

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE THUNDER STORM.

FROM out his secret wigwam in the west
The Thunder-storm, an Indian chief, arrayed
With war paints of the very blackest shade
Upon his cheeks, and on his naked breast.
Steals forth, Upon his head he wears a crest
Of feathery clouds, within his belt, a blade
That flashes through the woodland's somber
glade;
And, when he puts his mighty bow to test,
His shafts of lightning fall to hit and kill;
And then his savage war cry rends the air,
Reverberating dread from hill to hill;
His moccasins are wrought with rain-beads fair,
It is not strange, when his approach is still,
That timid maids should seek a place of prayer,
SCHUYLER E. SEARS.

A BREEZY LETTER FROM MANILA.

Ideas Enlarged.

MANILA, P. I., June 7, 1900.

MAJOR R. H. PRATT,

MY DEAR SCHOOL-FATHER:

I have at last arrived safe and sound
at my destination here at Manila.

I never thought there was so much water
and the world so big, but the long journey
I have taken across the continent and the
Pacific Ocean has given me a slight idea
of this great and wonderful world that we
live in.

We were twenty-nine days on the water
from San Francisco to Manila and with
only one stop, that at Honolulu, S. I. We
remained at Honolulu three days when
we (soldiers) had the privilege of visiting
the beautiful parks and banana groves.
I went down eight miles to see that old
inactive volcano called "Diamond Head."
It is a beautiful sight as it rises above all
the surrounding hills.

After returning Honolulu we saw nothing
until we sighted the Ladrone Islands,
fourteen days entirely out of sight of land.
The Pacific Ocean is very large and one
would naturally think it would be rough.
But I saw it day after day just as smooth
as a mirror, not even a white-cap to be
seen. The second day out from Frisco
was the only rough weather we had. It
was raining and quite a storm raging.

On landing at Manila our boat, the
sloop "Warren" being a large boat,
couldn't get in very close; so we anchored
about two miles out from the shore and
we all went ashore in native boats or bam-
boo freight boats drawn by tugs. We
were sent direct to our respective regi-
ments; so I parted with the other Carlisle
soldiers on the boat and haven't seen or
heard of them since.

I am in Co. "B," 21st Infantry, quar-
tered for the rainy season in an old con-
vent in a native town called "Pineda"
five miles out from Manila.

The Filipinos are far behind in every-
thing; some can speak a little English,
but most all can speak Spanish. There is
no fighting; but if McKinley is elected
president there will be an outbreak as be-
fore. It is surprising to find these wild
people so well informed about Mr. Bryan
and they all seem to be Democrat. I
think there must be some Democrat at
work here among them.

The Filipinos have a church and a

school-house right opposite our barracks.
In the school-house they have two native
school teachers to teach the children Span-
ish, and one American teacher who can
speak Spanish to teach the children Eng-
lish. A queer thing they do is to allow
the children to study out loud. The Fili-
pino teacher thinks the scholar that makes
the most noise is the best pupil, but the
American teacher has to teach them how
to study to themselves, which is very
hard. If they could only see Carlisle
which is a paradise compared to this place
of "No wheres" where I must make my
home for the next three years!

This leaves me enjoying the best of
health as usual, hoping it will find you
and all Carlisle the same.

Respectfully,

ULYSSES S. FERRIS,
Co. "B" 21st Infantry,
Manila, P. I.

FOR THE RED MAN & HELPER.]

THE DIVINE PRINCIPLE IN EVERY ONE.

It may interest the readers of the AD-
VANCED PAPER—to have a short account
of the testimony of an Indian, given
about sixty years ago—in a Friends'
meeting for Divine worship, held at
Fourth and Green Streets, Philadelphia.

When relating the experience of his
early life; he declared, that "before he
came within the pale of human civiliza-
tion, before he had ever heard the name
of Jesus, or known the scriptures, he
felt and knew the operation of the Holy
Spirit; he was conversant with the voice
of truth in his own breast, and to his
great astonishment when he came to
read the experience of others as recorded
in the Bible, he found it ran parallel
with his own, and that other minds had
also felt the same impressions of good-
ness and truth, leading them to love God
and to do good to man."

Were not these Divine revelations?
And are we not responsible for the proper
use and exercise of all the gifts and bless-
ings which we have received?

Have we not read the declaration of
the apostle James? "that every good
gift and every perfect gift is from above,
and cometh down from the Father of
lights, with whom there is neither vari-
ableness, neither shadow of turning."

Have all men learned, that the main
object of this state of existence, is to de-
velop and elevate the intellectual and
moral faculties, and prepare the soul for
the enjoyment of the bountiful gifts of
the creator?

When the human mind forsakes this
teacher, the Divine gift or principle that
is within every one,—it is in danger of
surrendering the rights of conscience,
and becoming darkened by strange
views of the Divine character, which
operates unfavorably to human progress;
but by obedience to these simple reve-
lations, man is led out of darkness and
error into light and truth, and from under
the dominion and power of evil into the
liberty of the children of God. J. P.
PHILADELPHIA. 7 MON. 16, 1900.

Indians Love Long Meetings.

It is said that the Umatilla Indians love
long meetings.

A two hours' service is a luxury; an-
other, atop of it, is a bit more of luxury.
Instead of spending money on Christ-
mas festivities these Christian Umatillas
hold a camp meeting of three days' dura-
tion and send out invitations to their
brethren to come and eat their fill and
then pour into them the water of life.

HE RODE A BICYCLE ON HIS HUNDRETH BIRTHDAY.

