

The Red Man and Helper.

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FOR THE RED MAN & HELPER.

THE BLUE JAY.

THE silence of the golden afternoon
Is broken by the chatter of the jay.
What season finds him when he is not gay,
Light-hearted, noisy, singing out of tune,
High-crested, blue as is the sky of June?
'Tis Autumn when he comes; the hazy air,
Half-hiding like a veil, lies ev'ry where,
Full of the memories of summer soon
To fade; leaves, losing hold upon the tree,
Fly hopeless in the wintry wind's unrest;
The goldenrod is burning fitfully;
The squirrel leaves his leafy summer nest,
Descends and gathers up the nuts that drop,
When lightly shaken, from the hick'ry top.
CHINUBBIE HARJO.

AN OLD TIMER'S STORY.

In the year 1875 I was in charge of a trading post, right in the foot hills of the Rocky mountains in the Peace River country, and my only neighbors were Indians and a few half-breeds. The life was a lonely one, but in those days I was young and strong, and enjoyed the wild free life of the country, and many times it happened that for more than a month I saw no one, not even an Indian. In the summer time the life was not bad, but at times during the winter months, during the long nights especially, I would have given ten years of my life, I thought, to have some one to speak to.

During the winter of my story, I had gone into trapping for pastime, and was always very lucky when I visited my traps and 'dead-falls' or wooden traps which I had set up in the fall before the ground froze hard enough to prevent my driving stakes into the earth.

I used to visit my traps about once every ten days and it took me generally two days or more to get around them all. I had a good train of dogs and flat sled. I used to take my blankets and provisions along with me and slept out wherever night overtook me.

It was at the close of a dull, cold afternoon in December when on my way home after visiting all my traps, I came to the top of what the Indians in that part of the country called 'White Heads' hill on account of an Indian named Tranquille having had the scalp torn from his head by a grizzly bear some years before. I saw old Tranquille many times and the name suited the head all right, for his skull was as void of hair as the palm of my hand and whiter.

I was now about ten miles from home and had made up my mind to push on and get under roof once more. I had been out two nights already owing to a heavy fall of snow the night I left home. So off I started down the hill and was going to try and get across a bit of open country before dark as I knew the track on the prairie would be drifted up, and hard to find in the dark.

I was making good time, I thought, ahead of my dogs, when all of a sudden I heard their bells at my heels. They had kept far in the rear all day. I was sure something was up, and sure enough before I had gone a quarter of a mile I struck a fresh Indian trail. The Indians could not have been more than two hours ahead of me, and were going in the same direction as I was, so though my load was pretty heavy I jumped on the sled to take a rest and the dogs seemed full of life once more, and started off at a good speed over the well beaten trail.

We had only gone a few miles when I saw the light from a camp fire, in a few more minutes arriving at a camp of Indians who were on their way to my post to trade. They had a good lot of

furs and skins and their sleighs were heavily loaded and though they wished to go to my house that day they found their dogs so tired they made up their minds to camp for the night.

I knew those Indians very well and they were glad to see me, and the chief man of the party asked me to stay with them all night and travel together to the trading post in the morning. I was tired and so were my dogs and it did not require much persuasion to get me to let them make me comfortable for the night in the camp, so they took the harness from my dogs, unpacked my blankets and furs from the sleigh and stored everything safely round the camp.

It takes an Indian brought up in the bush country to make a comfortable winter camp, and this camp was no exception to the rule. The Indians were in good spirits, having made a good hunt since the fall, and they had plenty of dried meat and marrow, deers' tongues, and beaver tails and many other Indian dainties on their sleighs.

The women of the party finished cooking the supper, and all did justice to it. The dogs were not forgotten, and got a good feed of dried moose meat. A big fire was made after all were done eating and then there was nothing to do but smoke and talk.

Chahche and Beaver Head told me they were on their way to the Post to trade and after that they were going to a different part of the country where there was said to be more moose than where he had been since fall and that he should have gone before but that his old mother had been very ill and for some time she had been unable to walk, so he had to wait till she was better. I asked him where the old woman was, as I knew her well but had not seen her in the camp. He told me that during the afternoon of that day she got tired and thought it better to rest for a while as the walking was very hard on her, so Chahche told her to camp and he would push on to the Post, get rid of his load and return for her and his two daughters who staid behind with the old grandmother.

During the night it got very stormy and in the morning a blizzard was raging and you could only see at farthest fifty feet ahead through the blinding snow.

The old woman and the girls, (one about sixteen and the other twelve) had camped about noon the day before across Ermine River, which would be about fifteen miles from where we then were, most of the way through thick brush. So off I started with Chahche ahead of the dogs, as they not liking to face the storm tried to turn and make for the camp more than once during the first half mile. After we got to the bush we put the dogs ahead and the Indian and myself ran behind. We were going along nicely when suddenly the dogs stopped dead on the trail, and I could see what I thought was a log lying across the road.

I stepped ahead of the dogs to see what was the matter, and kicking away the snow I was horrified to see that it was the body of a dead child. Chahche looked once at it and said with the greatest agony possible, "My own little daughter, my own little daughter!" What had happened we could not say, and the only thing to do was to push on to the camp where the old woman had been left.

We could do nothing for the child. She was quite dead, and the strange part of the matter was that she had hardly any clothes on her, nothing but a thin printed calico dress, and a small shawl tied about her head. Chahche could not think

what had happened for, he said, she had been warmly clothed when he left them the day before.

