

# The Red Man and Helper.

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## TO THE RED MAN.

**G** O ON, thou friend of a neglected race,  
For all the signs so well defined and strong,  
Are shadowed forth in comeliness and grace,  
From the outlines of thy benignant face,  
And credit marks do to thy name belong.

RED MAN & HELPER—fitting is thy name,  
For helpful is thy mission, plain thy style,  
And better far than seeking empty fame,  
For all that merit and true worth can claim,  
Are blended there within thy fair Carlisle.

As education, in its noblest sense  
Is there spread out as with a noonday light,  
Without the shadow of a mere pretense,  
The world must soon come out in plain defense  
Of all thy efforts to maintain the RIGHT.

W. B.

## FOR THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

### MYTHS OF THE MOHAVES.

(Copyright, 1899. C.E. Jared.)

The Mohave Indians constitute one of the most primitive tribes in the United States. They are for this reason one of the most interesting of our tribal peoples.

The primitive condition of these Indians, (nearly all of whom are full-bloods) is probably due, in a large measure, to their location. They live in the Colorado river bottom, being almost the only occupants of a strip extending from about twenty-five miles above to about one hundred and forty miles below Needles. To the east and west of this narrow strip of fertile land extends an unbroken desert for hundreds of miles; and it is this desert, which, until recently, has separated them from outside influences.

Now, however, the influences of civilization are at work among them. Two Government boarding schools have been running for several years in the Mohave country. One is about eighty miles down the river from Needles, and has an attendance of something over eighty pupils. The other is at old Fort Mohave, and has an attendance of one hundred and sixty odd pupils.

Some of the customs and beliefs of these aborigines are very peculiar. The Myths that follow, partially explain these customs and beliefs, so that only a brief mention of them is necessary at this time.

#### They Burn the Dead.

One very sensible Mohave custom is that of burning their dead. When a Mohave dies, not only his body is burned, but also all of his property that is combustible. His house or the house he lived in, is destroyed; and his livestock—horses, burros, etc. are roasted and eaten by his friends.

Friends come from far and near to the burning. They come crying aloud or singing. Sometimes good singers are hired by relatives of the deceased.

An Indian who lives near Ft. Mohave was formerly a popular singer at Mohave funerals; but singing loud and long finally so injured his voice that now he cannot speak above a whisper. The mourning is continued, at intervals for about four days.

When the burning, the singing and the crying are all over, the Mohaves seem to try to forget the departed friend as soon as possible. On no account is the name of the deceased spoken. To avoid this, friends having the same name as the dead Mohave, invariably change their names.

#### A Belief in the Indian Doctors

is still strong among the old members of this tribe. This belief is likely to prevail for a long time as it is founded on a superstition.

The doctor is supposed to receive his

power from the Great Spirit. This power may be a birthright or it may be received at any time during life. Some doctors claim other powers than that of healing, as the turning of leaves into money, controlling the winds, etc; and all claim infallibility in their judgment of disease and its results.

#### Indian Doctor's Treatment.

The nature of the disease is determined by the patient's dreams. The treatment consists, principally, of singing songs and pounding and blowing on the body. Different diseases have special songs. The doctor predicts the death or recovery of the patient. If the decree is death, very little, if any, further care is given the patient. The mourning commences and everything is made ready for the disposal of the body. No attempt is made to hide from the sufferer these harbingers of approaching death.

The doctor is held responsible for the truth of his statement. Formerly if he failed to forstate the truth seven times, his life was forfeited; but through the influence of the whites, so severe a punishment is now very rarely inflicted.

In telling the stories that follow, the writer's aim has been to relate, as simply as possible, just what the Indians tell, adding nothing for effect or to make the stories seem more consistent with facts.

#### The Genesis of the Mohave Indians.

When the Mohave tribe was very young, the Great Spirit came from the west, bringing with him all of the different kinds of people that are now on the earth. The Great Spirit rested with all the people on Ghost Mountain.

(This is a white mountain on the west bank of the Colorado about twenty miles north of Needles, Cal. Ghost Mountain is in Nevada.)

From Ghost Mountain, which is the center of the earth, the different tribes (with the exception of the Mohaves) wandered in all directions. The Mohaves were too young to go alone, so they staid on the mountain with the Great Spirit.

After a time the Great Spirit died and was burned, according to his wish, at the foot of Ghost Mountain.

The soul of the Great Spirit saw the ashes from the burning at the foot of the mountain and it did not please him. So he caused a stream to flow down from the north which washed away the ashes.

The Mohaves mourned for the Great Spirit four days; and afterwards they always burned their dead.

The stream that came down from the north and washed away the ashes of the Great Spirit is the Colorado river. On this stream willows and mesquite trees sprang up and the Mohaves came down from the mountain and lived along its banks. They learned to build houses of willow and adobe, and to use the mesquite beans for food.

#### The Rite of Burning and the Passing of the Soul.

Just as the Great Spirit was burned at the foot of Ghost Mountain, the Mohaves burn their dead.

A hole two feet deep, two feet wide, and four feet long is dug to receive the ashes. Dry logs are placed over the hole with their large ends toward the south.

These logs are piled about three feet high and are laid so as to form a trough on top. They are held in place by four green stakes.

The dead body is laid in the trough with the head toward the south and the face down. Then more logs are laid on top until the body is completely hidden.

