

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE GOLDENROD.

THIS flower is faller of the sun
Than any our pale North can show;
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's mid-noon blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom.
Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
And through November's path of gloom.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
Gay bonfires blazing round the field;
Rich autumn pays in gold his debts
For tenancy that summer yields,
Beauty's slow harvest now comes on,
And promise with fulfillment won;
The heart's vast hope does but begin,
Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriads glimmering plumes
Like a great army's stir and wave;
Because its gold in billows blooms.
The poor Man's barren walks to lave;
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow,
I thank him for the goldenrod.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE STORY OF INDIAN CORN.

No product of the soil bore a more important relation to the welfare of the early American colonists, or provoked a deeper interest in the new world and its agricultural possibilities, than maize or Indian corn.

Next to gold itself the "golden grain" excited the cupidity of the early explorers and settlers, and its confiscation and destruction by them tended to embitter the aborigines against the "paleface" who was showing a constantly increasing tendency to invade their domains along the eastern coast.

While there is no doubt whatever that Indian corn originated in America, and at the discovery of the country had been so long in cultivation that its many forms had reached nearly the perfection that they have today, there is the same difficulty in positively naming its natural progenitor as in the case of every other prehistoric vegetable now cultivated for food by man.

That corn was originally a grass belonging to the genus known as *Zea*, is evident to the botanist; but whether this grass grew in Paraguay, and bore ears upon which each kernel was developed in a separate plume or pod, just as we find them in reverted ears in the field today; or whether it grew on the upper plateau of Mexico, and put forth bunches of little ears having but two rows of kernels on each, as lately discovered by Professor Dugs; is a question which will probably never be definitely settled.

It is certain, however, that whichever of these forms the product sprang, the first successful step in producing this food resulted in a pop-corn, and from this, through husbandry practices and varying environment, the sorts now known have been brought about.

The maize was prepared for food substantially alike by the peoples of South, Central, and North America.

The fresh ears were roasted or boiled, or the kernels stripped from the cob and cooked with beans.

This they called *msickquatsh*, from which came our name "succotash," as applied to the same dish.

At times bits of pumpkin, nuts, berries, or the shredded meat of game were cooked with the corn, thus adding the protein material necessary to form a satisfying and sufficiently nourishing food.

How it was Prepared for Food.

In the absence of mechanical mills of any kind for grinding the old ripe corn,

which, being stable and portable, was necessarily the most usual food form, the following method of reducing the grain to edible condition was practised throughout the country, and still maintains among the natives of Mexico and South America.

Sufficient shelled corn for the food of the family the following day is put to soak at nightfall in boiling hot water, to which a little lime is added for the purpose of removing the hull.

By morning the grain is soft and ready for grinding, or rather mashing to a pulp.

One of the younger females of the household dips from the lime-water a few handfuls of the corn at a time, which she places before her on the upper end of an inclined flat stone; then grasping by the ends another stone, somewhat like a rolling-pin in shape, she works the kernels down between the two with a peculiar motion allied to that employed by a boatman in "feathering" his oar, during which she throws all her shoulder strength and body weight into each stroke.

The pulp, thus deftly crushed, collects at the lower end of the nether stone, whence it is taken by one of the older women and kneaded into a dough without the addition of any condiment or even salt.

Taking this dough she seats herself before a low flat stone or bench, upon which she lays a banana leaf.

On its smooth surface she forms thin, circular, even wafers and toasts them one at a time, as made, over a slow fire, upon a flat stone or pottery slab, or in these days,—in families of sufficient means—on the iron griddle of civilization.

The resulting cakes, or tortillas, are eaten while hot, either alone or with boiled beans, meat stews, or other potage, by using them as spoons, and biting off a portion of the "spoon" with each mouthful.

Such of the tortillas as are not needed at the meal are afterward eaten cold, or re-toasted in the ashes.

Among the Pueblo Indians, dough of blue corn produced in the same manner is rendered thin with water and spread with the fingers upon a large, flat, heated stone in a thin sheet which, when baked, is rolled into cylinder and eaten as required.

The Basis of Religion.

Corn is so essential to the life and welfare of the resident tribes of southwestern North America that it forms the basis of their religion, the burden of their mystic song, and the object of their prayer.

The most important so-called religious ceremonies of these tribes are in reality invocations to the clouds, the winds, the rains and the sun, propitiating all these forces of nature, to the end that the corn may grow fruitful and the crop be large.

On their ceremonial altars corn is always an important factor, and around it the symbolism of all dependent nature is grouped.—[CHARLES F. MILLSAUGH, in the *Chautauquan*.

They Carry Wood for their Schooling.

At one of our New Mexican schools a strange procession may be seen; children each carrying in their arms two or three sticks of wood along with their books.

A small sum is charged monthly for tuition, and those who cannot pay in money are allowed to bring fuel. The people have adopted a custom all their own in the delivery of the wood, and instead of bringing a wagon load at a time send it in daily installments, by the hands of the children.—[Home Mission Monthly.

HUNT FOR THE SOUTH SIDE!

There are people like Zitkala Sa, in her Atlantic Monthly articles a few months ago, who always insist upon sitting on the cold side of a hill. They have all sorts of experiences in life, happy as well as dull, but the remembrance of gloomy scenes and the dark pictures in life is alone retained.