We had only gone perhaps four or five miles more when we met the eldest of the girls on the trail in much the same state as the dead girl in the matter of clothes. She would not have lasted much longer, as she was already badly frozen. I at once got my ax off my sleigh and cut down a few dry sticks and made a fire, got a kettle out of my sleigh and melted some snow, and Chahche and I both rubbed the frozen limbs of the girl for at least two hours, before we thought she was safe.

After she was able to speak she told her father that after he had left her and her sister and grandmother the day before, the old woman, after resting a while thought she could make a few more miles without much trouble before night. So they started off, and crossing the Ermine River near a rapid that was only partly frozen over and not strong, the old woman broke through the ice and the girls could not get her out for half an hour or more. As they could not drag her up, they had to chop away the ice, from where the old woman went in to the shore.

When they got the poor body out and got a fire started the old woman was taken with great pains, and she made up her mind she was going to die, her clothes were of course soaked and frozen to her in some places, and the poor girls were almost wild with fear that the old woman was going to die on their hands, so they made the camp as comfortable as possible and after taking off most of their own clothes for the old woman they started off after their father.

The eldest girl got sick with cold before they had gone far, so the little one pushed ahead until it was impossible for her to go further and she must have travelled nearly half way to her father's camp when she too was overcome with the cold and gave up her life for her old grandmother.

No one need tell me that the Indians have no natural affection, for I know better, and the little heroine of this story is only one case of many that I could tell of, from personal experience.—[Progress.

THE INDIAN AMERICAN.

Junior Oration.

Man is largely a creature of environment. Under the pressure of necessity he has been stung into marvelous exertion. Weighed down with the burden of toil, he has sought to lighten it by subduing nature to his service and inventing machinery to do his work. Lured on by the reward or prestige of intellectual power, "he has travelled far over land and sea, penetrated the earth, sounded the ocean's depths, and swept the hollow sky with his glasses in pursuit of knowledge."

But where knowledge is unrewarded or unnecessary, there man is contented to remain on the dreary levels of ignorance and darkness. Where nature and circumstances do most for him, he does least for himself.

Provided with food, raiment and shelter, man's principal wants are satisfied; and a high development of art and science is not necessary. Civilization follows struggle and its severe discipline.

Under conditions favorable to a wild and savage life, the American Indian was hostile to civilization. He loathed, despised, rejected all that the white man

esteemed most highly; and the few men of his race whom we may call able, gifted and great—Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Osceola, Black Hawk—stood and fought for savagery. They bade their people despise the plow and loom and all the implements of toil and thrift, and cling to the primitive customs of their fathers.

For three centuries the Indian thus resisted civilization. And this is not strange.

For in the wild life of the forest, in "the alternate excitement and tranquillity of the lodge," the freedom from care and toil and the companionship of nature in all her beauty, there was something attractive and fascinating.

And so long as the forests abounded in game, wild fruit was plentiful and the streams were alive with fish, there was nothing so compelling in his surrounding that he should abandon the life of his fathers, nothing so alluring in civilization that he should accept the new life of toil and struggle.

But steadily the waves of civilization rolled in over our land, and transformed every portion of its surface. The forests that sheltered the Indian were laid low. The trackless plains over which he roamed became the grain-fields and pastures of the Great West. The valleys whence rose the smoke of the wigwams and council fires became the garden spots of America.

Along our lakes and rivers where great pow-wows were once held, rose large imposing cities. Railroads and public highways formed a net-work over our land, and the white man's home dotted every valley, hill-side and plain. Before the advent of the white man the buffalo disappeared from our plain, just as a mist disappears before the hot rays of the sun.

Under these new conditions the Indian can no longer persist in his wild life. He can no longer roam the country free and unmolested; no longer rely on the resources of nature for existence; no longer stand aloof from that race, once "the little feeble plant," but now the "mighty tree, whose top reaches the clouds and whose branches overspread the whole land."

The Stern Alternative

of civilization or extinction now confronts him. And while he may mourn in silence the departed days, he sees that the inevitable conclusion is that he must fit himself to meet the needs and conditions of the age. He must learn the language of the people by whom he is surrounded; and if he is to cope with them in the struggle for existence, he must adopt their mode of living and their methods of work, and acquire their educational training.

A new type of Indian has thus replaced the old. The hatchet and the war-club have been buried. The ruthless forays and bloody encounters of the Indian have passed into history, and he is now taking to civilized habits and occupations.

Large numbers are engaged in grazing and agriculture. Young men and women are seeking education in our Government schools; not a few are pursuing courses of study in our colleges and universities; and already the Indian has shown his adaptability to the mechanical arts, the learned professions, and executive responsibility. Nearly one fourth of the Indians are American citizens; still another fourth are qualified to take up the responsibilities of citizenship and self-government.

Thus at the close of the great century there is hope for the Indian as there never was before! True it is many are still

(Continued on fourth page.)

THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

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

Make a living; but remember that there is one thing better than making a living—making a life.

The last official report gives in round numbers 126,000 Indians wearing citizen's dress out of 267,905 wards of the Government; 42,000, or nearly one fourth of the entire number, who can read; 53,000, or over one fourth, who speak ordinary English, and 31,000 adult church members, (only partially reported.)

"Instead of allowing students to learn trades which can be of no possible use in their homes," says a contemporary, "the industrial schools might do more to adapt their training to the Indians' needs, making a specialty of agriculture in its various branches, so that they can make a living on the farming or grazing land which nearly all of them own."

