

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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INDIAN SUMMER



Last the toil encumbered days are over,
The airs of noon are mellow as the morn;
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing;
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurled;
Nor thistle-down nor gossamer is flowing,
So lulled in languid indolence the world.

And mute the farms along the purple valley,
The full barns muffled to the beams with sheaves;

You hear no more the noisy rout and rally
Amongst the tenant-masons of the eaves.

The upland glades are flecked afar in dapples;
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold;
The orchards bend beneath the weight of apples.

And groves are bright in crimson and in gold.

And now from yonder beech trunk sheer and sterile,

The rat-tat-tat of the wood-pecker's bill;
The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

J. P. DIVINE.

GOOD BOOKS AND WHAT THEY DO FOR US.

Rev. Dr. Lemuel Moss to the Students of the Carlisle School, Saturday Evening, November 7, 1903.

I am very much interested in good books. I always have been, and am glad to say that I do not remember when I did not know how to read. I was a poor country boy, but I had a good mother who very early taught me to read and to love books. I have that love to-day. If you will listen and try to understand you will know why I love books.

One of my teachers, who was a great man, began to lecture to us one day in this fashion. Churches are necessary but books are indispensable. One of our great men in his boyhood saved his money and bought books and went without a coat in winter time. I could tell you many interesting stories about men who love books and have resorted to all sorts of means to get books to read.

What is a good book? I shall not name books to you nor give you a list of books, for a book that may be good for me might be disliked by you. It is the same with books as with food. What one man likes another man may find unsuitable. What is good for one man may be poison to another.

A good book will do one of three things. In the first place, a good book will give you correct information and furnish you knowledge. You have a large class of books for school. They are largely intended to transmit knowledge. It may be a work on astronomy or geology, or science, on history or philosophy, and you value that book for the correct information it gives. There are a great many books that are supposed to give information but they are written by third grade people and are not correct. For a book on astronomy go to Young, because you may be sure the information he gives can be relied upon. Histories that have been written by men and women who were painstaking give us knowledge. Knowledge is power. It may be good power or bad power. Knowledge is not wisdom, but it is the raw material on which wisdom works. It is the tool by which wisdom can accomplish its purposes.

In the second place, a good book is one which gives inspiration. It gives us better thoughts. It raises us up to higher aspirations and takes hold not of the thoughts only but of the soul. Such books are the poets. We would not read a poem for the information it contains but for its sentiments, because it touches us and arouses us. And so with any of the great poets—Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson. Every once in a while I am surprised to find in the newspapers bits of poetry,

things that are remarkable for the thought they contain, quickening the mind and uplifting us in our admiration for what is noble.

We do not read a story or novel for the information it brings but for the ideas and ideals it imparts. You read a story by Dickens or Thackeray or George Eliot or any of the multitude of writers that are worth reading because of their knowledge of human nature and you expect to be touched by their aspirations. The majority of late novels are not worth reading and you will have to learn to be discriminating. In these days we should hold on to the old ones until the new ones are established. We have already so many good ones that it is not worth while to use the time on the new ones. The works of Sir Walter Scott are always good. Then you can read the new ones after their worth has been demonstrated.

Some books give knowledge; some stimulate thought; others purify the heart and lift us to noble lives. Thank God there are books of this kind! The Bible is such a book. Let me ask you to make yourselves acquainted with the Bible, not because it is religious, not because it is divine—for it is divine—but because it quickens the heart, and those who have learned this and read it over and over again say that it perfects their minds and their hearts appreciate it. It holds the highest place in their minds and their hearts' experiences.

There are other books, biographies, lives of noble men and women who have written for humanity, who have lived for humanity, such as General Armstrong.

How they touch the mind and heart and make us want to do good things for humanity. Some of you have become acquainted with these and all of you want to become acquainted with a great many more. You want to know the noblest lives and the most consecrated thoughts that have been put in books.

In some cases you will find all the characteristics I have given you of a good book, not always; but if it is a good book you will be sure to find one or more of these qualities. Right ideas, right thoughts—inspiration, quickening your heart and your mind. We thank God for the help good books give in so many ways.

Now, what do such books do for us? A great many things if properly used. In the first place books make clear the way of the whole world. I read my newspaper every day, sometimes with a feeling almost of awe. Why? Because the newspaper, if it is worth anything at all, reports to me every morning the conditions all over the world—what was done all over our own country, in Asia, in Africa and the islands of the sea. The whole world is brought together and fixed before our eyes so we can see it. Something of the same is done by large classes of books. You find out what is going on in various parts of the world by these volumes of travel, of biography, of essays, and so through books you become acquainted with all parts of the earth and so become citizens of the world. You feel at home in any part of the world.

You say you would like to travel. That is well. Many people travel, but if you read you do nearly as well as to travel. It is a foolish spending of time for people to travel and show what ignoramus they are. Let someone else travel and you take what he has found out. In the majority of cases you will even find out better how things are than he has.

One of the greatest philosophers that ever lived was Emanuel Kahn, of Germany. Before he became a philosopher and a teacher of philosophy he was a teacher of geography. He wrote geographies, a physical geography, a description of the mountains and seas and rivers, etc., that was prized by all the travelers of his day. The captains of vessels wanted his geography to describe things to them. One of his descriptions was of London. It was a very fine and accurate description

of that great city. He was asked, "When were you in London? when did you see these great things you tell us of?" His answer was that he had never seen London. "Then how did you get this knowledge? How are you able to give us these wonderful and exact descriptions?" He had used the material of those who had been in London and all over the world and he used it so wisely that people thought he had been there. It is a very good illustration of what may be done by a person who stays at home and uses the eyes of other people to get information.

Perhaps you have read the story of Ben Hur by Wallace. General Wallace had never been in Palestine. He had been down in Mexico. He chanced to be at my house and I said to him, "The papers are poking a little fun at you. They say the things you did see in Palestine you anticipated and put in your book." He had then been United States minister and that had given him every facility for travel. "Well," he said, "It is not true. It was not anticipated." Then he told me several things that illustrate in part what I have been trying to say. "In that story," he said, "I make Ben Hur when he crosses the Mount of Olives sit down on a white stone." He said, "I had not been in Palestine then, but when I did go over the path I came to that identical stone that Ben Hur sat down upon." So General Wallace made others gather for him the information he wanted. So he did with Thirza and her mother. He made them hide themselves in a tomb along the high wall of Jerusalem. When he got there, there was the empty tomb.

