

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1902.

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

WHAT THERE'S TIME FOR.

LOTS of time for lots of things.
Though it's said that time has wings,
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away;
Time a gentle word to say;
Time for helpfulness, and time,
To assist the weak to climb;
Time to give a little flower
Time for friendship, any hour,
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.

THE FOOTBALL BANQUET.

It has been the custom of our team for years, after the games were over and life resolved to its normal state, to hold a banquet wherein a "feast of reason and flow of soul" would be indulged.

And this year was no exception. On Friday night last, one hundred and fifty covers were laid in the Y. M. C. A. hall, decorated for the occasion.

Capt. Williams, of the team of 1902, was reception committee and received the guests most gracefully at the gymnasium door. Before entering the banquet hall, a social hour was enjoyed with music, and dancing by a few.

As the company was ushered to seats at the table the decorations were studied and enjoyed. Attached to two pillars were effigies, made of tackling dummies with football heads and nose protectors for proboscises.

On the sweater of one was a big "C" and Cornell colors, on the other the Pennsylvania colors. Around their feet were placed fagots ready for the match. On the opposite pillars were their scalps which had been taken by the Carlisle team, and considered the greatest trophies of the year—all this to follow out the popular idea in a figurative sense.

Read your histories!

Did you ever hear of people who boast of higher civilization than the Indians, burning their enemies at the stake?

Didn't they torture in a more horrible manner than by scalping?

But this demonstration was symbolic only, on this most friendly and auspicious occasion.

Bunting, evergreen and flowers were displayed with æsthetic taste, and the long tables were arranged in the form of a square, making a central open space, on the floor of which were spread beautiful Navajo blankets for rugs.

At the end of each table were miniature goal posts trimmed with smilax, and the footballs captured during the campaign on pyramid stacks of Indian clubs, occupied central positions.

The girls—Lizzette Robideau, Lavina Woodworth, Minnie and Katie Callsen and Nannie Sturm, who are helps in the Domestic Science class, had prepared the Menu with great care, and Miss Ferree, Domestic Science teacher, declares they did all the work with very few directions from her, as she was busily employed in other ways.

The pressed turkey, cranberry jelly, bread and butter sandwiches, chicken salad, wafers, cherry ice-cream, assorted cakes, coffee, with the olives, pickles, fruit and bon-bons thrown in, in their proper places, were fit edibles to set before a king. All this was served in courses under the direction of the girls who sat at side tables. Boys who had been in training at the Beacon-by-the-sea display their skill as waiters, and pleased everybody.

Disciplinarian Thompson acted as toastmaster, in his usual tactful manner, first calling upon Captain Williams, who said in part:

I am well pleased to see so many happy and bright faces this evening. Although I am not much of a speaker, I can't help feeling thankful for what we have had this evening. We came here to enjoy ourselves, so I will not make a long speech. I merely want to say that we have the greatest lot of boys this year

that has ever fought under the Carlisle flag. Our student body is small in numbers compared to the large colleges, not only in numbers but also in strength, and I am sure that the boys deserve great credit for winning the games we did win over the big colleges. They certainly made a great name for themselves this Fall. On one of our trips once I heard some one say:

"I don't suppose those boys can play football, they seem more like a curiosity."

That was before the game. I happened to be near the same man after the game and I heard him say:

"I never saw such fellows nor such playing as this."

So you see the boys not only made a name for the team but they have spread through the country a knowledge of the Carlisle school.

I want to thank Miss Ferree and the Senior girls especially in preparing for us this banquet. Also the brave gentlemen who have fought so hard for the Red and Gold this Fall. I also thank Mr. Warner, very much. It is to him that all the glory is due.

I have taken notice that in all the games this Fall we played with bigger and stronger men, but it seemed that their teams or rather their coach didn't show them the way to play football, or for some reason or other they could not master us.

Frank Beaver, end-man of the team, who spoke on "Our Supporters," said:

When I was considering what I should say on this subject, I recalled an incident that occurred in the Pennsylvania game. I did not notice the incident myself, but was told it afterwards by some members of the team that a certain spot in the North stand seemed to be a place of inspiration to our right-half back. This gentleman would look toward the North stand and when given the ball he would plow his way five or ten yards. Why, that supporter played half of the game for the noble half-back, and was an example of the way our supporters play the game.

It is not so pleasant to recall the day when Carlisle entered upon football with very few supporters, but it is a pleasure to say that Carlisle does not lack supporters at the present time. By plucky and gentlemanly playing they have gained supporters on all sides.

In the Harvard game it is said they got all the credit they deserve, especially for the eleven fumbles they made. In Philadelphia there are supporters. New York is our city, and sometimes they call us New York's pets. In Washington we gained an important supporter in the President of the United States, and that will serve us in good stead in the future. So you see supporters are not lacking outside, but after all the most loyal supporters are at home—at Carlisle, and on behalf of our players I want to thank all those who supported the football team.

It is a pleasure and an encouragement to the team to be received with enthusiasm after victory and encouraged after defeat. It is an inspiration to see, after a victory, all the night shirts in use day or night.

On our trips we saw many things of interest and through our able manager, Mr. Thompson, we always see everything worth seeing in any city we visit. Our coach, Mr. Warner made great efforts and wanted those efforts to succeed and they did succeed.

James M. Phillips, left-guard, was the next speaker, and he guarded his delicate subject—"Our Football Girls," with the skill and dignity of a finished orator. Before launching into the true merits of his theme, however he related one or two incidents which were laughable if almost serious. He told of how on the boat down the Chesapeake to Virginia, "our medicine man refused to close his

eyes and sleep unless his life saver was about him;" also how on that trip "we lost our Tomahawk" were insinuating that for that reason they were scalped.

The football girls to whom fortune itself yields! That subject is too much for me. It would take the wit and eloquence of a Chauncey M. Depew to do the subject justice. Any way the football girls are here. By right divine they manage the football. They are monarchs of all they survey. It will be long before time will erase from our minds the eventful day when Pennsylvania was whipped and the football girls helped to do it. "Now then Pennsy we will scalp you," the words of our song were too much for Pennsy.

