

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
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MY HEIRSHIP.

LITTLE stores of wealth have I;
Not a rod of land I own;
Not a mansion far and high,
Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks nor bonds nor title-deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show:
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
Brodered silks of worth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir by grace of God—
Richer, grander than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the ages I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passions and their tears—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that time
To earth's fainting sons has given!

Aspirations pure and high,
Strength to do and to endure,
Heir of all the ages I—
Lo, I am no longer poor!

—JULIA C. R. DORR

HAD TO SWIM OR SINK.

This Time it is John Ortego Who Writes from the Philippines.

John is a member of the 3rd Cavalry, F Troop, and says of his duties in a letter to Miss Paull:

"I am getting along very nicely indeed. My health is keeping good so far. I have not been sick since I have been here.

"It is pretty hot here and lots of soldiers are sick. Out of ninety-nine from our troop, there are only twenty-five men for duty.

"Capt. Dodd is also sick. Capt. Herd is in charge of our troop just at present.

"There is also lots of rain. About a month ago, we lost two men by drowning when they were crossing the river.

"The first river we crossed, we crossed on a raft about six o'clock in the evening. That was the largest river. Our horses were afraid.

"My horse did not want to go onto the raft, but I got him on anyhow and started to cross.

"About half way he got scared and jumped off the raft and pulled me along with him.

"I caught the horse's tail, but my hands slipped, and so Ortego had to swim or drown.

"I had a hundred rounds of ammunition, but I was brave enough to take it off.

"I was pretty tired when I reached shore, and pretty glad, too.

"There is plenty of fruit, here. Bananas are plentiful and cheap. We can almost get them for nothing.

"Nothing makes me happier than to see the RED MAN & HELPER.

"I look for it every time the mail comes. We get mail every two weeks and that is the only mail I get.

"There is no fighting going on now. Everything is quiet. This town, Vigan, is the 3rd Cavalry Post head quarters. Now there are three troops of Cavalry here and two companies of 33rd Infantry.

"We live in good barracks. I suppose those who enlisted after I did are here, I

see by the RED MAN. I wish I could see them.

"Joseph Flying is in Manila, for there is where the 4th Cavalry is.

"I like the cavalry, although there is lots of work in it. I go on guard every other night, since we are short of men.

"Kind regards to all my friends at Carlisle."

Are the Indians Cruel?

Let each student read this little story of kindness to those in misfortune, and decide for himself and herself whether or not the Indian is cruel

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like such wholesale questions about the Indian.

He is human, but as a race he is no more cruel at heart than the white man.

Some Indians are cruel.

Some white people are heartlessly cruel.

But read the story from Sunbeam:

There was a great commotion in the back yard.

Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat, with a number of stones in his hands, which he was throwing at it.

"Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with kitty?" she called, grieved that her son should so persecute a dumb animal.

"She's all dirty, mamma. Somebody shut her up in a coal hole," he said.

"And is that all?" mamma wanted to know.

"Why, yes," said Johnny. "She's dirty and black and horrid. We don't want her 'round."

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went back into the house. Presently Johnny came in, crying, and ran for help.

He had fallen into a puddle, and was dripping with mud, his face, hands, and clothes being all besmeared.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, then turned and sat down again.

"Jane," she said, quietly, to the nurse who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?"

Nurse looked up, astonished at being asked such an unusual question, and Johnny stopped his loud noise to stare.

"Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane, wondering whatever they could be required for at this time.

"Yes," said mamma, "to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle, and dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around."

Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear; but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried, in humble tone. "Poor Kitty! I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnny was then washed and comforted but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—[Sunbeam.

We Might Make the Same Misake.

A farmer's wife was reading the paper and she explained that there were 12,000 Poles in Philadelphia.

"Gracious!" said her husband as he leaned back to pick his teeth. "What a place to raise beans!"

AN INTERESTING WOMAN AND HOW SHE KEEPS YOUNG.

Economy in Strength is as Important as Economy in Money.

Do you know Clara Barton? Ask your teacher who she is, and what she has done and is doing.

Clara Barton is one of the most interesting women in the world to-day. She is, at the very least, sixty-five years old. She is frail, nervous, delicate looking, with a sensitive face and a spare stiff figure, says a woman in the St. Louis Star. She has seen more distress than any one woman living to-day.

I asked her once how she did it.

"How do I stand all this wear and tear?"

"Economy."

"That's it, economy."

"I save my strength."

"When I'm not working at the business which is my very life, I either rest or play."

"I don't putter."

"That's what ages women—puttering."

"When I see a teacher breaking down, or a trained nurse giving up, with nervous prostration, I wonder when women will learn to stop puttering."

"I wouldn't sew a button on to one of my shoes for all the kingdoms of the earth."

"I can't afford such luxuries."

"A woman can't be a fine teacher and an excellent dressmaker, and an expert cook and a shoe cleaner and a glove-mender and a nurse and a domestic economizer all at once."

"The minute she tries to do it, she breaks down, and then some one writes a brilliant article on 'Why American Women Break Down.'"

"Sleep is a great thing for women."

"Half the women I know don't sleep enough."

