

# The Red Man and Helper.

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## MY PART.

THE Chief Musician did the chords invent;  
The Chief Musician shaped the instrument;  
He set me in my place before the score,  
I heard the one word, "Play!" He said no more.

He did the air to other hands consign;  
I may not even hint the full design.  
There is no meaning in the notes I play,  
Which I must still rehearse from day to day.

And some who tire of their monotonous tone,  
Would have me change to music of my own.  
Full-chorded discord would it better be?  
Let others play it, it is not for me.

But I will strive to render perfect still  
My unmelodious part with patient will—  
So in that concert, grand, remote, and far,  
The harmony divine I shall not mar.

IDA BALLHEIM  
in The Living Church, June, 1899.

## A TRIP WITH AN AGENCY PHYSICIAN.

Mr. Don't Know How was an Indian  
who Did Know How.

The doctor's spirited team of black horses and comfortable top-buggy were at the door, and I was tying on Boy's hat and pinning on my own with many pins preparatory to a twelve mile drive over the prairie.

As I turned to give my last charges to our faithful Mary, the doctor came out with his little medicine case in hand and took the reins from the burly Indian who held them. The horses' heads were turned toward the river, for the field matron had that morning requested his attendance upon a woman whose cabin nestled among the timber on the banks of the majestic Missouri.

We wound about under the closely interlacing boughs that threatened to brush the top from our vehicle, and paused for a few minutes at the humble mud-plastered cot before proceeding on our way. For some time we drove through the picturesque bottom-lands among giant cotton woods festooned with wild grape and clematis, a thick undergrowth of dwarf willow and the curious grey-green of the buffaloberry, with here and there the twisted grey ghost of a dead tree in solitary desolation—and then turned to climb the terraces beyond on to the high open plain.

It was a glorious outlook in the perfect coloring of this mid-October day. In the foreground the buff of the dry prairie grass and further away the rich golden brown, vivid green and clear yellow of Missouri's wild groves, with the sparkling water beyond, and on the opposite side its steep bluffs fading into a tender blue haze.

For several miles there was no sign of life—a peculiarity of these western prairies, upon which there is seldom found a bird or insect to interrupt the profound and impressive silence—until we came rather suddenly upon a neat frame house with the usual log-cabbin beside it, standing in the midst of a cluster of trees on a small creek, from which there arose a flock of magpies as we approached. Both the Boy and I were pleased with these beautiful large birds, whose striking mingling of blue-black and white, with their graceful long tails, gives them an unusual appearance.

"The man who used to live there," said the Doctor, "was the first Indian on this reserve to adopt the log house, and the other members of the tribe, disliking the innovation, formed themselves into a 'Soldiers' lodge' after the old custom, and destroyed the cabin again and again, but it was always rebuilt immediately;

until at last they gave up the fight and concluded to follow the new way. The old man is dead and his son now occupies the frame house."

A cluster of red-roofed buildings upon a gently rolling plain, with a little church and personage beyond, gave us our first glimpse of "Grace School," so named for the founder, Miss Grace Howard of New York City. She built it as an industrial home for returned students from eastern schools, but disposed of the place to the Government several years ago, and it is now a school for some fifty little children. The Superintendent is a lady, a Miss. Haultman, who was away at the time of our visit, having just gone to the agency. As we did not meet her, she had probably taken another road.

We were cordially welcomed by the teacher, Miss Wright, an animated blonde, who told us that she was the niece of Mr. Charles Dagenett, lately of Carlisle. She informed us that her uncle is now traveling in Colorado for his health.

Miss Wright and the matron, Miss Casey, showed us over the buildings and grounds, and we saw the pupils at dinner. They looked well and cheerful and there were no cases of serious illness among them, although the doctor gave his attention to several minor ailments. We were presently invited to share the teachers' midday meal, after which we inspected a feature of special interest—the artesian well which has been in operation but a week or so, and forms a picturesque object as it sends a fountain of white spray up over the prairie like a young geyser. The flow when closed exerts a pressure of eighty pounds; and it is certainly interesting to see the life-giving stream spouting forth with immense energy in the midst of the dry and dusty prairie.

While we stood in the large hall trying to talk with some of the girls, a Moline wagon drove up to the door with an elderly couple of rather pleasing and impressive aspect, whom we recognized as the famous "D. K. Howe" or Don't Know How and his wife. It appeared that they were returning from a duck-hunt, and had stopped here on their way home to see a daughter and one or two granddaughters who are attending the school.

Mr. Howe has been for many years a well-known character on the reservation, and quaint anecdotes of him have more than once appeared in print. For a long time he kept a store among the Crow Creek Indians, and as he knew nothing of figures, kept his accounts by some ingenious method of his own invention.

His tall picturesque figure was a familiar one to a certain firm of wholesale merchants in St. Paul, whither he went to buy his semi-annual stock of goods, by the simple method of handing over the amount of cash which he desired to lay out, and allowing them to select such articles as they supposed he might sell to advantage. It is said that they never abused his confidence.

I had a friendly chat with the good old lady, whose kindly face was softened yet more by the grey hair so unusual among Indians even of quite advanced years; and I was able to tell her that I remembered her daughter at Hampton years ago.

D. K. Howe sent two daughters to the east, and it has been told of him that soon after the return of the eldest he complained to a neighbor that his home was no longer a happy one; one of his daughters was crying because she was civilized, and the other because she wasn't!

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN  
CROW CREEK AGENCY, S. D.

