

The Red Man and Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. 1. Number 3.

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS.

LITTLE brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest.
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you
to rest;
Its hands are your nest,
Its hands are your nest:
It swings from the down-bending branch of the
oak;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling
grey smoke;
But oh! for your pretty black eyes, sleep is best—
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest!

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep
Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep,—
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep—
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep!

E. PAULINE JOHNSON. (Tekahioawake.)

THE AUTOMATON EAR.

What "THEY" say About us Girls in Country Homes.

A special reporter for the Man-on-the-band-stand is now out in the country, and is having a good chance to hear and see our girls in their work and at their country homes. She writes to them:

DEAR GIRLS:

Several years ago, in one of the leading magazines, appeared an imaginative story, entitled "The Automaton Ear."

This ear was of mechanical construction, so made that all voices pleasant and unpleasant, all the harmonies and discords in the world, those sounds which come to us readily and those which are like "the music of the spheres," beyond our natural ability to hear, all were by the automaton ear distinctly heard.

Now I have not the automaton ear, but having a pair of good ears, I want to tell you a few of the things "they say" about us.

This time let it be what I have gathered about our manner of speech.

But before starting upon this theme let me tell you about the speech of a young man of five years, who was a guest at the table where I board.

His birthday and that of the hostess occurred during the same month.

"Robert," she playfully exclaimed, "we must be twins."

His reply was:
"You may be a TWIN, but I am a REPUBLICAN."

They say some of us are too quiet, that though we may talk among ourselves, when we go away from Carlisle we are shy and do not give expression to our thoughts. They say we ought to talk in our country homes, that frequently the country mother has no companion all day, but her Indian helper, and that interchange of thoughts and words would be helpful to both.

If we do not express our best thoughts, in our best language, we will never be good conversationalists.

Three gentlemen entered into an agreement to learn from the dictionary each day ONE NEW WORD, and to use it in conversation. By this practice, during the year they acquired the use of nearly three hundred words which before were not familiar—a good example for us!

Again, they say some of us talk TOO MUCH; that when we are in public together we are noisy and loud in our speech, that in church we cannot stop

talking, but carry on our conversation in whispers during service.

A single girl who does this will give a bad name to all her Indian companions who attend that church.

Then, too, they say that some of us are too ready to enter into a conversation with people by the wayside, strangers who wish to amuse themselves at our expense, or who would if they could, lead us to do wrong.

They say that our HABITS of speech are not always pleasant, that frequently we will not answer questions, even when they are many times repeated, but we are silent and sullen. They say this is not doing unto others as you would like to have them do unto you.

They also say that the little frills of courtesy are sometimes omitted from our speech—that we gruffly say "Yes" and "No" instead of the good old fashioned, "Yes ma'am" and "No ma'am;" that we neglect to call by name the person whom we address; and finally that some of us when called, answer, "Well?" with the rising inflection, much as the operator of a long distance telephone answers a call.

Dear girls these things ought not so to be.

There are schools for girls where instruction is given in the art of conversations for it is true, that the girl who can talk well has more power than the one who cannot.

Let us have a revolution! Let us live up to our light!

Here are some passages from the Book about our speech:

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight O Lord my strength and my redeemer—Ps. 19:14.

A word spoken in due season how good it is—Prov. 15:23

The words of the pure are pleasant words.—Prov. 15:26.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—Prov. 25:11.

The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.—Is. 50:4.

And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth.—Luke 4:22

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.—James 3:2.

But I say unto you that every idle word that man shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.—Matt. 12:36, 37.

Sincerely Yours,
EEAREDEE.

NORTHFIELD.

President Eugene Warren, of our school Young Men's Christian Association, says of the Northfield School, and of their recent sojourn there:

For a great many years the Young Men's Christian Association of the Carlisle School has been represented at the Students' Young Men's Christian Association Conference, held at Northfield, Mass., and all appeals for material aid by the association have been kindly responded to by the faculty and student-body of the school, whose desire it is to see the work continued and promoted.

It is thought, however, by some that the sending of young men to this gathering is a waste of time and money, but I believe, and I speak with assurance from experience, that untold good has been re-

ceived, not only by the individual members of the association, but in an indirect way by the whole school

It may be that some of these delegates have not at all filled the desires of those interested in them, but at the same time, there are those, who, in a secret and in some cases a public way have by their faithful efforts kept in existence this religious organization of Carlisle, which I believe is a very necessary one.

As for myself, my short experience in this work has been a very profitable one. Shortly after entering the school I was induced to join the association, and in 1898 was one of the ten who were chosen as delegates to attend the Northfield Y. M. C. A. Conference.

I must confess that I had a very little realization of the purpose for which I was being sent.

The trip was greatly enjoyed, and no doubt a great deal of personal benefit was received, but through the lack of understanding I missed a great deal.

In the Spring of 1900 I was elected President of the association, and it has been my privilege once more to attend this large students' gathering; and having become more acquainted with the work and its importance, the ten days recently spent there were much more profitable than those of 1898.

No greater inspiration could come to a young man than to be among these earnest Christian students of our colleges and to be under the instruction and influence of such able interpreters of the Book of books.

