

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1902.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. III, Number Fifteen.

Thanksgiving

HAVE you cut the wheat in the blowing fields.
The barley, the oats, and the rye.
The golden corn and the pearly rice?
For the winter days are nigh."

"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vine,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme,
In the hive of the honey bees?"

"To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit of gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honey-comb,
The country so fair and so free.
The blessings and glory of home."
—[AMELIA E. BARR, in Over Sea and Land.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

Keziah Shelton in every other Sunday has this bit of history to refresh our memories:

It is a far cry backward to that first "Fast," ordered by Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Colonies, when the meal was almost exhausted, and his good and faithful, generous housewife soundly rapped the barrel staves with her wooden spoon to shake off the last dusty particle, that she might share it with a poorer neighbor.

Those were dark days, but succor was at hand; and the good ship "Lion," from England, sailed into port with an ample cargo to replenish the empty barrels and storehouses of the Colonies.

Then that day of "fasting" was ordered to become one of feasting; and "Thanksgiving" took the place of the penitential prayers, by means of which, according to the dark teachings of those days, they had hoped to "placate an austere God."

It is in memory of this blessed help in an hour of sore need, that "a day of feasting and thanksgiving" has become an annual and national custom.

Once it was confined to New England, to the direct descendants of those who suffered and were famished; but as the New Englanders gradually colonized the other States, the custom spread somewhat, but the dates were so varied that people on the alert for visiting opportunities often secured two or three "Thanksgiving-dinners."

It was left to Abraham Lincoln to proclaim the first National Thanksgiving, and it has, since his act, been "Turkey and plum-pudding day" on the same date throughout the United States.

Be Optimists!

In the same issue Arthur E. Locke says:

Let us give thanks!
Let us be optimists!
What though our life seem circumscribed and our benefits seem few?

In reality nothing can circumscribe our life, and our benefits are many.

Life does not consist altogether in the advantages we enjoy.

Life consists mainly in our ability to meet all occasions in a cheerful and philosophic way.

Life is sweeter when we calmly enjoy what we have.

Let us, then, give thanks!
Thanks, that our nation survives, though its honored chief dies! (Alluding to the death of President McKinley, last year.)

Thanks, that our cities are slowly emerging from the hands of corrupt men!

Thanks, that the condition of humanity is being bettered through economic and charitable ministrations!

Let us give thanks when we wake in the morning for the new day of opportunity,

"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours
And the honey-comb from scented flowers.

"The wealth of the snowy cotton-field
And the gift of the sugar-cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root—
There has nothing been given in vain.

"We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore
And the measure is full and brimming o'er."

"Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!

and at night under the brilliant stars for God's guidance through the day.

So shall our lives be a constant prayer of gratitude.

That is what our lives need!
There is too much bewailing!
We are apt to deplore our fates!
We are too apt to be envious of others!
Here and now is our opportunity.

Let us not utter thanks with feigning lips

If we cannot feel in our hearts the justice of God's way, let us keep a golden silence!

But let us search our hearts to their depths first, for it is a priceless treasure that may lie hidden there.

It is a spiritual blessing for which we seek!

Youth is the time for gratitude.
May we not delay!
May Thanksgiving mean more to us than it ever has in years gone by.
Let us give OPTIMISTIC thanks!

The Birds' Thanksgiving Dinner.

Out in the town of Evanston, Illinois, they gave the birds a special Thanksgiving dinner last year.

How was it done?
Why, one generous man, who loved birds, gave the city a present of ten whole bushels of wheat, just for the birds.

All the little feathered people in Evanston came to that Thanksgiving dinner and ate their fill—and chirped their thanks for it afterward, you may be sure!
—[Sunbeam.

Mistaken Philanthropy.

"Some philanthropists," said General Booth recently, "endeavor to reform men by washing their shirts. The Salvation Army proposes to wash their hearts, and teach them how to wash their own shirts."

The illustration is homely but pertinent. General Armstrong once took a task a visiting minister at Hampton who prayed that the Indian students might have the rough places made smooth before their feet.

"Not at all!" exclaimed the fine old soldier. "Pray rather that these Indian boys may march on over the rough places, not stumbling, and undismayed."

—[Youth's Companion.

Merchant: "So you're looking for a position?"

Young College Graduate: "No, I've wasted so much time looking for a 'position' that I'll be satisfied now to take a job."

"Why, Johnnie! I am ashamed of you. How could you take sister Ethel's half of the apple away from her?"

"Cause, ma, I ain't forgot you told me to always take sister's part."

