

The Red Man and Helper.

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TO-DAY'S POSSIBILITIES.

I MAY not, when the sun goes down,
Have added to my store
Of worldly goods or gained renown
Through gallantry or lore.
I may not, while I strive to-day,
Move onward to the goal—
The gleaming goal so far away—
On which I've set my soul.
But I can show a kindness to
Some one who stands without,
And I can praise some toiler who
Is toiling on in doubt.
And when the sun goes down, I still
May be a better man—
No matter what the fates may will—
Than when the day began.
—S. E. KISER, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE INDIANS COULD BE DISTRIBUTED AND ABSORBED.

The following taken from a recent friendly letter to Major Pratt, speaks for itself. While we may not agree with the writer on all points, the views expressed are pointed and worthy of consideration:

You certainly have the true solution of the Indian Problem and I think we differ but little in our convictions. To reach civilization we must all go over the same route, and take the same steps.

I claim for every child born in America, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness along legitimate lines, and these things involve, education, land, and a currency sufficient for the transaction of business.

What is due to one is due to all.

Land can be bought by the Government in most parts of the country where Indians may choose to locate.

These tracts can be exchanged for claims in the Indian territories.

By this means the Indians can be distributed over the country and absorbed in our population.

In the Indian territories the land can be given to the Red Men, in alternate sections, if none but the best citizens be sandwiched between the Indian population. Thus they would be distributed over a wider territory and come face to face with our best civilization.

I would suggest this for all civilized and educated Indians.

A Murderous Thing.

It is a murderous, infamous, and iniquitous thing to remand a young and hopeful educated Indian back to tribal heathenism, where his environments will tend strongly to drag him down to ruin.

Only as a Pest House.

The reservation is or should be but a temporary necessity, just as is the pest house. With proper management, on the basis of a true civilizing process, in fifty years there will be no Indian reservation. With few and insignificant exceptions, the Indians will have become valued citizens of this Republic.

This you have demonstrated beyond controversy at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

The good work should go on in an accelerated ratio. So far as may be, Indian schools should be established in every State in the Union. The Bureau of Education should have control of this whole matter under special laws, in connection with the public school systems of the States which should render aid in this matter with State funds, thus indicating the initial of a national and uniform system of education throughout the Union.

The whole system should be co-operative and unific, as between the general Government and the States. Each should bear its proportionate share of the ex-

penses, and each be fairly represented in the management and government of the schools.

This is rational and feasible, based on the primal idea that civilization comes to all peoples by the same processes. It can not be otherwise, unless it can be shown that the races are essentially and inherently different. This has never been shown.

The same processes, deftly applied, that civilized the Caucasian, will civilize the Hottentot, the African, the Indian and the Alaskan. The essential elements simply are to be patiently and persistently applied.

You cannot civilize a people by taking away their natural rights, by enslaving them, by brutalizing them, by shooting bullets into them, by cutting their throats, by isolating them from civilizing influences.

We have tried these diabolical methods on a large scale since the discovery of America in 1492, with the North American Indians and the Africo-American Negroes; in all cases with the most fatal results.

But your demonstration at Carlisle, though on a small scale, and with inadequate means, and a very circumscribed territory, has proven absolutely the converse theory, that civilization is a humane system, a humane process.

Unless Men are Deaf

to reason, and blind to the results of experiment they must certainly be impressed with your ocular demonstration.

Your work, instead of being confined to one small locality, ought to be extended to all the States in which suitable location can be had until it includes the whole Indian population of these United States.

This is the imperative demand of the sympathetic voice of the highest development of humanity.

We are guilty as a nation for the manner in which we have treated the Indian. It is high time we make full amends on a scale commensurate with our honor, strength and wealth as a nation professing the highest type of civilization.

It is political wisdom in us to get rid of this incubus of "the Wards of the Nation" by taking feasible and demonstrated methods for turning the troublesome elements of our primal population into useful and honorable citizens.

The times are ripe for the extension of this movement, so happily inaugurated at Carlisle; and the magnitude of the enterprise is well worthy of a national inspiration.

Yours truly,

JOHN VINTON POTTS.

NORTH ROBINSON, OHIO.

From Maine to Washington in a Canoe.

The Philadelphia Press received this dispatch from Bangor, Maine, August 26th:

Frank Loring, the chief of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, at Oldtown, and Peter Nicoliar, another prominent member of the tribe, will leave the island on September 15 in a canoe for Washington. Loring, who is known as Big Thunder, has planned this trip to the national capital for the sole purpose of seeing President McKinley.

Big Thunder and Nicoliar will launch their craft at Oldtown, come down the river to Bangor, and then continue their course down the river to the Atlantic Ocean.

Sly, underhanded, unscrupulous practice may bring temporal success, but never that which endures forever.

MISS SENSENEY AT MACATAWA BAY.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

Every time I look at this lovely Macatawa Bay, which stretches out before me, I think rather wistfully of the dear people at Carlisle.

If I were a fairy, I would bring you all out here, and we would have one big camp among these fragrant pine trees, which grow so tall and straight, down to the water's edge.

Wouldn't we have a fine time fishing, swimming and boating?

Fishing and Hair-Breadth Escapes.

The water here is full of black bass and other fish—the biggest one we caught (a sheephead) weighing over eight pounds.

