

The Red Man and Helper.

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DON'T LET THE SONG GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

DON'T let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain, it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies.
And hide for a time the sun;
They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift.
If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though your voice may have lost its trill.
Though the tremulous note should die in your
throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
And never a cup of rue
So bitter to sup but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Ah! it would never need to go,
If with thought more true and a broader view,
We looked at this life below.

Oh! Why should we moan that life's springtime
has flown,
Or sigh for the fair summer time?
The autumn hath days filled with paeans of
praise,
And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
Let it ring in the soul while here,
And when you go hence it will follow you thence.
And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond
Sweet songs of your life have flown,
For if ever you knew a song that was true,
Its music is still in your own.

—KATE R. STILES, in The Transcript.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW INDIAN.

READ AT THE INDIAN INSTITUTE,
CHARLESTON, LAST JULY.

Is there a "New Indian?" we might ask ourselves, and if so whence came he, and how does he differ from the old Indian? It is evident enough that we are in at the passing of the old Indian.

One has but to look at the signs of the times written large on every side. Society has outdone itself in Indian fads this year.

In the shop windows the inimitable portraits,—Rhinehart's, Burbank's and those of other less noted artists are reproduced and framed in birch bark, buckskin, or in rough wood. Calendars are made valuable souvenirs when the strong, typical faces appear on their pages. Even couch pillows bear their imprint, and the playing-cards of the hour are decorated with an Indian head.

In the field of literature the Indian is the one theme that is treated with a view most to catch the public eye, and as yet the old life has precedence; its heroic endurance, its wild dances, its character types,—all are dwelt upon, and the blowing of the wind this way indicates to the seeing mind that the old life is fast passing, and that its possibilities for the picturesque are being realized, seized upon, and brought into prominence as never before.

Cooper essayed it, but with so many exaggerations, so much of imaginative material thrown in as to give his characters somewhat the effect of white men masquerading in Indian dress.

In natural recoil from such unreal representation, writers put the whole aside for years, when gradually it has sprung to life again, in glowing colors, and more true to Indian nature.

Public interest, however, is now so fully aroused that the other side begins to show forth, and the practical, everyday life of the present is also beginning to be written, and here we find the "New Indian."

The change from old to new has been so gradual that we have only half appreci-

ated it, until of a sudden, we look back over our reservation experience of twenty, ten, even five years, and it is with a start that we see the "old" like the point of perspective, vanishing at the horizon line.

Twenty years ago there were whole tribes that knew no English, lived in tepees, hardly knew the meaning of the word school, stalked about in blanket and gee string, and looked with mingled amusement, scorn and fear upon the strange customs of the white man.

Today these tribes contain scarcely a family that cannot communicate with English-speaking travelers, is not fastened down to one spot by a log house, or an adobe, has not one or more children away at school, does not wear civilization's garb (except when sitting for a picture,) and that has not come under the domination of the white man either through annuities and rations or by means of whiskey.

It is an open secret that the race as a whole is not improved by contact with Progress, for this great mantle which covers our multitude of sins has very ragged edges, and it is the fringe which, for the most part, settles down near Indian reservations.

But if the race as a whole has suffered deterioration there are individuals that stand forth shining examples of its capacity, and prove that it is environment that drags down the mass.

All workers in the Indian service will acknowledge that in spite of demoralizing influences there are noble qualities existing in the Indian nature which are showing up bravely, both on and off the reservation. Twenty years ago the Indian lawyer, doctor, clergyman, teacher and writer were almost unknown quantities. Today they not only exist singly but in numbers, and they not only exist but make themselves heard and seen and felt.

There is not one field of labor in the United States that is not open to an Indian who proves himself able to work in it.

Prejudice against the race is melting slowly away. Let us see how this has come about. The little child in the Indian home learns from the day school a small fraction of the customs and manners belonging to the Mysterious Beyond which lies outside the reservation.

English words stir into being vague ideas which grow as the child goes to the reservation boarding school, and when, away from the reservation he has freedom to go into the families of white people, then,—in addition to the knowledge he has gained from books, and from the rudiments of trade furnished by the school, there comes actual contact in which he educates as well as receives education, and the public is amazed to find courtesy, gentleness, fidelity, where it expected rudeness, savagery, treachery.

The football and baseball teams, the bands and mandolin clubs have brought these truths before the nation at large, but the quiet workers have done as much to fasten the truths, and the world is ready to accept,—nay, has accepted the Indian without question as to the color of the skin, wherever he proves his equality.

There is very little outlook on the reservation. Opportunities for self-support are very few, and the preference is usually given to the white man.

The "Old Indian" is found there still. He evolves very slowly.

When we look back to our own young people, do we not see that only as we were sent out, away from home, forced to a knowledge of the business world, com-

pelled to take care of ourselves, only so we did become self-supporting?

Surely it is not necessary to go over the old ground already worn smooth, it seems to me, and demonstrate the need of education for the Indian. There are still some men who think the "Common people" are being given too much education, but it is daily proven that while a few are educated to false notions and even crime, yet the trend of the whole is to place the nation on a higher, safer basis. We have but to compare America with Spain, Turkey" or China to see that.

The Indians can not live in America without coming in contact with Progress, why not prepare them for it properly?

