

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

This is the number your time mark on wrapper refers to

FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1903.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. III, Number Forty-two

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 46. (18-46)

FIFTY.

FIFTY, but I am not sad;
I see no gloom in ripening years,
My hopes are bright, my spirit glad;
How vain, were all my childish fears!

My days of toil, my years of care,
Have never chilled my spirits' flow,
Or made one flower of life less fair
Than in the spring-time long ago.
The paths I've trod were sometimes rough
And sharp and piercing to my feet,
Yet there were daisied walks enough
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.

Oh! ye who're passing down like me
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong,
And teach the lispers at your knee
That fifty years is not so long;
That if they would be ever young
And free from dolorous pain and care,
The life-harp must be always strung
With love of duty everywhere.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

Her flag is the emblem of freedom,
On every broad ocean and shore,
Baptized in the blood of her heroes,
Who died neath the colors they bore.

The sword of a Washington freed her
From foreign oppression and ban;
The wisdom of glorious statesmen
Perfected the work he began.

When Treason assaulted her honor,
She silenced his bluster and cant,
And lived through the death of a Lincoln,
And won by the sword of a Grant.

Shine on thou Centennial morning;
Our hearts are all filled with delight;
As leading the march of the nations
Our country stands forth in its might.

Of treason be thou the avenger,
Wherever thy flag is unfurled;
America! Home of the stanger!
America! Pride of the world!

America! Model republic,
With liberty's breezes unfurled;
America! Birthplace of freedom;
America! Pride of the world.

SARA J. PORTER.

A MEMORIAL DAY TALK TO RESERVATION PUPILS.

The following was delivered by Sara J. Porter to the pupils of the Riverside Indian School, at Anadarko, Oklahoma. She used the flag for illustrating the points in the discourse, which fixed them in the pupils' minds. Miss Porter takes every occasion to inculcate the principles of good citizenship into the minds of her students. She holds that the Indians there especially need this instruction, as home influence of that character is wanting.

The Discourse.

Once more the changing year has reached that stage where we meet to celebrate that epoch in our history which will never fade from the memory of the American people.

The conflict is over; the heroes repose in their "low green tents," "whose covering never outward swings." No reveille will reach them as they lie "Sleeping the years of their manhood away, but they are not forgotten. Can we forget to whom we owe the perpetuation of our Union?

No North, no South, but only a green dividing line,
Watched by a cloudless heaven. Where Stars of Freedom shine.

Four decades have passed since that great struggle, but although each succeeding year brings together fewer and fewer of the survivors of that mighty conflict its memory never dies, so we will:

Shrine in our hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

The American Flag, that symbol of Truth and Justice. The Ensign of Freedom. Let us look backward to its history:

Seven stripes of RED, signifying seven years of blood, that hallowed sacrifice of those noble heroes, that they might hand down to us and to all successive generations, untarnished, that Truth and Freedom of which this WHITE is the emblem, for Truth is freedom, and Error is Slavery throughout the Universe of God, and Truth and the Freedom it confers must prevail at last.

As these STARS increase in number, as they have done from the beginning, let us read in this, the progress, the forward march of our nation and the principle it represents.

This BLUE field like the azure dome of Heaven, boundless, illimitable, stands for the possibilities before our nation of progress, achievement.

That victorious banner that since it first floated to the breeze has never known defeat!

That flag that commands the respect of the world and the love of Americans wherever they may be!

Our glorious heritage!
Let us be faithful to the principles it symbolizes! Be true American citizens!

The years with their coming and going,
Crown Columbia with laurels to day;
The gold of rich harvests are gleaming
From Maine to the Golden Gate Bay.

THEY ASKED QUEER QUESTIONS.

Ever since the Band was in Philadelphia playing an engagement with a leading store, reminiscing on their experiences brings out interesting situations. William Jollie in a school composition has this bit of comment:

The people who came to hear our concerts were of all classes, though I am not certain if there were any men present, I do know there were a plenty of girls, both young and old, though it was hard to tell which was which. Only for the odor of fresh paint, and powdered complexions, a good many of the boys would have made serious mistakes.

They asked all kinds of questions, of which not a few were humorous to us.

One woman came up to Mr. Thompson and asked:

"Do they play by note?"