"I've cultivated the accomplishment of napping."

"I shut my eyes and go to sleep whenever there's a lull in my work."

"It isn't work that wears women out."

"It's fretting and puttering."

"The way to keep young?"

"Stop worrying and go to work."

"Throw yourself heart and soul brain and nerve into some one thing, make a fetish of it, throw every bit of energy you've got into it—housekeeping, taking care of children, teaching, writing, nursing, it doesn't make a bit of difference what you do, it's the way you do it that counts."

"Work when you are working, but when you are not working cultivate the art of being amused."

It did not Happen at an Indian School.

A visitor at a Columbia, Mo. school the other day asked one of the lower grade classes the question:

"What is the axis of the earth?"

"An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," proudly answered a pupil.

"Yes," said the examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed! And what kind of a bonnet?"

"An imaginary bonnet, sir."

The visitor asked no more questions that day.

A Difficult Problem.

"Dickey, when ever you see an insect or a bug in trouble you must be merciful and help him out."

"But, ma, 'f Aun' Jane gets a pinchin-bug down her neck mus' I help th' bug or help Aun' Jane?"—[Indianapolis Journal.

Troublous Times in Indian Territory.

It now appears that the controversy that has heretofore existed between the Interior Department and the Chickasaw schools, is in a fair way to be settled.

The Atoka agreement provides that the coal and asphalt in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations shall be reserved for allotment and leased under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, and the royalties arising shall be paid into the treasury of the United States and drawn therefrom by the Choctaws and Chickasaws for school purposes under rules and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior.

When the agreement went into effect the Secretary of the Interior appointed an officer termed "Supervisor of the Chickasaw Schools," commissioned him, and sent him into the Chickasaw Nation to take charge of the schools.

The Chickasaws have a well-organized system of schools. Since there was no provision in the agreement authorizing the Government to take charge of them, they refused to surrender their schools, or to recognize the Supervisor, and so that matter has stood for more than a year.

The legislature of the Chickasaw has just adopted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior to prescribe rules and regulations in accordance with the Atoka agreement, whereby the royalty fund may be drawn from the treasury of the United States for the support of the schools, and it is thought that an arrangement will be made in the near future to this end.—[Indian Journal.

Good Doctrine.

From the Indian Advocate, a sprightly little paper published at White Fish Lake, North West Territory we take the following clipping full of common sense:

As far as we can learn, the Indians are not getting any rations throughout haying and harvest, here or at Saddle Lake; nevertheless the work goes right on; there is no grumbling, no elbowing one another in menial strife to reach the rationcounter.

If Chief Pakan's wish to do away with rations altogether, is carried out, these Crees will soon be independent, and a wholesome rebuke to Blackfeet, Bloods and Pagans who seem to do little else than gobble rations and cause trouble.

A few mornings ago we entered the tents of two harvesting families engaged in eating their breakfast, and we noticed that, in each case, the table was spread with potatoes, fish, bread, butter and tea.

Let the principle of self-support have sway amongst the Crees, and soon they will meet half the expense in building churches and school-houses, and supply all the fuel gratis.

This is only the application of "Train up a child when he is young, etc."

Smart Little gfrl.

"See how I can count, mamma," said Kitty.

"There's my right foot. That's one."

"There's my left foot. That's two."

"Two and one make three."

"Three feet make a yard, and I want to go out and play in it."

Nearly as Smart as Some of Our Pupils.

"Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the Equator," asked his teacher.

"Can't sir."

"Correct. That will do."

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 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.

Some people's ships come in by the fleet, that is, hardships.

Some people's diction is all right, but their contradiction is most wonderful.

Why is our Y. M. C. A. like a bicycle school?

Because it sometimes begins with a good attendance, but the attendance falls off.

The automobile will never do away with some horses—the sawhorse, the clothes-horse, and the nightmare, for instance.

One of the boys said he was earning his living by "the sweat of his eye-brow." If he gets a living only when his eye-brow sweats we are afraid he will go hungry sometimes.

We extend congratulations to the Carlisle students for the consolidation of the Indian Helper and the Red Man. It is a great improvement upon the two papers hitherto issued by the Carlisle Indian School.—[Comenian, Bethlehem.

As Ortego, (letter first page) found himself in the midst of a foaming stream and had to swim or drown, so if the Indians were accidentally dragged from their reservation rafts into the stream of civilization THEY would swim or sink, and they'd SWIM, every one of 'em.

Take a sharp look at the man who is continually talking against those who have money to do big things with. Ask about him, and you will probably find that he is not a self-supporting man in every particular. He perhaps has inherited money or depends upon other persons' earnings for a living.

If you have a dollar to expend in a good cause, send it to the Man-on-the-band-stand and he will mail the RED MAN & HELPER every week to four worthy Indians on the plains. Some who cannot read very well will try, or will get help about it, if the paper seeks them out regularly every week. What better Christmas offering for the good of a worthy cause?

Practically every pupil from sixth to tenth grade has a book out of the library and is laboring hard to read it. The way to do a good thing is to do it. We feel proud of the pupils who go at a thing with a will. Isn't it about time to ask for new books? Libraries like workers get behind the age. We haven't read all. No indeed; but there are many sides of literature not strongly represented in the library.