It is nonsense to talk of their condition as a happier one before than after education comes to them. Most people look back on their childhood and say "I was happy then; I did not know the evils of life" but one cannot remain always a child. It would be a very negative sort of happiness if one could. It is impossible to escape the cares and sorrows of mature life. Those meet them best who are best trained to meet them.

There is but one way. Education which includes actual contact, and it is this way the Indian must walk if he is to be able to take his place with the white man. I make an emphatic appeal to you, my fellow workers, as you are in earnest, to single out pupils of ability and get them OUT. Place them in schools where trades are taught, in the lower rounds of business houses to work up, in normal schools, in the business colleges, in art or music schools; wherever others are learning they should go.

If you cannot yourself lend them the money to pay for such preparation, find some one who will. There are always men and women of means who stand ready to help a deserving young man or woman towards self-support, and a special interest is felt in Indian youth.

Indians will repay the loans made to them, as more than one who has stretched out a helping hand can testify, and they will work with a will to do so, only keep your eye upon them to comfort and encourage, for the sensitive temperament, unused to mingling with crowds, unused to continuous labor of any sort, or to a life of system and routine, finds mountains hard to surmount many a time, of which a kind word would often make mole hills.

The outlook for the "new Indian" is full of promise, but it is indeed OUT not IN, and it rests with us very largely, whether he gets into the roads that are open in every direction.

JESSIE W. COOK.

CARLISLE, Pa.
June, 1900.

A Canadian Chief Talks Good Sense.

Chief Osoup, when the Indian Conference met recently in Winnipeg, to consider the question of consolidating the Indian reserves, said in part:

When we were promised schools did we realize what they meant?

No; to us they seemed really unnecessary, and only to be the means of separating us from our children.

That these partings between parent and child were very hard we well understand, but how many of us understood the great benefits our children received by these absences from home? I am sure none of us did.

Our children are being educated by the department free of charge and are clothed and fed free of charge too.

Is the Government doing this because

they have money to throw away or is it because they are interested in the future welfare of the Indian?

Are the representatives of our great mother, the Queen, giving us all this for nothing?

We must all see that the white man gets his children educated so they can not only earn something, but become men and women of whom they as a nation will be proud.

I tell you my friends that what we are getting for nothing the white man has to pay for.

At one time I thought the Government could get everything for nothing.

Now I know very much better.

As a matter of fact they as a government have to pay for all they give us.

Surely it is plain that the Indian is in every sense of the word the child of the Government.

But if we are the children of the Government let us not take advantage of this and act too much like children requiring to be coaxed and humored, having no care for the future.

It is not possible that you can still be in doubt as to the very good will that the Government has towards us. I confess that I too, at one time, looked upon every plan the department put forth as some scheme to get ahead of us. But I can feel only shame for myself that I should have been so blind, so ignorant, as not to see the good feeling that has always prompted them in all the dealings they had with the Indians.

My friends, I feel safe in saying that the white man without education would be just as ignorant and of as little use to his nation as the Indian is.

I will even say more, I am sure they, without the schools, would be worse than the Indians.

It seems to me that our children are very clever for it has not taken them very long to learn a good deal, and shall they live to accuse us old men of having stood in their way?

At one time I was one of the most reluctant to view any proposition of the department with favor.

But now I am a friend of the representative of the Government, for I must confess that in my ignorance I never realized their generosity, I could not appreciate all that was and is being done for us.

I always wanted more.

Now I know that we are being treated in every way fair and square.

What can we wish for more?
Only that some of us, indeed I may say all of us be given the understanding necessary to more fully appreciate all the Government is doing and is trying to do for us.—[The Advance, Middlemarch, Man.

Great Men Do Not Give Up Easily.

This story is told of the great Garibaldi: One evening he met a Sardinian shepherd, who had lost a lamb out of his flock and was in great distress because he could not find it.

Garibaldi became deeply interested in the man, and proposed to his staff that they should scour the mountains and help find the lost lamb.

A search was organized, lanterns were brought, and these old soldiers started off full of earnestness to look for the fugitive.

The quest was in vain, however, and by-and-by all the soldiers returned to their quarters.

Next morning Garibaldi's attendant found the general in bed and fast asleep long after his usual hour for rising.

The servant aroused him at length, and the general rubbed his eyes and then took from under his bed coverings the lost lamb, bidding the attendant carry it to the shepherd.

Garibaldi had kept the quest through the night until he had found the lamb.

