

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. I Number 22

BE STRONG.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle,—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong.
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,—fight on! To-morrow comes the song.
MALTBY D. BABCOCK
in Sunday School Times.

THE EDUCATION OF INDIANS.

It is popularly said of late that the Indian cannot "for several generations" compete in the intellectual world, but that he is destined for an indefinite period to remain a keeper of flocks and herds, a tiller of the soil, or at the best a humble artisan. This was the burden of the remarks of two or three of the more prominent speakers at Charleston, S. C., where the Indian Service Institute was recently held in connection with the N. E. A.; and it doubtless appeals to many minds as a plausible theory, tending to show the general uselessness and impracticability of the "higher education," at any rate in connection with the members of an "inferior race."

Let us examine into the logic and justice of this idea. Since culture or any acquired trait, according to the highest scientific authorities and the widest practical observation, is not transmissible from father to son, it matters not in reality whether the red man have "several generations" of educated progenitors behind him. Many of our foremost Americans were born of illiterate parents; some of the greatest of them all, as we take a certain pride in recalling, were practically self educated, and lived in early youth under conditions of almost as primitive simplicity as those that once surrounded the children of the forest. More than this, it is commonly reasoned that these very conditions favored the development of original gifts and the stern virtues of character; and we are told that the scions of wealthy and degenerate families tend constantly to degenerate, while out of poverty and rude surroundings sprang the hardy giants of the race.

As a matter of fact, probably the ablest and most cultivated men and women of native stock have risen direct from the wigwam to the pulpit and rostrum, and entered without delay into the common inheritance of mankind. A considerable list could be produced in evidence, from the name of Samson Occum, the famous "Indian of Mohegan," down to those of men of the present day who were trained in childhood to the warpath and the chase, and who, although beginning their formal education no earlier than fifteen years of age, yet contrived in another fifteen years or so to stand upon an equal footing with their Anglo-Saxon contemporaries.

The representative Indian is a man of brains and ambition. He has no notion whatever of remaining "for several generations" in the ranks of the toilers, and the vocation of such a man should be determined solely by individual fitness and choice. It is fairly certain that his race will never be a race of servants. Their gifts and their traditions as a people lie in quite another direction.

It is safe to say that the graduates of the government Indian schools do not fairly represent the possibilities of their

race. The oldest of these schools have not been in operation long enough to test the quality of their alumni; their pupils are mainly drawn from the more or less degenerate class of "agency Indians;" their associations in school are almost wholly among themselves; and it will be found, I think, that nearly all Indians who have thus far attained distinction were educated in other than Indian schools. Nevertheless, the record of former pupils of Hampton and Carlisle, both of which place great emphasis upon manual and industrial training, will show a remarkably large proportion of brain-workers. At Hampton, where the record has been kept with especial care, the last report gives 118 at work as teachers, clerks, missionaries, doctors, lawyers, artists, and in other distinctively intellectual callings, to 197 farmers, herdsmen, and mechanics. It must be remembered that but a small proportion of these are graduates, and that the standard of graduation is only about equal to the intermediate grade in our common schools. Of course there are some who have taken higher courses elsewhere.

It would be quite absurd to argue from all this that the Indian is "above" manual labor, or that he will not or cannot live by it if necessary. It has generally been found to be necessary for a large proportion of mankind, and our red brother cannot expect that an exception will be made in his favor. Neither is he to be diverted from obvious facts by fine speeches about the "dignity of labor." It is perfectly clear to everybody, including those who flatter the workingman with fair words, that the comforts and refinements of our civilization, the higher pleasures of art, literature, and travel, the society of cultivated men and women—all that the world calls success and honor—are the rewards of mind, not of muscle. Enough for him that lives by the plow if he can satisfy his hunger upon coarse fare, and his soul with the consciousness of duty done!

Brain is king. All payment, in this era of the world's progress, is in proportion to skill and knowledge, even in those pursuits which depend primarily upon the exercise of muscular power. A farmer, for example, who has mastered the science of agriculture, and is able to confine his work to planning and supervising the actual operations of the farm, is no longer a manual laborer but a professional man, and enjoys a corresponding gain in money and consideration.

It follows that all who recognize within themselves the germs of power, and are able to unlock the door of opportunity, aspire to cultivate their wits rather than to develop their legs and arms, believing that in no other way can they make the most of life. Is there no evidence of an unworthy feeling of caste on the part of those who would undertake to impose upon our young Indian-American an arbitrary code of limitations, to discourage them from entering the higher vocations on the ground of hereditary incapacity, and to confine their education to the merest rudiments?

Let improvement in the government Indian schools be in the direction of more efficient instruction in the industrial departments, giving to work of all kinds its full value as education; and heaven forbid that these rising young Americans be taught to look upon themselves as an inferior class, set apart by Nature and heredity to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the "superior" race!

One successful physician, or lawyer, or minister, or artist, or author, or educator,

or statesman of Indian descent is worth a thousand day-laborers as a practical demonstration of the equality of the races.

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN,
in the Arena.

CIVILIZATION IN THE MAKING.

Civilization is often spoken of as though it were already a finished product, a completed thing. "It is a disgrace to civilization," we say, when an outrage is committed. Sometimes, again, we use it as the ideal state and condition of humanity, which we hope some day to see realized, but which we feel is not yet attained. In the light of this ideal we often speak of our present condition as "an imperfect civilization." We often talk again of civilizing the Indians, when we mean the effort to make them like ourselves. We frequently speak of less favored races of men as "half civilized," or even "uncivilized."