This issue is Volume XVI. Number 18. The figures in parenthesis in date line first page say (1618). If the figures on your wrapper are the same, the time for which you paid has expired. Kindly renew promptly if it is your intention to keep in touch with the school and its doings. All 1616's will be removed from the galley this week. It is well to renew two weeks ahead; so if your wrapper number is 1620 drop us a note with twelve two-cent stamps and a one-cent stamp, and the credit on the wrapper will be duly given.

INCREASED ADVANTAGES FOR INDIANS.

The Indians in Southern California are to have their school and outing advantages very greatly increased. The last session of Congress gave an appropriation for the establishment of a new school at Riverside, one of the best possible locations in Southern California. The industrial and civilized surroundings are of the very best, so that every young Indian in the school can take on by daily contact lessons in civilized life that are impossible under the barren surroundings at the Perris school.

The opponents of this new move on the part of the Government have finally been so far overcome as to be unable to prevent the establishment of the school at Riverside. It was not creditable to those who claim so much friendship for the Indians, and under whose auspices the school at Perris was established that they so bitterly fought the establishment of the new school, not only making every effort to defeat the proposition before Congress, but doing all they possibly could against it after Congress had authorized it and given the money.

The Perris plain or desert was no place for the establishment of a school in the beginning. There never was sufficient water and probably never can be, and the soil is not of a character to give agricultural results commensurate with the undertaking. Superintendent Hall has been maligned not a little for his persistency in this matter, and deserves great credit for the final satisfactory results.

Notwithstanding the fact that the opponents of the new location own small tracts near, and adjoining the Perris school tract, all of which tracts came into the possession of their several owners about the same time the Perris Company donated the tract on which the Perris school stands, the Perris school has not had, and probably never will have any material advantages from exemplary surroundings of industry and the thrift of our civilization.

Riverside is a veritable garden spot with an abundance of water, and one of the best fruit raising regions in Southern California. The Secretary of the Interior sent Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Tonner, to look up conditions, and he at once saw the advantages, of the new location, and on his favorable report the purchase of the site was ordered.

We welcome the Riverside School because it can, ought and will be the means of making young Indians familiar with the best of our civilization and an open door for them to move out from tribal and reservation hindrances into the manhood and freedom of American life.

Miss Cochran and Mr. Snyder Married.

Tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, Mr. Elmer N. Snyder and Miss Jane P. Cochran will be united in the holy bonds of wedlock at the home of the prospective bride in Millerstown, Perry county.

The bride-elect is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Cochran and a sister of Mr. Max Cochran, of the firm of Barr & Co., Carlisle. For some time past she was an instructress at the Carlisle Indian School. Mr. Snyder is a merchant tailor in business at Lewistown, Pa., and also recently resigned his position at the Indian School where he was instructor in tailoring. After a wedding trip, the contracting parties will take up house keeping in an already furnished home at Lewistown.—[Tuesday's Sentinel (Carlisle.)

When the Man-on-the-band-stand learns the particulars we will give further notice.

Mrs. Woolston Richardson.

Mrs. Richardson, whom we remember as Miss Woolston, is about coming east from Crow Agency, Montana. She is the wife of Indian Trader Richardson, and will pay an extended visit to her home in New Jersey. She says "Kindly remember me to friends and acquaintances who may still be there. I have never lost my interest in Carlisle, nor ceased to be thankful that my initiation into the Indian work began there."

Football.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA GAME.

WE WON BUT ENCOUNTERED THE FIRST SCORE OF THE SEASON AGAINST US.

A Costly Blunder—Too Many Captains.

Our football team defeated the University of Virginia team by the score of 16 to 2 at Washington last Saturday, in two twenty minute halves.

The game was played in a drizzling rain which made the ball slippery and the footing rather insecure.

Only six points were scored during the first half although Carlisle on two other occasions rushed the ball near enough to Virginia's goal to try goals from the field which were unsuccessful. This together with fumbles at critical times, prevented further scoring during this half. Wheelock punted over Virginia's goal line several times causing touchbacks, which allowed them to bring the ball to the 25 yard line and punt out. Had the punts been placed higher in the air and not quite so far, it would have been better for Carlisle. Rogers made the touchdown in this half and Pierce kicked the goal.

In the second half Palmer took Lay's place as left half-back. The wind was in Virginia's favor and our boys had to work harder. They had no trouble in gaining when they did not fumble and their defense was good, but whenever Virginia secured the ball, either as a penalty for Carlisle using hands or on a fumble, they had a good punter who sent the ball far down the field and it had to be worked back again by hard work and short gains.

Palmer scored a touchdown in this half and Pierce kicked a goal from the field—a very difficult thing to do with a wet ball. Then followed the play which gave Virginia a safety and two points—the first score made against Carlisle this season—Virginia kicked off and the ball bounded swiftly over Johnson's head. He touched it with his hands, but it went on and over the goal line. It should have been touched down there as a touchback which count nothing and allows a kick from the twenty-five yard line. Palmer picked up the ball and someone yelled to him to run with it, and he attempted to run the ball out. He had carried it out about four yards beyond the line when a Virginia man ran into him and knocked the ball out of his arms. The ball rolled across the goal line again, Palmer fell on it and the referee called it a safety which scored two points for the opponents. This blot on our record is the direct result of not knowing and understanding the rules; this should be a warning to all the players to read the rules and study them so as not to make such needless mistakes.