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.Does the number on your wrapper read
1620? Then it is time to renew, to
insure against loss of any of the issues.First girl: "What grade are you in now?"
Second girl: "Oh! I am a freshman just
now, but my teacher says I will soon be a
sycamore."THE RED MAN & HELPER of Carlisle
is on our exchange list and for reference
regarding the Indian service, we value
it very much.—[Ogalalla Light, Pine
Ridge Agency, S. D.]Those to whom band pictures are due
will have to wait a few days longer as
the mill that makes the corrugated pack-
ing is at "outs" and cannot supply us.
We have now ordered elsewhere and
hope it will be here in a few days."Your son, I understand has literary
aspirations," said a friend to his compan-
ion. "Does he write for money?"The father feelingly replied: "That is
just the trouble. He does it all the time."
And the Man-on-the-band-stand wondered
if the friend was an Indian father.Notice the number in dark type in
the date line first page. That tells the
volume and number of this week's issue.
If the number on your wrapper corres-
ponds with that, your time is out. And
if not out, from that you may calculate how
many weeks you have to run. The last
two figures refer to the weekly number
and they are changed every week. The
first two figures refer to the volume and
they are changed every year, of 52 weeks.
Renew promptly, thus saving trouble of
missing papers.We have a new subscriber this week
from an archaeologist in the New York
City American Museum of Natural His-
tory, who says he spends his summers dig-
ging among the ashes of forgotten camp-
fires. He learned of the Indian School
paper through our newly formed and in-
teresting friend Miss Meagher, of the Art
Department of said Museum, who spent
part of the summer with us. Now, if
this friend will interest one of HIS friends
and that one, one of HIS, and so on, our
circulation will grow with the speed
that some of the chain letters do, that are
occasionally started. Let the good work
go on! We are ready for TEN THOU-
SAND subscriptions this minute.At the Sunday evening service Major
Pratt spoke briefly commenting on the
passage of Scripture relating to the unity
of the body, wherein he thought the
Apostle may have had in mind the many
races of men and all so different, and he
may have intended to teach that each
race is in some way dependent upon and
necessary to the other, and will in time be
united members of one harmonious body.
He thought there would finally be unity
of Christians, unity of communities, unity
of the world. None of us at Carlisle
could evade any part of our duty without
injuring the school body. All that we
have and all that we are is a gift. The
great thing for us to do is to find out that
particular gift through which we may
perform the best service and do it with all
our might.

Football.

Our Second team defeated the heavy
Y. M. C. A. team of Steelton, on Satur-
day, 12 to 6. The score does not do jus-
tice to the way in which our reserves play-
ed, because Steelton never came any-
where near their goal, until the last play
of the game when the unlucky fumble
was made near the center of the field,
and a Steelton player picked up the ball
and ran for a touch-down.The Second team deserves a great deal
of credit for their victory and for the
good hard practice they give the first team
whenever they line up against each other.
This has been a great help in develop-
ing a foot-ball team at Carlisle this year,
and it can be safely said that our Second
team is the best we have ever had, and it
argues well for a strong team in future
years. Next season the vacant places in
the team can be filled very creditably from
this year's Second team.The regular team and substitutes, about
twenty in all, start for Boston, this morn-
ing, for the game with Harvard on Satur-
day. How well they will do in that game
it is impossible to say, but we do know
that every player will do his best and
that Harvard, although greatly out weigh-
ing our boys and having much more ex-
perience, will not defeat our team by
many points. If the Carlisle team does
not fumble and make costly mistakes
there is a good chance of our defeating
Harvard and surprising the critics.Our chances would be a great deal bet-
ter if Hawley Pierce was in condition to
play. He has been in the Hospital for
the past ten days suffering from a severe
bruise in his side, and he has been unable
to take any exercise whatever.Excepting Pierce the team is in very
good condition and capable of playing
their best. Palmer will probably play
full-back in Pierce's place, and the prac-
tice early in the week showed that he will
be a worthy substitute. Parker will prob-
ably play left half-back where he has
been practicing since Johnson went back
to his old place at right half-back. Park-
er is a hard worker and he seldom fumb-
les. He has caught on to the game quick-
ly and is a valuable player.Roberts injured his ankle early in the
week but he will be able to play. Since he
has been playing as quarter the fumbling
has diminished considerably, and this is
very encouraging.Hard practice games were played with
the second team Monday and Tuesday,
and the practice showed up very well.
There was more team work and better de-
fense, and the team is improving right
along. The greatest fault now is that the
line men play too high when their side
has the ball and do not charge their op-
ponent low enough or hard enough. Har-
vard will be able to push them back if
they do not play low and charge quickly.The Harvard game is our first big game,
and there is great interest manifested as
to what the result will be.

THE SCHOOL DAIRY.

Our special reporter for industries wend-
ed his way down to the near farm to
watch the milking and the process of
separating the cream from the milk.
Mr. Gray, the School Dairyman, was
courteous and answered many questions
in a manner that showed that he under-
stood the dairy from A to Izzard.As he and the two Indian boys—Mar-
tin Machukay and Walter Matthews were
milking the cows in the spacious stalls
the reporter stood by and interviewed Mr.
Gray."How many cows do you milk at pres-
ent?"

"Thirty-five."

"How many are in the herd?"

"We have 48 in all."

"What breed of cattle?"

"There are more Guernseys than any
other, but we have Jersey, Durham and
Holstein stock. The Guernseys are red
and white. The Jerseys are lemon andfawn. The black and white are the Hol-
steins.""How many gallons of milk a day do
you get?"

"About fifty gallons at present."

"Are your cows in good condition?"

"Very good."

"Have you any kicking cows?"

"Not any."

"How do you manage to keep the milk
clean?""It requires a great deal of care to keep
the milk perfectly clean. We do the best
we can with the limited number of hands
and limited conveniences.""What are the greatest dangers from
unclean milk?""Tuberculosis was mentioned as one of
the greatest. Not thoroughly washing
the cans and measures is another way for
the germ of disease to get in. And the sep-
arator requires special cleaning daily."

"How do you clean your cans?"

"We wash them out with hot water and
soda and put them in the sun.""Do you wash them after every milk-
ing?"

"Oh yes."

