

Athletic Club team and our Indians took place.

Canadian Indians by the hundreds had come across the border to cheer for their Redskin brothers. The game was full of thrills and spills and high excitement. Throughout the whole game hardly three points separated the two contestants.

With the score tied and but a minute left to play the referee called a foul on our Captain, Frank Means, a big, handsome, bronze Sioux Indian from the Dakotas. After the momentary lull of the referee's shrill whistle, followed by the referee shouting - "On you, holding" - Means, the big Sioux, looked up with rather a startled expression and said, "Humph!" I made a mistake." The great audience roared its approval of the Indians' splendid sportsmanship and by an unusual stroke of good fortune we were lucky to win by one point in the last few seconds of play.

That Indian was a sportsman. Frank Means had played the game according to the rules. He had made a mistake and although neither he nor his team mates had previously acknowledged the potent point I endeavored to put across, yet in that moment of fierce rivalry he plainly showed that he was trying to play the game squarely. A