I say we—but I really had nothing to do with catching it. I was only near the lone fisherman when it was landed. Afterwards, that fish and I had our pictures taken together.

Now do you think it would be such a big story, if I wrote under the photograph:

"I have caught nothing larger this summer."

A generous imagination might supply the rest.

The bathing here is fine, and it is so convenient on these hot days to put on your bathing suit in your own room and run down the lawn to the water, at the foot of the grounds.

The water is of all depths, so that the little children can paddle along the shore, and the big people can walk down the private pier, which runs far out into the lake, and dive into very deep water.

Every evening I take a row and watch the sun set behind the sand cliffs, and the other day my cousin and I went out into a sailboat with two inexperienced sailors, and we had a great time.

At first we went a sailing down the lake like a big white bird. Then we were becalmed, and finally when we started home, the wind would take our sails, and over we topped, and all of us would jump to one side of the boat till she righted herself, and then over we would go again at the next puff of wind.

I made my will half a dozen times (though I hadn't anything to leave) till finally we became used to the situation; and then some friends saw us from the shore, and came out after us in two row boats, and took us off "The Black Cat" (our sailboat,) but not before we had run into and sunk an empty row boat.

They were all too glad to see us on shore safe to scold very much over the damage we had done, only the next man that asks me to go sailing will at the same time present a certificate of able seamanship before I venture out again.

Macatawa Bay is six miles long, and a strait of an eighth of a mile leads into Lake Michigan.

Last week, on one beautiful moonlight night, we went out in a steam launch down the quiet little bay, which looked so picturesque with all the lights from the cottages and boat houses blinking at us through the strait, past the big steamers from Chicago, and out into Lake Michigan.

Our little launch went puffing and blowing very bravely into the dark waters, but no matter how hard she tried she could not keep straight, and she rolled and tumbled, and tumbled and rolled among the big breakers.

We had been a very happy party, but all of a sudden the voice that had been singing so cheerfully to ragtag time, began to be silent, and there was a sound of

muffled tread and people going below.

Then we heard the Captain's order to turn about, and it wasn't many minutes before we were back in Macatawa Bay, but it was a QUIETER if less seasick party, and as I looked up at the big white moon, she was laughing, and I did not blame her. Would you?

Old Mother Nature must have been particularly fond of her Indian children, I think, for she gave them so much that is beautiful.

This was once the home of the Ottawas, and the bay is named after Macatawa, the old chief of that tribe.

Macsobba, the last Indian in this locality, has only lately passed away.

There is an old Indian burial ground near here, which according to the treaty made between the early settlers and the Ottawas can never be destroyed.

It lies silent and alone, guarded only by a group of fine old trees, and I feel so thankful every time I pass, that there is one evidence of a treaty kept sacred between the races.

Yours faithfully,

JEANNE SENSENEY.

Macatawa, Mich., August 1900.

A Factory Made Indian.

This term "Factory made" Indians was recently used by a westerner in derision of the Indian student who had been educated in a school away from his people, implying that he was of no use to his people when he returned.

Here is a story, and a true one, which is a fair sample of the way returned students quietly work, if not in the line of putting machinery together, in other ways as important.

A well-to-do Indian on a western reservation bought a new self-binder.

There was no one at hand to put the machine together and start it to running.

The Indians tried it themselves but could not make it go.

"Here," said the buyer to his son, who had just returned from Carlisle, and was standing one side watching the performance, "you Carlisle fellows think you are so smart. Turn in and put this thing together."

The boy had had very little experience as a machinist, except what he had learned about farming implements when out for the summer. He had run the steam engine of the printing office some and had operated the printing presses, for he was a printer by trade, but this limited knowledge together with the common sense gained in his ordinary work at the school and in his country home was experience enough and of such a practical character that he was able to study out the parts of the self-binder.

He went at it with sleeves up, and in a very short time had it in motion, much to the admiration of his father and all who witnessed the feat.

A Sister Institution.

For 52 years Girard College has been the inspiration of its faculty and students.

Over six thousand youths have graduated from it and entered upon the active duties of life.

So thoroughly have the principles and precepts of the founder been imbedded in their plastic minds and characters that 90 per cent of them have succeeded in their various avocations and become useful and patriotic citizens.

By wise management the endowment of Girard has grown from \$5,000,000 to \$26,000,000, giving it an estate larger than that possessed by any university in the world.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.The Mechanical Work on this Paper is
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCE.Address all Business Correspondence:
Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.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.Why should not the young Indian, edu-
cated in our ways, remain and struggle
with us?Character is said to be shown by the
way people eat when they do not think
anybody is looking at them.Self-support for the Indian in competi-
tion with our civilization is more impor-
tant than education in books and schools.A school located remote from the tribes
and surrounded by English speaking peo-
ple is a great source of strength to the
struggling Indian.If a student going through college gets
too much aid, his ideas of self-support and
manhood are undermined, and he learns
to lean upon such assistance.After all, the kind of world one carries
about in one's self is the important thing,
and the world outside takes all its grace,
color, beauty, and value from that.The United States makes no mistake
when it locates Indian schools where the
surrounding civilizing and industrial in-
fluences are daily helps to the school."Don't hide your light under a bushel,"
said uncle Eben, "an' at de same time,
don't go roun' s'posin' dat you is de whole
electric power-house an' dat de town ud be
dahk if you was ter quit."If any one tells you that such a person
speaks ill of you, do not make excuses about
what is said of you, but answer: "He
is ignorant of my other faults, else he
would not have mentioned these alone."
—[Epictetus.Our three-hundred pupils in the public
schools of Pennsylvania, last winter,
alone would have made a large Indian
school; but how much more practical and
common-sense is their taking on of our
civilization as individuals.It is extremely interesting to know
that one tribe of Indians has arrived at
that pitch of civilization where it can
make contracts with the United States
Government. This is the Crow tribe of
Montana.—[Springfield Republican.A man who cannot read or write may
from his industrial and general useful-
ness and ability be a pretty fair citizen;
but a fellow who can read and write well
but has no industrial ability to enable
him to contend with our civilization,
especially with our industrial civiliza-
tion is to be pitied. Hence, self-support
should be his first aim.