It is said that the late famous Indian
Chief Washakie, of the Shoshones, who
died last winter had the unique distinc-
tion of being the only Indian who ever
propelled a bicycle to the age of 100 years.

On the anniversary of his one hun-
dredth birthday the agent of the reser-
vation placed him upon a wheel and
photographed him as he pedaled along
for a few yards.

This pleased the old man greatly, for
he appreciated the fact that it is a rare
occurrence for a man of that ripe old age
to ride a wheel. He remarked, when he
had dismounted, that "he believed that
he could soon learn to be an expert
wheelman."

Plans are being made by officials of the
Indian office in Washington for the erec-
tion of an artistic and suitable monument
upon the plot where the remains of this
noble Indian chieftain was buried.

His grave is situated in a peaceful,
picturesque section of the Post cemetery
at Fort Washakie, which was named
after the old man a long time ago.

Washakie was a sworn friend to the
white people, endeavored always to main-
tain peace, is quoted in history as never
permitting a white man's blood to be shed
if he could prevent it, and he was es-
teemed by all persons with whom he
came in contact, both Americans and his
own people.

Washakie was born, as nearly as can
be estimated, although some authorities
say that he was much older, in 1796. He
fought in many battles, displaying fine
qualities as a warrior, and at all times
treating his enemies and captives with
great kindness.

He was subtle and active until a few
months before he died, when he became
physically weak and feeble, but his mind
was clear, and his last wish, which he
expressed through an interpreter a day
or so before he died, was that he be
buried as a Christian in the Fort Washakie
cemetery and have a military funeral.

This wish was gladly fulfilled, for he
was loved by all the officers of the post,
and he was buried with the honors of a
regular army officer.

His remarkable oratorical ability has
been commented upon by all the govern-
ment officers who have visited the Wind
River reservation.

Washakie was a great promoter of
Christianity and education, and the pres-
ent intellectuality of the Shoshones, as
a band is largely due to his strenuous
efforts.

Ancient Indian Relics.

It seems that Dr. George A. Dorsey,
Columbian Museum, and Dr. Stewart
Culin, director of anthropology of the Uni-
versity of Pennsylvania have recently
made a 25,000 mile trip among the plains
Indians.

They secured thirty-four boxes of an-
cient Indian relics, preserved from the
old tribal life that antedated the white
man in the new world.

Eighteen hundred separate objects are
in the collection.

The trip was made in the interest of the
Ayre collection of the museum and with
the especial object of making collections
from the plains Indians.

They left Chicago on May 7th visiting
the reservation of Sac and Fox Indians,
near Tama, Iowa. From the Sac and
Fox tribes they got a number of gaming

devices, including wooden bowls with
the six bone dice, paraphernalia for re-
ligious devices and domestic utensils.

North of Cheyenne 120 miles they visit-
ed the great flint quarry, which was open-
ed by aboriginal inhabitants. Here a col-
lection of flints, flint clippings and the
stones used in making the arrow-heads,
knives and spearheads were made.

The Uintah and Uncompagres Utes
yielded up a fine Buffalo robe, painted on
the dressed side in the grotesque fashion
of the tribe.

A drive through the Minnie Maud canon,
near Price, on the Rio Grande, showed
interesting relics of the cliff dwellers.

Piutes in Nevada, near Humboldt Lake,
gave up many specimens of basket-work,
flails, stone mortars, and instruments of
music and of games.

At Ukiah, Cal., Dr. Dorsey purchased
a collection of Pomo Indian curios.

In the Wind River reservation, Wyom-
ing, they gathered the most complete col-
lection of its kind, among the features a
Buffalo skull, painted grotesquely and
used in the sun dances only one year ago.

Klamath and Modoc Indians in Oregon
were visited and among the Klamaths
several rare stone idols of a famous medi-
cine man were purchased.

First Ride in an Elevator.

When our girls and boys in travelling
about get their first ride in an elevator,
they may have some of the sensations
that an Irishman did who gives his ex-
perience in these words:

I went to the hotel, and says I, "Is
mister Smith in?"

"Yes," says the man with the sojer cap.
"Will yez step in?"

So I steps into the closet, and all of a
sudden ee pulls the rope and—it's the
truth I tell yez—the walls of the building
begin running down to the cellar.

"Och murder!" says I, "What'll be-
come of Bridget and the children which
was left below there?"

Says the sojer-cap man, "Be aisy sorr;
they be all right when yez comes down."

"Come down is it," says I. "And it is
no closet at all, but a haythenish balloon
that you got me in!"

And with that the walls stood still and
he opened the door and there I was with
the roof just over my head! And begorra,
that's what saved me from goin' up to
the hevin intirely!

A New Industry at The Colorado River Agency.

Agent Charles S. McNichols, in his an-
nual report to the Commissioner of In-
dian Affairs, says:

"A new industry has been inaugurated
among these Indians this year—that of
making and burning brick. About 120,000
have been made and sold to the Govern-
ment for new school buildings, the price
paid being \$7 per thousand. Although
having no previous experience, except
that gained through making adobes, with
the aid and direction of the white em-
ployees they have made their work a suc-
cess. The brick, while not averaging so
smooth as those usually made by whites,
are good serviceable brick, and will make
permanent and well appearing buildings.
The dozen or more Indians at this work
kept it up faithfully, although the ther-
mometer in June ran up as high as 120 in
the shade."

We do not SELL the Band picture.
To get one, renew your subscription or
subscribe for some one else. Then we
will send you one post-paid. The pictures
are going. They are well-liked.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.

