San Francisco, made up largely of ex-students of Stanford and Berkeley with the exception of Joseph Schildt, formerly of Carlisle Indian School, and though defeated recently by both these colleges they came south confident of easy victory over the Indians.

They are tremendous fellows, and looked so large when they ran out on the field that the Indians' friends felt just a bit apprehensive even while they cheered their loudest for the Sherman boys.

The Indians kicked off, and we were still more anxious for the first few minutes, as they were twice penalized for off side play, and we feared they were nervous in the face of their first big game.

But Reliance fumbled, and the Indians were at once themselves again as they got the ball and carried it over the goal line, in quick rushes, for a touchdown, in less than ten minutes from the first line up.

From that moment Reliance was not "in it", and Sherman was literally on top to the end [except twice] when Reliance

held them in desperation just for a moment or two, and twice when the wind carried Reliance's punts so that the ball's fall could not be properly judged.

The high wind also interfered with Nephus' place kicks. He tried twice, one only resulting in a goal from the field, though the other two were very near, and we could see the ball swerved aside by the wind.

It was a pretty game on the Indians' side, for they were quick as a flash in their play, and made many graceful runs, while their turning, dodging and hurdling in running with the ball, their fine interference, and their marvelous gains when tackled, crawling two or three yards it seemed sometimes, with the red and white sweaters and stockings clinging to their feet and legs and trying in vain to stop the progress of the ball, all sent the spectators into roars of enthusiastic applause.

It became funny, too, to see one of these Reliance giants laid out about every five minutes while their comrades were taking breath, though no doubt they really needed the rest, for the Indian line certainly hit their opponents hard, and though Reliance had evidently expected to break the Sherman line with ease as the mass formation seemed their only play, the Indians broke through wherever and whenever they chose, and doubled the ends at their own sweet will, and the result was 28-0.

If it had not been so important a game it would have been too one-sided to be interesting, but it decided the Indians' class, and clinched the pending game with Berkeley at Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day.

Had Sherman been defeated by Reliance Berkeley would not have come south.

Bemus Pierce has won the highest praise on all sides for his coaching of the Indians.

As my letter is closing comes the news of Carlisle's victory over the University of Pennsylvania. Rah, rah, rah Carlisle! Carlisle! Carlisle!

Now I should like to see Carlisle and Sherman play, for it would be a magnificent game, I am sure.

I should wear Indian red on one side and royal purple on the other, with the old gold between, cheer for both sides, and look for a tied score!

There is a most friendly feeling of interest here in the Carlisle games; the papers are eagerly watched for reports of them, and Carlisle's victories received with enthusiasm.

It is a brotherly spirit that ought to exist between all the Indian Schools and the father of Indian schools.

JESSIE W. COOK.

## A Good Study on Words For Those Learning English.

"Is this the best wurst you can send me?" asked the lady who walked into the meat store with a package of that edible in her hand.

"Madam," answered the meat man, "It is the best wurst we have."

"Well, it is the worst wurst I ever saw!"

"I am sorry to hear that. The best I can do is to try and send you some better wurst from to day's lot, but as I said that was the best wurst we have at present. I am sure, however, that the wurst we are now making will not be any worse than this, and it ought to be better. I assure you that as soon as I get the wurst you shall have the best of it. We never gave any one the worst of it so long as we have been in the wurst business, and you may be sure that when we give you your wurst it will be the best. For our wurst is better wurst than the best wurst of our competitors."

But the lady, whose eyes had taken on a stare of glassiness, was seen to throw up her hands and flee from the place, for she was afraid the worst was yet to come.—[Baltimore American.

## AN INDIAN GIRL WHO MEANS BUSINESS.

One of our girls, Nellie Orme, had all sorts of helpful experiences in her few years with us, finding herself at times in country homes not the easiest and most desirable, but sticking to it and making a woman of herself, and when in from the country always working at the school with a will, hesitating not over tasks whether hard, pleasant or disagreeable, and pursuing her studies with the same vigor and ambition to excel. Her letter, only a part of which we print, tells her story since she left. She says:

I had a hard time when I left Carlisle. I thought sure I would have to hand in my papers when I had typhoid fever but I had a very fine doctor to pull me through and the dear Lord spared my life once more. I left the East a year ago this coming November 17th. Oh, how often I have wished myself back again.

This last June I nursed a case of typhoid fever for six weeks night and day.

I almost had it myself; the Doctor gave me some medicine to check it. The woman I nursed was in Tucson, at the St. Mary's Hospital.

The Sisters would say: 'Little girl why don't you study to be a trained nurse?'

Doctor says that I could not stand it very long.

At first I was in hopes I would be able to take it up, but I have gone in partnership with a person in the hotel business.

We opened September 1, '02.

This is our third month, and we are getting along nicely at present; for the last two months we received \$700 and cleared \$150.

I mean we received \$350 and cleared \$75 per month.

When we get more acquainted then we will have more business. It is a new thing to both of us, we are like two green horns starting out in a new business, but we look on the bright side and not on the dark side.

Of course we had to fit up all the rooms, five bedrooms and one large bedroom with six cots.

Dining room, kitchen, large hall, office and sitting room combined, and the cook's room, that is nine rooms altogether.

Our cook is a Jap, and a fine cook at that.

I have a Mexican girl for a dishwasher and I wait on the table.

Sometimes we have from twenty to thirty people; that is not so bad for this one-horse town.

I did all the sewing for the hotel, so you can imagine how busy I have been; no rest for the weary just now, but I don't mind it.

My partner has the mail contract from Casa Grande to Florence. The stage leaves here at seven o'clock, A. M. and arrives at six o'clock P. M. the same day, the round trip sixty miles.

When you happen to pass through just step off to see us and spend a day or two with us. The hotel is about 25 feet from the station.

I have a riding horse on which I go riding.

Indeed I enjoy horseback riding any day.

I went on horseback to Casa Grande ruins, and staid a week with some friends.

While there I took some views of the ruins with my new 5 x 7 camera which I got on my birthday.