As soon as the funeral pyre is lighted

the personal effects of the deceased, such as clothing, blankets, etc., are consigned to the flames. Relatives and friends of the deceased often remove their clothing and cast it into the fire.

Everything burned passes with the soul to the Spirit Land. There, everything burned becomes new and is used by the owner the same as here.

With the first smoke that curls up around the corpse, the soul leaves the body. It passes around the fire inside of the circle of friends who are gathered there to mourn the dead.

At first, the soul does not recognize the body and wonders who the dead person is; but as soon as the body is reduced to ashes, the soul recognizes the remains.

For four days the soul stays with its friends—seeing all they do and crying with them, but being neither seen nor heard by them. Then the liberated soul starts on its journey south to the Spirit Land.

South of the town of Needles are several sharp mountain peaks—hence the name, Needles. Between the largest two of these, the soul of the Mohave must pass. Guarding this pass is a nevethee (Spirit) who meets the soul and prepares it for its home beyond.

This nevethee bathes the soul in cold water to destroy the heat from burning. Then the soul is placed in a swing. The nevethee swings the soul to the west, to the east, to the north; and then gives it a great swing to the south letting it pass through the gap and into the Spirit Land beyond.

#### The Story of the Colorado.

Before the Colorado river was here, this country was all a great plain without trees or grass. There were no wild animals then, for the animals were all men.

Mustamho, the son of the Great Spirit, went out to look for water to wash away his father's ashes.

He went towards the north, trying the ground as he went by springing on it with his feet.

When he found a place that seemed to have water under it, he made a hole with a long pole which he carried.

A very strong stream of water came out of the hole and soon spread over all the plain. After a time a very large boat came out of the hole.

Mustamho got in the boat and took with him many of the people. They went down past Ghost Mountain, and as they went the boat made a channel through which the water might flow.

Through the country in which the Mohaves live, Mustamho turned the boat on its edge, so as to make a narrow channel and leave land enough for the Mohaves. Through the Parker country, Mustamho turned the boat a little more nearly flat, so the river there is a little wider. And in the Yuma country, he turned the boat flat on its bottom, so the river there is very wide.

Finally they reached the ocean. Here they abandoned the great boat, and Mustamho and his people returned up the river on foot. Their boat was found by the white men, who, from the model, learned to make their great ships. If this boat had been taken back up the river, the Indians would have been first to learn to make large boats.

Mustamho and his people returned as far as Hutchuquatava valley. Here Mustamho told his followers that he had no more work for them and that they would be turned into wild animals. He took them to the river bank at a place since called Hooocoosabe.

He threw them into the river one at a

time and they were all turned into wild animals, fishes, birds, ants, etc. The animals that are here now are all descendants of these animals who were once men.

Mustamho now went back to Ghost Mountain. He took some of the mud that the water had left on the plane, and with it he covered the hills and mountains. Then he took seed and scattered it over all the country—To the east, for the Hualapais; to the north, for the Pites; to the west, for the Chimelmevis; and along the Colorado for the wild animals and the Mohaves.

While Mustamho was sowing the seed, the ground in spots was very soft and muddy. To help him over the muddy places Mustamho carried a great log. When not in use, the log was carried under his left arm. Having finished sowing near the rivar at Bull's Head, Mustamho planted the log in the ground where it still stands, though turned to stone.\*

\*The Indian who told me the story offered to take me up the river to Bull's Head to see this pinnacle of stone, which to his mind gave sufficient proof of his story.

CHAS. E. JARED.

#### Four to One.

An English officer in Malta stopped in riding, to ask a native the way. He was answered by a shrug of the shoulders and a "No speak English."

"You're a fool, then," said the officer. But the man knew enough English to ask:

"Do you understand Maltese?"  
"No."  
"Do you know Arabic?"  
"No."  
"Do you know Italian?"  
"No."  
"Do you know Greek?"  
"No."

Then you four fools. I only one!"—N. Y. Sun.

#### Childish Idea.

A little three-year-old who had just been initiated into the mysteries of turning on and off the faucet in the bath room was greatly disappointed the other day when it began to rain. He stood thoughtfully at his mother's knee for a minute and then inquired seriously:

"Mamma, who makes it rain?"  
"God, of course, dear," replied his mother.

Another moment's reflection and then the little lad tripped hastily out on the piazza and, lifting his rosy face sternly skyward, shouted imperiously:

"Turn it off, God, turn it off! Reggie wants to go out."

#### Let Teachers Be Tidy in their Dress.

In the biography of Dr. Hawtrey, a famous English schoolmaster, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, and the story of an artless criticism thereon. He was one morning reproving a boy who was tardy at his lesson, and the pupil asserted that he had no time to dress.

"But, I can dress in time," said Dr. Hawtrey.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, innocently. "But I wash."

Robert Johnson who is at Kamiah, Idaho, gives good news of himself when he says that he has just finished hauling hay. He speaks of a few of the Carlisle boys who are not doing as well as he would like.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

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

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Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second-class matter.

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

The Indian needs no special education different from the white man.

Honesty, economy and perseverance should have a place in every student's creed, and be constantly in practice.

It is suggested that Wun Heap Li is the probable inventor of many of the despatches from China.

Among the successful bidders on contracts to supply military posts in the Department of Colorado with grain and hay were a number of full-blooded Indians.

Are you timid? Do not be discouraged! All men have their limitations. Lord Roberts is said to be afraid of cats. Nansen will not go up in an elevator.