The Mechanical Work on this Paper is Done by Indian Apprentices.

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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.

The annual reports of the Indian agents throughout the country contain much detailed information and opinions which are of value to the thoughtful student of Indian affairs. These reports are published together with that of the Commissioner and Superintendent of Schools, Indian legislation and statistics, in a substantial bound volume, which may be had upon application to members of Congress or the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Major Johnson at the Sisseton agency, S. D., where the Indians are allotted and are full citizens, refers to the shocking condition of affairs among them as regards the illegal sale and use of intoxicating liquors. He has prosecuted 19 white men during the year for liquor-selling, and says that it is "simply impossible to catch them all." He believes that "whiskey will, directly or indirectly be the means of the death of 70 per cent of the young people before they reach the age of 21."

The agent at Crow Creek, S. D., Major Stephens, has erected during the year two substantial suspension bridges, with stone piers, on the wagon road and mail route to Chamberlain, and in this connection has very sensibly required the Indians to work on the roads, their help amounting in all to over 500 days' labor without compensation, thus developing a sense of public spirit and responsibility.

It is stated by Colonel Clapp, the military agent at Pine Ridge Agency, S. D. that the Indians of that reservation can never, in his opinion, be entirely self supporting. They now earn 30 per cent of their living in civilized pursuits. His reasons for this discouraging belief is that "there exists no other possible industry for them than cattle-raising, and this has a definite limit." It seems extraordinary that seven thousand persons should thus be condemned to hopeless poverty, idleness and consequent degradation, by compelling them to dwell perpetually in a barren and treeless land, when by treating them as individuals and individually preparing them for general competition, all trades, arts and occupations will be open to them.

Dr. McChesney, in charge at Rosebud, S. D., mentions the fact that some 8000 head of cattle have been trespassing during the past year upon the Rosebud reserve, and that the cattle driven off to the north of White river "return almost as soon as the farmers and police turn their backs on them." The Agent says that "the Indians complain greatly of these trespassing cattle," and considering that here, as at Pine Ridge, cattle-raising is the only industry open to them, and the supply of pasture limited, this is, not to be wondered at.

Several of the superintendents of reservation schools and day-school inspectors in South Dakota recommend that children of a certain age and degree of advancement should be transferred to non-reservation schools without the consent of parents when necessary, stating that this is in most cases impossible to obtain, even when the young people themselves are willing and eager to go.

Indian School Work on Exhibit in Washington.

In a spacious room of the former Post-office, now occupied by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, there is an exhibit of the industrial work of the Indian schools of the United States.

The exhibit includes iron work, wood work, sewing, lac making, kindergarten work, and, in fact, everything which is done in the public schools. The skill displayed in these works is remarkable, comparing favorably with the work of our public schools.

Some of the most prominent are the steel and iron works of the boys of the Western schools, among which is a large iron gate with trimmings of brass, steel saws, with bone handles, made from the horns of cows gathered by the boys for this purpose, large butcher knives and horseshoes.

The brass which ornaments the gate is said to have been collected by the boys from old brass lamps. The woodwork, nearly all of which came from Carlisle, Pa., is conceded to be one of the best collections. The work is very remarkable in that it has been done by boys who have not been very long in the schools.

There is a pair of Indian clubs handsomely carved, the work of one of the Carlisle boys, who has been in the school for eight years. These were pointed out as being the finest work in wood carving sent from any of the schools and are equal to that done by any of our high school pupils.

The drawings and kindergarten work coming from Carlisle are especially good and reflect much credit upon that school. —[Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

From a Famous Missionary.

Our venerable friend and life-long missionary among the Creeks, Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, Musogee, Indian Territory, closes a business letter containing renewal of subscription:

"I'm sorry over the breaking up of the Band, and shall be glad to see their faces, (in the picture.) Hope it will not be long until a new leader will be found who will be as successful as his predecessor. My love to Major Pratt and family, Dr. Norcross and family, and all the Carlisle workers and learners of the Indian school."

Will Be Better off.

No one will suffer or be injured by allotment but the big land holders. The fullblood will be better off because he will get what belongs to him. Instead of a little hominy patch he will have his 120 acres, or more, which belongs to him.

—[Indian Sentinel.

Supt. McCowan of the Phoenix Arizona Indian School is spending his vacation in San Francisco.

The story of Chief Washakie first page was the more interesting to us from the fact that our former disciplinarian Mr. Campbell, superintendent of the Wind River School, for a time, was acquainted with the famous chief, and spoke of him in the highest terms.

The papers have it that Paul Goodbear formerly of our school and Miss Eaglefeather, formerly of Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, were married in Kansas City recently. The story may be true. If so we congratulate the couple, for they are both worthy students. Mr. Goodbear is teaching at the Crow reservation where they intend to live.

"It is very hard to get anything to do around here," writes a returned student from his reservation home. It is not very hard to get "anything to do" around HERE, and it puzzles the Man-on-the-band-stand to know why our boys and girls will go where it is so hard to get on. Life is a struggle at best, and why not make ourselves as comfortable as possible without hunting for the hardest places?

We learn with grief that Clark Smith, '97, died at his home, Siletz, Oregon, in June.

From Returned Students.

Oscar Warden has asked for instructions how to join the army. Since he went to his Pine Ridge home, he has been thankful many times for what Carlisle has done for him.

James Fisher is at Swartz Creek, Michigan, and working in a tailor shop. He is getting thirteen dollars a week, but he is not satisfied with that. He means to go into business for himself in the Fall and earn a great deal more. He had better think twice before changing. Thirteen dollars a week is extra good pay.