The ruins is 18 miles north of here. In September I rode to Florence, 30 miles from here, and made it in 3 3/4 hours, and came back the same day in the same time. My horse was pretty tired.

On my way I saw a wild cat and a coyote, but I forgot my 41 double action pistol which I usually carry with me when crossing the desert, also a canteen of water.

Every night the coyotes come almost into town.

I am taking guitar lessons, and can

play a few pieces, and I've ordered a \$400-piano and expect to take lessons on it.

How are the people around there? Don't you think for a moment that I have forgotten you. There is always a warm spot in my heart for you.

Just think Miss Ely I ate a piece of big sweet water-melon this time of the year—yum! yum! yum! Don't that make your mouth water?

## GAINED TEN POUNDS.

From Golden, British Columbia, Arthur Sickles, class 1902, who learned most of what he knows about printing in our school printing office tells of experiences interesting to read.

He says:  
"I am not yet settled down to steady work in our new printing office. I have been very busy ever since I came to this northwestern town among the Rocky mountains.

We have succeeded thus far in setting-up a large jobber and I have been quite busy 'kicking off' the stationary for the company, as this envelope will testify.

This kind of power is quite cheap and is termed mule power.

The mining company is erecting a fine building which will contain our printing outfit, offices, a store and a public hall. It will, in the course of a few days be ready for its occupants.

As soon as we move to our new abode, an expert from Vancouver, about 500 miles distant, will come and put up our large Cottrell cylinder four-roller press. It weighs about seven tons. We shall use gasoline power.

There are but two of us in the office—the editor and myself, but we shall need a 'devil'; and then I can be relieved of acting as a devil and foreman at the same time.

We have had several snow storms lately and the mountains which are all around us are covered with six and seven feet of snow.

Yesterday and this afternoon I heard several snow slides. They make a noise like a distant peal of thunder.

The sides of the mountains are covered with trees up to the line of perpetual snow.

Among these trees are long avenues as straight as an arrow.

These were made by the snow sliding down taking everything before it.

The only excitement this town knows, other than dancing and skating, is the arrival of two passenger trains a day. One from the West in the afternoon about two o'clock and the other is due here in the morning about ten thirty, but is generally nine or ten hours late. This is caused by the long grades up which that train has to come on its journey from the East.

The climate agrees with us all very well, and I have gained ten pounds since I came, which was on the 14th of October.

After I have gotten down to a regular routine of work I shall with pleasure try to get a number of subscribers for your paper as well as for our own. I have spoken to the editor of our paper pertaining to the Carlisle paper and he asked me to send in his name.

ARTHUR M. SICKLES.

## ANOTHER TONGUE TWISTER.

We need tongue twisters, for some of us have great trouble in giving the exact sound of the vowels. The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to hear this read or spoken some monthly exhibition night:

Betty Botter bought some butter;  
"But" she said, "this butter's bitter;  
If I put it in my batter,  
It will make the batter bitter;  
But a bit of better butter  
Will make my batter better."  
So she bought a bit o' better  
Better than the bitter butter,  
And made her bitter batter better.  
So 'twas better Betty Botter,  
Bought a bit of better butter,  
[The Moderator.]

## THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE  
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER  
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN  
ADVANCE.

Address all Correspondence:

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,  
Carlisle, Pa.Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second  
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.WHY WE WERE ESPECIALLY THANKFUL  
YESTERDAY AT THE CARLISLE  
INDIAN SCHOOL.

That we were well.

That it was a holiday.

That when we gave the first look out  
of the window in the morning, the smoke  
from our great stack was going straight  
up in the air, showing that the rain was  
over.That there was a northwest wind blow  
ing insuring a first-class football day.That everybody seemed happy all the  
day long.That Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, of Steel-  
ton, as well as other guests could be with  
us.That our boys and girls were well-  
clothed, well-fed and comfortable in the  
face of approaching winter.That 65 big turkeys were lying in a  
row, to give us a typical Thanksgiving  
Dinner, and so on, and so on.

## The Service at Nine O'clock.

The large bell at 8:45 was the first to an-  
nounce that Thanksgiving surely was  
upon us, and that a general service was to  
be held in the School Assembly Hall.On entering, we were brought forcibly  
to mind that out of many blessings during  
the year the farms had yielded fruit and  
vegetables more abundantly than at any  
previous year in the history of the  
school.The decoration committee—Miss Hill  
and Miss McIntire, with such aid as they  
could command had arranged upon the  
platform in very artistic manner most  
wonderful and beautiful specimens of  
the products of the farm."Old Glory" was draped in the back-  
ground and over the pulpit.A shock of corn—and such stalks—  
sheaves of wheat, pumpkins little and  
pumpkins big, great rutabagas, parsnips,  
turnips, cabbage-heads tremendous in  
size, ears of corn, varicolored and large,  
the fragrant onion, brilliant beets, and  
carrots with pretty green tops, simlins of  
poetic fame, and the dull, homely, com-  
mon potato, which outdid itself this year  
in wonderful growth and abundance, the  
rosy apple and bright, red tomato; all  
these things and more were spread to  
view in most attractive style.The Band played "Lead Kindly Light,"  
and all were brought by the lovely strains  
of music into a subdued and thankful at-  
titude, ready for the regular service, con-  
ducted by Assistant Superintendent Allen  
(in the absence of Colonel Pratt) and  
Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer of the First Luth-  
eran Church of Carlisle.Mr. Diffenderfer's talk took a different  
turn from what his audience anticipated,  
for he made conspicuous the idea that we  
had perhaps more reason to be thankful  
for the blunders and mistakes of life  
than for almost any other cause. He  
carried us from mirth to seriousness, until  
we were fully in accord with the senti-  
ment that blunders were blessings in  
disguise.Going back to the time when it was the  
common blunder of the world to suppose  
that the earth was flat, the speaker show-  
ed that because of that mistaken idea,  
Columbus having a different view insist-  
ed that a passage to India was possible  
by sailing west from Spain; then because  
of adverse winds the vessels of that brave  
adventurer landed at San Salvador in  
1492, instead of on the main land, think-  
ing they had reached India. That was  
a blunder, and this country was left to  
the English who have made it the "land  
of the free and the home of the brave."  
He showed that it was a mistake on the  
part of the Dutch, but a blessing to us,that they gave over all their possessions  
into the hands of the English, whose  
thrift and energy have made Greater  
New York possible.It was counted a blunder by many in  
the days of the Continental Congress  
that George Washington was elected the  
first President of the United States, and  
another blunder that Napoleon sold the  
Louisiana District. Some said it was a  
mistake for the United States to free  
Cuba from the Spanish Government,  
and another when we got possession of  
the Philippine Islands; but may we not  
thank God, even if some one has blun-  
dered, that we now have the privilege of  
carrying to those natives the Gospel?Our great nation seems to have been  
built up on the mistakes of our ancestors,  
but have we not reason to be thankful  
that we live in America, under the stars  
and stripes? The speaker closed with  
one of Whittier's beautiful poems.We wish we had taken Mr. Diffen-  
derfer's speech in full, for we never heard  
him when he was more eloquent and held  
his audience more eager to hear every  
word.Before the close of the service Miss  
Senseney sang an appropriate solo in her  
usually good voice, and the Band play-  
ed the students out by a lively march.

