The Red Man and Helper.

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OUR LITTLE MABEL AND HER DOLL.

As Interpreted by Matron Miss Sabin, Whose Room She Visited.

"I want you at my doll to look,
In her new dress of black,
Yesterday, I the scissors took
And cut it out a sack—
And then I changed my mind
The way her dress to make,
Looked into fashion book to find
Some way that would not take
Up all my time, and then this waist
Seemed better far to me;
So I began at once to baste,
And tried it on to see
How it would fit my dollie dear;
And there, too, was the sleeve
Both exact size so very near,
That I could soon believe
My Emily would have a dress
Fit to be worn by queen.
And really now, won't you confess,
The style that you have seen
Is to my doll becoming quite?
And with her hair tied back,
Now don't you think she's out of sight,
And nothing does she lack?
Clean, neat and plain, without much fuss,
All ready for inspection,
I always mean to keep her thus,
And in the right direction.
Her manners, too, I'll take in charge.
And see she don't have any
Faults that are so very large,
Or furbelows too many.

And now she needs a little rest,
I'll put her in her bed
For sleep, for tired dolls is best."
And then "Goodbye," she said.

TI-RA-WA-HUT—THE GODS ABORIGINAL.

Harry E. Burgess, in "Anglo-American."

[The writer of this paper having lived in his youth among the Indians of the plains, and having thereby gained a true knowledge of their customs, traditions and religious beliefs, is enabled to treat his subject not only interestingly, but with authenticity—a factor that is so often either sadly ignored or else lacking in the chronicles of this interesting people. It is of the Pawnees that he writes positively, having been in close companionship with the warrior chiefs and medicine men of these heroic prairie Bedouins, and also of their life-long enemies, the Sioux, or Dakotas (La-ko-ta). Speaking the Indian language like a native, his opportunities for studying the life of the native North American were unusual, and the paper he presents follows—perhaps semi-unconsciously—the true rythmic flow of the Indian style of expression. It is the INDIAN'S Indian, portrayed from the native viewpoint, and intended to be without prejudice and non-argumentative. If in certain passages the writer's sympathies seem to color his language, it should be understood that he is recording from the wild free life of his youth, and the recollections of his trusted savage companions. But, with all his Indian proclivities, Mr. Burgess is very much "a white man." Although he has not sought public favor as a writer, he has contributed to the Government Bureau of Ethnology through other writers. It was only by urgent solicitation that this paper was secured. His sketch "The Silver Water," his verses to "H. H." (the author of "Ramona,") and his tribute to Joaquin Miller have, however, made him many friends.—ED. Anglo-American.

Where mammoth rocks rise toward infinity—a formidable barrier walling the West; where giant waterways flow toward the rising sun, and grassy plains extend in undulating reaches in seeming boundlessness—here, in the center of created things, TI-RA-WA-HUT placed THE PEOPLE. On Missouri's banks, or by the silver-shining Platte, or yet the Smoky Hill, or bending Arkansas, or by the great southern Rio Grande, now here, now there, now roving, again consolidating in their ephemeral abodes, creatures of circumstance, the people dwelt ever in the overruling care of the gracious gods—Ti-ra-wa-hut.

Great was the wisdom of Ti-ra-wa-hut, and great was their love for the people in giving them existence, and thus placing them upon a created portion at once so wonderful and grand Here in comfort and delight they might dwell, privileged to roam at will and seek whatsoever they might desire.

For the subsistence of THE PEOPLE, TI-RA-WA-HUT made the buffalo to roam the earth and feed upon the grasses From TI-RA WA-HUT the first created people learned the art of working flint to use as knives and to tip the winged arrow or warrior's lance. Likewise THE PEOPLE were given certain seeds—chiefly the mottled corn, to be cultivated by the women folks. Most of the animals created were the friend of man. The grizzly bear was his most terrible and most worthy animal foe. The savage warrior studied the grizzly's life, even to the minutest detail, emulated him in war, adorned his breast with the grizzly's giant claws and instituted sacred ceremonies in his ursine honor.

There were Semi-religious ceremonies, as well, for the buffalo, the source of man's subsistence, and great manifestation of the kindness of TI-RA-WA-HUT toward THE PEOPLE. Rigid forms were observed at the year's first chase. The wise men exhorted the people at the season's opening feast. TI-RA-WA-HUT must first be blessed and burnt offerings made, before a morsel of the all gracious gift should be tasted. Any infractions of these laws, or religious customs, were met with terrible punishment—even death to the perpetrator. Futhermore, untold evils would befall the people for many months to come, perhaps beyond the power of the mystery-workers to assuage.

The sun (sa-coo ru) is to a degree deified. The moon is addressed mother (atira,) in a sense of divinity. Powers reside in earth as well. When the redstone pipe is filled with aromatic sumac and tobacco, and lighted, the first puffs of smoke are blown skyward to TI-RA-WA-HUT with words of grace; then toward the earth and the four points upon the horizon—the region of cold, of the warm winds, of the rising and of the setting sun. All wonders of creation are of divine origin, and are possessed, in a degree, of divinity.

We may use the present tense advisedly, as many of the aboriginal customs are still perpetuated out in the western wilds, where God has chosen to place a people of whom it were but the solemn truth to say: They are the most earnestly and naturally religious of the races.

The Caucasian seeks God amongst the musty manuscripts unearthed from antique heathendom, when men scrawled upon stones or shaped them to their fancy and fell to worshiping their own product. Again, in the chaos of controversy over the compiled history of the white man's God—authority stacked upon authority of man-made books—thus far shalt thou believe, reader, and no farther!—With all this august, ponderous array, what have we learned? One simple, significant truth—that we know nothing. If there be one who knows, proclaiming to know, let him stand forth, and, behold—a trespasser!

Then deride not the simple savage and his nature-worship. To the warrior in his native state all is sacred, all is of God He needs no printed page to show him Deity. To him Omnipotence is evident in everything he sees and hears, and in the silent promptings of his inner self. Standing in the forest's shade, where flows the deep, still stream, or on some lone promontory of the barren plain, or on the mountain's crest, or in the dark canon's depths, by day or in the watches of the night, he contemplates creation and creation's God. The tiny green growing things besides the stream, the age worn tree, the stars that illumine space, the snow-crowned peaks, the eagle poising high in air, the fishes darting in the stream—these are given life and are guarded by Ti-ra-wa-hut, as well as the human creation.