## ON THE WAY TO THE LAND OF SUMMER.

Professor Burgess and Miss Martha Owl, class '97, left Washington, last Monday evening for California. From the Professor's notes by the way, (not intended for publication) we glean what may interest a number of our readers who enjoy travel:

November 6 h, Gastonia, N. C.  
All well so far. Did not sleep much till late. Never do the first night out. Just passed King's Mountain of Revolutionary note. Day very pleasant. Voting I presume going on, but I see no demonstrations yet.

Nearly all the houses down this way are one story frame, which is as high as purse and ambition seem to admit. Some are painted. The cotton patches begin to show, but the scrub oaks and pines are more characteristic of both country and people than anything else in this particular region.

At Atlanta I suppose we will have to change our watches, eastern time 4:55 P. M. to 3:55—one hour gain going west, but do not think we gain enough en route to get there before we start, or to hear the results of election before it comes off, out west.

Great country, this!

## At BLACKSBURG, S. C.

About 24 hours since leaving Carlisle. We see new factories going up in evidence of prosperity, but I see no Bryan flags on them. This southern country is certainly improving under free labor (not free trade), and many new enterprises have started since they got rid of the bondage system.

When we get to New Orleans I see we will have ONLY 2,489 miles more to travel, and can do it in 75 hours, with sleeping time thrown in.

As we pass along we examine the maps and read some of the railroad literature or slumber at times in unconscious desuetude.

## GAINESVILLE, GA.

Most of the cornfields along the road are stripped of their nubbins, and look like the shrivelled remnants of an army of slow consumptives who had died for want of nourishment where they undertook to grow.

A cotton field occasionally bobs up with its white pods glistening in the sun like a battalion of rabbits on parade to show their pretty tails.

As I notice the colored women picking cotton from the pods, a pinch at a time, each pinch getting enough perhaps to fill the ear of a cat, I can but wonder how many pinches it will take to make a bale, after being run through the gin, and divested of the seeds which stick like wax in a bunch of tow. But do not stop to solve such knotty problems.

This trip puts me through several States in which I have never been before—South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, but even one flying trip gives one much better ideas of geographical realities than parrot studied book knowledge; yet books are indispensable as aids.

The trees are much greener down this way than in Pennsylvania where the foliage is fast going.

## NEW ORLEANS, 7th, Morning.

Before we reached here the conductor brought in a New Orleans Democratic paper giving election news from New York, and on arrival all the papers conceded a Republican sweep. I wired San

Francisco—"Coming on McKinley wave, by steam," etc.

The old French portion of this city around us is dismal compared with the clean cities, but further up they tell me the city is modernized and fine.

## LOUISIANA.

Once more the pen assumes to write  
Whate'er the head may chance indite;  
Or if the pencil takes its place  
That all mistakes we can efface,  
Then due allowance we can make,  
Each one in turn for others' sake;  
So here I note what may be seen,  
As we approach the long Sabine,  
Where sugar cane, luxuriant grows,  
And yields the sweetest sap that flows.

Yes, here we are, flying after the steam steeds, along the sugar plantations, where thousands of acres wave their green leaves in token of a plentiful crop. We are just now passing a large sugar factory which looms up with its five lofty smoke stacks rolling off their superfluous carbon soot or creosote, while the villages of huts around attest a condition of wholesome activity.

The country looks level enough to bake pancakes upon without danger of their rolling off—as far as the eye can reach—like a boundless Nebraska prairie, but with no bluffs or mountains in sight.

It is so warm to-day that I am wearing my summer coat.

## LAFAYETTE, 3:46 P.M.

144 miles west of New Orleans, in five hours, jogged along and crossed Sabine into Texas. Are now at San Antonio 10:45 A. M. two hours late. This is a place of historic interest, not only with its old missions but also in the war for Texas Independence. We left the sugar fields behind and are in the cotton belt again.

We have no more notes, but on Sunday evening Major Pratt learned by wire that the travellers had arrived safely in San Francisco.

## Get them Out of the Way.

An exchange very correctly says that the man or boy who is always searching for the easiest way of getting along in the world, sooner or later runs against a hard proposition.

When he finds, as he is certain to do that the business world does not want one of his kind about, he imagines he is being mistreated.

The person who takes the work that comes to hand and does the very best he can is the one whose services are invariably sought.

Every person has distasteful tasks to perform, and it is best to do them promptly and willingly—then they are out of the way—[Ohio Penitentiary News]

## It Was a Fan she Wanted.

"Mamma, where is the big thing you brush the warm away with," asked a little girl, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thought she gave a pretty good definition to the word fan.

Few, if any, hold anything but contempt for a cowardly soldier, yet how many can say that they have not been cowards in times of great trial? Take, for instance, a boy who has done a wrong, but a fear of punishment keeps him from confessing, is he not a coward?

Moral cowardice is far more contemptible than physical cowardice.

The Indian used to call September "The Moon of Falling Leaves."—[Cheyenne and Arapahoe Sword.]