INDIAN TERRITORY NEWS.

(From the Indian Journal.)

The first real Indian fair of history was pulled off at Anadarko, in charge of the Washita tribe. The Indians had on exhibition pumpkins, watermelons, squashes, sweet potatoes, corn etc., which they had raised.

The pecan crop of the Territory according to all reports, is simply immense.

A teacher in one of the Creek schools recently asked her class in geography to name some of the principal products of Peru, and was terribly shocked when an urchin at the end of the bench promptly answered "Peruna."

A South McAlester woman "shooed" some chickens in her garden because they were bare footed.

It is estimated that 7,325 dead will be stricken from the Cherokee rolls, leaving on straight cards about 36,000 people who will share in the final distribution of the lands and moneys of the tribe.

The fact that the dissolution in the near future of the Seminole tribal government will in effect throw open to settlement over 250,000 acres of fine land has caused a great rush of land grabbers and home seekers to that country.

"CHESTNUTS" COOKED AND DRIED FOR A THANKSGIVING DINNER TABLE.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what the word foresight means?"

"Yes'm."
"Can you give me an illustration?"

"Yes'm."
"You may do so."
"Last night my mamma told the doctor he might as well call around and see me Thanksgiving night."

Mr. G. Ormandizer (struggling to carve the first turkey his wife had ever cooked):
"Say, Mary, the bones in this bird are thicker than a shad's—just hear the knife grit."

Mrs. G. Ormandizer (almost crying with anxiety): "You must be against the shells, George."
"Shells?"

"Yes, George; don't you remember that you asked me to stuff the turkey with oysters?"

"Well, Johnny, what are you the most thankful for to-day?"

"I don't know whether I am thankfullest 'cos I ain't a girl or 'cos I ain't a turkey."

"Do all turkeys have wishbones, nurse?"

"Yes, dearie."
"I wonder why they don't wish that there wouldn't be any Thanksgiving?"

First Turkey: How common-looking that turkey over there is. He hasn't the least notion of style.

Second Turkey: Don't bother about that. Thanksgiving is soon here. Then he'll be well dressed.

Can the sardine box? No, but the tomato can.

Why did the sausage roll? Because it saw the apple turnover.

Why did the fly fly? Because the spider spider.

"I'd rather be a wild turkey and live on the prairie," said a little boy, "than be a tame turkey and be killed every year."

What one letter in the alphabet will spell the word potato?

The letter O; put them down one at a time until you have "put eight O's"

A Gentle Hint.

A flannel wet with kerosene oil will remove fly specks from brass. Polish with chamois.—[Chandeleir.

A BOY'S THANKSGIVING.

Thanks, dear God, for all the fun
I have had throughout the year;
For the smiling sky and sun,
For the summer's glorious cheer.

Oh, so many thanks we need
For your kindness, and I say,
Thank you very much, indeed,
For the gift—Thanksgiving Day,
—King's Own.

MISS FLORENCE LAIRD IN TEXAS.

Miss Laird, who was here last year as a special teacher, has sought a warmer clime, and is now at LaPorte, which is a small town between Houston and Galveston and is situated on a point of land just south of San Jacinto Bay, and north and east of Galveston Bay.

It is the highest point on the Texas coast.

The Government is making a deep water channel up the bay, which is [costing about two million dollars.

People here think that in about a year La Porte will have a great boom.

Many Houston people own cottages on the bay and hundreds of people come here during the summer months.

Since we arrived the weather has not permitted us to get in the water, but I hope to before the water gets very cold.

We have enjoyed the crabbing parties very much.

We provide ourselves with string, sinkers, bate, bread and butter, and coffee and start for the bay.

Some one takes a horse and buggy and carries the charcoal burner.

We have great fun catching the crabs, and it is quite exciting when several have bites at the same time.

When we have caught from fifteen to twenty, some one prepares them and they are put on the charcoal burner to boil, and we have our supper on the warf.

There are many delightful people here and we have jolly times together.

My sister and I stayed at the hotel for some time but finally secured furnished rooms and are now keeping house. We enjoy it very much, but I miss my sister Daisy who is at Carlisle with you.

She writes that you are having steam heat. I am wearing my thinnest gowns, and last Monday (Oct. 12th) the thermometer registered 86 in one of the lady's rooms.

One thing we enjoy so much are the roses.

We took a long drive into the country last Friday and saw oranges, Japanese persimmons, figs, pomegranates, and peanuts growing.