We see by the Booneville Herald, New York, that Leander Gansworth, who graduated from Carlisle in ninety six was recently installed as Conductor, in the Summit Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows. It will be remembered that Mr. Gansworth was the foreman of our printing office for several years, and now has a very creditable position in the office of the Booneville Herald.

Festus Pelone is working in the harness shop at San Carlos, Ariz, and is thankful for the little education he received at Carlisle. To use his own words: "Today I thinking about it Carlisle School. How good is Carlisle, it has done me good and make me education, also work. I thank you for Carlisle." The rivers have dried up, but the Indians are doing the best they can at farming, he says. Modoc Wind and Parker West also work at the agency.

Louis Trombla is at Shawnee, Oklahoma, and is very thankful for all that he learned at Carlisle. He thinks he advanced more here than anywhere he has ever been.

He is fighting evil and hopes to win. Louis has many friends at Carlisle who wish him success in every good undertaking.

Abbie Doxtator says she is enjoying her work very much in the country. She goes different places with her country mother, and she is living in happy anticipation of their Sunday School picnic at Florence Heights on the banks of the Delaware. It is not ALL work and no play.

Stella Mishler says she finds the country people so good to her that she will dislike to leave them when it comes time. She has been several times on little trips to the ocean.

Miss Wood by this time has left the Chicago Summer School and is at her home in Trenton N. Y. She felt while at the school that "Col. Parker is an inspiration to all who come within the radius of his influence."

On a Spanish program sent from Porto Rico we see the names of Mrs. Etnier, Miss Ericson and Miss Weekley as having taken part. The 1st number reads thus: Clases de "Sloyd" todos los dias, Horas, de 5 a 6, a cargo de la senorita Jenny Ericson, Especialista en "Manual Training" De Helsingfors, Finlanda.

We have more Band pictures. If you paid ten cents for the Helper, renew for the RED MAN & HELPER, 25¢ and the time will be added, and you will get post paid one of the 11x13 Band pictures, a lithograph in colors, and splendid likenesses of the boys. Director Wheelock's picture is fine.

The Phoenix Native American says: Miss Luckenbach, who is spending a well-earned vacation in Pasadena, was editor for the past six weeks and earned many warm praises for the first class work done.

The same paper has this to say: The consolidation and enlargement of the Carlisle Red Man and the Indian Helper, the new product being issued weekly, is a most excellent thing. The new paper is well worth 25 cents a year. It will do even more effective and valuable work for the Carlisle school than both issues did in the past.

Our Absent Teachers.

Miss McIntire has learned so much at summer school that a wisdom tooth has made its appearance.

As a result of a part of Miss Stewart's summer study in Manual Training in Chicago, she has finished a beautifully carved mahogany tea table. Miss Stewart will return to Carlisle the latter part of the month before some of the others.

Miss Hill is enjoying life at Peaks Island, Portland Harbor. The days and nights are delightfully cool—the evenings too cold in fact. "I cannot imagine a more perfect picture than the one seen from our front window," she says. "The City of Portland rises on a slope opposite and in the foreground are old forts and little islands. The tiny steamers busily plying to and fro, add to the life of the picture."

During the last week of Miss Senseney's time in Chicago she took practical work at the Adams' Vacation School, and private lessons from a fine teacher of the Windy City. She was requested by two of Col. Parker's teachers to give short talks to their classes upon the work of Carlisle, which she did, her remarks provoking an interesting discussion on the various speech peculiarities as found among the mixed nationalities of the Public Schools. She says that Col. Parker promises to drop in sometime upon the Carlisle school, in which he has been interested for years, but has never visited.

Odd Indian Names Strike The Southern Eye.

When the exhibit of Indian work was on display at Charleston recently, the News of that city stated that an added interest attaches to the work as one reads the names of the children who have made the different articles.

For instance, Amara Bad Face makes a very good dress; Alice Eagle Hawk has painted some ducks; while John-Come-to-Drink has drawn a landscape.

Amy Three Thighs, Jennie Lodge Skin, Owen Walking-Sticks, Windy Little John, Viola Curly Chief, Gena Cucumber, John One Bean and Daniel Webster are among the other artists whose work is attracting a great deal of attention.

From Hoopa Valley.

Carrie Cornelius and Perry Tsmawa are still employed at the Hoopa Valley Indian School, California. The former probably is on her vacation now, as her leave was to begin July 15th. Ulysses Ferris, whose excellent letter appears on the first page is a Hoopa Valley boy.

Going UP and UP.

Our Joseph LaFramboise, of the United States Ship Dolphin writes that he is perfectly well and pleased with his duties. Has been promoted from Landsman to 3rd class Yeoman. "When I enlisted I got \$16 a month, but now I am getting \$30, and wear the stripes. The officers are all kind to their men and give us all the privileges they possibly can give. We have made several trips and on one of them President McKinley was aboard." Joseph is learning to use the typewriter, and makes a very creditable looking letter.

Wants a Winning Team.

Jonas Mitchell, class '99, is still at the Genoa Nebraska school as an employee, and enjoys his work. He is trying to help the athletics of the school by coaching both football and baseball. The Genoa team has beaten nearly every town in that vicinity at baseball. He thinks that the football team will equal the Carlisle team in weight, and it is his great ambition to turn out a winning team.

Fire.