Mr. Thompson replied jokingly:

"No: they only pretend to play by note."

I was stopped by a man who wanted to know if it would be safe to go out west, and if a white man ventured among the Indians alone, would they not scalp him.

He also asked me if we had any girls at the school. When I told him we had, he

wanted to know how they captured them, and brought them there.

Just then a woman chimed in:

"How did they capture you?"

I told her they threw a lasso around my neck and had me put in an iron cage.

To some I think we were the greatest wonder in Philadelphia. Wherever we went the people would stop and stare at us, and ask of one another all kinds of questions and hazard guesses as to what we were.

On going to the Holy Trinity Church the first Sunday evening we were there, to hear an organ recital, we were taken by some to be a Japanese procession.

At the store there were detectives on the watch all the time. If any suspicious person came to hear us play, he or she was watched.

While we were at dinner one day in the restaurant one of the proprietors pointed out one of the great secret service men of the United States who was looking for a counterfeiter.

He was a small man and did not appear of any worth as a detective, but when one looked into his steely eyes and watched his quick springing step one could not help feel uneasy.

We played to the children of an orphan school who came to hear us one morning, and they seemed to enjoy it more than many older people.

The last concert was on Saturday afternoon and the largest audience we had was there. Before we started to play, a lady came forward and presented Mr. Wheelock with a large bouquet of flowers tied with a large red and old gold ribbon, she also gave each of the boys a flowers and said it was for their good behavior while there, that she gave it to them.

WE MUST LOOK UP.

Self-depreciation is a crime.

A person who habitually berates his ability is as objectionable as one who continually praises himself.

"A man cannot aspire if he looks down."

If you would rise you must look up.

"The just honoring of ourselves" says Milton, "may be thought the foundation from whence every worthy enterprise issues forth."

Every one may be sustained by the proper indulgence of this feeling and be lifted up by it.

A poor Scotch miller used to pray daily that he might have a better opinion of himself.

And why not?

Can I ask another to have confidence in me when I do not believe in myself?

The Chinese say that it never pays to respect a man who does not respect himself, and self-respect lies close to self-confidence.

The world has a right to look to us for our own rating.

We stamp our value upon ourselves, and cannot expect to pass for more.

When you are introduced to people they look into your face and eyes to see what estimate you place upon yourself.

If they see a low mark, why should they trouble themselves to investigate and find whether or not you have rated yourself too low?

This is a busy world, and men have no time to spend in analyzing timid, self-depreciating characters.

They prefer to take people at their own valuation until they prove themselves unworthy.

"If I had influence, some one to give me a lift, I know I could get on."