The Japanese persimmons look very much like small red tomatoes and grow on trees about six feet high, but the limbs are so heavy with fruit that they bend almost to the ground.

Nearly every one has a few banana trees for ornament, but the fruit seldom matures.

I was fortunate enough to see one in blossom.

About the prettiest tree that grows here is the Chinese umbrella, which does not grow tall, but it is symmetrical and the leaves are very thick.

I went to Huston a short time ago and visited schools.

I was not very favorably impressed. They cannot compare with the Northern schools.

I have heard many pupils in the lower grades at Carlisle read better than the highest grades there.

They use very inferior text-books and the school age is from eight to seventeen.

Write Written Right.

"Write" we know is written right,
When we see it written "write;"
But when we see it written wright
We know it is not written right;
For "write," to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright.
Nor yet should it be written rite
But "write" for so 'tis written right.

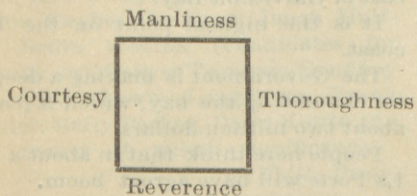
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class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from
the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has.**COLONEL PRATT, ON THE KIND OF MAN
TO SUCCEED.**

On a recent Saturday night, in his address before the student body, Col. Pratt made prominent the idea that a man should be able to take care of himself.

There was a square upon the board which had been used as an illustration of the square man, by the Rev. Dr. Moss, who addressed the school a day or two before.



The Colonel said a man must be more than square, have more than the qualities mentioned. Of course he must be a good man, but he ought to have all the experience, all the knowledge, all the legal ability and all the courage necessary to enable him to look out for himself successfully.

In the old days, nations, tribes neighborhoods and individuals resorted to fighting to settle their difficulties with one another. He remembered that in the town he lived years ago, during a presidential election there was a great mob of men fighting in the main street, and he with several of his boy friends climbed upon the awning poles to see the fighting.

That was the way at a number of elections in those days, and it was not uncommon to see neighbors fighting neighbors. But now there is less fighting and more law. The law steps in and settles troubles.

But men must know their rights. They should know their property rights, their family rights and their individual rights and should know what to do when their rights are trampled upon.

In these days, law provides a remedy for all infringements.

So with all our getting of knowledge and character we need that also which will enable us to protect ourselves before the law, that we may go through life safely. The speaker was not willing to say that a man should not strike back if necessary, and to illustrate that point he told of an educated man in Boston who was a printer. He had studied gymnastics and had practiced the use of his fist. He was made chief of his department of work.

An Irishman in his office became impudent and would not obey orders. The Irishman struck the man, and the man struck the Irishman a blow that knocked him down, and then he dragged him to the head of the stairs to throw him down, but was hindered by others interfering.

In a few days the Irishman came back to the office, and he had a black eye. The man asked:

"Pat, what's the matter? Who gave you the black eye?"

"You gave it to me, surr."

The story demonstrated the necessity of having power to protect oneself. That man was at once in full command of the office, and the Irishman was thereafter obedient and respectful.

The Colonel did not advocate that violence was necessary. The man might have overcome the Irishman with wisdom, but we must have the ability one way or another to protect ourselves, and the interests in our keeping that we may accomplish all we ought in the performance of our duty.

As we grow in years there will be placed upon us more and more responsibilities, care of property, care of family, care of the affairs of the community and of the

State. It is necessary to understand and be thoroughly equipped.

We must think of our duties. We all are more or less weak because of ignorance. The wisest are sometimes weak. We are not always able to foresee all that we ought to have done, but in so far as we can see and know we ought to be able to act wisely and promptly and to take care of ourselves and all interests in our keeping as the times and circumstances require.

You are growing up into manhood and womanhood.

You want to disabuse your minds of ideas that you are going to be able to lean upon someone always.

I don't care how good and kind an Indian agent you have nor how fatherly the Government may be; no Government, no Indian agent, no guardian can look out for a man as well as he can look out for himself if he knows how.

I want you to get into your minds that you can look out for yourselves and take care of your own affairs, your own money and your own property.

The fact that you are here at Carlisle, that you are under care indicates you are growing into a knowledge which will enable you to go out and take care of your own affairs. And because you are under our care and we are interested in you and want you to succeed, we try to look out for you as a father looks out for his son.

Nobody can hurt my son over in Steelton without hurting me; because he is my son I will stand up for him.

He may be entirely able to look out for himself, but if he needs my help and my sympathy and my influence he is going to have it, and we feel that way about you; but the greatest attainment is to be able to take care of yourself and your own interests.