If any one thinks that "nearly all" Indians own land upon which they can make a living by agriculture, it might be well for him to make a study of the official reports. He will find whole tribes, like the Sioux, occupying barren reservations upon which it is IMPOSSIBLE for them ever to become self-supporting.

The current number of the Club Woman tells of a very suggestive paper by Mrs. Ham of the Indian Territory, on "Town and Village Improvement", read at the annual meeting of the Oklahoma and Indian Territory Federation of Woman's Clubs. Mrs. Ham, says the correspondent of the Club Woman, is an educated, wealthy Indian woman.

The object of teaching trades at Carlisle, and presumably at other industrial schools is NOT to give Indians something they can use on the reservation, but to equip them for labor and success through the ordinary channels and in the active currents of life. It would puzzle any one, we think, to plan a course of study fitting for life upon the average Indian reservation. We do not aim to prepare them for life "at home", but to enable them to CREATE a home that is worthy of the name.

It is estimated that the various Indian tribes under the supervision of the Indian Bureau earn in civilized pursuits an average of 71 per cent of their support. This does not include the "Five Civilized Tribes." The remaining 29 per cent is obtained in varying proportions by hunting and fishing, cash annuity or lease money, and Government rations. The former are certainly legitimate sources of income, so that the proportion received as an out-and-out gratuity can not be very large. The lowest percentage of earnings—ten per cent of their living—is found among the wealthy Osages, who "do not have to work," since their funded capital brings in an average per capita income of \$200. per annum. There are a number of tribes who are entirely self-supporting.

These figures are taken from the official reports, and show a condition of affairs much better than is commonly supposed to exist. Certainly the facts do not justify any one in careless generalizations about "pauper Indians."

AN INDIAN SOLDIER BOY IN CHINA.

TIENTSIN, CHINA, August 3, 1900

MAJOR R. H. PRATT—

My dear Sir:

I will write a few lines before I leave. A general advance will be made to Pekin. We are now awaiting orders to move at a moment's notice. The Japanese and the Russians are on the line now, but can advance no further than the entrenchments of the Boxers. They have lost quite a number of their men since they have been out there.

A battery of the 5th Artillery has just arrived and also two squadrons of the 6th Cavalry. We had good hot times when we arrived. The battle was a severe one, but we were very lucky to lose only about nineteen men and our General, Gen. Lisicum, and about nine officers.

The Americans and the Japanese lay in trenches all day, and took the city at night. You can well imagine what it is to be under a singing storm of bullets and shells. A man couldn't stick his head out from behind the trenches; if he did, he got a volley of shots.

No man will ever attempt again to do what we did on July 13th. Going up against a wall thirty feet high and half as wide with rifles only! That wasn't all—the enemy had the range of everything from the second wall in. We are now prepared to go up against any wall.

The Americans, English and Japanese will advance together. The Russians are off by themselves. I think every nation is represented here. At least all the civilized nations are anyway. I guess I am the only representative from the Carlisle School, and I am proud of it too. We have Carlisle Indians in nearly all parts of the world. No matter where I am, I always find people who know what is being done at Carlisle for the Indians.

We are now experiencing some very hard times. Nothing to eat and very little to drink. I am doing the best I can and shall continue doing so.

AUTHUR BONNICASTLE,
Co. E., 9th U. S. Infantry.

WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS.

Children get queer associations of ideas in their heads at times. A little lad on Capitol Hill has a playmate of his own age in the son of a poor neighbor. The son of toil visited his richer friend the other day, wearing a gorgeous red tie. The son of wealth eyed the tie enviously for a while, and then asked Benny where he got it. "My mama dyed it for me for a birthday present," lisped Benny. After Benny went home, Rex played listlessly about for a time, and then leaned on his mother's knee, thoughtfully studying the pictures in the fire. "Mama," he said finally, "Benny's tie was awful pretty, wasn't it?" "Yes, dear." "Mama, won't you kill me a tie like Benny's when I get a birthday?" —[Washington Star.

Indians Get Contracts.

Says the Denver, (Col.) Republican: Indians were the lowest bidders for several contracts for furnishing agricultural products to army posts in the Department of the Colorado. The red men put in their bids against dozens of white men and in nearly every case the Indians' bids were the lowest. At army headquarters recently the bids were opened and classified by Col. Boyle, acting quartermaster of this department, and the lowest were selected, and, as is customary, sent to the Quartermaster-General in Washington with the recommendation that they be approved.

These are Indians who DO possess some good agricultural land, and are learning to make the most of their opportunities. There is no rule which will apply to all, except the rule of individual self-help.

We note with satisfaction that the Government has recently admitted the Indians on an equality with white men in bidding for supplies. These people pay for their own seeds and farming machinery.

AN OLD-TIME GHOST FEAST.

Susie Boyd writes from Poplar, Montana, where the Indians are possibly as wedded to old customs as they are anywhere, an interesting description of the "Ghost Feast" which she witnessed soon after her return last summer.

"The feast", she says, "is given by the mother of a dead child. His or her spirit is supposed to be present, and is embodied in a lock of hair that was cut off after death and preserved in a bundle wrapped about with calico, shawls or anything that they would hold as their own if living.

The mother acts as superintendent while four or five women prepare the feast, which consists of dog-meat, Indian turnips, cherry soup, fried bread, (this is something good,) and many other things I didn't know the name of and didn't like to ask!