Is The Indian Sly?

"We all know the treacherous, sly,
stealthy habit of the wild Indian," says a
writer of a friendly letter who closes the
sentence with: "But we also have heard
of, even if we have not experienced, their
faithfulness to a friend."Now the facts are, the wild Indians, as
we United Statesians like to call them,
are no more sly or treacherous or stealthy
than the people of any race.

The whites have taught them to be

sly and treacherous. Who taught the
whites?When the writer was sent out in the
"wild and woolly west" years ago for pu-
pils for Carlisle, she never felt so safe in
any part of the unsettled west as she did
when she landed on an Indian reserva-
tion or in an Indian tribe.She knew then that she would not be
insulted by drunken cow boys, she would
hear no profanity nor be "held up" by the
Indians and robbed.Our Red Brethren have been greatly
maligned by unprincipled white people,
and the only way for them to live it
down is to come and live with the BEST
OF US who know them best.The one great mission of the RED MAN
& HELPER is to show to the people in
general that the Indian is human, and is
only full of the same human nature that
whites are possessed of, and with like
opportunities, they will work themselves
without aid, into lives of usefulness, to be
gratefully received by THE people.

Tribal Election.

The Osages, Oklahoma, held a quiet
election August 6th. The Journal says
that Ne-kah-wah-she-tun-kah and James
Bigheart were elected chief and assist-
ant. They are of the non-progressive
party, and jubilant over the result, they
celebrated the event the following day.
We see the name of Embry Gibson, one
of our boys, as a conspicuous speaker.The new chief with a party of friends
headed by the Pawhuska Band marched
through Pawhuska as they were led by
one carrying the United States flag.In the due course of time, the newly
elected chief made a short speech which
much resembled the speech of a white
man who had had a great honor thrust
upon him.The procession then headed for the In-
dian camps where a barbecue feast and
big time generally had been made ready.It was a great thing all around and one
that will probably mark the last celebra-
tion in honor of the election of a principal
chief among the Osages.

Did You Say it was a Little Thing?

Don't forget that little things are often
the seeds that spring forth and grow into
greater ones, and great results often come
from small beginnings.Small crimes if not checked or weeded
out, like noxious plants, will grow to
greater ones and root out virtuous prin-
ciples, while good thoughts and good
deeds, properly nourished, will fill the
soul with peace and will bless the world
with their influence.The tiny mustard seed by growth in
good soil becomes a tree among the herbs.
The little acorn in like manner spreads
out his umbrageous arms as the giant of
the forest.So in the walks of early life, let us
nourish the good, the true, and the use-
ful, seeking knowledge and wisdom, and
our lives may shed a beneficent radiance
over the present generation and leave a
savory influence upon posterity. W. B.The Cheyennes and Arapahoes are
Progressing."The new superintendent of the Govern-
ment school here, H. E. Wilson, has
just come," writes Mrs. S. E. Sands in a
brief business note. "School will open
Sept. 3, and we hope to see a full attend-
ance.These tribes have made great progress
in the few years we have been amongst
them. We see a great change and real-
ize that the progress in the future must,
is bound to be, much greater in the same
length of time."Mrs. Sands' home before going to Okla-
homa was at Lawrence, Kansas, and she
became interested in the Indian school
work at Haskell.The western papers say that prospects
for corn and cotton in the Indian country
of the south middle west are fine.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

Florence Sickles who is located at
Cochranville, recently committed the
Westminster catechism, and received a
Bible from the pastor of the church.Many of our country girls 'picnicked'
last Thursday.Ella Sturm is this week the guest of
Miss Elizabeth D. Edge, of Downingtown.
Julia Tsaitkopte has gone to live with
Miss Edge this winter—a fine home. The
girls living with Miss Edge and Mrs. Ja-
cob Edge have during the summer, with
the families, enjoyed a picnic every two
weeks."Little Mary Stone" will have to part
with the adjective heretofore given her.
She enjoys her home at Paterson.Mamie Monchamp likes her country
home so much that she dislikes to think
of leaving. She is at Joanna, Berks Co.Julia Palladiou left for Ocean Grove
Tuesday morning to supply the place
which Ollie Choteau has had this sum-
mer.At the recent picnic at Lanape Park,
the country girls in attendance claim to
have had a great time. They played
games and watched the people swimming
and boating. Dolly Magee and Electa
Hill took their first lessons in rowing and
did well. They went zig-zag at first but
Electa said it was more fun to learn how
to row than to learn how to skate. Libbie
Archiquette and Delia Webster tried to
race with some girls, and they kept up
pretty well. The girls from West Ches-
ter went to the picnic by trolley.