You are to become as accountable in every way as anyone else, and you must learn not to infringe upon others' rights, and to know how to prevent others trenching upon your rights.

As a school we must be jealous of the rights of every member of the school.

If any member quits and leaves the school we must look out for him and be interested in his welfare.

To be able to look after one's own rights is worth all the thought and time and effort of preparation we can give.

VICTORY.**Carlisle 5—Pennsylvania 0.**

For the second time in our football career, our school team defeated the University of Pennsylvania team in their annual game at Philadelphia last Saturday. It was a great game and hard fought from start to finish, and the score of 5 to 0 hardly indicates the superiority of the Carlisle team.

The Pennsylvania team was much stronger than it was earlier in the season, as their showing in the Harvard game one week previous had proved, and that our team was able to defeat them on their own grounds reflects great credit upon every one of the Indian players who were outweighed, as usual, by their opponents.

Captain Williams won the toss and chose to receive the kick off. During the first half of the game Carlisle was kept busy defending their goal, as the Pennsylvania team started the game with a rush and with very fierce playing, intending to get our team on the run during the first few minutes of play. The Indians however, were determined to prevent Penn from crossing their goal, and held for downs every time before the last chalk mark was crossed.

During this half Pennsylvania's peculiar style of defence worried our team, and they did not seem to be able to find out the weak places in their opponents' line. The end-runs which had heretofore gained the most ground were often stopped for a loss, and it was not until the second half that the team realized that they could gain ground to better advantage by bucking Penn's line.

In the second half Carlisle was vastly superior to Pennsylvania and not only prevented them from getting near their goal but succeeded in pushing them all over the field.

Getting the ball on a kick the Indians took it from their own fifteen yard line by steady gains the whole length of the field for a touchdown.

Phillips, Exendine and Williams would hurl themselves through and over the Penn line for big gains, and everyone got

behind and pushed with a force that was irresistible. These line-smashing plays were alternated with fake plays which allowed Sheldon, Williams and Parker to slide outside of the Pennsylvania tackles for five and ten yard gains, and kept their opponents guessing.

Pennsylvania made a desperate stand right under their goal, and the scrimmage was so fierce that the crossbar fell and struck Phillips, who was carrying the ball, on the head, and when the mass of struggling humanity was finally untangled the ball lacked a foot from being over the line. The Indians had two more chances to gain the distance, but only one trial was necessary, as Captian Williams took the ball over on the next play.

Beaver failed to kick the goal.

After Penn kicked off, Carlisle again started on their steady march towards the Penn goal and had carried the ball by three and five yard rushes to Penn's 20 yard line when the umpire detected holding in the line and gave the ball to Pennsylvania. Here Pennsylvania succeeded in making their only long run during the game.

Mitchell, the largest man on the field, succeeded in shaking himself loose from a mass of players and ran twenty-five yards until he met Mr. Johnson coming the other way, and he was compelled to sit down before proceeding farther.

After this, Carlisle kicked whenever getting the ball and played on the defensive, and Pennsylvania was unable to get the ball away from their own territory.

Carlisle had several chances to try a goal from the field, but as a blocked kick might result in a touchdown for Penn it was thought best to play safe and not try to add to the score in this risky way.

The game ended with the ball in Carlisle's possession on Pennsylvania's 25 yard line.

It would not be fair to mention any particular few of our team as the stars, since all played hard and all deserve praise for the good fight they put up. It might be said that the team was not in the best of condition, as several of the players were suffering from injuries, but they stuck to their work during the whole game.

Pennsylvania tried hard to disable the crippled Johnson but without success, although his weak knee prevented him from making as many sensational runs as he usually makes.

Captian Williams outpunted the opposing punter, and Johnson, as usual, never muffed a punt, so that in the kicking game Carlisle was clearly superior as well as in rushing tactics and defensive playing.

It was a great game and fairly won.

The team which played was as follows: Beaver l.e., Bowen l.t., Phillips l.g., Sanook c., Lubo r.g., Exendine r.t., Bradley r.e., Johnson q., Parker l.h.b., Sheldon r.h.b., Williams, Captian, fullback.

There remain two games on our schedule, and they are by no means easy ones—Virginia at Norfolk on Saturday and Georgetown at Washington on Thanksgiving Day.

Virginia has the championship team of the South, and have only lost one game this year, and our boys cannot let up the least bit in their playing if they expect to win.