## The Printer-Blacksmith Game.

Immediately after service the main  
body of the school went directly to the  
Athletic field. The hour appointed for  
the championship game had arrived.The game between the Blacksmiths  
and Carpenters last Saturday had result-  
ed in a shut out for the Carpenters, the  
Blacksmiths scoring 17 points. The Car-  
penters, two weeks before this, defeated  
the Printers by a score of 11 to 0, and the  
first game between the 'smiths and Car-  
penters resulted in a tie score of 6-6, so in  
order to decide which team should play  
the championship game, the wood-  
workers and iron-workers had to play  
again, in which the Blacksmiths won.This seemingly easy victory over the  
only team that had defeated the Printers  
within the last three years gave the  
Blacksmiths great confidence of being the  
champions this year, with expectations of  
even shutting out the Printers, while the  
followers of each team were defying each  
other as to the probable result in the final  
contest.So it was that when the boys and girls  
made their way to the bleachers they  
were in high spirits, the Blacksmith root-  
ers taking the south end of the bleachers  
and the typo followers the north end.

Songs and yells filled the air.

The Blacksmiths, Capt. Elijah Whee-  
lock, came out first and were cheered to  
the echo. The stocky looking squad made  
the typo spirits somewhat shaky, for they  
thought the feather-weight printer squad  
had a poor chance of winning on a mud-  
dy field against so much brawn.At 10:30 Captain Ruiz's boys came on  
the field and proceeded to go through  
their signals.Soon after this the game started, the  
Blacksmiths kicking off.After the first few rushes the Black-  
smiths held the Printers for downs and  
the ball went to them on the 45-yard line  
and from there they rushed the ball to  
the 25-yard line where Louis Island  
kicked a beautiful goal from the field,  
making the first and only score for the  
Blacksmiths.The Printers got the ball soon after the  
second kick off and began to work the  
line and ends for good gains, which soon  
took them over the goal line for a touch  
down. Libby kicked a difficult goal, end-  
ing the first half with the score 6 to 5 in  
favor of the Printers.In the second half the typos repeated  
their fast work and completely outplayed  
the Blacksmiths, making one more touch-  
down and kicking a goal, the final score  
being 12 to 5. The Blacksmiths played a  
hard and clean game and deserve much  
credit for their good work.

## The Dinners.

Almost directly from the game we were  
called to the dinner table. First the stu-  
dent's dinner commanded attention, and  
the repast set before our army of vigorous  
young manhood and womanhood was de-  
serving of the zest displayed in the way  
the edibles from roast-turkey and cran-  
berry sauce, mashed Irish and browned  
sweet potatoes, sugar-corn, celery salad,  
pumpkin-pie, cheese, cake, apples, bana-  
nas, down to coffee, were disposed of.

It was a great dinner, but not too great.

The turkeys were done to a turn, and the  
Man-on-the-band-stand noticed that  
more of the carvers at the heads of tables  
cut up their birds with professional skill  
than heretofore.To Mr. Kensler, Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie,  
and to the bakers who roasted the turkeys  
the students are indebted specially for  
their feast, not forgetting the Colonel and  
the good Government back of it all.From the students' dining hall, the  
faculty went to the Club rooms where a  
royal feast was spread, in most approved  
style. Miss Noble spared no pains in dec-  
orations and attractive table trimmings.  
New and appropriate pictures adorned the  
walls and potted plants occupied posi-  
tions that would have looked bare with-  
out them. Lace curtains had been hung  
at the windows, through which the light  
was softened and subdued.Blue points on the half-shell, consomme,  
roast turkey with oyster filling, mashed  
potatoes, corn, sweet-potatoes, stewed  
onions, celery, orange sherbet, French  
pea-salad, bread sandwiches, olives, pick-  
les, mince-pie, pumpkin-pie, pineapple,  
cheese, nuts, raisins, Malaga grapes,  
cherry cream, assorted cakes, bon-bons,  
and cafe noir, were some of the things  
indulged in. Miss Noble, or the fates,  
one hardly knows which, had turned the  
clock one hour ahead, so determined were  
they to have a fashionable hour for this  
the greatest dinner of the year.No one was late, and for one hour and  
a half the people sat and chatted and ate  
and enjoyed life, oblivious to care and  
future duties.Guests present from a distance were  
Mrs. Nana Allen of St. Louis, Mrs. Pick-  
ard, of Indiana, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins,  
of Steelton, Miss Tomlins, of New York,  
Mrs. Day, of Minnesota, Mrs. Senseney,  
of Chambersburg, Messrs. J. Kirk, Bryce  
and Lloyd Bryant of Pittsburg, Miss Lil-  
lian Brown, of Bloomsburg and Miss Ger-  
trude Burgess, of San Francisco. Assist.  
Superintendent and Mrs. Allen, who  
reside on the grounds, were also guests,  
as well as Mrs. Bennett of the near farm.To Miss Noble, Mrs. Rumsport and the  
efficient and willing girls who waited up-  
on the tables praise is merited for the ele-  
gant repast and delightful occasion all  
around.Another dinner on the grounds much  
enjoyed was the one at the hospital,  
where Miss Barr was ye hostess to invit-  
ed guests—Mrs. Craft, Mrs. Thompson,  
and Master Brewster Gallop.