## 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 hasThe way to be angry and not sin is to be  
angry at nothing but sin.The least error should HUMBLE, but  
we should never permit even the greatest  
to discourage.The Native American is the neatest pa-  
per printed in the Indian service, to-day.It was only a glad "Good morning",  
As she passed along the way;  
But it spread the morning glory  
Over the livelong day.There was an ignorant negro, who be-  
lieved there was a connection between  
manners and morals and he was overheard  
praying: "Let me so lib dat when I die I  
may hab manners, dat I may know what  
to say when I see my Hebenly Lord."According to the late authorities it is a  
mistake to suppose that the Indian popu-  
lation of the United States is decreasing.  
It is declared to be slowly growing now  
that tribal wars are at an end and the red  
man has learned not to get into trouble  
with Uncle Sam.Our students will note what Professor  
Burgess says in his "Notes on the  
Way" regarding travel and books. The  
Indian boys and girls who come to Car-  
lisle from points on or toward the Pa-  
cific Coast have advantages over the aver-  
age white student whose knowledge of  
the country is confined to what they learn  
from books.The Banquet given at the Waldorf-As-  
toria, New York, to Major General O. O.  
Howard, on the evening of his seventieth  
birthday, Nov. 8, was one of the most dis-  
tinguished and memorable of its kind  
within our knowledge. Chauncey M. De  
pew presided, and addresses were made  
by Ex-speaker Reed, Gen. Wager Swaine,  
Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, Dr. J. H. Barrows,  
President of Oberlin College, Booker T.  
Washington, Bishop Gaines, of Georgia,  
and Captain A. T. Mahan.The unstinted laudation of all the  
speakers for his many acts both military  
and civil throughout a long and conspic-  
uous career, together with the presence  
and enthusiastic approval of more than  
two hundred distinguished men, a large  
number of national reputation, was a per-  
sonal tribute to a most useful, honorable  
and unblemished life seldom equaled.  
General Howard's career has added much  
to the glory of his country, in its most  
trying times.An Interview Made up from the Statistical  
Part of Major Pratt's Twenty-first  
Annual Report, Just Out.How many students has the Carlisle  
School handled since its beginning in  
1879?

4134.

How many have been discharged?

3185.

How many on roll during the past year?

1218.

How many outings in country homes  
this year?

893.

How many outings in the 21 years?

8332.

That is strange when there are only

4134 students reported as admitted to the  
school.Some have been out two or three times  
at different homes.How much have the students earned  
during the past year?

\$27,255 52.

How much have they saved?

\$15,518 39.

What was the aggregate earnings in the  
past eleven years?\$226,255 54. (This money belongs entire-  
ly to the students.)

How many tribes are represented?

76.

How do your pupils use their education  
when they pass out from the school? We  
hear that they go back to the blanket. Is  
that so?Regarding those who have gone home,  
information comes from the different  
agencies, territories and widely scattered  
sections in which our students have made  
their homes since leaving Carlisle, in-  
dicating that by far the greater number  
are leading useful lives. Others whose  
habits and manners have been necessarily  
modified by returning to demoralizing con-  
ditions and influences, are by direct reports  
from agents and superintendents doing  
fairly well. A very few can be classed as  
bad, and they only correspond to a like ele-  
ment in our own race upon whom efforts  
often seem wasted.

## Rev. Robert A. MacFadden.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

You must get a pair of new "specks."  
There was a time when those eyes of yours  
seemed to peer into every nook where a  
piece of news was to be learned about any  
of your children or co-workers.Is it because the little "Helper" has  
grown into a "Red Man" that an "over-  
sight" leaves out an important item?Give the old "specks" a rub, and look  
a little out toward Boston, and you will  
find the city of Chelsea, and the most  
prominent of the many churches is the  
Central Congregational, where there is  
not only preaching on Sunday mornings  
and evenings, but every day of the week,  
as the Church calendar reminds one, var-  
ious classes and meetings—men's, wo-  
men's, boys', girls'—all are remembered,  
and one night a conversation meeting.  
Every society and organization that tends  
towards the uplift of Church and home is  
made a special interest.The Pastor of this working Church is  
one of Carlisle's co-workers, who as a  
young man struggling for an education,  
worked during his college vacations as  
Major Pratt's secretary, ever untiring in  
his methods to do the work assigned  
him and always interested in the school's  
affairs; and Reverend Robert A. MacFad-  
den has continued to keep in close touch  
with each interest along our lines.So it was but natural to meet him at  
our football game with Harvard, rejoicing  
in our gains, bemoaning our losses, al-  
ways ready to cheer.Then on Sunday morning, the Major  
"must" go into his pulpit to tell the Con-  
gregation about Indians. Afterwards Ma-  
jor and Mrs. Pratt and daughter enjoyed  
the hospitality of their home, where Mrs.  
MacFadden, lovely in person and charac-  
ter, a true helpmate, introduced another  
helpmate, their winsome little daughter.Many old friends of "Robert" will be  
glad to have this little glimpse of his suc-  
cess.What is this Man a Saint or a Sinner?—  
Good for a Class Exercise.The value of punctuation marks will be  
seen in reading this little paragraph.  
Place your commas after certain words  
and you make of the man a villain, but  
place them elsewhere and he is a saint.  
Try it!"Here is an old and experienced man  
in vice and wickedness he is never found  
in opposing the walks of iniquity he takes  
delight in the downfall of his neighbors  
he never rejoices in the prosperity of any  
of his fellow-creatures he is always ready  
to assist in destroying the peace of society  
he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord  
he is uncommonly diligent in sowing dis-order among his friends and acquaint-  
ances he takes no pride in laboring to pro-  
mote the cause of Christianity he has  
never been negligent in endeavoring to  
stigmatize all public teachers he makes no  
exertion to subdue his evil passions he  
strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom  
he lends no aid to the support of the gospel  
among the heathen he contributes largely  
to the evil adversary he pays no attention  
to good advice he gives great heed to satan  
he will never go to heaven he must go  
where he will receive the just recompense  
of reward."