Reading such books makes us citizens of the world, makes us at home everywhere. For that reason, when we read accounts of such things we are as interested as if we had been there ourselves and taken part in the scenes.

Then another benefit we get from the reading of good books, is that it makes us not only citizens of the world—cosmopolitan if I may use such a long word—but it makes us at home in the past as well as in the present. How wonderful it is! You sit down with a book of other centuries, other ages, and are able to tell what was going on four thousand years ago; that is, you can tell what took place thousands of years ago in Babylon, in ancient Greece, in ancient Rome, in ancient Canaan. You walk through the centuries as through a picture gallery and learn of the customs and manners of times long gone by. You read the story of Joseph and you understand something about the life of Egypt.

How it enlarges one's life, enlarges dignity, beauty, glory, strength, and gets us out of our weakness and makes us admire great men and women. We grow almost to the stature of great men and great women ourselves, as we understand what their motives were, fight their battles with them, share their victories or their martyrdom as the case may be. That is the part of a good book.

Another thing: Books give us the very best of society. Sometimes we long for society; we feel lonely. We may be shut off from society. Sometimes we may be excluded from the society where we would like to go. There are such things. People living in the cities sometimes feel that they are excluded from high society. I would rather spend an evening with Samuel Johnson or John Milton or Shakespeare than in the frivolous way it is often spent in society. Good books never quarrel with us. They lie on the shelves in your library or on your table. They do not take offence if you do not go to them. The noblest men and women are in those books and are ready to furnish you the society you ask. That is a great thing to get from books.

Here is another great blessing that comes to us through good books, that is, the safety they give us. The lover of good books is always safe wherever he goes. A young man goes into one of our

great cities, Chicago, or New York or Philadelphia. Nobody knows him. He is a stranger. He is alone in the city. He is afraid of the temptations that come to him. He is in danger of being carried away by his impulses. I will tell you a story of myself in Chicago.

I had gone into the post office to mail a number of letters. I was standing by the window and there was a lad of perhaps eighteen years. He was bending over a letter. By and by he lifted himself up and looked at me. Then he said, "I wish you would make out this sentence for me. Here is a sentence I cannot read," pointing to a part of the letter which he had been trying to make out. I took the letter and my eye fell on a sentence written with lead pencil which I shall never forget. It was this: "I do not wish to advise you against your interests, but I do hope you will not get so far away that I cannot come to you if you get into trouble." I said, "My boy, there is only one being in the universe who would write you that letter. This is from your mother." He said, "Yes, from my mother, the best mother a boy ever had."

There was that boy with only fifty cents in his pocket, a stranger in a great city, and under the influence of liquor. I don't know when I felt so bad as I did then to leave that poor fellow all alone. Suppose you or my boy or anyone else so situated has in him the love of good books and thinks of a library before he thinks of a saloon, or of a reading room before he thinks of any place of dissipation whatever; he will be found first in the religious meetings of some church; in the second place in the pages of some book in a library.

Two years ago I took the train at Fargo, North Dakota, to go to Minneapolis. It was early in the morning and I got a seat in the sleeper. There were very few people in it. But in a few minutes I discovered a little party, three young ladies and one young man. I soon discovered, for I could not help hearing what they said, that they were from Lebanon, Montana. One of the young ladies proposed a game of cards to while away the time. The young man said he did not know much about cards but thought he could keep up his part of the game. By and by one of the ladies proposed a change in the game. The young man said he did not know that at all. "O," she said, "I can teach you if you will be my partner, so you can play." They were not only respectable young people, but well educated. The young lady said, "When we are at home and do not go to the theatre or the opera or have no engagements we play cards." The young man said, in a very plain spoken way, "We do not. My father is fond of reading. He has a large library. He imparted that love for reading books to his family, and when we are at home in the evenings we spend the time in the library." I tell this to you with a guilty conscience, because I did not get up and speak to that young man and thank him for saying "father," not "the old man." He showed the influence of good books, the influence of the household. It strengthened and encouraged me and that is why I give it to you. Great enjoyment and great safety come to us from the possession of good books.

Now, one more thought. Good books give to us what we may call reserve power. Some people make an impression upon you that they are able to do more than they do or better than they do. Some people make the opposite impression. They give you the impression that they are telling all they know and more than they know. There is this element of reserve power which makes one ready for anything.

I read an incident the other day about Senator Spooner of Wisconsin. I am happy to say he is an old friend of mine. I knew him when a little boy. I am particular to say this because I regard him as one of the strongest men in the

(Continued on Last page.)

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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.

The man whose interest in the Indian reaches no further than the confines of the school grounds or the boundaries of the reservation in which he is located is too narrow to comprehend a race in his love and interest and therefore has set very definite and close limits to his achievement. The Indian Service is in need of clean men and women who add to personal purity a positive desire to work for and to witness a complete victory for all people who are under the shadow of adverse conditions. At the very narrowest our sympathies should be as broad as the entire Indian field making us exult in every success and mourn every defeat of the people for whom we serve.

I once heard a grave discussion as to what school should have the credit for the achievement of a boy or girl who had at different times been enrolled in two or more. What is the matter with giving the credit to the Indian?

The recent trial of Superintendent Burton of Keam's Canon on charges preferred by the Sequoia League and his complete exoneration after he has been caused infinite trouble and might have been done irreparable injury shows the mischief that may be done by an organization well meaning, but led by incompetents and mischief makers. On the rolls of this league are some of the best people of the country, but in the case cited, at least their names have given countenance to a cowardly attempt to smirch the reputation of an honest man.

Everyone has a niche to fill in the great scheme of life. The sooner he can get into it, the sooner things will begin to come his way. There is no use trying to fit a square plug into a round hole. It may go in all right and stick firmly, but as for fulfilling its mission of stopping the leak it is a failure. Likewise it may be that a man will get into a certain line of business and stick to it, but if he has not a talent in that direction his career will be a comparative failure. Why? Because he lacked judgment in determining where his talent lay. The word "comparative" is used in connection with the word "failure" because a man under such conditions might, as a result of his determination, meet with a semblance of success, but which is really a failure when compared to that which he would have been able to accomplish had he directed his energies in the proper channel. Find your niche and get into it. [Exchange.]