Virginia came near scoring on the next play and this also could have been prevented if Carlisle had known and taken advantage of the rules.

Wheelock punted out from the twenty-five yard line. The ball went high in the air, and as the wind was strong the ball came down not far away and a Virginia player made a fair catch which allowed them a chance for a place kick for a goal.

The Carlisle team were all behind the ball when it was kicked and therefore on side, and they could have prevented the fair catch or caught the ball themselves if they had only known and thought of it. As it happened Virginia missed the goal, and therefore no damage resulted from the mistake, but such mistakes should not occur if we expect to hold our own with the stronger teams.

During the whole game there seemed to be about eleven Captains on the team, and there was too much talking and telling the quarter back what play to use. This confused the whole team and took up time and made the team slow throughout the game.

Captain Rogers and the quarter back should manage and direct the plays and

the other players should keep silent and devote their attention to their various duties.

Virginia, although out classed, played a plucky clean game and never gave up until the game was over.

University of Maryland Game.

Carlisle defeated University of Maryland last Monday in Baltimore 27 to 0, in twenty minutes halves.

The weather was warm and the play was slow throughout the game. Maryland was especially slow and delayed the game as much as possible when they had the ball.

Carlisle did not play a very good game, in fact it was the poorest playing they have done this season, but this can perhaps be explained from the fact that the game in Washington on Saturday stiffened them up some, and the Washington water did not agree with them much, and they did not feel very frisky on Monday.

The old fault of fumbling was the greatest drawback, and this, together with the lack of aggressiveness would have proved disastrous against a strong team.

Wheelock did some great punting in this game, but the ends and other line men were not down the field as quickly as they should have been, and the Maryland backs often brought the ball back several yards after catching the punts.

Carlisle scored 17 points in the first half on three touch downs and two goals, and 10 points in the second half on a touch down and a goal from the field by Pierce.

Maryland gained many yards through Carlisle's line, and in fact the Indians defense was the poorest it has been in any game.

Much improvement will have to be made if the team expects to win victories from now on.

Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier Again on United Statesian Soil.



MRS. RUTH SHAFFNER ETNIER.

When Mrs. Etnier entered the Susan Longstreth Literary Society room the applause was tumultuous. And at the close of the meeting she was given such a reception as we doubt she has ever before experienced. After witnessing such demonstrations of affection and fond remembrance on the part of our girls, no one could ever say again that Indians are not demonstrative. Mrs. Etnier addressed the meeting before the close, and was listened to with absorbing attention. She spent but a few hours on the grounds, but on Sunday returned to chapel service and was a guest of Major and Mrs. Pratt to tea. It will be remembered that Mrs. Etnier, who as Miss Shaffner had the management of our girls' department, left more than a year ago to live in Porto Rico. While there she was Superintendent of the Ponce schools, and took an active part in all philanthropic works.

The Girls' Quarters.

Minnie Kane deserves special mention for the interest and energy in the work assigned her this month. It takes in the most unpleasant tasks of the house and she is making a fine record.

The girls in the clothing department receive many words of appreciation from Miss McArthur who has charge of them. The morning division in charge of Florence Welch and the afternoon division in charge of Rose Harris labor willingly and are eager to work without mistakes.

Laura Parker and Lucentia Bilings are very industrious and never complain if detained over time.

Man-on-the-band stand's Corner.

What is a silo?
What is ensilage?
Apples by the barrel.
Autumn leaves! Leaves what?
Can't complain of THIS weather.
The hardest games are yet to come.
That was a storm and a half, on Sunday morning.

The Second team plays the Steelton Y. M. C. A. tomorrow.

Mr. Frost, whose first name is Jack, visited us Wednesday night.

Mr. George Vaux and son William were among the visitors of the week.

The question has been asked, why not form a Civic Club in our student body.

The grass now is even more beautiful than in summer, but twice as dangerous.

How long does it take you to husk a shock of corn, ye farm lads from the Indian School?

Miss Clara Smith's school has had the finest specimen of caterpillar-butterfly development, we hear.

The one who takes plenty of exercise and is watchful not to go in the wet grass needs little medicine.

Some people think more of their shoes than they do of the hereafter when it comes to saving their soles.

Only our country students may ponder the question of the open burr, for we haven't the chance to go chestnutting.

A blooming little geranium in the carpenter-shop window gives an artistic air enjoyed by the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Julia Tsaitkopti sent a box of wild fruits for the seniors to study in their botany class. Julia lives with Miss Edge, Downingtown.

A few cases of diphtheria in town rendered it wise to keep our students from there for a time. We understand the cases are lessening in number.

That is a practical monument if not a fine one that the boys are piling up at the lime-kiln. Mrs. Bennett says she is going to start the fire under it.