Those who make light of small trials and push them aside that sunshine and cheer may enter are the people who make the world worth living in.

There is enough gloom in life as we go along from day to day, without treasuring up disagreeable experiences of the past.

The following from Forward has a lesson in it for us all:

"May I come in, dear?" called the girl's bright voice.

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," was the merry answer.

The girl pushed open the door and ran across the room to the bed.

Nobody could have guessed the pain and the wearisome plaster cast from the cheery voice; still less could one have guessed that the need to earn made the weeks of pain still harder to bear.

These things the woman lying there told to her God, never to her guests.

The girl held up a forlorn handful of late asters.

"The very last," she declared. "I hunted and hunted!"

"Are you sure?" her friend asked quickly. "I've always found them later than this every year. Did you go over to the south side of the hill?"

"No," the girl confessed laughingly, "I believe that I looked on every side but that. I'll go straight back and hunt again."

Twenty minutes later she returned laden with autumn bloom.

"You were right," she said. "I had no idea that the south side made such a difference. The slope was half covered with the most beautiful blossoms, so big and deep colored. I'm going to put them in this pitcher beside you, so that you can reach your hands down deep into autumn and pretend you're picking them yourself."

"Then," her friend returned, "I should have to give up the memory of somebody who picked them for me."

The girl stopped her pretty work.

"Now I understand the difference," she said slowly. "You insist that you are living on the south side of life, and that you are getting every bit of sunshine there is, while most of us deliberately go and sit on the north side, and grumble because it is cold. Never mind, I've caught your secret now, and I'm going to sit in the sun. Then maybe I'll blossom."

The white face in the bed smiled.

"And the best of it all is that there always is a south side," she answered, "the sun's side, and God's"

The Future of the Indian.

The last chief of the Pottawattomie band gives utterance to the unvoiced heart-cry of many another Indian of the forest and the plain.

"Often in the stillness of the night, when all nature seems asleep about me, there comes a gentle rapping at the door of my heart. I open it; and a voice in-

quires, Pokagon, what of your people? What will their future be? My answer is: Mortal man has not the power to draw aside the veil of unborn time to tell the future of his race. But it is given him to closely judge the future, showing most conclusively that the blood of our people, like the waters that flow into the great ocean, will be forever lost in the dominant race; and the generations yet unborn will read in history of the red men of the forest, and inquire Where are they?"

A Wonderful Man.

Robert Collyer, the famous Scotch Unitarian preacher, was a man of rare gifts and of no less insight than simplicity. He possessed great magnetism, and his sermons went straight to the heart. We have heard him preach in New York City, and have had the pleasure of taking him by the hand.

Mr. Collyer was sometimes called the "Blacksmith-Preacher." He himself said that his life was divided into two periods—twenty-one years at the forge, and fifty years in the pulpit. Read what he says of his early life and love of books: "All the schooling I ever had under a master was finished in my eighth year, when I went to earn my own living in a linen factory.

There was an article of faith in our good home creed about which both my father and mother were of one mind,—the boys must learn a trade

So, after six years in the factory, I was apprenticed to the village blacksmith.

I was a hard-working, conscientious boy, but full of mischief and fond of fun.

I had, however, a ravenous appetite for books.

I remember once, when quite small, I stood for a long time before a shop window with a big English penny in my hand, debating whether I should spend it for a particular kind of candy, of which I was very fond, or for a little paper-covered book of travels. At length, I went in and bought the book.

At meals I used to read, and even when I was courting the lass whom I made my wife, I read all the books in her father's house.

I am surprised she did not give me the mitten, and it would have served me right, too."

Things To Remember.

Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.

Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.

That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered.

That you should never ride after a poor looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse, and refuse to ride after a poor looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.

That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.—[Angell's Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

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.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best school-master out of life.

Success in the world depends not so much on our superior qualities as on the way in which we use them.

How do you like to be measured? By what you are, or by what your ancestors were? Do you prefer to be set apart because of your personal peculiarities? or welcomed in the name of your common humanity? Then do to the Indian as you would be done by!

Agent Mayhugh, of the Shoshone Agency, Nevada, makes a few pertinent remarks upon the transfer system in the Indian service. He says:

An undesirable person who has caused trouble at one Agency should not be transferred to another. A disturber at one place will be a source of disturbance at the next.

There are persons who are able to persuade themselves that a highly educated Indian must be miserable, because, as they suppose, he can not associate freely either with his own people or with the whites. If he is a broad-minded man, the exact contrary is true. He understands the uneducated Indians better than a white man could, and possesses more of their confidence; while, on the other hand, he is welcomed to the society of all people worth knowing and keenly enjoys the privilege.

A little education often makes a man narrow and self-centred; but wide and deep culture puts one into sympathetic relations with the humanity of all the ages—with prince and beggar, seer and child. To your true cosmopolitan the color of a man's skin is a matter of the most perfect indifference.

A Fallen Leader.

Agent Anderson of the Colville agency in Washington does not hold a high opinion of the famous Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, of whom he says that "it is difficult to instill into his mind the fundamental principles of civilization. Chief Joseph may be applauded for his acts of bravery and the sacrifices he made for what he considered his birthright. He led his warriors forth to battle as did the ancient Hannibal; he fought, bled, and finally surrendered with all the honors of war and became a vanquished hero.