HIDDEN factors are oftentimes potent ones. Did you ever notice a space such as is used to separate the words in setting type? It is an unostentatious bit of metal, and when set up in the stick is almost overshadowed by the taller pieces of type on either side of it. Yet it is essential. If you don't believe it just take a look at these few words. The spaces, as you see, hold just as important a place in the line as the letters themselves. Don't despise them merely because they do not show upon the surface. Don't undervalue a person because he is not making as brilliant a showing as some of his fellow-men. It may be that his influence is just as wide-spread and his work just as important as theirs. This will often prove the case. —[The Courier.]

Music and missions filled the measure of interest for an audience that crowded the great auditorium of Witherspoon Hall last night. The occasion was the grand home mission rally of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, and an address thrilling in the spirit with which it espoused the cause, was delivered by John Willis Baer, of New York, secretary of the Home Board.

The celebrated Indian Band from the Carlisle School, comprising about fifty trained young musicians, and led by James R. Wheelock, himself an Indian,

contributed several selections from the works of classical and modern composers, and won rounds of applause by their splendid execution and their musical accuracy. Their rendition of the overture from "William Tell" and of Paderewski's "Minuet" caused a positive sensation, so admirably were the more difficult passages balanced. North American.

UNIVERSITY OF PENN. 6—CARLISLE 16.

Our football team won a notable victory last Saturday by defeating one of the so called "Big Four" decisively, and the result of this game places Carlisle in an enviable position in the standing of Eastern College teams.

While the victory was decisive it is nevertheless a fact that the Carlisle team did not play as well as it has in most of the other games and but for fumbles and penalties the score would have been much larger. There is no doubt but that each man in the team did his best, but somehow there was not as much life and spirit in the team's play as was exhibited in the game against Harvard.

The credit for the victory belongs to every man on the team and all who have helped to develop the team. Those players who are naturally noticed the most by ordinary spectators and are given the most credit in the papers are the players who are selected to carry the ball or do the kicking and thus some players have more opportunity of making more star plays than others by reason of the positions they play, but it must be remembered that without the help that is given by the rest of the team they could do nothing. It is because the center, guards, tacklers and ends make the openings and block off the opposing team that the backs are enabled to make good gains. Schouckuk, Dillon, Lubo, Jude and Mathews are entitled to just as much credit for the gains made as are Johnson, Sheldon, Charles, Williams, Bowen and Exendine, who are the ones who carry the ball in the different plays—in fact it is this helping each other and every man contributing to the success of the plays which has enabled the Carlisle team to make such a fine record this season.

The line up:		
Pennsylvania.	Positions.	Indians.
Weede.....	left end.....	Jude
Butkiewicz.....	left tackle.....	Bowen
Piekarski.....	left guard.....	Dillon
McCabe.....	center.....	Schonchuk (Taylor)
Kase.....	right guard.....	Lubo
Torrey.....	right tackle.....	Exendine
Metzgar.....	right end.....	Mathews (Zeiger)
Corson.....	quarter-back.....	Johnson (Mulford)
Drake.....	left half-back.....	Sheldon
Reynolds.....	right half-back.....	Charles
Bennett.....	full-back.....	Williams

Touchdowns—Johnson, Torrey, Charles. Goals from touchdowns—Johnson, Bennett. Goal from placement—Johnson, Referee—Corbin, of Yale. Umpire—Langford, Trinity. Linesman—Okeson, Lehigh, Thompson, Carlisle. Time—35 minute halves.

For the third time this season the University of Pennsylvania football team was obliged to sip the bitter cup of defeat. Yesterday afternoon, on Franklin Field, eleven Indians from the Carlisle School of Industrial Training, who a few years ago had been alluded to as good practice for the Red and Blue, defeated the Quakers by the score of 16 to 6. Penn not only sipped from a bitter cup, but she was obliged to take a copious draught, for had it not been for a strategic quarter-back kick, it is not likely that the Indians would have been scored against.

The Red Men outwitted and, excepting in a few instances, outclassed the pale faces representing old Penn, and the victory is a highly creditable one to Coach Warner and his sturdy team. From the moment the referee's whistle started play until the end of the first half of the game, Carlisle's goal was never menaced. Had it not been for several fumbles when the ball was traveling with the force of an avalanche toward the Red and Blue goal line, the score would have been doubled in the first thirty-five minutes of play.

Captain Metzgar Retires.

Penn's line crumbled, as it were, against the concerted and well directed attack of the Carlisle backfield, and when the line plunges were varied with an end play, there was always a wide gap open. * * *

Immediately after the game was over 200 rooters, who had been given a furlough from the Carlisle School, marched around the field behind the band, and cheered the team and Penn alternately. The victory had been accomplished by straight, fast football, and the team for once disarmed the skeptic who has argued that an Indian cannot think quickly. The plays were gotten off with a celerity which at times was bewildering to the Pennsylvania players, and while the Red

and Blue was continually on the alert for trick plays and cunning tactics, Coach Warner's faithful little squad adhered to straight football and beat the Quakers at their own game.—[Public Ledger.]

The score: Indians, 16; Pennsylvania 6. Pennsylvania had from 2,000 to 3,000 men from whom to select a team; the Indians had from 200 to 300 from whom to select a team, and they didn't put a single disqualified player, nor a suspected one, on it.—[Public Ledger.]

From the start Penn was the defender, and her defense was not for a minute able to hold the fierce and varied attack of the tribes. Big Chief Johnson had all sorts of plays under his scalp-lock. There was the "wing shift," in which two braves ran over to the other side of the line and kept the Quakers falling over themselves to keep a man opposite each Indian rusher. Then there was the "heap big wing shift," in which the whole red-skin band seemed to get over to one side of the ball and protect the man who ran with it. Besides these was the "lay-low pass," where it looked as though some other brave had the ball, whereas in reality Big Chief Johnson himself was running like the west wind with it under his arm. All these and more they worked on Penn., but there was no unfair deception, no hiding the ball under jerseys. The plays were all such as the Quakers would have been glad to own.—[Press.]