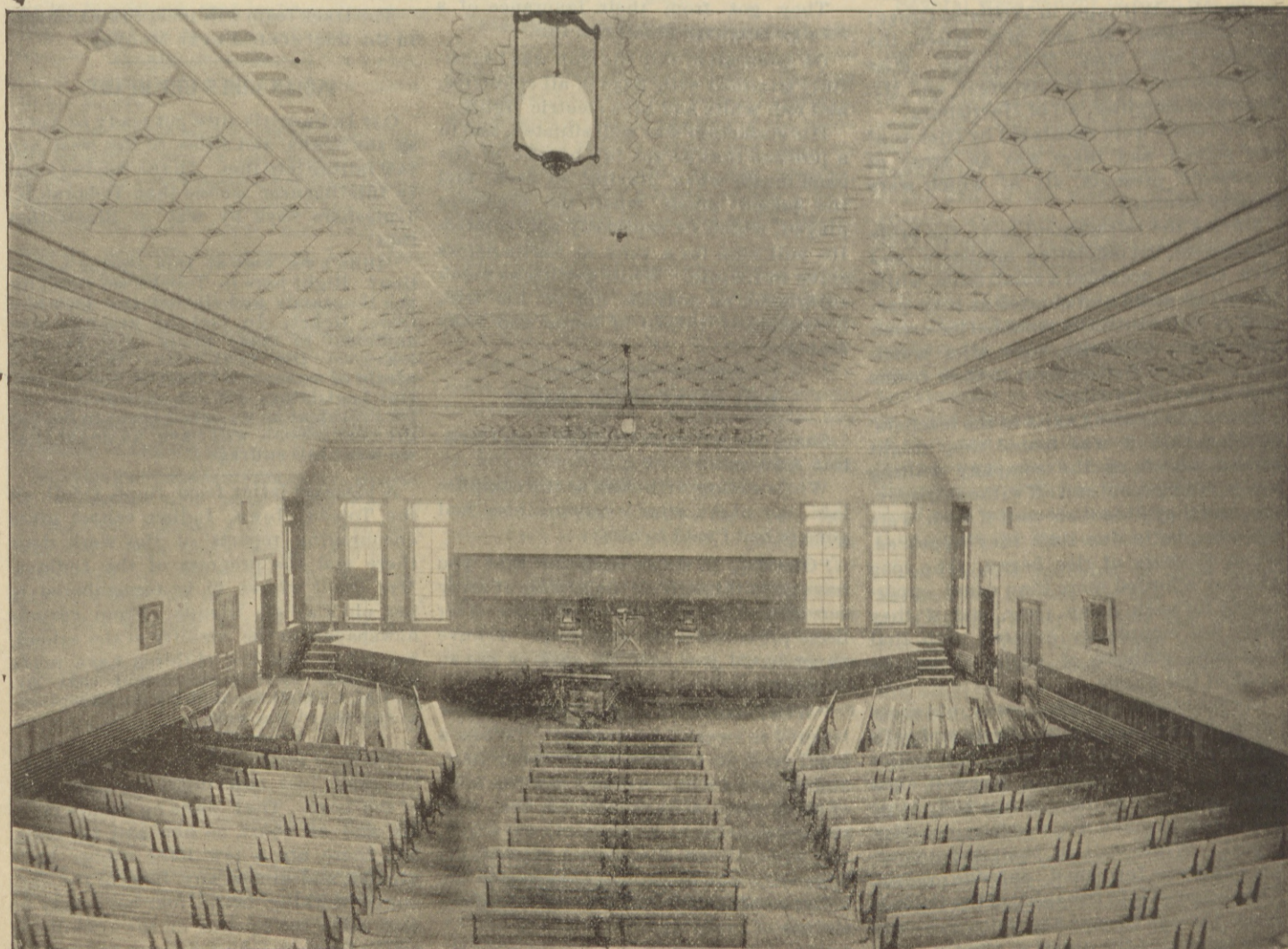
How often we hear this cry from backboneless people, who are afraid to trust to themselves for anything.

There could not be a greater fallacy.

All great achievers, all leaders of men, have placed their whole reliance, under God, on themselves.—DR. O. S. MARDEN.

SEA STARTED A FIRE.

Fancy the waves of the sea setting fire to the cliffs they break on! Yet this is what did really happen at Ballybunion on the western coast of Ireland. These rocks, which the great Atlantic rollers have for centuries been slowly breaking down, contain in their depths masses of iron pyrites and alum. At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidation took place, which produced a heat fierce enough to set the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burnt like a regular volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air. —[Church Progress.



THE CHAPEL WHEREIN CHILDREN'S DAY EXERCISES WERE HELD LAST SUNDAY. THE VIEW SHOWS ABOUT HALF OF THE ROOM, FROM THE BACK.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

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. 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.

MR BEITZEL AND MISS FORSTER MARRY.

At eight o'clock last evening the ceremony that joined Mr. William Bigler Beitzel and Miss Elizabeth Ettinger Forster as man and wife took place in the beautifully decorated apartments of the bride in the teachers' quarters.

Rev. Luther DeYoc, Pastor of the Messiah Lutheran Church, Harrisburg, assisted by Rev. Dr. Norcross, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, were the officiating ministers, who performed the ceremony in the presence of about sixty friends and relatives.

Promptly on the minute the first notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march were played on the piano by Mrs. Glover, of Mifflinburg, an acceptable warning for guests to give way, which they did, forming an aisle, as they naturally stepped back.

Drs. De Yoe and Norcross led the procession from the entrance, to Miss Steele's room to the white fur rug at the extreme south end of Miss Forster's room, in front of the spacious old-fashioned mantel and fire-place, now banked with grasses and daisies, producing a very pretty effect.

The ushers, Mr. Grishaber, of Harrisburg, and Mr. Glover, of Mifflinburg led the way for the bride and groom.