When thunders roar and vibrate throughout the heavens, then Ti-ra-wa-hut are holding council. The lightnings flash their mandates. The storm is but an expression of their power. When the storm is under way, the savage places twigs of fragrant cedar upon the burning coals of his rude hearth, and says smilingly to those assembled, "Thus will Ti-ra-wa-hut be pleased." Little savage children play out in the storm. No fear is in their hearts—the Gods will rule. The warrior going into battle strips himself to adorn his nude body with white clay; then, darkening his face with charred embers, and with the tail feathers of the white-and-black-tailed eagle streaming from his hair, he mounts his painted horse, bids defiance to the fates, chants his savage anthem of praise to the Gods, and, singing, smiling, he plunges to his death If he returns victorious, Ti-ra-wa-hut have preserved him!

Death! To the white man it brings terror. The white man praises God, and doubts Him in the same breath. To the Pawnee it is simply the pleasure of "them above." Man's existence has its earthly beginnings and its endings. The Gods rule Would you know more of God than is already manifest? The Indian says, No

The Caucasian deludes himself that he is ever ascertaining more, getting nearer to God, probing the great mysterious Beyond. The self-delusion terminates in doubt and chaos of reasoning. Civilization exiles itself from God; then, at a distance, criticises and cross-examines the Supreme. The Indian, sitting upon a rug of rushes in his humble lodge, calls his savage offspring to his side and says: "Life is difficult, my son. Be courageous; look straight ahead; be not of two minds at once. God is above. When in battle win or perish. Ask TI-RA-WA-HUT to help you. They are supreme. God loves the people. Be brave."

It was the despised Sitting Bull Ta-tonk-io-ta-ke who said:

"God made me what I am. What I am, I will live and die. Why should I be a white man? You whites have your Great Book to guide you. You say it is God's work. You ask me to follow in your pathway. We have not been able to believe the white man in the many things he has said to us in taking from us our possessions. How can we believe you about your God? The LA KO-TAH (Sioux) has his God as well. If our God had wished us to be like you, why were we not created so? You came to us with your Book of God and your whiskey. Since we met the white man we have lost all that we had. Now I am old. I dwell like the coyote, in a burrow. My bed is the earth. If I hunger I must forage like the animals, or starve. But God sees me, poor and old and suffering, and it is well Only leave me alone. It is all I ask. Go, trust in your own God, as I trust in mine. I feel that there is still something that you seek to take from me. My life is all that is left me—and this spot of earth. Here I was born. Here I shall die. There was a day when we could put ten thousnd mounted warriors in the field. You feared us then. Now, in my helplessness, you despise me, and when I am about to die you tell me I must be a white man. No! say to the Government. No! the Sitting Bull says. No! Seize me, imprison me, kill me—TA-TONK IO TA-KE will not go. (He had been ordered to leave his lonely hut on Grand River and go to the Agency at Standing Rock—to be brought dead or alive.) Here I am; from here I will not move! I ask for nothing. WA KON TONKA will protect me! The God of the Lakotahs rules over all"

The animals, God's creatures, have their due share of the Indian's devotion, religiously. To the LA-RHU-RA HKI (animal kind) Ti-ra-wa-hut gave some secrets. The wolf warns his human brother of impending danger. Spirits of the slain reappear upon the battle-field to communicate with the living. Many men have foretold their death, and have prophesied events This power comes from living in closer touch than the common person with Ti-ra wa-hut. "Man Chief," the great chief of the Pawnees, heard his death announced in the thunders of the sky.

The Indian is not an infidel, is not a blasphemer. In his language there is no profanity. He is not naturally our enemy. If we had treated him fairly he would have been well civilized long ago But he mistrusts us, religion and all. The story of the great Redeemer appeals to him and commands his respect and admiration. Certain church rites have their fascination for his romantic moods. His code is simple, as is everything in his life. Part false, all false, he reasons. Once untrue, never true.

Thus the white Christian is barred out from the Indian's perfect confidence and respect. Civilization—another name for egotism and aggression—stamps him as pagan and superstitious; regards him as a mere object of contempt—an obstruction in the giant pathway of progress. In his true nature, sincere, spontaneous, optimistic, the Indian, when confronted by persons whom he mistrusts, is at once transformed; his face assumes an immobility, his manner a cold reserve, that would do credit to a drawing-room of the elite. Herein is asserted his artistic temperament—and in our blindness and prejudice we call him "treacherous."

We have but to bring to the subject a mind unbiased and an open heart, to discover the Indian's sacred alliance with the visible creation and his sympathy with nature. Comprehending him in his original character we see why, oppress him or crush him as we may under the iron heels of progress, he clings to the faith of his fathers, through life and death. Of this faith we cannot rob him. Amidst chaotic conditions he lives in serenity. He ignores the vaunted civilization which so despises him. He trusts in his savage God. He hopes, without vain explorations into the Beyond, Ti-ra-wa-hut rule over all. He dares to die. At best life is but a struggling for, a dream of, harmony. Knowing this, the Indian bides his fate. He reads a message in the burning star; sees a prophetic vision in the mirrored lake; hears the Voice Divine in falling leaf or cataract's crescendo; and when the crescent moon on summer's eve is seen caressing the saddened earth, the happy voices of Indian youth may be heard upon the night-wind, chanting their savage prayer Where the snow-crowned Sierras slope toward the Golden Gate a great singer sits in life's decline. He has deigned to call the Indian "brother." In God-made mausoleum—a Colorado mountain-top—the illustrious "H. H." was laid to rest.

The sainted singer felt their wrong—
Ramona's face
She saw beatified. Her song
Uplifts a race!

THE REDMAN 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.

Home experiences! Where can such experiences be obtained except in a HOME?

The day is not far distant when positions of honor and trust will be closed to cigarette smokers.