The newly elected Captain James Johnson, quarter-back, responded thus in part:

I think a great many of our supporters have opinions on the Harvard game that do not do our boys who played against Harvard, justice. Some think they did not do credit to the school in that game. Since it was played I have heard from the smallest boy at the small boys' quarters up to the President of the United States about our defeat by Harvard. The President said to me when he took hold of my hand:

"Why is it that Harvard beat you with such a large score and Yale ran over them?"

I thought that sort of put us down a little, but the boys went into that game in good shape. I don't think there was anything that kept us back but our feelings. You can take up any paper in football season and see where the best football teams sometimes take a slump.

There is where we took a slump.

I am sure the Indian team is no different from any other team, and they must also have slumps. The boys played hard. I played very hard myself. I went in with the determination to win and did my best. I know I have played better in other games and I am sure it was the same with the other boys. I talked with most of them and they all had a desire to whip Harvard. Perhaps we were a little over confident, but I don't think that was what lost us the Harvard game.

I think it was because we did not work together. Take any piece of machinery, all the parts have to work together as one body to work out certain results. It is the same with a football team; they did not work together at Harvard. We all seemed to pull in opposite ways. We were defeated notwithstanding the boys played hard. If all had gone right together and worked together perhaps we would have accomplished good results.

Mr. Warner, Coach, on his topic—Our Team, Past and Present—said: There is one thing I have noticed this year which shows that we are progressing. Among the members of the team and about the school there has been a feeling that when we go away to play a team, no matter how good it is, we go to win. In the past we have gone to Yale and Harvard expecting to make a good showing, and if we held them down pretty well we came back feeling very good, but this year there was a feeling on the part of the team and its supporters that we wanted a victory, and a score of 6 to 0 against us would not have been satisfactory. I think that is a healthy thing for the team and the school. It shows that we are aiming higher and while we did not quite reach the mark we have higher ambitions, and it is going to be a good thing for the team in the future. It used to be that way at Cornell, if the team held Princeton and Pennsylvania to low scores they felt good, but now if they don't win they are disappointed, and the result has been some splendid victories over both those teams. In everything as well as in football it is well to aim high.

I want to say that the team this Fall has in it the best boys I ever had. Herebefore there have always been two or

three who would give a little worry and trouble to those who had charge of them on our trips. But this year we have had a better lot of players than any team has had since I came here, and I don't know of any who have broken the rules. It is a pleasure to work with such players, who do as they are supposed to do and obey the rules of the school.

As others have said, we have had a great deal of support not only from the students, but from the employees. Every one has taken an interest and helped the team along, and I want to thank all for their co-operation and support.

Colonel Pratt.

Gentlemen of the Football Squad, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, the Third Team, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I was wondering this afternoon what I should say if I had to speak here this evening, and a good old rule came into my mind and I went to work on that line. The rule is, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

And then I began to think of the fruits of football as we have experienced them here in this Carlisle school. I went to the old football pictures, called on the memories of the oldest inhabitants and used my own, and succeeded in getting together the names of sixty who have played on our first teams and have gone out from the school. I have put their names down here and have made a mark opposite each one from my own memory and the memories of those who know most about it, and from the best information we have I find some very singular results.

My investigations show that this school has turned out one young man who is proprietor of a town site in Oklahoma, who is also vice-president of a bank. While at Carlisle he played football. Three others are employed in banks in subordinate positions; one of them our most famous great kicker and captain of the team, Hudson, is in a bank in Pittsburgh, Pa., because the officials of the bank wanted just such a man as Hudson. He has been promoted several times and is now Assistant Teller. The others were not football men here, and are in banks in Oklahoma in subordinate positions in towns in the vicinity of their tribes.

Carlisle has three graduates who have become superintendents of schools, two of them, Ben Caswell, captain of the team, and Henry Warren quarter-back from the football forces. The other one would have been also, but happened to be a girl, Isabella Cornelius, whose school was white. Mrs. Pratt, here by me, suggests that she was "a supporter."

Football qualities give our ex-captain Rogers a welcome to and help him through Minnesota University, our swift Cayou through Illinois University, and our strenuous Sickles through Ohio University, not to speak of others. Had we been able to respond favorably to all the invitations we have had from the universities and colleges, our champion players one and all would have the best of privileges for higher education. The best of all kinds are in demand always, whether football players, mechanics, business, agricultural, professional or others. The best blacksmith, the best clerk, the best farmer, the best doctor will always have employment, provided of course he is always courteous.

Of the list of sixty who played on the first teams (I may not have all) I have written opposite the names of forty-nine the letters "O. K." You know what that means.

There are only five of the sixty named that we need be ashamed of. There are four about whom I have been unable to get any information. That leaves two. We have been playing football more than twelve years and have sent out from the school at least sixty, as I have said, who played on our first teams, and only two of the sixty have passed away, and

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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some one else has.

MR. BEITZEL, SUNDAY EVENING.

It was Mr. Beitzel's turn to lead the
service last Sunday evening, the subject
being "Do I Discourage Others?"

He said in part:

We all need encouragement in order to do our best. The shouters on the bleachers on the athletic field when there is a game of base-ball or football give much encouragement to the players, as many of the young men here can testify. That is why so many of you accompanied the players when they went to Philadelphia, and that encouragement told in the results of the play.

Now just as we encourage each other in our sports we should encourage each other in our studies and in our duties, whatever they may be. How much easier a task and how much lighter a duty becomes when there are those around us who cheer us and sympathize with us by a smile, a kind word or a helpful thought or act. The good influence of such a kindness goes often much farther than any one realizes at the time. It maybe the turning point for good in the life of the person who has been encouraged, and the influence reacts upon the doer.

Benjamin West, the great American painter, was proud to admit that the success he achieved was due to the kind words and encouragement of his fond mother, when as a child he showed her the results of his first attempt at making pictures.