Civilization is a very elastic word, and we stretch it, or contract it, to mean almost anything we wish for the moment to put upon it. Edmund Burke used the word a hundred years ago to sum up the way over mankind of two great principles—the spirit of the gentleman and the spirit of religion. That is to say, a man is civilized when he manifests constantly in his life the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. An ideal civilization, therefore, would mean a humanity in which these two principles are completely expressed. Courtesy and religion make the brain and heart of civilization. Men are to be humanized—i. e., made gentle, kindly, courteous, knightly; and they are also to be spiritualized—i. e., made responsive to God, devout, reverent, upward looking, obedient to the law of the spirit of life. We have one expression which covers the idea—Christian gentleman. It was this type Whittier describes in his well known lines:

"Manliness and meekness
In him were so allied,
That they who judged him by his strength or
weakness
Saw but a single side."

Civilization, we shall then say, is a state or condition in which it is the normal thing for men to be Christian gentlemen, and for the women to be courteous and reverent. If this is a true picture of civilization, then we are not yet civilized—we are far from it. We have many so-called Christians who have not the spirit of the gentleman, and many so-called gentlemen who have not the spirit of religion. The two things of course, ought never to be separated. A gentleman without reverence for the things of the Spirit, and a Christian without courtesy and refined gentleness, are both contradictions; but they are, nevertheless, easy to find in real life. Our present civilization has a lot of unchristian gentlemen in it and a lot of ungentlemanly Christians. There are Christians who have never dreamed that courtesy and refinement and gentlemanly bearing are an inherent part of Christianity, just as there are also gentlemen who do not seem to have learned that real culture and grace come from within, and are genuine only when the soul is entirely harmonized and adjusted to God as well as to men.

Our ultimate civilization will be a condition in which there is complete adjustment between man and man, and complete adjustment between men and God. If this is civilization it looks as though we had very little of it. Men are often treated as barbarians, and God is ignored as though He were not or were only a help-

less being. Yes, because civilization is only in the making. It is yet only sketched in dim, shadowy outline on the canvas of the ages. It is a prophecy rather than a reality. But wherever any individual man lives out in his daily life this life of a Christian gentleman, whether he be a plowman or a scholar, he is doing just so much to show forth the true civilization and to hasten it—[The American Friend.]

INSANITY SAVED HIM FROM THE INDIANS.

North American Indians always treated with great kindness the insane and feeble-minded, believing that they would be punished for any injury to persons so unfortunate, says The Youth's Companion.

General Strong tells how this belief of the Indians enabled Professor Hayden, of the United States Geological survey, to escape from a dangerous predicament.

One day, after having filled his saddlebags and pockets with pieces of various kinds of rock, the professor found that he had wandered far from the party and started in search of them.

Seeing some men on horseback, and supposing that they were his friends he rode towards them, but, to his horror, discovered that they were Indians.

Knowing that he was in the country of hostile, he turned his horse and attempted to escape. But his saddle-bag and every pocket were full to overflowing, as was also the tin box containing bugs and insects which hung at his side.

Thus handicapped, he made but poor headway.

The Indians soon overtook him, and in sign language ordered him to dismount.

They proceeded at once to make an inspection of his possessions.

He had nothing with which to defend himself, his outfit being a pocket knife, hammer, chisel and watch.

These they took, and then began to plunge their hands into his pockets bringing them out filled with the rock specimens.

Again and again they did this, until pockets, pouch and saddlebags were all emptied.

As the pile of stones increased upon the ground beside him, the Indians burst into loud laughter.

Finally they opened the tin box, and when they saw nothing in that but bugs and other insects, they quickly closed it, and looking at one another, and then very closely at Professor Hayden, they touched their foreheads and made the sign signifying crazy.

Then they gave back all his things, even picking up the specimens and replacing them carefully in his pockets, pouch and saddlebags and in the sign language told him to mount his horse and go on.

Country Talent.

Here is what Goethe says:
"Talent is developed in solitude, character in the rush of the world."

You wonder why so much ability comes from the country—why a Lincoln comes from the backwoods, while you, flourishing in a great city, can barely keep your place as a typewriter.

The countryman has got to be by himself much of the time, whether he wishes to or not. If he has anything in him, it comes out.

Astronomy, man's grandest study, grew up among the shepherds. You of the cities never even see the stars, much less study them.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER

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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.

It is said that smallpox in Indian Territory is chasing the Dawes Commission.

Unintentionally, but effectually nevertheless, our dealings with the Indians have been a grand high school of pauperism. —[Presbyterian Banner.

Chemawa, Oregon, has 86 of her students out in country homes or in some positions away from the school working their own way. She now carries on her roll 415 students.

Haskell has a good football team. They defeated the Ohio Medical University by a score of 11 to 6. Our former end, Caleb Sickles, class '98, who is a Medical student, made the touchdown for the University.

A pleasant little card of encouragement expressing "congratulations upon the excellence and interest of the paper," from the poetess Edna Dean Proctor is one of the bright and helpful memories of the week.

Talk about civilizing the Indians, read "Civilization in the Making," printed elsewhere and try to determine if WE as a people are civilized. There are untutored Indians to-day—brave, splendid specimens of nobility, wearing blankets and feathers, who at heart are more civilized than many so-called upper-crust people.

AN INDIAN OBJECT LESSON.

A week ago last Sunday evening a party of Yale students, who had come to town to let off steam after one of the intercollegiate football contests at New Haven, brought down upon themselves a storm of indignant hisses for their rowdyism while Emma Carus was singing negro hymns and George Fuller Golden was delivering a brief religious discourse at the New York's sacred concert.