Another Falsifier.

Mollie Big Buffalo is a Moses created
out of whole cloth by the ubiquitous and
unprincipled newspaper reporter.A despatch from Wichita, Kansas, the
source from which other wonderful In-
dian stories have originated, says that
Mollie has been chosen queen of her tribe,
the Poncas, and is at the head of a move-
ment to excite the Delawares, Chicka-
saws, Cherokees and Creeks to move to
Mexico, she having been there and had an
interview with the President of Mexico.Of course the article places the girl as a
pretty Carlisle graduate. As far as Mol-
lie is concerned the whole thing is a
wretched and malicious falsehood, and we
do not believe that there is any such In-
dian girl in existence.

The Indian Not Ungrateful.

Frank Law, disciplinarian and physical
director at Ft. Peck, Montana, says he is
an Indian of the Clallam tribe, Puget
Sound, that he has seen the RED MAN &
HELPER and likes it, and he thinks that
every Indian employee should take it.Mr. Law seems grateful to Superintendent
Frank Terry and assistant Superintend-
ent H. J. Phillips of the Puyallup
School, where he was educated and also
makes mention of the kindness and help
shown him by Dr. Newberne and J. C.
Hart.Such outspoken gratitude goes a long
way toward creating a right spirit be-
tween teacher and taught in the Indian
service.The Indian is no more ungrateful than
the too much helped child of any race, but
he has the name of it because he does not
allow his true feelings to so bubble over
in the heart that he makes outward dem-
onstrations.

Keep Them Guessing.

It certainly is hard just now for the
Indian Territory man to tell exactly
"where he is at" The difficulties of law
and interpretation of statutes, with the
attending conflict of authority between
judges and officials in Washington is
enough to keep the average man on the
frizzled edge all the time.—[Denison
Herald.

Major Pratt and Party.

The last letter from Miss Richenda was
from Montreal, dated the 25th. They had
been "playing tag" with their mail since
they left Prince Edward's Island.The visit in Quebec was very interest-
ing. Their hotel was perched upon a cliff
commanding a fine view of the river and
city. They took in the city by carriage
and pronounce it a clean, well kept place,
especially in the business and resident
portions.From one eminence they could see the
small villages for miles around, and the
large number of churches in sight seemed
to make an impression."Many of the signs," Miss Richeuda
says, "are in French," and "it seems a
shame that an English province has to
cater to another language," she adds.They visited the residence of the Lieut-
enant Governor. "His estate is very
large, formerly a Chateau of some old fam-
ily. The drive to the house is delightful.
He has kept the natural woods effect and
we wound in and out among the trees and
bushes hardly realizing that we were on
private grounds.We saw where Wolfe climbed the cliff,
where he died on the Plains of Abraham.
Why so called I do not know.The parliament building is attractive
both inside and out.One thing I noticed particularly was in-
stead of carving the same design on the
wood-work and on the glass, they have
crests of different men.In front of the building is a bronze piece
of an Indian family which is simply fine.
We were taken around the citadel by a
nobby little Canadian soldier. There is a
place one could get lost, the walls are
so winding and there are so many that it
is very bewildering.In olden times I imagine it was almost
impregnable, but with our modern guns
of war it could not stand much, although
the walls are mostly over four feet thick.In front of the Chateau is a rude board
walk extending quite a ways down and
right over the cliff. It is a regular Atlan-
tic City crowd that throngs up and down,
for the tourists are plentiful.We visited the village of St. Anne.
Everything is Saint around here. There
are very few streets that the names are
not prefixed with "St."In one drive we went through the
narrowest street in Quebec, and such filth
I never saw, it reminded me of China-
town in San Francisco.A game of La Crosse was described and
other things of interest were related,
when the good letter closes with the in-
formation that they expect to go to the
Thousand Isles, and will come home by
the way of Lake George and Lake
Champlain and the Hudson. We expect
them the early part of next week.

Glad to be in the United States.

Edward Oga, a Carlisle School soldier
boy, belonging to Co. A, 8th U. S. Infan-
try, has been transported with his regi-
ment from Cuba to Ft. Snelling, Minn-
esota. He says:"The soldier boys here are having a
good time. We are stationed between
two cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis—and
we hear a great deal about Minnehaha
Falls. We are stationed about a mile
from them.One battalion of the 8th regiment left
here about a week ago for China. One
more battalion will leave here on sixth of
September for the Philippines, and one
battalion will stay at Ft. Snelling, which
will be the home battalion, or the home
guards. I am glad to say that I am one
of the home guards, and that I will be at
Ft. Snelling all this winter."

A Former Agent of the Osages.

Major L. J. Miles was down from El-
gin a couple of days this week on busi-
ness. He had just returned from a trip
to Washington and expects to leave in a
short time for the Pacific coast.—[Osage
Journal.This is the uncle that our Miss Miles
visited a few weeks ago in Washington.

