

Football
Number

The Red Man.

Games With
The Big 4

— HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE. —

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. XIV.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., NOVEMBER, 1896

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EDITORIAL COMMENT FROM

The Boston "Herald."]

Gentlemen and True Sportsmen.

The statement in our account of the football game on Saturday between the teams of the Carlisle school of Indians and Harvard, that, if the men making up the former had scientific training added to the strength, quickness and endurance which they now possess, no college team in the country could stand against them, is a conclusion indorsed by most of the college graduates and undergraduates who are experts in football and who witnessed the game. In a scientific knowledge of the game, the Indians are six or eight years behind their opponents, whether of Yale, Princeton or Harvard, for the latter have had the benefit of the most careful coaching. But another thing that can be said of the Carlisle Indian game, which entitles it to rank ahead of a good many of the colleges, is that it was transparently and unqualifiedly fair. Not the shadow of an attempt was made to take undue advantages; no tricks of any kind were resorted to when the umpire or referee was not looking, while decisions made by the umpire were pleasantly accepted without a word of protest. The general verdict in Cambridge is said to be that the Indians were both gentlemen and true sportsmen; that they tried to win the game if they could by good, hard honest playing, and that, rather than win the game by other means, they were willing to accept defeat. It is to be regretted that this is not always the spirit in which intercollegiate games are carried on, and if, by annually joining in the sport, the Carlisle Indians can teach the undergraduates of our universities the merits of honor, honesty and fair play, which in all contests should be the characteristics of gentlemen, their incoming will be of distinct advantage.

Appreciation Appreciated.

Capt. Pratt writes to the Editor of the Boston "Herald."]

Some one sends me a marked copy of your issue of Nov. 3, with the editorial on our football team, and for this high appreciation of our Indian boys I wish to most heartily thank you. When they first began playing the game about six years ago, I soon grew to dislike the roughness of it, and when one of the boys had his leg broken, I stopped it entirely for a couple of years. Three years ago they appealed earnestly for another chance with it. We talked it all over in common, and I agreed they should play so long as they played in a perfectly gentlemanly way, and evaded all anger, retaliation or violence. So far as I know, they have not, in the slightest degree, varied from their promise. In their games with teams where unnecessa-

ry violence was resorted to, and where they were seriously laid off by their opponents taking advantage of the melee and injuring them, they have not retaliated, but have quietly dropped from their list of future opponents such schools and teams.

Our team has undertaken this year a series of games that perhaps no other team in the country would undertake, i. e., to play each one of the four great teams—Princeton, Yale, Harvard and University of Pennsylvania—and within a period of four weeks. They began with Princeton on the 14th of October, and Saturday next, the 7th, they close with "the big four" in the game with Pennsylvania. They put in no substitutes at Harvard, and only one at each of the games with Yale, and Princeton.

The ambition of the boys for next year is to have money enough from their games to employ two or three special coaches during the ball season and raise their record still higher. Such commendation as yours gives greatest inspiration to this purpose.

In closing, I may add, if you will permit me, that the

GREATEST PURPOSE

of the Carlisle school is to afford the Indian equal chances on every field and with all races to demonstrate his American manhood and possibilities. This proven, we may reasonably hope that the fair-dealing spirit of our country will knock off the shackles of bureau, agency and tribal control, abolish purely Indian schools, and make the man an individual and a citizen.

Indians Play a Clean Game.

New York "Independent."]

Those who are accustomed to think of all Indians as barbarians of "untutored mind" should have witnessed last Saturday, at Manhattan Field, in this city, the football game between Yale University and the Carlisle Indian School. Football at best is an exceedingly rough game, and no rules have yet been adopted that have successfully prevented a player from employing dishonorable and brutal methods to win games, when he so wishes and the umpire is not looking. Yet it is safe to say that if all the elevens of our schools, colleges and universities should play in such a clean and sportsmanlike manner as these Indians, the game of football would not hold the doubtful position it now has in the estimation of the press and the parents of our sons. In the game last week the score was close and excitement was at the highest pitch; and yet not once was heard any noisy "coaching" or insane talk from the Indians, nor was "slugging" or any other vicious sort of tactics employed by them; though the same could not be said of the opposing team, representing the greatest athletic university in the United States; while on one occasion, when an adverse decision of doubtful character deprived them of a touch-down, amid cries of "Fair play" from the crowd, the Indians accepted the decree with good grace, despite the fact that otherwise the game would have been a tie. To one who has seen nearly all the college elevens on the football field, it is a pleasure to say that none have shown themselves more fit to be termed "civilized" than the Indians from the Carlisle School.

It will be remembered that a full account of the Princeton-Indian game was given in the last issue of THE RED MAN.

THE YALE-INDIAN FOOTBALL GAME.

On Manhattan Field, New York City, October, 24th, 1896.

Yale 12; Indians 6.

COMMENTS BY LEADING PAPERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The decision of experts and the opinions of eminent authority on the merits of football are summed up in the following excerpts from great newspapers and periodicals:

Indians Surprise the People.

New York "World."]

Never did New York see a more exciting football game; never was there a greater surprise.

Yale the master, Yale, whose victories are almost as long as her career on the gridiron, was outplayed by a band of full-blooded Indians who were on reservations a few months ago.

It was a manly struggle and magnificent.

On one side were the undergraduates of an old and great university. They represent, physically, the perfection of modern athletics and intellectually the culture and refinement of the best modern American life.

On the other side was the aborigine, the real son of the forest and plain, the red-skin of history, of story, of war, developed or veneered, as the case may be, by education.

Somehow these Indians fit into the game. There is something splendid and barbarous about it, for all its science. It is a fair and honest struggle, a battle man to man, and there is nothing finer in the world.

The people who looked on yelled joyously when the Indians first appeared in front of the quarters. They wore flaming red sweaters and their hair looked intensely black. They moved about with a certain grace and freedom. The football garb did not look out of place on them.

But no one was prepared for the football that the Indians played. Their game would have won favor had every one been prejudiced against them. They played a terrific game. They tore Yale's rush line to pieces. They outran them. Only in kicking were they weak, else they had won by a large score.

The Indians say that they were not treated fairly in their game with Princeton. They can say the same with regard to Yale. The score should have been a tie. The blunder was made by Orrin Hickok, one of the coaches of the Indians, who was the umpire of the game. He wouldn't allow his pupils one touch-down.

They were furious over the injustice done them, but not so furious as their professors who came to New York with them. But these Indians, who are usually called savages, behaved like men of breeding. In the heat and excitement of the game they gave the men of Yale lessons in politeness. Never once did they overstep the bounds.

Never was a team seen on the football field who fought harder, fairer and with so little unnecessary rough play. And never did anybody see men who tackled as they tackle.

There wasn't any enthusiasm in the

crowd in the beginning. It really didn't expect much in the way of a football game. It wasn't really to be expected that Indians from a school in Pennsylvania could do much with a team from a college that has always turned out men who win. There was only a faint cheer when the foes lined up.

When the Caucasians and Indians stood side by side the white men looked tall and slender beside their black-haired opponents. There were six-footers among the red men, but the majority were short. But they had thickness. Their shoulders were enormous. They wore the same outlandish football protectors as their opponents, but they looked different. They seemed more in earnest. And they had more repose when not in action.

In the first half Yale had the wind with them, and this was a great advantage, because Yale could kick the ball and the Indians couldn't.

There was only a mild yell when the ball was placed in play. For the Indians, Metoxen sent it twirling down the field, and Yale started back with it. The Indians rushed into them, and the players were piled up in the most astonishing manner.

Yale tried that interesting thing known as bucking the centre which consists of eleven men trying to poke holes in eleven other men, who try to imagine themselves a stone wall. The Indians were very like a stone wall. Yale tried going around the ends and succeeded somewhat better.

Chauncey punted the ball so hard that it almost rolled over the goal. It was just three yards from the line. Of course, it looked as if the Yale men could hold the Indians and get the ball on downs. But the red men chose to punt it after they had made a hole or two in Yale's line. It was only a thirty-yard kick, but it placed the ball out of danger.

Yale again attacked the line and then they found that they were opposite to some very remarkable young men. The Indians really refused to be driven back. In fact they had an unpleasant habit of picking up the whole Yale team, including the man with the ball, and carrying the whole outfit back for several yards.

And as for tackling! Old football men opened their eyes in wonder. The manner in which the men trying to plunge through the line were downed was beyond belief. It was really a football game.

It was all a heaving, twisting, squirming mass of men. Suddenly men in blue began to fall. Bass, the famous, and Rogers, pride of Yale's rush line, went down like ninepins. Between them sprang an Indian. He had the ball in his arms and he was free. One after another of the Yale men sprang after him, only to be

bowled over by the stocky Indians who protected him.

It was the business of Chauncey, the New Haven half-back, to stop this handsome Indian. The Yale man made a dash for him. Cayou shook him off and never checked his pace.

Cayou ran sixty yards and made a touchdown. The Indians had scored against Yale in the first ten minutes of play.

The "bleachers," the "bridges" and the "deadheaders" were drunk with excitement. People in the covered grand-stand even awoke to fine enthusiasm.

The Indians along the side lines danced around. Now and then one would give an ear-splitting yell. The Yale men looked at each other as if they were not sure of what had happened.

The goal was kicked easily and the score was 6 to 0 against Yale. Oh, that game will be long remembered in New Haven and the name of Cayou will live in Carlisle. His nation will know of it.

When the players appeared again on the field the Yale men looked at their opponents with respect—even fear. Not a player on it had ever seen a Yale rush line so broken up, and not a man had ever been tackled as these Indians tackled. It was superb. If one of them but touched his man he seemed to bring him down. The Indians could run like deer, too. Half a dozen times it seemed that Rogers and Van Every must make a long run and win a possible touchdown, but they were clasped by those red, sinewy arms and fell in a heap.

And then when Chauncey tried to drive through the center he met experiences such as he never had before. A big man and skilful is Chauncey. He had run a hundred yards in 10 2-5 seconds. He weighs 170 pounds. When he starts a plunge through the centre he expects something to go before him. He made the plunge yesterday, struck something, trembled and was hurled back again, losing instead of gaining.

Sometimes he struck Bemus Pierce and some times he struck Lone Wolf. The result was the same. This gives an idea of the strength and skill of these Indians. It is almost impossible to believe that a man running at the rate of 100 yards in eleven seconds could strike a man standing still and not bowl him over.

The Yale men were getting desperate. Capt. Murphy banged the centre and made a hole, which Mr. Rogers, he of the tow hair, plunged through for a gain. Murphy was tackled so hard that it made his teeth chatter. In the next scrimmage he slugged one of the Indians. The Indian only smiled, a trifle grimly.

The Indians could do pretty much as they pleased with Yale's line, but alas! the Indians couldn't kick. Cayou had retired in favor of Seneca, and the big chief ripped things, while the crowd howled in glee. The second half was nearing its close.