The impressive ring ceremony of the Lutheran church was used, and the solemnity of the occasion was marked, but lasted only a moment or two, when congratulations were in order, and a season of gaiety began.

The bride was dressed in gray silk crepe, trimmed with white lace applique, and carried a shower-bouquet of sweet pease and maiden-hair fern; always attractive, now exceptionally so! The groom was attired in conventional black.

The guests from a distance were: Mrs. and Miss Forster, of Harrisburg, mother and sister of the bride; Mr. D. W. Beitzel, and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and daughter, of Dillsburg, Mrs. Forster, son and daughter of Aaronsburg; Mrs. Webb, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Glover, Mifflinburg, Mrs. Hare, of Altoona, Miss Williams, of Williams Grove; Mr. Grishaber, Mr. and Mrs. Klein, the Misses Long, Miss McCullough, Miss Crownshield, Miss Huntsberger, and Mr. Dick and daughter, all of Harrisburg.

The rooms were decorated by friends at the school, and there was an array of handsome presents, all of which were greatly admired.

During the refreshment hour, the bride and groom, the officiating ministers, and Mrs. Glover occupied a small table, while the others stood and chatted as they partook of the beautifully moulded ice-cream and other delicacies, soon after which Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel went to their rooms to don travelling attire.

There are so many exits to the teachers' quarters that it was feared they might steal a march on the company waiting below, and get out and off without discovery, but they did not succeed if such were the plan, for in due time they appeared, when showers of rice began. The long balcony afforded more than usual opportunity for such down pour, and if they were not completely covered with that vegetable emblem of purity it was no fault of the guests.

As the closed cab drove away, old shoes were thrown, and songs, cheers and yells of the seniors rent the air. The senior boys had been holding a farewell class meet, and they adjourned in a body to do their part to make the wedding occasion joyful. While waiting, their instrumental quintette furnished out-side music. They entered into the spirit of the Carlisle song, College Chums and yells, in a way that enlivened the occasion greatly.

The wedded couple have gone to the sea-shore for a brief time and will return to reside at our school, where Mr. Beitzel



MISS FORSTER IN THE SCHOOL STUDIO.

is an esteemed member of Col. Pratt's clerical force. Mrs. Beitzel has been an honored member of the faculty as art teacher for a number of years.

The school is enjoying happy anticipations for future social events of which Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel will be the center.

BAND DIRECTOR WHELOCK HAS ARRIVED IN EUROPE.

A cheerful letter has been received by Mrs. Wheelock from her husband, most of which was written on the water, but was mailed on touching port at Plymouth.

The trip was a fine one and uneventful as far as storms make life miserable at sea. The vessel ran smoothly and he was ill but a short time, and on writing was enjoying a good appetite. The fare of the Kaiser William II is most excellent, but the Menus are printed in German.

He formed the acquaintance of several jolly young fellows, who like himself, cannot read or speak German, but one day they thought they would select as best they could, meat for a good chicken dinner; they pointed to the word that looked most like Chicken, but when the food was served it prove to be ham-Shenkin.

They got from their ignorance of a foreign language much real fun.

On Decoration Day the ship was beautifully trimmed with flags of all countries, and red, white and blue electric lights.

His stateroom was well situated, and in a position that he got full benefit of the band music when playing on deck, and the saloon music when the orchestra played, which he especially appreciated. He will stop for a time at Berlin before going to Leipsic. While getting as much enjoyment as possible out of his trip, he naturally thinks of home and baby Isabel.

WHY GRANT NEVER SWORE.

Some one writes to the Michigan Christian Advocate:

While sitting with him at the campfire late one night, after everyone else had gone to bed I said to him:

"General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the tumble of army service and frontier life and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation."

"Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger, and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact I never could see the use of swearing."

Several parties of the small girls have been out gathering daisies to decorate their rooms.—

Athletics.

Carlisle has been defeated three times during the past week by teams which, by comparative records, should have been rather easy prey for our team.

Last Saturday, at Lewisburg, Bucknell scored six runs to Carlisle's two. The game was lost by reason of the Indian's weakness at the bat and their stupid base running.