The playing of Johnson for the Indians was, as usual, of a high order and his handling of kicks was a treat to any one who cares to see a back play intelligently. The entire Indian team played a clean, aggressive game and the line had no especially weak point, right tackle being the only place where gains could be made at all consistently.

There can be hardly any doubt that the better team won, though it is a bitter admission to make.—[Press.]

Of all the foot-ball games seen each year on Franklin Field, there is not one more interesting than the one when the Indians come to town. The Indians play foot-ball with enthusiasm and vim; from the minute their team runs on the field there is interesting work going on; never a dull moment when the Carlisle boys are playing.

And the game on Saturday was no exception to the rule. It cleared off fairly well about noon, and the stands commenced to fill up about 1 o'clock. On the north stand the visiting Indians were seated. Rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed girls and stalwart youths from Carlisle awaited the contest. Many Philadelphia lads and lassies were seen adorned with the red and old gold of the visitors. Everybody felt it was going to be a great game, and they were not disappointed. On the south stand, the University students were ranged in solid phalanx, and their cheers were strong and hearty.

About a quarter of two the celebrated Indian band marched on the field. They know how to make good music. The teams ran on the field, and in a few minutes the whistle sounded and the great game had commenced.

The Indians played with characteristic rapidity, and from the first they showed us what good foot-ball really is. Their interference was fine, there was no indecision, their line work and plunging were decisive and fierce, and their passes were so quick and effective that Penn was completely in the dark as to the whereabouts of the ball.

The Indians simply played all around their opponents. They had everything their own way, and the Pennsylvania team could not check them in the least. Captain Johnson was here, there, and everywhere, and shifted his men with masterly and most successful manoeuvres. At the end of the first half the score stood 11 to 0. At the beginning of the second half Penn turned to with a will, and for the first fifteen minutes did better work than they have done on Franklin Field any time this year.

The Indians appeared to commence to lose their grip. Capt. Johnson appreciated this fact, and clapped and shouted and urged them on with great enthusiasm. They responded to his efforts, and Penn, after one touchdown, was unable to check them. Johnson did some of the greatest quarter-back work ever heard of, and his tackling of Bennett, who had got clear of the rest and was headed for a touchdown, was a most spirited and clean piece of work.

When time was called, the Indians

massed around their team, and the plucky little Captain was hoisted on strong shoulders, and carried from the field in triumph. The Indian band started to play a spirited air, and a parade of triumph was made around the gridiron. A good game, and a just triumph.

When one considers how few the advantages of the Indians in comparison to the University students, one feels that such an exhibition of good work is really praiseworthy. Colonel Pratt is congratulated on the possession of such a brave and hustling team of warriors. Individually considered, the Indians were certainly able to demonstrate fine prowess. Williams could no more be checked by the Pennsy boys than could a wild bull of Bashan. Sheldon and Charles went around the ends like lightning, and every one of the others was always in the right place.

But the star player of the team was Johnson. As a quarter-back his work has never been surpassed, and his Captainship of the team could be beneficially held up as a standard to other foot-ball teams. He is neither big nor heavy, but quick to think, quick to act, and spirited in every motion. Two years ago on Franklin Field he made a brilliant forty-yard run, scoring a touchdown and to-day is a noteworthy figure on the intercollegiate gridiron. Altogether it was a most notable contest, although hard on Penn.—[Evening Telegraph.]

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

- Sept. 19, Lebanon Valley College, here. Won 28 to 0.
- " 26, Gettysburg, here. Won 46 to 0.
- " 30, Mt. St. Marys, here cancelled.
- Oct. 3, Bucknell, at Williamsport. Won 12 to 0.
- " 7, Bloomsburg Normal, here. Cancelled.
- " 10, Franklin & Marshall, Lancaster. Won 30 to 0.
- " 17, Princeton, at Princeton. Lost 11 to 0.
- " 24, Swarthmore, here. Won 12 to 5.
- " 31, Harvard, at Cambridge. Lost 11 to 12.
- Nov. 7, Georgetown, at Washington. Won 28 to 6.
- " 14, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. WON 16 to 6.
- " 21, University of Virginia at Norfolk.
- " 21, 2nd team vs Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport.
- Nov. 26, Northwestern, at Chicago.

The school enjoyed a chapel talk from Miss Carter on Thursday and Friday of last week. The talk was closely connected with the one recently given by Miss Bowersox on the life of Louisa M. Alcott. Miss Bowersox briefly outlined "Little Women," probably the favorite of Miss Alcott's popular writings. The children were told who the different characters represented and were much interested to find that "Meg," "Beth," and "Amy" were not at all imaginary persons but the author's own sisters, and that harum-scarum "Joe" is no other than Miss Alcott herself. Some passages of the book were read aloud in order to illustrate the author's general style.

This year, the literature talks have been planned with a view to acquainting the children with some of the best standard writings, thus helping them to form a taste for good reading and inspiring them with an ambition to possess their favorite books and gradually to build up little libraries of their own.

In a letter to a friend George F. Muscoe says, "After the failure of the firm which I was with at the Soo, Mich., I chose to go to Chicago for a while. I secured a nice position in Butler Bros. wholesale house. On the seventh I had the pleasure of witnessing a football game between the Haskell Indians and Northwestern University. I occasionally see Philip Rabbit and many other Carlisle, also some of my classmates—

Turkeys are said to be very scarce in number and high in price, which indicates that many a family will have to be content with chicken, goose, or duck for the Thanksgiving dinner instead of the usual American feast bird. The scarcity is due to the fact that so many young turkeys were drowned by the frequent heavy rains of the early Summer. Celery and cranberries, two very important adjuncts of the Thanksgiving dinner are also not as plentiful as usual.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

The girls began their gymnasium work last Thursday.—

Miss Smith entertained the history club on Monday night.

What kinds of tricks do they have in Ireland? Ans. Patricks.

What kind of stones are found in the Miss. River? Ans. Wet stones.

The girls in the Junior class outnumber the boys twenty-six to fifteen.—

Miss Newcomer entertained the Shakespeare club on Tuesday evening.

The result of the election of class '07, was Louis Island for president.—

Mr. Kensler has engaged eighty turkeys for the school for Thanksgiving.—

Misses Bowersox and Cutter attended the Catholic meeting last Sunday.—

The Sophomores enjoyed a brief study of the late Spanish American war.—

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thompson are entertaining Mrs. Thompson's sister, Mrs. Gallup of Jersey City.