"All these acts appear very flattering on the pages of history; but to know a man thoroughly is to see him daily in the different walks of life.

"Joseph may have been a success as a military commander, but as a progressive, public-spirited Indian he is a sad failure. He is hostile to civilization, and he and his handful of warriors are the most backward of all the tribes on the Colville reservation; and taking into consideration the fact that the Government has supplied them so lavishly with rations, clothing and implements for the past sixteen years, their condition should be very different."

Now, frankly, what else could be expected? Joseph was an Indian of exceptional intellect and force—a natural leader. He fought for his personal freedom and the freedom of his people. They were conquered and practically enslaved. They were forced into a life of indolence

and helplessness; confined within narrow limits and fed and clothed by a paternal Government. The once great warrior is a humiliated and broken-spirited man. Had he been conquered, made to see the only future that remained to his people, then set free and thrown upon his own resources and ingenuity, that rugged strength of leadership might have been saved to his race and to the world.

A "WHITE SQUAW."

We have always said that not only is an Indian child brought up among white children generally found equal to his surroundings and opportunities but that the reverse is equally true. The white child educated by Indians becomes as fixed in its Indian ways as any member of the tribe. There are many instances of this in real life—such as the following true story of Mary Pretty Hair:

Sixteen years ago, says the Pawnee Courier, when Mary, as she is commonly known, was but one year old, her mother took her to Mrs. Pretty Hair who is an Osage Indian, and asked her to take the babe and give it a home, pleading that her father treated her worse than a dog.

Mrs. Pretty Hair took the babe, after getting a pledge from the mother that she would never call and claim the child; and has raised her after the custom of the tribe giving her the benefits of all the school privileges provided for Osage children, and, being an American girl she acquired knowledge rapidly, but never has she expressed a desire to take up American habits of dress.

Ida Mary is a bright very pretty girl, and though she always dresses in Indian clothes, she is attractive and pleasant, though somewhat distant toward white people.

She speaks both the Osage and English language fluently.

She says she is happy and well contented with her lot, and seems proud of her Indian parents, who are very much devoted and attached to her.

She is popular among the Osage tribe and admired by many citizens of the nation.

The Ideal System.

One of our teachers tells of the following conversation in which she participated while she was away on her summer vacation:

"Is it not difficult to teach the Indian students good American English?" was asked.

"Yes, frequently, especially if they are brought up on an Indian reservation."

"I should think that they would learn from each other and that all would speak and write Indian-English and develop Indian characteristics."

"There may be a slight tendency in that direction, although care is taken to guard against the habit."

"Years ago," continued the interlocutor, "I taught a school of Irish children in a factory town in Massachusetts. I found that in spite of constant drill my pupils talked English with an Irish accent, and wrote it as only Irish children could."

"I do not doubt it," replied the teacher.

"My sister had a similar experience in a school of poor French children in an adjoining town. I should think it would be better to put the Indian boys and girls into the white schools."

"We do so as far as possible," replied the teacher, and then she proudly explained the "Carlisle Outing System."

"Why that is ideal!" exclaimed the interlocutor. "There could not be anything finer than that. Isn't it most successful? Don't the students like it?"

We have a NEW SOUVENIR giving 64 excellent views of the school grounds and interior of buildings. This may be had for twenty-five cents cash; by mail 30 cents; or for FOUR new subscriptions or renewals, and five cents extra for postage. We have only a thousand of them, and "first come first served." For ten or more a reasonable reduction will be made.

Football.

The complete football schedule for the coming season is as follows:

- Sept. 22. Lebanon Valley College, here.
- " 25. Dickinson College, here.
- " 29. Susquehanna College, here.
- Oct. 6. Gettysburg College, here.
- " 13. University of Virginia, at Washington.
- " 15. University of Maryland, at Baltimore.
- " 27. Harvard, at Cambridge.
- Nov. 19. Yale, at New Haven.
- Nov. 17. University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
- Nov. 24. Washington and Jefferson, at Pittsburgh.
- Nov. 29. Columbia University, at New York City.

About forty candidates for the team commenced training Sept. 3rd, and owing to the warm weather only light work was done, such as falling on the ball, tackling the dummy and practicing starting. As there are only five of last season's regular players and only three substitutes left in school from last year's team, it can easily be seen that most of the candidates this season start in without any previous football experience whatever, and it is hard to tell this early in the season what the result will be. It is fortunate that most of the heavy men of last season's team remain this year, because the new material is very light, and the chances are that the team will be even lighter than last year.

Behind the line, Hudson, Seneca, Metoxen and Miller—all are gone, and these are the positions in which experience counts for much. Roberts and Johnson, who were good substitutes last season, will help steady the new players back of the line, and it may be that from such men as Wilson Charles, James Miller, Frank Yarlot, Jesse Palmer, Kelley Lay, Decora, Cornelius and Howlingwolf two or three halfbacks may be developed who will, later in the season do very creditable work. It can hardly be expected, however, that new players, can in one season, equal such players as Seneca, Metoxen and Miller, who have had years of experience.

In the line, the team looks fairly strong and it may be that enough good players can be developed so that Hawley Pierce can be spared from the line and be placed at fullback. If this can be done without weakening the line too much, it will greatly strengthen the back field positions, as Pierce is a marvel at backing up the line on defense.