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

Refreshing breezes.
Miss Roberts came Thursday.
We will go to school next Monday.
The walk mender is doing good work.
Grange visitors from Williams Grove.
Miss Newcomer arrived from Kansas on Saturday.
Fine plums in market. Better buy them than pies.
ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A copious rain.
Mr. C. A. Burgess, of New York City, arrived yesterday.
Dr. Diven has gone to the Osage country on school business.
The new stack now has its cap on and is ready for smoking.
Mrs. Canfield was one of the Saturday arrivals from the shore.
Indians are not homeless, but some are home less than others.
The new moon hangs beautifully in the western sky these evenings.
Miss Carter arrived on Wednesday evening, from New England.
Notice how Carlos pronounces Cuba! It is Kooba to the people of the West Indies.
The instructions for the Prize Offer will go out in an extra copy of this week's paper.
James Locke is living on a 245 acre farm and is doing well, enjoying his work.
Miss Stewart is on deck full of spirits as ever. She arrived from Chicago on Saturday.
Taking all the political parties there are nearly enough platforms to floor the whole country.
Miss Ely has an oil stove that does not drink, but it smokes and goes out o' nights, and she does not like it.
Early editions of the apple are going to press, but remember that cider is a dangerous drink for the innocent.
How would you get down? Why, off the duck, of course. And again, coffee resembles the earth when it is ground. See?
The entire force of teachers will be back by this evening, and on Monday the academic wheel will begin to revolve with the ringing of the bells.
Mr. Frank Hudson, '95, for some time assistant clerk in Major Pratt's office, is going to Pittsburg to clerk in a bank. He is now visiting in Bucks County.
The Juniors and Seniors and footballers will be in to-day and to-morrow from the country—73 in all. Three or four hundred will be in by the middle of September.
The heaviest electric storm of the season came last Friday, when it seemed that the artillery of the heavens would blind, and deafen the inhabitants in this vicinity.
Rev. H. A. Benfer, of the First United Evangelical Church, Carlisle, preached for us on Sunday afternoon. Messrs. Brock and James Wheelock sang "Saved by Grace," very acceptably.
"More rain, more rest," sing the ditch diggers, and yet they do not wish to rest, for all are anxious to get the work done. A steadier, more faithful and willing set of workers never stuck to a hard job.
Little Carlos Gallardo, our late arrival from Porto Rico, has found in Mr. H. E. Burgess, who is visiting here, a sympathetic friend who can talk with him in Spanish, and both are happy boys (?) together.
Frank Campeau, ex-student who is working at the tailoring business in Lewistown with Mr. Snyder, our former tailor, is spending his vacation at Carlisle. Mr. Campeau says they are busy all the time. "Then Mr. Snyder is making lots of money?" asked a friend. "I don't know about that, but he has all he can do."

Miss Cochran came in on Wednesday, from her home in Central Pennsylvania.
Bessie Gothloda has been visiting us for a few days. She has a very pleasant place.
Nurse Barr of the hospital is having a siege of Job's comforters, and she does not like them.
Miss Hill claims by letter that she has had a perfect summer as far as pleasure and enjoyment go.
Mr. Mason Pratt's family left on Tuesday for their home in Steelton, after a pleasant two weeks with us.
It is not wise to send two tens and a five cent piece loosely in an envelope. A single quarter carries all right, if wrapped flatly.
Mr. H. E. Burgess, of San Francisco, recently of New York City, is with his mother, Mrs. Burgess, he having arrived on Thursday.
Changes at the hospital are being made wherein there will be an extra room, and conveniences for handling the sick will be bettered.
Charles Clute is suffering from a compound fracture of the arm, having fallen from a tree. He is getting on nicely, and is a brave little fellow.
The stealing of a piece of tar soap from the paint shop, was small business. A mean, little thief like that is despicable. The person is spotted.
Mrs. Dorsett is again at her post of duty as manager of the girls' department, she having returned this week from an extended trip among the many girls in country homes.
We see by a list printed in the New York Times that the Carlisle Indian School has won what is termed a grand prize or a gold medal for her educational exhibit at the Paris exposition.
Mr. Norman's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. Reginald Bottomley and wife, are still in England, but are expected home soon. America for Mr. Bottomley, he says, although he is English born.
We have heard of ingrowing nails, but when a boy entered the hospital for some cough medicine, saying he had an ingrowing cough, we thought how appropriate for some of the coughs brought about by sitting and lying on the wet grass!
Preston Pohoxicot had his face just under the eye cut to the bone the other night when he came in collision with another boy. The wound required three stitches, but he bore it heroically, never even wincing. Oh, for some such heroism in the average white boy!
Mr. McNalley, of N. Y. City, is the moving force down at the boiler plant, and things generally go his way when he speaks. The moving of such great inanimate bodies as steam boilers, and placing them scientifically just where they must rest, has in it a lesson for all who look upon the work.
We venture the assertion that there is no cheerier sewing room in the country than ours with its large windows, and adornments of pictures on the walls. Everything is a busy whirl in that department winter and summer. Mrs. Lininger has been in charge this summer during Mrs. Canfield's vacation period.
The orchestra pleased the hearts of all music lovers by playing some sprightly pieces on the bandstand last Saturday evening. We hope this enterprising organization will do so some more. While we will not have a first rate band again for some time, the orchestra, under Mr. James Wheelock promises some good music very soon after school opens. Mr. Walters, tailor, is a clarinetist and will help blow them into a good reputation.
The new flag-pole which came this week is an immense thing. It came feet-first in at the Guard House gate, and to those watching its approach it seemed that the length was interminable. It is in two 65 feet halves, and when on end will stand 125 feet, which is 15 feet higher than the smoke stack and 25 feet higher than the old staff. It is pine, and was gotten from the woods near Mt. Alto. The carpenters are busy trimming and shaping it.