After the men, women and children have seated themselves in a circle, the waitresses are kept busy passing the goodies(?) until every bucket is clean down to the bottom.

When all have done justice to their appetites, ponies, calico, blankets, quilts and all that the ghost's mother owns is given away, and the crowds depart for their teepees."

This is not all of the "Ghost Feast"; in fact, to explain the full meaning of the ceremony and singular beliefs upon which it is based would take too much space. It is significant that all Indians, so far as we know, believe in a life after death. We have twice witnessed these feasts among the Sioux in South Dakota.

SIX THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

Major Pratt has received an interesting letter from Jeannette Horn, ('99) who is camping out on the summit of the Coast Range. She describes the spot in these words:

The place commands a beautiful view in all directions. We can see the line of the broad Pacific on the west; Mt Shasta, which is covered with perpetual snow, on the east.

On the north the beautiful sky line, which is irregularly broken by storm-beaten trees, consisting of cedar, fir and pine trees.

On the south we can see range after range of mountains, in colors from olive green to blue, the last dimly outlined against the sky.

I think you would enjoy a trip up here, for the air is so healing; almost better than medicine. Teachers and other workers from the school generally come up here during their vacation to recuperate.

All the Carlisle students were well when I left Hoopa.

MONUMENT TO INDIANS.

A monument to Catawba Indians who served in the Confederate Army has been put up at Fort Mills, South Carolina.

In the park in which the monument stands is another to Confederate soldiers, erected by Colonel White and others of Fort Mills. There is still another—to the women of the Confederacy—the first of its kind built, and one to the faithful slaves, the only monument of that nature ever erected. They were built by Colonel White years ago. He was a large slave owner, and during the war, like thousands of others, left his wife and children in the care of his negroes.

There were no elaborate exercises at the dedication. About 30 Indians came from the reservation 10 miles from Fort Mills and were feasted by Colonel White. Afterward Benjamin Harris, chief of the tribe, and one of the half dozen full-bloods surviving, made an address. Harris is the son of a scout who served in the Civil War with Capt. E. A. Crawford, of the Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, commanded by Cadwallader Jones. There were several of these Catawba scouts, and John and James Harris and Samuel Campbell were killed in battle. Their widows are pensioned by the State.

The monument is a handsome marble shaft bearing the figure of an Indian warrior with drawn bow. On the sides are inscriptions telling of the bravery of the men in battle, their friendship for the whites and the services of a company of scouts in the Confederate Army.

Native Virtues.

"An Old-Timer's Story," on our first page, will remind many who have lived and worked among Indians of equally touching incidents within their own knowledge and observation.

It seems strange that it should be necessary to argue or bring evidence in favor of the possession by the wild man of the universal human traits, such as love of children and kin, generosity, hospitality and self-sacrifice.

As a matter of fact, these virtues were highly developed among the aborigines, and practiced with an abandon which it is not always easy to find among the complex products of an older civilization. There is no doubt that selfishness and love of money and of power are passions which grow stronger with the increase of material wealth and the possibility of its accumulation. There is much true nobility of soul compatible with the utmost simplicity of living.

The Use of Good English.

We find a tendency in some of the young folks to be very careless in the proper use of their language. Among the many common mistakes, here are a few:

1. "I learned him" when you mean "I taught him."
2. "Can I," when you mean "may I?"
3. "I done it," when you should say "I did it."
4. "I seen him," when it should be "I saw him." (This is probably the commonest error of the day.)
5. "Yes, me," when you mean "yes, I."
6. "Them boys," when you mean "those boys."
7. "I would have went," for "I would have gone."
8. "I have not got no money," when it should be "I have no money."

Care should be taken never to use any word unless you are sure you know its meaning.—[Exchange.

The above are vulgarisms used by white children whose home training has not been of the best. The Indian boys and girls who are grappling with the difficulties of a foreign language are a little more excusable if they make mistakes; yet they should spare no pains to become masters of the English tongue.

There is no more distinctive mark of refinement than the careful and appropriate use of words, while slang and slipshod English are like untidy dress—a sign of carelessness or lack of taste.

It is a fact that the Indian dialects are seldom, if ever, spoken ungrammatically by the natives, and an Indian is usually extremely quick to see the ludicrous side of an error of this sort.

The Kind of Business Youth Who is Never Out of a Job.

Said a prominent business man to another:

"I like that youth, because he is honest in service as well as in dollars and cents.

He knows that ten minutes past seven o'clock is not seven.

He knows enough to work just as hard and faithfully when my back is turned or I am absent as when I am here and he is under my eyes.

He also knows enough to put in a little extra work occasionally when there is need without grumbling.

He is prompt and obedient always.

Yes, I like him, for he will make his mark in business circles some day."

Allotment is the most important problem for the Osages to solve and county organization the problem of both the Indian and the white man. They must be disposed of in the coming two years. They should be pushed to the front.—[Osage Journal.

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

Heavy dews.

Feeling rested?

Moonlight nights.

School opened on Monday.

"Summer lingers in the lap of fall."

Miss Jennie P. Cochran, teacher, has resigned.

Dr. Eastman is in the country this week on Outing business.

The man with the wagon load of peaches is popular these days.

Miss Robertson, teacher, has been transferred to Miss Ely's office.

There is inspiration in the thought of the year's work ahead of us.

Mr. Standing has gone to Charter Oak, Iowa, to visit his brother, who is very ill.