**SQUIBS FROM THE PHILADELPHIA PAPERS
REGARDING THE GAME.**

From the Press]

There was no doubt about the victory, as the Red Man outplayed his palefaced foe at all points of the game and tied the second Red and Blue scalp firmly to his belt by the decisive score of 5 to 0.

In the stands that rose on all sides of the gridiron 15,000 enthusiastic spectators watched the rival forces struggle up and down the white-barred green sward in two thirty-minute halves of stubborn play.

Nearly all of this great crowd had come out to see the Pennsylvania team crown its great advance of the last two weeks by a victory over the original owners of the soil, and every good play by the Quakers was hailed with a roar from the stands, both north and south.

Penn at the last, played ball and had the game much to its liking. But it was too late to score against so stubborn a defence as the Indians, with the zest of victory in their blood, put up.

The figures stayed 5 to 0 till the end and the players trooped off the field with the bitter consciousness that they were beaten, and beaten decisively, because they did not play well enough.

The Public Ledger says:

There was no "snake dance" after the game, the students nor the band did not march off the field with martial step, the

Varsity band was dismissed and the curiously inclined students drifted across the field and stood in awe in front of the Carlisle section, as if in admiration of the Indians' prowess. Pennsylvania had been squarely beaten and by a system which Cornell has improved upon, and which carried with it some thought for the Thanksgiving Day game.

The North American says:

In justice to the Indians it must be said that they never gave up for one minute, but battled desperately throughout. They had a strong attack, and they used good generalship.

Captain Williams was the star, and the Pennsylvania backs could not stop his hurdles, which went four and five yards every time. It took just twenty-five plays for the Indians to carry the ball ninety yards for their solitary touchdown. There was no fumbling and no delay. First Williams would leap over the line and then Parker.

The Record says:

This is the second time that Penn has been defeated by the Indians. In 1899 the Carlisle team took Penn into camp to the tune of 16 to 5, and that too when Woodruff was in full charge of Penn's football. In 1900 the score was 16 to 6 in favor of Penn, and last year Penn barely won by a score of 16 to 14.

The Indians were far superior to Penn in kicking, and exclusive of kick-offs, booted the ball 256 yards to 136.

The Indians made in all 26 first downs, 10 in the first half and 16 in the second; Penn got 13 first downs in the first half and 9 in the second."

The Philadelphia Bulletin says:

To see the Indians play Penn, the Indian summer weather drew to Franklin field this afternoon the largest attendance of the season, some 18,000 people being present.

Penn's followers, who from experience have learned that when the Indians come to town, they are treated to an exhibition of football, as is football, were out in force.

Penn's defense failed to hold the fierce line charges of the Indians, and in plays which netted two or three yards the ball was carried to the Indians' 25 yard line.

The Indians surprised Penn by their fast play, and rapidly, through line plunges and hurdling of Williams, the ball was taken.

The Inquirer comments:

The Indians won because they deserved to. They played better football from the kick off until the referee's whistle blew at the end of the game. They were in there to win and could not be denied.

The Indians are always a star attraction on Franklin field, and perfect weather conditions drew out the banner crowd of the year.

Not once during the sixty minutes of play did the redskins show any tendency toward the fatal fumbling which had three times saved Harvard from being scored on two weeks before. It was football, fast, furious and fierce, that the Indians presented for the Quakers' consideration. And the Quakers are still considering, very seriously considering.

It was triumph complete for Glenn Warner and his band of dusky players."

The Record says editorially:

There were no surprises yesterday in the university football world. The best teams won, as they should at this late period of the season. Pennsylvania's defeat by the Indians is a bitter pill to the loyal supporter of "Old Penn."

SACRIFICE THE TRIBE.

It is gratifying to know the Indian problem is no longer one of fighting, raiding and massacre. It is one of as certain extinction, however, by leveling influences, education, industry, intermingling of the races. While eliminating the savage vices, we may also destroy some of the savage virtues, but the general average will be a better product. The self-sustaining, industrious Indian of moderate integrity is to be preferred to the lazy, treacherous tribe with its infrequent conspicuous examples of honesty and uprightness. The only way to secure the greatest good is to sacrifice tribal picturesqueness to the civilizing methods of the Carlisle school and the Haskell Institute—segregation, football, manual training and book learning. These methods are more humane and more promising than driving the red man toward the setting sun and the big sea.—[Pittsburg Gazette.

Failed.