There had been a tremendous scrimmage. The interference of the Indians was marvelous. Big Seneca was plunging through the line, going like a steam-engine, when he was tackled. As he fell Jamison grabbed the ball. Chauncey made a grab for him and missed. Instantly three of his mates were at Jamison's side. They galloped wildly down the field, making a touchdown.

Now, it was as fair a play as could have been. But it was not allowed. Hickok had sounded his whistle, indicating that the ball was down, that is, on the ground and not in play. The error was made by Hickok, as he himself admitted, because the ball was not dead. But inasmuch as he had sounded the whistle there was nothing to do but to bring the ball back. The crowd howled and hissed at the decision for five minutes.

The Indians were furious, not so much so as their teachers, however, and Hickok was so unhappy that he didn't know what to do. The professors wanted to take the Indians from the field, but they preferred to play on.

They returned to the game. They played more determinedly than ever. You could see them standing calm, and perfectly motionless and at the word spring-

ing forward with tremendous intensity and fighting with everything in them.

They never panted as did the Yale men; they never trembled with eagerness.

It looked as if they must carry things before them and win another touchdown, so tremendous was their struggle. But the whistle sounded and the game was over.

THE GAME AS SEEN BY AN EXPERT.

HARRY BEECHER, FAMOUS AS A FORMER YALE PLAYER, TELLS HOW THE CONTEST WAS WON AND LOST.

The Carlisle Indians are the first team this year that have scored against New Haven, and certainly deserve credit for their dashing work. They played good, hard football from start to finish, and followed the ball like terrors.

The red men scored in the first half by a run of fully sixty yards around Bass's end aided by fine interference. The only Yale man who had a chance to tackle was the full-back Chauncey, who made a deplorable mess of it. His tacklings throughout the game were wretched.

In the second half Metoxen in making a run dropped the ball when tackled and Jamison, left end, picking it up, ran seventy yards and fell behind the posts. Hickok, the old Yale guard and also coach of the Indians, called the ball back as being dead before the run.

This decision was at least questionable to an outsider, but as Mr. Hickok was umpire and there for the very purpose of seeing such accidents he was no doubt right. Had this touchdown been allowed the score would have certainly been a tie.

Yale certainly should feel ashamed of her efforts today, while the Indians deserve the credit of a practical victory.

A Stolen Triumph for the Pale Children of Civilization.

New York "Sun."]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: The game of football between Yale and the Carlisle Indian school at Manhattan field yesterday was remarkable not only as a spectacle, but also as presenting an absolutely new phase of the Indian problem. Five thousand persons paid the admission fee to see the game close at hand, and as many more stood on the hills and surrounding vantage points from which they could see the playing ground. These ten thousand were men and women of intelligence, cultivation, and refinement. Very many of them have had the advantages of liberal education. They represent the best there is in our nineteenth century civilization. They have inherited the best results of many generations of civilization. It is safe to say that not one in one hundred of these ten thousand was not continuously, enthusiastically, and vociferously in sympathy with the Indians. It is the first time that this has been so. Never before has a great crowd of white Americans openly applauded the prowess and the deeds of a company of red Americans. It was significant of a new appreciation of the possibilities of the red man, and it expressed, albeit without definite intention, a new hope for the Indian. Football is a scientific game, and the fact that these young red men have attained such proficiency in it demonstrates their capacity for the more useful and practical training which they receive at the Indian Industrial school.

In still another respect the game of Saturday was worthy of remark. The young Indians played with all the stoicism of their race. Their well-known patient endurance of bodily hurt in sport was demonstrated again. Seeing the brawny Lone Wolf stand like a stone wall against the repeated and desperate assaults of the human battering rams of Yale, you thought of the sturdy Pawnees, whose scion he is, and their gallant stand for their homes on the Nebraska prairies against the more powerful hordes of marauding Sioux. What an account of himself would have been given, if he had lived in those days of strife, by this young man, who again and again accounted, single-handed, for three of the brawny men from New Haven, and never once

faltered! What an account of himself would he render now in the soldier blue of the United States army, as many a brave fellow of his tribe has done!

Decidedly, the red-skinned young gentlemen from Carlisle had the better of the contest. But in the end the struggle was only a reduplication of all the contests between white men and Indians that have gone before it. For at the last the white man stole from the Indian. The decision of Referee Hickok, refusing to allow Jamison's touchdown, robbed the Carlisle players of points hard and justly earned, and took from them what would have been a virtual victory over Yale. As the Indians have always done, they protested against the injustice of the whites, vigorously at first, but with decreasing energy and vehemence. And at the last, as all their race have done, they patiently submitted to the outrage.

It will be a pity if this theft of a justly won triumph shall result in lasting discouragement to the Indians. The cheers of the thousands who saw and denounced the robbery gave to the victims of it, and the jeers and groans they gave the robber, no doubt mollified the disappointment. They certainly demonstrated that the sympathy and hope of the spectators were with the Indians, and if next year the young men from Carlisle shall decide to struggle again in New York for supremacy in football, or any other contest, they may be sure that a vast crowd of enthusiastic friends will be there to cheer them on. More power to the Indians of Carlisle. D.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.

Lonewolf is a Kiowa.

New York's Unstinted Applause.

New York "Sun."]

Considered entirely apart from the science of foot-ball, the game at Manhattan Field on Saturday between the Yale eleven and the Young redskins from the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., was perhaps the most interesting ever played in New York. Purely as a spectacle it was decidedly interesting, whether the spectator was a lover of foot-ball or not. Heretofore New York has seen red Indians only as members of some show, or as itinerant vendors of baskets or some similar products of their fickle industry. But their football game presented twenty or thirty young stalwart bucks in the togs of the highest civilization that is developed at the largest and oldest institution of learning in the land, and the wearers of those togs demonstrated their ability to acquit themselves as well as their white opponents with their heritage of five hundred years' or more education. They were a picturesque lot of young fellows. No such football clothes were ever seen in New York before. Their heavy outside sweaters were of the brilliant scarlet dear to the heart of every thoroughbred Indian. They were of the shade known paradoxically among all men who have had dealings with the Indian of the far west as "blue cloth" the name which the Sioux give to all cloths of brilliant colors. The bright scarlet contrasted sharply with the swarthy faces and black hair of the players, and stood out distinctly against the dull, dirty blue worn by the Yale men.

The Indians seemed to be surprised by the enthusiasm of their welcome by the spectators. Nearly five thousand persons paid their way through the gate to see the game, and probably as many more stood on the viaduct and the vantage points on Dead Head Hill. For the most part this crowd was composed of the lovers of football for football's sake, who constitute the regular attendance at all games in New York when Yale or one of the larger College contests on one side. From first to last, through thick and thin, these ten thousand were seemingly unanimous in their applause of the Indians. For the first time in Yale's experience there was not a cheer for the wearers of the light blue. No knot of Yale men got together and sent the frog chorus echoing across the field and smashing against the rocks of Dead Head Hill. The familiar nine 'rahs for Yale were never heard, and that old soul-inspiring shout, heard so many times when the partisans of Yale strove

to nerve her sons to their greatest deeds, the steadily repeated name of the old college at New Haven, never once was lifted up to add power to the arms or speed to the legs of Capt. Murphy's men.

But for the Indians—well, you had to hear it to understand. For themselves the Indians never piped up once, and so the enthusiastic crowd had no cue as to what the Carlisle yell is, if, indeed, the Indians have progressed so far in civilization as to adopt one. But that didn't stop the crowd from shouting. It merely lent to the howls of enthusiasm and encouragement a picturesque heterogeneity which made up in novelty of interest what it lacked in concert of force. Every time an Indian made a play the chorus broke loose in a wild medley of sounds. Everybody seemed to have heard that the peculiar noise produced by rapidly and repeatedly clapping the hand over the mouth while in the act of shouting was a characteristic Indian way of yelling, so everybody by turns tried that. But the shouters couldn't get together with that yell, and they mixed it up with all sorts of cries.

One brass-lunged man who sat in the open seats on the north side of the field devoted himself to one shout, which he steadily repeated all through the game, and with tremendous effect. Nearly every time the two teams lined up for a scrimmage this man's shout of encouragement boomed across the field. His voice was heavy and hoarse, but he kept it up to the last, and every time he shouted he said:

"Get at 'em Lonewolf! Get at 'em, Lonewolf!"

Lonewolf did get at 'em. He was a tower of strength to his team. He was the immovable object meeting the resistless force and resisting it. And every time he stood like a stone wall against the shock of Yale's human battering rams over and through and under all the other yells of praise and enthusiasm that swept from all sides of the field boomed the brass-lunged man's:

"Get at 'em, Lonewolf! Get at 'em, Lonewolf!"

It was all this shouting that was the most significant feature of the game, for it was the first time in the history of the relations of the two peoples that a great mass of the whites, representative of the people of the whole nation, have united to applaud the achievements of a band of the reds. It signified the hearty welcome with which the redskins are received when they turn from the customs of savagery to the pursuits of civilization. These young fellows, who would have been with Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull at the Little Big Horn if they had been born thirty years before, were standing up nobly to the work of men who had five centuries the advantage of them in training and in inheritance, and the representatives of the cultivation and the refinement of the older civilization were yelling the skin off their throats in appreciation of their work.

But this note of applause had its counterpart. For at the very last when the Indians had covered themselves with glory by tying the score, they were robbed of their hard-earned triumph, and that robbery was characteristic in the manner of its achievement of nearly all the crimes committed against the Indians by the whites, for it was accomplished by the man of all men who should have looked out for their interests and their rights. The Carlisle boys were entitled to believe that the man who had been teaching them the game at least would not rob them of what they earned at it: they had a right to trust him just as many a time the Indians at an agency have believed they could trust the Government agent in whose charge they lived. And just as many an agent has proved false to his trust so this referee was to his. No more significant demonstration of the sympathy of the thousands of spectators could have been made than was given when, after the referee's decision depriving Jamison of his touchdown, the whole crowd got together in their yelling for the first time in the game and shouted in unison: "Touchdown! touchdown!" chang-

ing it after a while to "Robber! Robber!" Then the hisses and the groans which greeted the final reiteration of the mistaken decision added emphasis to the already clearly pronounced opinion of the spectators.

INDIANS IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

Football Players Complimented by Dr. Abbott.