## More Games.

After dinner there were other games.  
One between the so-called Westerners,  
Capt. Albert Sheldon and Easterners,  
Capt. Billings, all from the small boys'  
quarters, which resulted in a score of 11-0  
in favor of the former; and while the game  
was being played between Pennsylvania  
and Cornell at Philadelphia, Henry Shin-  
bone organized a team called "Pennsyl-  
vania" and Fred Waterman one called  
"Cornell," and before a large audience of  
students fought a hard game on our field,  
"Pennsylvania" winning by the score 6-0.  
The unique rooting in this game was  
a striking feature, and made very funny  
by the antics of some of the boys.The smallest boys of all then rallied  
and put up a lively game, which Miss  
Tomlins witnessed and which, from her  
own story, was hard for her to keep from  
entering, it being the first game she ever  
saw, and the small boys showing up the  
kind of energy she admires.As supper time approached, crowds of  
boys began to collect around the tele-  
phone building for the news from Wash-  
ington, where our regular team played  
Georgetown University. No news came  
until all were gathered at table, when  
such a roar and cheer as is rarely heard  
rent the air as victory on the part of  
the Indians was announced—score 21-0.After supper the girls made a wild rush  
for the band stand, shouting and singing  
the glad news.With what unison they sang the foot-  
ball song, and how pretty they looked  
under the incandescent lights!When their school-mother, Miss  
Weekley, made a motion for all to follow  
her, they did so, and went to the bal-  
conies, and the boys took speedy oc-  
cupancy of the band-stand; and then the  
cheering!From singing in harmonious cadence  
down to all sorts of school yells, some  
under the direction of cheer leaders and  
others in a cat-concert scream and roar  
with no leader, there was noise, noise.

Then the Band appeared, and all be-

came quiet, giving respectful attention  
from seven to eight to music such as our  
trained players can give under the direc-  
tion of Mr. Wheelock. The concert was  
greatly appreciated and was a fitting close  
to one of the most enjoyable holidays we  
have experienced for a long time.

## SATURDAY NIGHT'S MEETING.

Assistant Superintendent Allen con-  
ducted the regular Saturday evening  
meeting last week in the absence of Col.  
Pratt.The news, of the defeat of our team by  
the University of Virginia settled like a  
pall upon the school, and the leader's  
first words, after the usual opening ex-  
ercises, bore upon the discipline there is  
in defeat."There is discipline in defeat, but we  
would rather have the other fellows get  
it," said he; "the best way, however, is  
to take it philosophically."The lesson of the evening was a sym-  
pathetic overflow of encouragement for  
the homesick boys and girls, who go a  
long distance from home in pursuit of an  
education. Although homesickness is  
an illness that makes one suffer in every  
part of his makeup it never has necessi-  
tated the services of the undertaker.  
Though it is universal and extremely  
contagious it is never fatal.The Israelites longed for the flesh pots  
of Egypt and the Prodigal son returned to  
his father's home because of this malady.The children of Israel had poorer homes  
down on their reservation in Egypt than  
those on any Indian reservation in our  
country, but when the novelty of travel  
began to wear off and they were face to  
face with a different sort of life than they  
had known before, even though they were  
assured they were God's chosen people,  
they began to murmur and pine for the  
life of irresponsibility from which they  
had escaped, even though it was coupled  
with slavery.The Prodigal son belonged to that class  
of young men who call their fathers  
"Governor" or the "old man," who have  
longings to start out in life for themselves  
about the time Spring plowing begins at  
home, and return "to help the old folks" af-  
ter the corn has been gathered and put in  
the crib and the frost begins to pinch.He was homesick because the money  
his father gave him was all squandered,  
and he had to face the realities of life.This parable means not to tell of a good  
son but of the endless mercy of a loving  
father.We all know what it means when the  
new pupil is noticed sitting apart, with  
a far-away look not unmixed with tears.It draws us to the time when, away  
from home for the first time, we seemed  
utterly alone in the world far removed  
from love and sympathy.The old student is not always as con-  
siderate as he should be in his reception  
of our new friend.Instead of helping to smooth his way  
he often becomes so intent upon "sizing  
him up" as to forget his manifest duty.Let us never fail to do for the homesick  
boy or girl what we feel would have done  
us most good when we occupied his place.We cannot avoid occasional attacks of  
this malady, no matter how long we have  
lived and how great may have been our  
experience. All the harm lies in giving  
way to it. The boy who yields to his feel-  
ings and starts back toward his Egypt will  
never recover his lost ground. The run-  
away never is heard of when the success-  
ful Indians are named. Had the Israel-  
ites gone back the first time they felt  
lonesome a new people would doubtless  
have been chosen. Instead of being sick  
for the home that we have left for wider  
opportunities let us pine for the new one  
that we are determined to make for our-  
selves and never cease grieving for it un-  
til it is realized.

## Colonel Pratt Banqueted With The President.

Colonel Pratt being one of the 2000  
members of the Union League, Phila-  
delphia, attended the Fourth Annual  
Celebration of Founder's Day last Sat-  
urday, where the President of the United  
States was an honored guest.Besides the President, most of his Cab-  
inet and a number of distinguished Sen-  
ators and Congressmen were present.The Colonel was fortunate in securing  
a seat at the banquet table but a short  
distance from the head of our nation.

## Man-on-the-band-stand.

B. u. y. c.

Miss Laird visited schools in town last Friday.

What is b.u.y.c.? Why button up your coat, of course.

Colonel Pratt made a business trip to St. Louis, this week.

Printer Truman Doxtator is taking lessons upon the type-writer.