A New York City subscriber in requesting extra copies of the RED MAN containing Bishop Huntington's article-says:

"The last number of the RED MAN contains a brief statement of what Bishop Huntington said at the Mohonk Conference about the condition of Indians in this State. We have long indulged the idea that we Americans did everything about in the best way, and some added the belief that New York stood high up in the list. I want to send a few people this authoritative statement of one of our (State) failures. Can you spare me a dozen copies?"

Man-on-the-band-stand.

The season for prairie fires in the west! Give "optimistic thanks!" See 1st page. Coughs and colds were the fashion last week.

Miss Barr spent Wednesday in Philadelphia.

We print visiting cards—25 for 10 cents; by mail, 12 cents.

The Band will play to-morrow for the State-Dickinson game.

Thomas Buchanan, now at Winnebago Agency, says he is getting on well.

Mr. Bennett is spending his annual leave in Bucks County among friends.

Philip Rabbitt will write cards for those who prefer them to printed ones—15¢ for 25; by mail 17¢.

Mr. Will Warner, Cornell's Captain was a guest of his brother our "Coach" Warner on Sunday.

We cannot give credit for twenty-five cents sent by a subscriber at Ogontz, Pa., as no name was given.

Mrs. Alice Lambert Otto, class '95, has gone from the Shoshone Agency, Wyo., to White Earth, Minn.

A sociable was held on Saturday evening for those who did not witness the game with Pennsylvania.—

Mr. Edwin Smith, of class '01, acted as linesman for Carlisle, at the Carlisle-Pennsylvania game last Saturday.—

Quite a number of students in country homes in the vicinity of Philadelphia were present at the game on Saturday.

Some of the people from town that went to Philadelphia to witness the game said they yelled like Indians for our team.—

Miss Vietch, Assistant Girl's Matron, has come back from her vacation. The girls are glad to see her pleasant face again.

Quannah Parker, the chief of the Comanches, has been appointed a deputy sheriff at Lawton, Oklahoma.—[Haskell Leader.

John P. Jones, a former pupil of Carlisle, is working near Sacramento, Calif. He is known as a Carlisle student and a good worker.—

Mrs. Rumsport says "Saturday was the first game she ever attended," and she half believes she was one of the mascots that brought victory.—

Many of the girls had a very pleasant chat with Miss Bourassa at the game in Philadelphia. Although she did not look well, she seemed happy.—

Misses Robbins and Stewart visit the Invincibles to night; Mr. Reising and Miss Wood the Standards; Mrs. Crosbie and Miss ——— the Susans.

We are sorry to learn by letter that our esteemed friend, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education in Alaska, has been ill, in Washington.

The Pennsy men sang "Go way back and sit down," to the Indians, but the Indians do not take a back seat when there is a good show in front.—

The Band boys are practicing the selection from Florodora, which will be played by a company in the Carlisle Opera House some time this winter.—

The number eight school-room Debating Society is doing a great deal of good for its members, under the wise presidency of Johnson Bradley.—

The Carlisle football players were generous enough to spare another "Mother Goose Golden Egg" to the University of Pennsy for a Thanksgiving feast.—

Felipa Amago, who is in training at the York hospital, is in for a visit. She looks well and happy, although she has just gotten over the typhoid fever.—

The backyard of small boys' quarters has received a covering of broken slate, which is being crushed by the heavy roller. The boys take turns in pulling.

Louisa Jacobs, '04, writes from her home in Canada that she has improved a great deal in health and wishes to be remembered to all her friends and classmates.—

Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Pickard returned from Philadelphia on Tuesday. The Schuylkill water and the "Brotherly Love" atmosphere certainly agreed with them.

William Paul, class 1902, has struck out again for himself in Philadelphia, where he worked in a printing office and mashed his hand so badly he was obliged to come in for repairs.

From the Commissioner.

The following from the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was listened to with enthusiastic relish when the Colonel read it aloud: "I want to congratulate you, the football team and the whole Carlisle School upon its splendid victory achieved last Saturday in Philadelphia" Mr. Jones expressed sorrow that he could not be present, but they have a son at Princeton, and they naturally went to to the Princeton-Yale game.

"Your paper seems a good representative of your institution—solid, energetic, fresh and vigorous, truthful and spiced with a spirit of good cheer and humor. I like to see it come in."—Mrs. J. D. H. Rome, N. Y.

Nina Carlisle, who went home some months ago, has entered Chilocco, Okla. She says Esther and Juanada Parker are there too, and a number from Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, are also enrolled at Chilocco.

Lewis and Luke Williams were killed at Stewart, Idaho, recently; we understand by a train, when they were drunk. They were never a credit to themselves, their parents, their school, their tribe.