Our subject to-night is a very direct question. Let us each ask himself that question, and if we have been discouraging others in any way let us correct the fault in our lives, for it is a very grave fault.

I will read from Mark 10th chapter beginning with the 46th verse. The story tells how when the Savior was traveling about doing good he came to the City of Jericho, and as he was going out of the gates of the city a blind man, Bartimeus, waited for him. Let us see if there were any discouragers there!

Bartimeus cried to Jesus, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." But many of them charged him to hold his peace. They wanted him to keep quiet. The blind man had heard that Jesus could open the eyes of the blind that they might see, and the ears of the deaf that they might hear. But the discouragers held him back.

Is not that the way often nowadays when someone wants to improve himself or do good to someone else?

But this man could not be hushed up, and so we read that he cried a great deal more. It was a matter of so much importance to him that he could not give it up, and Jesus heard him and stood still, and commanded that he be called. He had come to the world to help and encourage just such people as Bartimeus. And there were some encouragers in the crowd and they helped the blind man. They comforted him and told him that Jesus wanted so see him. See how it helped the poor man! Immediately he cast off his garment so that he might go faster, and rose and went to Jesus and Jesus healed him.

If we would accomplish anything we must be very much in earnest. Discouragements must not stop us. It is easy to see how wrong it is in some one else to hinder and discourage the good that others would do, and we must be careful that we do not do the same thing by something we may say, by some act or by our influence.

Here is another story. When the Israelites were traveling toward the promised

land and were just on the border of it Moses sent twelve men ahead into Canaan to spy out the land. In our modern days we would call those sent, a committee of investigation. He directed them to report whether the people were friendly, whether there were many, whether the cities were large or small, whether there were walls about them, about the fertility of the soil; he told them to examine into the crops and the fruit and to bring back some of the fruit of the land, and to make a full and true report of what they could find out.

We find that when they came back only two of the twelve men were encouragers; all the others had complaints. They had found a rich land flowing with milk and honey, but giants they said dwelt there that were so large that the men reported to Moses that "we were in their sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in our own sight."

Caleb said the Israelites were well able to overcome the land, but the others said not. They were afraid. So the children of Israel who had been journeying a long long time, though they were now on the borders of the promised land, were afraid to enter it.

How did God deal with those people for yielding to such discouragements? We find that he would not allow any of those above 20 years of age then living to enter Canaan. They wandered on the borders 38 years, until all that generation of discouragers had died. Only Joshua and Caleb remained, and God allowed them to see the promised land and enjoy its fruits because they had not been afraid to go forward. They looked on the bright side, and that is what we want to do. We ought not to see the dark side.

The Lord takes care of those who have courage and look on the bright side and help others.

Susan Coolidge put a volume of good cheer into a few lines in one of her poems when she said:

If you were toiling up a weary hill
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much,
As give one upward lift and go his way,
Would not each slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

There is no little and there is no much;
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy to pain,
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.

THE COLONEL'S BIRTHDAY.

Col. Pratt had a birthday last Saturday, and if he forgot it there were enough reminders before the day was over to make him fully aware that others had kept the date in mind.

Roses and carnations abounded in profusion. The band serenaded him at the noon hour. Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, of Steelton, came over to dine. In the centre of the table was placed a large vase of carnations, the number corresponding to the years of our honored Superintendent. This was the gift of the teachers' club. The football boys gave a large bunch of roses, and their yell, which he always enjoys.

In the evening Colonel gave an address before the student body calculated to rouse his hearers to self-help, wherein they may become citizens of such a character as to commend them to all people.

Soon after this meeting the choir assembled on the portico of the Colonel's residence and sang several selections, which sounded beautifully on the frosty air.

Our Former Matron.

Miss Jackson is in Amherst, Mass., and begins a business letter with—"Burr-r-r, twenty degrees below zero, on the porch here this morning, December 9th. Perfectly lovely day but for the temperature!

Plenty of snow, only it is badly blown! This is regular New England weather, and it takes me back to the days of my early childhood, when I used to help my brother build snow houses and coast down hill."

She closes with: "I am still gaining flesh."

Those paying subscriptions to Indian boys in town who are not authorized to collect, do it at their own risk. Miss Mary Shields of Carlisle is an authorized Agent of the RED MAN AND HELPER and will attend promptly to all orders.

AN ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM.

Nathan F. Stauffer Two Champion
Elevens, and Carlisle Indians are in them.

No football writer is better qualified to select All-American and All-University elevens than Nathan P. Stauffer, The Inquirer's expert, who has the past season in this newspaper predicted almost to the actual scores the results of all the big games in his series of football articles. He has officiated in many big matches as referee, and having seen the men in action at close range, knows the true quality of every man he honors.—[Phila. Inquirer.

Spicer forbids publishing Mr. Stauffer's article in full as given in Saturday's Inquirer, but his allusions to the Indians are as follows:

"In choosing the forwards for an all-American eleven I will pick them on three qualities which I consider most important for linemen to possess: First, defensive ability; second, following the ball under kicks; third, power to advance the ball.

There are three strong candidates for centre position,—Holt, for several years Yale's pivotal man; Wheelock, the Indian chieftain, and McCabe, the Pennsylvania, Holt, by his steadiness and his great defensive power, has the place, although the Indian presses him closely for the honor. The Cornell and Harvard teams gave Wheelock a great deal of credit for stopping many of their attacks. His inability to last a whole game, however, places him second.

Johnson gave the Indians more life and ginger than any quarter they have ever had. He is a fine general in choosing successful tricks and clever executing such plays. However, he lacks ability in the kicking line.

For full-back two men run a close race. They are nearly equal in build and offensive tactics. Both are good kickers, fine line plungers and fast runners, but Williams the Indian, is the strongest defensive back in the country to-day, and it is in that department of the game he excels Graydon, the giant player and star of Harvard.

I have seen Williams stop a three-man tandem tackle coming between guard and tackle so quickly and so hard that it knocked two of the three for a complete loss, and this has happened so often the opposing team gave up trying to break the line. I overheard Williams remark to his coach: "I liked it to-day because they opened big holes in our line and I could tackle the backs right away."