Miss Dora S. Dutton, formerly kindergarten at Fort Totten, N. D., has reported here as a teacher.

Miss Effie Moul and Miss Lizzie Seagriff, both of Carlisle, are assistants in Girls' Quarters at present.

Martin Wheelock, assistant in Small Boys' Quarters, has been spending a short vacation at Pen Mar, Maryland.

Miss Cutter, Miss Wood, Miss McIntire, Miss Bowersox, Miss Paul and Miss Smith were among the many arrivals of Friday and Saturday.

Frank Hudson, assistant clerk, who resigned to accept a position in City Deposit Bank, Pittsburg, left for his new field on Monday.

Major Pratt and family returned last Thursday. They came by way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. All are looking well and report a delightful trip.

Among the Juniors and Seniors returned Friday and Saturday were the following typos: Arthur Sickles, Donald McIntosh, Thomas Saul, Arthur Pratt, Ollie Choateau, and George Ferris.

Girls in the two higher grades came in from the country on Friday and the boys on Saturday. They are looking brown and well, especially those who have been spending the summer at the shore.

Mary Morris and Mary Bruce left Monday morning to spend the winter in Swarthmore. They have done faithful service in the Teachers' Club and are sure to make a good record for Carlisle.

There was a lawn sociable on Saturday which was particularly enjoyed, as there were so many new arrivals to exchange summer experiences with the stay-at-homes. Music was furnished by the orchestra.

The football players have begun regular practice on the athletic field. Although there are but six of the old players left, Mr. Warner hopes to develop some new material equal to the old. The boys are ambitious to excel.

A letter from Miss Miller, who is at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, to a friend at the school, describes her trip in a very pleasant way, and tells of finding delightful Southern kindness and hospitality in her new home.

Celinda King came in from Mount Holly to spend a week. She expects to attend school in Mount Holly this winter. No need to say that she is always jolly, excepting the seasons when she wonders what has become of all her money.

Margaret Scholder returned on Tuesday to her summer home at Flora Dale, where she expects to spend the winter. She will be greatly missed in Quarters, but the friends hope the advantage to her health will be sufficient to warrant this decision.

A private letter from Samuel Barker who is in the army at Manila, says life is pretty quiet there now. No fighting and a good deal of rain. He writes that Hugh Leider is in the same regiment, and both are well. He reports having heard from William Colombe recently and that he too, is in good health.

Sallie Santiago left Monday night for Grenada, Miss., to attend school. Alberta and Willard Gansworth returned from their home in New York.

Margaret Freemont and her brother came from their home in Omaha Agency Nebraska.

The new football suits came the other day and are now being trimmed in the tailor shop.

Sarah Pierre returned from the sea-shore and brought a very handsome bracelet for Miss Barr, this week.

Nora Peawa left on Saturday morning to spend a few days with Miss Edge of Downingtown.

Miss Lida C. Sabin of Lebanon, Ohio, assistant matron, has resigned and gone to Toledo, Ohio.

There has not been any study hour this week as the lights are being repaired for the winter's work.

It is reported that some of the ladies are fitting up their rooms in a very dainty and attractive style.

Miss Newcomer took her Sunday-school class to Boiling Springs on the trolley Wednesday evening.

Singing classes are hard at work and show remarkable improvement during the summer's vacation.

Mrs. DeLoss writes that she is improving in health, which is good news to her Carlisle associates.

Mrs. Corbin and Miss Zeamer, instructors in the sewing department, returned after a few weeks rest.

The Haskell Leader notes the presence at Haskell Institute of Mrs. Given, as the guest of Mrs. Dixon, last month.

Mr. Eugene H. Brock, for several months assistant disciplinarian, has resigned to take up the study of law.

School attendance is still small but after the party has returned from their summer's outing we will again have a full house.

One of the girls was heard wishing the ocean was below the laundry building, it would be so nice to cool off there these hot days.

The girls' new uniforms for this winter will be made in a new style, they will be trim with white braid and will look very attractive.

Mrs. Rumsport returned from her summer vacation last week, and has resumed her work in the kitchen of the club in spite of malaria.

A tiny traveller, looking from a car-window at a foaming waterfall, called out: "O mama! See the soda-water running down the mountain!"

Eighty one new pupils have been admitted to the various grades thus far, mostly in the lower grades. Two new Juniors have entered.

Siceni J. Nori, (class '94) a graduate of Stewart's Business College, Trenton, N. J. and clerking since at Belle Mead, N. J. takes Mr. Hudson's place.

The class work is fully under way. Some grades are of necessity quite small, but when the homeward "Hegira" begins there will be pupils enough and to spare.

Political speeches at the guard house corner the other evening were sharp and to the point, showing that the boys are awake on the issues of the fall campaign.

A more earnest and determined class could not be found, than that of the Seniors, and they have resolved to conquer their language under the instruction of Miss Cutter.

The 43 Juniors present have resumed their studies with an earnestness very gratifying to their teacher. Earnestness insures interest and an interested class is sure of rapid progress.

A party of five, teachers and students were pleasantly entertained on the square between the shops by a concert given by a remnant of the "Paris Band." The "Star Spangled Banner," and "Cake Walk" were very well rendered, and the audience fully appreciated the treat of hearing the band.

Miss Luckenbaugh writes from Pasadena, Cal., where she has spent a very pleasant summer, although "her heart still clings to the eastern scenes and eastern friends."