A dozen or more young Indians, the same who nearly overcame Yale's football players on Manhattan Field on Saturday, attended two services at Plymouth Congregational Church yesterday. The young men were headed by Captain Pratt, who has charge of the school at Carlisle, Penn. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in referring to them last evening, spoke of the capability of the Indians of attaining true manhood and gentlemanliness, and of fitting themselves for the responsibilities of citizenship. Dr. Abbott spoke of the football contest, and, while disclaiming all knowledge of the intricacies of the game, said: "That the Indian is able to maintain himself and show that he can rise above degradation and ignorance—to be able to reach the eminence of manhood—I think we have seen in their performance of yesterday. Even for these young men to be able to score against Yale shows no little degree of manhood. I am informed, by a gentleman who knows all about the game, that they even outplayed the Yale men. And when, as I am told, the referee decided against them during the game, they knowing themselves to be in the right, accepted it and went on playing, showed another evidence of their manhood. And this, too, when the referee saw that he was in the wrong and said so, but, according to the rules of the game, could not change his decision. My informant said, also, that it was the most gentlemanly game he had witnessed. If I am able to be the judge of anything by what I see in the newspapers, I say that a man who can be a gentleman on the football field can be a gentleman anywhere. These young men proved themselves such."

Dr. Abbott then introduced Captain Pratt, who gave a brief but interesting account of his work among the Indians. He, in turn, called upon three of the Indians to tell of the condition of their people and the policy of the Government toward them.

Frank Cayou, from the Omaha Reservation, in Nebraska, a graduate of Carlisle and now studying for a college education, came first. Cayou was a Columbian guard at the World's Fair. He said that when he came East and first saw at the fair what the white man had accomplished it almost brought tears to his eyes to think that his people were so ignorant and degraded.

"Drunkenness and laziness is their curse," said he. "The white people keep the Indians on reservations. This degrades them. They are environed by civilization, but they are not of it. The Government sends my people money, and they drink it up. It was almost as bad to give them rations so freely, for they would eat in a short time what they had and go hungry without a thought for the morrow. I was that way, but I saw what the white people had done, and the desire possessed me—the ambition, I should say, to raise myself up and help my race. Their only hope is to live among the whites, be educated and adopt their ways."

David McFarland, a Nez Perce Indian, with a bright face, told of his life and how he ran away from his father's home to go school.

Afterwards a young man of the Kiowa tribe made a thoughtful and earnest speech, in which he said that the only hope for his race was education and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

At the morning service the Indians came in late. Dr. Abbott stepped down from the pulpit and greeted Captain Pratt cordially, and then formally welcomed the visitors in the name of the congregation. At the close of the service many members of the congregation gathered around the young red men, welcomed them to the church and congratulated them upon their success in the football game of the day before.—[N. Y. "Tribune,"

"Lo Poor Yale."

New York "Advertiser."

"Lo poor Yale!"

It was not "Lo!" the poor Indian yesterday.

Yale's famous blue colors, which have waved triumphantly over so many grid-iron fields, were fairly trailed in the dust on Manhattan Field by the comparatively unknown eleven from Carlisle Indian School.

Yale won, according to the score, but according to the judgment of nine-tenths of the spectators, the plucky red men should at least have tied the score.

Times without number during the last decade have an eleven representing Old Eli left the field receiving an ovation from the crowd. But yesterday they straggled to their dressing rooms after the game to the accompaniment of a storm of hisses and groans. There were no enthusiastic undergraduates to carry them off the field on their shoulders. There were no plaudits from enthusiastic thousands, or waving of blue flags and handkerchiefs by friends as a reward for their great work.

Of course they are accredited the victory. The referee said they had won, and that settled it. But the referee's decision did not go with the crowd. They had come to see a game on its merits and they were dissatisfied. It looked to them as if the copper colored athletes had tied Yale's famous players, if they had not really beaten them.

The Indians were the favorites from the start. Yale's great team was looked upon as a sure winner, and with the usual kind feeling for the under dog that is a peculiarity of American sporting assemblages, the red men had all the sympathy. Their unexpectedly good showing at the start and the fact that they made the first touchdown, increased the feeling of friendship for them. But the events of the second half when it was thought that they were getting the worst of the decisions, and when it was plain that they were outplaying Yale two to one, aroused the crowd to a perfect frenzy of excitement. While the blue-clad athletes left the field, followed by nothing but anathemas, the Indians were given an ovation such as is seldom accorded a victorious eleven, be it Yale, Princeton or Harvard.

The Indians did not dress on the grounds. They rode to the field on the elevated road in their uniforms and went back the same way. They had no army of trainers or rubbers to attend to their wants. They simply donned their red sweaters and made their way to the trains like common mortals, and were in the push like the rest of us.

Defeated! It was not a defeat. It was a victory, and a great and glorious one, and should be so written on the records of Carlisle School in its football history. What team has done better against famous Yale in recent years? Last year it would have marked an era in the game, and so it should now.

It has been said that the only good Indian is a dead one, but there were eleven pretty good ones yesterday on Manhattan Field. Yale may not have put forth her best efforts for fear of giving something away, but it appeared to all unbiased spectators that she did her level best, and was fairly outplayed. The game was certainly a surprise, and puts the Carlisle boys on a high pinnacle of football fame.

Indian Not Down Till you Sit on Him.

New York "Post."

They have developed into a team of wonderfully steady and fierce players. Their physical strength as exhibited in the game was superb, their ferocity was

no less apparent, while their reliability in carrying out a few of the simpler manoeuvres of the modern game—in fact, playing what is called "straight football"—more than compensated for their lack of special tricks and devices. The brutal strength of Lone Wolf, the centre rusher, the fleetness of Cayou, and the aboriginal ferocity of Metoxen were all in their way remarkably fine. But the football they played was of the very kind to worry a Yale team most. Ordinary masses on centre or tackles, simple end runs behind interference—these have commonly been the means which Yale teams have adopted in their play, learning them thoroughly and leaving to their opponents the complicated devices which look well on paper, but generally take no account of the active ends and tackles of the opposing teams. The Indians had, in turn, learned their lesson faithfully.

The unfortunate incident which marred the game has been variously interpreted. The Carlisle players had the ball on their forty-five-yard line, close to the south side of the field. It was passed to a man behind the line, who ran ahead towards the left side of the Yale line. When he struck he stopped for an appreciable moment and was thought to be "down," the rules providing that the ball is "dead" when it ceases to advance. Hickok, the referee, blew his whistle and the Yale men began to line up again. But the Indian isn't down until you sit on him, so this one or some other one broke away with the ball, and in a moment had a clear field. Some of the surprised Yalensians gave chase, but between them and the runner were Metoxen and two others, the big full-back dancing up and down and shooting out his fists into the empty air like pile-drivers. Accounts differ as to the actual play in the line, and it remains a question whether Jamison or Seneca started with the ball, and whether it was passed after the tackle.

The morning newspaper descriptions form an amusing commentary on the way, football is reported. The *Herald* says of the play, "Just as he struck the line Seneca passed the ball back to Jamison." The *World* partially confirms this, saying, "As he (Seneca) fell, Jamison grabbed the ball; but Harry Beecher, a veteran player, in his account on the same page, says, 'Metoxen . . . dropped the ball, and Jamison, picking it up, ran seventy yards.'" The other newspaper writers took a different view. The *Sun* says, "He (Jamison) was partially held, but his tackler was thrown off easily, and then Jamison emerged." The *Times* says "Seneca was held by the Yale men . . . Hickok thought it was down . . . Seneca broke away." The *Tribune's* account is the richest of all: "Jamison . . . aided by splendid interference, skirted Yale's left end, where after dodging several players he found a clear field."

With such divergence of opinion between observers on the side lines, it is apparent that the conduct of the crowd in the stands was utterly unjustifiable.

They hissed the decision, though knowing nothing about the merit, and sought in every way to confuse the referee and excite the Indians to stop play. The decision itself was of course a deplorable mistake, but it was an honest one; and if the opponents had been white men, and the matter were more important, it would not be hard to find arguments in favor of the men who obeyed the referee's whistle.

A Right to Rob the Indian (?)

Rochester, "Advertiser."

It is gratifying to note this evidence of the progress of the red man in the acquirement of useful knowledge and physical toughness. The future of the Indian has long been a problem, but there is no longer any doubt or difficulty about it. The football player of the future will be an Indian. The destiny of the race is now plain. And it is rather curious that nobody has ever before thought of this solution of the old question of what to do with the noble red man. His love of punishment is notorious. He enjoys being jumped on and generally maltreated. He is so accustomed to being abused that he finds

genuine pleasure in the thumpings and gougings which he gets in a mix-up on the football field. He is also used to being robbed, and therefore, when a referee deprives him of his rights, as in the case above referred to, he smiles grimly and pursues the even tenor of his way. Besides, he can grow a shock of hair that cannot be matched by any white man for abundance and coarseness of texture.

But there is danger that the son of the prairie will be spoiled by silly sentimentalists who prate about his rights, and that he will get notions of personal privilege and prerogative that will be fatal to him. A correspondent of the New York Sun has already commenced to poison the Indian mind by such talk as this in regard to the Carlisle-Yale contest:

It will be a pity if this theft of a justly won triumph shall result in lasting discouragement to the Indians. The cheers the thousands who saw and denounced the robbery gave to the victims of it, and the jeers and groans they gave the robber, no doubt mollified the disappointment. They certainly demonstrated that the sympathy and hope of the spectators were with the Indians, and if next year the young men from Carlisle shall decide to struggle again in New York for supremacy in football, or any other contest, they may be sure that a vast crowd of enthusiastic friends will be there to cheer them on.

Now, if we have a right to rob the Indian anywhere we certainly have a right to cheat him out of football games. If it is proper to plunder him in a raw state why should anybody have any scruples against doing the same to him when he comes among us in the form of a finished product? An Indian is an Indian just the same whether we find him on the buttes of the Dakotas or on Manhattan field, and the only strictly regular thing to do in either case is to hold him up and go through him.

The Indians Showed That They Could Play. New York "Tribune."

The Indians were beaten, but only after a stubborn battle, in which Yale had to use all her tricks, so well known to football critics, to win. Her men captured the victory by the close score of 12 to 6.

The Indians showed that they could play football in their recent game with the Princeton Tigers, but even their most enthusiastic admirers hardly hoped for the fine showing they made in Harlem yesterday afternoon. The Indians, natural athletes that they are, played with an abandon which carried them the sympathies of the crowd. With their bronzed faces, shaggy manes and swarthy skins, shown off by crimson sweaters, they looked like their forefathers who were compelled in their time to surrender to the white man, but on a different sort of battle-field. Their friends in the stands greeted them with a genuine war whoop when they appeared on the spongy, water-soaked field.

Up With The Procession.

New York "Town Topics."

The Indians are right up with the procession this year. Their game with Princeton was not what the score, 22-6, shows, for they kept the tigers from scoring in the first half, and were so unmercifully "wasted" by bad decisions that they sulked, and did not play their game in the last half. Against Yale, on Saturday, they again met with the traditional hard luck of "poor Lo" when he battles with the pale faces. The victory of Yale 12-6, might have been a tie, or a score of 12-10, but for an unfortunate decision.