On Tuesday, Bucknell played on our grounds and with the score of 8 to 5 in the Indians' favor at the beginning of the last inning, with two out and two strikes on him, Bovard of Bucknell, knocked the ball over the fence when the bases were full, and won the game 9 to 8. The game was loosely played by both teams and was lost by ineffective pitching, failure to hit when men were on bases and loose playing on the field.

Franklin and Marshall won the game there on Wednesday 9 to 5. Charles pitched a good game and Carlisle batted fairly well, but the game was lost by reason of two misjudged flies to right field which let in six runs.

The final game of the season will be with the Lindner team on Dickinson field tomorrow.

The track team will meet State College, in the final contest next Monday.

INDIAN GIRLS GET READY.

Our Indian girls must get ready to vote, as the towns and cities of the west are fast falling into line. In the Bucks County Intelligencer we see that Deborah K. Longshore says by way of illustration that:

"Didn't we vote at this Spring's election? Right here in Topeka we voted by the thousands and elected the Law and Order ticket. In fact the majority was sufficient to make many joint keepers leave on the next train. Whiskey is afraid of women—at least of their votes. Our Legislature did not give us the vote for President as we asked them to do, but the next session will have no doubt that we want full suffrage."

A pleasant letter from Supt. Odell, of the Toledo, Iowa, Indian school gives encouraging reports of the work done there and the progress of the Indians. Mrs. Odell wishes to be remembered to her old Carlisle friends. From various newspapers in the vicinity of the school, we judge that the children have made wonderful improvement, and that Mr. and Mrs. Odell are making an exceptional success of the work.

Out-door ping-pong-tennis seems to be the game just now, improvised by some of the boys. They have no tennis rackets and no court, no nets and no balls, but there are a few hard rubber balls around, and almost any hour of the day, out of working hours, four boys may be seen using the squares on the granolithic walks for courts, and wooden paddles for rackets, playing a regular game, with counts the same as tennis, over an imaginary net. They get much pleasure from the make-believe game.

Education is the chief factor in the transition of a race from a condition of barbarity to one of civilization. This has been duly appreciated and understood by those who have at heart the future of the Indian. The excellent work done by the Carlisle Indian School and similar institutions justified the belief that the Indian has in him the making of a useful member of the community. The result so far obtained in this educational work are admirably outlined in Effect of Indian Education by C. J. Crandall in the Frontier Monthly (April Number).—Current Literature for May.

Mr. James Phillips is the Indian to graduate from the Dickinson College Law School this year. Mr. Phillips is a popular man both in his class and at our school. He boarded with us, but never attended the Indian School. He will be greatly missed on the athletic field and in all work for the good of the school and for the welfare of his fellow associates. He is large of stature and carries with him a great personality which makes friends and which, we predict, will lead him to success in whatever he undertakes. He is contemplating practicing law in Chicago.

The Daily East Oregonian in its June 1st and June 5th issues gave quite lengthy accounts of the Umatilla Agency school. The recent exercises at the close of their school year are described as a successful time all around. Miss M. V. Gaither, who was for a short time a helper with us, has been Supt. and Asst.-Supt. of Umatilla for the past ten years, and the school is spoken of as the very best reservation school in the Indian service. The great progress made by the pupils in the Umatilla Indian school, says the Oregonian, is one of the most remarkable object lessons in the education of the savage that has ever been presented to the people of Eastern Oregon.

The baseball team had a song printed for Tuesday's game with Bucknell, some of the lines running thus: "There's no hope for Bucknell team, whoop, hooray, etc.," but we did not hear it sung. Everything went on well, however, till the last inning. Only one more strike; and one ball had been called. Had Bucknell's giant batter failed to hit as he did the other two chances, the game would have ended 5 to 8 in favor of the Indians, but he did not fail to hit the ball. The pitcher gave a straight ball instead of a curve as formerly, and the batter made the hit of the season. Up in the air and over the fence four or five hundred feet away the ball flew, and the three men on bases came in while the giant made a home run. If athletics serve no other purpose, they do show the importance of small things and little moments. The last strike of the game was an exciting moment, and Bucknell was over-joyed.

THEN AND NOW.

Charles Gibson, the Indian writer for The Indian Journal, says in an article of comparison between the Indians of long ago and now:

The memory of the writer runs back to a time when the wagon used was built out of straight wood, and no iron. In those days the best Indian farmers did their hauling with a wagon that had sawed log wheels some six inches thick and were called truck wheels.