White Buffalo made many friends during his short stay with us.—

Nellie Orme's letter on the 1st page is breezy enough to please anyone.

Tiffany Bender is the newly elected historian for the Standard Society.—

A number of pupils from the lower grades are to be promoted, this month.

Miss Lillian Brown of the Bloomsburg Normal is visiting friends at the school.

The Juniors are learning quotations from the speeches of President Roosevelt.—

The paper will be delayed a day this week to get in the Thanksgiving news while fresh.

This week, Paul Segui set up and printed in Latin a four-page leaflet for the Catholic service.

Mrs. Sherry arrived on Tuesday, and will take No. 5 school room in the Academic department.

Did you notice the harmonious dwells in Vesper Hymn sung last Thursday night by the school?

Miss Gertrude Burgess, of San Francisco, is visiting her aunt, the chief clerk of the M. O. T. B. S.

Miss Richenda Pratt is visiting in Rochester, N. Y., where she is to be maid of honor at a friend's wedding.

Miss Estaine Depeltquestangue is again at her post of duty as assistant to the student's cashier—Mr. Miller.

Mrs. Cook's November blasts at the Philadelphia game were mild Spring zephyrs with the "zeph" left out.

Jane Marie, who went home last summer says, that she is well and wishes to be remembered to all her friends.—

Clarence Hill who has been acting as school building orderly has done some very creditable work in covering books.

Melissa Cornelius, who is in Morristown, N. J., writes to a friend that she likes her school and teacher very much.—

Johnson Bradley notes that the appearance of the country around Norfolk is very different from that of Pennsylvania.—

Minnie D. Reed writes that she is still working at the Crow Agency, and also that they have had their first fall of snow.—

Maud Sampson returned from the country last week, looking well. Her friends were glad to see her improvement.—

The reading room in the girls' quarters, has a very pleasing effect as one goes by and sees the girls all busily engaged in reading.—

A surrey is being crated for shipment to the Ponca Agency. It is finished in Brewster green and makes a very fine appearance.

Miss Newcomer has been advanced to No. 12—8th grade; Miss Roberts to No. 11—7th grade, and Mrs. Sherry starts with No. 5.

White Buffalo, of Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency, Oklahoma, has returned to his home after a few weeks' sojourn here on business.

Josephine Jannies, class 1902, has gone to a country home until a place at Drexel can be had, the beginning of next term, in February.

A sensational drop-kick, from the thirty-five yard line, was made by Louis Island, last Saturday, at the Blacksmith-Carpenter game.

The carpenters football team may not hold the championship this year, but they have quite a feather in their cap for being the only team that has beaten the Printers in three years.—

It is said the inhabitants of Dover, Ore., consist of only one family and yet it has its post office and mail carrier. The mail carrier, who is the head of this one family, makes his regular trip each day, and is paid by the Government, though he handles no mail except his own.—

A party of pupils arrived from Oregon, on Monday morning. They have a number of friends here who gave them a hearty welcome.—

Juan Pedro, who went to his home several weeks ago, is doing well. He is now employed in a hardware store in Tucson, Arizona.—

That's the way to put it: "I shall continue to subscribe to it as long as it appears. Success to the civilized Indian," says F. S., Brooklyn.

Last springs flood damaged the dam for our skating pond, so that a great deal of work has to be done on it before skating time comes around.—

Annie Parnell Little, class 1901, sends a subscription for herself saying she has not forgotten us, and she always speaks a good word for the school.

Frank Bishop went out bear hunting last Saturday to the North Mountains, but he said he didn't find any game bigger than a jack rabbit.—

Laura Parker writes that she is an assistant cashier at a Bank in Oklahoma. She is also taking a course in bookkeeping and likes it very much.—

Florence Sickles of the West Chester Normal school writes that she is getting along nicely. She is a Junior and her friends at Carlisle wish her success.—

Mrs. D. W. Day, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, an aunt of Mrs. Warner, and Mr. Frank Torone, of Silver Creek, New York, are her Thanksgiving guests.

Assistant Superintendent and Mrs. Allen entertained on Friday night, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank who were about to take their departure for California.

Felipa Amago, who is taking a course of training at the hospital, York, Pa. was here for a few days. She has gone to Dr. West at Kimblesville to spend the remainder of her vacation —

Many of the students of Hampton Institute saw the Virginia-Indian game last Saturday. They were a bright looking set of young men.—

Mrs. Munch is on the annual winter rounds among the girls in country homes. She is a new hand at the business, and will find numerous interesting features of the Outing System to engage her attention.

We see by a letter that Maggie Escar-segar, who went home last June, took civil service examination, and she has been teaching at one of the western schools. She says she is having a real good time.—

Paul Jones, who went to his home in Maine, has left his reservation and is now living in Virginia. Paul is working on a farm and he says that he enjoys his work much more than on the reservation.—

Mr. Gardner's force of carpenters are now working on the skating pond, getting it ready for the winter. They are straightening the water course, and the overflow of the pond will be much more easily handled.—

The girls are practicing on being more quiet and orderly when coming from chapel service. We hope they will keep at it until they can march as quietly and orderly as the boys do when they come from chapel, school and dining-hall.—

Mrs. Robert Marmon, Carlisle ex student, recently started for the school at Riverside, California, from Laguna, New Mexico with a party of twelve children to enter as students. We note among the number Miss Bertha Pradt, who was to return to Carlisle.—

Probably none of the football boys who were on board the steamer Alabama, on their way to Norfolk down the Chesapeake were perfectly safe from drowning. Our "Medicine-man" Denny, after reading the caution put on a life preserver before going to bed, and was still dissatisfied till he had another one on to insure his safety.—

Football is one of the ties that bind the younger aborigines. Looking over the make-up of the Carlisle Indian eleven we see that the Winnebago, the Cherokee, the Oneida, the Sioux, the Stockbridge, the Cheyenne, the Peigan, the Osage, the Seneca and the Mission (California) tribes are represented; nor is our list complete. This is one of the picturesque triumphs of civilization.

—[Boston Journal.