## Nearly Lost.

The Porto Rican girls and boys get en-  
couraging letters from Mrs. Shaffner  
Etnier, now at 4512 Osage Ave, Philadel-  
phia. Mr. Etnier has arrived from Porto  
Rico and they are living in their new  
home. "On last Friday evening," says  
Mrs. Etnier in a letter to Paul Segui, "the  
house caught fire from a defective flue.  
The rafters between the kitchen ceiling  
and the floor of our room were charring  
all day, probably, and began to blaze just  
as we discovered it. The fireman were  
here in ten minutes after we knew it our-  
selves, and saved us. Had they been ten  
minutes later they could have done but  
little to save us. The shock was terrible.  
It seemed so awful to think of losing all  
at one stroke. We are well, and I am  
growing stronger."

## Off for Manila.

Soldier boy letters have been in the air  
this week. Now comes one from Joseph  
Gouge, '99, who has been at Columbus  
Barracks for a time, but started Monday  
this week for Manila. His parting salute  
to Edwin Smith, our football centre, was:"I hope you are not discouraged on ac-  
count of Yale game. Remember, 'Car-  
lisle! Brace up!' Or, better still, our  
society motto, 'FORWARD!' Then you  
will surely win. He closes with best re-  
gards to the Standard Society and to his  
friends.A wagon loaded with paper for the print-  
ing-office in backing up to be unloaded,  
broke the step. Not many hours passed  
however, before a new step was made.  
Such action shows thrift, tidiness, order,  
while to leave the small things shows shift-  
lessness, lack of order, indifference. As  
one travels through an Indian reservation,  
it is just such trifles that mark thrifty  
Indians. A slovenly door-yard, doors off  
of hinges, doorsteps broken, window cur-  
tains hung crooked, latches out of repair  
and the hundreds of things that have to be  
constantly watched to keep in repair, out  
of repair, show dolessness and lack of en-  
terprise. It has been said that the line  
between the reservation and the white-  
man's ground is often marked by these  
signs alone. If a thing gets out of repair  
have it mended at once or as soon as pos-  
sible, if you would keep your home and  
surroundings in good order.Carpenter Gardner and his boys have  
finished dressing the new flag-staff, and  
are now at the arduous task of raising it.  
The old one is being dug down and out.  
The Man-on-the-band-stand watches the  
work and is greatly interested. He can  
but wonder how in the world such little  
things as men and boys are going to stand  
on end such a massive piece of timber,  
but Mr. Gardner smilingly answers "O,  
we will get there." There are lessons in  
all such work. Where is the Indian here  
or elsewhere who could engineer such a  
feat, but what is to prevent him learning?  
We have no doubt there will be a dozen  
who can do it after the task of raising  
this one is completed. The pole will stand  
118 feet in air.The Genoa Nebraska Indian News says  
that Supervisor Dickson is not and has  
not been in charge of the Genoa Indian  
school, and that Superintendent Ross is  
not "vice" as was stated in our paper a  
few weeks since. We stand corrected.Send the REDMAN & HELPER to some  
distant friend for a Christmas present!  
How could more be gotten for twenty-five  
cents?

## Football.

## Yale—Indian Game, and its Lessons.

Yale defeated the Indians last Saturday  
at New Haven, 35 to 0.At the very beginning of the game Yale  
worked some trick plays for long gains  
and made a touchdown in a very few  
minutes of play. This together with  
Yale's fierce fast play, seemed to rattle the  
Carlisle players and they seemed dazed  
and demoralized throughout the first half,  
and Yale had no trouble in running up a  
score of 23 points before time was called  
for intermission. The Indians not only  
seemed to lack the dash and fierceness  
which usually characterizes their playing  
but they seemed to make mistakes which  
they have not been making before. Sev-  
eral punts were fumbled and Yale in this  
way recovered the ball after kicking it  
down near Carlisle's goal on several occa-  
sions, and had no trouble in scoring.  
This was very discouraging to the players  
and they seemed to lose heart.In the second half with Johnson play-  
ing quarter back and our entire back field  
consisting of substitutes and with the wind  
against them, the Indians took a very stiff  
brace and played much better. Yale was  
only able to score two touchdowns in this  
half, whereas Carlisle rushed the ball near  
enough to Yale's goal on two occasions to  
try goals from the field.The fact that the team played so well in  
the second half when they knew they  
were defeated and with so many substi-  
tutes in, and against the wind, shows  
that had they played as well in the first  
part of the game with all the regulars in  
and with the wind in their favor, the re-  
sult of the game would have been differ-  
ent.If the team had played their best, how-  
ever, they would not have been able to de-  
feat Yale as the Yale team played a very  
remarkable game and were superior to the  
Indians even at their best; but the score  
would have been very low and the game  
a close one.The game will no doubt prove a valua-  
ble lesson to Carlisle, and it certainly  
showed several weaknesses which will  
have to be corrected.In the first place the players will have  
to make up their minds to always do  
their best no matter what happens, and  
if one player makes mistakes or plays  
poorly, that is no reason why any of the  
other players should cease to do their  
best. In other words, the players should  
have more confidence in each other and  
play together for all there is in them, no  
matter what happens. If a player makes  
a poor play he probably feels worse about  
it than anyone else, and he should be en-  
couraged by a kind word rather than  
found fault with.Another lesson the game impressed up-  
on the players was the value and neces-  
sity of quick charging and fierceness of  
play. Yale players got the jump on the  
Indian line in every play and there-  
fore had our men at a disadvantage.In every big game played this year it  
has been remarked by critics who saw the  
games that the winning team won by get-  
ting the jump on their opponents. That  
is the way Harvard won from Penn; it  
was the reason Cornell defeated Princeton;  
it was the cause of the Indians outplaying  
Harvard; and it was the cause of Yale de-  
feating us so badly.We must play Pennsylvania on Satur-  
day, and if the team is going to stand any  
chance of winning it will have to be done  
by quick low charging in the line and fast  
fierce play by every man on the team.  
This is not only the only way to stop Penn-  
sylvania's method of attack but it is much  
the easier way, because it is a great deal  
easier to stop a mass of players by meet-  
ing the attack before they get fairly start-  
ed than it is to stop them after they get a  
good start and are coming fast.The Pennsylvania style of attack wears  
out their opponents unless the play is met  
half way by quick work, and that is the  
reason they are able to run up such large  
scores in some of their games. Harvard  
did not let the play get under motion and  
Penn. was helpless. We must do likewise.