Although the work of the laundry has been heavier than usual this Summer, it has been lightened by some small boys, who seem to enjoy the work, and do it cheerfully and well.

"The afternoons are too short," exclaimed an enthusiastic Junior at the close of the school session the other day. "They will be longer next summer," remarked a more experienced member present.

Miss Roberts takes charge of No. 2, Miss Dutton, No. 4, Mrs. Walters succeeds Miss Robertson who goes to Miss Ely's office. Miss Robbins is located in No. 9 in place of Miss Cochran who resigned.

Miss Annie B. Moore of Lawrence, Kansas, teacher of instrumental music, has been appointed as music instructor here. She held the same position here some years ago and all the old friends are glad to see her back again.

The Carlisle exhibit of drawing at the Martha's Vineyard Summer School attracted much attention. Comments:

"Really! Why it is better than civilized children do! Who would have believed it. And they are only Indians too! What is this world coming to?"

The noted French astronomer Flammarion, has written several books to prove that the world will come to an end by the gradual cooling of the sun, so that everything on the earth would die from lack of warmth. The weather during the past few days ought to make him think he has made a mistake.

The picnic recorded in last week's issue was given by Mr. T. B. Mellor of West Chester. Twenty-five girls were invited. Several did not come on account of sickness in the families. Mr. Mellor was very kind to think of us. He paid for the ice cream and hired the boats. Each of the girls wish to thank him through the columns of THE RED MAN & HELPER for the good time enjoyed at Lenape Park.

The condition of the trunks which journeyed in trunks from seashore points was not altogether satisfactory to the owners thereof, when they opened said trunks; but their disappointment does not compare with that of the young lady whose trunk has not yet come. She wonders if railway employees ever open trunks and if her cakes will be abstracted, and her only comfort is that she will have cake when others have none, if the trunk comes.

All pupils seem eager for work. The red hats and blue bands suggest some very high church official. We are evidently having a Senior conclave of cardinals, who are considering seriously the question of graduating in 1901 or 2 or—when they study hard enough. Pretty—yes. We like the idea. Loyalty to purpose, cause, class, institution, town, state, nation, everything that is of good report, etc. That is the spirit to cultivate. A pupil with class spirit enough to make him work for his class, will have patriotism enough to be a good citizen and study questions hard enough to vote intelligently. Speaking of votes, shall we have a school election and help to elect McKinley or Bryan? Then save your taxes.

Mrs. W. Burgess, mother of our Miss Burgess, who has been seriously ill at the school for a number of weeks, entered into rest on Thursday evening, August 30th. She was unconscious for some time before the end, which was peaceful. Mrs. Burgess was 75 years of age. She had been, with her husband, active in the Indian work many years ago, and was at one time principal of the Pawnee school, when Mr. Burgess was Indian agent. She always retained a lively interest in the work. Her husband, sons and daughter accompanied the remains to Millville Pa., where the funeral services were held on Sunday last. The family have the warm sympathy of their friends at the school and elsewhere.

William Ratley, who went home last spring, seems to have the right spirit. He writes us that he "could not afford to lose time, so left the Indian reservation and went out among the whites." He is cooking for the Eversole Lumber Co., Noland, N. C.

The office boy whose employer thought he should have to let him go, as he had only about half enough work for a boy, and he didn't seem able to do even that much, fancied he had a bright idea when he suggested that in that case he might stay at home half the time.

A General Flitting.

Saturday was a busy day for many of the teachers. Professor Bakeless having moved from his old quarters to one of the new cottages, and several other rooms being vacant, there was a general change.

Miss Cutter leaves her two delightful rooms for the Administration building, where she will occupy Miss Luckenbaugh's sunny apartment. Miss Annie Moore will take Miss Cutter's old rooms.

Miss Robertson also goes to the Administration building, while Miss Smith goes into her vacated rooms.

Miss Cochran having left us, Miss McIntire falls heir to her domain. Miss Robbins moves into Miss McIntire's old rooms, while Miss Stewart takes the two back rooms in the Bakeless suite.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter will occupy Miss Stewart's old room and the one back of it, and Mr. Simon will have the rooms above Mr. Beitzel's parlor.

Miss Jones will take the rooms opposite Miss Noble, and the new teachers will have the vacant rooms in Halls 1 and 3.

Mistakes About Indians.

Edgar Rickard, a pupil of our school who is a Tuscarora Indian, writes a letter to the Delaware Valley Advance in which he corrects some prevalent mistakes about Indians. He says:

One of the greatest mistakes that the white man makes is that he thinks that Indians are good for nothing. They gain the idea from some story writer, who tells exciting stories of the Indians. I have read several books that tell some untrue stories about the Indians. While I was at home I never saw one Indian kill another. We always lived peaceably, went to church on Sundays, and enjoyed life as well as white people.

When I was but a little boy I went to school at home in Sanborn, N. Y., and continued until my twelfth year, when my father made me go to work. He being a farmer wanted me to help him with the work on the farm. I did not like to stop going to school, but I had to do what my father wished. I worked on the farm until my cousins, one being a doctor and the other being a teacher, influenced my father to let me go to school again, which I did for a while and finished the course of the district school at home.

The next question was where should I continue my studies. My cousins looked after that matter, and finally sent me to Carlisle, where I now am.

I have gained knowledge since being in Carlisle. When I was younger, I used to think, even when I could only read and write, that I knew a great deal. But I have found out that the more we learn the more we realize how little we know. I am now in the Senior class and feel as if I knew nothing, but was just beginning to learn.