Mrs. Bakeless stopped off for a night or two on her way back from Philadelphia to her former home in Milroy, where she and children are visiting.

Evidently the Man-on-the-band-stand does not spout enough to suit Mr. Harkness and his tanners, for they are putting spouting all around the band stand.

Mrs. Warner and cousin Miss Warner, who went to Washington with the football team, remained over a day to visit Mt. Vernon and other points of interest.

Mr. Standing was the recipient of the sad news this week of the death of a brother in Iowa. It was this brother whom he visited in September, and who was then very ill.

The Carlisle Fortnightly Club met at Mrs. Pratt's on Monday evening as the guests of our Miss Jackson, who is president of this, one of the elite literary organizations of town.

Nurse Barr has returned from Beverly, New Jersey, where she was nursing a sick girl. Mrs. Nodle's country home is ideal. Clarinda Charles has gone to take Miss Barr's place.

Miss McIntire started for the Pacific Slope on Saturday night. She will visit the Warm Spring Agency, Oregon, and bring some pupils from there who desire to take the Carlisle course.

It is reported that Quannah Parker, the famous Comanche Chief who figures in the history of the southwest, is ill at Fort Sill. But then the papers have had him ill and dead before, and it may be a hoax.

Tomorrow evening, Dr. Duncan S. Johnson, Professor of Botany at Johns Hopkins University, will give an illustrated lecture in Bosler Memorial Hall, Dickinson College, beginning at 8 o'clock. Subject, "Friends and Foes Among the Fungi." All the members of our school are cordially invited to be present. Professor Johnson was one of Miss Cutter's instructors at Cold Spring Harbor Summer School, in '99.

Miss Weekley sent coffee berries from Porto Rico for the Sophomores to study and then to pass on to the other rooms. They are exciting great interest.

Major and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda Pratt have gone to Mohonk Lake, New York, to attend the Indian Conference, as guests of Mr. Albert K. Smiley.

The desks in the school building are now thoroughly renovated. We trust they will look as bright and clear ten years from now. If you are careless and forget, REFORM!

What is the number on your wrapper? 1620? Then your time will be out in two weeks as this is 1618. Now is the time for all 1620's to renew to insure against delay or loss of a paper.

Ink spots falling on the new desk should be wiped up at once, then no harm will be done. If not done, your carelessness will have spoiled a desk for every pupil who follows you.

Misses Smith, Roberts and Senseney gave a short digest of the news on Monday morning, and Prof. Bakeless added an item or two with suggestions as to articles in magazines helpful to teachers.

That was a hard if not a terrible scrape that Mr. Elmer Simon found himself in when detailed to scrape the desks, with a force of workmen. He got out of it in creditable shape, and we guess learned a few lessons, too.

Mr. Gray, our dairyman, was married on Wednesday, to Miss Brenneman of Middlesex; the particulars we have not at this writing. The farm house near the spring has been fitted up for the use of the happy couple.

The Lowe entertainment on Wednesday night, consisted of Stereoptican views of the South, singing and story-telling. The student body enjoyed the evening, and joined in singing the several patriotic songs with evident appreciation.

Evidently a certain teacher is anxious for a turkey feast. In planning her work for October she left the 25th open saying it was Thanksgiving Day, when she was reminded by one of her students that Thanksgiving Day used to come in November.

Miss Ely writes us from Kansas that all her tire has flown and she is all ready to return. She will start east next Sunday night, and shoot by us like the wind to Bucks County, where she will spend the rest of her vacation among friends and relatives.

The marching out of Assembly Hall is improving. The leaders seem as apt as any of the others to begin with the wrong foot, which throws the entire line out of step. It does seem strange that Indian boys can learn to play football but can not learn to march.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robbins were guests for a day or two of their daughter Miss Robbins, teacher in No. 9. Miss Robbins has been ill and in the hospital for a few weeks, but is out and on duty again, much to the pleasure of her friends and co-workers.

One of the teachers the other day was heard to say after considerable shop talk at table where it does not belong: "It is a little too much to teach school, work school, sleep school and eat school." The Man-on-the-band-stand has not heard any shop talk at that table since.

Miss Bowersox gave a history talk to the school this week on Alfred the Great and Saxons. These ten-minute talks are a delightful feature and give much new matter to think about. They are an inspiration to many of the boys and girls and a means of growth to the teachers. The growing teacher is always a happy teacher.

Miss Gould who represents the Prang's Art Department, visited our Miss Forster last week. She was delighted with what she saw, and the methods of work. It is an inspiration to earnest teachers always to have intelligent critics judge and comment upon their works. Few schools are so highly favored in the matter of art instruction as is the Indian School.

THE SEWING DEPARTMENT.

The sewing department, under the efficient management of Mrs. Canfield is one of the busiest and most important departments of our school. The main sewing room is spacious and is lighted by ten large windows, for which new, green shades were supplied this Spring. Electric lights are also provided, for the dull short days of winter.

The mending class has new quarters this year, being located in a room formerly occupied by Dr. Eastman's family. This class is in charge of Miss Zeamer. As stated in a former issue, the partition between the rooms has been removed. Miss Zeamer has been beautifying her class room with new curtains and pictures. The girls seem to be very happy and say they like the change and are doing excellent work.