Mr. Frank has accepted a transfer to Mesa Grande, Calif., at an advanced salary and where Mrs. Frank will also have a position. Mrs. Sherry, who is expected soon, will take Mr. Frank's place, as one of our teachers.

The Band boys who did not go to Philadelphia last Saturday, spent the day with their leader, James Wheelock in walking to the North mountains. They ate their dinners on the top, and then started for home, some stopping to explore the cave.—

Last Friday evening the Band played upon the bandstand these selections: Munsey's March—Wright., Overture—Zampa—Herald; Flower Song—Hearts and Flowers—Tobani; Selection from Pixley and Luder's King Dodo; and Star Spangled Banner.

Henry Ankle, one of our little Sioux boys was taken to the game by our team on Saturday as their mascot. He was very cute along side of our football players. He wore a pair of football pants and Johnson's sweater with the big letter C on the breast.—

"Baby" Isabel Wheelock was weighed yesterday, and brings down the scales to 22 pounds. She is but five months old, and looks very cute in her new, short dresses. Her little coach has had the addition of a handsome fur robe, the gift of the child's grandma who lives in Philadelphia.

The Polymnian is the name of a beautifully printed and well-edited school magazine published by the Newark Academy, an institution founded in 1792. Mr. Chester W. Fairlie whom the Invincibles remember for his brief but neat address to them one evening last winter, is the exchange editor.

A quick response: An Indian received a sample copy of the RED MAN AND HELPER and writes at once to subscribe: "I have received your paper and I glad to sent quick as I could I come down town and call in office and first thing I ask mail for me and they handed to me and after one minutes I wrote this letter."

Miss Ollie Choteau has gone to her former home in Indian Territory. Ollie came to us a number of years ago. Her parents are not living, hence Carlisle has been more of a home than anywhere else. Miss Ollie carries with her the best wishes of many friends, and may she find pleasant paths to walk in, is the wish of her friend the M. O. T. B. S. whom she served for a time in the printing office.

We generally think of surgery as a very painful subject to all except the doctors and nurses, but from the talk of Mr. Sherry in chapel last Thursday and Friday we learn that since the days of anaesthesia even the patient may go through an operation without emotion. It was an interesting talk, full of sense, with sparkle enough to hold the attention, in which the growth of the art in the last forty years was explained. Thousands of lives are now saved by the aid of the surgeon's knife, that a half century ago before the days of antiseptic and aseptic surgery, would have been lost.

At the close of Mr. Sherry's talk Friday, Col. Pratt told how the life of one of our boys who ate too many walnuts was saved by the use of the knife. No medicines would reach the case.

Maybe there wasn't a high old time here last Saturday night when the dispatch came from Philadelphia—5-0. And it was kept up until the train came bearing the victors, when Capt. Williams was picked up bodily and carried from the train.

"Old Fannie," Mr. Bennett's hound which he brought from Montana, has died and gone to the "happy hunting ground" for dogs. She was the mother of Colonel's pet Fannie and of several fine hounds in this vicinity. Pneumonia or consumption carried her off. Mrs. Bennett says she was a patient sufferer, and bore a most pitiful expression as she fed her milk, during her sickness.

Among the people at the game in Philadelphia last Saturday who had seats near the Carlisle contingency were Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Hall, of Philadelphia, cousins of Mrs. Pratt, with whom her sisters Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Pickard visited, Messrs. Vaux and Miss Vaux, Dr. Seabrook, Miss Bourassa, Dr. Minoka, "Father" Burgess, son and family, and others.

MISS ROGERS.

Our teachers have been very much helped and pleased by a short visit of Miss Julia E. Rogers of Ithaca, N. Y., who was the guest of Miss Smith for several days. Miss Rogers was one of the regular staff of instructors in Nature Study at Chautauqua last summer. She has been connected for nearly three years with Cornell University, both as a student and in connection with the work of her sister Mrs. Mary Rogers Miller, who is so well known by many of our teachers. Mrs. Miller is the author of "The Brook Book," a most delightful and entertaining book on the life found in and about the brook. Miss Rogers herself is the author of the book just published, "Among Green Trees," which students of tree life will find most instructive. On Monday afternoon she gave the teachers a talk on the scope and objects of nature study, and in the evening addressed the student body on "Winter Homes of Insects," beautifully illustrated by stereopticon views.

Miss Rogers' stay was very gratifying to us all, and we hope she will come again. Carlisle stands ever ready to receive the best of what comes to her from such a source as Cornell University.