After the milking of the cows there
were small boys with curry combs and
brushes who cleaned them. The reporter
suggested the propriety of doing that be-
fore the milking."It would be a good thing, thought Mr.
Gray, but there is not time enough to al-
low that.""Some time the milk does not seem so
clean as at other times, how is that?""When I have new milkers, that occurs.
If they milk with wet hands it is bad."

"What are your hours for milking?"

"We begin soon after four in the morn-
ing, and the afternoon milking begins
about three o'clock.""Have you only the two boys to help
you?"

"That's all."

"Do you have trouble in teaching them
to milk dry?""Not a great deal. I generally look
after that matter as it is bad for the cow
not to be milked dry.""Do you strain the milk before it goes
through the separator?"

"Yes, indeed."

"What kind of strainers do you use?"
"Just now the metal strainer, but we
are going to have the cloth, which is
much better if properly cared for.""Have you all the cows in this barn
that you have room for?"

"No, we can accommodate 58."

"What do you feed them?"

"Only a little hay at this season of the
year when the pasture is fair, but in
the winter we feed ensilage."

"What is that?"

"A food prepared from the corn, stalk
and all. It is cut while green and packed
in a certain way in what is called a silo.
It makes excellent food for cows. It takes
25 acres of good corn to feed our cattle
for six months.""How do you tell when a cow has tur-
berculosis?""An expert listens to see if her lungs
are right and there are other tests. Of
course when she gets to the coughing
stage, it is certain.""What is done when found to have con-
sumption?"

"The cow is killed."

"How many pounds of butter do you
make a week?"

"About 90."

"What days do you churn?"

"Tuesdays and Saturdays."

"Do you have power churns?"

"No, we have to churn by hand. Our
churn has two great handles. I generally
help to do the churning.""How much cream comes from a quart
of milk?""Our separator brings from 25 gallons
of milk 4 gallons of cream, which will
test at 25 per cent.""How long does it take to separate the
cream?"

"About 30 minutes."

"That center piece turns rapidly?"

"Yes, it makes 4500 revolutions in a
minute.""Who have been your best milkers in
past years?"

"George Pradt is one of the best. One

in the dairy business needs some get-up.
Some of the boys are too slow."The reporter was then taken to look at
the big Durham bull whose name is Why-
not. He is a fierce animal, and would
have taken one's head off if he could.
Some of the calves on exhibition are fine
and very cunning. One bull-calf came
by express a few weeks ago from William
Harveys, in Chester County."Where did you learn the dairy busi-
ness, Mr. Gray?""My father was dairyman for William
Harvey for many years, and I used as a
lad to be in and around and helping some,
until I was old enough, then I was em-
ployed at the same dairy. I have also
taken the course at a good agricultural
college."

CHANGES AND APPOINTMENTS.

Among the changes in employees at the
various Indian agencies, approved by the
Department during the month of Septem-
ber, 1900, appear the following:

Appointments.

Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency.—Jo-
seph Blackbear, Assistant Farmer, vice
Stacy Riggs; Thomas Spotted Crow,
Blacksmith.Cheyenne River, South Dakota.—Mag-
gie Blackbird, Laborer, vice Amelia
Itches.Crow Agency, Montana.—Old Horn
and Ben Long Ear, Laborers, vice Strong
Legs and David Dawes; Walkes with a
Wolfe, Apprentice.Osage Agency, Oklahoma.—Paul Whee-
ler, ConstablePine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.—
Edward Two Two, Herder; Antoine Her-
man, Assistant Farmer, vice William C.
Girton; Charles Marravall, Assistant, Far-
mer, Raymond Smith, Assistant Clerk,
and Lewis Martin, Assistant Mechanic,
vice Charles Twiss, L. S. Bear, and Ed-
ward Yankton.Rosebud Agency, South Dakota.—Sil-
icon Roubideau, Laborer, vice Mitchell
Roubideau.Umatilla Agency, Oregon.—William
McKay, Interpreter, vice Joseph Craig.Yankton Agency, South Dakota.—John
C. Keeler, Harnessmaker, vice C. Bru-
guier; Eugene Highrock, Additional
Farmer, vice Joseph H. Ellis.

Transfers and Promotions.

Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota.—
John T. Van Metre, from Issue Clerk to
Clerk, White Earth, Minnesota.Lemhi Agency, Idaho.—William Bur-
ton, from Additional Farmer to Interpret-
er.Handsomely engraved announcements
of the marriage of Jane Patterson Coch-
ran to Mr. Elmer Norris Snyder, Wednes-
day, October 17th, 1900, at Millers-
town, have been received by a number at
the school. The wedding to be, was an-
nounced last week. The happy couple
will be "At Home" after November first
in Lewistown. They have the congratu-
lations of a host of friends at the school
and in town. Mr. Snyder, when with us,
was instructor in tailoring and Mrs. Sny-
der a teacher of marked qualities and be-
loved by all who knew her.Julia Dorris remembers kindly the
school that gave her a big help up educa-
tion's hill. It has been years, she says,
since she left us, and she has been reading
our paper ever since. It is like receiv-
ing a letter from dear friends. Julia is now
at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and enjoys
her work very much. She thinks they
have a nice school.George Carrefell thinks he has a very
good place in the country, and his country
parents are very nice and pleasant. He
has two little country brothers and one
little country sister whom he enjoys very
much. They are busy at present husking
corn, while the days and weeks seem to
go pretty fast.Who was the girl who looked so hard
at the fair that she became gray-headed?