We as a delegation were greatly benefited, and have returned to the school with renewed vigor, and the various methods and plans by which to carry on the work for the coming term; but the plans and methods will be of little consequence if the young men of the institution do not lend a hand in the execution of these plans.

It is necessary to keep in touch with the Young Men's Christian Associations of other colleges. This can be done through correspondence, and sometimes through association as is practiced at Northfield every year, and I trust that in the future the delegations that are sent to Northfield will be larger and the members be better prepared to submit themselves to the holy influences with which they are brought in contact.

I would advise for the benefit of any future delegates: Know what you are going for; have in view some definite object, and then strive to accomplish it.

Myron M. Moses Speaks from a Personal Standpoint.

I happened to be one of the three who enjoyed the great privilege of attending the Conference this year, and I must say that nothing has ever impressed me as much as the gathering at Northfield did.

To see 600 students, representing over 150 educational institutions of the Eastern United States and Canada who had come there to acquire knowledge of God was an inspiration.

It seems as though no prettier spot in this country could have been selected for the purpose than that beautiful and historic spot, where Mr. Moody spent many years in teaching young men true lessons of life.

The very atmosphere seemed full of inspiring germs.

We attended many meetings and heard many addresses, but the most inspiring of all were the examples of the lives wholly consecrated to God as shown in men

like the Rev. John G. Paton, a white haired man who had devoted himself to the cause of Christianizing and civilizing the cannibals of the South Sea Islands. He has spent his best years among these savages.

There were other missionaries there, as Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of India, and Dr. Ashmore, of China, as well as a number of young men who are at present doing evangelistic work among the College students of this country.

It was a pleasure to us to meet these young men and to receive their instructions, while the pleasures we had in our camp-house cleaning, cooking, etc., although of minor importance were greatly enjoyed, and we only regretted that we had to leave Northfield as soon as we did.

On our way back we enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Kasebier, of Brooklyn, spending a few pleasant hours with her and family.

We then returned to the school, having received an untold amount of good from the trip, which we intend to use in our work.

GOOD OLD STRIKE THE KETTLE.

Strike-the-Kettle is not a romantic name but the old Indian who bore that appellation was a leader and a Christian king among his people.

For many years Strike-the-Kettle was a scout, protecting the United States mail from hostile Indians.

While on this duty he was wounded in a fight with his own people.

A few years ago, when the Dakota prairies were on fire, the Indians of the Standing Rock Agency fought the flames for days.

When at last it was feared the whole village would be swept away, a devoted missionary stood watching with wagon packed, ready to flee at the last moment.

In the darkness she saw some one standing at her gate.

It was Strike-the Kettle.

"I can no longer fight the fire," said the wounded old scout, "but I will stay here, Winona. Go to sleep and I will rouse you in time."

When the exhausted woman finally woke, all danger was over, but Strike-the-Kettle was still on guard.

Is it strange that on Memorial days Winona lays a wreath on the grave of Strike-the-Kettle?—[Youth's Companion.

Winona, no doubt, is Miss Collins of long Missionary fame in the Northwest. The editor of RED MAN & HELPER has met her at the Lake Mohonk Conferences and heard her relate interesting Indian experiences.

Too Much For His Scientific Father.

And here is something for the Indian School Teacher at Summer School to inquire about for the benefit of her Fall class:

"Papa, you took the scientific course in college, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear; I spent two years on science."

"When you look in the mirror the left side of your face appears to be on the right side, and the right side seems to be on the left. The looking-glass reverses it, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of your face the same way?"

"Why—er—ah—."

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it some one else has.

"Out of the darkness behind."

Let us get OUT where we can see, hear and learn! crieth the Indian.

The best definition of a gentleman, says a writer, is that of a man who loves his work.

The Philadelphia Press says "There is no field in which hard, faithful, sincere work is so scantily acknowledged by the public, as is journalism.

Why use the name Wild Indian? That is worn out. The Indians are not wild, and never were. Natural Indian would be nearer what we mean.

It is a strange fact that among the ruins of the earliest Indian inhabitants of this country, there has never been found a prison, nor any place for the punishment of crime.

The more intelligent white men who drink would not take into their mouths the whiskey furnished to Indians by saloon-keepers on the frontier. It is bad stuff, and that doubles the trouble. It is said that the liquor dealer causes nine-tenths of all the crimes committed by Indians.

It is reported that Governor Roosevelt of New York desires to investigate more thoroughly the condition of the 5000 New York State Indians, believing that nothing can be done to improve them while the State keeps them in leading strings or herds them together on reservations. He believes that lands should be given them in severalty and citizenship extended. While all the Indians might not be worthy of citizenship he thinks that many are and can be made more so if their lands were divided up among them, the State retaining sufficient authority to prevent their lands from being disposed of or squandered as otherwise might happen. He says that any town club if herded on a reservation would eventually become as demoralized as are the Indian tribes, and the Governor is right.

THE FIRST INDIAN "OUTINGS."

The wisdom of our forefathers in providing for the domestic and practical training of Indian youth, by taking them into their own families, has been too little known or followed, down to the date of the first "Outings" at Hampton and Carlisle. Undoubtedly it was a far wiser plan than the remoter evangelizing methods of a later day, and could it have been generally adopted and pursued to its logical consequences, must have resulted in a complete break-down of the barriers between the two races, who have had from the beginning and in spite of all misunderstanding, so much of sympathy and kindness for one another.