Of the new men for the line, White and Dillon are doing fairly well at the guard positions, but both are too slow yet in starting with the ball and they are not aggressive enough. They should put more vim and dash into their play if they want to get a position on the team. Bowen is also playing guard, but is too slow and has the same faults as White and Dillon.

For tackles, the new men are Whipple, Sheldon and Walker, and so far, Walker is doing the better work. It may be that when the other two have caught onto the game more, they will be good players as both seem to try to do their best.

Williams and John Baine played on last season's second team, and should with hard work, make a good showing this season.

Ends must necessarily be experienced players and sure tacklers; and although Capt. Rogers will fill one very satisfactorily, the available candidates for the other end and for substitutes, are rather scarce. Nelson Hare was substitute for Roger's end last year, and did good work. For the present he will be placed on the opposite end from Rogers. The place will be new to him, but he should learn to play it in good shape.

Beaver who played fullback on the second team last year and made a good record for pluck and gameness, is trying for end, and with his speed and defensive qualities should develop into a good man for an end position.

Charles Bender and Johnson Bradley are the new men trying for ends, and both show considerable promise of becoming valuable in time. Showman also is playing end, and, if he can learn to tackle more surely, may do well there.

Lubo is opposing Smith in center and is doing creditable work, but he needs

more practice in passing the ball surely and steadily.

Ruiz and Blackchief do very well as quarterbacks, but their great handicap is in being so very light in weight. Ruiz, for a small man, does remarkably well and will be of much help in the practice.

Newspapers and critics for the past few years have always talked about the "Veteran Indian team" whenever Carlisle did well. This year we have lost over half of the old team, and if we can only sustain the record we have made in past years, Carlisle will deserve, and no doubt get the credit that is due.

Every player trying for the first team should put forth every effort to do his very best and should conscientiously carry out the instructions of the Captain and Coach. There are so many vacant places on the team that competition will be lively and those desiring to get a place on the team must make up their minds to work very hard.

A Visit to an old Mission.

The other day, writes Professor Kinnear from Marion, O., I went to upper Sandusky, seat of Wyandotte County, north of us. It is said that the first missionary work on this continent began there. However that may be, missionaries were there among the Indians early in the century.

The mission church stands in the cemetery at the northeast corner of the town. It is of stone, and outwardly, except the slate roof and the window shutters, is supposed to be like the original—much of the original wall remaining.

Inside it is finished in modern style for a plain chapel, and is about the size of the "Susans'" society room.

The corner stone bears on its north face: Built 1824. Rev. E. B. Finley, Missionary Architect; John Owens, Builder; Benjamin Herbert, Assistant.

West face of stone reads: "Rebuilt 1889," followed by names of Methodist Conference committees, the mayor and the builders.

At the close of the Civil War, when a small boy, I lived at Upper Sandusky. I remember the old church as a ruin, with numerous more or less broken and disfigured grave-stones round about. Relic hunting vandals finally destroyed the stones completely. They marked the graves of Indians and missionaries who worshipped there. Granite markers have been substituted in a number of places.

Here are some of the names they bear: Between The Logs, Summandawat, Monongoe, Harrahoot, Spibuck, Solomon, etc.

One small, square black marble stone bears on one side the inscription:

"Jessie Gianmee, an Indian of this county, left with his tribe 1843 for the west. In 1890 he returned to his native land and died."

Two memorial tablets in the south end of the mission contains the names of missionaries, bishops, and elders, who labored there together, with the names of prominent Indian converts, interpreters, teachers and others connected with the work.

The earliest missionary recorded is John Stewert, 1806 to 1823; J. B. Finley, Charles Elliot, Russel Bigelow, James Wheeler, Ralph Wilcox, the last, in 1843. Bishop William McKendree, 1819-1843, and others.

Prominent Indian converts: Matthew Peacock, Between the Logs, John Hicks, Monongoe, Big Tree, Squire Grey Eyes, Summandawat, Harrahoot, John Burnett, Adam Lumpy, John Solomon, Jaquis, Little Chief. At the bottom of one tablet, John Stewart's last words: "Be faithful."

What Will be the Indian's Part in the Future of our Country?

The concensus of opinion as gathered from many communications in answer to this question may be summed up in almost a single sentence. They are likely to become quiet and orderly citizens. Naturally patriotic, when endowed with the full privileges of citizenship, they will meet the demands which national exigencies may impose, as witness our recent war with Spain and the gallant part taken by volunteers of Indian blood.

—[Home Mission Monthly.]