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

There is snow in the air.

Mrs. Thompson is expected home.

Say "Renewal" when you renew, please.

First snow seen on the mountains, last Friday.

A sister of Christine Wirth, '97, has arrived.

The first wintry winds of the season came Friday.

Mrs. A. A. Herr, of Lancaster, visited the school on Tuesday.

Isn't it strange how we all know our place about meal time?

The big new stack more than smokes to keep us warm this weather.

Miss Jones attended the Orthodox Yearly Meeting of Friends in Baltimore on Sunday.

For a delightful little trip on the reservation read Mrs. Eastman's article, first page.

Look on your wrapper. If the number by your name is 1622, or 1623 or 1624 it is TIME to renew.

The Standard Society just at present is pronounced by all the critics as the best. Let the others "brace up."

Frank Mt. Pleasant is down with typhoid. Came in from Boiling Springs, ill. No trace yet as to cause.

On Saturday, Mr. C. A. Burgess stopped off between trains, on his way to Illinois from New York, to see his sister.

Miss McIntire has returned from Warm Springs, Oregon, bringing with her two boys to enter Carlisle as students.

Miss Barr and her hospital corps of workers are having their hands full. Patients are convalescing, however.

Printer Pratt is suffering from a lame shoulder, the result of too vigorous football. He is lively and getting on well.

About 150 students and others will go to Philadelphia to-morrow to see the game, in addition to a good number from town.

The earth struck the tail of a comet last Tuesday night. No wonder Miss Ely tried to pick up a hole in the floor for a crokinole.

The Chrysanthemum show in Carlisle attracted a number of our teachers, who pronounce the floral display most beautiful.

Mr. Young Jones, of Tonawanda, N. Y. uncle of our Agnes White and friend of Allen Blackchief, has been with us for a few days.

Dollie Johnson has returned from Osage Agency. She was summoned to the bedside of a dying sister, and has the sympathy of friends.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Richenda Pratt sang "The Last Rose of Summer," at the Chrysanthemum show in town given under the auspices of the Civic Club.

There was great fun in the girls' sitting room one evening this week. The Porto Ricans were teaching the little girls a new game and singing the words in Spanish, much to the delight of all.

Miss Richenda Pratt spent Sunday with friends and college mates at Wilson, Chambersburg. Miss Pratt's health is improving so that she may take up a few studies again at College after the New Year opens.

Baby Claud Johnson, brother of our Nellis Johnson is a guest of honor at the girls' quarters, and will be greatly missed when he returns to his home in New York. Cinderella Williams has had charge of Claud and he is warmly attached to her.

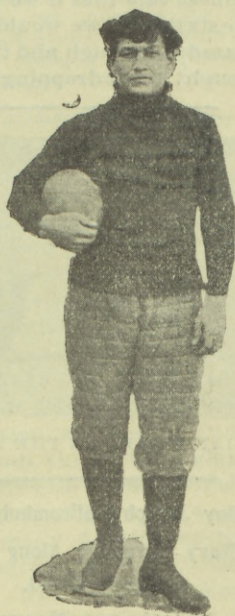
Three of our regular players, Hawley Pierce, Charles Roberts and Jesse Palmer will not be able to play in to-morrow's game with Pennsylvania University. The back line will be made up almost entirely of substitutes.

There was a marked upward move along the line in Society work last week. All are trying hard to be business like, to adapt their work to the development of the members, and to get all the suggestions from the teachers and employees they can. This is commendable.

All 1621's come out this week. Look on your wrapper FIRST and see if the number by your name is like the one in date line. If it is ahead you are all right.

Mrs. Stoneroad, of Vineland, N. J. and Miss Jessie Paull of Pittsburg were guests of Miss Paull on Monday. The former is an aunt and the latter a sister. Miss Jessie has been here before, indeed held a clerical chair in Major's office for several weeks, a few years since.

If you are going to need Christmas cards to put along with your Christmas presents now is the time to order. Eugene Tibbetts, one of the youngest printer's, is becoming quite an expert on our new Pearl card press. He will print 25 cards for 10 cents; by mail 12 cents. Order only through Miss Burgess. For two subscriptions for the REDMAN & HELPER and 2 cents extra for mailing, we will furnish FREE, 25 cards, with name. Ten cents extra for every additional line.



JONAS METOXEN—FORMER FULL BACK.

We are pleased to learn through a letter to Genus Baird that our former Full-back—Jonas Metoxen, or as the papers used to call him on account of his great strength—Met-the-oxen, has married a Hampton student, Miss Phoebe Baird. The ceremonies were performed on Sunday the 4th inst., at the Episcopal Church, Oneida, Wisconsin. Jonas has a host of friends here who extend congratulations.