Who was the flag boy that put up Old Glory with stars down the other day? But then some people do get absent minded.
The storms came just in time to freshen up the campus and make it look as beautiful as usual for the incoming vacationers.
The grass all through July cried "How dry I am!" But now it can only say "How dry I was!" It has had enough drink for one while.
That rain on Friday evening was a soaker. Mr. Standing says we have enough now until we get the digging done for the steam pipes.
Mr. Isaac Bennett, of Ivyland, father of our farmer, Mr. Bennett, and his uncle Mr. Asher Bennett, of Trevost, also Mr. Edward Ramsey, of Ivyland were visitors this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Glen S. Warner are again with us, the former having arrived from a tour in the west, and Mrs. Warner having come from their home in New York the day before.
Note, that we cannot send the band pictures to solicitors by tens unless the postage is sent us in advance. See Offer on last page, and send for directions, if you are going to join the contest.
Mrs. William Burgess' condition is no better than last week. She is growing gradually weaker, not being able to take medicine or food. She is very critically ill, yet Dr. Hemminger, her present physician, says there is still hope.
Mrs. Blair, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Bricker, of Mechanicsburg, Mrs. Fredericks, Miss Blair and Miss Sallie Blair, of Carlisle, were an interested party last Thursday, escorted by Miss Clara Anthony, relief matron in charge of small boys.
Miss Kaythren Silverheels left on Monday evening for Leech Lake, Minn., where she has accepted an appointment in the Indian service. Miss Silverheels graduated this year, and was a very popular lady at the school. She will be greatly missed.
Mr. and Mrs. Choate drove out from town on Saturday evening and left a basket of delicious pears at Miss Ely's door. Judging from Miss E's mode of living she cannot have liked "pairs" very much, but this Bartlett variety is different, don't you know.
If you are going to join the contest it would be well for you to have some cards with your name on, showing that you are an authorized agent. We will send you fifty business cards with "Agent for THE RED MAN & HELPER, and your own name in the corner, for ten cents in advance, and three cents extra for postage.
Mr. Johnson, of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Times came up to spend Sunday with his family. Mrs. Johnson and children returned to Philadelphia with him, on Monday, having spent what they considered a very pleasant fortnight at the Indian School with friends, and where there is good country air and fine lawn as good as a park for the children. Helen, Miriam and Dorothy are little ladies who made many friends at the school, and we hope that all will come sometime again to see us.
They Added to the Charm.
Ella Romero, Anna Parnell and Laura Parker, with their mandolins and guitar, added to the delight of Tuesday evening. The fresh green grass, the tinted skies, the clear air, the strains of music, and the happy voices of the children, tended to make one forget the hours of toil, and the cares of the day. And yet it was no "occasion," only "One glad day added new to childhood's merry days, and one calm day to those of quiet age."
The Whew of our Life.
A friend of one of our teachers has this to say of us in a private letter.
"What a teaming, busy world the RED MAN & HELPER outlines! One fairly feels the buzz and whew of it. It is so breezy that Carlisle ought to keep cool even in this submerging wave of heat."

Mrs. DeLoss on Historic Ground.

Mrs. DeLoss, who is spending her vacation among the hills of Old Virginia, says by letter that at the farm house she is boarding are Mr. Clarence C. Stauffer, who graduated at Dickinson College about twenty years ago, his wife who was Miss Hassler, the daughter of a former cashier of the Carlisle Bank, and their charming children, Ruth, May and Eleanor. Mr. Stauffer is an examiner at the Patent Office.
"This is a most beautiful and interesting country," she adds. "Legends, historical facts and reminiscences of 'the war' are brought out with each mention of the spurs and gaps of the mountains.
These spurs of the Blue Ridge—The Big Cobbler, Little Cobbler, Red Oak, Naked Mountain and others—are very close around us, less than a mile distant, and Bull Run is in plain sight.
Between our farm and the station of Delaplane is the 'George Washington House,' so called because our George made it his head quarters one night during the Revolutionary War.
It is also the first house in America in which glass was used for window panes, and all the nails and bricks of the structure were brought over from England."
The writer would be kindly remembered to all her friends at the school.

The Football Schedule for 1900.

Sept. 22—Lebanon Valley, here.
Sept. 26—Dickinson College, here.
Oct. 6—Gettysburg, here.
Oct. 13—University of Virginia, Washington, D. C.
Oct. 15—University of Maryland at Baltimore.
Oct. 27—Harvard at Cambridge.
Nov. 3—Second team at Mercersburg.
Nov. 10—Yale at New Haven.
Nov. 17—University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
Nov. 24—Washington & Jefferson, at Pittsburg.
Nov. 27—Columbia at New York.
Regular practice will begin next Monday morning and evening.
We will be in better shape than ever with our consolidated RED MAN & HELPER to give the up-to-date football news, and during the season a corner of our paper will be devoted to the doings of our team, in which nearly every one is interested, even though they be not players, and may not altogether approve of the game.
Marie and Agnes Marmon have gone to Haskell, from their home in Laguna.