The Indians won the sympathy of the crowd, they were cheered tremendously, and are heroes in New York, and while every one regrets the unfortunate decision which perhaps deprived them of a game against Yale, they have reason to be very proud of themselves. These Indian lads, every one of them brought from the western reservations, play as square and gentlemanly a game as their white opponents, with centuries of civilization behind them.

Horrible Thought.

Syracuse "Post."

The football game between the Carlisle Indians and Yale seems to indicate that the aborigines have found a place in higher education. The horrible thought obtrudes itself that in a football game the Indians return to a state of moral war paint and tomahawks, to nature, in fact.

CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.



EDWARD ROGERS (Chippewa) Substitute. BEMUS PIERCE (Seneca) Capt. and Right Guard.
 DANIEL MORRISON (Chippewa) Right Tackle. HAWLEY PIERCE (Seneca) Left Tackle. MARTIN WHEELOCK (Oneida) Left Guard. HARRISON PRINTUP (Tuscarora) Substitute.
 JACOB JAMISON (Seneca) Left End. FRANK CAYOU (Omaha) Left Half Back. DELOS LONEWOLF (Kiowa) Centre. JONAS METOXEN (Oneida) Full Back. ISAAC SENECA (Seneca) Right Half Back.
 FRANK HUDSON (Pueblo) Quarter Back.
 ARTIE MILLER (Stockbridge) Right End. DAVID MCFARLAND (Nez Perce) Right Half Back.

The Stiffest Kind of a Game.

New York "Press."]

As the eleven brawny braves who compose the Carlisle Indian School football team made their exit from Manhattan Field yesterday afternoon they were cheered to the echo by the 4,000 spectators who had seen them give the Yale Varsity team the stiffest kind of a battle on the gridiron. The final score of the game was 12 to 6 in favor of Yale. Thus the Indians are the first team this year to score against the boys in blue. Not only did the red men score against their famous opponents, but the probabilities are that they would have made the score a tie but for an unfortunate blunder by the referee.

The leather was passed to Cayou, and that warrior came for Yale's left end like a shot out of a cannon. There was a hole as big as the mouth of a tunnel between Bass and Rodgers, and Cayou went through it. He got by everybody except Chauncey, who couldn't get near the flying redskin, and, amid terrific yelling, Cayou completed a seventy-five yard run with little Ely in desperate pursuit. It was a brilliant run, and there was no fluke about it, either.

This unexpected proceeding put the Yale men on their mettle and for a while thereafter they played fast football.

Indians Played the Better Football.

New York "Herald."]

There were Kiowas, Comanches and Sioux: there were Apaches from the sands of Arizona, Ogallalas from the Bad Lands and Oneidas from the Tom Platt reservation at Manhattan Field yesterday. They whooped and grunted and tore holes through Yale's rush line, through which they poured like fire water from a bung-hole, or buffalo through a mountain canyon. All along the side lines danced the medicine men, with their water buckets and sponges and incantations, praying

and conjuring in their native tongue, and doctoring everybody that needed it.

Three thousand spectators saw the delirious battle. They saw Yale hurled back foot by foot, and yard by yard. They saw the half-wild men, whose ancestors made things pleasant for us in the olden times with tomahawk and scalping knife, knocking the breath out of the pale faced lads whose fore-fathers took their muskets aflood to protect themselves from possible scrimmages.

But when it was all over, Yale had won by a score of 12 to 6. This score was not the correct figure. It should have been 12 to 10 at least, and with any kind of a kick for goal it should have been a tie.

And right here it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that, everything considered, the Indians played the better football. In the first place, they were heavier and stronger. They had the better line. They were better trained. The efforts that practically exhausted Yale were nothing to them. It was as easy as a game of tennis and if another period of twenty-five minutes had been played, it is almost certain that the red men would have won.

Altogether it was the best game outside the big annual events that has been seen here in many years.

Understand the Technique.

Buffalo "Commercial."]

Josh A. Hartwell writes in the New York World concerning the Yale-Carlisle Indian game: "The silent enthusiasm showed by the Indians in their terrific and well-backed plunges into the line aroused admiration on all sides. There was no need for the captain to urge his men to hard work. Hard work of the kind demanded on the football field seemed to be their delight, and it gave unlimited pleasure to the spectators. Individually the Carlisle men seemed to thoroughly understand the technique of the play and in team work they in many ways excelled.

"The general opinion expressed on the

side lines gave the impression that it was the strong play of the Indians rather than the weak work of Yale that evened things up. Yale unquestionably failed to take advantage of what weak points were apparent in their opponents, and on their own side showed glaring faults which will prove fatal in the end if not remedied.

Hotly Contested.

N. Y. "Times," Oct. 25.]

The game was a hotly contested one from start to finish. The Indians surprised every one by the way they played football. They held the Yale men, broke through their line, and fairly outplayed them nearly all through the game. About 5,000 people watched the game from the grand stands, and as many more from the viaduct and "Deadhead Hill." The Indians were the favorites, and were cheered all the afternoon.

Lions.

New York "Evening Journal."]

The Carlisle Indians have been lions since their bout with Yale. A better group of aboriginal types we have not had here. Osceola, Red Jacket, and even Sitting Bull were present in their Roman noses, their sinewy limbs, their cheekbones and their reticence.

The Only Thing To Do.

New York "Evening Sun."]

The football game between Yale and the Indians of the Carlisle School left a cloud upon Yale's escutcheon. A wrong decision made by W. O. Hickok, the referee, gave Yale an unmerited victory. No one questions Mr. Hickok's honesty of purpose. That was sufficiently proved by his admission that he blundered. At the same time, it is unfortunate for Yale prowess that its eleven should have profited by the error of one of the most famous of Yale football players. Coming after a

refusal to try conclusions with Pennsylvania, the episode is not pleasant even to Yale partisans. What makes the matter worse is that Capt. Murphy, after giving way to a substitute, ran on the field from the side lines and protested against the touchdown made by Jamison being allowed.

There is only one thing for Yale to do, it seems to us, and that is to offer to play another game with Carlisle School. The Indians are certainly worthy antagonists. Mr. Hartwell, who umpired the game on Saturday, frankly admits that the Indians outplayed Yale in some respects, and intimates that if they had known more about the finesse of the game they would have won. If Yale wishes to rehabilitate its reputation in the esteem of well-wishers whose sympathies have been alienated by the wrong of which the Indian players were the victims on Saturday, another game with them will be arranged. It should be contested on neutral grounds, and the referee should be selected from a neutral college. Let the Indians have fair play. Let it not be said, as a wit remarked after the game on Manhattan Field: "The Indian is supposed to have no chance with the Government, but the Government isn't in it with Yale."

Magnificently Trained.

N. Y. "Sun," Oct. 25.]

The Indians were magnificently trained and went into the battle to win. Their tackling was superb, and in several instances the Yale men who fell before them believed that they had been buried under a ton of coal. The center of the line, made up of Bemus Pierce, Lone Wolf, and Wheelock, proved a veritable stone wall. During the first half the Yale men learned this to their sorrow, and then tried the ends, which were found to be very strong, too. The red men had the muscle and fleetness of foot to beat any team, but they were handicapped by a limited knowledge of the fine points of football. With the in

telligence of Yale, it is safe to say, that the New Haven players would have been snowed under.

Back of the line the Indians showed unexpected skill. Cayou made the star play of the day when the battle had scarcely begun.

Good "Stuff"

Brooklyn "Standard Union."]

The Indian football players from the Carlisle school, who came near beating the Yale team at Manhattan field Saturday, made an excellent impression in this city yesterday. They attended two services at Plymouth Church, and were present at the afternoon services at Central Branch Y.M.C.A. These young men come from an institution which has done a vast amount of good in training Indian boys to become useful citizens, thus disproving the familiar, but brutal saying, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Carlisle's team has good stuff in it, and will undoubtedly add to its fame in future contests. The school is constantly sending out well-equipped young men, who are exerting an excellent influence in winning people of their own blood from lives of shiftlessness and degradation to habits of industry and good citizenship.

Scarcely.

New York "Tribune."]

Scarcely anybody has really thought in recent years that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, and we don't believe that even the Yale football players who ran up against the redmen of Carlisle on Saturday, are prepared to adopt that exploded theory.

Indian Carried.

New York "Journal."]

The crowd gave the red men a great ovation after the game ended. The Indians, without changing their football clothes, took an "L" train for their hotel. As they left the field the crowd closed in, and lifting them off their feet, carried them amid cheers to the station.

The tackling of the Indians was fierce in the extreme. They were not always sure of their man, but their style was perfect, and beats anything that has been seen in this vicinity for some time. They had very few signals and boasted of no good punter. Considering everything they put up a remarkable game.

Unheard of Before.

Troy "Times."]

People who never even heard of the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., are now manifesting much interest in that institution. And it was all brought about by the prowess of the young Indians who met the palefaces of Yale on the football field. The incident merely furnishes another illustration of how good an advertisement athletic supremacy is to an educational institution.

Savage Instinct?

Boston "Journal."]

The success of the Indians of the Carlisle School in scoring in the football games against both Yale and Princeton will doubtless be explained by those who are opposed to the game as the natural result of savage instincts.

No Stronger in the Country.

Casper Whitney in "Harper's Weekly."]

The third week of football ended last Saturday with the honors of the season resting upon Lafayette, the Carlisle Indian School, West Point, and Brown, the first two having attained distinction probably never even dreamed of by a minor eleven.

The Indians have scored on Princeton, and but for an unjust referee ruling would have tied Yale 12-12.

There is not a stronger nor heavier line in the country than that of the Indians, the centre and guards, Wheelock and B. Pierce, particularly being well-nigh impregnable. Back of the line Cayou and Metoxen are powerful line-plungers. Their kicking is weak, and interference only fair. Were the Indians strong in

these two departments they would be unbeatable. But they are lacking, as might be expected of a team from a school that has been playing the game only three years in the finesse of football. Most of their gains were made by massing on Yale's left tackle, and in such plays Yale could not stand up against their superior strength and weight. On end plays, however, the Indians were not nearly so good, and a double pass would have probably fooled them.

At all events, the Indians played a splendid game, and received such an ovation from the spectators as I have never seen given a team. According to the official score, Yale won by 12 to 6, but the Indians made a second touchdown, which they lost through a clearly erroneous decision of referee Hickok.

Why the Indian Should Be a Good Player. Boston "Globe" Oct. 31.]

The team representing the Indian Industrial School of Carlisle, Penn., perhaps has sprung into prominence in football more quickly than any other team that has played on the gridiron. Though this is only its third year, by scoring against Princeton and by practically playing Yale to a tie it has earned the right to be considered in the race for the championship hereafter.

When one comes to think the matter over, it is easy to see why the Indian ought to be a good football player. He has the courage, strength, endurance and dogged persistence—the characteristics that always reach the goal. These characteristics the Carlisle men seem to have in abundance. They have the muscle and fleetness of foot to beat any team; in fact, their chief shortcoming seems to be a limited knowledge of the fine points of the game. They have been magnificently trained so that efforts which exhausted the pale-faced men of Yale and Princeton were as nothing to them.