Loss by fire in this country every year, says the Haskell Leader, amounts to more than \$100,000,000. And adds: That is a mere nothing compared to the loss by fire-water.

Mixing tribes in schools is a valuable means toward breaking up tribalism. Casting individual Indians out as soon as possible to "root, hog, or die," is still more effectual.

The friends of Supt. McCowan of the Phoenix Indian School are urging him to become a candidate for Delegate to Congress on the Republican ticket, but he declines with thanks.

After the beginning is made and a young Indian speaks English and has some knowledge of civilized ways, his greatest good is found in being treated as if he were an Anglo-Saxon.

Every system which gives to the Indian a special Indian education is at war with the best interests of the Indian and consequently at war with the best interests of the general Government.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER is the new combination paper of Carlisle. It comes out in a sanguinary heading. But that is perfectly appropriate. As a weekly its influence will no doubt be increased.—[The Word Carrier.

Actual experience and competition with those whose necessities are greater than ourselves soon teaches us the need for careful attention and close application to business if we would succeed—this whether we be white, black or red.

If we know of a kind act which we might, but do not intend to perform; if we be aware that our moral health requires the abandonment of some pleasure which yet we do not intend to abandon—here is cause enough for the loss of all spiritual power.—[F. P. Cobbe.

The boys and girls who are out from the school in country homes are building a good or a bad reputation for the school and for their people. If a boy has not enough integrity to stick to his bargain and keep the rules of the school he is doing much to destroy our good reputation; and opportunities for sending boys out into good homes will stop if there are many such loose and unworthy students.

The more our Indian educators can get into association with the general educational interests of the country the better.

The Charleston News and Courier in speaking of the salaries of teachers said: "The most important work to be done in the country is the worst paid, and adds: "Poor pay, poor teacher; poor teacher, poor teach."

An eminent authority says that for all excepting those who earn their living by their muscles, great muscular strength is apt to be a disadvantage. The vital organs may be exercised and strengthened with slight muscular development. Deep breathing will strengthen the lungs better than violent exercise.

O, HO! A LETTER FROM AN INDIAN IN JAPAN.

Major Pratt's idea is being realized when one of his boys writes him from the opposite side of the world. He has often said to the boys when they start for home if they would go East instead of West, out of New York Harbor and around the world, he would not object very much. Then, by the time they would reach home, especially if they worked their way, their ideas would be so enlarged that they would be men enough to live anywhere.

Harrison Printup is the soldier boy who writes:

"We have been on the coast of Japan for five days. I have seen the grandest sights I ever observed—the most beautiful natural scenery. When I studied geography about the coast country of Japan the geography did not show one-fifth of what I have seen.

I have learned that Japan consists of islands. Those little islands are covered with green grass and green cedar.

Some of the islands look like cones, and some of these cones reach as high as above the clouds.

The climate of Japan is warm, but the weather agrees with me very well. It has fine breathing around here. I think we are to leave here and to proceed to China.

I have had a delightful time since we left San Francisco.

While we were crossing the Pacific we had all kinds of weather—fog, rain, cloudy clear, and cold air.

When the ocean was calm and the sky was clear I saw the sun set in the ocean and rise out of it. The horizon on the water and the grandness reminded me of paradise.

It is a great thing to see and know the creation and to thus learn the power of the creator of the world. I think the experience I am having will be very useful to me.

It is interesting to see the Japanese at work. The women work just as hard as the men, but they get only half pay just because they are women.

I watch them load coal on our ship. They work just like ants. They are small, but Oh, My! They can work the women.

They are fine navigators. Work conquers all things, is my motto. I grant that this is a fine opportunity I am having."

Why not a Good Word for the Indians?

Says the Pathfinder, Washington D. C. the brightest, newsiest, cleanest and most reliable weekly we know of:

While we are worrying so much over the ill-treatment of the Filipinos, the Porto Ricans, our own colored people, ect., who is there that will stand up and say a good word for our friends, the American Indians?

We came to this continent as squatters. We put off the aboriginal owners and ignored most of their rights, and then turned round and fought the mother country out of the legal title.

It all depends on the way you look at it as the wise man said.

To any reliable person at Indian Agencies, who will send us authentic news of the doings of the Indians or of their schools we will furnish the RED MAN & HELPER free.

COUNTRY BOYS.

Eugene Perrier is perfectly satisfied with his place, and when it is known that his patron is also perfectly satisfied and wants Eugene to stay with him this winter, there is no doubt of his usefulness as an outing boy. Eugene is not afraid of work.

When Daniel Enos was approached by the Outing agent he was out in the field ploughing, to all appearances in a self-confident and business like manner. In reply to the agent's questions, he said: "I am satisfied. He is the best patron I have worked for so far." A good boy in a good place.

Jacob Sanook is with Mr. W. E. Moore of Lawrenceville, N. J., an enterprising farmer. He will remain through the winter. Jacobsen may be congratulated upon his home and teacher of farming. It is evident that he is solving the problem of what is best to do for himself.

Enos Cusick will remain with Mr. Jesse Fell. He has an intelligent patron and a good home.

Stephen Silverheels was found with his patron in the midst of harvest. Their relations were so manifestly pleasant and satisfactory that the agent hesitated to put the usual question. He surely has a good place and a good friend in his patron. "I think we can get along this winter. I want to stay here," he said.