The use we make of money is an indication of our character. What do we like best to do with our money? Answer that question and we have a genuine test of our own inner selves.

'Conscious capacity gives confidence and ease" is as true of Indians as of other people. Then all we have to do is to place them or encourage them to so place themselves that they can acquire this conscious capacity in the easiest and speediest manner. Can it be acquired better in surroundings where the majority are incapacitated, or in with people of large capacity and willingness where positiveness and necessity to move rules?

Some people complain that the returned student does not "fit in" anywhere on the reservation. We should hope not. A promising little shoot is taken up, roots and all, from a small hole in the ground The plant is transplanted, nurtured and every condition furnished to further its development. The small plant grows into a great oak. Strange, that the enlarged plant will not fit in the same little hole from which it was taken! Ulysses Ferris' letter last week shows the broadening effect of travel and experience, and yet there are those who think that the knowledge CARRIED TO Indian students in home schools is good enough for them, and they would hinder their going out into the broader world to gather up information and experience for themselves

THE PIMAS.

A special despatch from Los Angeles to the Globe-Democrat has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that a movement is under way which it is hoped will furnish relief for the starving Indians of the Pima and Gila reservations in Arizona. Thomas E. Hughes, a prominent orchardist of Fresno County, is here to enlist the service of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies in transporting a large number of the Indians to the San Joaquin Valley, where there is a great demand for labor in securing the fruit and raisin crop

The railroads are ready to cooperate in the plan and will furnish cheap transportation, and the growers will pay the bill, deducting the amount later from the wages of the Indian.

The Indians are especially desired for the picking of the apricot and grape crops, a large portion of which threatens to go to waste for the want of labor to gather it Men, women and children can be used for the work till December. Those in charge of the reservation have been communicated with and have given official sanction to the proposed movement, although the necessary authority to remove the Indians has not yet been obtained from Washington. These Indians have always been peaceful and industrious, but a lack of water has made their lands unproductive and they are suffering severely.

AN EXCELLENT MOVE.

Information that the Pima Indians of Arizona are to be transferred bodily to Southern California to find work in the great fruit orchards because of water famine at their Arizona homes is the first move of that kind for Indians that we have any recollection of.

Indians have been moved as tribes many times, but in nine cases out of ten the move was always to a more barren place, and further away from civilized contact, therefore calculated to depress and destroy them.

In this case they are to be removed from contact with unfriendly whites to contact with whites who wish to help them. For many years they have been entirely self-supporting, because they had the water of the Gila River for irrigation, but Anglo-Saxons moved in above them on the river and absorbed all the water, so that for several years back they have had no crops, and it has now become necessary to make Government appropriations to feed them. They have good productive lands which with all willingness on their part cannot be farmed for want of water.

As is usually the case, the white man ultimately gets the benefit, for, after the Indians are away, and their present lands are opened for settlement, speculative white men will devise means to get water on the land, and this large tract becomes valuable again, and supports a considerable population.

If white men had occupied the land originally, the white men above would not have been allowed to rob them of water rights.

These conditions, however, are not especially to the point in considering the present welfare of the Indians. What the Indians need everywhere is not only enough intelligence and ability to use property but the added courage to protect and defend it.

In his battle for the necessities of life in competition with the white man he needs the same intelligence and the same courage to use that intelligence that the white man has. These qualities are not to be acquired enmasse or through any mass devices that have so far been originated or probably ever will be originated.

The inutility of home schools, the sending of a farmer or two, an industrial teacher or two, etcetera, to give to a tribal mass of people these qualites is again for the hundredth time demonstrated in the case of the Pima Indians.

As a starter on the upward road, it is a move of greatest value to remove the people from their old oppressive contact and surroundings into better surroundings and better contact where there are facilities for employment.

This we understand is what is proposed. The people of California want assistance to gather the great fruit crops

Help is scarce. They will give the homes and employment that the Pimas so much need and which is the one essential thing to save them from the destructive, pauperizing influences of food without labor.

Of course they cannot all be employed in one locality. The Indians must scatter, will come far more in contact with the whites and will thus learn the methods of the whites, gain the courage and intelligence necessary to succeed in competing with the whites.

Guard their landed rights in Arizona and let the Pimas go and help the fruit growers of California, and they may yet become industrious and capable of holding their own even in Arizona.

Good Enough.

Charles Kie, an Indian 27 years old, educated at Carlisle, Pa., who has had charge of the Santa Fe Pacific coaling station at Laguna N. M. for the past six years, has been appointed foreman of coaling stations between Albuquerque and Seligman, Arizona. His district extends over about 400 miles and the salary is $150 a month. He supplies all coal stations with laborers from the Pueblo Indians of Laguna.—Copper Era.

FROM THEIR OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Mr. Mathewson, the agent at Omaha agency, Nebraska, tells us that "quite a marked advance has been made by the Omahas during the year. They are more industrious, are doing better farming, building houses, have more stock—in short, the outlook for them is very encouraging," They have now in force over 1,300 leases.

Agent Bingenheimer at Standing Rock says:

"I am becoming more and more convinced that the operation of the civil-service law is a detriment to the service. Transfers are constantly made from one agency to another, and in eight cases out of ten they are recommended simply because it is the easiest way to get rid of an inefficient employee."

Agent MacNichols at Colorado River, Arizona, contrasts the reservation Mohaves with a band of 1,300 living off the reservation and outside of Government control at Needles, "a prey to the vices and greed of a border railroad and a mining town." They have not, he says, made the slightest advance in civilization; while at his agency "civilized garb prevails, and there has not been a case of drunkenness for years." Mr. MacNichols offers these facts as a complete reply to "those well-meaning people who write of the evils of the agency system." Beyond a doubt it is quite as necessary to break up the tribe as to abolish the agency.

Agent Honnell at the Pottawottomie and Great Nemaha agency in Kansas protests against the system of leasing Indian lands. "When an Indian leases his land," says Mr. Honnell, "he stops work, loses interest in his home, frequently sells his small holdings of stock and consumes his time in visiting and in extravagant and riotous living. Moreover the system involves the breaking and cultivation of lands of minors, as every Indian who leases wants the greatest possible income from the lands; and when the minor reaches mature age and receives his land, it will in all probability be worn out and weed-poisoned. and lost to him as have been the proceeds during his minority."