Their playing is always clean, free from slugging and all unfair or "dirty" features. As a whole, the team plays much quicker than last year. The team play has been exceptionally good; the interference, which is of the highest order, is admirably developed. The tackling is superb; thus far no Indian has been known to miss a tackle if he got within any sort of reach of a runner. The weak points thus far brought out have been the fumbling of the backs and their inability to punt.

Deserve the Praise.

"Town Topics," Nov., 5.]

Without doubt, the most popular football team in the country today is the Indian eleven from the Government school at Carlisle. These plucky and gentlemanly chaps deserve all the praise and favor that have been showered on them. They have become, in a wonderfully short time, educated and civilized young gentlemen, whose tempers never get the better of them on a football field, and who work and study with a zeal that shames the young men of the colleges whom they meet in athletic rivalry. They help to pay for their education in the shops and on the farms of their schools, and they have less leisure for football practice than any of their opponents. They cannot afford to pay a large salary to a crack college coach, and this is the first season that there has been anything like regular coaching at Carlisle. Last year Vance McCormick ran up for fun, afternoons, from his home in Harrisburg, but the Indians practically went it alone. This season, McCormick has been with them occasionally, and Hickok has been with the team for part of the season, and these lusty lads have played a tie with Yale, stood Harvard off 4-0, scored on Princeton and have the Quakers shaking in their shoes with foreboding. The conquering march of the red men is unique in the history of football. Their strength lies not in their knowledge of the game, for they use no complicated plays, are slow in their team work and tackle high. But they go into a game with the fierceness and energy of so many steam pile-drivers. They are all steel springs and rubber sinews, and they are as hard as so many cricket balls. The outdoor athletic lives of their fathers show in their movements and they are in training the year round, for the pupils of the Carlisle school are not allowed to smoke or drink. This latter fact is a strong argument for the Prohibition party.

The Harvard Game.

Played at Cambridge, October, 31.

Harvard 4; Indians 0.

Boston "Journal".]

Harvard scored one touchdown on the Carlisle Indians yesterday afternoon in the finest game that has been seen on Soldiers' Field since Pennsylvania played in Cambridge last fall.

About 12,000 people sat for two hours, while Harvard was struggling to keep off defeat. From beginning to end it looked as if the Indians were sure of victory, for a touchdown would have done the business.

But Harvard played the pluckiest game that has been witnessed in several years. She was on the defence all the time, and after she had scored herself, the trouble was to keep the Indians from scoring. Her stand on her five-yard line was magnificent. The Indians, flushed with the gain of yards and yards of ground, and with a touchdown almost in their grasp, fought with all the natural fierceness of their blood.

Then it was man to man, and Harvard, with a determination that for years past has been foreign to her, held for four downs. Brown punted the ball out of danger. The enthusiasm was tremendous. The crowd went crazy with excitement, for Harvard had kept the Indians from scoring, a thing which neither Princeton nor Yale had done this fall.

The game was a treat, as far as clean, straight football is concerned. Everything was above board. Harvard played the regular game, with no trick plays. There was no slugging at all. Both Harvard and the Indians played a gentlemanly game.

It took two Harvard men to make every tackle. One had to hold the Indian, while the other proceeded to get him down on the ground, in order to make his method of progress less practicable. The Indians played a mass wedge game throughout. In fact, their line-up was merely a wedge with a wide base, the centre, Lone Wolf, the apex.

They played to some extent the old fashioned revolving wedge. The back played close up to the line, requiring no running start to aid them in advancing the ball. Their team work was splendid, and in spite of the fact that the backs played close up to the line, the Indians called together their traditional fleetness of foot to give the interference the momentum necessary for an end play.

Yet it was a noticed fact that the Harvard backs succeeded in three or four instances in overtaking an Indian runner, when he broke through the line or dashed round the end with only the full-back between him and the goal. And it was these plays that made the game the most sensational that Soldiers' Field has ever seen.

We Have Made History.

New York "Journal".]

There is sorrow in the lodge of Lone Wolf, and despair sits upon the brow of Cayou. Harvard defeated the Carlisle Indian School on Soldiers' Field this afternoon by the score of 4 to 0. It was understood beforehand that the Indians were sure winners. Everybody declared that the Harvard team was composed mainly of cripples, and everybody recited the glory of the aborigines.

Fifteen thousand people expected a surprise. They were there to observe how the red man could come from his prairies with a memory of four centuries of oppression and humiliation as his inheritance, with dark years, perhaps utter extinction before him, and yet make a show of the white warriors at their favorite sport.

The career of the lads from Carlisle has not been the least amazing feature of the amazing year of 1896. They have made history in a bland and simple fashion,

but they have made it none the less satisfactory.

How old Geronimo would have enjoyed it! The point of view of the warriors was terse but plain: "They had stolen a continent from us, a wide, wide continent which was ours, and lately they have stolen various touchdowns that were also ours. The umpire, on several occasions, has made monkeys of us. It is too much. Let us, then, brothers, be revenged. Here is an opportunity. The white men line up in their pride. If sacrifice of bone and sinew can square the thing, let us sacrifice, and perhaps the smoke of our wigwam camp fire will blow softly against the dangling scalps of our enemies."

Yet, as they sat in the corridors of their hotel and mused upon the past, none could tell that they were men of prowess; they spoke little, barely a word to each other; there was never a crowd around them. They sat quietly in their simple blue and red uniforms, and appeared to listen a great deal. They were remarkably modest in their ways. They were like children. It required long observation to find in these serene countenances the nerve which the men have displayed to such a tremendous degree.

At 2:45 a sound of applause arose from the stands and about seventeen soiled and impassive individuals strolled onto the field and did a little practicing in an indifferent sort of way. If they knew that the attention of a multitude of palefaces was centered upon them they did not seem to care. Their sweaters made flaming heaps at the side line. They might have been camp fires on a Western reservation.

With seventeen minutes to play and the ball at Harvard's forty-yard line, the Indians took a drink of water all around and began a ferocious series of masses. They bawled away as coolly as a lot of blacksmiths. Slowly and steadily the Harvard line was forced back. A touchdown seemed inevitable and the vast crowd went mad. The thundering Harvard cheers roared over the field like a storm, and the men who fought for the Crimson heard five thousand of their friends call upon them to be steadfast. Still the impassive Indians bucked and bucked, and the Harvards went slowly backward.

It was a matter of ten yards; it was a matter of eight yards; it was a matter of five yards; it was a matter of less than five yards. The crowd at the side line turned into a howling mob of maniacs and ran and shrieked at their team. It was a dark and tense moment for the crimson. But here it was that the Crimson showed at its best and greatest. The Harvard men played like fiends. The Indians crashed mightily into them twice, but the tangle of men whirled around and dropped without a gain. A kick carried the ball midfield, Metoxen returned it, and to Dunlop, who played splendidly throughout, came the delirious privilege of getting a chance at the ball and carrying it in a long and beautiful run to a point where it was safe for the remaining few seconds of play. After the game the Indians moved off through the dusk with all their old impassiveness.

A Worthy Defence.

Boston "Globe," Nov. 1.]

Custer's last stand on the Little Big Horn was never more fiercely assailed than was the stand of Harvard eight minutes before the close of the last half in the great football game on Soldiers' field yesterday. It was a defence worthy of a monument. Foot by foot and yard by yard the giant red man from Carlisle had battered their way down the field until the Harvard goal was, for the first time in that seething, steaming, crunching game, in sore jeopardy. How the air was shattered and torn by acclaim at the superb work of the men from Carlisle none but those who were there can ever know.

Having scored a touchdown in the first half the Harvard men, refreshed by the brief rest, opened the second half of the game with a zest that buoyed high the hopes of their admirers. Ground seemed

to come to them as it does to a moving train, but their progress was cut short with the abruptness of a railway collision. In a scrimmage the ball was dropped and the somebody among the Indians who was always around on such occasions, dropped on it. That moment marked the beginning of the most remarkable football ever vouchsafed a spectator, and hopes that were high came tumbling down like wind-shaken fruit. By wedge and tandem tactics the Indians made gains steadily particularly on Harvard's left. They had singled out Mills, and if any man on earth can give an estimate of what the Carlisle team weighs Mills should be able to do it.

There was not one among all the thousands assembled but what expected to see the Indians score a touchdown when the ball was on the five-yard line, but they didn't.

There was piling and crunching and tumbling and twisting like that of a drive of logs in ugly water, but the men of Harvard stood as firm as a hill. At them went the Indians like buffalo charging in the van of a prairie fire, but the human wall could not be breached, and Harvard got the ball on downs, three yards from their goal line.

Such a commotion as followed! Hats, handkerchiefs, parasols, umbrellas, overcoats and sweaters agitated the atmosphere. There was a noise like the rush and roar of a sea in distress, and in another moment the pigskin was booted hard and far up the field by "subway" Brown, where a Carlisle back made a mess of capturing it. The game was saved. The ball was back on Carlisle's 40-yard line, with small chance of the remaining moments of the game bringing good cheer to the Indians.

Over 12,000 persons were in waiting when at 2:45 the Indians in sweaters of scarlet came running in through the gateways. Harvard men followed. As if an electrical concert had called for the action the whole great concourse of people was on its feet applauding. Never was there a spectacle so calculated to impress an imaginative mind. All the manifold interests of the present and the past, the near and the far, were collected on the instant on Soldiers' field. Over 500 years of education were represented by the young palefaces in crimson, while centuries of fire and sun worship, medicine men incantations, ghost dances and mound building were flashed before the inner vision by the appearance of the young men from Carlisle. Every glance at their swarthy faces and crow-black hair wafted the mind back to the days of Pontiac, King Philip, Samoset, to the time of Hannah Dustin's escape, to Lovewell's war and Marquette's trips of discovery in a fabric of birch bark.

In that dusky eleven were represented tribes that have helped make American history. There Kiowas of the great Shoshone family, Chippewas, who in the old days fished in Superior, Nez Percés from Idaho, Pueblos from Arizona, Oneidas and Senecas, two of the five nations, Tuscaroras, originally from South Carolina, and Crows from Montana. And what splendid specimens of physical manhood! Not an ounce of superfluous flesh could be found on the entire eleven, and the way they individually dropped on the ball when it was fumbled in a scrimmage was enough to make a panther quit preying. As the Indians began practice at the west-end of the field a young man from "Tech," and there were hundreds of them cheering for Carlisle, commenced to sing.

O'er the sidewalk, through the gateway,
Came the Crows and Tuscaroras,
Came Metoxen and the captain,
Came Kiowas and Pueblos,
Came the halves and ends and quarters,
Came the Senecas and Oneidas.
All the redskins drawn together,
Masked and padded for the rushes
Of the bucking men in crimson,
Of the backs of Harvard college.