The comment on last page without initials came from H. E. Wilson, East Canterbury, N. H., who has been a good friend of the school for years. We are sorry to learn that the community of which she is a member has suffered great loss recently by fire when all their barns and out buildings with garden and farm produce, and 31 head of young cattle were destroyed.

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

Moonlight nights again. Jackstones, and more of them! The sun might be arrested for scorching, these days. The recent rain was a regular Klondike for the farmers. Croquet has resumed in earnest since the cool wave. The grass looks as though it had had a drink worth taking. Mr. Dagenett has returned from his trip among the boys in the country. The big tank at the county home across the field looms up as a monster. Mrs. Vander Mey is taking Miss Miles' place in the absence of the latter. Eugene Warren has been detailed to the small boy's quarters as assistant. Rev. C. H. Kershaw, of the Congregational Church, preached for us through July. Maud Snyder favored the girls with several solos after devotions last Friday evening. One day this week, Miss Sabin went to Masonville, N. J., on business connected with the school. Yesterday the little Indians beat the town boys by the score of 24 to 21 in a game of base ball. Mrs. Burgess is still quite ill but is on the mend slowly. Her sister, Dr. Longshore-Potts is still here. The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to see one of those Phoenix catalogues we have read so much about. Ask Brewster how to catch flies. He knows, and what's more, he is fanned all the while with an electric fan. There are now an even 400 girls on the school roll, 287 of whom are out getting home experiences in the country. One of our boys seems to think that everybody is trying to make him happy. He has a wonderful gift of seeing the bright side. Mrs. Canfield, chief of the sewing department, is away on her leave. She will visit New York City and Ocean Grove before her return to the school. Mrs. Elizabeth E. Knapp, of Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, was an interested visitor on Wednesday, stopping off on her way to Williamsport. Murill Carson, Menomonee, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, who has been attending Wittenberg, Wisconsin, school joined our student body on Sunday last. "That boy is a Michigander," explained one of our force to a visitor. "Ah!" replied he in a nonchalant manner. "Did he bring his Michigoose with him?" The vacationers are beginning to return, Mr. Simon having arrived on Monday. He spent a part of his leave with friends at the Indiana Normal, this State, and also visited Pittsburg. Miss Annie Kowuni, '97, who is visiting her home in New Mexico, writes that her only wish just now is that time would not pass too rapidly. Miss Annie is one of the clerical force of our administration building. The grand old walnut lifts its head higher than ever since it was struck by lightning, as much as to say: "I have stood too many storms and blasts for a small dose of electricity like that to affect my nerves." The brick smoke stack is creeping up. Sixty-five of the 110 feet are up. Shaffer Bros., of Carlisle, who have the contract, are doing a fine piece of work, and the stack when complete will be an ornament as well as a wonder to many. A pleasant incident of the lawn social last Saturday night was the mandolin and guitar duets rendered by Anna Parnell and Ella Romero. Never did these instruments sound more sweetly than under the large trees as the students sat around on the grass and chatted.

Frank Beaver is now managing our tailor's goose. Kitty Silverheels, has gone to Washington, D. C. for a day or two. Mrs. Crane, mother of Mrs. Mason Pratt, Steelton, is here on a visit. We are sorry to hear that little Catherine Bakeless at Milroy, is not very well. Waiting for something to turn up is one of the greatest obstacles to success. Mrs. Rumsport, cook at teachers' club, has gone for a month to her home in Huntingdon. It is now about the time of year to bring out the old and worn out line—These are melon-eholic days. There have been numerous visitors this week. Mr. Meck of town and a company went the rounds on Monday. How can you earn a dollar more quickly? Send twenty subscriptions to the RED MAN & HELPER; a dollar of the money is yours. There are those who claim that it will take a THOUSAND YEARS to do it. Read "Two Successful Indians," last page, and there are others. The new press is doing satisfactory work, and now we have authority to get a lot of new type, another small press a paper-cutter, lead-cutter and some job material, all of which long have been needed. Miss Peter has gone to Chicago to spend her vacation with mother and sisters. Mr. Warner came in from New York State on Monday, and has gone west to visit some of the Agencies in the interest of the school. When Miss Miles left for Washington, D. C., the other day for a brief vacation, it was quietly remarked as she passed out the gate—"Our Diningroom Matron will soon be miles away." She will see her Uncle Laban J. Miles, while in the Capitol City. Minnie Nick who is living in the family of Jacob Edge, Downingtown, seems to be having a great deal of enjoyment along with her work. They go in bathing in the historic Brandywine, and have what she calls a picnic every two weeks. Miss Nana Pratt spent Sunday at Steelton with her brother's family. Miss Pratt had a birthday this week, receiving gifts in remembrance, the most unique and interesting perhaps of all being a silver chain and cross from Iceland, a gift from her friend Miss Olafia Johannsdottir. If your time marks are changed do not think it strange, for we are resolving all the Helper credits down to the Red Man basis. This number is Volume 16 Number 7 according to the Red Man time. It will take four or five weeks to change all, but great care is being used to give to each his proper credit. Miss Jacobs and Miss Zeamer of the sewing department are off on their annual leave. Miss Harne returned this week, having had a pleasant vacation among friends at Chambersburg, Mt. Alto, Blue Ridge, Penn Mar, Summit, and elsewhere. She visited Dora Masta's country home while away, and reports that Dora is looking very well and happy, and has outgrown all her clothing. General Passenger Agent, Mr. Riddle, of Chambersburg, with a party of friends from a distance were interested visitors on Monday. Mr. Riddle says he never tires of visiting the Indian school, and takes great pleasure in showing the various departments to his friends. We are always glad to have him come. Mrs. Dr. Potts and her niece Miss Burgess were seen spinning on their bicycles about the grounds one evening this week, the latter having to work hard to keep up with her aunt, who is over seventy years of age. The old gentleman, known as the Man-on-the-band stand, looked upon the scene with wonder and admiration, and has since taken a new lease on life. He thinks best, however, not to order a wheel before the cool weather sets in.