Applies to Indians.

There was and is a whole missionary speech in the remark of Dr. Maltbie Babcock at the Ecumenical Conference:

"You are wronging unborn children by not putting the light in the faces of their fathers and mothers."

A Curious Poison.

It is said that certain Indians of South America use a curious poison which is called ézcal. A grain of it has the effect of starting an irresistible desire for exertion. The victim begins walking briskly round and round in small circles till he drops dead in his tracks. There is no pain, but much excitement.

(Continued from first page.)

unworthy the name of civilized; that not a few still cling to their ancient traditions and practices; that a small number may still be called savages. Yet the fact remains that the Indian has changed his attitude toward civilization, and that there are signs of progress and comfort, if not of refinement, among the greater part of the Indian race.

The development of our country has broken down the bar that separated the Indian from the white man and his civilization for long ages; and out of that dark era of savagery in which he has lived from time immemorial, under the new conditions and environments that now surround him, he is entering into "a period of fresh power, of new life and growth, into the spring-time of the history of his race."

But yet it cannot be denied that the day is still distant when the entire Indian race will be a useful and desirable element in our national life. For there are forces at work that tend to retard his progress.

Chief among these is the reservation system.

Segregating Indians on Reservations, remote from the influence of civilization, not only closes every avenue through which may pass the stimuli and incentives for a higher and better life which come from the association with and example of a more enlightened race, but also produces a sentiment of separateness which tends to perpetuate their racial characteristics and habits.

The Government ration system is likewise a bane to Indian civilization. It pauperizes able-bodied men and women; reduces them to a condition of utter dependence upon the Government for all help and support; kills ambition, and encourages idleness, ignorance and vice—cankers which are eating into the very vitals of Indian manhood and strength.

Until these evils are removed, and new methods of dealing with the Indian are instituted, a large part of the race will continue to be the wards of the nation, utterly indifferent to the welfare of its members. Not till the reservations have been broken up and the land divided in severalty; not till instead of feeding the Indian gratuitously we have taught him to earn his living by some kind of honorable work; not till every trace of prejudice has been wiped away, so that his high aspirations may not be cooled by the thought that he will not be able to use his powers beyond the narrow limits of the reservation; not till the American people have made a real protest against the Indian longer remaining an alien in this the land of his nativity—not till then may we hope to see the entire Indian race losing its nationality in that larger and fuller life of our great republic, becoming independent and self-supporting citizens, and contributing their share of support to progress, civilization and Christianity.

HOWARD EDWARD GANSWORTH.
(Carlisle, '94. Princeton, '01)

CHIEF RED CLOUD'S CLOSING DAYS.

At his home, near Pine Ridge agency, Red Cloud, the last of the great war chiefs, is quietly passing the twilight of his long and eventful career.

"Misinformed and careless writers," said C. C. Merrivall of Pine Ridge agency, "have caused newspaper readers to look upon subchiefs of minor degree through magnifying glasses. Red Cloud during late years has given his efforts toward civilization, and because he wears ordinary white man's clothes, and because some of the subchiefs stick to paint and feathers, he has been considered in a wrong light. But nevertheless, Red Cloud is far ahead of any and all of them, having been distinctively the war chief of the powerful Sioux nation during the long years of warfare between the whites and Indians throughout the territory now embraced in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana.

"When in his prime he was acknowledged

to be the greatest Indian tactician of his time. Red Cloud for years has lived quietly at his home, a short distance northwest of Pine Ridge agency, on the bottomland of White Clay Creek, within plain view of the agency. He lives in a comfortable frame building. In front of the house stands a flagpole, and whenever Red Cloud hears that the stars and stripes have been hoisted on the agency buildings, he, to show his loyalty to the United States Government, hoists a similar flag on the staff near his home.

"During late years Red Cloud's eyesight has steadily failed, until to-day it is impossible for him to distinguish objects at a greater distance than five or six yards. On fine days one of the pathetic sights at the agency is to see Red Cloud slowly making his way through the agency streets, leaning for support and guidance upon his faithful and devoted Indian wife. Red Cloud is now very old, and is becoming quite feeble, though his mind is as clear as it was in his younger days. Because of his failing strength he is compelled to depend upon a cane in walking around. His wife is nearly as old, but is not nearly so feeble, and insists upon accompanying the old warrior in his journeys around the agency and to the homes of old friends living in the immediate vicinity."

—[Philadelphia North American.

A Chipmunk Hunt.

After the first thaw, the chipmunks burrow a hole through the snow crust, and make their first appearance for the season. Sometimes as many as fifty will come together and chase one another all about the scene. These gatherings occur only in the early morning—from daybreak to about nine o'clock.

We boys learned this among other secrets of nature, and got our blunt-headed arrows together in good season for the chipmunk expedition. We generally went together in groups of six to a dozen or fifteen, to see who could get the most. On the evening before, we selected several boys who could imitate the chipmunk call with wild oat straws, and each of these provided himself with a supply of straws.

The crust will hold the boys nicely at this time of the year. Bright and early they all come together at the appointed place, from which each group starts out in a different direction, agreeing to meet somewhere at a given position of the sun.

I well remember my first experience of this kind. It was a fine crisp March morning, and the sun had not yet shown himself among the distant tree-tops, as we hurried along through the ghostly woods. Presently we reached a spot where there were many signs of the animal. Then each of us selected a tree, and took up our positions behind it. The chipmunk caller sat upon a log as motionless as he could, and began to call.