"They had prominently in mind," says Dr. W. De Loss Love, "the giving up of a wandering life in the forest, the acquisition of the English language, and an education in the customs of civilized society. Hence the main feature of their plan was the training of the Indian youth in the Puritan household.

In 1618 the Virginians, with similar opinions, had undertaken this method of bringing native children to 'true religion, moral virtue and civility.' This plan

was explicitly approved in England. So early as 1621, when Cushman was at Plymouth, they were entertaining great expectations in this direction, as we may infer from these words concerning the "younger sort:"

"If we had means to apparel them and wholly to retain them with us, as their desire is, they would doubtless in time prove serviceable to God and man, and if ever God send us means, we will bring up hundreds of their children, both to labor and learning."

This was done, so far as it was possible, in both colonies, and more generally than has been supposed. Many who were able had Indian servants in their households, where daily, painstaking religious instruction was given after the Puritan custom. The results in many known instances were salutary.

This early work furthermore promoted an interest in the acquisition of the Indian language. Out of this fact the later movement arose, The evangelizing method then became possible. Instead of bringing the natives into the colonists' homes to be Anglicized, it sent the English out into the Indian villages to teach."

Here we have a clear account of the beginning of that movement which has continued to this day, and has proved in a large sense a failure. Its tendency from the first has been to build up native churches and tribal governments, and to this mistaken ambition "the Indian of Mohegan," in common with many of the best and noblest of his race, chose to dedicate his life. E. G. E

The Son of The Wolf.

The "Son of the Wolf," we are told, is the common name for the white man among the Alaskan natives, and in these thrilling tales of the far north is a strange medley of actors—miners, rough frontiersmen, college graduates ripe for adventure, half-breed voyageurs, French priests and Indian chieftains.

Weird as are the scenes in which they move, and desperate their deeds, it must be said that these stories bear the stamp of reality; and it is worthy of note that the aboriginal characters, unlike the ordinary wooden Indian of fiction, are quite as human as any of their contemporaries. One of the lighter episodes is that of the "wife of a king,"—the "common Siwash wife" of a Circle City monarch—who takes dancing lessons in private, and turns the tables upon her recreant husband as the belle of a masked ball.

The last tale in the volume, "An Odyssey of the North," which has an Indian for a hero, is probably the strongest of them all. The book is well worth reading for a new sensation.

(THE SON OF THE WOLF. BY JACK LONDON. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. \$1.50)

Ex-Students and Graduates.

Nellie Carey is nursing in the Apache Hospital, Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and says she likes her work very much.

John Lufkins, (1900) is working for the Commonwealth Lumber Company, Frazer, Minn. He is also leader of the town band.

We hear through Rev. L. F. Jones, Missionary at Juneau, Alaska, that Mary and Susie Moon are there. They are doing nicely and are assisting him in his church work.

From what Edward Oga, Company A, 8th Infantry says, in a recent letter he must now be in New York, as he expected they would start for the United States from Cuba, in a few days. He is glad to get back to his own country. He knows not where they will be ordered next.

George Conner who left us a year ago, now writes his letters on business paper headed "Geo. Conner, Dealer in harness; repairing neatly and promptly done. Pawhuska, Oklahoma." He says that he is proud of the fact that he is a Carlisle boy and that he upholds the school when-

ever he has a chance. He cannot forget Major Pratt and Carlisle, and the foundation of knowledge gained while here.

Wedded.

We see by a clipping from a western paper, name not given on the clipping, that:

Mr. Henry Fielder and Miss Clara Price were married at the Agency Sunday, July 8, 1900, by Rev. E. Ashby. They are two of the most popular young people on the Reservation, having more or less Indian blood in them, and have the congratulations of many friends.

The reservation referred to is the Cheyenne River, South Dakota. Clara graduated with class '99, and was a fine girl in every particular. "Congratulations and best wishes" is the message from the Man-on-the-band-stand and her many friends among our readers.

Miss Semple.

A recent letter from Miss C. M. Semple, who was our first Principal of the Academic Department, twenty years ago, and held the position for several years, tells of her life in Texas. She is living with a nephew near Ft. Worth, and much of the time is in poor health. She has a prospect of coming East before very long, and at no place will she receive a warmer welcome than at Carlisle.

From Miss Ericson.

The public schools in Ponce and a few other places in Porto Rico are open during the summer, says Miss Ericson, who is now at the Etniers. Miss Ericson's work is connected with the summer teachers' institute. The new Model and Training School in San Juan was burned to the ground the Saturday before she wrote, and with it her Sloyd room that was the pride of her heart, and all the material except what she had taken with her to Ponce for Institute purposes. She says Miss Weekley is getting stout in spite of her hard summer's work.

Our New Press.

Since our last edition we have purchased and had placed in position a new printing press, Babcock, with all the latest and up-to-date improvements. Edward K. Graham & Co., who sold us the press sent an expert printers' machinist, Mr. Fred Meehan, to put it up. Mr. Meehan showed that he understood his business from the moment he started to work. When all the little pieces were put together taking two or three days, and the straps were adjusted ready for a start the press began to print without having to make an alteration. Mr. Meehan has travelled far and near in the business, having put up a number of presses in San Francisco and other large cities. In no other place has he had Indians to help him, and he speaks of the boys in the highest terms, saying if he could always have such steady help, he would be pleased.