And he tackles just as though he were carrying the ball and trying desperately to make first down. So hard, in fact, that I have seen half-backs perceptibly stop running rather than have Williams tackle them."

He places Williams ahead of all others to bring out confidence in the team.

In the line-up along with Yale, Cornell, West Point, Princeton, and Harvard men he places our Williams as the best Full-back in the All-American team. In the All-University team, he places Wheelock as best centre, and Johnson as the best quarter-back. In selecting coaches for these champion teams made up of the best players in America, he places our Coach Warner as one in charge of linemen and gives him credit of always getting some strong new play.

Neighbors Next to the Indians.

A western ranchman, who, through Charles Dillon was favored to see our paper, subscribes and says in a letter transmitting the money:

One of your boys—Charles Dillon is one of my near neighbors. We live on the Crow Creek and Winnemago line. I like my red neighbors and find they are a good deal as large children. We must be honest and firm with them.

I saw two former Carlisle students today—Mr. and Mrs. Graycloud, nee Mary Barry. They and little daughter are getting along nicely. Give our best wishes to Charles Dillon and every Crow Creek folk. I think lots of good is done by your paper, etc.

L. B. HARRIS,
DeGrey, S. D.

Jeannette M. Buckles, 1899, writes from Chicago, where she has been taking a business course, that she is going to Wadsworth, Nevada, to teach in the Indian school there, and desires her address changed.

AN EVENING WITH THE SENIORS.

That was a very delightful class entertainment given in the Susan Longstreth Literary Society hall by the Seniors on Tuesday evening. There is everything in the carpeted hall, with its curtains, pictures, motto, colors and intellectual atmosphere to add charm and home feeling to such a literary event.

Pretty little programs in up-to-date type, paper and ink, and printed by a member of the class made a pleasing feature. The quotations at roll-call were of an unusual order and enunciated with an emphasis and earnestness that made them impressive. Lillian Cornelius is the president of the class and carried the honor with grace and dignity. The opening address had in it the stimulus calculated to arouse the best that is in a person. She called for the class yell which was given with an inspiring ardor. Essays were read by Susie Rayos, Thomas Griffin, Amy Dolphuis and John Kimble. Martin Costello, Minnie Johnson and Minnie Callen rendered a piano duet, Maud Snyder sang a solo, Joseph Ruiz played a clarinet solo, Misses Roubideau, Greeley, Skye and Doxtator rendered a quartet, and Messrs. Davis, Wahinawatok, Tatiyopa, and Kimble also sang, and John Londroche read the Augur's Report. Every number was well performed and with scarcely a hitch. The guests were called upon for short addresses after their teacher Miss Cutter had made some appropriate remarks. Rev. Lawrence, of Iroquois, N. Y., wished that he could express the joy and delight the treat had been to him. He complimented the class, and said that while it is not necessary for us all to be at the summit we can all try for success. He trusted that there would come to each one the vision of a clear and definite aim in life, for that is the foundation of success.

Colonel Pratt expressed his pleasure at having been present. He would have each individual member of the class stick to a purpose and go at things with a determination to win. If we do that which is at hand to-day the very best we can, the Lord will put every power we have to the best use. He expressed a belief in the present senior class, and felt certain that we should hear from them in after years. Others spoke briefly and the meeting adjourned.

From The Osage Journal.

Congressman Curtis in a recent interview at Kansas City said Oklahoma would be admitted as a State at the approaching session of Congress. He had doubts about Arizona and New Mexico.

Wah-pah-sho-sah died last week. Wah-pah-sho-sah was one of the greatest believers in the mesal bean and was its heaviest eater upon the reservation with perhaps the exception of Black Dog.

Harry Kohpay was made the recipient of one of the nicest presents we have heard of late. It was \$150 and from Ben Mah-shon-kah-she, who is attending school at Carlisle, Pa. Ben is a cousin of Harry.

Eva Rogers Warden.

Through a friend we learn that Mrs. Eva Rogers Warden, who recently went with her husband from the southern Arapahoe Agency to Wyoming, desires the HELPER to follow.

She was quite disappointed in her return to her southern home after several years absence to find that the Indians had made so little progress. She says that men, women and children, boys and girls all drink, smoke and chew. Eva has learned to use a gun pretty well, and when she wrote was intending to camp in the mountains for a few weeks."

Give us a Bite.

We are sending a barrel of salt salmon and a box of smoked salmon and salt cod to our boys and girls at Carlisle. For a time Nekeke may not need to "eat beef all day."—[Orphanage News Letter, Alaska.

As we used to say when we went to country school, if we wanted the core of a friend's apple—"You know me," so the Alaskans know the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Two years ago, according to reports made by Indian Agent Monteath, there were 2,100 Indians on the Blackfoot reservation who received rations from the Government, but the number has been reduced since that time to about 800.

—[The Montanian and Chronicle.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

B. U. Y. C.

Aim high!

Storm doors!

What big snow-balls!

More snow, more rest!

Good-bye, training table!

This is the weather for overshoes!

The boys are sharpening their skates.—

Ye editor's desk has a new dictionary.

Now the pond is ready for a cold wave.

Mrs. Nana Allen, is visiting relatives in Steelton.

The sparrows are glad that the snow is disappearing.

Miss Richenda Pratt has returned from Rochester, N. Y.

The Standards are making preparations for an entertainment.—

Be sure that the letters in your "can't" do not spell "won't".—

Watch out for a ringing Carlisle song in process of construction.

Miss Minnie Reed, ex-student, has gone to Crow Agency, Montana.

A number took their first sleigh ride of the season, on Saturday.

Snow slides from the roofs were the fashion a few days this week.

Our population now numbers 1008, and more students on the way.

The gymnasium floor has been oiled; the ceiling is also being repainted.—

The small girls are writing letters to Mr. Santa Claus, North Pole, Office.