In grateful contrast to their behavior was the decorum of the Carlisle Indian football team, who occupied boxes at Grace George's performance of "Her Majesty" on Thanksgiving night. They were as dignified and self-contained as their ancestors, the great war chiefs, sitting in solemn circle around the council fire.

None of them was under the influence of firewater. They made no ostentatious display of college colors. There was no braying of tin horns, and no hysterical rah-rah rahs to disturb the enjoyment of those bent upon witnessing the play. There was not even the faintest echo of a warwhoop to invite attention to their presence.

The stalwart young Carlisle Indians simply looked and acted like gentlemen, and their behavior was a striking object lesson to those callow, paleface collegians who seem to be unable to attend a place of amusement without making themselves conspicuously offensive and obnoxious.

Some of those swarthy lads were born in tepees of untanned Buffalo hide, but they put to blush many a young upstart nurtured in the luxury of a multi-millionaire's palace. They may not always win on the gridiron, but they know how to behave themselves in public.—[N. Y. Morning Telegraph, Dec. 1.

The President Eats Turkey at His White House Home.

Thanksgiving at the White House is one of the days that emphasize the home life of the American President and show how close to the people the Chief Executive is.

The President's family have their turkey, their cranberry sauce, their plum pudding and mince pie just the same as every other well-ordered family.

French dishes have no place on the table.

The White House turkey is a monster of its kind.

Every year on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, a big box has arrived at the executive mansion from Westerly, R. I., where the best turkeys in the world are bred.

The education of a White House turkey is not left to chance.

Its flesh is sweetened from earliest infancy with the choicest articles of turkey diet.

Grasshoppers and chestnuts are fed to it, and it comes to the President's plate richly flavored and appetizing.

—[Good Housekeeping.

Gone Back To The Indian Service.

Ex-student, Miss Nellie Barada, has been reinstated in the service since her resignation about a year ago. She is now at Cheyenne River Agency, South Dakota, and likes her new position as Boys' Matron.

She has spent some of her year's rest at her home at Winnebago, Nebraska.

There are 150 children in the Cheyenne River school, and 100 of them are boys.

The school is near the Missouri River, which they cross by boat when they wish to go to Forest City, there being no bridge.

They get daily mail, but when the river begins to freeze they have hard times getting mail regularly.

Winter is beginning in earnest, having had some snow and the weather quite cold.

Her sister Mary, (1900) and brother Mitchell ('98) are at home or near there for the present.

Nellie closes her interesting letter with regards to her friends at Carlisle.

A Thrifty Ex-Student.

Georgie Parish who was with us a number of years ago and is living in Afton Indian Territory, is now Mrs. Annie Howard. She has been married seven years and has three children, a daughter and two sons. George Samuel and Clarence Tecumseh are the boys' names and Montie May the girl's name. She says she would give a "fortune" to visit Carlisle, but it is impossible. They have a good farm and some stock. They raised eleven hundred bushels of corn, one hundred bushels of Irish potatoes and fifty bushels of sweet potatoes this year.

She has 32 Toulouse geese and a nice flock of turkeys, besides a fine lot of chickens.

Their little three-year old daughter knows all her letters but two, and Mrs. Howard is trying to teach her children to the best of her knowledge.

Her husband is a doctor by profession, and they have 600 acres of land—two good farms.

She remembers the songs she used to sing at Carlisle: she has had lots of ups and downs since she went west, but never through all has she forgotten the good friends at Carlisle and the dear old place.

Don't You Know.

To those people who have the style of saying "Don't you know?" at the end of nearly every sentence this anecdote may serve to open their eyes to the ridiculousness of the habit:

"Are you taking down in shorthand what I say?" laughingly asked a young author of an editor the other day.

"No I was only counting for amusement how many times you said 'don't you know?' You have just spoken nine sentences, all rather brief; and you have ended seven of them with that incomprehensible inquiry."

Football.

Columbia-Indian Game.

The Indians were defeated on Thanksgiving Day at New York by Columbia, 17 to 6 in a well played game in which both teams played good football. The Columbia team was in the best of condition and put up the best game they have played this season, and they fairly earned the victory. Besides being in better condition they were heavier than the Indians and it was no disgrace to be beaten by such a strong team.

Pierce, although in no condition to play, not having recovered full strength after an attack of appendicitis which kept him out of the last few games, was used during the first half, but he was not himself and was forced to retire.

Smith, who has played in all the games for the past two years, was injured in the game at Pittsburg, and he was able to play only a few minutes during the first half, so that the team was weakened by substitutes and did not appear at its best.

While this season's team, has not been as successful as the team of last year, yet it has played a strong and creditable and clean game all through the season and has done credit to the school. The outlook at the beginning of the season was far from bright, owing to the loss of so many of the old stars of the team, and the team has done better than many of its supporters predicted it would. Outclassed in weight and experience by all the big teams that have been met and meeting these teams after tedious trips on their own grounds, the Indians have always put up a hard game and with the exception of the Yale game they were only beaten by hard luck and by the better generalship of their opponents.

Notwithstanding the team has done fairly well, it is the opinion of many that they could have done better. Some of the old players did not seem to play as well as they did last season. They did not seem to have the same interest in their work, and some of the new players did not do as well as they were capable of doing. Most of the old players and the majority of the new men on the team did their best and could always be counted on to play as hard as they could, but they could not do it all, and as there were one or two players on the team who at critical times shirked their work and become discouraged. The result was there was not that confidence in each other and brotherly feeling which makes each man feel that the whole team is behind him and helping all they can.