Miss Ida Bruce of the Junior class spent Sunday with friends in Philadelphia.—

The Sophomores have taken up for their literature study "The Lady of the Lake."

The band gave a concert in Franklin Hall, Mechanicsburg, on Thursday evening.—

Rosetta Peirce came from western New York, this week to enter the school as a pupil.

Mrs. Edward Marsden accompanied the school party to Philadelphia last Saturday.

Maggie Brown, the smallest girl in the quarters, is learning to talk English very fast.—

Miss Maul went to Philadelphia last Saturday and spent several days with friends.

The large boys are now having regular nights for general exercise in the gymnasium.—

Minnie Nick and Josephine Ramone were guests of Miss Ferree at dinner last Sunday.—

Miss Bettie Welch spent Sunday with her sister Mollie, who is living at Camden, N. J.—

Ella Sturm, class 01, is married to a well-to-do white man and lives at Canyon Diabie, Ariz.

Several of the girls who went to see the game Saturday stayed over Sunday visiting friends.—

There will be a meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Sundays at 2 P.M. in the girl's society room.—

While in Philadelphia Walter Mathews and a few of his friends visited the Zoological Garden.—

Sixteen members of the band played for the Y. M. C. A. meeting in Philadelphia last Sunday.—

Miss Veitch went to Philadelphia last Friday and will remain for a visit of two weeks with her sister.

The friends of Miss Elizabeth Knudson are glad to see her again for she has been away for some time.—

The Sophomore class is proud of its seven football boys. They have more than any other class.—

Miss Hill took several of the girls out walking last Sunday afternoon. They went to the near farm.—

Mrs. Cadbury, Juliett Smith's country mother met her at the U. P. game and remained with her the entire day.

We were glad to see so many of our country patrons and pupils at the Philadelphia game last Saturday.—

Every room in the Large Boys Quarters has been provided with a soap and comb case made by the tinner boys.—

Joseph Ezhuna, '03, was a spectator at the Pennsy-Indian game last Saturday. He came from New York City.—

Enos Cusick received four barrels of apples from New York state and he is keeping them in the ware-house.—

Capt. Arthur Sheldon of the Senior basket-ball team is looking forward to the development of a good team.—

While the students were in Philadelphia they saw several of the old students, who look well and seem to be doing well.

Mrs. Marsden left on Wednesday morning to join Mr. Marsden in Elmira, New York. Mr. Marsden has been travelling in New York state, in the interest of his missionary work in Alaska.

A letter from Emily Thompson says she has a nice country place and that she has started to school and is well and happy.

Simon Michelet, Indian Agent at White Earth, Minn. made a short visit at the school this week on his way to Washington.

The Penn-Indian game is over and the boys are now looking forward to the shop championship game on Thanksgiving.—

Among the young men who came to the school to spend Sunday from Harrisburg were Harrison Printup and James Flannery.—

The Catholic boys and girls of this school are preparing songs for Christmas; they are also forming a choir for the occasion.—

Misses Nancy Seneca and Seichu Atsye, ex-students and now professional nurses were among the spectators at the game on Saturday.

A letter was received from Henry Shimbone. He now receives \$52 a month wages. He adds that he is well and enjoying himself.—

Miss Barr was one of the enthusiastic supporters of Penn-Indian game. She escorted the girls from the city and reports a good time.—

The members of the band who remained in Philadelphia to play for a Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday afternoon stopped at the Windsor Hotel.—

Mrs. Munch, who was confined to the house with a severe cold for several days the early part of the week is again able to be out and attend to her duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Warner accompanied the football team to Norfolk, Va. They will visit Old Point Comfort and the Hampton Institute.

Last Sunday afternoon, Miss Stuart gave the members of the Y. W. C. A. a great deal of pleasure by singing for them "One sweetly solemn thought".

This evening Misses Robbins and Stewart will visit the Invincibles; Mr. Reising and Miss Wood the Standards; Miss Veitch and Mr. Scott the Susans

A new spring wagon made in our school shop, was this week shipped to the Indian agent at Fort Belknap, Idaho, and a buggy to Devil's Laze, S. Dak.

The Girls' Reading Room has been supplied with a number of new papers and magazines. We girls appreciate the kindness of our matrons in giving them to us.—

The Juniors have come to the most interesting part in Civics, that is, the election of U. S. President. They will no doubt know how the next President will be elected.—

Patrick Miguel who went to Rushland, Bucks County to visit his brother last Friday, says he met Audres Moro and several other Carlisle boys who are out for the winter:—

A letter from Levi St. Cyr, class '90, says he hopes to take a party from Winnebago, Nebraska, to see the Northwestern-Indian football game, in Chicago on Thanksgiving day.

The Episcopal Sunday School pupils are glad to have their former teacher, Miss Noble, back once more. The class was without a regular teacher ever since she left last spring.—

Alice Johnson and Rebecca Broncho are Mrs. Crosbie's assistants this month. They like their work, and are waiting patiently for Thanksgiving Day and all the dishes to wash.—

The small girls' prayer meeting was led by Miss Bryant. The subject being familiar, many responded. It is very pleasing to see the interest shown by the little girls in their meeting.—

James Dickson who went to his Idaho home ill last summer, said in a letter received this week that he had fully recovered his health. He is attending a mission school at Lapwai, Idaho, near his home.—

Mr. W. H. Miller, State Secretary for Y. M. C. A. work among students visited the school this week. Special meetings were held on Monday evening and Tuesday morning which infused fresh enthusiasm into our school organization.

The Sunday evening meeting of the large girls was a very interesting one. Miss Paul was the leader and her remarks on the subject "Pure Words, Pure Thoughts, Pure Deeds" were earnestly expressed and full of inspiring thought.

Mr. Sprow and his shop boys are putting up a new ceiling in the bakery shop.

Miss Senseney entertained Miss Julia Blakie of Metzger College at dinner on Wednesday evening.

Attractive menu cards are being prepared for the club and also the students' Thanksgiving dinner.

It was noted that not nearly so much letter writing was done by the team on the Philadelphia trip as is usually the case.

Daniel Tortuga, who went to his home in Southern California a few weeks ago on account of rheumatism, writes that he already feels much benefited by the change.