A Wonderful Game.

The Boston "Herald."]

"Another such victory," said Philip of Macedon, as he looked over the field where the Romans did him battle, "and we are undone."

And Harvard could have echoed him

as she viewed her score of 4 to 0 against the Carlisle Indians yesterday. The Indians played a wonderful game; their endurance was remarkable to behold, but Harvard bore up bravely under the fierce attacks of the red men, held them at the critical moment, and won the game by pluck and superior knowledge of play.

It was a clean, manly contest, and will serve as an object lesson to other leading college football teams, who did not give the Indians a fair chance to win. The Indians received courteous treatment from the Harvard football management, and Harvard did the sportsmanlike thing in the appointment of outside officials.

It was not through any idle curiosity to see redskins in football togs that 12,000 people journeyed to Cambridge. The crowd expected a rattling good game from the Indians, on account of their excellent showing against Princeton and Yale; it was reasonable to anticipate a close and exciting contest, as Harvard was none to well prepared for the conflict.

At times the Indians went through the Harvard line with a snap and a dash that looked ominous for the Crimson. They were far and away the superiors of Harvard in strength and in endurance; they knew the game fairly well, but were lacking in its scientific development. If they but knew how to use their natural strength to best advantage, no team in the country could hold them.

It was by sheer strength and love of battle that they carried the war into the Crimson territory. On straight, bang away foot ball, they made the Harvard rooters shiver in their shoes. Their team work was all right as far as it went, and they played a terrific game.

On one occasion it looked as if Artie Miller, of the Stockbridge nation, was trying to bury the ball in the ground in his ardor to secure and hold it. The redskin did not have his hands on the ball at all, but he tied himself up in a knot so securely around the leather that he had it as safe as if it were locked in a safety deposit vault.

The Indians were "gluttons" for work, and the more they got of it the better they seemed to like it. They showed very poor judgment in not kicking in the first half, when they repeatedly made up what Harvard gained on punts by straight rushing down the field.

The game was not without its amusing incidents. On nearly every scrimmage a Harvard man would be temporarily laid up, and the Indians held a pow-wow while the crimson players were recovering lost breath.

Between the halves the Indians did not have any rub down. They simply walked around the field with their blankets on and talked the matter over, while the Harvard men were taken care of by attendants.

It was the second half that was to try Harvard in the furnace. The Indians started in as friskily as at the very beginning, but Harvard had visibly weakened.

The Indian Team Popular.

Boston "Post."]

Harvard yesterday gave the redskins from the Carlisle Indian School the first whitewash they have had this year, although they came within two short yards of Harvard's goal. They were then held for downs. Harvard could only make one touchdown, and that a fluke.

It was a clean, hard and extremely interesting game of straight, old-fashioned football, and the only play outside the simple rushes was that in which Wheelock, Carlisle's big left guard, took the ball, around through right tackle. This he did repeatedly, and through his own quickness and weight, and the aid of his comrades in pushing, he always made good gains. In fact he gained more yards than any other man on the team. The Indians were not high up in the fine points of the game, but what they lacked in skill they made up in strength and endurance.

The beautiful afternoon and the great reputation which the redskins have made on the football field brought out a crowd of 10,000 spectators.

The Indian team was heartily cheered

when it appeared on the field, and proved very popular with the crowd all through the game. The spectators admired their strength and endurance, which left them at the end of the game apparently as fresh and strong as at the beginning.

Nobler Than The "Noble Red Men."

New York "Journal," Nov. 5.]

Indians have invaded the East, and the people have not been scalped, burned alive or tomahawked. Instead, the Red Men have deported themselves modestly, and have won warm words of praise for their gentlemanly bearing. The Carlisle students have not been very successful on the gridiron, but in Saturday's game with Harvard they held their doughty opponents down to one touchdown and a total score of 4, not a bad record for any eleven. What makes the game notable is not the result, but the criticism, or lack of it, that followed. Not an objectionable play was made on either side, although the battle was a terrific one, with the superb tackling of Dunlop for the Crimson and the wild onslaughts of Metoxen for the reds.

Football might justly be expected to bring out all the latent savageness in the men who lined up for the Indian school. It is a game notorious among the descendants of the conquerors of the redskins for its brutality. Every fall for many years there has been a strong demand for its abolition as a college sport for this reason. Yet the game Saturday proved that it can be played, and to the entire satisfaction of a crowd of 12,000 howling enthusiasts, without descending to barbarous methods of warfare, even when one of the teams might have the strongest argument in behalf of bloody work in the racial instincts that are so difficult to obliterate. The new rules are probably effective in doing away with much that is objectionable in the game. But the participants, especially the Carlisle boys, are also deserving of credit for their moderation. Football is a manly sport. Played "within bounds" it is a likable and altogether healthy game and it is to be hoped that the example set by the Harvard and Carlisle men will be followed by all the guards, tackles and backs in every eleven in the country, so that there may be no more occasion for wellfounded adverse criticism of events that set the blood tingling healthfully.

Another aspect of the meeting of the two elevens on the Cambridge gridiron calls for passing notice. By romantic right the Red Men ought to have won. Was it the degeneracy of their race and the enervating influence of civilization that handicapped them, or was it simply the superior skill of their adversaries? Probably the latter. In physique the Indian youth are fine specimens of brawn and muscle. The deep-chested torsos and lithe limbs of their ancestors are theirs, and their play showed no lack of spirit. Civilization has taken nothing away from them except the trickiness of the aborigines. The bearing of these Carlisle boys shows them to be nobler than the "noble Red Men" who were their sires. They are young at the game of football. They have some things about it to learn. Curiously enough, dissembling is one of the most important of these. They allow their adversaries to know beforehand what play they are about to make. But that is a detail. When the Carlisle school has a football history its elevens will be the most feared of any in the country. What is important is that the team of 1896 has given no irrefragable proof of the ennobling power of education on the Indians. They stand as a counter argument to the oft repeated, "The only good Indian is a dead one," and take the feet out from under the people who want to see all efforts to reclaim the race abandoned. The testimony of the superintendent of the Carlisle school, that of the thousands who have graduated nearly all are doing well, some remarkably so, or only a few have returned to savage ways of life, is not needed, in view of the gentlemanly bearing of Carlisle's football eleven, to refute every argument that the Indian is not now worthy of considerate treatment.

Picturesque Event.

Boston "Journal."]

One of the most picturesque events of the athletic year has been the remarkable success of the football eleven made up of students at the Carlisle Indian school. These hardy representatives of the native American stock have taken to this game like ducks to water. They have scored against every team they have played with, including Yale and Princeton, which, by the way, are the only teams that have beaten them. The narrow escape of Yale from defeat last Saturday is an indication that Harvard will be in luck to-day if it pulls out any kind of a victory.

These athletes are representatives of as many as nine different tribes. It is easy to see how they can stand the knocks and bruises of the play, but if Walter Camp has diagnosed football properly, it is the sport of all sports in which muscle cannot win over brains. Criss-crosses, round the-end plays, fake kicks and all the other tactical maneuvers of a University eleven cannot be foreseen and prevented by men who have only physical strength at their command. It needs quick eyes and quick wits to offset such tricks, and these the Indian players must have to make the showing they are making against the crack college elevens.

Man for Man.

Boston "Advertiser."]

Harvard defeated the Carlisle Indians on Soldiers' Field Saturday, by a score of 4 to 0, in one of the closest, fiercest, cleanest, games of the year. Upwards of 12,000 people cheered themselves hoarse in encouragement of one eleven or the other, excited some by loyalty, some by rivalry, and some by pure love of royal sport. The crimson victory was a triumph of brain over brawn, of strategy over strength, and, in a minor way, of the punting tactics over the bruising, rushing game. I say in a minor way, because Harvard's touchdown which won the game was not directly the result of the kicking game, but came as the immediate consequence of a fumble.

Man for man the Indians were the superiors of the Harvard men, but though Hickok has grounded them with the rudiments of the game, their science is not of the crimson standard.

There were two spectacular plays that deserve a line or two. Both came in the first half and in quick succession. After about five minutes play Cayou slipped between Lewis and Mills and as he sprinted down to the Harvard goal-line 12,000 people held their breath in remembrance of his similar performance against Yale, which yielded a touchdown. Sullivan's flying tackle at the 35-yard line saved the day.

A Narrow Escape.

New York "Sun."]

Harvard's scalp will not adorn the Carlisle Indians' wigwag to-night, for, by the pluckiest sort of resistance, Harvard this afternoon prevented the Indians from getting a single point, and when time was called had beaten them by a touchdown. Score, 4 to 0. It was a narrow escape for Harvard, and the 13,000 people who saw the game will seldom again see so thrilling a contest. On one side was Harvard's scientific and open play; on the other were the muscular strength, the native litheness and mass plays which often succeeded in tearing through Harvard's line. Time and again the Indians would mass or use revolving wedges and break through the crimson centre, supposed to be impregnable.

In the Same Class.

Boston "Traveller."]

This afternoon on Soldiers' Field the Harvard team will line up for the first time against the sturdy Indians from the Carlisle Institute, who have proved so great a surprise in the football world this year. The Indians, fresh from their close contest with Yale last Saturday, have come up to Cambridge with high hopes of trailing the Crimson in the dust

as they did the Blue a week ago, and the Harvard eleven will have to work its prettiest to keep them from doing it.

Last year Carlisle first came into prominence for its football playing, and then it was thought rather strange in the Indians to take up the game, but somehow or other, under the good coaching they received they began to show a decided aptness for the sport. This fall they started in early and by degrees developed a team which proved last week, when it was practically robbed of a tie with Yale, that it is at least in the same class with any eleven in the country.

Two years ago Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania were recognized as the "big four," and no college outside the quartet stood any show at all of beating one of them.

A Magnificent Exhibition.

DR. F. B. COOLEY in The University of Michigan "Daily."]

"I went over to Cambridge yesterday to see the Carlisle Indians play football, and certainly I never saw such a magnificent exhibition of pluck and physical endurance as they showed. Harvard beat them 4 to 0, by superior knowledge of the game and better kicking, but to see those Indians walk right over the big men in the Harvard line was a caution. The Indians were never hurt and never tired, and when a Harvard man was hurt and had to be taken off, or lay on the ground to be rubbed and fussed over, they stood around and looked amused. Between the halves, when the white men all went to their dressing room to be fixed up, the Carlisle team didn't even sit down, but walked around the field in most gorgeous red and yellow sweaters. They had the ball in Harvard's territory all through the second half, and quit as fresh as they began, while the Harvard team looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone. This is only their second year at a game new to them, I believe, and another year's training should make them simply invincible. I wish you might have seen a gentleman named Lone Wolf shove Frank Shaw, Harvard's biggest man, ahead of him for ten yards, with three or four more Harvard men hanging on behind; also a little full-back, Metoxen, with the longest, blackest kind of football hair, throwing a Harvard half-back right over his head. It was a perfectly clean game, no slugging, but four Harvard men had to quit because they ran their heads too hard against the Indian line, which might just as well have been made of brick."