What They Think of It.

A copy of the RED MAN & HELPER, published at the Carlisle Industrial School, just received, marks a distinct advance along lines that have given Carlisle its unique place in the industrial world and made the school a leader in the sphere of practical education for the Indian. The paper is an object lesson on the facility with which the lately untamed savage can be taught even the more advanced phases of industrial art, the type setting, press work and other mechanical features being the handicraft of youthful aborigines.

Hitherto the Red Man and the Indian Helper have been separate publications, filling separate spheres of usefulness and interest. Under the new arrangement the two are combined in one, retaining the excellences of both. The title of the paper, which is a four-page folio of good dimensions, is printed in colors, and the sheet presents a thoroughly attractive and enterprising appearance.—[Phila. Times.

An interesting, ably edited and well printed little paper came to our table

Monday evening—The Red Man and Helper, published at the Carlisle Indian school. The heading is printed in deep red ink. Instead of the heading "Locals" appears the head, "The Man-on-the-band-stand's Domain." There are 302 students at the school and 635 in country homes for the summer.—[The Recorder, Claysville, Pa.

Country Home Notes.

Ella Ashbough at Berwyn is making a fine record. She is wanted for the winter and wishes to stay.

Minnie Means at Newtown Center has found country fare more FILLING than "Government gravy," and her country mother is enlarging her garments. Minnie shows marked improvement.

Pa-squala Anderson and Ida Swallow are at Embreville, seven miles from West Chester. They are in sight of the Chester county almshouse, and hospital for the insane. The Brandywine flows by their country homes, and they bathe in this historic stream. Both have gained in fish and are looking well.

Lucinda Welch near Willow Grove is one of our quiet girls, but the words which are said in praise of her are not quiet ones.

Isabella Coleman at North Wales has made a reputation as a sunshiny girl because she is always pleasant and good natured.

If all our girls were as popular as Martha Day and Lizzie Webster, we would be unable to keep any in girls' quarters during the summer.

Anna Kittail near Media makes beautiful bread and pies.

Emma Kickapoo is happy in her country home, and is much liked.

Martha Cornsilk has a beautiful home and is improving rapidly.

Angelina View says one need not go to the sea shore to taste salt water these days. She and Asenoth Bishop were to attend a picnic near Mt. Holly, the next day after the latter wrote.

Amy Dolphus writes from Ocean City, where twenty of our girls are spending the summer, that when they all go in bathing together, there is generally a crowd looking on. Some of the girls are fine swimmers and perfectly at home in the water.

Sophia Americanhorse is one of the company of jolly Indian girls at the "Illinois on the Strand" Ocean City, and she writes a very cheerful letter telling of the delightful times they have on the beach and in the ocean. Miss Reasoner has been there with a gentleman friend, Mr. DeForest, and Mrs. Dorsett has also spent a day with them.

Annebuck says the sea-shore is a great deal nicer place than Carlisle. She has been to see Koklilook and Esanetuck, and they have been bathing in the ocean together. It will be remembered that these are the Alaskan girls who arrived a year or two ago dressed in native costume and knowing no English. They now write and speak understandingly.

Indian Ordained.

Rev. Henry B. Smith, who has just been ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church, is a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. He is at present rector of St. Paul's, Ardmore, I. T., but has accepted a call as assistant at the Milwaukee Cathedral.

Note! Educated Indian will help save the white people?

The Osage National government has passed into the great beyond. It has gone to join the many other attempts of the Indian to maintain a separate tribal government.—[Osage Journal.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's Domain.

The rain, the rain, the blessed rain.

Oh, let us be jolly! The trolley is going to Holly.

Harry Seonia is said to be an A number one orderly.

Mr. and Mrs. Levering left for the west on Monday.

The north end of the new boiler house is nearly half up.

The thunder claps on Wednesday made some timid bodies jump.

Reservation letters tell of how much they like our new paper.

Now the printers can keep cool, for they have a new water cooler.

Sam Miller is the first to master the fast feeding on the new press.

A good letter from Ulysses Ferris, Manila, goes over to next week.

What is the matter with the front wheel of that farm milk-wagon?

Mrs. Pratt and daughter Miss Richenda, have returned from the sea-shore.

The men who are working on the new smoke stack are getting "up in the air."

Anybody come anytime to see the new press run. It is a beauty, and almost human.

A number of the boys have had their heads almost shaved. Surely they look like baldheads.

The flowers in the shop court look as though they never knew there was a scarcity of water.

Some one said during the hot wave that he wished he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones.

Irene Suveroff who is visiting us spent a pleasant day with Mrs. W. H. Miller of Carlisle, on Monday.

Miss Barr has returned from Prince Edward's Island where she has been spending her annual leave.

Miss Hill left for Portland Harbor, Maine, yesterday morning, where she anticipates a restful vacation.

Brewster Gallop now spends a part of his time at the case, and will be a full-fledged typo before he knows it.