We are sorry Juan Norris is not feeling well. He has been a splendid outing boy. He was considerate in the matter and felt that he could not be spared; yet he may have to come in on account of his health.

Paul Smith has proved a good outing student. He has made himself quite necessary to his patron, but Paul thinks he must come in on account of his studies. He has been very satisfactory.

David Masten will remain where he is for the winter. He is judged by his work.

John Feather has a very good place and a kind patron. John is undecided. He desires to visit home and then return to his place.

Horton Elm is a wide-awake farm hand. He is doing what every boy should do while out. He simply devours all the reading matter in the house, as soon as he is free from his work. Here, thought the agent, is a boy storing material for future use. He is a patient and satisfactory boy.

Joseph Trempe, Herman Niles and Torey Pesuch are three boys in one place who attend strictly to business. A very reliable company—so different from the usual way when there are two or three together. They have always conducted themselves as they should.

Joseph Cloud is beginning to be a fair farm hand, and Joe has evidently been thinking, for he has improved in every way. He has a very good steady home.

Henry Nerva is as reliable as ever; steady and conscientious in his work. This kind of living is bound to count for something in the end.

C. A. E

OUR GIRLS WHO ARE LIVING IN GOOD FAMILIES.

Abbie Doxtator is our only Carlisle representative at Columbus N. J., but we do not need numbers, when one girl makes a superior record, as she has done.

One of the patrons says she has never seen a poor dish-washer among the Carlisle girls. This is a tribute to Miss Miles' faithful training.

Priscilla Williams is the only Carlisle girl at Norristown. This is her first out-

ing, and she has made an unusual record. Her country mother says she never has to tell Priscilla BUT ONCE, and the thing is done.

Susie Raya at Moorestown N. J., graduated from the Grammar School of that place this summer, with the highest average of any one in her room. She is proud of her diploma and hopes to go on with her studies in the Moorestown high school this fall.

Martha La Clair at Lenola, N. J., has grown so the country visitor hardly knew her. She is to remain for the winter.

Bertha Mohawk near Marlton N. J., is five miles from any other Indian girl, and yet has not been lonely. "The baby" cries for her.

Our Mt. Holly girls, Katie Powlas, Ce-linda King, Agnes Lovejoy and Rachel Long, having made good records are looking forward to returning to Carlisle. Each one of these girls has done so well, that the request comes from their respective patrons: "Send me another just like her."

It is quite romantic to read of Gail Hamilton's boating on the Delaware, but this she assures us by letter she does, and enjoys it. She thinks the Beverly girls have the best times of any who are out.

Josie A. Mark assures us by letter that she too is enjoying her life in the country this summer, and she does not often see the Carlisle girls either.

Lydia Wheelock is well liked at her country home, and has made a good record for herself. "She will be greatly missed when she returns to the school as she kindly plays for the Episcopal Bible Class, which she attends regularly every Sunday," says a friend.

From Graduates and Ex-students.

David McFarland '98, writes a congratulatory letter from Lapwai, Idaho. He also says he is not well.

Frank O. Jones, '97, teacher at Haskell, Kansas, has directed his address to be changed to Oklahoma. He does not say for how long and whether he expects to return to Haskell or not.

Ralph Taylor is one of the boys heard from this week. He is at Cheyenne River Agency, South Dakota, and wants the RED MAN & HELPER, for he cannot get on without it.

Cora Wheeler, '99, who went home three weeks ago in rather poor health, thinks she will get well sooner if she keeps posted on what is going on at Carlisle. She claims that this is the best school she ever attended. She is resting a great deal and feels better.

One of Our Old Boys.

The home of Mark Evarts and wife, the latter the mother of Louisa Bayhaylle, is about two miles northwest of Pawnee. Both Mr. and Mrs. Evarts are industrious and intelligent. They are progressive and actively favor the transfer of pupils to non-reservation schools, showing their sincerity by sending their second daughter, Mary, to join her sister at Haskell. The Evarts farm is worked by its owner and the abundant crops in field and garden show the work to have been well done.—[Haskell Leader.

Open Doors.

Miss Rubinkham, of Newtown, has had a Sunday School class of Indian boys for eleven years, and keeps open doors to the country boys to drop in when they feel like it and are at leisure. In this way she has become acquainted with a large number. She often sees little notes of the whereabouts and doings of her former boys in the RED MAN and for that reason particularly appreciates the paper. Jacob Horne, (1900) delivered a splendid oration at a prohibition meeting in Newtown not long ago, and five of the boys sang at the same meeting. They were called out several times.