Mrs. Canfield is well satisfied with the progress of the girls, and says they deserve credit not only for their good work but for their general conduct.

The pupils were formerly grouped on benches and chairs. When on benches they crowded together, and those on chairs hunched close to each other so that the needle was often poised in mid-air for the better progress of an interesting chat or exchange of confidences.

Mrs. Canfield has banished the benches; has arranged the chairs at fixed intervals and forbidden the change of position.

The machines in each class are in systematic range. Each pupil faces her instructor, consequently the discipline and work in the sewing department shows improvement. The girls are now accustomed to this arrangement and seem pleased with the change and new conditions.

Pupils have the privilege of visiting the sewing-room at any time with due permission, and there are few girls who do not avail themselves of the opportunity to do personal work in their spare time.

Isabella Young, Clara Ance and Minnie Nick are noted for their skill and proficiency in dress-making and designing, and are in demand among their classmates and employees.

Anneebuck has done all the braiding on the new flannel covers for tables in the large boys' quarters.

The girls in the dressmaking class, under the direction of Miss Jacobs, Mrs. Lininger and Miss Goodyear, are making beautiful button-holes in the new winter uniforms.

Mrs. Corbett, who has charge of the plain sewing class, is rejoicing over a new sewing machine and the extra space given her by the removal of the mending class. Mrs. Corbett has been a faithful and efficient employee of this department for the past nineteen years.

All the little Normal girls are sent to the sewing-room on Saturday mornings. Mabel George who is nine years old can darn and hem towels, and is quite proud of her success.

Minnie Reed and Minnie Callsen completes five garments in each half-day's session. They are always prompt, do good work and are ambitious to excel.

Clara Ance cut 500 shirts in September.

Lillian Waterman and Stella Mishler cut 200 flannel uniforms in the same month.

Lizzie Knudsen and the other cutters are improving.

Felicita Medina, Zoraida Valdezato, Adella Boulli and Matilda Garnier, our new Porto Rican girls, are in Miss Harne's class.

Geneva Jamison's darning is beautifully done. The weave is perfect.

All the new pupils seem eager to do good work and give satisfaction.

Betty Welch, Dorothy Fritts, Letha Seneca and Eudocia have recently been promoted to the dressmaking class.

Besides 25 uniform dresses, 15 white shirts, 140 check shirts, 65 red flannel skirts, 30 cheviot skirts, 100 towels, napkins and table covers, this department in the past week have repaired 457 pieces

and darned 285 stockings. This represents one week's work.

One pleasing feature of this department, off the stern practical, is the exhibit of art needle work, which is tastefully displayed in glass cases in the east corner of the main room. In this corner are also grouped palms and other plants making an attractive picture.

Charlotte Giesdorff, Anneebuck, Nora Denny and Edith Dutton (The latter has returned to her home on account of failing health,) have shown marked interest and adaptability in this line of work.

Eliza John makes a pattern of very beautiful and fine lace work.

Dollies, centre pieces, bureau scarfs and dainty mats of various sizes and kinds are shown, and are to be sold for the benefit of the fancy work fund.

The Societies.

The essays and orations on the Invincible programme last Friday night by Thomas Mason, Antonio Tapia, Charles Coleman and Arthur Sickles were said to be exceptionally good.

More attention should be given to parliamentary form. This will come as the new President measures the situation. To be a good executive officer one must take in the situation quickly and decide promptly and positively. Here, "To be weak is to be miserable, doing or suffering."

Susans were talkative, noisy and inattentive, says the visiting committee. Come, come girls! You generally do well. Exercises were not up to the mark perhaps. Better take questions within the grasp of the speakers, and then study to talk intelligently about them.

The Standard debate was good last Friday evening. Committee suggests a quartette for Standards.

The Juniors.

On Tuesday, the Juniors elected the following officers to fill the vacancies which occurred this summer:

President—Arthur Sickles.
Vice-President—Jennie DeRosier.
Treasurer—Chas. Cusick.
Reporter—John Miller.

Societies Tonight.

Standards: Miss Moore, Miss Morton; Invincibles: Mr. Walter, Mr. Thompson;

Susans: Miss Senseney, Miss Newcomer.

Next Week.

Invincibles: Mr. Beizel, Mr. Haldy; Standards: Mrs. DeLoss, Miss Roberts; Susans: Miss Burgess, Miss Carter.

Mrs. Alice Lambert Otto, class '95, is living at the Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, her husband an employee at the Shoshone school. Alice says she has three babies, two boys and a girl, and they have a very kind and loving papa. Two of her children are old enough to go to school and attend regularly in the kindergarten department.

Joseph Wells is cutting cord wood in Michigan. He says in a letter to Mr. Jordan, they get 80 cents a cord, 4ft. wood. He and his companion cuts from 6 to 8 cords a day, but he intends going further north where they will get a dollar a cord. Joseph expects to marry in the near future, and is making preparations for a big time when the happy event takes place.

Miss Kaythren Silverheels, 1900, who is at the Leech Lake Agency, Minnesota, thinks she has found a lovely home and pleasant associates. Even before her real work begins (for the school children have not yet come in,) she is beginning to see more than she ever did the value of the training she received at Carlisle.