Professor Bakeless is off on his annual leave, and will spend most of his time with friends and relatives in the State.

The singing of the girls at evening collection before retiring is enjoyed by those out of quarters on balconies and campus.

Mr. Walter, tailor, and wife, teacher, at Ft. Lewis, Colorado, have been transferred to Carlisle and will report soon for duty.

With the new press we are ready to take in 10,000 new subscriptions at once, and what is more, we believe we will get them.

General Agent of the Smith Premier Typewriter Company, Mr. H. N. White, of Harrisburg, with a friend, called on Tuesday.

The rains of the week were not enough to make the corn laugh, but they produced a broad grin and took the kink out of the blades.

Again a few red smudged papers slipped out last week. Remember if you received a spoiled copy you may have a good one for the asking.

Dr Hill of Chambersburg, was the guest of her cousin, Miss Hill, on Tuesday evening. The Doctor is always received with a warm welcome at Carlisle.

Kindly let us know if your picture got broken in the mail. We wrap them securely but in some mail-bags a rail-road tie would get smashed to pieces.

Now we are crying for rain, but when the early winter rains set in, we no doubt will hear some to ask: "Did you ever see such nawsty, dawmp weather?"

On Wednesday, Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., Professor of Philosophy, Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, was escorted through the grounds and buildings by Rev. Ganss, of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle.

We might all take a little lesson from the way the Japanese children are taught to count the long and short months, as told in the incident on last page.

Edgar Rickard came in to spend Sunday. He is now at work on a farm down the pike about nine miles. He likes the people he is with, and seems satisfied all around.

An interesting feature of our summer papers is the correspondence from our absent teachers and friends, who are spending parts of their vacations in interesting places.

There are a few days delay in securing the proper strawboard to place beside the Band pictures before mailing. They will be here in day or two, and you will get your picture sure.

Cora Wheeler returned to the school on Monday. We are all sorry to learn that Cora's health will not warrant the continuance of her hospital work in Philadelphia for a time.

The big Walnut tree, monarch of all the trees on the campus, was struck by lightning, Wednesday. A little squirrel having its home in the tree for four years past was seen to run out along the limb that was struck trying to find out what was the matter.

Miss Paull finds the winds so strong at Cottage City, Mass., that she wheels with difficulty. Such a vivid description she gives of trying to pin her hat fast that we can almost see the process, as well as the beautiful object on the wheel, with gale tearing her to pieces.

Who should drop in last Wednesday but Mrs. Dandridge, of the Keams Canyon School, Arizona. It will be remembered that she was one of us last year. She and Mr. Dandridge enjoy their work at Keams Canyon, even though most of their friends are in the East.

Miss M. E. Blanchard, for many years a matron at Crow Creek, was an interesting visitor on Saturday. She has friends among the pupils who were very glad to see her. Miss Blanchard says she is a grandmother in the work, as some of the children she began with have children whom she now is grandmothering.

Mrs. Given has gone on an extended leave of three months or so. She goes to Oklahoma, where her sons, Messrs. J. B. and John are in the banking business. She will visit friends and relatives at intermediate points. She meets her sister at Indianapolis and they go together to Madison, Indiana, to the scenes of their early childhood.

We have received over four hundred renewals since the new RED MAN & HELPER began, which brought in nearly enough money to pay one paper bill EVERYBODY renew, or get somebody to subscribe, and the Man-on-the-band-stand will take on such a smile that all will have to be cheerful, and the paper bills will no longer trouble him.

Mrs. Sawyer, teacher of piano music, has asked for a transfer to some other point in the service, and Miss Annie Moore, who several years ago held the same position, is appointed by the Department to take Mrs. Sawyer's place. The latter will report for duty about the 1st of September, and will receive a hearty welcome back by all of her old friends.

Mrs. Burgess in one of her better half-hours on a bed of suffering, said (the presence of an Indian nurse girl perhaps calling it out): "And so you are fitting these girls to do something big, something great, something wonderful, but it is the little things in life—the little sacrifices, the little acts of kindness that tell the most," and then she dozed off to sleep. We give it as a message of helpfulness.

Miss Miller, who has been doing clerical work for Major Pratt for the past year, has left us to be nearer her father who lives in Philadelphia. Miss Miller was an active worker among the King's Daughters and secretary of the leader's association. She will be missed by a large circle of friends both at the school and in town. We hope her future paths will be pleasant ones.

Some say that when the paper was ten cents they subscribed for several friends, but cannot afford to now. Reader, if you happen to be one of those friends, would it not be showing true appreciation if you would subscribe for the new RED MAN & HELPER?

Does not Eearedee's letter, first page, show conclusively that Indians are exactly like other people? Why everlastingly keep making of them a peculiar set. Some talk too much, some talk too little, some are not handsome, some are very handsome, some bright, some dull. So may we say of all of us.

A stranger was in the other day and said that he saw one of our papers in a pile of dailies and weeklies on a hotel table, and the red heading attracting his attention he walked across the room to see what it was. That is the way it goes! With a red head the paper makes itself seen, and we have no fears but that the body will make itself felt, in time.

Miss Ely's Assistant.