In football more than in any other game there must be confidence in each other, and every one must feel that every other player is doing his best and working for the same end, in order to be successful and have the best team work. Something of this sort was lacking this year, and that explains to a certain extent why the team seemed to go to pieces at some stage of some of the big games.

The players and coaches have all learned something during the season, and they will no doubt profit by their mistakes and experiences, and turn them to good account next season, when it is hoped we may turn out a more formidable team than Carlisle has ever had.

There is that number again! Have you learned where to look FIRST? Look first at the number by your NAME on the wrapper, then at the number in the date line. Subtract and see how far you are paid ahead. If only a short time it will be a wise move to renew at once, then we will not have to take your name from the galley. This week's issue makes 25 numbers in the 16th volume or year, so the number in the DATE LINE reads 1625. See?

Miss Luckenbach who is at Phoenix, Arizona but who has eaten many a Thanksgiving Dinner with us when she was our pupils' cashier, declares by letter that she could almost see us on Thanksgiving Day, and that about half of her was here. She thinks often of Carlisle, but is in high praise of the climate and people at Phoenix.

Items of interest from Santee, Nebr.

On Sunday evening Nov 25, 1900, at the Episcopal Mission, a marriage ceremony took place conducted by the Rev. Wm. Holmes, the groom, Mr. Thomas Hunter, of White Swan, South Dakota, a well-to-do ranchman of that place and the bride Miss Louisa Campbell, of Santee, who for some years past has been employed as matron at the Government School of this place. Mr. Sam Baskin, one of our Santee young men was bride-groom and Miss Eunice Kitto, a graduate of the Rockford College was bridesmaid. After the ceremony, a wedding dinner was served at J. M. Campbell's the home of the bride, after which the happy couple took their departure for the home of Thomas Hunter at White Swan, South Dakota.

We regret very much the loss of Miss Campbell, who was one of the most earnest workers in Church matters. We hope for them a pleasant future.

CORRESPONDENT.

SANTEE, NEB., NOV. 26, 1900.

Our Paper Does Missionary Work.

Not only Indians need educating. Why, there is a man up in New York State who was met by a friend of the school the other day and was presented a sample copy of the REDMAN & HELPER, who after looking over it acknowledged that he had never known before that there was a Carlisle, and was not aware that there were enough Indians in the United States to make such a school. He is a recognized up-to-date business man, too. Now who can say that the little paper did not do missionary work in that particular instance? Help to enlighten the world by sending the paper to some one who ought to be interested in Indian education, or send us some names and addresses for sample copies. WE will place the paper before them, and if they read only one copy you will be doing some good, and it may be that they will be interested enough to subscribe for a year. The paper must go on its merits, and from the many letters received weekly the consolidated REDMAN & HELPER is gaining good ground in the hearts of the people.

Abram Isaac in New York.

Abram Isaac, 1900, is in New York State under medical treatment for his throat. A physician in Buffalo is treating him. His health is improving and he is greatly encouraged about himself.

He is with friends near Niagara Falls, who make him feel at home.

He has visiting the New York reservations and has seen a few of his classmates.

Some of them are doing nicely while others are drifting, and one he seems to think is a hopeless case.

Abram intends visiting all the bands and to see for himself how the Indians are living and getting on.

We see by the Riverside Twice a week Enterprise, that the Pomona College, California, defeated the Parris Indian school team on the 27th ult., by a score of 16 to 0. It is said to have been one of the best athletic contests ever witnessed in that city. The Indians won the admiration of every one by their manly sport-manlike conduct, and are assured a good backing of enthusiastic "rooters" whenever they play again in that city, and the Riverside people will wait expectantly to see the same teams meet after the Indians have had a year's training.

Miss Irene Campbell of Chemawa, Oregon, says that that school will have enrolled 600 pupils before the end of the year. The Man-on-the-band-stand saw two amateur pictures of Miss Irene which pleased him much. She says that her brother Donald who is attending Stanford University is obliged to wear glasses.

Miss Sara Smith has been the recipient of a nice little letter from Irene Eastman who is living with her papa and mamma at Crow Creek, South Dakota. She says she does not go to school, but has lessons at home. Irene has many little friends here who will be glad to learn even this much of her.

Man-on-the-band-stand's Corner.

Good-bye, November!

The cold wave was only a cool one after all.

Mr. Simon spent Friday and Saturday in New York City.

Mr and Mrs. Bursk of Carlisle, attended Sunday afternoon service.

Football taketh a back seat and the shinny stick is in evidence.

The football season is over but "kicking" is continued in some localities.

Mrs. Craft, of Jersey City, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Thompson.

Miss Mary and Clara Anthony were out making calls on Clara Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt and family of Steelton, were Thanksgiving guests.

The sills and floor of the south portico, office building are receiving needed repairs.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda have been shopping in Philadelphia for a few days.

The small boys—upstairs, won a game from the small boys, down stairs, on Thanksgiving Day, score 17 to 7.

Mr. Odell returned from Clifton Springs, New York, having had an enjoyable visit with his mother, whom he has not seen for ten years.

These are the days when the easy, thoughtless girl goeth out and geteth her feet damp, and then beginneth with an "ingrowing cough"

Mr. Clarence Herr, of Shippensburg, one of the county teachers, took dinner with his cousin Miss Newcomer at our school on Tuesday evening.