At The Sunday Evening Service.

The open-air meetings on the lawn these warm Sunday evenings are much enjoyed by all who participate. On last Sunday evening, a number took part as usual, and Major Pratt made a characteristic talk of a few moments, in which he said in part: "The idler is a failure. No one ever made a success of anything unless he worked hard for it. There is no place in the busy world for the idler. He is brushed aside, thrown down, trampled upon by the busy millions who are doing the great work of the world. If you are an idler by nature, you need not remain one. A HABIT of industry may be cultivated. By energy and perseverance, the mind and body may be trained to work a prodigious number of hours and to accomplish great results. Do something to day! Do it well! Tomorrow, do more and do it better! And KEEP RIGHT at it! The BUSY people are the healthy people, the happy people, the successful people."

With Congenial People.

Miss Cutter who has spent several weeks of study at the Biological Laboratory, Cold Springs Harbor, L. I., writes an interesting letter of her work. She says in part: "We have a very congenial set of people here this summer and it seems like a big family. Every one is hard at work all day, but the evenings are given up to social life and illustrated lectures. My teacher, Dr. Cowles, of the Chicago University, is a fine instructor. Our work in Ecology (plant housekeeping) is mostly in the field. We have to compare the characteristics of fresh and of salt water plants, with those farther inland, and in order to do so we must travel over land and water, and then make charts of their habitat. The very long distances we usually cover by the help of the launch, but as we do not always have the small boat we have to wade ashore. One morning we boarded a large dredging boat and swung by the ropes to the shore. As a class we walk four, five or more miles each day and then have a conference; beside this, a lecture of one hour; and the notes of that and the field work to copy, keep us busy. The salt water bathing is very good, and we make it a duty to have a bath every day that we can find the time to do so. Dr. and Mrs. Holt, of Philadelphia are here, and I find them very interesting people. Dr. Holt has been a science teacher in the High school for many years. He has been on many scientific expeditions and was with Peary on his first trip to the north. We have a fine scientific library which we have to consult often and study from different authors. There are many excellent singers in our company and on Sunday evenings we gather on the Laboratory porch where we can look out over the water and sing hymns. In closing last evening with 'America' all rose to sing that grand old song." Miss Cutter expects to leave Cold Springs Harbor tomorrow Aug. 4, for her home in Amherst.

A New Farm.

Major Pratt and Mr. C. C. Kutz have about closed negotiations for the land known as the Kutz farm which touches our farm at one corner. It is close enough to the school for our students to work there conveniently. The lower farm, three miles away, known as the Hocker farm, will be offered for sale in September.

A Privilege.

"Kindly send me a picture of the Band. It was my privilege to hear the Band play when here last Fall and I regret now that this excellent organization has disbanded."—J. E. H., Philadelphia.

OUR GIRLS IN COUNTRY HOMES.

The friends of Felipe Amago will need an introduction to her when she returns from Dr. West's. She has gained in flesh and has a very jolly air. Felicitia Romero is one of our dainty little maidens—quite at home in the cool farm house, with the work under control, and equally so in the garden paths, cutting roses for the Carlisle visitor. A handful of wine berries and a cup of cold water were not among the least of her attentions. She is wanted there this winter. Rose Nelson is learning to cook, and she has made her country friends very fond of her. Josephine Morris has removed from Jenkintown to Tyson. Lizzie Martin has removed from Lansdowne to Colona, Md. Jemima Schanandore has removed from Colona to Jenkintown. Huldah Doxtator is spending a little time at Newtown Square. Eliza and Lucy Nauwegesic have with their country parents gone from Westtown to New Hope for the summer. While at Westtown they attended the regular meetings of the Literary Societies, and were greatly interested. They say they learned much. The Carlisle visitor found their country home on one of the intensely warm days, and the dainty tray of water ices and cakes served by Miss Eliza inspired her with "New-Hope." Laura Nalzeash who is at Plainfield N. J., has with her country mother, been spending two weeks at Rancocas, N. J. Kesetta Roosevelt has with her country parents removed from Columbus to Trenton. Emma Webster is at Havre-de-Grace, Md., and is one of the most orderly of our girls. She has the best of instruction. Annie Reinken, one of our Alaskan girls, thrives in the atmosphere of Maryland. She can make bread, Maryland biscuit, cakes, pies, and do all sorts of work. Josephine Jacques and Sara Awatum are each pleasantly located in Maryland, and are near enough to exchange visits. Louisa Christjohn is adding to her already good report. Jennie Arch and Jose Ramone are attending camp meeting with their respective country parents. Jennie gave the Carlisle visitor a piece of the beautiful chocolate cake she had that day made. Nellie Merrill at Lincoln University is a happy little girl devoted to her little country sister Mildred Lukens, while Clara Henault at Rowlandville, Md., finds a playfellow in her little country brother, Edward Hindman. Ida Wheelock and Glennie Waterman are making good records. Nancy Baker at West Grove has been learning to work. Her face is sunshiny and cheerful. Mary Tallchief enjoys her country home and wants to remain this winter. Rose Bear and her brother Harrison are very happy together in their Delaware home. They find much to talk about in the afternoon when the work is done, and they sit on the shady porch. "Faithful Rachel" Patterson is happy in her home, and we do not need to say that she is very much liked. Juliette Smith loves Ocean Grove.