She supposed the girls were all glad to see Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier. "I know I'd be glad," she says. "Even now I am just so tickled to think of her coming back to America. I only wished I could see her for she did so much for me."

"I saw John Webster the other day. He is working at the dray business in Walker, and looks exceedingly well, and is doing excellently from all that I hear."

How Rivers were Made.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not care much for legends, but some of his readers do, and this pretty story taken from the North Star, published in Alaska a few years ago by the Mission School at Sitka, may be interesting to many, coming as it does from the very heart of legendary habitations.

The old folk lore tale goes:

When the world was first made there was no fresh water on the face of the earth except in one place.

There were two spirits; the crow was one and the other was a kind of God.

This God was the only being on earth that had any fresh water in his possession.

This water he had in a well or cistern under his house and guarded it very closely, sleeping upon it at night that no one might get any of it while he slept.

One day the crow made him a visit, and as he thought the crow was honorable, he received him into the house as a guest.

In the night, while the spirit or god was asleep, the crow in some way opened the well, flew down and filled his beak with fresh water.

Now the house was built in the old style with a hole in the top of the roof for the escape of the smoke.

Through this hole in the roof the crow quietly flew out into the open air.

As he flew over the land the water dripped from his beak, the drops forming as they fell, the rivers and lakes.

The first drop became the Naas River, the second the Yukon, and so on until the rivers and lakes were all formed.

Meanwhile the spirit awoke and immediately knew that the crow had stolen the water.

Now the spirit had power, so he held the crow that he could fly no farther, but was stationed in one spot till the spirit came to him.

The spirit was very angry, so he took him and hung him by the legs over the fire place, built a fire of spruce pitch and smoked him till he was black; for before this the crow had been a beautiful white bird, and every one loved him and admired his beauty.

Something For Our Leaf Sweepers.

Susie Vacelo and Irene Kassura of the Primary Department of the Phoenix, Arizona Indian School, wrote pretty little leaf-compositions, and so nearly tell the situation of our own leaves, just now, that we reprint.

The leaves that hang over our campus, however, do not have a chance to sleep under the snow, for we have a detail of boys who go around every day to gather them up and put them where they may all sleep together in a heap or make ashes together, after going through the fiery-furnace.

These are the little stories:

Susie's story—

There was a little leaf on a tree.

The leaf said:

"I do not want to go."

The tree said:

"Hold on tight."

Then the wind blew very hard. The leaf fell on the ground, and went to sleep. The leaf was warm under the snow.

Irene's story—

The wind said:

"Little leaf, come and play with me."

The leaf did not want to go.

All the leaves put on red and yellow dresses.

They blew away with the wind.

The little leaf wanted to go with them. It put on a red dress. It went with the wind.

Then it went to sleep under the tree.

It sleep all winter.

What?

"What would you do if you were so frightened that your hair turned white?" asked one of a friend.

"I think I'd dye."

A Friend of our Boys Stirred for Their Welfare

In connection with the piece below, we print this from the Phila. Presbyterian sent by Miss Rubinkham, of Bucks County, whom so many of our boys know and from whom many have received Sunday School instruction:

Our pity goes out to the boy of the CIGARETTE HABIT.

He is imperilling his entire future.

He struts with the air of one who is doing a big thing, but he is in reality daily tightening the chains that will hold him in bondage to a cruel, debasing and destroying practice.

He is encouraging a vice which will gradually sap his constitution and unfit him for duty, responsibility and service.

Cigarette smoking sows the seeds of serious organic disease, among which the worst are CANCER and HEART TROUBLES.

That which is smoked, especially the CHEAP ARTICLE, is more or less poisonous, checking growth, blunting the mental faculties and ruining the morals.

The evil obtains in Europe as well as in our own country.

The public school teachers of Edinburgh are out in a protest against it, and have issued a circular urging parents to co-operate with them in restraining and preventing it.

In our land, efforts are being put forth to counteract it.

Societies are being organized to show its injurious consequences and to get our boys to avoid them.

Many of our teachers are doing all they can to save those under their influence from them.

Parents ought to awake to the necessity of guarding their sons against ruin from this source.

PUBLIC GUARDIANS ought to do the same.

Cigarette smoking is assuming alarming proportions, and unless a stop is put to it, our nation will suffer seriously from its ravages.

No Chance for the Cigarette Smoker.

A Chicago dispatch says that hereafter no boy who smokes cigarettes will be employed in the postoffice of that city.

Formerly the rule was that the boys employed in the postoffice could not smoke during working hours.

It has now been decided that "all cigarette smoking by the boys in the office must cease and that no boy who is addicted to the habit could get a place in the future.

This may or may not be just to the young aspirants for places in the Chicago postoffice.

But it is a condition which confronts them.

They must give up the places or the cigarettes.

Justly or otherwise there is a strong prejudice among employing business men all over the country against giving places to cigarette smoking boys.

The boy whose fingers are stained yellow by burned rice paper and tobacco is pretty apt to get turned down at about every place where he makes application for a position.