Miss Cutter and Mr. Daniel Miller will attend the Invincible Society to night; Mr Odell and Mrs. Brown the Standards; Miss Forster and Mr. Nori the Susans.

Mrs. Thrseney of Chambersburg, was a Thanksgiving guest of her daughter, and has been ill with a cold for a few days since. We are pleased to report her improving.

The Thanksgiving holiday would hardly have been complete without the school social which was held in the evening with its usual enjoyments and pleasures for all concerned.

Mr. Walter Haldy, cashier of the Lancaster City National Bank, and father of our Assistant Disciplinarian Haldy, visited his son on Monday, and was interested in the school.

On Tuesday night after lecture, the King's Daughters' circles in charge of Miss Miles and Miss Hill held a little sociable at which games and a general good time were enjoyed, Miss Ferree officiating in Miss Miles' place.

Mr. George A. Weber, of Reading and Master Paul Trombone, of the same city, were guests of Engineer Weber this week. The last named will remain a few days, much to Albert's delight who enjoys a good boy-romp with a boy, even if he is a little larger.

Taking the Teacher's Institute, the visiting lecturers who spoke to our student body, and stereopticon views carrying us to the Paris Exposition, there has been no lack of entertainment this week. Some evenings there were two, one at the school early, giving those who held Institute tickets a chance to go to the Opera House later the same evening.

Mrs Wellington White who has spent ten years in Missionary work in China, and who addressed the Union Missionary services in the Second Presbyterian church Carlisle, on Sunday evening, was one of the interested visitors of the week. Miss Mary Hench, of West Louthur Street, accompanied the distinguished missionary, on her visit to the school.

The sensible girl now is seen drawing her cloak over her shoulders and putting on her overshoes when she goeth out in the inclement weather. What is the result? Always well; always cheerful, happy, singing and lovable. The sickly girl is the grumbler, and whose fault is it? Ten chances to one she has been careless about her feet, overshoes and umbrella.

Miss Nana Pratt was at the Columbia-Indian game on Thanksgiving Day looking well and in good spirits, except when Columbia made a touchdown.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are busy mending the main driveway. They are now at work digging out the rock and levelling in front of the carpentershop.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder have moved out from town and will occupy rooms in the west end of dining-hall building. Mr. Snyder is the newly appointed baker.

Edwin Smith has had friends galore this week on the country school principle of "you know me." No wonder! Didn't he have a barrel of apples sent to him?

We are sorry to report the death of Fannie Gibson, who passed away of tuberculosis and was buried on Wednesday afternoon. She was a Shawnee and has been ill six weeks.

Our students do not seem to like celery, and many made button-hole bouquets of their Thanksgiving Dinner share. Eat it! It is said that there is no better food for brain and nerve.

The cute little baskets which held the candy at the teachers' Thanksgiving Dinner were Miss Noble's contribution, and they will be kept for many a day as souvenirs of the occasion.

Miss Moore went for a night to stay with Mrs. Given in the small boys' quarters. The next morning Mrs. G. thinking her guest had gone, locked the doors as usual and went to breakfast. The fault is that the hostess had "given" "moore" than was asked.

Stella Mishler and Glenny Waterman have learned the secrets of sweeping. They are keeping the office building in good order. No cobwebs escape THEIR notice, and they are not afraid to go into the corners and under the furniture once in awhile.

Thanksgiving service was held as usual in the morning. The band helped the singing and Professor Bakeless officiated as leader, giving among other things an interesting description of how the Thanksgiving proclamation is made by the President and then by the Governors of the States.

Major and Mrs. Pratt, and Miss Richenda, as well as coach Warner and the first football team attended the West Point-Annapolis game in Philadelphia, last Saturday. It was a large gathering of notable Army and Navy people, and none were present who were not specially invited.

The football teams have taken their regular places again in the dining hall, coming down to common fare, and Miss Ferree says they are gentlemen at table. All look in better health and weigh heavier than when they started in training, and the experience has been good for them all through.

On Thursday, Major Pratt was the recipient of dozens of the most odoriferous and exquisite pink, white and yellow roses, from Dr. Winship, Hon. Henry Houck and Mrs. Donovan, in honor of his birthday. The distinguished givers are on the Teachers' Institute lecture course, and were out and charmingly entertained the school. The Major has the congratulations of his corps of workers and friends on the passing of another milestone in life's journey.

The band did not go to Paris, but the whole school did last Monday evening. Professor W. Hinton White presented some very fine views of the Exposition, which together with his talk made us feel that we were actually present in the wonderful buildings, and on the spacious grounds so artistically laid out. Exterior and interior views of the buildings, the imposing statuary and picturesque arches along the magnificent Seine as presented was the next best thing to visiting the place in person. We were all benefitted by the trip and were not nearly so tired as we would have been had we walked from building to building. Who now does not want to go to Paris and take an ocean voyage on such a beautiful ship as was shown to the delighted audience?

The Teachers Thanksgiving Dinner.

To the management of the Teachers' Club—to Mr. Kensler as caterer, to Miss Noble as matron, and to Mrs. Rumsport as cook, also to the faithful and efficient dining room girls the teachers and officers are indebted for a sumptuous and satisfying Thanksgiving dinner.

Misses Carter and Stewart were detailed to assist Miss Noble in decorations, and the room, tables and sideboard were tastefully trimmed in ferns, and chrysanthemums.

The tables were arranged in banquet style with one end open so as to accommodate the forty-eight guests with ease and comfort.