INDIAN SHOOL SERVICE PROBATIONAL APPOINTMENTS.

Elva E. Compton, Wisconsin, to Asst. Matron at Tomah, Wis; Erwin L. Babcock, of Ohio, to Industrial Teacher at Pierre, S. D; Alvena Muhmel, of South Dakota, to Cook at Pierre, S. D; Mary J Bristow, of Kans, to Laundress at Mescalero, N. M.; Walter G. West, of Minn., at Yankton, S. D., as Farmer; Lida C Sabin. of Ohio, to Asst. Matron at Carlisle, Pa.; Fred A. Foote, of S. D., to Asst Engineer at Pine Ridge, S. D.; Ephraim P. Higgins, of Ariz, as Carpenter; Mat thew A Farley, of Mo., to Indust. Teacher at Nevada, Nev.; Chas S. Bennett. of Ill, to Industrial Teacher at Crow Creek, S. D.; Gertrude A. Olson, of Minn., as Laundress at Red Lake, Minn.; Thos F. Percival. of Kans., as Carpenter at Chilocco, Okla.; Ernest E. Wyatt, of Wis., as Farmer at Pipestone, Minn.,

Appointments—Indian.

Martin D. Archiquette, of Wis., as Industrial Teacher at Green Bay, Wis; John Lemeux, of Wis., as Industrial Teacher at Omaha. Nebr.; Sam H. Allen, of S. D, as Asst Farmer at Flandreau, S. D.; Julia Wheelock, of Wis., as Laundress at Shoshone, Wyo; William Balmer, of Minn., as Asst. Disclpn. at Haskell; Ernest Robitaille, of Kans., as Nightwatchman at Haskell; Fred Shiffbauer. of I. T., as Wagonmaker at Haskell; Blanche Goings, of S. D., as Asst. Matron, Genoa; Maggie Brunson, of Minn., to Asst. Matron, Flandreau; Annie M. Morton, of N. M., as Asst. Clerk at Carlisle; Annie Kowuni, of N. M., as Asst. Clerk, Carlisle; Sarah E. Smith, of Wis., at Carlisle as Librarian; Alice E. Lane, of Wash., at Puyallup, Wash., as Asst. Matron; Nugen Kautz, of Wash., at Puyallup, Wash., as Engineer; Charles Varner, of Wash., at Puyallup, Wash., as Carpenter; Lena Gutierrez, of N. M., as Asst. Seamstress at Albuquerque; Harry Montoya, of Ariz., at Albuquerque, N. M., as Laborer; Morgan Kazhe, of Ariz, as Laborer at Rainy Mountain, Okla.; Mollie Wolfseye, of N. D., at Ft. Berthold as Asst. Matron; Rho da Parker, of Mont., at Ft. Shaw as Asst. Cook; Archie Crotzer, of I. T., at Chilocco, Okla., as Asst. Engineer; Myrtle Smith, of I. T., at Chilocco, as Asst. Seamstress; Elmer Wheeler, of Okla., at Osage, as Shoe and Harnessmaker; Joseph Tanam, of Calif., at Ft. Yuma, Ariz., Laborer; Peter Carron, of S D., at Grace, S. D, Industrial Teacher; Lottie O. Horne, of Cal., at Hoopa, Cal., as Asst Matron; Clara Meredith, of Iowa, at Haskell as Seamstress; Frank Ray, of I. T., at Quapaw as Industrial; Ida J. Allen, at Seneca, as Matron; Daniel Graham, of Nebr., at Santee, Nebr., as Laborer; Ellen King, of Minn., at Leech Lake as Laundress; John W. Gostin of Okla, at Kaw, Okla., as Farmer; Carrie M. Hamlin, of I. T., at Rice Station, Ariz., Asst. Matron; Grace Bonser, of S D., at Pipestone, Minn., as Laundress; John Moore, of Nev., at Carson, Nev, as Industrial Teacher.

Changes.

Edward Yankton, Assistant Mechanic, Pine Ridge, S. D.; James Hairy Bird and Joseph Jarvis, Laborers, Pine Ridge, S. D., vice Eugene Hairy Bird and Charles Livermont; Charles Decora, Blacksmith, Omaha and Winnebago, Nebr., vice Thomas Van Buren; Zedo Rencountre, Assistant Carpenter, Lower Brule, S. D., vice Thomas Bow; Martin Branchar, Blacksmith, White Earth, Minn., vice Charles Horn; Frank Redcloud, Assistant Wagonmaker, Green Bay, Wis., vice John Shopwosicka, promoted; Joseph Nimrod, Tinner, Yankton, S. D., vice E. Sherman; Simon Antelope, Judge, Yankton, S. D., vice C. Morgan; George Brown, Carpenter, Omaha and Winnebago, vice Charles H. Prophet; Fred Peshe, Teamster, Flathead, Mont., vice Richard McLeod; Charles Little Cloud, Assistant Butcher, Pine Ridge, S. D, vice Oliver Goodshield; Henry S. Soldier, Jr., Laborer, Pine Ridge, S. D.; Charles J. Thunderbeard. Assistant Butcher, Pine Ridge, S D.; Tonie Wat-lam-at, Teamster, Yakima, Washington, vice James Butler; Frank Prudom, Constable, Osage, Okla.; Fieldy Sweezy, Assistant Butcher, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okl., vice Pat Maloy, promoted; Francis Corbett, Blacksmith, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., vice Fall Leaf Cornelius; Mint, Harnessmaker, Crow, Mont., vice George Thomas; Robert Raiseup and Redshirt, Assistant Farmers, Crow, Mont., vice C Clawson and Henry Reed; David Dawes, Pretty Paint and John Wallace, Laborers, Crow, Mont., vice William Stewart, Strikes His Enemy Pretty and Frank Bethune; Yellow Hair, Assistant Butcher, Crow Creek, S. D, vice Day; Edward P. H. Ashley and Mark Wells, Additional Farmers, Crow Creek, S. D; Half Day, Assistant Carpenter, Crow Creek, S D., vice Henry Jacobs; John Charging Hawk, Carpenter's Apprentice, Crow Creek, S.D., vice Geo. Banks, Jr.; Day, Blacksmith's Apprentice, Crow Creek. S D., vice Joshua Crow; Joe Grease, Daniel Fire Cloud, and Touched, Judges, Crow Creek, S D., vice Wounded Knee, Truth Teller, and Kills Many; Ralph Caesar and Bert McNeal, Additional Farmers, Hoopa Valley, Calif., vice Frank Gardner and Jim Hostler; Antonio Trujillo, Assistant Farmer, Southern Ute, Colo; John Ground, Asst. Mechanic, and Nick Green, Laborer, Blackfeet, Mont.; George Horn, Assistant Farmer, Blackfeet, Mont., vice Ben De Roche; Stabs Down, John Morgan, and August Hunsberger, Laborers, Blackfeet, Mont, vice Richard Calf Robe, Alfred Calf Robe, and Frank Calf Robe; Paul Brings Grub, Stableman, William Jefferson, Assistant Carpenter, and Chas. Mocca-in, Blacksmith, all at Cheyenne River, S. D, vice Albert J. Hobrough, Edward Bird Necklace, and William Sheppard; Charles Brave and John Kills Ree, Assistant Butchers, Pine Ridge S D., vice Harry C. A. Them and Robert Yellow Boy; Chas H. Beaulieu, Superintendent of Logging, Leach Lake, Minn., vice J W Allen; Scout, Assistant Farmer, Fort Peck, Mont., vice Russell Harrison; Jesse Lucas, Carpenter and Blacksmith, Pima, Ariz; Eddie Morea, Herder, Jicarilla, N. M, vice Ruben Springer; Clara Road, Assistant Hospital Nurse, Cheyenne River, S. D., vice Clara B. Price.