This thing answered all purposes of the wagon, buggy or railway of to-day.

For a long time the Indian who owned a wagon, harness and a pair of horses was considered a very wealthy man.

He might own several negroes and yet use the primitive wood wheel wagon

The body or bed was always built of clapboards split out of the native timber.

Seventy-five years ago it was a crime for a Creek Indian to embrace the white man's religion and the penalty attached was 100 lashes on the bare back.

One hundred years ago there was a scant score of Creek Indians that understood the English language and not a half dozen with an education.

Eighty years ago almost every Indian was dressed in skins and beads, and his weapon of defense was his bow and quiver.

He knew very little of the value of money and cared less; fifty years ago he would die before he would take a dose of the white man's medicine; 100 years ago he knew no white man nor did he wish to know any, except the Great Father at the White City, who he thought was the source of all his rations and supplies.

If the Indian received any pin money it was in exchange for hides and furs, which commodities were paid for as it suited the buyer.

The Indian's wants were few; his clothing cost him nothing and his meat nothing, yet he dropped this mode of living and has made a stagger at the white man's way of living.

He would ask the reading public to lay down its prejudice and read what we have to say.

We have Indian ministers, lawyers, school teachers, Masons, Odd Fellows, editors of magazines and newspapers, supervisors and superintendents of boarding schools, merchants and mechanics in the various trades.

Now if our white brethren of a biased mind will lay aside their prejudice and weigh these facts and give the Indian the benefit of the same, they will cease judging the Indian so harshly and give him credit for having done better than could be reasonably expected of him.

We have not lived long enough to know but we believe the Indian has done very well considering he has had to break camp so often during the time he has been endeavoring to become civilized.

With this explanation of the Indian's side of the question we leave it to the public to consider.

HARD TO OBEY SOMETIMES.

For instance: The train was about to pass a dangerous object, and the one in charge of the Indian boys passed through and shouted: "Look out! We are near a bridge!"

Of course a number of heads went out the window to see what was the matter.

Some of the coaches on the baseball field frequently call: "Take your time, take your time, hurry up there."

It is reported of a boy at a picnic who wanted some good things that were being passed.

"You have your plateful of food before you," replied the irate father.

"But," said the boy trying to explain, and his father added:

"Well, well, just keep your mouth shut and eat up what you have."

PROHIBITION.

Some man—some Indian—who deserves to be known as the best politician in the southwest, has nailed down a plank in the Indians' platform for separate statehood for the Territory which gives in one line more strength to that position than could have been acquired by volumes otherwise. That plank is prohibition and will weld the entire organization of temperance societies in the United States to the proposition.—[Muskogee, Ind, Ter., Phoenix.



GIRLS' WARD IN THE HOSPITAL. MISS BARR IN CHARGE. SARA PIERRE ASSISTANT.

THE SPITTING NUISANCE.

How often do we see evidence on the stairs or walks, of an indecent, low person having passed. Spittle is so dangerous to health that laws are becoming very strict. No decent person will spit on the stairs, balcony, pavement, or in any place where it may be seen. A correspondent to the Harrisburg Patriot speaks of the habit of spitting from open trolley cars in these plain terms, and the Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that the reading of it will make us all thoughtful:

When we observe the efforts made on the part of the proper authorities to protect the health of the public by certain restrictions and the adoption of sanitary measures, all of which are commendable, it is singular to note that nothing has been done to stop, or even check a nuisance which is not only disgusting, but an absolute menace to health.

This nuisance is the spitting from open trolley cars, and is more objectionable, and, in a measure, more dangerous to health than that of spitting on sidewalks, for which latter the offender is expected to pay a fine of five dollars.

Who has not experienced the unpleasant sensation of being sprayed by saliva ejected by the spitter on the open trolley car?

And there is no way of escape, excepting to occupants of the front seat, as the possible disease-spreading act is done so quickly as to prevent the victims from hoisting umbrellas.

Measures should be adopted to stop the nuisance by making it an offense punishable by a fine; or compel those who must spit to occupy the rear seat or platform.

BLIND AND DEAF, YET HAPPY.