From Blue Putee on the Half Shell down through Puree of Chestnuts, Roast turkey and proverbial cranberry sauce with accompanying vegetables, salads, mince and pumpkin pie, ice cream, fruits nuts and coffee conversation and jokes did not lag. There was plenty of time to eat and be social, and the dinner was one long to be remembered.

"Schoolmarm's?"

From a long list of various kinds of "schoolmarm's" who attended a Convention held at Burlington, which the Democrat of that place published we select a few lines as descriptive of those who are in session now in Carlisle, and who come out between times to see the Indian School.

Schoolmarm's handsome, schoolmarm's homely,
Schoolmarm's plain and schoolmarm's comely;
Schoolmarm's pert, petit and pretty,
Schoolmarm's wise and schoolmarm's witty;
Schoolmarm's modest and schoolmarm's shy,
Schoolmarm's with a twinkling eye,
Schoolmarm's here for mental learning,
Schoolmarm's here with mischief burning;
Schoolmarm's who are up to date,
Schoolmarm's just a trifle late;
Schoolmarm's with a winning smile,
Schoolmarm's sober all the while;
Schoolmarm's, bless us, every where.
Take your pick and call it square.

The Students' Dinner.

That the students enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinner of Turkey, Cranberry Jelly, Giblet Sauce, ect., was amply proven by the way they "lent themselves to the occasion." They had sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes and creamed onions for vegetables; Mince pie, cake, bananas and apples for dessert, and coffee to end with. The turkeys, 70 of them, roasted by Mr. Snyder, baker, in his great ovens, were done to a turn, and the cake baked by the cooking class girls more than satisfied the sweet teeth of the partakers. Mr. and Mrs. Van Der Mey deserve great credit for the delicious and attractively served food. The neat little menus printed by William Paul were intended as souvenirs.

Mrs. Walter spent a day or two with her husband, who is in the Medico Surgical Hospital undergoing an operation upon the eye. He is improving rapidly and was out for the first after the operation on Friday with Mrs. Walter, taking in the sights of Philadelphia. He will have to wear his eye bandaged for some time.

LATER: Mr. Walter has returned from the hospital with his eye unbandaged, and is very happy over his present condition.

The printers have not been beaten at football this year, but the Juveniles tied the score in a game on Thanksgiving Day. The printers who stand as champions of all teams other than first and second regulars, have had their photographs taken in a group, which is on sale at the printing office, 30 cents. By mail 35 cents. This picture, 8x10 inches will be sent FREE to any one sending us five subscriptions and five cents extra to pay postage.

The circular regarding the health and clothing of the students, printed elsewhere, is an important one. A few names of boys reported for unbuttoned coats or playing marbles and unnecessary running in the rain and wet grass, and a few girls' names, for being on wet walks and a few others may help to remedy the evil. The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that the students will be interested enough in their own health to not expose themselves,

A DELIGHTFUL HOUR.

One of the most delightful hours we have spent in assembly hall for many a day was enjoyed last Tuesday evening. Dr. Winship, of Boston, Editor of the Journal of Education, Professor Green, of the West Chester Normal School, and Mrs. Donovan, of Pittsburg, were guests of the occasion, and did the entertaining.

Mrs. Donovan is one of the sweetest singers it has been our pleasure to listen to. Her voice is so clear, her enunciation so distinct, she is so free from stage mannerisms and her simplicity so striking that it is charming to hear her.

Miss Moore never showed her skill in the art of accompanying, to better advantage. She does not make the instrument more prominent than the voice.

Dr. Winship is a fluent speaker and was touched by the singing. He made the work of the soloist and the accompanist the foundation of his address. At first, however, he spoke of how impressed he was upon his first visit to the school some years ago, when he listened to the orations of the students at the time the gymnasium was dedicated.

The work of the soloist he claims is of benefit to the performer for he or she must PREPARE for the work. The soloist does NOT try to do ORIGINAL work but puts her best soul and thought into the work of the master artist.

The many stories used to illustrate his points were highly enjoyed, and were listened to with breathless attention. After his account of how a great educator in Chicago read Evangeline in a manner that brought spell bound attention from boys who cared not for poetry, no one could doubt that the teacher is largely responsible for the actions and interest of her pupils.

He dwelt upon the importance of the accompanist in life, and told thrilling stories to illustrate this point. The word picture of the football game between Pennsylvania and Lafayette, when the latter won, was thoroughly appreciated and received enthusiastic applause.

The speaker showed how the touchdown was due to accompanying players. They assisted the runner in making the goal line.

The accompanist must be skilful in following. He cannot lead. One of the most important things in life is for us to be willing to play accompaniments.

The story of the celery patch, how the plant is placed in rows and is kept covered up a way from the light by shovelling dirt on it every few days, was well told. By waiting patiently the delicious vegetable was finally brought out and put to good use, feeding the brain of man better than almost any other food. By waiting and patiently performing our duties we will in time be lifted out of a condition that seems discouraging, into a life of hopefulness.

The story of an experience wherein the speaker saved the life of a boy in a well, perhaps illustrated the point of the helpfulness of the accompanist better than anything he related. You could have heard a pin drop as it was being told.

Professor Green followed Dr. Winship, and was also full of pleasing anecdotes.

But that which will ever be remembered by those who heard him last Tuesday night was the Professor's ARITHMETIC LESSON.

First he would have us ADD to our present stock of information. He took the position that if the old adage that a little learning is a dangerous thing were true most of his audience were dangerous people. Keep in touch with nature and with the best books.

Second, he would have us SUBTRACT the vice from our natures and surroundings; and third, we should MULTIPLY our virtues.

The largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

He would have us watch carefully our companions.

To know some people is our salvation, but to know others is our damnation.

It is better to fool with a bee than to be with a fool.

Fourth, DIVIDE our duty and blessings and pleasures with others.

He cited Joseph in the pit, Daniel in the lion's den, John Bunyan in jail as illustrations that a true life cannot be hidden.

ADVISED TO SLEEP WITH HIS FOOTBALL.

In an article in the St. Louis Globe, Samuel Hopkins Adams, football critic, gives an incident of a football enthusiast learning the art of kicking. The advice may be of service for our next year's aspirants:

One very hot day last summer, as the writer was fishing in a river in one of the wildest regions of the sound, a peculiar, dull thumping, repeating at intervals of a quarter of a minute or more, roused his curiosity.

It was no sound that he was able to identify with a country so sparsely inhabited that he had seen but one house in a day's journey, yet there was about it something bafflingly familiar.

The next turn in the river furnished the explanation.

On a sand bar in the stream stood a young giant holding in his outstretched hands, of all things imaginable in that wilderness—a foot ball,

Stepping forward with deliberation, he let the oval fall, and as it hit the hard sand his foot met it and sent it spinning far up the steep river bank, where it struck, bounded, and rolled back into the stream.

He was poking it out with a pole when the writer accosted him.

"Yes; I am getting a little practice," he said in answer to the question, wiping his heated face. "It's better than nothing."

"Just kicking at random?" asked the writer.

"No indeed. See that goal up there?" He pointed to a couple of sawed-off stumps up on the bank.

"I've been making that three times out of five."

"Rather an unexpected spot to find any one practicing foot ball. Do you live around here?"

"No; I'm here on a surveying trip for my father, who owns a lot of these hills. It's our system of training at college," he explained. "They gave me this ball when I came away and told me if I wanted to take the team I'd better put in some hard practice."

"You take this ball the head coach said to me, and sleep with it.

Use it for a pillow.

Carry it around under your arm.

Learn every mark and wrinkle of it.

When you've got room to kick, kick it.

When you haven't throw, it against the wall and practice catching it.

Stick to it like a fly to fly paper,' he told me. And that's what I'm doing," concluded the big fellow, as he picked the big oval out of the water and flicked the bright drops from the pigskin, preparatory to another trial.

Now, it would be pleasant to add that this sturdy and faithful young surveyor saved the championship for his team by a skilful drop kick at the crucial moment in the final game.

Great Men's Humble Birth.

Some of the men around us of high standing to-day sprang from humble origin. It is not necessary for our success that we have fathers and mothers who are high in life. We print by request the following list of notable people whose births were in the lower walks of life. Let us read it and take courage!

Horace was a shop-keeper's son.

Oliver Cromwell was a brewer's son.

The Greek poet, Hesiod, was a farmer's son.

Daniel Webster was a son of a small farmer.

Abraham Lincoln was a son of a poor farmer.

William Cullen Bryant was a son of a physician.

Virgil, the great Latin epic poet, was the son of a potter.

Doctor Mountain, Bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar.

Homer, most illustrious of poets, was at one time a beggar.

Columbus the discoverer of America, was the son of a weaver.

Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, was a plowman in Ayreshire.

Terrence, the celebrated Roman dramatist, was one time a slave.

Doctor Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was a linen-draper's son.

The great French dramatist, Moliere, was the son of a tapestry-maker.

William E. Gladstone, "the grand old man," was a merchant's son.

Demosthenes, the most celebrated orator of antiquity, was a cutler's son.

Platus, one of the greatest Roman comic poets, was the son of a baker.

Thomas Wolsey, the English Cardinal and statesman, was a butcher's son.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, and theological writer, was a farmer's son.

The eminent French humorist, Francois Rabelais, was the son of an apothecary.

The English lexicographer, Doctor Samuel Johnson, was the son of a bookdealer.

William Shakespeare, "the chief literary glory of England," was a yeoman's son.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the "Declaration of Independence," was a planter's son.

The celebrated American engineer, Robert Fulton, was at one time a jeweler's apprentice.

The great English preacher, George Whitefield, was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

From the most humble origin, Thurlow Weed became one of the leading journalists of the United States, and a great political leader.

Cervantes, the illustrious Spanish author, was born of an ancient but reduced family. He early entered military life and served as a common soldier.

Compliments for the Carlisle Indians.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: During the past football season I have noticed with pleasure your prompt condemnation of all unsportsmanlike conduct among the college teams, but I have seen no praise of clean, gentlemanly playing where it certainly is due.

Of all the teams that have played this year in the East no eleven can make a better claim as an aggregation of sportsmen than the Carlisle Indians. They had as many hard games as any other college team, but always put up a good, swift exhibition of clean football, such as every true lover of sport likes to see; and although sometimes defeated, in many instances by their gentlemanly conduct and good nature, won applause from the "rooters" of their opponents.

Another thing for which they desire nearly as much praise as for clean playing on the field is the way they abided by decisions of the umpire. The Indians are all right and have won for themselves the surety of always having in the East onlookers who are friendly and well disposed to them.

A SPECTATOR

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 30

—[New York Sun, Dec. 2.

Supreme Court Decides against the Cigarette.

The State now has a right to protect the lives and health of its people.

Some of our States have passed laws prohibiting the sale of cigarettes, but the right to pass such a law has been questioned.