Promotions.

James Black Horse, from Assistant Butcher to Butcher, Pine Ridge, S. D., vice Joseph S F. House; John Shopwosicka, from Assistant Wagonmaker to Wagonmaker, Green Bay, Wis., vice Mitchell Mahkimetas; Pat Maloy, from Assistant Butcher, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., to Assistant Farmer, same agency, vice Arnold Woolworth, resigned; Sam Long, from Blacksmith, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., to Blacksmith and Butcher, same agency; Thomas W. Tuttle, from Interpreter, Crow Creek, S. D., to Herder, same agency, vice Ben White; Nicolas Jeantet, from Assistant Farmer, Southern Ute, Colo., to Farmer, same agency; Truby Iron Moccasin, from Assistant Carpenter, Cheyenne River, S. D., to Stableman, same agency; William Bellanger, from Interpreter at Leech Lake, Minn., to Laborer, same agency.

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

Please pass the lemon-ade!

The outing rules are being revised.

The girls' quarters are being calsomined.

Who is the jackstones fiend so talked about!

The smoke stack seems to be at a stand-still.

This last cool wave got a little overheated on the way.

Mr. Beitzel and A. J. Standing, Jr., are at the sea-shore.

Mrs. Miller came out to our evening service last Sunday.

Lucentia Billings dined in town on Sunday, with Miss Harne.

Mrs. Gallop, of Jersey City, is visiting her sister Mrs. Thompson.

Dr. Eastman has returned from his tour among the students on farms.

Printer Moore can testify to a certainty that these ARE meloncholic days.

"I'll bet you a pie," is becoming trite. Better spend your pennies for fruit.

Professor Bakeless has returned, and is busy moving into their new cottage.

The new end of the steam plant building is getting the regulation coat of wash.

The mosquito maketh himself conspicuous in these parts by his absence this summer.

Mr. Brock sang a beautiful baritone solo, on Sunday afternoon, at our regular chapel exercises.

A new feature of taps the last evening or two is a second bugle playing alto. It sounds sweetly.

Rachel Washington seems to think she and her country sister have more fun than any two girls in the land.

Another vigorous talk from Major Pratt was listened to with interested attention at the Sunday evening service.

James Arnold, graduate of Chilocco, has come to Carlisle to attend Commercial College in town, and will board at the school.

Miss Meagher thinks that the sun should not only be arrested for scorching the past few days, but that it should be put in the guard-house to cool off.

Miss Annie Morton, class '98, Miss Ely's competent and faithful assistant has gone to the shore for a little rest. She and Mrs. Canfield met at Ocean Grove.

It would be quite appropriate during the warm wave for persons to greet each other as the Egyptians of old are said to have done: "How is your perspiration?"

When our boys want pie other than Government, it is quite the common thing to call it "Citizen-pie," and they get them from the baker when he comes.

Miss Lydia Gardner came in from Lansdowne Tuesday evening to spend a few days with Miss Finley, previous to the latters departure for her post of duty in the West.

Sarah Pierre, is away on her vacation, having gone to Ocean City to be with the girls at Mrs. Canfield's and to catch a whiff of those ocean breezes that Miss Barr talks so much about since her return.

Pearle Hartley and a few others of the piano pupils practice faithfully daily, although it is vacation time. Pearle entertained the girls after assembly meeting on Monday night with several pretty solos.

At first glance one might think that the Band picture was too highly colored. Some say the Indians are not copper-colored as they are called. Go stand by the large walnut tree some evening when our students are on dress-parade about the time of sun-set. As the line faces west, this aristocratic color of the Indian shows itself to a marked degree.

There is only one danger when Beaver is at the sewing-machine in the tailor shop these days, he might melt the needles, so rapidly does he make the wheels go around.

Little mementos in the shape of sections of sugar-cane, a toy fiddle, and calabash-fruit basket, native work of the Porto Rican school students were received by several here, from Miss Ericson.

Miss Bowersox returned for a day or two on her way home from Martha's Vineyard. She looked so burned that the Man on-the-band-stand thought she was blushing all the time.

Our new press is so like a hungry monster that it takes all that an expert feeder can give it, and its continual cry is for more. We think a 20,000 dose would satisfy its hunger. Help us to feed it!