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Shelley have located in Chicago, judging from a postal card directing change of address.

The "Never Sweats" is the unique name of a baseball club at the great Glen Mills House of Refuge.

The Indian School has the handsomest smokestack in this part of the State. Even a smokestack can be attractive when the right material is used.—[Carlisle Gazette.

Someone has heard that somebody else said that somebody saw in a list of the Manila dead the name of Robert Emmett. We do hope the news is not correct. Robert is one of our soldier boys who went to the Philippines.

Edward Rogers, '97, now of the Dickinson College Student body, we see by the Aitkin Minnesota Republican, has been playing some ball this summer while at home on his vacation. We hear that he is on his way to Carlisle with a party of pupils.

Emanuel Powlas Troop "G" 5th Cav., one of our soldier boys, was visiting Mrs. Etnier, in Ponce, when he wrote recently. He was pleased to see Miss Weekley there too. He says nothing about how he likes the army, but as there is no complaint, it is safe to say that he is getting on well.

THE OUTING SYSTEM EXPLAINED IN A VERY INTERESTING MANNER.

The following from The Native American published at the Phoenix, Arizona school explains so fully many things that people ask, that we give it in its entirety. We are glad to see our sister institution making such strides in this all-important feature of Indian education. The Indian MUST get out among us if he would learn our ways. Could there be a more rational conclusion than that?

The Phoenix Writer puts it Thus;

Mr. X— is an imaginary gentleman who is supposed to live in the city of Phoenix and in addition to having a pleasant home and family has been compelled to hire some help to aid in doing the house-work and work on the premises. Having heard that the Phoenix Indian school has a number of boys and girls who are allowed to "work out" and that they bear an excellent reputation for being efficient help, he makes a number of inquiries at the school in regard to the matter. He introduced the subject by saying:

"What is the outing system concerning which I have heard so much recently?"

"The placing of pupils of both sexes out with families as servants."

(Carlisle students serve, but they are not "servants" in the common acceptation of that word. Students go out to be TAUGHT ENGLISH, or if they know English they go out to learn the customs and habits of thrifty people.—ED.)

"Who are the scholars who take advantage of the outing system?"

"Any child of the proper age who is possessed of enough moral force can be placed. There are now working out nearly 300 pupils."

"Do they receive pay for their services when living with families?"

"Yes. They receive from \$1 to \$5 per week, according to ability and value."

"Do the pupils themselves reap any moral benefits through the operation of the system?"

"They should and do. The object of the system is not so much to put them in positions to earn money, as to give them practical ideas of modern civilization and customs."

"Why are not more of them permitted to live among neighborhood families throughout the year?"

"It is the policy of the Government, and is right, to give the Indian youth the benefits of an elementary literary education. They are required to attend school so many years and so many months of each year."

"What do the scholars do with the money that they earn?"

"Unless guided and controlled I am sorry to say it is squandered. The school, however, is a guiding mother. It is established for the purpose of building character and engraving virtues on to the sour, natural stock. Consequently the wages the pupils receive are collected by a member of the school force and deposited in the banks, where it is kept, drawing interest until the child leaves school, when it is given to him or her. Regular bank books are kept by the pupil and they are regularly checked up."

"Do any of them really show an economical and thrifty spirit?"

"Not many. They have now the sum of \$1200 on deposit, but they would not have one-twelfth of that if let alone. Thrift is one of the virtues we seek to inculcate."

"What benefits do the scholars receive from the Government in the way of schooling and maintenance?"

"They are fed and clothed and cared for just as white children are cared for in a family. The training that will fit them for taking a proper place in civilized life is given them. They are taught to work systematically and honestly. They are surrounded in their school life by the best types of civilized humanity. They are given broad, earnest views of life and

are taught that life is not one of self-indulgence but of self-sacrifice, that the world has no room for an idler, a thief nor a liar."

"Is the school supposed to be anything like a home to the Indian boys and girls?"

"That is its primary object. Unless it can be a home its mission is useless, and the nearer it comes to the best home life, the greater and grander its influence and results."

"How long are the scholars kept at school?"

"Until they graduate. Graduation means the completion of literary work that corresponds closely with grammar grade work in the public schools, and the completion of some trade, if a boy, and a knowledge of cooking, serving and house-keeping, if a girl."

"Why should the Indian boys and girls be more generously treated by the Government than white children?"

"There is no just reason for such partiality. It is not right to show partiality. I would not take this blessing away from the Indian, however, but I would extend the same help to deserving youth of all races. Education is the one thing the Government owes to all people."

THE SAVING OF MONEY A HARD THING FOR SOME PEOPLE.

We want our students to save their money for their OWN USE later on.

It is hard work for them to see the importance of this.

Indeed some think the authorities are unkind not to allow a free use of their OWN MONEY.

"It is not Government money I want to spend," some will say.

There is a rule that a student must save two-thirds of his earnings till he gets twenty dollars. That sum is put in the Carlisle deposit bank on interest. He is not allowed to take this money out of bank until he leaves school, then he may take it all with the accumulated interest.

To think that he has twenty dollars that he cannot touch is something to worry about. It hurts and frets—not the more sensible students—but the frivolous boys and girls who want all the neckties, ribbons, watermelons and pies their money will buy.

The late Collis Potter Huntington, who died worth his millions was a poor boy.