Miss Annie Morton, is the only Pueblo young woman now at Carlisle, and she has consented to pose for Miss Meagher who is anxious to secure a portrait of one of that tribe. Miss Meagher will also make a cast of Miss Annie's and Julia Tsaitkopti's features, hands and feet, for use in a group of sculpture to be preserved in the New York Museum of Natural History.

Sturdy Determination.

Edith Bartlett showed determination and courage in last Sunday evening's service. When the pupils were invited to speak she arose. A boy's voice silenced her. She arose again with the same result. The third time her voice rang out promptly and clearly and she spoke well. Edith has been in from Lansdowne visiting her sister Mrs. Levi Levering. At the Lansdowne Presbyterian Church Edith is Secretary of the Christian Endeavorers, and is an active member of the Society.

Dr. Potts Here.

Mrs. Longshore-Potts, M. D., of Philadelphia, is here, having been summoned to the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Burgess. The latter is improving under Dr. Diven's treatment, but is still very ill. Dr. Potts, who is an eminent and skilful physician has practised medicine in England, Scotland and Ireland; spent years in Australia, New Zealand, India, and other distant lands, and has been twice around the world on lecturing tours in the interest of humanity. She has now settled in Philadelphia, where she began her career as a physician, having been a member of the first class who graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, in 1851.

Our Anthropological Visitor.

As stated last week, Miss Meagher is an Artist, of the Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History, New York City. As she goes in and out among us we find that she possesses an eager, searching mind, trained by many years of hard drill in the severer studies—mathematics, Greek, medicine, science in other lines, as well as in art. Miss Meagher has illustrated a standard book on pathological diseases of the eye—a work requiring not only accurate and scientific knowledge but a conscience in every stroke of the brush.

The Xavier for July presents sundry points of literary and artistic merit. The illustrations of the several members of the college class of St. Xavier for 1900 and of other salient features are in the best style of modern art.

They are arranging to build a new brick school house at the Winnebago Agency, Nebraska.

At Chemawa there is a literary society called the Estelle Reels

They have an ice plant at the Osage Agency, Oklahoma.

A Sensible Talk to our Girls in Quarters.

Miss Minnie Finley, (class '99,) who is visiting the school while on her vacation from duties in the Great Nemaha Indian School, Kansas, spoke to the girls last Friday evening. We did not ask her permission to print a few of her words, but for the benefit of all who should have heard her, we will take the liberty of so doing. Among other things, she said:

When I was going to school here, many a day I hated the laundry; I hated to go to the sewing room, but I had to go and now I am so glad of it.

When I was appointed seamstress at the school where I am now employed I was disappointed. I wanted to be a teacher, and I will be a teacher yet.

But I took the appointment. When I went to the school not a pattern was there. I sent right away for my chart and drafted patterns and bought some.

How glad I was then that I had paid attention to my lessons and had done my best.

Girls! I tell you when you are in the sewing-room, it will not pay for you to do your work any-way, just with your fingers, without studying what you do. Look at the dresses, the shirts and aprons. See how they are cut, how put together, where the gathers belong and every little thing about them!

Take an interest and you will like it. Above all take pains with your button holes. It is a great thing to know how to make a good button-hole. When you go out to sew you cannot get a good place, or if you do you cannot keep it unless you know how to do all these things WELL.

I was at Carlisle nearly eleven years.

I was often homesick. I used to beg to go home and think it so hard that I was not allowed to go. Now I thank Major Pratt for not letting me go. My people live in houses, but they dress in Indian style. They have Indian ways and would pull me back if I stayed with them. I will go to visit them, but that is not my home.

I love my mother. I respect her, but I cannot live as they live.

Don't be anxious to go back! Be in earnest! Learn all you can and then go out and earn money, and you will see how people will respect you and how much help you can be.

Stay and graduate!

The undergraduates, so many of them, go out and give to the Indian a poor reputation, because they do not know how.

They have not stayed long enough to learn self-control. They are sullen and cross. They are not always polite.

The worst thing one can do is to say a cross word.

Let us always be pleasant, smile or try to, and do as near right as we possibly can, and we will get along.

Don't be angry with Major now when he will not let you go home. He is like a good father. He knows what is best for you, and you cannot see. I can never think enough of him for all that he has done for me.

It Counts.

It counts when we open letters containing fifty cents to pay subscriptions for "self and friend" If each subscriber who has paid only ten cents would renew his subscription at once, a year would be added to the time already credited, and if he would slip in a quarter for a friend, our exchequer would soon enable us to pay our big paper bills, and the Man-on-the-band-stand would begin to grow young instead of old. Subscribe for a friend and let that friend get one of the Band pictures which are still going! Said friend will begin at once to take an interest in the Indian cause, and you will have done a missionary act. All the Indian needs is for people to KNOW him. How better can people become acquainted with the Indian than to learn through our publication what he is actually doing in his efforts to climb to a recognized position among the so-called successful.

A quarter, or a fifty cent piece, if wrapped well so as not to be too bunched, carries all right in an ordinary envelope.

MORE COMMENTS ON THE "HAPPY UNION."

"I appreciate the change very much."
—C. M., Trenton.

"I am more than pleased. It is the best school publication I ever read."
—A. H. F., Oxford, Maine.