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

Good-bye, baseball.
The new flag-pole is seasoning.
Goldenrod is now at its height.
Isn't the moon gorgeous, these nights?
Vacation emptied many a pocket book.
The county fair is in a state of preparation.
Miss Barr has gone to New York State for pupils.
September opens both the oyster and the books.
Myron Moses is off duty on account of indisposition.
The month with R has arrived. Please pass the oysters!
Where did Hall No. 1. Teachers' Quarters, get that hat?
All that we got from the Galveston storm was a bracing wind.
Some folks round about are putting up fruit for us to put down.
All classes are down to hard work, and with a business like air.
The big barn at the near farm looks fine in its new dress of paint.
The Band is making a struggle at reorganization without a leader.
Apples will be scarce in the Carlisle market, so saith the marketers.
Mrs. Rumsport gained flesh the wrong way when she was home on her vacation.
Peachstones for jackstones are the latest. What next can't the small boy think of?
Wednesday morning's breeze made us think of Galveston, and wonder what was coming.
Mrs. Bennett assures her friends from time to time that the walking to the farm is quite good.
Peaches are plentiful. Buy peaches instead of pies and cakes, and your health will be better!
The boy with the most perfumery scents does not always have the most cents nor the most sense.
Edward Rogers has returned from his home in the west and will continue on at Dickinson College.
The path from the milk-house on the hill at the near farm, to the spring below is being renovated.
The wind-storm on Wednesday morning broke the flag from the staff rope, causing it to fly out to an almost "unrescueable" distance.
You cannot get a "holey" dollar off onto Cashier Miller and there is no use in trying. He looks well after the interests of the boys and girls in their money matters.
Mr. and Mrs. Standing have gone to Atlantic City—that city of 16 to 1 by the sea, so called because there are 16 men to one young lady there every summer. Mr. Jack is left at home to "batch it" alone.
The corn soup that Mr. Vander Mey was making for the students' dinner on Wednesday was fine. The reporter was invited to a taste and it was so good that the big iron spoon went down into the huge kettle more than once when the cook was not locking.
The rooms at the north west corner of the dining-hall building second floor, vacated by the Eastmans, are to be made into one room—the mending room. This will be a great improvement, making more room for the army of sewing girls that have to work in this department during term time.

Miss Cochran, whose resignation was reported last week, has been a teacher at Carlisle for the past nine years. Her qualities as an instructor as well the culture and refinement she possesses gave to her a prestige and a rank that challenged the highest respect and admiration from her pupils and associates. All regret her departure, but that she needs a rest all agree, and heartily wish for her a speedy regain of health and vigor.

Mrs. Super and Mrs. Long of Carlisle, were among the callers on Tuesday evening.

105 girls arrived from country homes yesterday. Names will be given next week.

Corn cutting at the near farm is done, and the silo has been packed with ensilage for the cows.

We can endure the heat of September for we are sure it will not have the staying qualities of August.

A girl may be both pretty and ignorant, but how charming she is when ignorant of the fact that she is pretty.

Miss McArthur, of the Peris, California School, comes to us to serve as Assistant Matron, arriving yesterday.

Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing returned from Iowa on Monday, where he went to see his sick brother.

Healey Wolf and William Mt. Pleasant have entered the school printing-office this week, and will be acceptable hands.

Mrs. Pratt and daughter, Miss Richenda, drove to Dillsburg, yesterday to visit Miss Koch, the latter's college mate at Wilson.

Mrs. Dorsett has resigned as Manager of the Girls' Department, to return to her old field of work in the South. Particulars next week.

Annie Minthorn good naturedly says she had a warm reception when she came in from the country, for her first detail was to the laundry.

The political pot has begun to boil at the Carlisle school. A group of boys attracted the attention of the Man-on-the-band-stand who wended his way to see how they were making up a team for football, when, lo, and behold, they were discussing politics instead.

History Clubs, Literary Circles, Debating Societies for the ensuing year are in the air and provoking discussion among the teachers and workers. We study and read as well as work at Carlisle, and consequently have very little time to devote to gossip and small talk.

A number of Harpers and Atlantics have just been bound and put upon the shelves, going a great distance toward completing our files of these periodicals. Who has some more to send in? We want Centuries from '95 to 1900, badly, the later Harpers and Atlantics.

The new smoke stack looks so inviting that the Man-on-the-band-stand is contemplating changing his abode to the top of said stack, where he would get so much wider view. How would "Man-on-the-smoke-stack" sound? But then, he may see enough where he now lives.

Mr. W. Lewis Haldy is the new assistant disciplinarian, in Mr. Brock's place. Mr. Haldy was a class mate of Mr. Brock at Dickinson, graduating in 1900. Mr. Brock will return to Carlisle from his home at Olean N. Y., to take a post graduate course in the Dickinson Law School.

Samuel Barker, of Co. L. United States Infantry, Manila, Philippine Islands, sends kindly greetings to his friends through Thomas Mooney, and money to have some books sent him. Good for Samuel! He believes in using his spare minutes. Says he has lots of time to read and study.

Teachers are giving a resumé of their summer experiences at the weekly Teacher's Meetings. Miss Bowersox and Miss Cutter summed up their doings on Tuesday evening in a way that showed a most profitable season. Miss Bowersox was at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., Miss Cutter was at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.

The steam-plant men are on the jump making ready the huge boilers for the first cold wave. The boiler-house has expanded into an immense apartment, and the four large boilers strike one with awe at their size and almost human capabilities. The steam plant is the winter heart of our institution, and as the boilers throb and beat they send out through veins and arteries the fluid that warms, cheers and keeps us alive. That one plant is study enough for the class in physics for months.

The football boys have begun on their special diet, the tables being on the second floor of the dining-hall. Mrs. Vander Mey cooks their meals, and gives to the food and tables an inviting air.

Miss Jackson, for several years principal teacher at Metzger College, Carlisle, has entered upon duty with us as Manager of the Girls' Department. We are sure the girls will recognize in Miss Jackson a woman of superior ability, and will very soon learn to love and respect her authority.

One of the patrons of the school writes us that it is reported that there is a ghost in the girls' quarters. The matron in charge thinks it must be true, for she finds aprons upon steam-pipes, peach-stones and various other things where they should not be, and she believes the ghost is "Disorder."