A Curious Fact.

Boston "Advertiser."]

It is a curious fact that the one football visit of the Carlisle Indians has awakened as much interest as all the singing and shouting visits of the boys from Hampton. Carlisle stock is away up in Boston and there is a desire to know more of the students. They have a common grammar school course, and they attend to their studies one half of each of the ordinary school days. So it would naturally take twice as many years to complete the course as would be required for pupils in a white man's grammar school. But as a matter of fact, twice the number of years is not required, and this is a matter well worth consideration.

Indians Exert a Wholesome Influence.

Casper Whitney in "Harper's Weekly," Nov. 14.]

Never was a game played that gave more pleasure to the on-lookers and more gratification to those workers for wholesome sportsmanly sport than the Harvard-Indian game. The plucky stand of Harvard in her crippled condition, the hard, absolutely clean game of the Indians, and the result always in doubt, made such a contest as I had never beheld. Too much praise cannot be given this Indian team for its showing this year; for the quality of its football after but three years of the game at Carlisle, and above all for its sportsmanly conduct and clean play. They were much harassed at Princeton by questionable um-

piring; an unjust referee's decision lost them the Yale game—and yet they played ball on both occasions.

I regard the conduct of these Indians to have had a more wholesome influence on the game than any occurrence of recent years. All honor to them!

If the Indians knew more football and could kick, there is no team playing this year that could beat them. Against Harvard, as against Yale and Princeton, they played the style of game Yale played in '92 and '93—push plays almost entirely—revolving wedge, turtle back, etc., and were as good at the style as ever was Yale.

The contest furnished the most marked demonstration possible of the advance made in the game of football within the last four years.

The Red Men Had Fair Play.

"North American."]

It was one of the greatest football games ever seen on the Harvard gridiron.

The red men had fair play, and they are warm in their praise of the way in which they were treated.

The game was characteristically open, straightaway foot-ball. No fancy plays or trick forms marred the splendid work of both elevens. Harvard played from the start on the defensive. She did not have the ball but a few minutes in either half, so thoroughly did the Indians' aggressiveness keep her on her guard.

Big Doucette played a remarkable game against peerless Lonewolf. The Indian was too much for him, however, and finally Doucette, battered and bruised, reluctantly left the game, after playing splendid foot-ball.

The Game With Pennsylvania University November 7, 1896.

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY	21.
CARLISLE INDIANS	0.

Sensational Climax.

Philadelphia "Press".]

The medicine lodge of the Indians was last night minus a scalp, which was streaked with the Blue of Yale and the Crimson of Harvard, and slightly scratched by the claws and teeth of the Princeton Tiger. The youths from the plains, forests and reservations of the West sat in their wigwam with their heads bowed and with their blankets drawn closely about them, as if to shut out the sounds which issued forth from the campfire of the pale-faces. It was a proud day for Pennsylvania, and the smouldering fires on her gridiron have sprung into new life from the fuel supplied by the great team turned out at Carlisle.

The contest was waged on Franklin Field between two long stands simply black with people. Behind the goal posts there was a fringe of enthusiastic followers of the game, a conservative estimate putting the number of persons present at 12,000.

For sixty minutes Pennsylvania gained ground on her adversaries, rolling up twenty-one points and never once being threatened by her opponents. Suddenly there came a change in the bowling, shrieking, color-waving masses in the stand. The wily aborigines had led the pale-face bucks into an ambush, and as minute succeeded minute it looked as though a slaughter like unto that of Brad-dock's men over a hundred years ago was about to be witnessed. Gain after gain was made by the Indians. They squirmed and wriggled along the ground like eels, plunged into the line of the Red and Blue like mermaids, crashed into them with the force of colliding engines on a down grade, and struggled for each inch of ground as desperately as ever their forefathers did centuries ago.

For a time it looked as though nothing could stop them. The Pennsylvania line was a sieve through which they poured, and as one chalk line after another was left in the rear a hush fell over the crowd. Nearer and nearer the line the egg-shap-

ed, harmless-looking missile was taken, and almost before the spectators knew, only one yard of ground was between their assailants and the much coveted touchdown. Right here, though, Captain Wharton and Aide de Camp Minds rallied their forces, a brief council of war was held while one of the bruised combatants was getting his armor repaired. Then the final rally was made, one, twice, thrice the Indians bombarded their white foes. Each time the ball was so close to the goal line that only when the men were untangled from the pile could the location of the ball be determined. Each time it was less than a foot from the line, the last time just six inches.

That gave the ball to Pennsylvania, but time was up for the half and the game was over, the final ten minutes of play being as grand, as superb an exhibition as has ever been witnessed. The hero of it all was Metoxen, a small, broad-shouldered, sturdy-built red skin, who nearly put the entire forces of Pennsylvania to rout. The nervous tension on the crowd in the last two minutes was something awful, a silence such as once reigned over the spot when it was a primeval forest fell over all, even the substitute players from Carlisle crawling stealthily along the ground and followed the ball in its course down the field.

When it was all over the stands fairly shook with applause, and for awhile the noise was almost deafening. John C. Bell, chairman of Pennsylvania's Foot Ball Committee, set the example by throwing his hat in the air and turning a somersault on the turf, and others would have followed his example could they have reached the field. Nor was all the applause for the victors. The stand made by the Indians was inspiring and they were cheered to the echo as they gathered their robes about them and walked with silent, majestic tread to their wigwam.

Captain Pratt, superintendent of Carlisle school, approached the vanquished leader and placing one arm gently upon his shoulder, remarked:—"Are you hurt, Captain Pierce?"

The Indian's arrow-like and youthful frame trembled as he replied: "Yes."

Noticing that he was rubbing his left hand Superintendent Pratt inquired:—"Is it your hand?"

Captain Pierce's countenance did not change one iota, but his manner and his words carried the observer back to the days of King Philip, the Indian leader of New England. The sign language and the two words he spoke displayed how intense was the feeling of the young warrior. He threw back his shoulders, and with a voice full of emotion exclaimed: "The game," and pointing to his heart, told in expressive language where the wound was located.

When spoken to concerning the game, Captain Pierce said: "My boys played a good game at the finish because we discovered our weakness and remedied it. But then it was too late. Then, too, the team had been doing hard work this season. Within twenty-four days they have played the four great colleges of the country, and the strain has told on the players. This is practically our first season, and I do not think the showing we have made is one to be ashamed of."

No Team More Praised.

Kansas City "Star."]

No football team in this country has drawn from the press and the public this year more admiring praise than has been showered upon the Indian eleven from the Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa. No other team has centered about it half the picturesque interest which the public seems to have in these young red men. They have the sympathy of New York crowds over Yale, and Yale is nowhere stronger than in New York. Boston football lovers went wild over them, to the almost total neglect of the Harvard team during their recent game with the crimson; Philadelphia admired them, and wherever they have played they have won the enthusiastic admiration of the spectators for their courageous, honest and splendid play.

Not in the history of intercollegiate football has there been a game that had a more sensational and exciting finish than Saturday afternoon's contest on Franklin field, between Pennsylvania and the Indians, and never has any team given a more superb exhibition of plucky uphill play in the face of defeat and grand line bucking than did the gallant red skins of Carlisle.

From thousands of Pennsylvania throats came the appealing cry, "Hold them, Pennsylvania." Straight into the mass of men Metoxen plunged. The line held, but none could tell if beneath that mass of men the Indian back had gone over for a touchdown. A wild shout rent the air when the players were pulled off each other and Metoxen was seen lying on the ball, but not over the goal line. There were still two downs and one inch to gain.

Sleepy.

Full-Back Metoxen's Reasons for the Lack of Spirit at the Start, as Given to a "Press" Reporter:

"Our boys were sleepy. That's why they were so badly beaten." Thus spoke Metoxen, the dashing full-back of the Indian team last evening. "You saw how we played in the latter part of the second half?" he continued. "Well, that's the way we hustled Harvard all over the field during both halves of our game against her. Our fellows played every minute and didn't give Harvard time to rest."

It has been our custom when about to take part in a big game to sleep the night previous in the town where the game is to be played. This resulted in giving our team plenty of rest. We didn't follow the plan this time, however, but remained in Carlisle over night. Then, in order to make time, we were called very early this morning, ate our breakfast at 5 o'clock and took the train for Philadelphia. Rising so early and traveling several hours in the train tired the boys, and they were quite listless when they went on Franklin Field.

"In fact, we didn't play with our accustomed snap until the game was more than half over, and then it was too late to regain the lost ground. Pennsylvania played a fine, hard game, taking advantage of every opportunity, so I do not wish to detract from her glory, but, admitting the fact, I must state in my judgment the Indians did not do themselves credit."

Prominent Coaches and Former Heroes of the Gridiron Give Their Views on the Indian as Football Players.

Coach Woodruff's Views.]

The Indians are a very sturdy and spirited set of players. They have many unusual good points. Their handling of kicks was well-nigh phenomenal, in spite of two fumbles. Twice Metoxen caught a low, swift punt below his knees while on the dead run and then held the ball, although almost instantly tackled. Lack of headwork in running the team—as at Harvard—was the principal source of weakness for the Indians.

Ex-Captain Schoff.]

Pennsylvania-Indian game to-day was characterized by its clear football throughout. The Indians displayed that same dash and spirit which they have displayed in all their games during the season. They did not make the same steady gains as they did in their games against Harvard, Princeton and Yale, not because they did not use the same formations and run with the same dash, but because they ran against the most formidable defence system used by any team in the country.

Ex-Captain Williams.]

The game has put Pennsylvania back in the class in which she belongs, and no one can now dispute her right to contest for championship honors. Should the team take to-day as its standard and continue to improve in proportion, it will certainly win the Harvard game on November 21.

From Walter Camp, Eminent as Football Authority.

I am delighted to hear that the boys who were on the team are those who show the right stuff in their classes as well. I

saw the game in New York and was very much pleased and impressed with the work they did.

The team must have put up a capital game with Harvard, and their work this season certainly shows that they are in the first class.

From Athletic Editor of "Illustrated American," To Mr. John Rockefeller, Jr., Brown University, Providence, R. I.

"This town is wild over the work of the Carlisle Indian School team against Yale on Saturday. Five thousand people cheered themselves hoarse and no Yale or Princeton team ever received from a non-partisan audience such an enthusiastic and unanimous tribute of approval on leaving the field, as did the Indian boys at the close of that game. I have heard any number of people say this morning that they would go a long way to see that team play again."

From Private Correspondence and Wire Messages.

Elvira G. Platt, for many years a valued worker in the Missionary field among the Indians of the far west, and at one time a member of our faculty.