"I send greetings to the happy union of the RED MAN & HELPER. Enclosed find \$2.50 to pay for ten subscriptions to the new paper."
—H. K. D., Kutztown, Pa.

"I will miss the little Helper very much. I always read it as soon as it came. It seemed like a letter from a friend. In time I may like the new paper better still. I hope you will get many new subscriptions for it is worth the money."
—M. L. S., Bethlehem.

"It is with the greatest of pleasure that I have learned that the RED MAN & HELPER have been united."
—G. C., Middlesex.

"I am delighted with it."
—S. I. M., West Phila.

"Of course I shall be very sorry to lose my old friend the Helper but I hope the RED MAN & HELPER will take its place."
—M. L., Arvine, N. Y.

"The RED MAN & HELPER is all right. It is a very neat, newsy paper, a credit to the camp and to the Man-on-the-band-stand. I should think the combination would prove better to all concerned."
—A. N. B., N. Y. City.

"I am pleased with the change of the paper just made."
—S. D. W., East Berlin, Pa.

"I like the change in the paper very much, and think it an improvement."
—M. M., Duncannon.

"I am pleased with the union of the two papers, every word of which is worth reading."
—M. M. H., Penn Valley.

"I have taken the Helper for thirteen years and hope the RED MAN & HELPER will be as good."
—M. M. S., Plainview.

"I am delighted with the change. I have always enjoyed the little Helper and I am sure this paper will give me still more pleasure."
—Mrs. J. E. H., Lancaster.

"I received the paper of ours. I think its very nice to have RED MAN & HELPER both in one paper."
—R. F. C., pupil at Oaklane.

"The RED MAN & HELPER makes one good weekly paper. I like to have it come right along as I cannot go without it."
—J. E. A., Keshena, Wis.

"I know I shall miss the little paper, but enjoy it as it is now. It is like a friend who has entered the bonds of matrimony. Truly the Red Man isn't going to live bachelor all his days, and he was fortunate to secure such a good mate and "Helper."
—A. B., student.

"Very good and interesting things are printed in it; also it keeps one in touch with the progress of our Red Brother."

"I shall miss the little Helper but will welcome the enlarged sheet, hoping its usefulness may be proportionately greater."

"I received gladly the honeymoon edition of the RED MAN & HELPER. Only one complaint I have—too thin. Why don't you make it at least six pages? Are you getting short of news, ideas, stories, etc., running short of paper, hands, brains or what?
—A graduate.

MRS. COOK AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND STAND:

When we teachers go out from under your eye we carry with us a bit of the school personality, don't you think so?

This, like a slender thread, connects us with you, and as we send back our thoughts and doings to you, they go out on all the other threads to all the members of the school family, whether in the country, or staying at home to keep things going there.

So here I am, pulling at my little thread to call your attention, and here is my report from the Summer Institute at Martha's Vineyard.

The opening day, Tuesday, was surely one of the most perfect that summer has in her bundle of days!

Blue sky, blue ocean, almost as blue as the Pacific, sunshine to warm and breezes to cool us.

Every body in a pleasant temper to match the weather. Every body kind and courteous and helpful, and as a natural consequence the many settlements and beginnings of such a school fell smoothly into line, and professors and students were ready next day for real work.

I'll not try now to tell you about the work, perhaps you will like to hear that later, nor will I describe the Island yet, but you shall hear first about the wheeling.

There are asphalt pavements in every direction connecting the little knots of cottages, and winding in and out around and among these cottages.

There are no fines for riding on the sidewalks, because there are no sidewalks!

The street and sidewalk are one, and equally free to wheel and carriage and foot.

One curious kink the climate has which is puzzling to us from the mainland, that is the wind.

It certainly "bloweth where it listeth," for there is no regularity of any sort about it that a stranger can find out.

We go out on our wheels on a road that winds almost in a circle over, say, five miles. We face the wind because we like to have its aid in coming back, but strange to say we may come back by following the circle, or by turning and retracing our path, as we will, it makes no difference, the wind is always in our faces!

All our theories of westerly winds, trade winds, ocean breezes and land breezes are of no use. Here is an altogether new wind that blows every way at once!

But I forget I must "talk short" so that you will want to hear from me again, so I'll say good bye for this time.

Next time you may like to hear something about the bathing.

"I shake hands with you in my heart."
J. W. C.

Are You Just as Good.

It is natural and may be quite right at times for a young person to say or think: "I am just as good as you are."

It gives an independent bearing and a lift of the head that carries one over difficulties at times.

Yet, to many of us who have not reached a very high mark intellectually, but who are conceited over the fact that we know more than we once did and much more than some of our friends, it would be just as well, in fact more modest, becoming and less liable to offend if we would sometimes feel and think:

"Other people are just as good as I am," and act accordingly.
M. O. T. B. S.

It was not an Indian Harold.

Little four-year-old Harold met with a very serious accident, having both a broken arm and a broken leg in consequence.

When he was able to talk, his father questioned him as to how it happened.

"Oh," he said, "I went up stairs, and there was a window open. I looked out, then I hollered out, and then I jest foller-ed the holler."

GOOD MEN AND GOOD WOMEN ARE NOT MADE IN THAT WAY.