Miss Newcomer paid a Thanksgiving visit among friends up the valley.

Miss Moore and Miss Paull dined with Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt at Steelton yesterday.

The Susan's Glee Club made its first appearance in the society last Friday evening. They had to respond to an encore.—

Miss Bryant and her guests, Messrs. Bryant and Bryce, and Miss Gertrude Burgess pent yesterday on the Battle field at Gettysburg.

Word from Washington says that the Commissioner and Mrs. Jones took enthusiastic interest in the Georgetown-Indian game as it progressed yesterday.

Colonel Pratt arrived from St. Louis yesterday just in time not to eat dinner with the rest of us, but Miss Noble had looked out well for his share.

Miss Sarah Pratt spent Saturday and Sunday at the school, and entertained for dinner on Saturday evening, Misses Jane Smead, of Carlisle and Rebecca McKnight, granddaughter of our neighbor Judge Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank left for their new field of labor in Southern California, last Saturday night, carrying with them the best wishes of their co-workers. The Sophomore class presented Mr. Frank with two handsome books as tokens of esteem and remembrance.

The tinshop is admired by visitors these days. The rows upon rows of bright tinware so well made gives evidence of conscientious effort by both instructor and students. We should all move forward every day, having each day mark some change for the better.

We hope that our boys who saw the football game which was played last Saturday between Dickinson and State Colleges learned something about "College Spirit." In spite of the disagreeable rain the rooters on the both sides remained and cheered their warriors to the end.—

While the football team was at Norfolk, Va. some of the boys visited the market which was only a few yards from the hotel. It was a grand sight. They had seemingly every thing in market, but what struck the boys most were the opossums which sold at one dollar apiece.—

Miss Sarah Barber, of Lewisburg, cousin of Miss Forster, was the latter's guest on Wednesday. Miss Barber being an elocutionist read most charmingly several selections at the opening exercises of the school—among others Paul Laurence Dunbar's—"Signs of the Times," which was heartily enjoyed.

Miss Christine Tomlins, of New York, daughter of the distinguished chorus leader, is here for a week's stay, to give daily lectures to the Faculty upon the art of expression. She will also give points in physical culture, which is to have a direct bearing upon the carriage of the students.

Superintendent Potter, of the Chemawa Oregon, Indian School, stopped off for a day on his way to Washington, D. C. He is looking remarkably well save the absence of a familiar "landmark" on his upper lip. Mr. Potter is well known at Carlisle and is always warmly welcomed when he comes this way. He expects to visit his old home in Canada before he returns to the Pacific Coast.

The characteristic literature of the various periods of history is being taken up in the talks at the opening exercises of the school for the next few weeks. Last Thursday Miss Newcomer began with a consideration of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is a hard subject for a school of our grade, but Miss Newcomer succeeded admirably in bringing it within our range and filling it with interest for even primary children.

The younger ones were especially attentive to the accounts of the progress of the heroes who performed such wonderful feats.

An orderly was passing over the parade, tearing up a note, strewing the bits of paper along his path. Why not? Because we do not allow bits of paper on our parade. Some one has to pick up every bit of paper a person throws down, and isn't it thoughtless for us to throw things down for somebody else to pick up? If that orderly would tear up paper and throw it on the walks of some cities and towns, he would be arrested. A clean campus is pleasant to look upon.

## Virginia 6 — Carlisle 5.

Carlisle lost to Virginia at Norfolk last Saturday for the reason that they failed to adopt President Roosevelt's motto of playing hard when they played.

It was not until the second half that the players realized they had better follow that advice, and then the Virginia team with six points to their credit fought so desperately that it was no easy matter to turn the tide.

Over confidence, the greatest enemy to all football teams certainly has played havoc with the Indians this year as the players seem unable to resist its subtle influence despite these most urgent and frequent warnings.

Virginia forced the play in the first half and fairly earned their six points by rushing the ball nearly the whole length of the field mostly through the Carlisle guards.

In the second half the Indians woke up and played in something like old time form, and had Virginia on the defence all the time. The ball was rushed nearly to Virginia's goal several times and finally it was carried over by Charles who had taken William's place. Failure to kick an easy goal gave Virginia the victory, as time was nearly up when the touch-down was made.

Notwithstanding the fact that Johnson was not with the team and Lubo and Bowen were not in condition to play, Carlisle should have won had the players put forth their best efforts, although Virginia surprised every one by their hard scientific playing, and their victory was fairly won.

REPUTATION REDEEMED.—At the game yesterday with Georgetown University D. C., we won by a score of 21 to 0.

## THE NOVEMBER ENTERTAINMENT.

The best speaker at the November entertainment on the night of the 30th, was Daniel Eagle. He was at once graceful and forceful in his manner, dignified and impressive.

There were others who did good work, among them Emma Skye.

The Band discoursed good music, and the school song—Vesper Hymn sounded well, but rarely have we heard the choir sing with the soul, harmony, and clearness of enunciation that it did in "Massa Dear." It was all the better for having no piano accompaniment.

Elizabeth LaFrance, Blanche Lay, Louis Lazore, Arline Allen and Julia Tsaitcopta all deserve special mention for good expression.

Perhaps the best effort of the evening was by Annebuck, who became so thoroughly absorbed in what she was trying to tell us, and her ambition to pronounce distinctly was so determined that her recitation should act as a stimulus to us all, even those of us who do not labor under such difficulties.

## MRS. BERRY.

Mrs. Laura de Russy Berry attended the University of Virginia game last Saturday, at Norfolk. She lives there, and is full of praise at the way our boys played.

She has not seen them at their best. There was but one familiar face among them, she says, by letter, "yet I feel as proud of their work as though I were still connected with the school."

It will be remembered that Mrs. Berry, a few years since, was vocal instructor here.

## MISS CUMMINS.

Miss Cummins writes since yesterday's game that one of the players, Frank Beaver, 1901, was a pupil of hers when here as a teacher. She shouted for the Indians till she was hoarse and rejoices over their victory.

For a time Miss Cummins was not well, but she is happy to be able to say that she is now very well.