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

They say that figures never lie, but that does not say that liars never figure.

Mr. William Gray and bride are at home in their cottage by the Spring at the near farm.

All 1616's and 1617's will be taken from the galley this week. Renew promptly please.

Be loyal to your society! Be ambitious to make it the best literary society in the institution!

Mrs Schick and Mrs. Weber of Philadelphia, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Weber last week.

Lucentia Billings has been detailed as temporary assistant at the hospital, and is making a good record.

Have you ever read, "One Little Injun?" If you have, read it again for it has points, no doubt, that you have forgotten.

The Committees visiting the various societies should report their suggestions promptly on Saturday morning, and not wait to be hunted up and interviewed.

We are glad to get any item from them for our paper. The members, too, are glad to learn through our columns just where they are strong and where they can improve.

The Susans still talk too much and are more disorderly than they ought to be when the exercises are progressing. Is it YOU or your NEIGHBOR? Those two, you can control and thus help your President.

Only a FEW do the work in the Invincible society, says the Committee, while the many do nothing. Perhaps that is why you cannot speak in public when called upon. Take hold! Hold on! Don't let go until you are a public speaker.

The little girls more than watch the winds that blow from the giant walnut tree the nuts they like. Then they gather them up and are going to dry them for winter. They are regular little squirrels, but we wonder if they will be as wise as the squirrels—that is, save them till they do get dry.

The singing at our Sunday evening services is conducted by the different classes, and not by the choir as formerly. This plan has been inaugurated for the opportunity it gives in shouldering responsibility. The Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores have conducted the singing thus far and have given creditable quartettes, double quartettes and solos.

When you are tardy at formation once, it is easy to be so again, and now you are at "the rear of the procession" everywhere, even in life. Opportunity does not come to you, and you become a "No account Indian." Have you noticed the number of girls late to school? They are of that kind—poor in class, poor at work, poor everywhere. A rag-tag brigade is a sorry sight at Carlisle. Resolve not to belong to the rag-tags.

Mrs. C. Miller, of Washington, D. C. was one of the recent visitors on the grounds. To a lady who met her she said that just seventy-one years ago she was born in the building now used as girls quarters. She gave interesting facts in connection with the officers stationed here during her girlhood days, and has promised to write some of her recollections for the RED MAN AND HELPER, at an early day. Mrs. Miller has relatives and friends in Carlisle.

Mr. Harry Backus of the Babcock Printing Press Company called and made right a little place in the press that was not working as it ought to, and besides his valuable work of a few moments he left several helpful hints about the future running of the press. One of the boys who got under the press to regulate from Mr. Backus' directions a certain rod, did the work so well and followed directions so to the letter, that there is one more convert to the idea that Indians can be educated. The queer thing to the Man-on-the-band-stand is that there are people who think that the Indians cannot be educated if given the same opportunity that others have.

The Printers beat the tailors in a game of football last Saturday by the score of 22 to 0.

Major and Mrs. Pratt attended the launching of the great Russian battle ship—Retvizan on Tuesday.

Dr. Johnson of Johns Hopkins University and Professor Stevens of Dickinson College were guests of Miss Cutter to dinner on Friday evening.

"Do you like to hear a girl whistle?" asked a young lady of her brother.

"No, but I like the way her mouth looks when she gets ready to try."

The Senior girls feel very much dissatisfied because they are not allowed to take cooking lessons, "for we all know the art of cooking is very important."

The Carlisle student is a true helpmeet, if he or she is willing to help meet some of the extra bills for their comfort and entertainment not provided by the Government.

There are some very funny names in the list of Appointments and Promotions, printed elsewhere. But do not laugh, it is not kind. People cannot help their names.

Many news items, well-written in terse, crisp English, were prepared by the Seniors for the RED MAN & HELPER this week. A few of the best appear in this number.

Emma Sky has come in from her country home with a good record. She has been attending the High School at Moores-town N. J., and hopes to return in a couple of months.

The Porto Rican girls are making some exquisite doylies of a pattern quite new to us. Mrs. Jones, of Alaska, bought a number of pieces from the art needle work department.

During the football season, there will be games played between the different shop teams, every Saturday. A Juvenile team has been organized and it will also play against shop teams.

Miss Jacobs is absent from her post at the sewing room, having been called to York to attend the funeral of her sister who died on the 18th instant in Philadelphia. Later: She has returned.

Those who were fortunate enough to be with the football players on their trip to Washington, had the pleasure of going through the United States Treasury building, and visiting the White House.

Who was the young man on going to study-hour Wednesday night, bent through the window to look at the girls, but to find a teacher in closer proximity than he desired? Ask him if he "felt" her presence.

The cooking class under Miss Ferree's management is making good progress. The canning of fruit and other useful lessons have been taken in turn. We will give a story of this important department ere long.

Next week all 1618's will be removed. Now is the time to renew very quickly, if the number on your wrapper is 1618. If it reads 1620, you have two weeks only to run, but it would be wise to renew NOW, so as to give us time to give proper credit without a loss of paper.