BANFF'S HERD OF BUFFALO.

The Indian's friends, the Buffalo, seem to be thriving well in the National Park. In his official report to the Minister of the Interior, Superintendent Douglas says:—

In my last report I referred to the herd of buffalo that have arrived from Silver Heights during the summer. Sixteen head were wintered here without danger or much trouble and all were in excellent condition in the spring.

During the season there has been an increase of five, so that the present herd number twenty-one, eleven males and ten females.

The whole herd are now fat and in a healthy condition, and the effort put forth to preserve and so increase them must be pronounced a success.

The buffalo prove a never-failing source of attraction to all visitors to the park, and I consider that the money spent in looking after and maintaining them, as well as any additional money that may be spent in rendering Banff more attractive as a place of call for the traveling public, by procuring other animals that are indigenous to our country and climate, such as deer, moose, elk, mountain sheep, musk ox, etc., will prove not only a present but a permanent valuable investment, and add to the wealth of the Dominion generally.—[Regina, Canada, Progress.

Formerly Our Miss Gaither.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Special Indian Agent John Hawley, who has jurisdiction over a large section of the West, is now in Washington conferring with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

A short time before he left the West he visited the Umatilla School, in Oregon, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with conditions there, and studied the school generally, with a view to making what improvements were considered necessary.

In talking with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Hawley said that the Umatilla School is one of the best schools under the control of the Indian Office. He reports its superintendent, Miss Mollie V. Gaither as a lady of fine executive ability, who has established a reputation second to none in the service.

Mr. Hawley strongly recommends the erection of an additional building and a new sewer and water system for this plant.

This recommendation was submitted in writing some weeks ago, and has been approved by the Commissioner, plans and specifications for these new works now being in preparation.

The work of construction will be taken up as soon as the plans are approved, and the contract let. The new building will be used as a boys' dormitory, and will be a two-story frame building of sufficient size to meet the present demands.—[The Oregonian.

A Good One for the Shower-bath Bathers.

A Scotchman was advised to take a shower bath.

Subsequently he was met by the friend who had given him the advice.

"How did you enjoy the bath?"

"Mon," said the Scotchman, "it was fine. I liked it rale weel, and I kept myself quite dry, too."

"Why, how did you manage to take a shower-bath and yet remain dry?"

"Hoot, mon! Ye dinna surely think I was sae daft as to stand ablow the water without an umbrella?"

The Secret of a Boy's Success.

A lady once crossed a street where a small boy was busily sweeping the crossing.

She noticed with pleasure the care with which he did his work, and smiled as she said to him:

"Yours is the cleanest crossing I pass."

He lifted his cap with a gallant air, and quickly said:

"I am doing my best."

All day the words rang in her ears, and for many days afterward; and when a

friend, a rich, influential man, inquired for a boy to do errands and general work for him, she told him of the little fellow at the crossing.

"A boy who would do his best at a street crossing is worth a trial with me," said the man; and he found the boy, engaged him for a month and at the end of that time was so pleased with him that he sent him to school and fitted him for a position, which he filled with honor.

"Doing my best at the street crossing made a successful man of me," he often said in after years.

Two Successful Indians.

The world at large has, of course, long ago forgotten the tale of how the Prince of Wales, during his visit to Canada and this country in 1860, was so taken with the aptitude and brilliance of three Indian boys that he had the trio sent to England, there to be educated at his own expense. Yet two of the Prince's proteges are among the best-known men in their respective callings in Canada today.

Dr. Oronyateka, one of them, is a Mohawk chief, notwithstanding the fact that he took his M. D. degree in England before ever returning to his Native country, and now lives in one of the handsomest houses in Toronto. He is also the head of the Order of Foresters, one of the largest benefit or insurance societies in the Dominion, and, in that capacity, receives a salary, it is said, of \$50,000 a year, a sum the equal of which is paid to but one other semi-public official in Canada—the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Another of the Prince's proteges is Rev. Thomas Steinhauer, a full-blooded Chippewa, who for several years has been a most successful missionary among the Indians. He is at present Secretary of the Western Methodist Church of Canada.

As much cannot be said for most "promising" youths started with royal patronage.—[Phila. Press.

Born Too Many Days For His Understanding.

"Mamma my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"And last year it was on Sunday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did it come on Saturday year before last?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?"

Many Years Ago.

The Home Mission Monthly contains in a recent issue the following peculiar anecdote:

"The Indians at Neah Bay tell Miss Clark, the missionary, that many years ago a number of casks drifted ashore, and when opened a man was found inside each.

Most of the men were dead, but those who had survived stayed for a great many years among the Indians, marrying Indian wives, and their descendants are still among these people.

One day, however, these ship-wrecked men sighting a ship, went out to sea and never returned.

The Indians say that this was when the fathers of the oldest men were very little boys."

In The Mission Field.

Mr. Cook at Sacaton has been granted an assistant and a native woman.

A Bible reader has been granted the Papagoes.

New work has also been undertaken among the Indians at Fall River Mills, California, and among the Shoshones and Bannocks at Ross Fork, Idaho.—[Home Mission Monthly.

Progress, the bright little paper published at the Regina Industrial school Canada has closed its office until October, and we miss its semi-monthly visitations.

Not one of OUR Ministers, but the Audience Smiled.