Soon we heard the patter of little feet on the hard snow; then we saw the chipmunks approaching from all directions. Some stopped and ran up a tree or log, as if uncertain of the exact direction of the call; others chased one another about.

In a few minutes the chipmunk caller was besieged by them. Some ran all over his person, others under him, and still others ran up the tree against which he was sitting. Each boy remained immovable until their leader gave the signal; then a great shout arose, and the chipmunks in their flight all ran up different trees.

Now the shooting-match began. The little creatures seemed to realize their hopeless position; they tried to come down the trees and flee away from the deadly aim of the youthful hunters. But they were shot down very fast; and whenever several of them rushed toward the ground, the little red-skin hugged the tree, and yelled frantically to scare them up again!

Each boy shoots always against the trunk of the tree, so that the arrow may bound back to him every time; otherwise, when he had shot away all of them, he would be helpless, and another who had cleared his tree, would come and take away his game. So there was warm competition.

Sometimes a desperate chipmunk would jump from the top of the tree in order to escape, which was considered a joke on the boy from whose tree it had escaped, and a triumph for the brave little animal.

At last all were killed or gone, and then we went on to another place; keeping up the sport until the sun came out and the chipmunks refused to answer the call
CHAS. A. EASTMAN, in St. Nicholas.

"HIAWATHA" TO BE PLAYED BY OJIBWAY INDIANS.

Last year Kabaosa and Wabanosa, Ojibway Indians, connected by marriage with Schoolcraft, and members of whose families have been hereditary chiefs of the Ojibways for a long time, attended the Sportsmen's shows at Boston and New York. Relatives of these Indians occupy leading positions in Boston society. Schoolcraft married into the family of Shingwauk, and from him obtained the legend which he gave to Longfellow, out of which the great and immortal poem of "Hiawatha" was written. A comparison was made between the Indian vocabulary in the poem, which is very extensive, and the language used to-day by these Indians, and they were found to be exactly the same, excepting in one or two places, where Longfellow has altered the accent of some of the Indian words to set them to his meter.

The names of many of the places mentioned by Longfellow as the scenes of Hiawatha's adventures are the places to which Kabaosa has been going as guide to modern fishermen and sportsmen. Kabaosa became so interested in the details of the poem that he resolved to re-enact the scenes among the "Islands of the Blessed," as Longfellow called them, which are situated twenty-eight miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, on the north shore of Lake Huron. He invited the family of the poet Longfellow to witness the tableaux, which are to be presented by live Indians. There will be seven scenes in the drama, as given by the Ojibway Indians.

Care has been taken to reproduce in detail, with great exactness, the minute and marvelously correct description of the poet Longfellow.

Says the Jamesburg Advance: THE RED MAN & HELPER is a very interesting paper, and deserves the support of all thinking persons. Not to return the compliment for compliment's sake, but to state the fact as it is, the Advance is one of the most popular papers that comes to our school, with both teachers and students.

If you are a servant, make your employer feel that you are the most reliable person about the place. Joseph in jail was as reliable as when governor of Egypt. Cream rises to the top even if it is in a wash basin.

It is a weak excuse for a young man or a young woman to blame heredity for his or her backsliding sins. If we graft a good shoot on a bitter stock we look for and get good fruit. Shall we demand less of humanity than we demand of nature?

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.

IMPROVEMENTS AT PHOENIX, ARIZ.

The present fiscal year at the Phoenix Indian school will be noted for continued advancement in the shape of new and necessary buildings. Improvements to be made are not as extended in nature, perhaps, as in the past but are just as important in their way. The largest is the erection of a new auditorium at a cost of about \$7,500. Described in a general way, the structure is to be octagonal in shape, with a commodious and convenient stage fitted up at one end. The roof will be supported by an arch, thus giving a clear floor space, uninterrupted by pillars. The seating capacity will be a thousand or more. The chapel built in the school building less than two years ago has been too small for some time and will be converted, in all probability, into badly needed school rooms. The new auditorium will have perfect light and ventilation and will be built in the north end of the campus, probably north of the lagoon.

An addition, costing \$2000, is to be built of brick in the rear of the pump house.

It will consist of three rooms, one of which is to be used for the storage of coal and fuel. A new and complete ice making machine with a capacity of a ton every twelve hours is to be erected in the addition and the machine now in use is to be moved from its present location in the basement of the employes' home. The old machine has a capacity of only 500 pounds and has been found to be entirely inadequate in warm weather for the needs of the school. In this warm climate a free use of ice adds to the healthfulness and vitality of everyone.

The pumping capacity of the sewer plant is to be increased by the addition of a duplicate apparatus. This will be useful in the event of a breakdown or when increased capacity is needed.

The conveniences of the girls' home are to be increased by 250 clothing lockers.

GOOD ADVICE FROM AN INDIAN.

Robert Sands, a pupil of Haskell Institute, writes to the RED MAN & HELPER as follows:

Young men, don't take too much advice—keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to do a fair share of the work.

Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit.

Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it.

Enigma.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 5, 6, 9 are used by the travelling public.

My 4, 5, 1 is an animal.
My 13, 15, 16, 17 is a condition of weather.

My 14, 10, 8, 17 is a formation of land.
My 12, 2, 3, is a word that refers to a lady.

My 11, 3, 7, is a species of fish.
My whole is an institution that we all feel proud of.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Watermelon.