The boy may insist that cigarette smoking doesn't hurt them.

We are not here arguing the question whether it does or does not, but just calling attention to a condition.

The question for the boys to decide is whether they will give up the cigarettes or lose opportunities for employment.

—[Volunteers' Gazette

Muskogee's Queen.

Miss Ellen Monanwee, a real Indian princess has been selected as the queen of the Creeks, at the Fort Smith carnival. In describing her the Muskogee Times says that she is a queenly appearing full blood Creek Indian girl, graceful in carriage, modest and refined, and that her appearance at the Border City will be the signal for a grand ovation to the queen of Muskogee.

JIM, A LITTLE NEWSBOY.

Our Indian students have noticed the little news boys crying out papers in the streets and through the trains as they have travelled. Some of our boys and girls like to imitate them.

The newsboys as a class are called rough and use bad language sometimes, but they are not all that kind. There are some real little gentlemen among them, and some little heroes.

Mrs. S. J. Brigham, tells this story in Our Little Ones about a certain newsboy whose name was Jim:

"Sun and World!" cried Jim, as loud as he could; but the big boys pushed him back; his papers were not all sold, and it was getting late.

"I did my best," said Jim to himself; "they are bigger than me; I am bigger than Pete, but I could not punch him; his mother is sick, and he is all she has."

"Stand in front of me Pete, till yours are gone," said Jim, "and then I'll sell mine."

Pete's lot was soon gone and he ran home to his sick mother with a loaf of bread.

"Sun and World!" said Jim as he stood alone his barefeet stinging with cold.

"Sun and World."

His papers were not sold, and there was no one left to buy.

"Come here, my boy," said a fine looking gentleman, who had been watching him.

"You lost your chance to sell papers by helping another boy. Remember, you will never lose anything by being kind to others. Do so all your life, my boy, and God will bless you."

As he said this, he slipped a shining silver dollar into Jim's hand.

"Oh, thank you," said Jim, "I will try," and he saluted like a little soldier as his friend turned away. Then he looked at the silver dollar and knew it was not a dream.

Girls, Think Twice Before you Marry an Oregon Farmer.

"Is marriage a failure?"

"I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer. "Why, there's Lucy gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfast, starts four children to skawl, looks arter the other three, feeds the hens, like wise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims twenty pans of milk, washes the dishes, gits dinner, et cetery, et cetery. Think I could hire anybody to do it for what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success—a great success!"—[Ram's Horn.

He was After Pointers.

"What do you consider the secret of success?" asked a young fellow of a great man.

"Wealth."

"And what is the secret of acquiring wealth?"

"Success."

The young man went of and communed with himself and tried to figure out what he had learned.

Are there any Josiar's Around the Indian Schools?

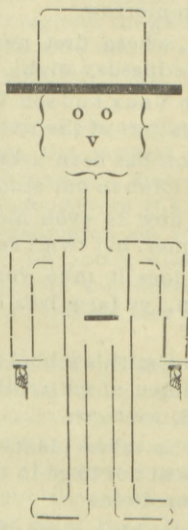
"There's one thing about Josiar," said the young man's fond mother, "he does like work."

"He dosen't seem to get much of it done," replied Farmer Cornfossel.

"That's jest it. He LINGERS over it, an' lingers over it, like he was scared to death of losin' it."

Not The Man-on-the-band-stand.

Our Companion, is published by and for the children for the House of Refuge, Cincinnati. The September number of Our Companion is an artistic output called the Zoo outing number, and is full of pictures of wild animals. The following idea was taken from this interesting exchange, and was set in our office by Sickles. It is not the Man-on-the-band-stand but a curiosity all the same:



Mix of Words Again.

"What make the waves keep coming in farther and farther all the time?" one of our girls at the sea-shore this summer may have asked. At least we will say she did by way of illustration.

"The tide, my child. The tide," a bystander may have answered.

"Well, I should not think they would come in so far, if they were tied."

See?

A Great Affliction.

The following is a sample of the attention that some of our own students give in class:

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind.

The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was.

"Yes'm," replied one little fellow, "he was a poet."

Football Schedule.

Sept. 22. Lebanon Valley College, here. Won; Score, 34 to 0.
 Sept. 26. Dickinson College, here. Won; 21 to 0.
 " 29. Susquehanna College, here. Won; 46 to 0.
 Oct. 6. Gettysburg College, here. Won; 45 to 0.
 " 13. University of Virginia, at Washington. Won; score, 16 to 2.
 " 15. University of Maryland, at Baltimore. Won; Score, 27 to 0.
 " 27. Harvard, at Cambridge.
 Nov. 10. Yale, at New Haven.
 " 17. University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
 Nov. 24. Washington and Jefferson, at Pittsburg..
 Nov. 29. Columbia University, at New York City.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.
 My 4, 3, 11 is an animal much petted by Indians.
 My 8, 2, 5 corn grows on.
 My 5, 6, 7, 10 is a food that pigs like.
 My 1, 9, 11 is an old style carriage.
 My whole is what Mr. Gardner will give to the new flag-pole when it goes up, and just what many people seem to need continually.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA
 By the pound.

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 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.