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

Cool nights and mornings.  
 Vacationers are straggling in.  
 Quite a fog yesterday morning.  
 The Grangers picnic next week.  
 Exercise is cheaper than medicine.  
 School opens the 3rd of September.  
 Nellie Orme is in from the country.  
 "Heap weeds" on the athletic field.  
 Nana Foulke is one of the cutest babies around.  
 Dr. Eastman is out again on "outing" business.  
 Have you noticed how much shorter the days are growing?  
 Good-bye, dog-days. We shall never forget those of 1900.  
 The lower farm is to be sold at auction on September 29th.  
 If paper dolls are childish, we do not mind paper dollars.  
 The balconies of the various quarters are being repaired.  
 Even the temperature was too high for most market people.  
 An ounce of love in one in authority is better than a pound of law.  
 Miss Annie Morton came back from the shore looking brown and well.  
 Mr. Milton Zeigler, of Carlisle, has charge of the harness-shop at present.  
 Some of our absentees are still by the water where they can see shore.  
 You cannot get the cream of the RED MAN & HELPER by skimming it.  
 Housecleaning with a vengeance! Making ready for the return of the multitude.  
 Miss Thompson, who was visiting Miss Barr, returned to Washington, D. C., last Saturday.  
 The year's supplies are coming in, and Mr. Kensler and boys are busy storing them systematically.  
 Edwin Smith has returned from the country and is walking with a cane, having what he calls a "game leg."  
 Professor Bakeless led the Sunday evening lawn service, and made a strong appeal for all to live up to the best light within.  
 The weather man's to-be sultry Tuesday was the coolest day of the season, when winter jacket felt comfortable and we slept under two blankets.  
 Mr. Beitzel and Jack Standing have returned from the sea shore. Both look benefitted by the change and claim they had a grand time with the waves.  
 When the teachers' club force cannot go boating the boating comes to them, for twice have they had their cellar flooded by back water from the over-flow pipes.  
 Mrs. William Burgess does not improve, but is growing weaker in her sufferings. We are glad to be able to report at this writing, however, that she is more comfortable.  
 Mrs. Standing gave a trolley party to a few friends on one of the warm evenings of the week. The electric fanning one gets on the trolley, of a sultry evening, cannot be beaten.  
 A conundrum for the Pratt children who love conundrums: If you and a cat and an opossum and a duck were high up in a church steeple, how would you get down? Answer next week.  
 Every one in our school should read Mr. La Flesche's book—"The Middle Five," review of which is on the last page. We hope it will be placed in the library, but what is better, possessed by many.  
 The long ditch from the girls' quarters to beyond the teachers' quarters is not yet filled up. It is unsightly, but represents lots of hard work on the part of the diggers. We do not mean the Digger Indians, and yet most of the diggers were good faithful Indians, who are working their way up to an education. Most of them this summer are receiving cash for such employment.

The calso miners did a good job of work in the dining hall.

There is a bevy of white children around now, and times are interesting.

Miss Jane Smead was a guest of Miss Sarah Pratt on Tuesday to dinner.

Mr. Norman is back to his duties as instructor of painting, after a vacation of a few weeks.

All seemed to take a new lease on life this week when the delightful cool wave struck us.

A new safe is walking into Mr. Miller's office at this writing. Later: It is in place, and is fine.

Another conundrum to be answered next week: When does coffee resemble the earth?

It is easy for singers to change the air, but the air was changed this week without our best singers.

Miss Nellie Robertson returned on Saturday from Chautauqua where she has been studying all summer.

The dry weather brought down the leaves from the trees as though fall had been upon us for several weeks.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is not much for Indian myths and legends, but Mr. Jared's stories, first page, are of unusual interest.

Miss Rebecca Henderson, Oakland, Carlisle, and her nieces and nephews, the McKnights, of Pittsburg, were visitors on Monday.

The immense boilers weighing tons, come steamlessly up Katherine Avenue, one at a time from the railroad. They are fast getting into position.

News from Major Pratt and party tells of their having left Prince Edwards Island, and that they are now spending some time in and around Quebec.

The visiting white children on the grounds have a picnic all the time, to the delight of the Man-on-the-band-stand who loves to watch them at play, especially when they play nicely and do not quarrel.

The first game of football this year is scheduled for the 22nd of September, with the Lebanon Valley College, to be played here. On the 26th we will meet the Dickinson College eleven on our own grounds.

It is well that the smoke stack was finished this week for the Man-on-the-band-stand was about questioning as to where he could get a telescope strong enough to see from the ground the men at work, so high were they getting up in the air.

Mrs. Bucher, with whom Frank Mt. Pleasant lives at Boiling Springs, called on Tuesday, and gave a good account of Frank. The latter wants to stay there for awhile and go to school. He is having musical advantages along with his work.

Miss Kaythren Silverheels, one of our printer girls who graduated this year, has an appointment at Leech Lake, Minnesota, and will leave on Monday for her post of duty. The printer boys, always gallant, gave a reception in her honor on Wednesday evening.

The features of the evening were games, music, singing, speeches and chit-chat. Miss Silverheels made a neat little address of appreciation, and she will remember with pleasure all her days, the party given in her honor.

When Mr. Thompson is questioned about the athletics of the school now-a-days, he turns all questioners to Mr. Warner, who has charge of the active work of the athletics. Mr. Thompson's duties as disciplinarian were too arduous for him to attend to both.

Printers not only like pi, but they enjoy cake, too, sometimes, especially when made by one of their own number. Miss Ollie Choteau, "printress" who is in a family at the sea-shore, sent in a loaf for the force who gets out the RED MAN & HELPER. The sweet tooth of each was well satisfied with the delicious viand, and the hearts of all are full of "thank yous."

Instructor Morett, of the shoe department, showed his ingenuity by making us a leather head for one of our new Babcock press plungers.

Mrs. Cook and son Hobart arrived on Tuesday evening, from Connecticut. The former has been spending a part of the summer at summer school, Martha's Vineyard.

The health of our school now is most excellent. Not one in the hospital. Let us keep good health by staying out of the grass when it is wet. Healthy people are much happier than sickly people.

Manus Screamer is in a good home with the Vails at Quakertown, N. J., and is getting an insight into good farming and right living that is refreshing to read about in his own letters to the school.