Rev. A. N. Hagerty, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church is now preaching for us. His talk last Sunday was full of practical lessons. The foundation of his sermon was upon the text: Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to these things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.—Heb. 2:1. Nearly all of us have more knowledge than we make good use of. We want to have more learning, more skill, but need to make good use of what we have. If we have an opportunity to speak a kind word to one in sorrow, speak it. It is easy to let things go. Dead fish always go with the stream. Living fish go up stream. The most important thing in life is to give attention to God's word. Instead of living a low, little narrow life for self alone, he would have us to be grand and noble, and full of sunshine and joy, doing good to all.

A party of boys from No. 11 accompanied by Mr. Odell visited Gettysburg battlefield on Saturday. They were fortunate in securing Scott Billmyre, the famous guide, who showed the party over the fields and carefully explained the movements of each day's battle. After listening to the vivid description of the battle around Culp's Hill, the boys acted out the scene, some commanding companies behind breastworks while others trained the big parrot guns so as to throw shells across Rock Creek at suspicious bushes that might afford protection of an enemy. The earnestness with which the boys acted out their parts showed how deeply they had been impressed with the scenes about them.

Edward Oga, Co. A. 8th Infantry, who is stationed at Ft. Snelling, says they have had some very cold weather. He is well and getting along nicely, he says, and wishes the same to everybody at the school.

Next Thursday night we expect a treat in the way of a lecture. Rev. John Henry Barrows, President of Oberlin, and widely known as the projector of the World's Parliament of Religions, will lecture on "The World Pilgrimage with Experiences Serious and Not so Serious." Dr. Barrows has travelled extensively in foreign lands, and is said by General Howard to be the foremost orator in the United States. Major Pratt met Dr. Barrows in New York City at the General Howard Birthday Banquet and heard him speak. He was deeply impressed with his oratorical ability.

Last Saturday morning the Harness makers beat the Shoemakers by a score of 17 to 6 in a game of football. In the afternoon the Tailors and Carpenters met and the latter won by a score of 12 to 11. At this last game there was a general turnout, and the blanks looked very picturesque in their blankets. For an hour they were blanketed Indians, and we have no doubt that some of the reports about our students going back to the blanket have no better ground for the truth. The writer has worn a blanket on the reservation to keep herself warm, and she is not a blanketed Indian either.

Mr. Standing echoed the sentiments of all present last Thursday night when at the close of the Entertainment given by the Academic Department he said that the program was excellent. All spoke well. There were no failures. There is room for improvement, but the manner of delivery of the orations and recitations showed good training. Then he spoke of the recitation on Mollie Pitcher, and said that she at one time lived in Carlisle. She is now buried in what is called the old burying ground on South Street. He related an incident told by Mrs. Standing, who at one time took a guest of the school to see the historic grave, and there was an old lady in the grave yard. Mrs. Standing asked her to tell her where Mollie Pitcher's grave was, and the lady said: "Mollie Pitcher! Mollie Pitcher! I must have been a way when she was buried."

While each number of the program was well performed, the best speaking was by Joseph LaChapelle, '01 and Inez King, '02. The Marching Song by the Normal class was also a taking number.

#### Societies To-night.

Invincibles: Miss Miles, Miss Jackson: Standards, Miss Stewart, Miss Robbins; Susans: Mrs. Cook, Miss Wood.

#### A New Publication—The Chilocco School.

A new paper, Chilocco Beacon, has come to our desk. It is published at the Chilocco Indian School, in Oklahoma. It is octavo in shape and contains ten pages of very readable matter, published monthly for fifteen cents a year. On the first page is a miniature picture of the school buildings which show up well. We wish for the paper great success and see no reason why it should not prosper.

The Chilocco school reservation is a tract of land four and a half miles long from east to west by three miles wide, from north to south, containing 8,598 acres.

The school is seven miles southwest of Arkansas City, connected therewith by telephone. Two railroads run through the reservation.

The trades of wagon-making, blacksmithing, painting, carpentering, broom-making, shoemaking, harnessmaking, tailoring and the occupations usually learned by girls, are taught.

The buildings are heated by steam and the water supply comes from springs a quarter of a mile distant from the school.

The water is collected in a closed reservoir and pumped in a tank mounted on a large new tank more commodious than the one now in use is soon to be erected on a steel tower.

The school will accommodate about 500 students.

#### HOW TO MAKE A BED.

"Do you know how to make a bed?" asked the reporter of one of our most reliable girls.

"Of course!" came the almost indignant reply.

"Do YOU know how to make a bed?" she asked of another standing near.

This girl only smiled a smile which meant "You know I do."

One of the girls answered with a sulky silence, while still another of the girls, who always is neat and polite, answered meekly:

"Yes, ma'am."

But the reporter went through the rooms when the girls were not around, and she visited some of the very rooms of those who had replied that they knew how, but was surprised to see that their knowledge of THE way to make a bed is exceedingly vague.

Not satisfied with this visit the reporter went to the matron and asked:

"Do your girls know how to make beds?"

"Well," she replied with a sigh. "If you could only see some of the beds MADE by our oldest girls you would think they had never been taught how."

The reporter assured her she HAD seen some evidence of the kind, and asked if there were any set rules as to HOW to make a bed.

"Yes," replied the matron.

"Will you please give them to me, and they may be useful to the BOYS as well as the GIRLS, for I see that some of them are also very careless."

#### The How.

Take it for granted that every bed and all the bedding has had at least a half hour of airing, and that the mattress has been turned.

First look well at the hems of the sheet. If one is wider than the other put the wider hem at the top, and be sure to place the sheet right side UP.

If top and bottom hems are the same width always know the top by some mark or wrinkle, for no one wants the part of the sheet where the feet were, next to the face.