She is taking Swedish medical gymnastics.

We see by the Chippewa Herald that Mrs. Louise Wheelock, has resigned her position as assistant seamstress at Flan-dreau and that Disciplinarian Dennison Wheelock is in Northern Minnesota on his annual leave. They speak of cold weather up that way, while we are having beautifully moderate weather. LATER:—Mr. James Wheelock has since learned by letter that his brother Dennison has accepted a position at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, at an advanced salary, and will prepare an Indian band for the Great St. Louis Exposition.

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

What President Roosevelt said last week from the balcony of the new High School building in Philadelphia to hundreds of boys gathered in the street, thereby winning their hearts, are good words for everybody, and especially for all boys, including the Indians.

It was after his speech in the Assembly Hall of the building, where the boys could not crowd in, the room being given over to 2000 alumni and distinguished guests, but the President would not disappoint the boys, and from a balcony said in part: "Boys, it is perfectly easy to see in my reception to-day that you feel happy over the football game of yesterday.

I have it but a word to say to you, but with it I think those concerned in the development of your team will agree.

You are here to study, and while you are doing it study hard. When you get a chance to play outside play hard.

Don't forget this: That in the long run the man who shirks his work will shirk his play.

I remember a professor in Yale speaking to me of a member of the Yale eleven some years ago saying that fellow was going to fail; that he stands too low in his studies; he is slack there and he will be slack when he comes down to hard work on the gridiron.

He did fail, too.

You are preparing yourselves for the big work of life, and in after life I earnestly believe in each of you having as good a time as possible, but, make it come second to doing the best kind of work possible.

In your studies as in your sports, here in school and afterwards in life in doing your work in the great world, it is a safe plan to follow this rule, a rule I once heard preached on the football field: Don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard."

## Put Boys on Their Own Resources and Allow Them to Work out Their Destinies.

We are given two hands to use, and should be taught to employ them.

To know how to work is more beneficial than to know Greek roots, and to know how to work intelligently with hands, eyes and mind involves more genuine culture of the intellect and of the whole organism than any degree of memorizing of dead languages.

But let your boy work for some one else if possible, where he will be more on his own resources, or if he is in your employ show him no favoritism—pay him less than others get for the same work; go to the other extreme rather than have the boy form the idea that because he is working in his father's office or factory he thereby enjoys special privileges.

The Armours are doing such good work in the world because their father, P. D. Armour, acted on this principle.

Young Mr. Matthiessen, now president of the \$80,000,000 corn products company, began as a boy in the engine-room and worked up through every branch of the industry.

Thousands of like instances could be cited. Yet this phase of education is often overdone.

Too much struggle, too much practice is as bad in its way as too much theory.

It may furrow the mind and impart a coarseness of nature to a degree that blunts one's character for life.

The problem is to strike the golden mean.

The ignorant or unwise parent more often spoils his children by giving them an easy youth and much schooling than fathers of another type injure their boys by too much hard work.

—[Good House-keeping.

## A VERY OLD TABLE.

It is fashionable for people to buy old old furniture, and we wonder how much such people would give for THIS table.

A wealthy man was once exhibiting proudly to a younger acquaintance a table which he had bought. He said it was five hundred years old.

"That is nothing," remarked his young visitor; "I have in my possession a table which is more than three thousand years old."

"Three thousand years old!" said the host; "that is impossible. Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India. What kind of a table is it?"

"Why, the multiplication table of course."

## INDIANS AS LABORERS.

Gratifying indeed, to those interested in the civilization of the Indian, is the news of the success of the Commission of the New's recent policy of withdrawing rations and furnishing work whereby the Indian may earn his living by the sweat of his brow. During the past summer it has been fully demonstrated that the Indian will work if he knows he has to do so; and that they are very satisfactory as day laborers is evidenced by the fact that their employers speak very highly of them and are willing to continue to give them work.

After all it seems that human nature is pretty much the same in all races. The Indian has had no necessity to work. Why should he labor for food and raiment when he could get it without? How many white people would work if they could get a living without it? The Indian has been a spoiled child. The "Great Father" has been too indulgent, as rich parents often are, and in order "to keep the baby quiet" has fed him too much of the sweets of life. Now he comes forth with the strengthening cordial and muscle producing diet of honest labor, in homeopathic doses perhaps, at first, but by and by it will be dealt out in good old aleopathic quantities. Thrown entirely upon his own resources, the Indian will then realize what it is to be a man, a citizen and a responsible being.

Commissioner Jones has, we believe the earnest support and co-operation of all his workers in the field in his efforts to bring the Indian about to a fuller realization of the responsibilities of citizenship and his ultimate adoption of the true principles of Christian civilization. It may be said by some that he is iconoclastic in his policies, but he is iconoclast who has the courage of his convictions and who will break down the idols that have so long bound the Indian down in savage thralldom is a welcome leader in the crusade of education, civilization and citizenship against ignorance, idolatry and idleness.—[The Chippeway Herald.

## KNOWING WHEN TO STOP.

Knowing when to stop and stopping are very different things.

A man in a runaway motor car knows very clearly that it is time to stop, but that doesn't stop him.

Many a man or woman has carelessly or wilfully gotten into a bad habit, saying:

"Oh! I am one who knows when to stop."

That is probably true.

The day will come when they will know very clearly that it is time to stop, but will not be able to do so.

It is like taking hold of the handles of a strong electric generator,—very easy to take hold, but very hard to let go.

The fingers of habit are bent and barbed like fishhooks; once in, they are hard to get out.

The really wise man considers not only when to stop, but also when it is possible to stop; and he often finds, in so considering, and the best time of all to stop is before one has begun to go.

—[S. S. Times.

## OH WE SPELL THESE WORDS RIGHT?

A short time before the coronation of King Edward a school master sent the king an extract from a younger schoolboy's essay on "The Coronation Day."

His Majesty, after reading this, remarked:

"I was once told by a well-known head master that the average schoolboy possessed much unconscious humor. I now quite believe it."