Miss Senseney spent Sunday at the school, on her way from Chicago to New York City where she will visit the remainder of her vacation with her mother. Her account of the good time she has had this summer fairly makes the Man-on-the-band-stand envious.

Several have kindly responded to the request that we be informed if they are receiving two copies of the paper when they have paid for but one. Those who renew and forget to say renewal in their letter sometimes get their names upon the galley twice. Let us be informed if such a mistake is made, please.

The volume and number marks on your wrapper are for our convenience. When your time is about to expire we will kindly send you a notice. Yet if you wish to understand the marking, the first two figures refer to the volume and the rest to the number of that volume. For instance, if you see 1610 on your wrapper it means Vol. 16, Number 10, and that is the time to which you are paid.

Soap-bubbling has struck the small boys and it is an amusing sight to see a dozen or more lying flat upon the upper balcony with heads hanging out under the railing so as let the bubbles drop on the boys who station themselves below to catch them. When the Man-on-the-band-stand was little he thought he could not blow soap bubbles through anything but a clay pipe, but these boys roll up paper, which answers the purpose, and their bubbles are just as perfect.

Miss Wood writes that her vacation is nearly over, but that she is not at all sorry she is to be with us all again soon. "My room, the lawns, the dear kind friends, the students, all seem to be beckoning me a loving welcome, and I shall be very happy to give a loving response." Miss Wood wrote these words in a private letter, and did not expect them to be printed, but she will pardon the liberty taken by the Man-on-the-band-stand who wishes only to show the prevailing spirit among our teachers and absent students regarding Carlisle.

Miss Jennie Wolf is in temporary charge of the laundry. The counting and sorting of the soiled clothing is perhaps the most disagreeable duty connected with the work, and there are thousands of pieces that have to be patiently handled. We hear of no complaining, but those who have more pleasant duties should be thankful for the same. When the four large washers, the immense mangle, the centrifugal wringers that wring hundreds of articles directly from the washers in a few seconds of time, and the shirt ironer, as well as the force of girls who do the hand ironing, and the boys who cut up the soap and do other things, are all in motion, (we never were in there when everything was not in motion), the place fairly hums with business.

### New Horns.

"We are going to have some new horns in the band this winter."  
 "Is that so? Why, I thought the horns were practically new. What are you going to do with the old ones?"  
 "Oh, keep them," replied the Band boy.  
 "What kind of horns, then, are you going to get?"  
 "Green-horns," said he, and ran out of reach.

### The Carlisle Diploma Worth Something.

George Wasson has gone to his home in the State of Washington. George was a Band boy, a good tailor, a valuable member of the Standard Debating Society, and a good speaker. He will be greatly missed.

He goes without his diploma, but we hope he will not regret as much as we fear he will, the loss of this valuable paper, which says that one has passed the course successfully at Carlisle.

A graduate of Carlisle has a prestige that the graduates of some white schools and colleges have not, simply because we are more widely known than many, and stand high from an educational point of view.

To be honorably discharged from Carlisle with a diploma in hand, gives to a young man a start not easily obtained without it.

The other day one of our young lady graduates was in Washington, seeking admission to one of the departments of the Department of the Interior.

The doors were closed to visitors.

She turned on her heel and said:

"Very well. I am one of Major Pratt's girls, but it is all right."

The door keeper said at once:

"Are you? Then come right in."

A Carlisle diploma is a good instrument to carry, no matter where you seek admission.

It is better off the reservation than on, for there are prejudices on the reservation to meet that the graduate does not find in the city or country out side.

A lad seeking admission as an employee in any large establishment, anywhere, if he can show an honorable discharge from our school in the shape of a diploma, and is courteous and gentlemanly, he will be more likely to receive desirable notice than if he applies before he knows as much as our school can give him.

### Not All Work in the Country.

Letha Seneca is glad that her time is nearly up to return to Carlisle, but she is sorry to leave her nice country home and its people. "They are so very kind to me. I live on the banks of the Delaware River, and often take a row on the river, and I have been fishing.

We had our Sunday school picnic across the river and all had a very enjoyable time.

Last Wednesday morning Mrs. Bonfield took her class of Indian girls across the river to spend the day."

Hattie Barker lives at the same place and the two girls took a wheeling trip the other day to visit some of the other girls about five miles distant.

### A Good Friend Gone.

We are grieved to learn of the death of Mr. John Bishop, formerly of Columbus, N. J., latterly of Trenton. Mr. Bishop has been a long time patron of the school and in his death the Redmen of the United States lose a strong friend. Kessetta Roosevelt has been in his family for several years and is well liked.

### The Time Marks.

The time marks on your paper are being changed. So if you have renewed be assured that we have the credit on the card all right, and in due time the change will be made upon the galley. We are not quite through yet with the heavy work connected with combining the credits of the two papers—the Red Man and the Indian Helper. It will all come right, by and by, and no one will be the loser.

### The Way to Get Civilized.

"What we want to do," said one of the nation's wise men, "is to get civilized."

"I know," answered the chief, "but how shall we go about it?"

"Well, I suppose the first step is to quit killing people by hand and to use machinery."—Washington Star.

### Not Out of Place.

"That girl accepts rings from men she doesn't know."

"How can she?"

"Has to. She's a telephone girl."

"INDIAN BOYS AT SCHOOL."