When the Red Man and the Helper joined hands, we printed the heading in red ink to make it surely read (red), but now being assured that it is read without that we go back to the regulation black

Lulu Coates thinks that if some people "did not buy so many fine clothing they could be able to pay 25 cents for this paper," and the Man-on-the-band-stand is disposed to think that Lulu is quite right

On invitation of Mrs. Prickett, Miss Miles is spending a fortnight at Sunny side, Adams county. We have seen such a large side of the sun this week, that it makes us warm to write the name of the place.

The Band pictures are still going, but there are some left yet. A renewal of subscription or new name secures one free. It is an excellent lithograph in colors, 11x13 and the likenesses of the boys are good.

If you are receiving two copies of our paper and have paid for one only, kindly advise us, for your name has been placed on the galley twice by mistake, and that mistake is easily made when the subscriber forgets to say "Renewal."

Our former Principal, Miss Fisher, now of the Genoa Nebraska, Indian School, attended the Charleston Institute and did not stop to see her old friends at Carlisle. This we regret, and she says the same thing of herself. She is now at her home in Detroit Michigan.

Nellie Orme subscribes for a little cripple lad in the country, for our paper which is published "by his red skinned brothers." She was delighted with a recent visit from Mrs. Dorsett. She finds time to take some pictures with her kodak, which she very much enjoys.

Miss Carter is now visiting her brother the Professor at Norfolk, Connecticut Professor Carter and family have returned from Scotland this summer where they have been spending a year or two. One of the children says he does not like Scotland, but that they have better oatmeal there than in America.

Messrs. Bevan and Mauer, of Mahanoy City, were guests of Professor Bakeless on Wednesday. The latter was a classmate of Professor's at Lafayette College. The gentlemen were on a bicycle tour to Mt. Gretna and Gettysburg. Mr. Mauer was ill on Wednesday evening and could not go to the latter place.

When one of the boys with a huge water-melon was seen wending his way from the trolley car to a cool place on the campus Tuesday night, he said he was going to play foot ball. It was suggested that he would take the part of full back, but the Man-on-the-band stand thought it would more likely be full stomach.

On Saturday morning Dr. Anna M. Longshore Potts left the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Burgess, for Philadelphia, patients there demanding her attention On the same evening, Dr. Rebecca Longshore, of California, sister-in-law of the patient arrived. Mrs. Burgess sat up for an hour on Wednesday for the first, but has not been able to be out of bed since. She is gradually gaining strength, however, and if no complications set in is practically out of danger.

Interesting Visitors.

Miss Methvin and Miss Burton, of the Methvin Institute, Anadarko, Oklahoma, were interesting visitors for a few hours, this week. That part of Indian Territory was Mr. Standing's first stamping ground among the Indians a quarter of a century ago, and the conversation at the table during the stay of the young ladies was interesting as our Assistant Superintendent reminisced and asked questions, which were answered by the visitors in an entertaining way. Major and Mrs. Pratt are well acquainted with that section of the country, too, as it was at Ft. Sill, in Southwestern Indian Territory that Major Pratt was detailed by the army to take charge of hundreds of Indian prisoners. Miss Methvin is a daughter of Rev. J. J. Methvin who visited the school a few months since, and who is the author of "Andele or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive," a very interesting story of Indian life.

Football has taken a start among the amateur amateurs the past few evenings. Capt. Coleman's team alias "Harvard" met Capt. Roberts' team, alias "U. P" and was defeated in four games straight, the U. P's winning the last by a score of 20 to 0. The games are sort of "feelers" and are played on the south grounds for evening past time, and without training The regular players will not go into training before September.

Trout Fishing.

Sara Kennedy, 1900, who is at Hoopa Valley as an employee of the school has been out trout fishing several times and has had some success. She wishes her Carlisle friends could dine with her. The children of the school are out camping for a vacation, and Sara says they are having delightful times. There is nothing quite so charming as to go camping in the woods of California, she thinks. Sara likes the paper since the two were united but like hundreds of others she was so fond of the little Helper that she dislikes to think of it as dead. She is enjoying her work now, and likes the Hoopa Valley school.

Townsites in the Indian Territory.

Secretary Hitchcock has decided to aid the Dawes Commission in its work among the Five Civilized Tribes by giving governmental recognition and advantages first to those tribes which agree to treaties with the commission, so says a special to the Globe Democrat.

It further says that acting on this plan the Interior Department will not permit the laying out and survey of townsites in the Cherokee Nation until the Cherokees have treated with the Dawes Commission and the treaty has finally been ratified by Congress.

Some of Our Pupils May Know Her.

Mrs Lyon Douglass, of Menominee, Mich., closes a business letter with this interesting incident:

"When my father brought his family to the wilds of Northern Michigan, in 1853, the Menominee Indians had not yet been removed to their reservation at Keshena, and we knew a good many of them.

Some of them live here yet and are as civilized as anybody. More so than the majority of the Canada branch who live here.

Later, I lived in Ft. Howard, Wis., where I knew a good many of the Oneidas, their reservation adjoining Ft. Howard, now Green Bay on the west.

The parents of some of your pupils used to trade at my father's store, where I was book keeper, and I knew some of your Oneida pupils when they were little folks,"

Mrs. A. Ward, of the Battleford, Sask. Indian School, Canada, often thinks, she says, What a privilege the pupils and staff have, who receive their training at the Carlisle school.

BRIEFS.

A good man and a prominent one in Cherokee Affairs, Judge Jackson Christie, died last week at Tahlequah, Indian Territory. His acquaintance was extensive says the Indian Sentinel, having served in the Cherokee National Council for a number of years, which placed him in a position to meet and confer with the great minds of the Cherokee Nation.

C. N., of Trotwood, Ohio, likes the RED MAN & HELPER because "it is a clean paper, with much in a small space and especially elevating with no immoral advertisements—a Redman helper. Then why not a helper to all who read it, and so cheap as to be within the reach of the poorest."

The Genoa Indian Baseball team won two games from the Columbus, Nebraska, team recently.

Robert Matthews, '91, who was one of the printer boys while going to school at Carlisle, works once in a while when needed in the Courier office, Pawnee, Oklahoma. Stacy Matlack is in one of the Banks of the same city, and Phebe Howell is employed at the school.