The trolley car ran off the track last Sunday on account of a snow drift.—

Mrs. Harriet Pickard, Mrs. Pratt's sister has returned to her home in Indiana.

The snow is passing off in rain, which no doubt is a snow storm further north.

Last week the members of the Blacksmith football team had their pictures taken.—

Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Day are in the City of Brotherly Love shopping and visiting.

Miss Everett, of Chicago, was a guest of Miss Senseney to dinner, on Wednesday evening.

Guy Jones directs a change of address from Nevada as he is taking up work in Chicago.

Nellie Lillard designed, set up and made ready for the press this evening's program.

Miss Mable Craft, graduate nurse of New York City, is visiting her sister Mrs. Thompson.

David Abraham, class 1900, traveling Agent for a Philadelphia firm, was here Friday night.

Two boys and two girls, who came with the party from Chemawa, have joined the Junior class.—

David Hare notifies to change his address to Grand Junction Business College, Colorado.

Miss Lucy Cloud Johnston, ex-student, writes for a change of address to West Bay City, Mich.

The REDMAN AND HELPER makes a good Christmas present for a friend—it lasts a whole year.

A carriage harness was shipped this week to Supt. Durant, Seneca, product of the harness shop.

Two new students from Oklahoma. Mary Bradshaw and Homer Ricketts entered Carlisle this week.

A postal card announces that Mr. and Mrs. Frank were near their journey's end to Southern California.

The icy pavements this week have revived the old-time musical pun, that one has to C-sharp or he will B-flat.

The Junior class is watching the proceedings of Congress very closely as they are studying Civil Government.—

Allen Blackchief, who is in Basom, N. Y. sends for the HELPER, and says the weather is very cold in that vicinity.

Miss Alice Heater joined the Junior class during the cold wave—a very welcome addition, considering the season.—

The first real taste of path-shoveling last Friday! Boating at this writing would be more apropos. Later: A freeze-up.

THE REDMAN & HELPER is a day late this week, owing to the heavy edition last week, which threw us behind in mailing.

Miss Shields of Carlisle has presented Solomon Webster, for study in class, an immense and perfectly formed hornet's nest.

Wm. B. Mahone, of Chemawa, has entered the printing office and will make an excellent hand, as he has worked at the trade some.

Mrs. Canfield received the sad news by wire that her mother was lying at the point of death, and left for Oklahoma on Monday evening.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt, and visiting sisters Mrs. Pickard and Mrs. Allen were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, to dinner, last Thursday evening.

Lt. George A. Zinn, of the Engineering Corps, U. S. A., cousin of Miss Moul, was her guest on Saturday. He is stationed at Ft. Leavenworth.

The boys and girls are casting many anxious glances at the skating pond, and wishing that the ice were hard enough for them to skate on.—

The notes from the Band re-echoed in the form of apples from Col. Pratt's home on Saturday, when they serenaded him on account of his birthday.

Mr. John Conrad, of Philadelphia, Miss Ely's adopted nephew, and Mr. Lewis Butcher of Carlisle, were callers at the Elyburgess rooms on Sunday.

A good question to discuss:—One bearing upon the advantages of the country life over city, but first read the article from Farm Journal, last page.

Number three and four entertained the school at opening exercises by their excellent singing. Other classes want to show that they can do as well.

The darning class darned 2604 stockings in November, made 20 table-clothes, 80 tea towels, 60 hand towels and 10 skirts under the direction of Miss Eckert.

The four-horse herdic which is being repainted is nearly finished; it will hardly be known. Mr. Carns says there is not a better looking 'bus in Carlisle.—

Miss Josephine Jaese, 1902, has been appointed Assistant Matron at Ft. Berthold Indian School, North Dakota, and left for her new field of work this week.

Will any one knowing of temperance organizations or temperance work of any kind among Indians kindly send particulars to Miss Lucy M. Pomeroy, Sterling, Mass.?

Emerson D. White, father of Bede White is on his way with thirteen students for Carlisle, from Standing Rock, South Dakota, and will probably arrive on Sunday.

James Whitecalf of the Blackfoot Indian Agency was calf enough to steal a calf and got six months in jail for it, and the item did not claim that he was a Carlisle graduate, either.

The new system of marking for the shops will have the effect to bring us up in our proficiency, neatness, and care of tools. Our general conduct is not complained of ever.

The hand addressing of thousands of extra copies of the REDMAN AND HELPER, has been good practice for our penmen. To be speedy and accurate at such work makes valuable clerks.

The Juniors have chosen Walter W. Mathews as captain of their basketball team. He has great hopes of being able to hold down that Mighty Freshman team who are so sure of the championship.—

The shops and other industrial departments of the school now begin and close work on the sound of a new steam whistle which has just been placed at the steam plant, instead of on the ringing of a bell.

The small boys made a skating rink of their balcony after a night's freeze-up and one would suppose they were on the smoothest of ice, the way in which some of them took long and graceful sweeps on the outer edge.

Colonel Pratt left for Wichita, Kansas, on Wednesday, on business connected with the prosecution of the fabricator who wrote that White Buffalo murder slander, exposed in last week's REDMAN AND HELPER.

Two brave little visitors called on Edith Bartlett one day this week. They were Master Ezra Williams Weaner and Roy Alvin Weaner, sons of the people with whom Edith lived at Gettysburg. Maggie Cadotte lives there now. The little boys asked bright questions as Edith took them around through the various departments. She introduced them as her little country brothers.

"Preparation the key, opportunity the door," is the chosen motto of the Sophomores, and they have chosen wisely. What collection of words could mean more for students who are soon to branch out in independent lines of work?

At the Susans Literary Society on Friday evening the debate was won by Mary Pradt and Elizabeth Wirth, on the affirmative side of the question. Their arguments showed careful preparation and their question was handled with intelligence.—

In the terrarium of which the pupils of number six are proud there is a pet chameleon which they call "Cham" for short. It is said that he is suffering for want of flies, and a Christmas present of some live flies would be highly appreciated by Mr. Cham.