Miss Williams of Williams Grove, Miss Anna M. Conner, of the City Hospital, Harrisburg, and Miss Ruth Moser, of near Williams Grove, who is a student at Vassar College and is collecting data about our school and the Indians for use in her college work, visited the school on Wednesday.

Miss Eck who was with us for a month has gone to her home in Millville, Pa. On discovery that the work for which she thought she was engaging was not what she expected, she resigned. During her short stay at the school Miss Eck formed the friendship of many, and leaves Carlisle feeling kindly toward the work and workers.

Miss Nettie Fremont, class '95, who has been teaching at Crow Creek, South Dakota, for the last 4 years, is with us. She is on her way to Philadelphia, where she expects to spend the winter studying. Miss Fremont is enjoying her visit with old friends at the school, and they in return are more than pleased that she concluded to give us some of her time.

"Well, what are you doing in the sewing department?" asked the reporter of Mrs. Canfield. "Oh, the usual thing," she replied nonchalantly. "Shirts, check white and night." But the Man-on-the-band-stand saw some very pretty uniforms for the girls that must occupy some of their time, and Mrs. Lininger was fitting when the reporter was in. The sewing room is a busy department, but every thing moves along smoothly and systematically so that there is no jar, and the amount of articles made and repaired weekly is prodigious.

Miss Burgess saw Jackson Brown in Columbia County last Saturday evening. He says he has a good home with Mr. George Kitchen, and the latter thinks he has a good boy in Jackson. He will go to the graded school of Millville, this winter. George Robinson also called upon Miss Burgess for a few moments. He was on his way to his farm home from the mill with a big load of bran for the cattle. He says he will be back to Carlisle in a few days and that he has had a profitable summer, if he has had to work pretty hard. He is not sorry that he went out.

Dr. and Mrs. Eastman and their children, Misses Dora, Irene and Virginia and Master Charles left for Crow Creek, South Dakota, on Wednesday morning, Dr. Eastman being transferred and promoted. His position here was Outing Agent, and there he will serve as Government Physician. Elaine Goodale Eastman, widely known as a writer and poetess rendered excellent service for a part of their sojourn with us on the editorial staff of the Red Man. She will continue in literary work. They go among the Sioux Indians and are well known by them. Dr. Eastman is himself a Sioux, and has served in the capacity of Government Physician at Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, afterwards at St. Paul, in private practice. Mrs. Eastman was the first Supervisor of Schools of the Dakotas, several years ago. They will be missed at Carlisle, but none more than little Virginia, known among us as "Gingin" and her baby brother Charles whose Indian name is Ohyesa. He was petted by all and is a charming boy of nearly three. We shall expect to hear from them from time to time in the way of interesting items for our readers.

There are a few of the OLD souvenirs left. Do you want one? They give an excellent idea of the school and grounds. Send ONE new subscription or ONE renewal and we will forward one post-paid, to any address in the United States and Canada, as long as they last.

Kitty Silverheels has arrived at her post of duty at Leech Lake, Minn. At the time she wrote to Mrs. Cook the school had not opened. She is becoming acquainted with the people, has gone to church where only Indian was preached, and has tried the wild rice which she says is very good. The school is but a few hundred feet from the lake, and she has had several rides on the Government steamer and in a row-boat.

The New Janitor.

George Hogan has taken up the Janitorship mantle in the school building this fall. This is a very responsible position, and we trust he will fill it with the care, faithfulness and tact, displayed by John M. Miller who held the position for two years.

John has secured a place at the Bloomsburg Normal School where he will continue his education by his own effort, rather than at the expense of the Government. The teachers will remember him always for his faithful service, his kindly and courteous help. He never neglected his duty. He always handled his brigade of room boys with tact and care, teaching them to do their duty well. He used his spare moments for his advancement in his studies. He never "forgot," he never "neglected."

Student Changes.

This week the following changes were made among the students.

SENT TO COUNTRY HOMES: Frank Keiser, to State Normal School, at Indiana, this State; Celinda King.

RETURNED FROM COUNTRY HOMES: Martin Wheelock, (out for a vacation,) Alberta Gansworth, Willard Gansworth, (spent the summer at their home in New York State,) Thaddeus Redwater, Josephine Jannies, Josie Morrell, Minnie Kane.

ADMITTED TO THE SCHOOL: Kelley Lay, from New York; Francis Fremont, Margaret Fremont, from Nebraska; Reuben Doxtator, Fred Cornelius, Sylvester O. Cornelius, Hyson Hill, John Washburn, Thomas Cornelius, Fred Doxtator, Alpheus Powlas, Ophelia Webster, Melissa Cornelius, Martha Hill, all from Oneida, Wisconsin; Ely Parker, from New York.

GONE HOME: Jacob Horne, class 1900; Arnold Smith, Cecil Dayon, Sallie Santiago, Nellie Wentworth, Florence George, Martha Ellis.

Seniors, Juniors and Footballers Who Came From The Country To Begin School, Sept. 3.