The normal pupils are anxiously waiting for Thanksgiving and are much interested in what their teachers tell them about the day in connection with their studies.

Electa Hill writes to Miss Weekley from the country saying, "I am glad I stayed out, for I am getting along nicely in all of my studies and I am very thankful to be where I am."

Marie Lewis writes from Kennett Square that she and Arline Allen are classmates. They have a very nice teacher and she thinks they are both getting along well with their studies.

While the band was in Philadelphia, several of the boys met Martin Costo, who is working at the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Martin says that he is getting along very well and enjoys his work.—

Harrison Bear has been invited to spend the Christmas holidays with the family of Mr. Horace Daugherty of Brooklyn, New York, whom he met when serving as hall-boy at the "Beacon," Point Pleasant, last summer.

We regret exceedingly the delay, in the issue of the Red Man and Helper again this week. The machinery is being repaired as rapidly as possible, and we hope in another week to have the paper reach our patrons on time.

The people who are interested in the Alaskan students will be glad to know they are doing exceedingly well and are learning the American ways readily. Most of the boys have chosen the trades which they would like to learn.—

Mrs. Crosbie seems to have discovered a nice as well as a helpful plan, of keeping the girls quiet while at work. Last Wednesday while they were paring potatoes she read about, "Care of the Kitchen," and the plan worked like a charm —

Miss Wood spent Friday and Saturday last week in the City of Brotherly Love. During her absence on Friday she left Emiliano Padin, the president of the class in charge of the A. M. division and Delfina Jacquez, the vice president, in charge of the P. M. division.

The "Yale" and "Princeton" game on our field was declared by all the players on both teams to have been the most interesting game of the season. There were no long runs. "Yale" scored one touchdown in the first half, the only score made during the whole game.—

Announcements of the Cumberland County Teachers' Institute to be held in the Carlisle Opera House the week of November 30th have been received. The program is an interesting one, and the subjects fresh and inviting. The pupils and faculty of our school will be interested to know that Dr. Elson, is on the list of lecturers to give a course in American History.

Mr. E. H. Oelke a young man from Jefferson Medical College needs special mention for his friendly help in cheering for the Indian team Saturday. He was so inspired over our victory that he eagerly exchanged his colors, blue and black for the red and old gold, saying blue stands for truth and black means until death, and his colors were given as a pledge of fidelity to the Indians.—

The meeting of the large boys on Sunday evening was in the nature of a rally for the Y. M. C. A. The leader was Mr. Beitzel. Mr. Colegrove, Victor Johnson and William Mt. Pleasant, the president, spoke and all made earnest pleas to the boys to identify themselves with this movement which stands for the deepening of spiritual life and the strengthening of character. At the close of the meeting twenty boys handed in their names as desirous of joining the organization.

TO AND FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA—INDIAN GAME.

During the three days preceeding Saturday November 14, the question which was discussed in school, quarters, at the table and on the campus was, "What kind of a day will Saturday be? We all felt that we were putting the better team on the field but if Pennsylvania should be favored with rain we also felt that we might have trouble in showing our superiority. There were therefore many expressions of regret on Saturday morning when a slow rain was falling.

Perhaps you think that some of our boys and girls did not wish to go in the rain, when the rain was seemingly in Penns's favor. What others might have done we can not say, but at Carlisle, when the Pennsylvania game is before us, even a cold November rain can not dampen our spirits. We were seated in our coaches soon after eight-thirty. It is strange how soon a hundred boys can find seats when there are as many girls occupying half the seat and at least three fourths of the boys' attention. The short stops on the way to Philadelphia were without incident. The hum of pleasant conversation was only broken occasionally by "Old Carlisle" or some of the yells. Arriving at West Philadelphia not one of the party knew the way to Franklin Field.

The ever present friend in need, was there, however, in the person of a very pleasant lady who volunteered to take the lead.

We walked through the University grounds and here about thirty of our boys left the party to find our Mr. Warner. We were all practically together, however, on the field when the Indian Band marched down in front of the north stand where the Carlisle supporters were, playing a stirring air.

The clouds about this time passed away and the sun shone and each one felt that the game would be ours.

Then the team came on the field and after a few moments they lined up, and well, the next hour and a half was filled with "Carlisle our dear Carlisle"—"Minne-wah-kah"—"Johnson—Johnson"—"Dillon—Dillon"—"Sheldon—Sheldon," and so on to every member of the team. There was a mighty waving of red and old gold. We managed to get into something like a normal state at the end of the first half when the score was 11—0 and Pennsylvania had the 0, but we were soon in wildest excitement when the team were at it again. Then it was that the band boys showed their mettle. When our boys seemed unable to stop Penn's rushes the band boys kept the air vibrating with good systematic yells.

The next thing which remains clearly in mind, and can be separated from yells, songs and moving flags is "16—6"—with the band at the head of a great line marching over Franklin Field playing with a spirit which was the envy of every Pennsylvania man.

We reached the West Philadelphia station about five o'clock. Here about twenty-five of our girls left to accept the invitations of the football boys to dine at the "Colonnade."

Our train arrived at five-thirty and immediately on being seated our looked for lunches were forth-coming. All agreed that they were tired, but happy. With a German band in nearly every car, sleep was impossible, but was nevertheless sought by many.

Our train reached the school about nine-thirty and all knew that the day had passed into history and that only pleasant memories and "16—6" would be left to us from one of our pleasantest days, the Pennsylvania—Indian day of 1903.

The following boys will attend the district Y. M. C. A. convention at Shippensburg, Pa. on Friday, Saturday and Sunday of this week: George Hogan, Solomon Webster, Manus Screamer, John Feather, Fred Waterman, Jefferson Smith, Carl Silk, Foster Charles, William Mahone, and Ignatius Ironroad. William Mahone will speak before the convention on "Y. M. C. A. Work as I See it."

The Porto Rican's newly organized foot-ball team played their first game this season last Saturday with the small boys' second team. The goal was not passed by either side, but the game was very well played, considering that the Porto Ricans never ventured to play foot-ball. Captain Antonio Rodriguez says he will play the Dickinson Porto Ricans if the team continues its good work.