Myron Moses, James Johnson, Dahney George, Miss Rachel S. Bennett, Tawney Owl, Dahnola Jessan, David Masten, Simon Palmer, Albert Nash, Elizabeth Baird, Estella Gerhart, and Dora Fritz are those who are working for the Fifty Dollar Prize. There is plenty of time to join the contest yet. Indeed from now to Christmas is the very best time. Any one wishing to assist those already named may send in names and money to Miss Burgess, and state to whom to credit the name, and we shall be very glad to help the contestants in this manner. It looks as though the smallest number ever obtained will win the prize this year. If you have started, do not give up! If you do not win the prize you get five cents on each name, provided you are in the contest, and that is worth making up a good list for. Where is the professional newsboy who would not jump at such an offer?

Miss Newcomer spent Sunday in Shipensburg with relatives and friends.

The Senior Class wishes to thank Miss Edge and her girls, through the columns of the REDMAN & HELPER, for the specimens of fall fruits so kindly sent by them, for the class to study.

Do not mention rats to Miss Richenda Pratt and Minnie Nick after an experience of yesterday morning, when Minnie came off victorious, and carried the monster down stairs for burial.

Rev. Alexander Henry Leo, of Frankford, with friends visited the school, on their way from Gettysburg. Mr. Leo is a friend of Miss Bender formerly with us, and brought greetings from her. She is teaching at Wissinoming, Pa., and is well.

Beatrice Hoover writes that she is "chief cook and bottle washer" in her country home. She says she has a nice home there at Wawa, and the people are all good to her. Beatrice expects to start to school in a few days, and she is very glad of the prospect.

Earl Whitman says by letter from Pima Agency that he has recently been appointed assistant-industrial teacher at the place he first started to go to school, and he is enjoying his work very much. He believes it is a splendid opportunity for him to gain experience for himself, while teaching those under him.

On Tuesday evening the Juniors held a mock national Republican and Democratic Convention in their class room. They went through the regular form and nominated President and Vice-President. Samuel Miller acted as national chairman of the Republican Convention. Genus Baird was chairman of the Democratic Convention. Arthur Sickles was appointed chairman of the Republican party for next Presidential term.

Many at the school remember little Leah Myers, who used to come out from town to see her uncle Mr. Gould, then Major Pratt's chief clerk, now several years deceased. Miss Myers was married on Wednesday evening to Mr. Sipe, of Carlisle. Both are popular young people of town. Mr. and Mrs. Sipe will live in the Gould residence on Pomfret Street, the home of Mrs. Sipe's aunt, Mrs. Gould, with whom Miss Leah lived as an adopted daughter.

The Presbyterian Synod that was in convention at Harrisburg visited our school on Saturday. There were about two hundred ladies and gentlemen in the party. Ten Indian girls acted as guides, escorting them through the industrial departments, school buildings and some of the quarters. The day was delightful. Our band discoursed good music from the band-stand, the grounds had a festive air, and summer seemed to have returned for a day.

Last Sunday was so balmy that many of our girls had the pleasure of a walk to the farm. When one of the smaller parties reached the spring, a sick cow with great effort and in apparent pain knelt, stretching toward the water's edge, which she could barely touch. A kind hearted girl ran for a wooden bucket which was twice filled for the suffering creature, and then gave it more potent relief by drawing down the fevered milk. Fever is often drawn from the system of milch creatures in this way. The cow showed immediate response to this kindness by beginning to graze. The entire party of girls hope she is getting well.

David McFarland, '98, writes that Robert Johnson is married. He says he keeps up very well to the instructions learned at Carlisle. They both work at the ware house, and handle about 1500 sacks a day. Wheat was plentiful this year in and around Lapwai, Idaho. It sounds like business when he says that most of the Indians have gone to the mountains, but "Robert and I did not want to go on account of this business." It will be remembered that David played half-back on our first football team, and is now known among the football players of that section as the Lapwai Whirlwind.

Alaskan Visitors.

Mrs. Livingston F. Jones, of the Presbyterian Mission Field, at Juneau, Alaska, arrived this week with Jessie Abbott, an Indian girl. Mrs. Jones has gone to Tuckerton, N. J., for a brief stay. Jessie is grieving for little Veda, Mrs. Jones' two-year-old daughter, she never having been separated before from the baby. Veda is the only child.

The party consisting of Mrs. Jones, little Veda and Jessie left Juneau on the 8th of October, arriving here on the 19th, having stopped over two days at Seattle.

Three years ago Jessie could not speak a word of English. She has lived with Mr. and Mrs. Jones for that period and now speaks and understands the language, and brings with her a reputation for honor, truth and good conduct.

On Sunday evening after the close of Major's talk on "Using our gifts," Mrs. Jones gave us a most interesting and graphic account of the way from Alaska to Washington, of the physical features, resources and industries of that great country, the customs and progress of the natives and the mission work. The natives have very few comforts of life, but they are a self-supporting and industrious people, and receive no Government aid. Mrs. Jones will be joined by her husband in the early Spring, and they will stop at Carlisle on their homeward journey. Three years ago, Major and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Nana Pratt met Mr. and Mrs. Jones in Alaska.

Oneida Missionary.

Rev. F. W. Merrill of the Oneida Episcopal Mission, Wisconsin, was here Wednesday. A Hampton student—Eli Schanadore is with him. They are on a lecturing tour to secure means for the running of a hospital among the Oneida Indians. Mr. Merrill says he always enjoys a visit at Carlisle, and likes to be with his Indian children and hear them talk. He speaks in the highest terms of Nancy Cornelius, who has been his chief nurse, but who is now at home on account of not having sufficient funds for the hospital. She has recently had three typhoid-cases in her family. Nancy has made an enviable record ever since she took up her profession as nurse, first among the excellent families of New England, and since among her own people.