Miss Bower's talk yesterday on The Divine Comedy was intensely interesting. She drew from Dante many valuable and practical lessons. These talks are getting better and better, and through them we are gaining much we could not get in any other way.

The Blacksmith shop is one of the interesting places to visit since the eight new forges were put in, pipes blackened and fixed up generally. Mr. Murtoff has 31 boys, 15 and 16 each half day, who can make the sparks fly for a purpose when welding or shaping iron.

During the past month the Seniors have been writing essays and reading them before the class, which exercise has proved to be of great help to them. Naturally they like to hear others but do not like to give their own. They are now practicing on giving declamations.—

Mr. John F. Dizney, of Warm Springs, Oregon, who has been in the Indian Service for four years as Blacksmith, never gets a promotion, he says, but is proud of his calling, and thankful that he is where he can teach the Indians the way to independence through industrial pursuits.

Misses Bryant and Weekly attend the Invincibles this evening as visiting committee; Miss Forster and Mr. Nori, the Standards; Misses Cutter and Hill, the Susans. It looks as though we would all attend the Susans this evening, as they are booked for their Annual Entertainment, to-night.

Mr. Potter is back again from Canada and leaves to-morrow for his place of duty as Superintendent of the great Chemawa Indian School, Salem, Oregon. He says that in Canada he did not find as much snow as between here and there. He was hoping to have a sleigh ride, but failed to realize that longing desire.

The scientific measuring carried on by Miss Smith and Mr. Welsh, of the New Paltz, N. Y. Normal School was interesting in the extreme. Some of the instruments used were the Ergograph, to measure one's fatigue, the Esthesiometer for skin sensibility, the Vernier Chronoscope, for reaction time. The visitors left on Saturday.

Mr. Reising has kindly consented to lead one of the Bible classes of the Young Men's Christian Association, which are held between the hours of two and three every Sunday afternoon. We are sure those of the boys who have come in contact with him will not miss the opportunity to study the Bible under him during this one hour of the week.—

It would be hard to find a more accommodating and more skilful workman in all mechanical lines than Chief Engineer Weber. From delicate electric motors to huge steam boilers he is at home when anything is "out of fix," but the demand for his services is at times too great for the physical endurance of one man. Yet, was he ever heard to complain?

When Master Brewster Gallop was called upon for a speech the other evening at the Senior entertainment, it was done as a sort of joke, but when he arose with all the dignity of a young lawyer and expressed himself in clear-cut words commanding attention, the joke feature was changed to surprise and pride on the part of his friends. Brewster is all right.

Charles Buck, who married Spyna Devereaux a few years since and is his own business man at Browning, Montana, makes special inquiry about our football record, in his letter renewing his subscription. It will be remembered that Charles was one of our first players and was a solid part of our team. He says Spyna and he are well and wish to be remembered to their friends.

Nibelungen Lied.

The third talk on the Masterpieces of Literature was given last week by Miss Forster, who had for her subject the old German poem of the "Nibelungen Lied." It is a story of love and adventure in which jealousy and intrigue play an important part. Though the events related occurred in the dim distant ages of Germany's history, and are partly clouded by legend, the principal characters, the gentle and lovely Kriemhild, the beautiful, powerful Brumhild, and the great heroic Siegfried, are nevertheless true to life in all ages, and our Indian boys and girls listened with deep interest to Miss Forster's recital of the adventures of the story.

Esanetuck writes a cheery letter and well expressed, from her country home at Kennett Square. She tells of their Thanksgiving dinner which was also a wedding dinner at which there were 100 guests. They had so many good things she could not tell them all, and they had many dishes to wash that day. "My teacher says I came from very nice school and I guess that means Carlisle school because that is the only school I came from." Esanetuck is one of the little Eskimo girls who came to us from the most Northern inhabited point on our continent, not many years since, knowing no English.

Martin D. Archiquette, class 1891, now in the Government service at Ponemah, Minnesota, puts his annuity to good use when he sends it as a subscription to the REDMAN & HELPER. It is not an exorbitant sum—forty nine cents, but with one cent added it gives him the news of the school for two years. Would that the annuity of every living Indian, save the decrepit and needy, were as small, then there would be many more on the hopeful list of manly self-supporting citizens.

We are in receipt of the Puerto Rico Times published at San Juan, which gives an interesting account of the Industrial School at Puerta de Tierra. Its students not only learn to handle tools, but they are trained in the literary arts, free hand and mechanical drawing, etc. Sloyd occupies an important place in the curriculum, and individual gardening is entered into with extraordinary enthusiasm.

It is said that the allotment of the Osage Indian lands in severalty among the members of the tribe so long opposed by the full bloods and so earnestly desired by the progressive Indians and persons interested in seeing the vast acreage of the Osage reservation yield its full share of agricultural wealth, is being accomplished gradually but surely, and almost imperceptibly to the non-progressive citizens.

For a year or more the government has been pursuing a systematic course in attempting to teach the Osage Indians economy in their expenditure of their annuities by not allowing them to trade out on credit more than 60 per cent of the quarterly payments. This plan is said to be working very well and has caused many of the most reckless spendthrifts to live within their incomes.

Impromptu speeches have been the order for sometime on special occasions in Number 6. One of the topics recently was "How should we obey the rules." One boy in his speech said in apparent innocence, and we hope there is no truth in the insinuation that some obey in like manner: "Well one way to obey the rules is to do what you are told when Colonel, Mr. Allen or Mr. Thompson are around."

Rev. L. M. Lawrence, Presbyterian Missionary on the Cattaraugus reservation arrived on Monday with thirteen students for Carlisle. Mr. Lawrence has many friends at Carlisle, who are always glad to see him. He sees the virtue in experience away from the tribe, and uses his influence with the people for whom he labors to get them out where they may observe and learn and do.

It is settled that Mr. Warner is to be retained as Athletic Director for another year. His duties are to manage, coach and train out-door athletic teams. Placed as he is by experts among the leading coaches in America to-day, we are indeed favored to be able to hold so valuable an acquisition to our football department.

that shows that football is a healthy business.