Mary Jeannette Rawson, editor of Boys and Girls, has these most excellent words to offer to the growing youth:

No boy ever loafed around, read penny dreadfuls, smoked cigarettes, listened to and repeated dubious stories, sought worthless companions, and finally blundered into being a capable, forceful, and highly honored member of society.

Good men do not grow in that way.

No girl ever frittered away her time in reading trashy stories, ruined her health by careless dressing and much eating of sweets, and yet blundered into being an interesting, useful, happy, honored woman.

Fine women do not grow in that way.

To learn to do anything well has this advantage, that the better we can do any kind of work, the better we like the work. Pleasure in it grows with skill.

If you hate your task, try to do it each time a little better than before, and it will surprise you some day by being a pleasure instead of a trouble.

Some People Try to do Too Much.

The writer has heard an Indian boy say: "I can't stand it to read a whole book through. It makes me tired I don't like to read big books."

We have Indian students who are great readers. They read good books and are benefitted by them, but to those who get discouraged at the thickness of a book, and the many pages to be gone over to get the story or truth sought for, we would commend this incident of one Daniel Quorm.

He says:

When I was a little boy helpin' mother to store away the apples, I put my arms round so many o' them an' tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then one fell out, an' another, an' another, two or three more, till they was all rollin' over the floor. Mother laughed.

"Now, Dan'el," says she, "I'm goin' to teach you a lesson."

So she put my little hands quite tight around ONE.

"There," said she, "bring that, an' then fetch another."

I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doin' ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much all at once. Don't go tryin' to put your arms round a year, an' don't go troublin' about next week. Wake up in the mornin' an' think this:

"Here's another day come. Whatever I do and whatever I don't do, Lord help me to do this—help me to live to Thee."

One day at a time, one hour, one minute—yes, one second is all the time we get at once. So our best course is to "do the next thing."

How Our Little Jap Cousins Count.

The little Jap was busily engaged in counting the knuckles of his left hand with the forefinger of the right.

He had gone over them several times when a companion asked him what he was doing.

"I am counting the days to Christmas," replied the little Jap, with a smile. "You know some of the months have more days than others, and I am counting the days and adding them together."

The Jap's companion seemed puzzled, and asked:

"How do you do it that way?"

"How do YOU do it?" asked the Jap, instead of answering the questioner.

"Why, we," replied the little New Yorker, "have a rhyme—

Thirty days has September,
April, June, and November.

Those are the short months, and the others are long."

The Jap had never heard of that, because he had not been away from Japan very long.

"We count on our knuckles," he said. "The knuckles are the long months, and

spaces between them the shortones. The first knuckle is January, long, and the space next to it is February, short, and so on to the knuckle of the little finger, which is July. Then you repeat on the knuckle of the little finger, which is also August, and go back and end on the knuckle of the second finger, which is December. See," he asked, smiling up into the earnest face.—[Native American.

Depends upon Where you Spring from.

Down in Arizona, at the Phoenix school where the mercury runs up and stays up in the hundreds, the Native American says:

Enter Mr. O., a blonde reared in northern clime, with a flushed face and an explosive "Whew!" like an engine puffing off steam.

He mops his face and says with conviction in his tones.

"It's WARM."

A moment later at the same door enters a swarthy native of Arizona, perfectly comfortable, and coolly remarks:

"When it gets warm, we'll have rain."

He Might be Called Plenty-eat.

One of the little boys who recently arrived from Philadelphia asked for a pair of new pants.

"What's the matter with those you have on?" asked the matron.

"O, they are too tight," said the boy swelling himself up to his fullest capacity.

"Why, no," said the matron as she ran her hand around the waistband. "They are not too tight. They are all right."

"Bu—but, wa—wait! Wait till I eat my dinner," exclaimed the boy.

Resolve.

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it I grow and gain and give!
Never to look behind me for an hour!
To wait in weakness and to walk in power,
But always fronting onward to the light;
Always and always facing toward the right;
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray,
On with strength I have,
Back to the way!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Good Work Always Tells.

A lady who has been at the Woman's Hospital, Phila., for weeks, undergoing a serious operation, sent for the RED MAN & HELPER, saying that Cora Wheeler, one of our girls there, introduced her to the paper. She further states of Cora: "I cannot speak too highly of her as a nurse."

OUR ENIGMA FEATURE.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's one, sole, solitary puzzle which has appeared in the columns of the little Helper for many years has afforded much pleasure to various classes of readers, judging from frequent letters. One of Carlisle's most prominent lawyers says he makes out that little enigma as regularly as he eats his meals, and there are others who say they always "tackle" it the first thing.

We might devote a column to charades, riddles, anagrams, curtailments, etc., as some papers do, but having no puzzle editor, the Man-on-the-band-stand cannot puzzle his brain in the puzzle line more than enough to continue the easy, original Enigma, taking for a subject each week something that people "just must" know about and cannot rest until they find out. For instance:

This Week's Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters:
My 12, 6, 7, 8, 12, 6, 7, 8 is the name of a famous prison.
My 4, 9, 3 sends in refreshing breezes to those near enough to enjoy them.
My 11, 2, 10, 1 is what the sea does.
My 5, 9, 3 is a table beverage.
My whole is what would tickle the palates of the Carlisle students just now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Our new paper.