Rev. Merrill met the Oneida students on Wednesday evening and gave them greetings from home friends and parents, and talked to them in a very practical, business-like way, which will do them good. Some of what he said will appear in next issue of the RED MAN AND HELPER.

To-night.

Invincibles: Messrs. Beitzel and Haldy; Standards: Mrs. DeLoss and Miss Roberts; Susans: Misses Burgess and Carter.

Next Week.

Invincibles: Misses Burgess and Carter; Standards: Messrs. Beitzel and Haldy; Susans: Mrs. DeLoss and Miss Roberts.

Major and Mrs. Pratt returned from Mohonk full of the inspiration gathered from mingling with men and women of great minds and large experiences. It was claimed by all that it was the best Conference that ever gathered there to discuss questions vital to the Indian and other dependent races. There were a large number of representative people present and fine addresses in more practical and decided lines than heretofore. Mrs. Etnier gave an able presentation of the Porto Rican situation educationally. In referring to the various races it was quite the sentiment of the Conference to discard the name "Inferior" races and to call them "Dependent." A fuller account of the gathering will be given next week.

Felix Ironeaglefeather, ex-student, has been silent for many moons, but writes this week informing that he is still among the living at Rosebud Agency, and is plying his trade at the Boarding School there. He is a shoemaker. He still thinks about the Carlisle School, and has wished many times that he was with us.

ONE LITTLE INJUN.

Going Ahead Backward.

This popular little story, from Harper's Young People, has been going the rounds since 1896, and is so well stated that it bears reading the second time.

One needs the picture in mind of a little papoose in the Indian cradle on the back of its mother, to understand the baby's talk.

(By the way, we have an excellent cabinet photograph of a very pretty Indian child in its cradle—the kind of cradle that the Indian women stand up, baby and all against a tree, or carry upon their backs. Twenty cents; by mail 22 cents. Or FREE for four subscriptions and 2 cents extra for mailing.) But let us hear the papoose talk:

I am a jolly little Indian papoose.

I keep pretty close to my mother.

She does not often like to face a responsibility of my size, but she will shoulder it any time, and we are bound together by the strongest ties.

When I am at home I live in a wigwam which mother and I build.

We made it of poles covered with bark and skins.

We built it together.

Mother did the work and I backed her up heavily, and between us both we pulled through without interrupting father, who was busy sitting around and basking in the sun and smoking.

My father is bound to bask in all the sun there is, no matter how much time it takes to do it, and he is just as ambitious about the smoking; he is bound to do it all himself, and he does not want mother and me to meddle with it; and it is a good deal the same way with the eating.

He works at basking and smoking and eating nearly all the time when he is not sleeping, unless there should be a war or a hunt; then he goes off with a gun.

It gives a look of luxury and repose to our wigwam to see father sitting out against the warm side of it watching mother and me work.

Without this our home would seem cold, stern and uninviting.

Mother and I do all the rest of the work; we plant and hoe and harvest the crops; we grind the corn between stones or pound it in a mortar; then we make it into cakes, and roast them in the fire for father to eat.

Mother does it, but I keep right around after her, and see to it all.

Sometimes we have nothing to eat—roots, berries, acorns, everything gives out.

My father can shoot no squirrels, my mother can get no corn.

Then we start for the Agency to get rations.

It is a long tramp, but I don't mind it, for mother does the walking.

We form a procession of two—a double-header.

Mother heads the front and I head the rear.

As the column moves forward I go ahead backward, and I pass everything on the road that is not going my way.

Of course, I can't see what I am coming to till I am going away from it.

The first thing I notice is our wigwam and corn stalks and bean poles.

They are large at first, then they get smaller and fainter till they are no bigger than a mosquito, and then they fade quite away.

So all our village goes from sight, and the sky gets big and empty, and the earth has no end.

At length we come to things—horses, mules, ditches, rivers, trees, houses.

One by one they bounce upon me from around mother's shoulder.

They all begin big and strong, and they go away little and faint.

Everything I see is going away from me.

I don't know what is coming, and I can't dodge it till it is past.

That is what comes of going ahead backward.

My people are pretty much like me.

The old Mother Government straps them upon a board and shoulders them around from one place to another.

If she hears them moan with hunger, she feeds them; if she hears them shiver with cold, she blankets them; when they shriek and kick with rage, she beats them.

She lets them live on the back side of somewhere till somebody else wants it, and then she bundles them off to the other side of nowhere which nobody wants.

My people, like me, are going ahead backward.

Once they had all America to hunt and fight in; now they have only a small portion of the land where they can stay.

The father of all my fathers could shoot an arrow right through a bison, but his son could only kill a bear, and the bear killer's son could only kill a deer, and the deer killer's son shot foxes, and the fox killer's son shot squirrels and the squirrel killer's son—that is myself—can only catch flies.

Ah! my people started in "big Injun," but they are coming out little papoose.

White men who stay home and make books say my people are dying out; but white men who look around and count say my people are living on, as many as ever.

Oh! it is chaps like me that keep the Indian question going.

There are thousands upon thousands like me, bright-eyed, brown-skinned, lusty young braves, at this very minute cutting our eye-teeth on our knuckle-bones and toughening our lungs on young war-whoops, but we are always on the rear side and looking backward.