Five or six of our ex-football players are now engaged in cattle business in Montana and other western states to such an extent that on their own account they ship cattle from their western homes to Chicago, and some of them go along with the cattle and sell them in that city. I can name more than a score who are engaged in the sensible occupations of blacksmithing, carpentry and other mechanical pursuits, and farmers, and many others who are serving in Indian schools in various capacities as disciplinarians, etc. There are other sides of football which I need not speak of now, but which are creditable.

One feature which I want to speak of, (and let it go beyond this place,) and that is, in our experience here at the Carlisle school, football in one respect at least stands above some great organizations that assume to control and direct in regard to Indians.

Football leads out from the tribe into the highest and best intelligence of our civilization.

Our football champions are constantly invited into the benefits of the best colleges and universities of the country. They are invited to become fellow students and drink from the stores of knowledge, the highest sources of supply, the country affords.

And I call your attention to the fact that Churches and missionaries and humanitarians, scientists and other influences do not do that for the Indians. They rather drive Indians back to the surroundings of ignorance and hold them there.

Football looms up as a great influence to develop the powers of the body and reach after a higher intelligence and a nobler life.

Some people are against football, even some presidents of colleges.

Recently, I read the remarks of a certain President who said he would have to break it up, but again I read that the head of the great Princeton University entirely approved of football and all the members of our team have recently heard the great President of the Republic give it his unqualified approval. He believes there is in it large benefit to the young men of the country.

At the banquet the other night at the Union League in Philadelphia, before we sat down to the table with the President we were permitted to shake hands with him. When I came up he stopped me short, took my hand, held it, and looking into my face said:

"I am very glad to see you. How are you getting on?"

I replied, "Very well, thank you."

It was on my mind that the last time I met him he had thrown our last year's football slump at me. So I said:

"Will you give my football boys their diplomas this year?"

"What have they done?" he asked.

"Have they thrashed Harvard?"

I replied, "I am sorry to say they were thrashed by Harvard, but they thrashed Cornell and Pennsylvania."

"Good for you!" he said. "Good for you!" so loud that it was heard by everyone in the room.

Football in our case is more than approved by the good old rule: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

We must stand firmly by our team and give it every opportunity and every encouragement and inspiration we possibly can to make it succeed year after year.

I am a very hopeful person and am not without expectation that if we continue our present good material and can add a little more good material to it, and keep our present good coach and management, we shall do what I have been anxious all along to do, and that is, thrash the strongest team in the country.

A BRIGHT PORTO RICAN'S ANSWER.

An article which appeared in the San Juan Pregonero—a Porto Rican paper, entitled "Infame Proceder" was so full of falsehood about our school and the treatment of the students from our new possession, on the part of the Indians and employees, that a Protest drawn up by our Porto Rican students and Mr. Enrique Rexach, student of Dickinson College, and signed by them, was forwarded.

The Protest claimed that the Porto Rican students were perfectly satisfied here, and closed with the statement that we "have been treated by all, both teachers

and pupils with the respect and consideration that our conduct demands."

Mr. Rexach's explanation is so full that we print it for all to understand the true attitude of these students. A later article charges them with having been compelled "by weak conscience," to which they reply boldly, in a strong letter which contains among other things these words, as translated by Paul Segui:

"Thanks to the Almighty that we find ourselves in an institution under a government that does not prohibit its people from expressing their opinion."

Mr. Rexach's Letter.

EDITOR OF THE PUERTO RICO SUN,
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO:

The "Pregonero" of 11th inst., has published an editorial "Infame Proceder" in regard to the Porto Rican young men who are studying at the Industrial School of this town.

There is not the least doubt that the author of said editorial wrote it without considering for a moment the anxieties and tears that the mothers, sisters and relatives of the said young men would feel, at the reading of these false statements. They will think that their sons, brothers or relatives, are treated worse than slaves, or worse perhaps than the victims of Weyer in Cuba.

That writer ought to give more credit to our distinguished representative at Washington, Mr. Degetau, who came here in order to see how these young Porto Ricans were treated and the conditions of the school.

I do not know if he will doubt also Mr. Munoz Rivera, who came to Carlisle with equal purpose. Mr. Munoz Rivera, with whom I spoke, did not find any fault; on the contrary, he found many things worthy of praise. He gave many good advices to the boys, that they must study and work hard, that they must develop their true manhood, in order to be useful citizens to his country in the future. Mr. Antonio Matteis Lluveras was another of the distinguished Porto Ricans who has visited Carlisle, in order to see his young countrymen. His opinion of the school was the same as that of Messrs. Degetau and Munoz Rivera.

These young men themselves, whom that writer tried to defend have become indignant at the reading of the article in the Pregonero. They have protested unanimously against it. This protest signed by all has been sent to you for its publication.

The school is neither a university nor a college, where one may become a sage, but it is a school where one may learn a trade, and acquire the habit of working. Each student must work half a day on the trade that he chooses, either carpenter or tailor, or printer, etc., and to go to school the other half. During the summer vacations those, who so desire, are sent to the country to work on farms. The money that they earn is credited to their account.

Here, work is no dishonor, whatever may be the trade. What is dishonorable here is to do nothing, to live at the expense of others or to spend time in pool-rooms, bars, or other places of degradation.

Here in order to deserve the respect and consideration of his fellow-citizen one must be "moral, learned and a worker." The students of the Indian School are not the only students who work as farmers or at similar occupation during the summer vacations; but many the students of the better Universities and Colleges of United States do the same thing. The writer of these lines considers it a great honor to have done the same thing.

The education that they receive embraces that of the primary schools and part of that of the secondary. Besides that they learn to perfection the English language, the acquisition of which is the principal purpose of all of the Porto Ricans who have come here.