Every thing has its wonders, even darkness and silence; and I learn, whatever state I may be in therein to be content.

Sometimes it is true, a sense of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist, as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate.

Beyond, there is light and music and sweet companionship, but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless bars the way

Fain would I question his imperious decree, for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter, futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears.

Silence sits immense upon my soul.

Then comes hope with a smile, and whispers, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness."

So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.

HELEN KELLER.

AMERICA'S SHAME.

Under the above caption, the Harrisburg Patriot has a strong editorial, showing that savages exist among so-called civilized people, and they are not always Indian if they are Indiana:

"It is rather unfortunate for the high moral stand taken by the citizens of the United States toward the Russian outrages against humanity that on the same page of a journal whose denunciations of the Russian government have been particularly fervid, should appear a long account of one the most brutal lynchings that has ever disgraced this great civilized country.

The spectacle of a negro tortured by an Indiana mob; subjected to every indignity and cruelty, fiendish ingenuity could devise; made to pay the penalty for the attempted murder of a white man by being crushed, kicked, beaten, slashed with knives, hung and burned by a frenzied mob of more than two thousand supposedly law-abiding citizens is a sorry record for a nation that is thrilled with horror at the Kishinev massacre."

INDIANS DISCHARGED.

Peter Day-Rider, John Head Carrier and Calf-Boss Gibbs, the three Indians who were arrested on the Blackfoot reservation several months ago charged with the murder of Young Fast Buffalo Horse, passed through the city on their way home to the reservation from Helena, where they had been discharged from custody by the failure of the United States grand jury to find any indictment against them. The red men are quite elated over the outcome of their trouble and insist that the killing of Fast Buffalo Horse was accidental and that he was dragged to death by his horse while drunk.—[Great Falls Leader.

AN OLD INDIAN TRADITION.

There is an old Indian tradition, that in 1844 the Kaw river, where Topeka now stands, ran from bluff to bluff, that is, that it covered the whole bottom land.

At every rise of the river this story has been repeated, until time and often repetition made the people think it a myth, and no one believed a like occurrence would ever come again.

The present flood, however, is an exact repetition of the old Indian tradition.—[The Signal, Holton, Kansas.

Dinah Muloch Craik shows a world of wisdom when she says: "The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do; and one does come to like it—in time."

SCHEDULE FOR SPRING SPORTS

- April 10—Baseball Syracuse University, here. Won 8 to 7.
- April 11—Baseball, Lebanon Valley College at Annville. Won 9 to 4.
- April 18—Baseball, Franklin & Marshall here. Won 10 to 4.
- April 24—Baseball, Lebanon Valley here. Won 16 to 1.
- April 25—Relay races in Philadelphia. Won.
- April 28—Annual class meet. Sophomores won.
- May 2—Baseball, Harrisburg at Harrisburg. Lost 9 to 2.
- May 9—Baseball, Albright at Myerstown. Won 5 to 3.
- May 16—Dual meet, Bucknell, here. Won, 6 1/4 to 4 2/4.
- May 22—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown. Lost, 4 to 12.
- May 23—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown. Won, 10 to 8.
- May 25—Dual meet, State College, here. Won, 65 to 39.
- May 30—Baseball, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg. 1st. Lost 6 to 2; 2nd. Won 6 to 3.
- June 6—Baseball, Bucknell at Lewisburg. Lost 6 to 2.
- June 9—Baseball, Bucknell, here. Lost 10 to 8.
- June 15—Dual meet, State College at State College.

Enigma.

- I am made of 16 letters.
- My 1, 2, 15 is a way to work.
- And in 1, 2, 3, 4 is the name of a boy familiar to Carlisle students.
- While 4, 5, 6 is a word for relationship.
- A boy goes to the hospital when he is 7, 5, 3, 4
- My 9, 8 we say when we won't.
- My 15, 11, 12, 1 is a precious metal.
- My 1, 11, 15 is a domestic animal.
- My 1, 11, 12, 13 is a girl's toy.
- My 4, 14, 15 is a small barrel.
- My 16, 1, 15, 14 is the point of a thing.
- My 10, 8, 11, 4 is what Nikifer is learning to do.

My whole is a neighboring institution of learning, having commencement this week PAUL.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Beaten.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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