This is the sub-title of Mr. Francis La Flesche's book, "The Middle Five," just issued from the press of Small, Maynard and Co., Boston, (\$1.00) which describes in the most natural way possible the pranks and pleasures and punishments of five Indian boys—the author and his chums—at the Mission school.

Mr. La Flesche's style is admirably simple and direct, and his characters are particularly human boys; every one of them, and most of all good-natured "Brush," his first mentor and nearest friend, leaving a distinct impression.

These sketches should by all means be read by all readers of Zitkala Sa's reminiscences of her school days in the Atlantic Monthly, as their sane and cheerful spirit forms a wholesome antidote to the morbid introspection and exaggerated bitterness of those remarkable essays.

There is scarcely a hint of the wild life in this little book; not even the Indian names are used; so that the novelty seekers and those who turn to it hoping for something of aboriginal strangeness are likely to be disappointed; but it does just what the author in his preface undertakes to do—helps the Indian boy to a fair judgment in the minds of his contemporaries; and will certainly play a part in removing imaginary barriers between members of the two races. It ought to interest all schoolboys, and a good many of their elders.

Here and there is a characteristic touch or a picturesque incident like the following:

"It was a pitiful scene—there, sitting on the green grass, was a crippled old woman of about seventy or eighty years, speaking in the kindest and gentlest of tones, with inflections of the voice hard to describe, but which brought to one's mind the twittering of a mother bird to its young, and passing her crooked fingers and wrinkled hands over the brown back of a miserable, naked little boy, who was digging his chubby fists in his eyes to squeeze away the tears that flowed incessantly.

"Don't cry, my little grandson," she was saying, 'don't cry! These White-chests are kind; they will clothe and feed you. I can no longer take care of you, so I must give you to them. See these boys, what nice caps and coats and pants they have! You will have these things, too, and you will have plenty to eat. The White-chests will be good to you; I will come and see you very often. Don't cry!' "But the boy cried all the harder, twisting his fists into his eyes, and the old woman continued her caressing twittering.

"The bell rang, and there was a rush for the school-room. When the hard breathing, coughing, and shuffling into position at the desks had ceased, the door was gently pushed open, and the old woman entered, tenderly urging the unwilling little brown body forward into the room, still weeping. Addressing Grey-beard, who was watching the scene with a queer smile on his lips, the old woman said:

"I have brought my little boy to give him to the White-chests to raise and to educate. On account of my age and feebleness, I am no longer able to care for him. I give him to you, and I beg that he be kindly treated. That is all I ask."

"Without waiting for an answer, the poor creature, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, limped out of the room, making a cheerless clatter with her heavy stick as she moved away."

Mr. La Flesche is an Omaha by birth, and a brother to the famous "Bright Eyes," whose eloquent appeals in behalf of her people aroused public attention a good many years ago. He has held for some time a clerkship in the Indian Department at Washington.

This little book has a quaintly decorated cover, and a charming frontispiece in color by Miss Angel de Cora, the young Winnebago artist, in which the homesick little new-comer in beads and buckskin is being comforted in the most winning fashion by an older boy in the school uniform.

A GREAT (?) STORY.

The feeder to our new press, tired of standing hour after hour, for several days each week, requested to have made for special use of the feeder a peculiar stool with hind legs of twice the length of the two in front which fit a narrow platform, while the two hind legs rest upon the floor.

This odd-looking piece of furniture is amusing to the writer, for it reminds her of a story she heard on one of her western trips for students.

They have a way, out in New Mexico, of filling in the time on those unsurpassed moonlight summer evenings of which that country boasts, with stories or singing, as a merry group sits around the door outside enjoying the refreshing breezes, after a day of glaring and scorching sunlight.

It was on the plaza in front of a comfortable adobe residence, near the quaint old village of Laguna, New Mexico, that a small company gathered to listen to the strains of a guitar in the hands of a singer one lovely moonlight night.

"Tell a story," suggested an eastern young lady after there had been a due share of singing.

The guitar player as if in waiting for the invitation, laid down his instrument and warmed to the occasion.

"Look here," said he addressing the two young ladies from the East, whom the rest of the company regarded as 'tenderfeet' "did you ever hear about our wild pigs out in this country?"

No, we had not.

"You have noticed the mounds out here that seem to rise right up out of the plateau?"

"Yes, we have observed how very round some of them are."

"Well, they are inhabited by a very strange wild pig."

"In what way are they different from other pigs?"

"The legs on one side of the body, are longer than those on the other side."

"What funny looking animals they must be!" ejaculated the eastern young ladies, with an audible smile.

This pleased the story-teller who followed the laughter of appreciation with:

"You know how it comes that such pigs grow?"

"Of course we do not."

"I'll tell you. They always walk around the mound in the same direction, as they graze, so you see the legs on the down hill side grow longer."

"Preposterous! How do they walk on level ground?"

"They never go off the mounds, and for that reason they are great game for hunters."

"Why so?"

"Because they are caught in a most unique way."

"Explain! Explain! Do for pity sake! How do hunters catch such queer animals? They shoot 'em of course."

"No, they do not carry guns at all?"

"Trap them?"

"Never a trap."

"How then?"

"Why, the hunters go around the mound in the opposite direction and head the pigs off. The animals turn to run, and this brings the long legs on the up-hill side, don't you see? And the beasts naturally roll over and over to the bottom, killing themselves in the tumble."