They say there are white babies who are carried upon their mother's hearts and next to their cheeks; these babies are always looking forward, and every thing starts small and grows large and comes towards them, and they can catch it if they want it.

These babies have their eyes and ears trained to find out what is coming, their foreheads bulge out to meet future events, and their noses are sharpened upon them as they whiz by.

So these babies grow to be strong men.

They talk with the lightning; fire and water are their horses, and smoke is their banner.

The forests and the mountains bow down to them.

Oh! old Mother Government, take up my poor people and bear them upon thy heart! feed them with the milk of human kindness; give them justice, and teach them, by example, the law of love.

Then shall my people lift up their heavy hands; they shall "look forward, and not backward, up, and not down, and lend a hand."

A Peculiar Picture.

It is amusing to the Caucasian people, says the Indian News, to see Indian men go into a soda fountain and treat each other, while they never think of treating their squaws, who stand by and look as pleased as though they were in the ring too.

The Student Who Wins.

Is a plodder.
Has high ideals.
Is frank and manly.
Takes plenty of sleep.
Lays broad foundations.
Is loyal to his instructors.
Is not in too much of a hurry.
Takes a due measure of physical exercise.

Spurgeon.

He who boasts of being perfect, is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorn, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots and the skies are darkened with clouds, and faults of some kind nestle in every bosom.

Mollie Elmore DeWit, who lives in California, can't get over missing the little Helper. She says the Redman is too much like a paper, while the Helper was like a letter. She is well at present and wishes to be remembered to her schoolmates and friends at Carlisle.

One of Lincoln's Indians.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells a good story of Chief Jonas Wolf, a famous Indian chieftain of the Chickasaw tribe.

Chief Jonas was regarded by President Lincoln as the ablest Indian he had ever seen.

Fully realizing that whisky was a dangerous enemy to the peace and prosperity of his people, Chief Jonas was a bitter foe to the whisky peddler, and he was always severe in enforcing the laws made to keep all intoxicating liquors out of the territory.

In many instances he did not wait for the law's slow delay, as offenders frequently discover to their sorrow.

Some years ago he encountered a well-known whisky vender whom he had punished and ordered out of the territory several times.

Chief Jonas searched the suspicious character's outfit, and found that the venturesome old reprobate was well supplied with numerous packages of shotgun whisky.

"Through the aid of this poison you have come here to rob my people," said the enraged old governor.

"You make Indian drunk and take his horses and wagons and his clothes. Now, I goin' to make this stuff do to you same as you do to Indian."

Without further words he made the offender take off the last stitch of his clothing, and while the trembling wretch stood shivering, the chief emptied all of the whisky on the man's raiment and touched a match to it.

"Whisky make Indian naked. This time he make peddler naked. Now, you go. Catch you one time more, you die. Sabe?"

Rude as this proceeding was, it cannot be denied that it had real justice in it, though hardly of the poetic sort.

Let us Learn from a Great Man.

It is said that one day Carlyle suddenly stopped at a street-crossing, and, stooping down, picked up something out of the mud, even at the risk of being knocked down and run over by passing vehicles.

With his bare hands he gently rubbed the mud off this thing which he had picked up, holding it as carefully and touching it as gently as if it had been something of great value.

He took it to the pavement and laid it down on a clean spot on the curbstone.

"That," said the old man, in a tone of sweetness he rarely used, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste anything, and above all, bread, more precious than gold. I am sure that the little sparrows, or a hungry dog, will get nourishment from this bit of bread."

Moral Suasion.

Old Gentleman: "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

Little Boy: "Never! We have moral suasion at our school."

Old Gentleman: "What's that?"

Boy: "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all."—Tit Bits.

MacDonald.

Hope never hurt anyone, never yet interfered with duty; nay, always strengthens to the performance of duty, gives courage, and clears the judgment.

All Kinds Of Bugs.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper, with a rising inflection in his voice.

"I am busy now, Benny," replied Mr. Bloobumper. "I can't answer your questions today."

"But, papa."

"What is it?"

"The people that favor sound money are called goldbugs, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"And are silver people silverbugs?"

"I suppose so."

"And are Prohibitionists waterbugs?"

"Benny, go right in and tell your mother that she wants you."

—[Harper's Bazar.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to ask if the Trust makers are not pinching bugs.

Is the Fashionable American Lady Savage?

An amusing story comes from Rome. Some American ladies made their appearance at a Papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the Pope, in ball-room dress.

A well-known Cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette.

The Cardinal thus fulfilled his somewhat delicate mission:

"The Pope," he said, "is old-fashioned, and does not like décollete dresses; but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."—[The Evangelist.

Perhaps the Class in Physics will Understand.

A superintendent of an electric railway asked of an applicant for a position:

"What is your name?"

"Wood, sir."

"You want to be appointed conductor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can't take you, sir."

"Why not?"

"Electrical experts say that wood is a poor conductor."

Going for his Health.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going South for my health."

"How did your health ever get so far away as that?"

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 10 letters
My 2, 4, 8, 10, is a kind of grain.
My 3, 9, 8 is an animal found both wild and domestic.

My 10, 4, 1 is part of a tree.

My 5, 9, 8 is worn by the ladies.

My 7, 6 we should learn to say.

My whole was a noted Indian maiden.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Good bracing.

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.