We clip the following from a Missionary paper:

"When I think of the wonderful being that spake a universe into existence, I am overwhelmed," eloquently proclaimed a minister of great repute.

"He made the mighty leviathan, and He made the tiny animalcule.

He made the thundering Niagara, and He made the little purling brook.

He made the glacier, and He made a snowflake.

He made me, and He made a daisy."

And a smile slowly passed over his congregation.

Press Comments on the Change.

The monthly Red Man has been combined with the Indian Helper, weekly, at the Indian Industrial school at Carlisle, and the united paper comes weekly. The change will without doubt be an acceptable one to friends and subscribers and advantageous to the School. It looks more like the former Red Man and is larger than the Helper—a sheet 12x18 inches and, with the title printed in red ink, presents an attractive appearance.

To many it will have more interest, in that it seems to be worthy of attention—some people always will judge by the size. The two numbers that have reached this office seem to the Record to amply justify the change. There is found space for the longer article, as well as the short item.

The first number has a good descriptive article upon "Ramona's Country," with two illustrations, from the Chatauquan. It will aid one's understanding of the conditions under which Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona" lived.

The second number is filled with the proceedings of the Indian Teachers' Institute at Charleston, S. C. Of course it is well filled with items concerning the work—not as one might imagine, altogether with that at Carlisle. The work done elsewhere does not fail of recognition. So far as can be discovered in these pages there is no jealousy for Carlisle.

A few more years of work, such as these schools are now doing and the INDIAN problem will have disappeared. He will be thought of as an American—as he always has been and would always have shown himself to be had the opportunity been afforded him. How long it takes us sometimes to learn our lessons! We, of all people, ought to have patience with others.—[Reformatory Record, Huntingdon.

The Red Man and Helper of the Carlisle Indian Training school have united their interests. It certainly is a nice little paper in the new form.—[Haskell Leader, Lawrence, Kan.

A FEW MORE WORDS OF COMMENDATION GATHERED FROM LETTERS.

We do not intend to publish more of these, but on account of many friends who are interested to know how the union of Red Man and Helper takes with the general public, we gladly give this column again to comments.

"I very much approve of the change. I think the Red Man was too large and the Helper too small before the change was made. I think it is a nice paper."—P. E. B., Fallsington.

"I like the change."—A. S., York.

"I like the paper much in its married state."—Mrs. E. W. I. Chautauqua, N. Y.

"We all like the new paper very much."—C. U. Fleming, Pa.

"Having received the first and second number of your interesting paper in its new form, I am so well pleased with it that I cheerfully enclose the additional 25 cents, which I think is not quite sufficient

for so valuable a weekly paper."—J. D., Phila., 92 years of age.

"Just a line to congratulate you on the fine appearance of the RED MAN & HELPER. The brilliant red letters are very attractive and most appropriate. But I sincerely hope that the dear little Helper will not be entirely lost in the shadow of its big brother."—L. W. R. N. Y. City.

"I am sure that in its new form your paper will become a necessity to our Indian service people."—Mrs. J. C. L., Colo.

"RED MAN & HELPER"—I think this combination looks better and sounds better. Hope it will be better."—W. H. R., Cleveland, O.

"I think the paper is greatly improved by the Happy Union, and wish it much success. The little Helper also was always interesting."—R. P. E., Darby.

"We wish to congratulate you on the improvement of the paper, but still we miss the Helper as it made its weekly visit. We feel as though we could not do without the news from the Indian school, although mother says she liked the Helper best."—R. M. S., Hazleton.

"I don't like to receive the paper at less than half price as I understand your terms, so will enclose 25 cents, hoping this will be just to you. I like the combined issue very much."—V. C. J., Pittsburg.

"I hail with delight the RED MAN & HELPER. Have been a subscriber for several years for the Helper and have welcomed it with great pleasure each week, and most certainly want to welcome it merged as it is in the Red Man."—Miss M. R. A., Xenia, O.

"The union of the little paper is nice, I think. The little Helper was a very superior little paper and so was the Red Man and I can trust the union with confidence."

"THE RED MAN & HELPER looks fine. The dear little old Helper is dead, not exactly dead but tacked onto another. I like the form and 'get up' of the newly-born combination, but don't like the change. I did like the dear old Helper, just as it was. It was not so pretty to look at, but it was like our little white dog—so cute and smart; so fresh, and original and different from anything else in the dog line or in the journalistic line. I thought it was successful. Why the change?"—J. C., San Francisco.

"THE RED MAN & HELPER is certainly a jewel. It is clean and has helpful thoughts and is a welcome friend, more so on account of my father who was a soldier and was an Indian fighter in the seventies with Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), but now has a very friendly and warm heart for the Indian and proud of their advancement in all that is good and noble."—I. V. L., Lancaster.

"Think the union of the two papers a great improvement and liberal toward the subscribers."—J. P., Phila.

Enigma.

I am made of 26 letters.

My 3, 2, 13, 7, 12, 18, 4, 1 is the training all Indian boys must get if they would hold their own with thrifty people of the world.

My 8, 21, 20, 22, 9, 23, 18 is the small talk of a child.

My 25, 6, 5 is the name of a common kind of electric light.

My 19, 24, 15, 11, 16, 18 is an animal on the plains very familiar to Indians and other western people.

My 17, 20, 14, 10, 9, is a practice.

My 4, 9, 21, 26, 18 is a long step.

My whole is what the Man-on-the-band-stand would rather have just now, this month of August, than anything he can think of.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Roasting ears.