Wm. Mt. Pleasant, Edgar Rickard, Louis Sanches, Joseph La Chapelle, Arthur Pratt, Casper Alford, Antonia Tapia, George Ferris, Arthur Sickles, Nelson Hare, Thomas Morgan, Wilson Charles, Thomas Saul, Seth Ear, Joseph Trempe, Benjamin Walker, Johnson Bradley, Stephen Parish, Mark Johnson, Herman Niles, Donald McIntosh, Len Spische, Edward Willing, Charles Bender, Antonio Lubo, Thomas Mooney, Fred Smith, George Hogan, James Miller, Alfred Saul, Charles Dillon, Samuel Whipple, Archie Wheelock, Nicholas Bowen, Louis Subish, Sampson Cornelious, Goliath Bigjim, Junaluska Standingdeer, Wingate Temple, Walter Kennedy, George Carefell, John Powlas, Grace Warren, Louise Rogers, Hattie Jamison, Melinda Metoxen, Plija Nash, Cynthia Lambert, Maggie Hill, Nancy Chubbs, Annie Goatie, Nellie Peters, Katie Creger, Ada Charles, Eva Rogers, Katie Powlas, Lottie Harris, Ida Swallow, Mary Scholder, Grace Kieh, Ida Wheelock, Henrietta Coates, Mattie Parker, Violetta Nash, Augusta Nash, Alice Powlas, Pearl LaChapelle, Dolly Johnson, Letha Seneca, Margaret LaMere, Ollie Choteau, Rhoda Edson, Stella Mishler, Daisy Wasson, Ella Sturm, Rose LaForge, Rebecca Knudson.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Tucson is one of the oldest towns in the United States. "The Ancient and Honorable Pueblo" is the title which is often used.

The Indian School buildings stand by themselves in the northeastern part of the city. The land is held on a lease for ninety-nine years, with a privilege of renewal for an equal number of years at an annual rental of one dollar! The Common Council of the city of Tucson authorized, by a unanimous vote, this lease of property to the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

The girls' home is a two-story frame building about one hundred by sixty feet, built of California redwood and pine. This contains seven rooms for teachers, two school-rooms, one large dining-room, two dormitories, and two sewing-rooms. Just to the rear is a two-story adobe building which contains a kitchen and store-rooms.

The boys' home is a group of one-story adobe buildings. The assembly-room, the office, and five rooms for teachers are in front; the boys' dormitories are on either side, and a teachers' dining-room and kitchen and a store-room are in the rear.

The other buildings are a hospital and laundry.

The farm is one mile west from the school proper. It contains forty-two acres of land, all in cultivation. The farm is very inadequate to furnish work for the boys, and it is necessary to rent land at a high price to keep them busy. Barley and alfalfa are the principal products.

Our school was opened in 1888. The records show that there were ten pupils present on the first day, and by the end of the school year thirty had been enrolled. From this time the growth was rapid. Two years ago more than a hundred applicants were refused admission for lack of room. Delegates to the various villages gave notice at the beginning of the present year that it was useless to come. We now have one hundred and seventy-five pupils.

The time was when the education of our Indians would have been classed among the impossibilities, but the attitude of our people has changed. Industrial training must go hand in hand with the intellectual. "Help to self help is the only true help."

The school is a home. The girls do all the house-work, the cooking, and the washing and ironing, and they make and mend clothing for themselves and the boys.

Most of the boys will become farmers when they leave school, and they receive practical lessons in agriculture on the farm. A few receive instruction in the carpenter shop. Besides this the boys engage in outside work, the proceeds being applied to their support in school. They are now grading a street of the city, and the school will receive \$800 for the work.

The mission was organized for Pima and Papago Indians. The two tribes were originally one, and the difference in language is slight. These Indians are gentle, brave and industrious, and they have always been friendly and hospitable to the whites.—[Over Sea and Land.

A Missionary's Opinion.

The present condition of all the Indian tribes is a forced and unnatural one. They have not yet acquired by heredity the qualities that make it easy for them to comply with the demands of civilized life. They were probably happier in their primitive condition than they are now, but to return to that condition now would make them still more miserable.

The virtues of the savage under the influence of Christian institutions will be transfused into the virtues of the civilized man. If the Indians are absorbed by the white population, their blood and traits of character, modified by the Caucasian, will give some fine specimens of humanity, when the demoralizing conditions of the present are removed. T. D. DUNCAN

THE DANCE LODGE AT FORT BERTHOLD.

One of the most interesting things at my home in Fort Berthold is the old round hut where once the wild Indians there held their war dances, ghost dances, and feasts.

I remember when I was about seven years old how they tried to make me dance. I cried not to go, but two of the men pulled me to where they were singing and dancing, but I got away and ran and hid behind one of the posts and stayed there until all of the men had gotten their partners. I saw many other little girls dancing away, all painted up in bright colors.

Once they had a feast in honor of a man, whose name was Skunk Head.

The old people prepared the feast and everybody was invited to attend; they held it in this lodge. Most everybody that was there danced. Each one of us had to take in something, such as a blanket, or a couple of yards of calico, to show our gratitude for their inviting us.

It took the Indians a long time to build this lodge and took a great deal of their time when they ought to have been working on their farms, for it is now useless.

The Indians do not use it any more and it wasn't worth while for them to make that lodge for it has now gone in ruins.

Some of the Indians in those wild days used to perform tricks, such as many magicians do.

For instance, one would swallow a snake and it would find its way out through his ear. Many of these tricks were done only in this lodge, because they thought it a sacred place.

The old people kept their medicines and various other things in this old lodge.