CORSON AND PENOI.

Charles Corson, 1900, and Mark Penoi, 1896, are still Government employees at Anadarko, Oklahoma. Charles, at the close of a letter in which he sent several subscriptions says that he and Mark are getting on well. He is teaching a band in town during his off hours in the evening. The band is made up of whites and is improving, and they are already able to earn something as a band. He expresses great gratitude to "dear old Carlisle" for the opportunity he had here to learn music. Mark and Charles voted for the first time in their lives this Fall. They voted for "McGurie, delegate to Congress, or in other words, immediate Statehood, excluding Indian Territory."

SUNDAY EVENING'S SERVICE.

It was Mr. Sherry's turn to lead the meeting last Sunday evening. In his general remarks upon the subject "For Me," he said in part:

How very fortunate we are here in our comfortable and cosy chapel as against the condition of thousands of other children. No matter how it may storm outside nor how it may blow, we are protected. That is something devised and provided for you and you are here to get the benefit of it. It is provided because it is good for you.

No thing is good for a family that is not good for every member of the family.

No thing is good for the school which is not good for every pupil in the school.

No thing is good for a community that is not good for each individual member of that community.

No thing is good for the State, for the nation that is not good for everyone living under its protection, for every individual member of the nation

No thing is good for the world that is not good for everyone living in the world.

There is good for all in everything that is good, but we must get the good out of it.

In the schoolroom where instruction is

given, you sometimes think some particular study or lesson is not for you. You say "It is for the rest but not for me."

When Joshua was put in Canaan the whole land was to be for him and his people. It was all theirs, but only that part of it which they took unto themselves and appropriated and made use of was theirs in reality.

So with the school and the school books and the instruction, the reading matter, they are for you, but you don't get the good of them if you don't appropriate the good from them: if you don't use them.

The library down stairs 'is overflowing with good things. Those books were put there for your use, and if you will get some of the good things into your head every day they will make you stronger and better, you will learn to understand and can use more and more.

You get up in the morning and greet the smiling sun. It is for you.

It is full of light and gladness. Its mission is to cheer and warm, but you don't get its cheer and warmth in good measure unless you place yourself in the sunshine, unless you appropriate it.

If you think it is for others, you don't get the good of it.

There is nothing better to give strength and power and health than the sunshine. You are one of many millions and the sun is for everybody. It is for you, and you must drink it in if you want the good it holds for you.

There is plenty and you can have as much as you want. Every time you take in something good you crowd out something bad.

Mr. Tomlins gave us a good thought when he was here sometime ago. Some of you got it, some of you didn't, but whether you did or did not get it, I will repeat it.

He said in substance that our life is a flower garden. God so designed it. If we take care of our flowers, (the good and beautiful thoughts) they will grow and bud and blossom. If we don't take care of the flowers they will not grow so well nor fill up the garden, and there will be room for weeds, and if we let the weeds alone, (the bad unworthy thoughts) if we do not uproot them they will grow and increase so fast that they will crush the flowers.

So with our lives.

Here the speaker gave the illustration of Christs coming to do us all good, and closed with a story saying:

One of the most encouraging and consoling thoughts in the Bible I leave with you as my final message this evening, and it is for you.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

That's for you. But He won't draw unless you are willing to be drawn.

Here is an illustration:

I saw a man who was talking to children in a meeting. He had some small, bright, new pins and some small, rusty pins; then some little tacks that were bright and new and some that were rusty; some small bright nails, and some larger rusty nails and then some big rusty spikes.

He had a magnet which he held in front of the little bright pins, and as quick as it came within reach, the little bright pins popped up and joined the magnet, then he held it a little longer and a little nearer and pretty soon the little rusty pins jumped up and hung fast to it.

Then he held it to the bright little tack and they jumped up and held fast to the magnet. When he held it a little longer the little rusty tacks did the same.

Then he held the magnet near the nails. They did not take hold quite so quick, but they came and held fast, when he held it to the rusty nails they only came very, very slowly, hardly at all. Then he held it close to the big rusty spikes and they did not budge. They were too big and old and rusty.

Christ said, "If I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

The earlier you begin, the smaller you are, like the little bright pins, the better will be your chance. If you wait to let some one else get the opportunities, it is harder for you to be drawn, like the rusty pins, the rusty tacks and the rusty nails, and finally you will be like the old heavy spike.

You won't be able to be drawn at all because you have too much rust on you.

Using the good things, provided for you, you will crowd out the bad thoughts and things, and will grow better and make the world better