That the effect of cigarette smoking is disastrous to the MIND and BODY of growing boys has long been proven, and war against the little "life destroyer" has for years been vigorously waged, but in the face of this war the habit is growing and sales are increasing.

Some boys begin to smoke before they get into long trousers, yes, before they get out of dresses.

THEY do not know the evil effects.

THEY have not minds large enough to comprehend the philosophy of the harm that smoking does to them.

NOW the Supreme Court will stand by the States in making laws against the sale or the giving away of cigarettes or cigarette paper.

Now we may hope to have laws by the

States preventing the spread of the evil.

Fortunate we as a school have a rule against the use of smoking, and the few who may possibly steal smokes are easily spotted.

Those who have quit the habit are rejoicing because they have quit. They feel better, have clearer heads and are able to do more studying. They look better, have clearer eyes, better skin and stand and walk in a more manly way.

That's it.

"Johnny," said Johnny's little brother. "a fly is a fly because it flies, isn't he?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And a flea is a flea because he flees, isn't it?"

"Shouldn't wonder?"

"Then why are bees bees?"

"Because they be," laughed Johnny.

—[Harper's Young People.

Cooking Class Girls, See!

In Norway before a girl is allowed to marry she must have a State certificate that she can cook.

And yet there is a disposition among ignorant people, says the New York Press, to consider Norway some distance behind the advance guard of civilization.

Why Does The Editor Say "We"?

"Ma," said a news paper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves we."

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

Dogma.

"Mary make a sentence with, dogma as subject"

Mary (after careful thought)—"The dogma has three puppies"

What two letters represent the fate of all earthly things? DK—(decay).

They Keep the School in Memory.

"DEAR HELPER: Please come cheer my home," writes Mrs. Blanche Bear Fighter, ex-student, at Popular, Montana

"I have now two dear little boys and a happy home. My little ones' names are David and Edwin Bear Fighter, and I have a good husband. Hope you will bring joy to my home."



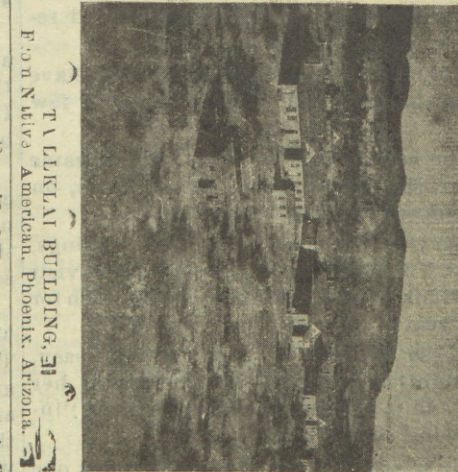
INDIAN BABY IN ITS CRADLE (Through courtesy of Talks & Thoughts, Hampton, Va.)

TO ALL EMPLOYEES.

The following circular from headquarters went the rounds among our employees this week, with directions not only to carry out its provisions but to report to the office by name such pupils as they may find violating the orders.

The Circular.

All employees, and especially those in charge at quarters, are hereby instructed to look carefully after the proper clothing of the students; that is, to see that they do not expose themselves unduly to cold and change of weather. Every student should have on proper underwear for the season, and it is the duty of those in charge to require them to wear it constantly.



Other Countries Have the Spitting Habit.

We have always felt humiliated, says a writer in Church Progress, on entering a street car, or a railroad coach, which carried the sign, "Do not spit upon the floor."

"Home keeping youths have ever homely wits," and so we thought "expectorating" a bit of American boorishness and the sign a bit of American bluntness.

But other lands suffer, and to such a degree that the Archbishop of Servia has caused notices, to which are affixed his official seal, to be hung in all the churches of his diocese.

"Out of respect," it reads, "for the house of God, and in order to prevent the propagation of contagious diseases, do not spit on the floor."

Football Schedule.

- Sept. 22. Lebanon Valley College, here. Won; Score, 34 to 0.
- Sept. 28. Dickinson College, here. Won; 21 to 0.
- " 29. Susquehanna College, here. Won; 46 to 0.
- Oct. 6. Gettysburg College, here. Won; 45 to 0.
- " 13. University of Virginia, at Washington. Won; score, 16 to 2.
- " 15. University of Maryland, at Baltimore. Won; Score, 27 to 0.
- " 27. Harvard, at Cambridge. Lost, 17 to 5.
- Nov. 10. Yale, at New Haven. Lost, 35 to 0.
- " 17. University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Lost, 16 to 6.
- Nov. 24. Washington and Jefferson, at Pittsburg. Tie score 5 to 5.
- Nov. 29. Columbia University at New York City. Lost; 17 to 6.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.
My 5, 6, 4 is used in baseball.
My 1, 2, 3, 8 we are advised in the Bible not to call our brother.
My 4, 3, 2, 7 is used by workmen.
My whole is what will now take a back seat at the Carlisle Indian School for a time.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A big feast.

FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZE!

To the person sending us the most subscriptions before Christmas 1900 the RED MAN & HELPER will give FIFTY DOLLARS.

Send in your subscriptions as fast as you receive them and keep five cents on every name. This will pay you for your work in case you do not get the prize.

The Band picture will be sent FREE, we paying postage, to any address in the United States or Canada for one subscription, full price, 25 cents.

We cannot send pictures to your new subscribers unless you send us the full subscription price, 25 cents.

Remember! The Band picture is a fine lithograph, 11x13, in colors, and the likenesses of the boys are good. The picture of the leader, Dennison Wheelock is especially fine.

There are RULES governing the contest which send for at once, if you are going to be a contestant.