Place the under sheet on the bed so that the margins on the SIDES are equal. Now draw the sheet toward the HEAD of the bed and fold it OVER and UNDER the mattress at the HEAD.

It is slovenly to allow the HEAD of the mattress to show after the under sheet is on. Tuck in the under sheet at the head so that the mattress is neatly and smoothly boxed in at the UPPER corners. Then smooth out the wrinkles all over and tuck in all around, so that there will be an unwrinkled foundation for a night of rest.

"How about the upper sheet?"

Look again at the hem, place the wide hem at the top and right side of the sheet DOWN.

"How do you tell the right and wrong side of a sheet?"

"By the way the hem is turned."

In placing the TOP sheet on the bed, look specially at the FOOT of the bed. See that the sheet is turned in completely around the mattress.

The mattress at the foot should be securely covered and boxed and the sides smoothly tucked in.

As the top sheet is put on, place all the other covers, tucking well in at the foot.

The blankets and upper sheet are usually folded over about two inches at the head, so as to form a slight roll, and then again folded in, over all.

The neatest finish is to tuck the spread in all around. In a lace coverlet the edges, of course, fall free at the sides and foot.

Bolsters and pillows should yield to a world-old discipline. They should first be well-beaten and then patted into symmetrical shape.

The pillows should be straight and form an even line across the top.

Flopping at the corners must be guarded against.

A well-made, neatly-fitted bed, however plain, gives an air of refinement to a room.

A slovenly bed—wrinkled and out at the corners, is an irritant and gives an impression of crude character and taste.

As a boy or a girl makes his or her bed, so are they judged as to character.

The reporter has noticed some of the beds in the boys' dormitories better made than some in the girls' rooms.



## ARTHUR BONNICASTLE, IN PEKIN.

## Our Soldier Boy of Co. E, 9th Infantry has had a Thrilling Experience.

After an interesting description of life in Manila and the crossing to China he says in part to his classmates here:

We arrived at Taku on the 7th of July, and heard the salutes from battle ships of foreign nations to our ship Brooklyn. Whenever they saluted our ship they ran "Old Glory" up the line into the air. Our ship did the same in returning the salute. There were forty vessels in the bay when we arrived,

We arrived at Tientsin 10:30 P. M. July 11th.

After our weary journey we got little to eat and went to bed.

After four o'clock we were awakened by the thundering of the Chinese guns.

The Chinese do make lots of noise but don't do much damage.

We could not move. We had to lie still until the thing was over. We were under heavy fire for three long hours.

When the firing ceased we went about visiting soldiers of other nations until noon when the Chinese renewed their attack.

No damage was done to our quarters, and only two of our men received slight wounds.

On the night of the 12th, of July we were ordered out on the firing line.

The Americans and Japanese were ordered to take the left flank.

About 2:30 o'clock on the 13th of July, the firing began.

All we could see upon the walls of Tientsin were the red flash-lights from the Chinese rifles, and we could hear the sweet(?) music of the bullets and shells as they passed overhead.

At day-break the second wall was ours and only one wall remained to be taken.

Half way between the second and third wall our color-bearer fell, and a private jumped out to help him, but he was shot and instantly killed, and our commander, General Liscom, came out and got the flag and handed it to a private, and while retreating to the rear was shot and died in a very short time.

All he could say was "Keep up firing and do not retreat."

In a few minutes our battalion commander was wounded, so what could the Americans do but lie and wait for the command: "Forward March!"

From the rear, Major Lee came and led us on, until we were within three hundred yards of the enemy, and the Yankees then could advance no further on account of the river, so the poor wounded and killed lay in the hot sun all day and were there all night.

When a soldier got up to help the wounded or take away the dead he was shot.

Thousands of bullets and shells popped around the trench if a soldier even put one of his fingers above the trench.

We could not go up against a great wall with rifles only, so we lay still until the command was given to advance, and within two hours after the second move, the city was taken, and the American flag was the first to be seen over the city of Tientsin and the dead Chinese.

We captured the arsenal and the mint.

Dead Chinamen covered the walls and streets.

The Japanese slaughtered everything that came in their way.

Next day we could see nothing but dead Chinese all over Tientsin, and the wounded were seen about the street corners crying to the soldiers as they passed by to come and shoot them. The Americans could not do that unless they were warmed up as they were the day before, but the Japanese did not hesitate.

The Japanese would come along, and pick up the wounded, hang them up by the hair and cut their throats, and then go to the next one.

Finally the dead were to be buried. Those on the wall were tied together and thrown into the river, until the river was full.

It was a bad sight.

The "Boxers" thought they could never

be killed, but they found out that they were very easily killed. At first they said that they would come to life again in six days, but I haven't seen any yet who came back to life, so I guess they must die just as the "Imperial soldiers" do.

In the battle we lost about twenty men and there were over 160 wounded.

The Chinese would not give up. They entrenched themselves six miles north of Tientsin. After the first fight we rested and waited for reinforcements.

One week after the fight the troops of all nations together numbered 65,000 and the day was set for a forward movement.

## Capture of Peking.

On the afternoon of August 4th we started out toward Peking and camped two miles outside the wall of Tientsin.

At 4:30 A. M., the Chinese spied us and sent a few volleys over our heads to make sure, but we returned no answer until an hour after when we opened a volley upon them with rifles and artillery, and they were surprised.

They were soon driven out, and the Japanese helped us to track them. We captured ten big guns but lost a number of men in doing so.