At this point the easterners knew the story to be a hoax, but they enjoyed it immensely and laughed heartily. It left its impression, and goes to show the kind of tales the old-time westerner loves to serve the large-eyed and untravelled easterner.

Not so Smart After all.

He carefully prepared the small garden plot, while his wife, deeply interested in his labor, stood watching him. After he had put in the seeds and smoothed over the bed, his wife took his arm to accompany him to the house, and on the way she asked:

"When will the seeds come up, John?" He was one of those men who takes

pleasure in saying a smart thing when the opportunity offers, so, laying his hand carelessly on her shoulder, he said:

"I don't expect them to come up at all, Maria."

"You don't!" she exclaimed. "Then why have you gone to all that trouble?"

With a smile that springs from a superior knowledge, he answered:

"The SEEDS won't come up, but the plants and flowers will, by-and-by."

But he was wrong, for his neighbor's hens got into his garden, and the seeds did come up.

From the Winnebago Correspondent to Pender Times.

Mrs. George Mooneye, a Winnebago Indian, was killed by lightning at the Omaha pow-wow, one mile northwest of the Omaha school, at about one o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The same evening about 9 o'clock the lightning struck John Springer's camp at the pow-wow and knocked two of his children senseless. They were unconscious for some time. The elements must have a spite at the place, for the next night about 12 o'clock the lightning killed a horse near the same place and struck several fence posts.

Model Scholars.

"The three were the model scholars of the school," says Ex-Agent E. A. Swan of the Siletz Agency, in a business letter, and he was referring to our Sarah Pierre, her sister Annie, and the lamented Joseph Adams. "They were faithful in their studies and examples in behavior. The remains of Annie and Joseph now lie on the hillside beneath the shades of the beautiful cemetery at the boarding school. Their loved ones need not mourn for it is well with them. I go there occasionally and scatter flowers on their graves, and drop a tear in their remembrance."

A Bad Mix.

We have students who mix their Arithmetic as badly as the boy of this incident, but never would we get things so muddled in a Bible examination.

A school-boy at a prize examination furnished the following biography of the patriarch Abraham:

"He was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmael, and the other Hagar. He kept one at home; and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime and a pillar of fire by night."

The World Will be the Better.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, pure, and good without the world being the better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness.—[Phillips Brooks.

Compliments.

The Indian Helper and Red Man, published at the Carlisle Indian School, have departed from the custom of appearing

monthly and weekly. The Helper was too small and the Red Man too large, so the big one divided space with the little one and from now they will appear weekly and herald the news of Carlisle to the world for 25 cents per year. We compliment the RED MAN & HELPER on its birth and trust that it will grow in grace and usefulness to the Indian.

—[The Indian Advance.

Not Even the President Can do as he Pleases.

A shortage in the Canton water supply by reason of a temporary court injunction, has caused the city water department to set certain hours for lawn sprinkling, and notice has been given that violators of this order will lose the water privilege. An employe of Mr. McKinley inadvertently sprinkled the lawn at a forbidden hour, and the President was promptly notified that a repetition of the offence would forfeit his water rights.

Whip it Out.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders how many Indian boys and girls will see the joke of this:

A little boy came home one day, soon after the fall term of school had opened, with the following note, duly signed by the principal:—

"MR. JUDKINS:—DEAR SIR:—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism; and his case is one that should be attended to without delay."

The father sent the following answer the next day:—

"MR. KERSHAW:—DEAR SIR:—Whip it out of him.

Yours truly,

"HIRAM JUDKINS"

England too Far Away.

"Which is farther away," asked a teacher, "England or the moon?"

"England," the children answered quickly.

"England?" she questioned. "What makes you think that?"

"Cause we can see the moon, and we can't see England," answered one of the brightest of the class.

For Neck-tie Lovers.

Rastus: "Wha' foh yoh wear such a neck-tie as dat? Doan' you know red and green am an inhommonius combination?"

Jake: "Am dat so? Den how 'bout er watermelyon?"

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters. My 4, 11 is found in most printing offices.

My 2, 1, 9, 8 our coal comes in.

My 4, 5, 7, 8 is to be religious.

My 12, 3, 6, 12 is one time of day to rest.

My 2, 10, 4 soldiers wear.

My whole is something that came to Carlisle this week, which rejoiced every one's heart.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Mumble-peg.

FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZE!

To the person sending us the most subscriptions before Christmas 1900 the RED MAN & HELPER will give FIFTY DOLLARS.

Send in your subscriptions as fast as you receive them and keep five cents on every name. This will pay you for your work in case you do not get the prize.

We have a good supply of Band pictures left to be GIVEN AWAY to subscribers. Workers for the prize will find it to their advantage to have these pictures on hand when soliciting.

We will furnish them by tens or more as long as they last if the postage is sent to us in advance. We can send ten pictures in one package for eleven cents postage. Single pictures require three cents postage.

In case the pictures are not used they should be returned.

We cannot send pictures to your new subscribers unless you send us the full subscription price, 25 cents.

There are rules governing the contest which send for at once, if you are going to be a contestant.

Remember! The Band picture is a fine lithograph, 11x13, in colors, and the likenesses of the boys are good. The picture of the leader, Dennison Wheelock is especially fine.

This Band picture will be sent FREE, we paying postage to any address in the United States or Canada for one subscription, full price, 25 cents.