The teachers of the school are very kind to these Porto Ricans, they take for them a great deal of interest. Their Indian fellow-students are also very kind to them. Three or four Porto Ricans, having run away from their homes, were admitted in the school by kindness of its Superintendent. They were of ungovernable and quarrelsome character. They have had quarrels not only with the Indians, but also with the other Porto Ricans. On the other hand, the Porto Ricans who were sent by the Department of Education of that Island, are kind,

good students and faithful workers. They have won the consideration and respect of all by their good behavior. It is a pleasure to-day, to see these young countrymen, full of health and strength.

H. C. REXACH.

THE PASSING OF THE INDIAN.

Apparently the disruption of the Indian tribes is near at hand. There is a proposition to divide what is left of Indian Territory into personal holdings, for allotment among the members of the civilized tribes that occupy it, and we may be sure that some of the owners will get rid of their parcels with alacrity, when they have an offer from white men, and become absorbed, as best they may, into the body of the public. The Indians themselves have agreed to conditional legislation enacted in the last Congress, and there is little doubt that the disappearance of Indian Territory from the map, and the addition of the tract so named to the State of Oklahoma will follow in a few years. All of the territory, except 340 square miles, is owned by the five tribes that are signatory to the new agreement. What promises for the permanence of order now prevailing there is that the Indians who at present occupy the territory are as white men in their practices and beliefs, and are for the larger part peaceable farmers and stock men, who have cultivated their acres till they compare favorably with those of the white neighbors in Kansas and Texas.

The danger is, not that the Indian will suffer by enlargement from tribal restraints, but that he may not be able to meet the conditions imposed by a state more highly individual. His tribe is a commune. Though we are threatened by a reversion to communal forms in our government, civilization has been accomplished through individual effort, and it is when he accepts civilization and mingles with its exponents that the red man is most sorely tried. He is a prey to temptations that are brought against him by white schemers, eager for his lands; he succumbs readily to vices and diseases that were unknown to him before the white invasion; he has to cope with men whose craft in trades and politics is keener than his own, and he will suffer loss when mineral lands that now give a profit to him, as his tribe leases them to companies, pass from his control.

Yet there is no question of the Indian's capacity for citizenship. He is above the ordinary immigrant in physique, in mind and morals. The raw, illiterate Slav or Syrian who is admitted to the franchise is not half so promising as a personal, social, or even industrial factor as is the Indian. It is his misfortune that he has chosen tribal autonomy to citizenship; has preferred virtual pauperism to personal independence. The time is rapidly passing when he is possible as a tribesman. We have ill treated him; we have been faithless to our promises; but the best we can do in amends is to receive him as a member of the body politic.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

FORTUNATE THING TO HAVE BEEN BORN IN THE COUNTRY.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that every boy and girl in country homes ought to learn the following by heart so as to speak it in school. Read it and see if you are not glad to be living in the country:

The child city born and bred has fewer opportunities for acquiring a sound practical knowledge of the essentials of life than the child born in the country.

The farmer's boy may not have the polish of the city boy, he may not be able to talk so understandingly of the current events which take place in town, his hands may not be so soft and smooth, and he may not so often think of how his finger nails look, but of real, useful, practical knowledge he has ten times as much as the city boy.

The farmer's boy knows the birds, the beasts, the trees, the various plants; he can pretty accurately foretell the weather, and if he sees a good horse or cow he knows it.

He is a good judge of character, and later on in life he will not be readily taken in by sharpers and frauds.

Say what you like about the "old hay-seeds," they are not half so green as they look.

The farmer's boy is courageous, for his

daily life leads him into more or less danger.

He must climb the trees for the nuts and apples, and climbing gives him agility and self-confidence.

He "breaks" the colt his father gives him, and he has a horse that it is a pleasure to ride after.

He raises his own hens and chickens, and when he eats the custards his mother makes for him there is no flavor of anti-quity about them.

He breathes the purest air that lies out of doors.

He feels the sunshine fresh from the eternal fount and not held in solution by clouds of smoke or gases from some poison-distilling manufactory.

He is alive all through.

He has a jolly good time in life, and by and by when he has made his millions in some stuffy counting house he will look back to his life on the farm with a regret that is akin to pain.

He will recall the rocky hills where the maples yielded their hearts' blood in the glowing spring; and the sugar camp where the luscious sweetness bubbled in the great vats, and the girls from the neighboring farms came up in the moonlit nights to help at the "sugaring off."

The life of a farmer's boy may have restrictions, it may hold its full share of hard work; but work is a glorious thing when the ability to perform it is given.

Work, which so many worthless scions of effete aristocracy affect to be horrified at, is God-ordained.

It strengthens and develops a man mentally, morally and physically.

The man who can work has a comfort in time of trouble and a staff on which to lean in adversity.

Let no living person decry the country.

To live in a pure atmosphere, to see daily unfolding before the eye the wonderful problem of the seasons—old, but ever new, watch the sunrise and the sunset tinge the mountain tops with the light no artist's brush can ever imitate, to love the gentle animals and the singing birds which are ever around the child of the country,—why, it is but a step to the perfection which we hope may come to us when the glad new life opens up to us in the mystical Beyond!

—[Farm Journal.

NOT PLEASED WITH THEIR DOINGS.

"One of our old boys who did not stay at Carlisle long enough to graduate, but who has done his best since he went home is righteously indignant at some graduates who are not doing as well as they might, and couches his disgust in these words:

"I'm stilling keep up my track of Carlisle experienced and getting along exceedingly ever since I returned.

I believe that I am doing twice as better than those who are graduation there and returned here, expected (except) Mr. ——— is all rights, no doubt about him. But you graduation pupils ought to look back before going too far. They did not attempt to do what they ought to do.

Excuse me to tell you about you Graduation pupils, because I thought you might anxious to hear from them sometimes. Please give my respected to all you good pupils."

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.
My 3, 11, 12, 13 is what a circus horse runs in.

My 8, 2, 10 is what hens do.
My 4, 5, 9, 1, 6 is what one gets unreservedly sometimes.

My 7, 8, 9, 10 is what some boys would rather do than work.

My whole is what had to take a back seat at the small boys' quarters when the snow came.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—President Roosevelt.

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