Next morning the British Lancers and Russian Cavalry took the lead, but when they got in sight of the Chinese the Lancers retreated to one side and no one knew where the Russian Cavalry went to. They disappeared in the corn-field, and that was the last we saw of them, so we were left to do our own scouting.

As we went through the corn-field, shell and shot were dropping all around us, wounding some of our men, and they were without water.

Some died of thirst; some fell during the charge and never recovered. Some died after drinking almost a pailful of water.

The 6th of August was a bad day for us. It seemed as though we had no friends.

No one came to help us. We had but 3,000 men and the Chinese had 25,000, but we held our ground until they fled.

We lost about 29 men that day. Over 100 men were wounded.

Next day the Japanese took the lead and we followed. We chased the Chinese to Tong-Chow, but it was easy to run them out of the city as we were right behind them.

As we chased the enemy, our men were a sight. We often had nothing to eat and had to sleep and march in rain, and the worst of it was to see the dead men along the road, and men dying, and we not able to stay behind to help them.

We rested at Tong-Chow till night and the next morning before we knew it we were up against the walls of Peking.

Men dropped right and left, but the command was:

"FORWARD MARCH!"

We climbed trees and went to the house tops to get a shot at the Chinese on the walls and soon got them off, and then we advanced to the second wall just outside the American Legation, and strange to say the 9th Infantry were the first to get near its people.

Early next morning we opened the two gates leading to the "Palace"

We got through the first one without a shot being fired, but the second one we could not get into.

The Gatling gun was placed in the centre, but had to be taken out again, and we ran through in single file.

In doing this we lost one man and this man was right in front of me, and was shot through the head.

He died instantly, and I had some pretty close cuts, but went through the gate safely.

When we got through the second gate we were in the Tartar City and our Legation was on the right of the gate.

Captain Riley and his battery came to our aid and opened the third gate with shells while he kept the "sharp shooters" off.

We killed many and captured some, but it took us all the forenoon to make the fourth gate—a distance of only 300 yards, but the soldiers were here.

Finally they gave it up and fled over to the fifth gate.

By this time we were out of ammunition.

The tall weeds helped us a great deal and the Gatling gun did its work in mowing the Chinese down when we got them on the run.

The fifth and sixth gates were easy, and here we stopped to eat our dinner—a late dinner it was, too.

While some of us ate, some others were placed on the walls to keep the enemy back, but we couldn't keep their bullets back.

The bullets whistled and sang some fine songs for us as we ate.

We captured a number of guns, but these were destroyed and thrown into the corners of the walls.

We fought our way to the "Palace" and captured their regimental colors and their flag that was flying. We lost a number of men.

We are quartered at the entrance to the "Palace."

The Chinese said that if we stepped inside of the sixth gate we would drop dead, but we paraded through and through and never thought about dropping dead.



INDIAN WOMEN ON THE MARCH.

## Our Boy Joseph LaFromboise in the Navy—Cruising Along the Atlantic Coast.

U. S. S. DOLPHIN NAVY YARD,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1, 1900.

From a private letter to Major Pratt we glean the following:

DEAR FRIEND:—I will now with pleasure drop you a few lines and inform you of our arrival back to the city of Washington.

We left here last June, on the 16th day. We were away on our summer's cruise just four months and two days.

We had a very pleasant cruise, sailing along the Atlantic Coast.

I had the opportunity to see more of the country this summer than I ever did during my past years of existence.

I enjoyed myself very much and many a thought came to my mind about you people at the school while we were at sea.

At certain hours, I imagined what you people were doing, because I was at the school long enough to remember the routine of the day.

We stopped in Boston for about six or seven weeks during the summer, our ship was overhauled and every thing that was in need of repair was repaired and put in good condition. And now she looks well.

According to orders received from the Navy Department we will remain here in Washington all this coming winter.

It suits me right well.

While our ship was under regular duty our crew comprised 116 men. But now we are lying along the dock in ordinary, so we did not need all the men, and they transferred 36 of them to different vessels

that were under orders to leave for China very soon.

Most of the men who were transferred, were deck hands. Some were very sorry that they had to leave the Dolphin, for she is considered the best ship in the Navy.

We do not live on hard tack in this ship, we get fresh food every day, and that is one thing which they do not get on every ship.

I am very well satisfied, and in fact I like it better the longer I stay, for I understand my duties better than I did when I first enlisted, for it was rather discouraging at times.

There is a great deal of what they call redtape work in this Naval System of bookkeeping. It took me very near four months before I understood my business to say quite well. And there is still a chance for me to improve. But I admire my duties better now than I did when I first started.

Well, Major, if you happen to come to Washington sometime this winter, please do not forget the Little Dolphin and also the person on her who would like to see you.

With best wishes to all you people at the school.

Sincerely Your Friend,

J. C. LAFROMBOISE,

Yeo. U. S. N.

Many of our moral ideas that are clear and certain enough are not carried out in our daily life. We hold them in theory, we believe in them abstractly, but we do not trust in them as guides to action.



SNAKE DANCE OF THE PUEBLOS.

## 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. Lost, 17 to 5.

Nov. 10. Yale, at New Haven. Lost, 35 to 0.

" 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 17 letters.

My 11, 9, 7 every boy is.

My 2, 10, 5 some girls as well as boys like to chew.

My 12, 8, 3 is a noise.

My 14, 1, 17, 11 cats get.

My 14, 13, 15, 17 are used to walk on.

My 2, 16, 6, 7 people love more than loss.

My 5, 4, 11, 15, 11 is the name of a great leader in olden times.

My whole is what our football team dislikes to suffer.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:

Lack of self-restraint.

## 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.