They no longer have such things among the younger Indians, but some things are still kept up by the ignorant Indians who still believe in those uncivilized ways.—[Indian Pupil, in Talks and Thoughts.

HOW TO HURRY.

Do you know how to hurry?

This is a hurrying age and you ought to know how to keep up with it—if you think it worth while. Here are a few suggestions that may help you.

1. Do nothing that you don't have to do. Cut out the non-essentials.
2. Don't hesitate. Begin at once. When you are through, stop, and begin on the next thing.
3. Don't be too particular about what part of the job you begin with. Other things being equal, do what's under your hand first, and the next nearest thing next.
4. Don't pause between jobs.
5. Don't go from one job to another until the first is done. Do one thing at a time. It takes time to change your mind.
6. Do your thinking while you're acting. And think about the work in hand.
7. If you have assistants, use them. At first do only what they can't do, and afterwards help them out.
8. Do nothing twice. This makes it necessary to do it right the first time.
9. Don't lay down one tool except to take up another.
10. Beware of looking out the window. That way distraction lies.
11. Don't put things off. Do them when you think of them.

If you'll follow these rules, and a few more that you can make for yourself, you will be able to reduce your office hours about one-half; you won't think you're hurrying, you won't be bored and worn out by your work, and when it's over you can go out and play golf, pinochle, or romp with the baby with an approving conscience and a mind at rest.—[New York Evening World.

For Our Music Class.

Daughter—Papa, what did Liszt compose?

Father (groping)—I don't know unless it was "Liszt to the mocking bird." The name kinder sounds like it might be his.—[Detroit Free Press.

BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach.

1. Shut the door, and shut it softly.
 2. Keep your own room neat and in tasteful order.
 3. Have an hour for rising, and rise.
 4. Learn to make bread as well as cake.
 5. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.
 6. Always know where your things are.
 7. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.
 8. Never come to breakfast without a clean face.
 9. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.
 10. Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.
 11. Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.
 12. Never help yourself at the table before you pass the plate.
 13. Be patient with the little ones, as you wish your mother to be with you.
 14. Never keep anybody waiting.
 15. Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.
- The girl who has thoroughly learned and practiced all this might almost be called a Mistress of Arts.

Story of the Rabbit.

[Told by the Indians to amuse their children, and written by one of our Indian students. It is interesting to see how very much it is like the negro folk lore story.]

For rabbit always been around the well, throwing dirty things into it and nobody did not know what it was.

But they made something like a person, put some wagon tar on it so it can catch whatever it was.

The rabbit went to the well to throw dirty things in the well, he saw like a person standing by the well and he told him to move, but he did not move and the rabbit told him he will hit him.

Then his right hand stick in the tar; he said:

"I have another hand to hit you"—that one stick too.

He said:
"I have a foot to kick you,"—that foot stuck.

Then he said:
"I have another foot to kick you," and that stuck.

Then the rabbit said:
"I have a head to bump you with"—his head stuck so he can not do anything, and they found out that it was the rabbit and they made box and put him in and nail him in —[Over Sea and Land.

In a Bad Pickle.

A.—I am in a hideous pickle.
B.—How so?
A.—I have not got anything to eat, and the only thing I've got to pawn is my false teeth, and if I pawn them and buy something to eat, then I can't eat it.

ONE OF BISHOP WHIPPLE'S INDIAN.

The following is a story vouched for by the good Bishop:

There was a lawyer in the Indian country who had none too good a reputation for honesty.

One of the aborigines employed him to do a little legal business.

It was done to the client's satisfaction, the fee duly paid and a receipt for it duly demanded.

"A receipt isn't necessary," the lawyer said.

"But I want it," replied the red man.

There was some argument and the attorney finally demanded his reason.

"Since becoming a Christian I have been very careful in my dealings that I may be ready for the judgment," answered the brave, sententiously, "and when that day comes I don't want to take time to go to the bad place to get my receipt from you."

The receipt was made out and delivered promptly.

Back from Mexico.

The 300, more or less, Oklahoma Kickapoo exist very wretchedly in southwestern Lincoln county, between Deep Fork and North Canadian river.

Most of them still refuse to accept or live on their allotments, and never tire of wishing themselves back in Mexico, where they lived several years, but were returned to Uncle Sam as undesirable inhabitants.

Only a few raise something to eat, and owing to their stubbornness, the Government deals out very slim payments to them.

Miss Te-t, the Quakeress, who has resided among them for more than twenty years, teaches and takes good care of about fifteen Kickapoo girls, herself and other charitable Quakers paying all the expenses of the Mission.

—[Stroud Messenger.

Rushed.

"Are you much rushed now, Foozer?"
"Rushed? If I were to die to-night, my employer would expect me to come down town to-morrow and work until the hour set for the funeral."

Select Your Wife Accordingly.

A good way to select a wife, according to a Scotch saying, is to choose the woman you would like to keep you company through a month's rainy weather on an island.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.
My 3, 10, 11 is what our football boys hope to do every game this fall
My 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, 13, 14 is what men like on their coats.
My 1, 2, 14, 12, 13 Miss Barr gives medicine by.
My 9, 11, 6, 3 we shall soon look for in the weather.
My whole is where the Indian students of the Carlisle school are getting, about now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Carlisle School.

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.

The 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.

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.

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.

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