The following is the extract from this remarkable specimen of schoolboy writing:

"The king will ware on Coronation day his crown and close, wich will be carrid before him by the archbishop of Canterbury, after the king has had ointment given him in the abbey he will march back agane with grate dignity to Windsor Castle.

The duke of Norfolk will look after the King with a gold stick."

## A Good Reason.

One day Edison was asked why he did not use stimulating drinks.

The great inventor answered: "Why should I fog my brain?"

Francis E. Willard was asked the same question, and replied, "I have a better use for my head."—[Ram's Horn.

## A BEAR STORY.

The Man-on-the-band-stand knows a little reader of the RED MAN who likes to read bear stories better than anything else, and here is one put out by that solid old paper the Public Ledger, written by one of five brothers:

We lived in a house in Vermont at the top of a long and steep hill, goes the story.

Father built a stout sled to coast on in winter, and the five of us used to get on and go whizzing down the hill and away across a meadow.

When there was plenty of snow the sled would run for half a mile.

One afternoon, after we had been coasting for three or four hours, we left the sled at the top of the hill without making it fast.

That night, about 10 o'clock, a bear came prowling around the house, and our dog made such a fuss that we were all aroused.

There was a bright moon, and we looked from the windows to see what had disturbed the dog.

Almost at once we made out the bear.

He was walking around the sled, as if wondering what it was used for.

Pretty soon he stopped to put a paw on it. Then he put up the other paw.

Then what could he do but pull himself up and stand and look about.

The sled pointed down hill, and the movement of the bear started it off.

We thought he would jump off, but he didn't.

He dug in his claws, and the sled began to go faster and faster and we got so excited that we gave Bruin a cheer.

When the steepest part of the hill was reached the bear seemed to get scared.

Never before had he gone at a pace like that.

Had he kept still the sled would have gone straight ahead, but he swayed to and fro, and suddenly the sled left the track and ran over the hard snow and struck a stone wall with a great crash.

That was as far as the sled went, as it was badly broken up, but the bear kept on.

When the sled struck the stones he went flying ten feet high, and next day we found that he came down ten feet beyond the wall, and then rolled down hill for 100 feet before he could stop himself.

He must have been badly frightened, for as soon as he could get on his legs he ran for the woods and was heard of no more.

He was probably the only bear in America who ever coasted on a hand-sled, but one trip was enough for him.

## HELEN KELLER, WHO IS BLIND AND DEAF.

A dozen physicians, putting her abilities to a test, sat in a circle while she felt of the face of each and gave him a fictitious name, which was written down on a blackboard.

They then changed places, and she went again around the circle, touching each one and correctly signifying his name; and in the changing of seats another physician, a stranger, managed to slip into the circle, and for a moment she hesitated.

He had not been there before, she knew; but, after carefully feeling his features, she spelled "T-o-l-l-i-v-e-r," and the name was put on the board with the rest.

"How is that, sir?" asked the master of ceremonies.

"Is your name Tolliver?"

The physician arose.

"I am Dr. Tolliver, of Baltimore," he replied. "Ten years ago I was invited to attend Miss Keller, to see if I could do or affliction. I saw her but once then, and have never seen her since until now. It is the most marvelous demonstration I ever witnessed."—[Watchword.

## The Smallest Reservation.

According to the New York Sun the smallest Indian reservation in the United States is the two acres and a half lying on top of Brigham's Hill in the town of Grafton, Mass.

It contains the home of the last of the Hassanamesco tribe—Mrs. Patience Fidelity Clinton.

The original name of Grafton was Hassanamesit, and it was settled in 1600 by twelve Indian families of John Eliot's praying band.

The church, founded in 1671 was the second Indian church in the country.

## FROM THE UNCLE OF JOHN KANE.

Mr. Silas D. Whitman writes sensibly to his nephew:

"I was very glad to hear that you like the school there," he says, "and that the Nez Perce children are well, and out in country homes.

While you are there, study hard and learn all you can, that is the only way to become somebody, when you go from that good school, out in the world.

Be of good behavior, be prompt in everything, be mindful, obey your teachers, obey those that are over you.

Study there to be somebody but not to be a fool when you go out from that Carlisle school.

Many have failed even when they have a good education, by making fools of themselves."

## The Severest Test.

The work of the two young men was under discussion.

"I think well of both of them," said their employer, "yet I am not altogether sure of just what is in them; they have never been fully tested."

"Why, they have had a pretty hard struggle with poverty," said his companion.

"Yes, but the real tug of war comes when a man has a little prosperity," was the reply.

"It is not so much how a man behaves when his pockets are empty, as his behavior when a dollar comes into his possession."

## Eugene Field Watches the Pies.

Mrs. Eugene Field once asked her husband to watch some pies for her a minute. On returning, she was surprised to find the oven door open and the meringue flat.

"They're ruined!" she exclaimed in dismay.

"Why didn't you keep the oven door shut?"

"Keep the door shut!" Mr. Field repeated in very genuine amazement.

"Why, you told me to watch them every instant; and I'd like to know how I could do that with the oven door shut!" —[New York Times.

It is getting to be that an Indian's standing in the tribe is not determined by the number of scalps he has taken as formerly, but by the number of acres he has under cultivation.

## Our Football Schedule.

- Sept. 20, Lebanon 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. Won, 63 to 0.
- Nov. 1st, Harvard at Cambridge. Lost 23 to 0.
- " 8, Susquehanna at Carlisle. Won 24 to 0.
- " 15, University of Pennsylvania at Phila. Won 5 to 0.
- " 22, University of Virginia at Norfolk. Lost, 5 to 6.
- " 27, Georgetown at Washington.

## Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters and all my letters make a rule that troubles our printers more than any rule they know.

My 9, 10, 11, 12 is what our choir can do.

My 7, 14, 13, 16 is the kind of milk we like to drink.

My 4, 5, 1 is what some people sleep on.

My 2, 3, 6 is what most of the girls can do with a needle.

My 15, 8 is what Indians are often cold.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.—Eat too much.

## SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

**Expirations.**—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parentheses represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

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