"I cannot refrain from expressing to you my great pleasure in learning of the laurels the football team of Carlisle is winning in their play with teams from other schools.

Though I look upon football as a barbarous game, yet that the supposed barbarians who are brought to Carlisle for civilization, should show such rapid improvement as to have "The Independent" say of them, 'If all the elevens of our schools, Colleges and Universities should play in such a clean and sportsmanlike manner as do these Indians, the game of football would not hold the doubtful position it now has, in the estimation of the press and the parents of sons,' so fills me with joy that I want to call for Three Cheers for the Indian Football Team of Carlisle.

But is the honorable manner in which they play to be ascribed wholly to the training they have received since leaving their reservations?

Will they not all testify that in their games at home no 'coaching' or 'slugging' was allowed—that it was a silent skillful effort that won their boyhood games?

And was it not really the nobility of the Redman, which led them to accept with grace the adverse decision that deprived them of a touchdown?

It may not be supposed by any one, they did not see and despise the bitterness of that decision, though they accepted it with gracious and silent dignity."

B. F. S., Brooklyn.

"Many about here are saying 'I wish the Carlises would play in New York City again,' mainly, I think, because it is felt that fair treatment was not accorded them last Saturday. I send you again today the *Sun* marked in two places. As a white man, I personally feel chagrined because it looks like the 'same old white cow' dealing with the red man."

J. H. B., New York City.

"I regret very much that I did not attend Saturday's game. As it is, I have lost the pleasure of meeting you and the Carlisle delegation. Mr. G—— and our clerks, as well as myself thank you for your kindness in furnishing them a great pleasure. They still are discussing the game, and are full of admiration of the playing and behavior of your boys, and of indignation at the treatment the Indians received from the Yale team and the Yale referees.

G. D., Brooklyn.

"May I, a stranger to you, urge upon you the advisability of your football team playing another game in New York City before the end of the present season? I write this simply from my interest in your

school and in your work, as I am confident that nothing would place your work more prominently or in a better light before the public than a game at this moment with Yale or some other large college.

In no better way could the public be brought to know of your work and its splendid results."

S. A. G., New Haven.

"Those of us who live in the shadow of the elms on the Yale campus, find in yesterday's score ample evidence that your boys are, as you hoped they would be, 'Kicking themselves into recognition.' If it is true of them, as it is claimed to be true of our boys here, that a football training particularly strengthens them for life's struggles, their future would seem to be bright."

Mary G. F., Cambridge.

"I was greatly disappointed to be prevented by illness from seeing the game last Saturday, but I want to send you a few words to tell you that your boys did you great credit, and have left an impression behind them, of which you may justly be proud. I have heard from several witnesses of the game, of their manliness and self-control, and I know that an interest in your work in Carlisle has been awakened among people who have hitherto been more or less indifferent to Indian education at the East."

J. R. S. of the New York "Sun."

"It will interest you no doubt to know that your team is still a topic of consideration here in town in spite of politics."

F. C. S., Newton Centre, Mass.

"I was thoroughly delighted with the article in one of the leading papers of New England. It is a victory better than any ball game, fine as that is; the testimony to the character of the Indians is so high, and is most honorable to the training they have had at Carlisle, a training in higher qualities than even strength of muscle and skill of hand, which are by no means to be despised. I congratulate you. Those who know what you have done know that the tribute is well deserved. It is much, after all your years of labor, to have it acknowledged that you have been working with good material, and that you have known how to prove it."

P. C. G., Philadelphia.

"I want to congratulate you heartily on the splendid record, and the gentlemanly conduct of the Carlisle football team. I hope they will keep at it till they beat some of the great Universities, and it will do an immense amount for 'the Indian.' My son, who is one of the Instructors at Harvard, witnessed the recent game there, and says the Carlisle young men were greatly admired, not only for their good play, but also for their admirable demeanor."

M. L. C., Philadelphia.

"I have been so much interested in the Carlisle football team, and the splendid work your men have done this year. It is remarkable, and they are destined to do far better. They have gained steadily in popularity—justly deserved."

E. B. MacF., Columbus, O.

"What a brilliant record the boys have made for themselves in football this year. Out here there is more talk about the Carlisle school team than any other eastern eleven. It must be very gratifying to you that the boys not only play well, but call forth the kindest words by their manly deportment wherever they go."

J. G. O., of New York.

"I am personally of the opinion that you were defrauded out of the Carlisle-Yale game."

Carlos Montezuma, Apache Physician, of Chicago.

"Hurrah! for the Carlisle Football Team!" says the Doctor by recent letter.

"The Western people are more than

surprised to see the Redskins break the scores.

"The other day I heard a gentleman say: 'I'd like to see them play in Chicago.'"

"Get ready! Chicago will welcome you next year."

"If the people will let ALL of us Indians loose in the East we shall compete with them not only in football, but in everything."

"This is the only true solution of the Indian problem, which has been a criminal expense to the Government."

"If football will open the gate into civilization, I am in favor of football."

From William Jones, Indian graduate of Hampton, and now a Harvard Freshman:

"You should have seen the game Carlisle put up against Harvard. It was clean and finely played, and the boys lost simply through a costly fumble when they were rushing the ball for all they were worth right and left through the Harvard line. The Carlisle team certainly has a most enviable record this year in football. They have a warm place among Harvard men, who admire their staying qualities and the way they go into a game."

From Antonio Apache, Indian student at Exeter, N. H., preparing for Harvard.

BOSTON, MASS., 31.

CAPT. PRATT: Four to nothing in favor of Harvard, made by a fumble. The boys played the cleanest game here ever witnessed.

All Honor to Them.

"The Congregationalist."

Captain Pratt's heart must swell with pride as the tidings come to him of the successive contests of the Carlisle team of Indians on the football field. They have met Princeton, Yale and Harvard, and, though they have not won against the teams of these great universities, they have shown themselves worthy of the first rank as players. What is more, they have played like gentlemen. When it was pretty certain that a mistake of the umpire kept them from having a tie game with Yale, they made no complaint. All honor to the Indian football eleven and to the Carlisle Industrial school. Its young men have shown themselves quite as civilized as their white opponents.

Won Admiration.

"Central Christian Advocate."

It is a singular fact that the remarkable achievements of the football team of the famous Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., (established by Captain R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., in the year 1879 and conducted by him with distinguished success since that time,) have done more than any other recent event to call the attention of the country to the progress which is being made in the education of the Red man. These doughty and skilful players have met on the field the best football teams of the country, from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other leading institutions, with credit. They have won for themselves the admiration and respect of the people wherever they have gone, by their manly deportment as well as by their skill and courage in the great college game. The comment has been almost universal: "These young Indians fresh from the reservations, and in a few years transformed into manly workers, industrious and devoted students, and skilful football players, are new illustrations of the possibilities of their race. If they can cope in the field with the best players of the country, and win the admiration and respect of their opponents, there is a future for them." There are about eight hundred pupils in the Carlisle School, which has done phenomenal work in the elevation of its pupils; their success in various lines of skilled industry has been remarkable.

Foemen Worthy of Their Steel.

Phila. "Bulletin"]

Let the University lads look to the Carlisle Indians. The young red men are likely to be foemen worthy of their steel. In all the games played by the braves this year they have shown remarkable pluck, endurance and physical force. In point of valor no Caucasian youth surpass them in requisites for football.

Civilization does not Kill.

Philadelphia "Call."]

The Indian boys showed up well at football. Civilization has not destroyed the bone and sinew of the red man. They are a tough and sturdy lot.

THE MOHONK PLATFORM.

Without intending to endorse all its planks, we print in full the Mohonk Platform, as follows:

We, the members of the Mohonk Indian Conference, in this its Fourteenth Annual Meeting, gratefully recognize the progress made by our country during these years, in the intelligent comprehension of the Indian problem and its equitable solution. The Century of Dishonor we trust is passed. The Indian has friends to watch over his rights and bring him the blessings of education and religion, while our Government, in its legislative and administrative branches, seeks the same object. The main principles are settled, and the main lines of policy have been adopted. It is admitted that the Indian is a man; and it is coming to be admitted that he must be treated like other men. Our Government is seeking to give all Indian youth an English education; the spoils system has received a deadly blow; and we are trying, as fast as prudent, to put every Indian family on its own allotted land. But the right direction already secured needs to be maintained, and, while on the road to self-protection and citizenship, the Indian requires the protection of law, and the guidance of those who love him because he is a brother man. Accordingly we make the following recommendations:

1. That the tribal system be abolished everywhere as soon as possible, and the Indian incorporated into the citizenship of the States and Territories.
2. That accordingly Indian agents be dispensed with wherever possible, especially where the Indians have been settled on their own allotments; and that, where it is necessary to retain an agent, preparation be made for his withdrawal in every possible way.
3. That legislation should protect the Indians against the land-grabber, the gambler and the liquor seller; and particularly that Congress should pass the liquor bill approved by Commissioner Browning, or some other bill equally stringent. We further recommend that special attention be paid to the subject of marriage and divorce among the Indians, so as to bring their family relations under the laws of the States or Territories within whose bounds they reside.
4. That the Indian agents should not be removed because of a change of administration. Further, we commend the admirable methods of the present Superintendent of Indian Education, and we desire that he may be retained to carry out the plans that he has inaugurated.
5. That appropriations should be made promptly by Congress sufficient to provide for the education of all Indian youth of school age; also that the Indian schools eventually and as soon as is expedient be incorporated in the school systems of the several States and Territories, the United States paying the expense of the education of the Indian youth, so long as they are the wards of the nation.
6. That the work of surveying the reservations should as speedily as possible be completed, so that Indians may be enabled to locate their claims.
7. That Indians on reservations should not be allowed to connect themselves with shows traveling about the world to exhibit the savagery from which we are trying to reclaim them.
8. That the anomalous and deplorable conditions in the Indian Territory should be remedied. Convinced that this can be done with justice to all parties, we desire the speedy passage of the Curtis Bill which passed the House at the last session, with such modifications only as will promote its efficiency, and enable the Dawes Commission to introduce the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes to the full rights of American citizenship. The utter failure of these tribes to protect the rights of citizen Indians in the tribal property, lays upon our Government the obligation to enforce the fulfillment of the trust which the tribal Governments assumed in behalf of the individual members of each tribe; and the duty of protecting life and property in the territory devolves upon the United States.
9. That it is of immediate importance that the natives of Alaska be put under the protection of organized territorial law, and be prepared for citizenship.
10. That co-ordinate with the work of the Government in providing the best facilities for the intellectual, industrial and moral training of the Indian must be that of the preacher and teacher of religion. We therefore urge all Christian people vigorously to re-enforce the work carried on by their missionary societies during this brief transition period, until the Indians shall be redeemed from paganism and incorporated into our Christian life, as well as into our national citizenship.