They have cool nights and plenty of rain out in Nebraska according to the Indian News of the Genoa School.

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan., is to have a school building worth $25,000, a laundry worth $5,000, a shop building worth $2 000 and a steam heating plant worth $10,000 Work on these new buildings is to begin as soon as the contracts can be let.

The Indians at Standing Rock agency, in North Dakota are reported as having earned by labor, freighting, sale of hay, wood, beef etc, nearly $100,000 during the year.

Alexander Upshaw, class '97, has returned from his vacation in Montana to his post of duty as Industrial teacher at the Genoa School.

Wonder if The Indians Are in It?

The largest corn crop ever raised in the vicinity of Fort Gibson, is about matured and will need no more rain. In the Arkansas river bottoms southwest of town, the crop is immense, estimated in places to yield as high as 80 bushels to the acre. This tract is about 4 miles long by from 1 to 3 miles wide, and besides corn, contains a large acreage of cotton, which promises an immense yield. A total of 355,000 bushels of corn all within a 7 mile radius of Ft. Gibson.—[Ft. Gibson Post.

Gone.

Mr. Bowerman, of Newberg, Oregon, to whose home Alice Longpole was taken a few years since and died, has also gone to his eternal home. We believe this good friend died sometime since, but the intelligence did not reach us until now through his wife. Mrs. Bowerman was for many years connected with the Indian work at the Osage Agency, Indian Territory, and while there became attached to Alice Longpole. When the latter as one of our students came down with her last sickness, she was kindly invited to share the home of her friend, and Miss Burgess took the patient across the continent, when she was too ill to sit up. The move was made for the best, thinking that the change to the pines of Oregon might benefit the health of the sufferer. She did improve for a time but afterwards died, with blessings on her lips to those who had ministered to her comfort in her last trying days.

"THE RED MAN AND HELPER" is the name of the combined Red Man and Indian Helper, published at the Indian School at Carlisle, Penna. This is a great improvement and the new sheet will no doubt be more popular than the old ones. It contains much news concerning the institution and Indian affairs generally, which help to make it more interesting and useful.—[The Jamesburg Advance

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The man who was heard to say the other day that he had got ahead of himself when he had done something better and quicker than he had been accustomed to do it, is on the right track. The track to win against self is always open.

ALL THE ENGLISH HE KNEW.

A strange war experience happened to Lieut. J. G. Ord, one of the brave men who went into their last battle before Santiago. In the Indian campaign, when he was a sergeant, he was detailed to carry despatches from General Miles to an officer commanding a body of troops which had been stationed a long distance away to head off the Indians' retreat. Sergeant Ord had to ride across the desert alone, at the risk of being caught by the Apaches.

He rode from sunset till midnight. Then he was startled by what sounded like a human voice. He told himself it was but the crunching of the sand beneath his horse's feet. He rode on, but again the sound came to him. Then he dismounted and listened. As a result of that listening he took off his blue army shirt, tore it into strips and wound them about the hoofs of his horse.

Leading the horse, and with his carbine ready for action, he advanced cautiously, and soon was able to gather that there was a voice, and that its owner was singing. By and by the sounds resolved themselves into the words, "Oh, how I love Jesus!" Out there in the desert some one was singing the well known hymn.

The soldier suspected treachery He hobbled his horse, and throwing himself flat on the ground, proceeded to crawl toward the spot whence the sound came. After crawling for more than an hour he came to where an Apache sat in the middle of some cactus bushes singing at the top of his voice, "Oh, how I love Jesus!"

Having watched the Indian long enough to be sure that he was alone, the soldier covered him with his carbine and rushed at him, ordering him to surrender. The Apache threw up both hands and made a sign of peace, all the while singing lustily, "Oh, how I love Jesus!"

When the Indian was conducted to General Miles' camp, and communicated with by means of an interpreter, it was found that he had been sent by the Apache chief to say that the Indians were ready to treat for peace.

He was the only one of his party who could speak a word of English, and all that he knew was the one line, "Oh, how I love Jesus!" This he had learned from a missionary.

Lieutenant Ord used to say that the listening to that refrain, repeated over and over again in that night journey through the desert, was the strangest experience of his military life —[The Youth's Companion.

Will They Break up the Trafic or is it Only a Scheme for Fees?

The Omaha Bee says that one James Allen has recently been appointed field deputy of United States Marshal, and his special business will be the serving of warrants on the Omaha and Winnebago reservations. The same paper goes on to say:

The restoring of the field deputies to the Nebraska district is the result of the recent visit of Special Agent McConnell to the reservation.

After investigation the agent found that the sale of liquor to the Omaha and Winnebago Indians exceeded the sale of liquor on any other reservation of like population and that it would be impossible to break up the illicit trafic unless a deputy marshal was stationed near the reservation, as many of the "bootleggers" make regular trips, but do not remain in the Indian reservation, returning to Iowa at the conclusion of a successful trip.

It is said that the method of suppressing the trafic will be changed and that all Indians found with liquor will be arrested for carrying it upon the reservation.

Richard Hungry

a full blooded Cherokee Indian who lives at Fourteen-mile Creek, northwest of town, says the Ft. Gibson Post, had a varied and thrilling experience as a Union scout during the War of the Rebellion.

Fort Gibson was headquarters for the Union army in the Indian Territory, there being an army of 5 000 stationed here at one time.

The Confederates were active and had a good many Indians among them in the service.

One day Hungry and another Indian, while on scouting duty, were suddenly set upon by a large party of Confederates near Greenleaf mountains, about five miles from the fort. Instead of surrendering they ran, and being wounded took refuge in a log house.

Knowing the character of the imprisoned men the Confederates knew that if they battered down the door and assailed them two or more of them would be shot; so they set the house on fire, expecting soon to see the inmates open the door to escape the flames.

They did nothing of the kind, but commenced digging underneath the house with their big knives and escaped in the fire and smoke to the thicket back of the house, and before the enemy knew what had happened were safe in the thickest of the forest.

A Bright Boy of the Following Sort Deserves a Position, and Will get it Every Time.