(Continued from first page)

Senate, though he is a small man. He wields a great influence throughout the country as well as in his own state. This incident illustrated that he was always ready for what might come up. He did not have to make preparation for a speech. His mind was always occupied. He was always so well informed of what was going on that when the time came for him to make a speech he was prepared for it. Mr. Beecher was much of the same character. It took him only a few minutes to make an address on any particular subject because his mind was always occupied on a theme belonging to the pulpit and when the subject came he was always ready. A familiarity with good books gives us this reserve power, no matter in what society we may be. If some occasion arises you will be ready to respond because your mind has not been filled with frivolity or what is worse than frivolity. So I ask my friends, that you learn to love good books, to discriminate in books to enjoy them even in a superficial way. Make yourself acquainted with the titles of the books, with the authors of books.

Perhaps that is all you can get hold of now, but learn that there is such a book by such a man or woman. If you go into a library or bookstore learn about the books. Get such information about them as you can. By and by you will be reading about them. I go into a second hand bookstore now and then in New York City. Sometimes I pick up on the tables there for ten or fifteen cents a very rare book. I am glad to know something of the character of it and what it is, so I can get hold of it when I come across it. So lift yourselves, so honor humanity and so glorify God.

AMERICAN EDUCATION.

There are some facts of great interest revealed in the annual report of the Commissioner of Education for the fiscal year to those who agree with President Garfield, that next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice or freedom can be permanently maintained, says the Public Ledger. Three things are discovered by this report, namely that education is steadily growing in favor, last year having the largest school attendance ever reported, that women seem to be most in demand as teachers outnumbering the men nearly four to one and that men average much higher wages than women when they do teach.

One-fifth of our population is now in various schools and colleges in the land; in the public schools alone there was more than 20 per cent. of all the people of the United States; and not merely are their names enrolled, but the average daily attendance for last year was 10,999,273 out of 15,925,887, a larger percentage than ever before. Add to this a million and a half more for the pupils in private schools and colleges, and 620,840 in evening and business schools, private kindergartens, Indian Schools and State Schools for defectives, orphans, etc., and America has a glorious record of 18,080,840 young people in general and special schools.

While this high educational standard cannot be maintained, save at a tremendous cost, no one with the interest of the nation at heart can begrudge the millions which are spent annually in this behalf. In the Universities and Colleges of the country alone, nearly ten million dollars are spent in tuition fees besides revenues from productive funds, and Government, State and Municipal appropriations amounting to nearly twelve million more. With all this vast expenditure the salaries of teachers are still painfully small, averaging monthly for men \$49 and for women about \$40.

These statistics tell in cold figures a tale of great encouragement for the future of the United States. All questions of immigration, amalgamation, race problems and an intelligent electorate seem less menacing and perplexing in view of the progress Mr. Harris reports along educational lines in the last twelve months. An educated American is not apt to be a decadent or retrogressive American.

Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well,
To man on earth and God in heaven.

ELIZA COOK.

FAMOUS CHOCTAW CHIEF.

His Portrait Added to the Collection of the State of Mississippi.

The Mississippi department of archives and history has received a valuable contribution to the gallery of portraits of distinguished historical personages of the state. It is an elaborate oil painting of Greenwood Leflore, the Choctaw chieftan, says the New Orleans Picayune. The painting was done by a granddaughter of the old chief, Miss Florence Ray. Leflore was the last of the great chiefs who ruled the tribe of the Choctaws before they migrated to the western reservations. Leflore was the son of Louis Lafleur, a French Canadian who came to the Mississippi territory in the early days and settled and married an Indian maiden, daughter of the then chief of the Choctaws. He was born in 1800.

As soon as he was old enough Leflore's father sent him to Nashville to school where he remained until he was 17 years of age. He returned to Mississippi in 1817. At the age of 24 he was chosen chief of his tribe. One of his most important acts as chief was his advocacy of the celebrated treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. In return for his valuable services in peaceably adjusting the differences between the Indian tribes and the governor, Leflore was granted several large tracts of land by treaty with the government. These lands were located in what is now Leflore county which takes its name from the old chief. At one time he represented Carroll county in the legislature of the state.

He decided not to follow his tribes in their migration from Mississippi and settled down on his lands in Leflore county, where he built a home nine miles from the present town of Greenwood, "Maison," a historic old landmark that is pointed out with pride by the citizens of that community today.

Greenwood Leflore is one of the most picturesque and interesting characters in the history of Mississippi. One of the heirlooms of his family is a magnificent sword that was presented to him by the President of the United States when he was made chief of the Choctaws. It was Laflore who had a clash with Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States. He was protesting against the acts of some Indian Agent in Mississippi. After a lengthy going over the matter "Old Hickory" said: "I Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, say that the Agent is an honest man." To which Laflore replied: "And I, Greenwood Leflore, chief of the Choctaws, say he is a thief."

WHEN THE FLAG HAD FIFTEEN STRIPES.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known, that during the war of 1812-14 the flag of the United States had fifteen stripes instead of thirteen, and that the flag of Fort McHenry, which inspired the Star Spangled Banner, and which still exists, consists of fifteen alternate red and white stripes.

The act of Congress of June 14, 1777, provided for a flag to consist of thirteen stars, white on a blue canton, and thirteen alternate red and white stripes. When, however, Vermont was admitted into the Union in 1791, and Kentucky in 1792, shortly after the adoption of the Constitution, it became necessary to give these states representation in the flag, and an act was passed, providing for fifteen stripes, representing the then fifteen states.

This flag continued in use until 1815, when other territories began to ask for admission as states. It was decided that it would not do to go on adding an additional stripe for each new state, as this would make the flag too large and cumbersome.

Congress therefore appointed Capt. Samuel C. Reid, noted for his heroic defence of the privateer General Armstrong in Fayal Roads in 1814, to design a new flag. He recommended that the number of stripes be reduced to the original thirteen, and that the states should be represented by the number of stars, a new one to be added on the 4th day of July succeeding the admission of each new state. This recommendation was adopted, and the flag as thus constructed has continued in use down to the present time, the arrangement of the stars being left to the officials of the War Department.

—[Glen Mills Daily.

WILD RICE.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat tells us that wild rice is to be a coming food fad.