He was fifth in a family of nine children whose parents were hard working people of small means.

Collis was big and strong as a boy and his splendid physique carried him through life.

At school he was a leader and in wrestling bouts he was the champion of all the country side.

Out of school he had to work at odd jobs to help support the family.

His FIRST DOLLAR was earned for piling wood for a neighbor.

At fourteen he left school and his father gave him his "time," with the understanding that he should support himself.

He found employment on a farm at \$7 per month and board.

At the end of the year he had saved \$84, the ENTIRE AMOUNT of his wages.

The next year he entered a general country store, where he studied the people who traded there, and acquired business shrewdness which he added to his natural-born thrift.

And from this beginning he went on and on and UP, until he had millions of dollars at his command, to build rail-roads with and to establish great enterprises.

We would not have our boys and girls to be PENURIOUS.

We do not want them to be MISERLY.

We do want them to save SOME of their earnings, and to learn the importance of putting aside the pennies for future use, when they may do some GOOD with their money—good to themselves and to others.

The only way is to SAVE THE PENNIES.

There are banks and associations where if a dollar a month is placed, in less than ten years it will come back to you in a two hundred dollar check. Your money will

have been working for you. Hunt out such places, under the advice of friends of experience, and invest your PENNIES or one dollar bills so that they will grow.

"A FOOL and his money are soon parted."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "wouldn't hab no trouble tall 'bout gettin' rich ef dey held on as tight to de money dey earns as dey does to de money dey borrows."

The Value of One Rain Fall.

The crops planted by some of the largest Indian tribes, are in the western belt.

The immense value of just one rain was never better illustrated than in connection with the general rainfall of middle July and the corn crop in the great corn belt, which area was thoroughly covered by a rainfall at that time, says the Pathfinder.

This corn crop, which was one of wonderful promise, had arrived at a most critical stage on the 15th of July; of very rank growth it had pumped out the last drop of moisture from the soil where it was growing, and, being just at the ear-forming stage, a continuance of the drought meant an almost total failure of the crop.

At the last moment the barometer went down, and the clouds gathered thick and for three days the West got such a soaking as it had long been a stranger to. Thus the corn crop was saved, and the splendid cornfields of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and South Dakota will now be laden with long, full ears, where, without the blessed rain, they would have been naught but a mass of shriveled fodder.

This moisture, pumped up from the Gulf by a tropical sun, was thus borne northward up the great Mississippi valley and distributed like a benediction to all the people, the just and the unjust alike.

A Fool Such as Drink Makes.

"What is your occupation?" asked the magistrate, entering the name of John Georgeson on the docket as a "plain drunk."

"I'm a common sannar," replied the inebriate, whose nerves were still somewhat shaky.

"A what?"

"A sammer cannon y'r Honor."

"That's something I never heard of before," the magistrate said.

"I didn't get 't right, y'r Honor. I'm a cammer sannor. No that ain't right, either. I'm a sammar — —."

"Where is your home?" interrupted the Court.

"Oregon."

"Then you are a salmon canner, are you not?"

"Thass right, y'r Honor. You've saved m' life!"

Refused to Surrender.

The Chickasaw authorities refuse to surrender their school management to the United States authorities, and now they are \$200,000 in debt and no funds to cancel said debt. The United States authorities won't indorse or pay the school warrants.

—[Atoka Citizen.]

No Doubt the Way Much of the Bible is Interpreted to Indians.

A certain missionary relates that he got an Indian scholar to assist him in translating into the Indian vernacular the hymn—

Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in the—

Imagine his surprise and chagrin to read the following two lines:

Very old stone, spilt for my benefit,
Let me get under one of your fragments.

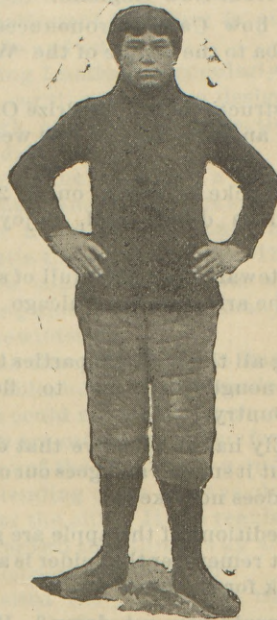
Remarkable Collection.

The Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania has received a remarkable archaeological and ethnological collection in the shape of 2000 curios collected by Mr. Stewart Cullin, curator of the museum, during a recent trip among the Indian tribes of the West and Northwest.

His Profession Settled.

Friend—I suppose you have already picked out a profession for your little boy. Fond Mamma—Yes; he's to be either a piano virtuoso or a football player. He has just the loveliest head of hair.

—[Philadelphia Press.]



MARTIN WHEELOCK, ex Captain, now Tackle, of our football team.

Out Toward the Indian Country.

It is reported that one of the Western States is using its empty jails as storehouses for its surplus wheat and corn. That is not far from a realization of the beating of swords into ploughshares, and certainly indicates a most happy state of both industry and morals.

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.
If some of the Indian boys live to get old they will become 6, 7, 10.
My 3, 2, 5 is what is very black.
My 1, 2, 5 is the leading topic of the day.
My 8, 7, 2, 10 is the way some people like meat to be.
My 9, 10, 4 is not two.
My whole is what nearly all Indians like very much to eat.

SUBSCRIBER.

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.