The merchant had arrived at his office rather early in the morning, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking, bright-faced boy came in.

The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing.

At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" roared the merchant.

"Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday afternoon to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me say so and I'll go. The only place where I can stop long is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster. "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you had said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants one.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two Good Indians Who are not Dead.

The Arizona Republican speaks of Chas. Merriman and Captain Jack, Chiefs of the Mohave Indians, as men of common sense and good intent. They are both friends of the white man, and like the better class of Indians, are fast coming to appreciate the value of education.

They also fully appreciate the growing supremacy of the whites and are pleased to see the rising generation of their tribe climbing into the educational band wagon.

While it is useless to try to educate the older tribesmen, the moral influence on the race and on the schools brought about by enlisting their sympathy and gaining their confidence is becoming very noticeable and is greatly facilitating the work of the educators.

Land of the Dying.

Mrs. H. L. R, of Battle Creek, Mich., in closing her business letter says:

"As I am still in the land of the dying I wish to continue the paper to the end of my pilgrimage, and am deeply interested in the uplifting of all peoples and Christianizing them. I think at present this may emphatically be called the Land of the Dying, so many thousands are starving daily besides those who are slaughtered in war. May the Lord overrule all these calamities for good, in some way."

The Next Generation

The best thing about the educated Indian, says the Osage Journal, is that he is raising his children in the ways of civilzation.

The next generation will more easily accept civilization.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE, A COFFIN NAIL.

There is no class of boys more inveterate in cigarette smoking than the Indian boys on the reservations. Most of them have been to school; most of them can read. We have but to wish that some of them may see the following taken from Watchword, and read it as they stand around the trading stores with these "coffin nails" between their lips:

That cigarettes are deadly poison is an absolute scientific fact.

A physician made a solution of all the nicotine from one cigarette; one-half of it was injected in a full grown frog, from the effects of which the frog died almost instantly; the other half was used upon another frog with the same result.

The poision of the cigarette is as deadly to a human being as to the frog, but slower in its work.

Diseases resulting from its use are well known to physicians.

The same physician who experimented upon the frogs says that instead of the fancy pictures which accompany cigarette packages, each ought to bear a skull and cross bones and be marked "deadly poision," the same as other poisonous drugs.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company has notified its employees that they must abandon cigarettes or forfeit their positions.

The United States Supreme Court has declared the Chicago anti-cigarette law valid.

Arkansas has an anti-cigarette bill which makes the sale or giving away of cigarettes to any person under any circumstances a misdemeanor, punishable by fine.

That the Civil Service Commission of New York City proposes to rid itself of "several hundred juvenile cigarette fiends," and substitute "office girls" is another straw that shows which way the wind blows.

School teachers are loud in their denunciations of the cigarette; their positions enable them to observe its effect and they have noted its viciousness.

Antagonism to the cigarette is constantly increasing in force, and it is to be hoped that the earth will not have passed many milestones in the new century before the deadly "coffin nail" is relegated to obscurity.

Picnic in the Carpenter Shop.

Mr. Gardner and his carpenter boys shut up shop and went to dinner, and the tools thought they would have some conversation:

"Life for me is a perfect bore," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the small Plank.

"There's no art in this country," observed the Screw-driver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it!" said the Screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut!" cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind!" said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," observed the Bench "It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work, I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike!" said the Hammer.

"That's it!" cried the Auger. "You hit the nail on the head that time."

"I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer; and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter boy wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb-nail the Hammer struck.

Appearances not Safe to Judge by.

A man strolled into a fashionable church before the service began.

The sexton followed him up, and, tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small dog that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said:

"Dogs are not admitted."

"That's not my dog," replied the visitor.

"But he follows you."

"Well, so do you."

The sexton growled, and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

An Intense Question in Tense.

The following from Life will be an interesting study for our students who are wrestling with verbs and their tenses. We wonder how many above Number 8 school-room can read this intelligently. Save it and read it to your teachers when they return:

"What was the next station?"

"You mean what is the next station."

"No. What was is, isn't it?"

"That doesn't make any difference. Is is was, but was is not necessarily is."

"Look here! What was, is, and what is, is. Is was is or is is was?"

"Nonsense. Was may be is, but is is not was. Is was was, but if was was is, then is isn't is or was wasn't was. If was is is, was is was, isn't it? But if is is was, then—"

"Listen: Is is, was was, and is was and was is; therefore is was is and was is was, and if was was is, is is is, and was was was, and is is was."

"Keep still will you? I've gone by my station"

The first student to render the above intelligently at the first school exhibition in the Fall may call upon the Man-on-the-band-stand for a dish of ice-cream.

New use for a Tomahawk.

An Indian chief, seeing that his young men were being weakened and ruined by the fire-water which was brought by the white traders, forbade that any more liquor be brought within his limits.

A Frenchman dared to come and bring a keg of whiskey, and was about to draw it, when the chief discovered the violation of his prohibitory law.

The old man drew his tomahawk from his belt, cut the hoops from the keg, spilled the whiskey on the earth, then turned to the trader and holding the tomahawk over his head said:

"Go home, you dog. If you bring the fire-water again, I'll split not only the keg, but your head, too."

The speech was short but sufficient.

Sweetening Mary.

"I want a drink," said baby.

"Go to the kitchen; Mary will give you a drink," said mother.

"I don't want to," baby said, "Mary is cross."

"Then, if you have done something to make her cross, you had better go and do something to sweeten her"

Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen.

"You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you."

Mary stopped her work in surprise. He threw his arm about her neck and kissed and called her his "dear, sweet Mamie. I love you two hundreds bushels," he said.

When he came back, smiling, mother asked:

"What did you do to Mary this time?"

"Oh, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply —[Our Morning Guide.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 7, 8, 9, 6 is the opposite of wild.

My 11, 12, 1, 13 is what a President may do to a bill that has passed Congress.

My 14, 8, 5 is a pony.

My 3, 4, 12 is one of the most useful members of the human body.

My 2, 10, 6 is a garden tool.

My whole is what boys and girls soon get in the Carlisle Indian School printing office.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Subscriptions by the cart load.