Capitalists are trying to buy up the entire crop of wild rice produced in the regions about Duluth, Minn., to convert it into some new breakfast food. It costs from two to three times as much as ordinary rice, but has a peculiarly delicious flavor and is more nutritious than any of the cultivated grains. Those interested in the enterprise believe that a preparation made from it would be likely to "take" with the public.

There are no figures to show, even approximately, how many bushels of this remarkable cereal are harvested in an average year in Minnesota and northern Wisconsin, but the crop is enormous, inasmuch as it furnishes the chief food of 30,000 Indians—notably the Ojibway, Sioux and Menominee. Large quantities of the wild rice, too, are consumed by white people in this part of the country, who are very fond of it, and one dealer in Duluth handles one or two tons of it each autumn.

September is the month of the wild rice harvest, and all of the grain that comes to market is gathered by the Indians. The work falls mainly to the women, who go out in canoes upon the lakes, where the plant grows in the shallows, and bend the stalks over the side of the boat beating the precious seeds out of the purplish, green heads. This is done before they are ripe, because otherwise they might be thrashed out by wind and rain, falling into the water.

The plant, though an aquatic, is a true cereal and closely related to wheat and oats. Its shoots appear above the surface early in June, and at this stage, when seen from a distance, the beds look like low green islands. Later on they are covered with yellow flowers and present a beautiful aspect. The stalks when full grown stand four or five feet out of the water, and so thickly that the canoes of the harvesters have to be propelled through the "fields" by poling.

The grain is a slender cylindrical kernel half an inch long, slate-colored, and inclosed in a tough and tightly fitting husk. In the ordinary course of nature it falls, when ripe, into the water, sinks to the soft mud of the bottom and there germinates, sending up a single vigorous stalk. The annual yield under favorable conditions is from fifty to seventy-five bushels an acre, and the crop is very reliable, save only that once in a while the fields are drowned out by exceptionally high water, causing a total failure over extensive areas. Two or three weeks before the grain is ripe the Indian women go out in canoes and tie up the stalks of the wild rice in bunches, the object of this performance being to prevent depredation by birds and also to protect the seed heads from damage by storm. The work is done in most systematic fashion, a "field" thus treated having as orderly an appearance as an equal area of cultivated land at harvest time.

Later on the seeds are beaten out in the manner described and the boat loads of them are conveyed to the shore, where they are dried and cured. Being taken in a green state, they have to be artificially ripened before being fit for use, and for this purpose they are spread on a sort of scaffold covered with cedar baskets, to dry in the sun or parched in kettles until the outer coat bursts.

The next process consists in a species of threshing, to remove the outer coat of the grain. This is accomplished usually by pouring a quantity of the seeds into a skin lined hole in the ground and treading out or banging away at it with a short churn dasher. Afterward the kernel and chaff are scooped out of the hole in shallow baskets of birch bark, and the former are separated from the latter by tossing them into the air gently and permitting the wind to carry away the light debris. If there is no wind a fan is employed.

The wild rice is now ready for use as a food. It is largely used by the Indians to thicken soups, of which they are very fond, but it is good to eat in other ways. Like ordinary rice, it swells enormously when cooked in water, and a good sized cupfull will furnish a breakfast dish for eight or ten persons. With venison it goes admirably, and the parching to which it has been subjected lends to it a peculiar gamey flavor, much relished by sportsmen, who in this part of the country commonly carry stores of wild rice with them on their hunting expedi-

tions. It is a conveniently condensed form of ration.

There is no doubt that many hundreds of acres of water space in Minnesota and Wisconsin now bearing crops of wild rice were originally planted by Indians; but of course, they used fresh seed and sowed it promptly after it was gathered. It is thought that profitable use might be made of the wide areas of lakes in the upper Mississippi valley by the artificial propagation of this highly esteemed cereal.—[The Inglenook.

HUNTER'S DILEMMA.

Could Not Kill Four Lions with One Shot, but He Escaped.

"While on a recent shooting trip in East Africa, some 400 miles inland from Mompasa, the following incident occurred," says a correspondent of the London Telegraph; "I had just killed a very fine rhinoceros, and resolved to take a stroll while my gunbearer and boys were decapitating the dead pachyderm. My two spare rifles I left with the gunbearer, telling him he might expect me back in about an hour, by which time I deemed all would be ready to convey my trophies back to camp. Accompanying me was a little Wakamba lad as pro tem. gunbearer,

"We had covered about two miles of gently undulating plains of long dry grass, destitute of any vestige of covert, when I suddenly came to a dead standstill. Immediately facing us, scarcely twenty-five paces distant, standing quite still, their heads and shoulders showing above the long grass, their ears cocked forward, their eyes fixed straight on us, were four full grown lions.

"The following thoughts flashed across my mind: I dare not retire a single step backward, or all four lions will come to me; besides, I have nowhere to run to. Suppose I fire (my rifle was a .303, and fully loaded with ten rounds of sporting ammunition), I can make absolutely certain of one of the four. Suppose the remaining three charge; even then I might by a very lucky shot account for a second. After that— On the other hand, if I kill one the other three may beat a retreat. What should I do?

"Though these awkward brain questions needed immediate answer, I was still wavering—for the temptation to shoot was very strong—when one of the lions began to evince signs of restlessness, and an evident desire for positive action of some kind. My mind was made up. It would be madness to fire. Untwisting my case of field glasses from my shoulder I caught it by the strap, and, rushing forward with a loud yell, hurled it at the enemy. All four turned tail and bolted with a wough! wough! as they bounded, tails pointing skyward through the long grass. About three hundred yards off they stopped, and again contemplated us with, I fancy, no inconsiderable astonishment."

The Intelligence of a Spider.

Watch a spider spin his web and I shall be surprised if you ever kill a spider again. It takes him about an hour, sometimes less, for he is a marvelously quick worker, and there is something almost terrifying about the skill with which he works. There is his body, no larger than a match's head, yet, inclosed within that mere dot of nature there is an intelligence which is able first to prospect the area for his web then to plan it out like a geometrician and then to carry out his plan with workmanlike precision. Meanwhile, too, it must be remembered he is not only doing his thinking and his weaving but also spinning the material for it, all in that mite of a body. But perhaps the uncanniest feature of the whole thing is that the spider not merely has his plan in his head, but knows when he has made mistakes, and you can see him breaking off misplaced threads here and there, making taut slack lines and securing shaky connections.—[Success.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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