

# The Red Man and Helper.

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Vol. I Number 23

## TALK.

**T**ALK happiness. The world is sad enough  
Without your woes. No path is wholly  
rough:

Look for the places that are smooth and clear;  
And speak of those to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent, and grief, and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without  
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God, or man, or self.  
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf  
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come  
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.  
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## HOW MEN CHOOSE OFFICE BOYS.

The Man-on-the-band-stand on reading the following experience of a worthy business man was struck with this point: The things that cause Indian boys to fail are the very same things that cause white boys to fail.

"He doesn't stick," seems to be the great trouble with the American boy.

The one who STICKS is the one who rides over difficulties and gets up in the world.

See what George Sexton, who has charge of 200 boys in a big department store says to an interviewer of a city paper:

"I love to talk about boys," he says.

"Boys are not a necessary evil at this establishment; they are the material out of which men are to be made."

"How do you choose your cash boys, Mr. Sexton?" I asked.

"My first question is 'Where is the boy?'"

You see, it all depends upon the boy himself.

You can judge the boy better from his appearance, his manners, his dress, and the way he comes into an office, than from any description of him.

Character shows forth in little things—you can't hide it.

I take boys by what you might almost term first impressions.

I have 'sized a boy up' before he asks me for a place.

The removal or non-removal of the hat on entering the office, the respectful and self-respecting way in which a boy addresses me, the way in which he meets my looks and questions, all give me an idea of his bringing up and the 'stuff' that is in him.

As to appearance, I look at once for these things: polished shoes, clean clothes and clean face, hands and finger nails.

Good clothes are not requisites; a boy's clothes may be ragged, his shoes have holes in them, yet his appearance may still give evidence of a desire to be neat.

I will not employ a cigarette smoker if I know it.

As for reference, a boy's teacher is the best reference he can have.

The recommendation which a good boy in our employ gives to a boy applying for a position always receives marked consideration.

A cash boy's first advance is to stock boy, office boy or cadet.

A stock boy attends to the boy work in whatever stock he is in.

A cadet is a general utility boy; an office boy works around some one of the offices of the house.

We promote according to merit, length of service, or both combined.

Whenever possible, we try to give our oldest employee the preference; but if a boy who has not been here as long as another shows greater fitness for a vacancy, in justice to the house and the boy, he gets it.

A cash boy gets here \$2.50 a week; when

he has been here three months, \$3; or, if he has shown marked ability, \$3.50.

The great trouble with the American boy is, he doesn't stick.

After he has worked hard at one place for six months or a year, just as he is in line of promotion, he throws up his prospects, because some other firm offers 50 cents a week more; and off he starts all over again in a new house, whose ways and business he must learn.

We like boyish boys—full of fun. The liveliest are generally the best workers. The boy who loiters when sent on a message, the boy who sneaks around the house avoiding work, and the boy who is always late, are the boys who always lose positions."

## The Lariat.

"What is a lariat, anyhow?" asked a small white boy of his Indian play mate in the East.

We did not hear the Indian's reply, but a little story of the lariat, published in



AN INDIAN CAMP.

(Through the courtesy of the Southern Workman, Hampton, Va.)

the Philadelphia Inquirer, gives all the points, and we will break up the article and bring it within the understanding of the small boy.

In the first place, the lariat rope is used by men and cowboys on the plains to catch wild horses and cattle. Pictures of men throwing lassos are seen in the common school geography.

What is a lariat made of?  
Good lariats are made of raw-hide.

How much do they cost?  
From eight to twenty-five dollars.

"Whew! That's a lot o' money," the average white boy would say.

How long are lariat ropes?  
From forty to fifty feet.

That would be too heavy for a boy to use.

True! No beginner could begin with a regular lariat, but they vary in size and weight. Each cow-boy has his own kind of rope, but the ordinary clothesline does not make a good lariat.

Why?  
It is rough and raw and frays too easily.

What kind is the best then for a boy to practice with?

Linen tape braded makes a good rope, and cotton is an improvement on the clothes-line. Any good smooth cord makes a very fair lasso to play with and practice.

How long should a beginner's rope be?  
Twenty-five feet is the best length to begin with.

How do you make the loop?

The slip noose will do to begin with, but there are various kinds of nooses which you have to learn of a cowboy. The main thing is to learn how to throw the rope.

Are not rawhide ropes too stiff to use?

A real raw-hide lariat is buried under ground for some two weeks and afterwards greased with mutton tallow to make them pliable.

How about a linen rope under ground?

Two weeks under ground will not help a linen or hemp rope, but it is good to grease any rope.

Now, how do you throw the rope?

There is no stated rule about it. No two men do it alike.

If you ask a cowboy to teach you he will say that every man must do it his own way and learn by practice. He will be quite willing to show you how he throws the rope, but his style will be different from the very next cowboy you meet.

Most of our Indian boys at the school

will have all the powers at election time, of a white man.

There is no doubt that Indians under the refining influence of education are proving themselves clear thinkers and efficient citizens and their votes will be as intelligently recorded as any other citizen. We would like to see the franchise more generally adopted among the Indians.—[Middlemarch Manitoba Advance.

## FOOT BALL IN MONTANA.

On Thanksgiving Day according to the Great Falls Leader, there was a large game of football between the Ft. Shaw Indian School eleven and the Great Falls High School team, when the Indians defeated the white boys for the second time, this game ending with a score of 21 to 0.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was amused and entertained with the account placing Mr. Chauncey Yellow Robe, class '95 Carlisle, now Disciplinarian at Ft. Shaw as chief of "rooters."

And then there was the gentlemanly and clean-cut looking Mr. Yellow Robe, with his beribboned cane and his band of trained rooters, says the Leader.

"Now all together!" Mr. Yellow Robe would shout, standing in front of his band of lusty-lunged grey-uniformed Indians waving both arms and his cane with more gusto than the great Sousa ever dared attempt, and then the balloon would go up and the spectators would hear all about the Fort Shaw Indians, in different keys.

The friends of the high school team were greatly in the majority, and they howled, but their howls were as the gentle whispering of the winds of April, compared with the war whoops of Mr. Yellow Robe's trained band of Fort Shaw rooters.

At Fort Shaw they have an Indian band which is a most excellent institution and is some for noise, but the Fort Shaw band falls down lamentably for noise when it comes into competition with the rooters of Mr. Yellow Robe.

It is worth the price of admission to hear them, not to speak of the many other attractions.

While there is no doubt but that the Fort Shaw football team will add much to the glory of the history of the school, and will notch many more victories on their coup stick, Mr. Yellow Robe and his band of dusky-skinned rooters will live in history long after all the victories and defeats of the team shall have been forgotten.

## Irrigation.

The national irrigation congress, which was in session in Chicago several days last week, desired to appeal to Congress for aid in developing the arid lands of the west. There is no doubt but with the proper financial assistance the barrenness of millions of acres of productive land can be overcome. The only question is whether that assistance should come from the nation or from private sources.—[Osage Journal.

## The Baby Gained Weight Fast.

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then he asked, "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby!" replied little Emily.

## 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.

If sent through the same processes, it takes no longer, and there is no more difficulty in making a good, serviceable, independent, civilized man, business, professional, farmer, mechanic, soldier, sailor or any other, out of a red-skinned boy than out of a white-skinned boy. The material is practically the same. Process is everything.

On the other hand, if sent through the same process, it takes no longer and there is no more difficulty in making a worthless, good-for-nothing savage, lazy, dirty, vermin-covered, gambling, horse-racing, etcetera, out of a white-skinned boy than out of a red-skinned boy, because also the material is practically the same, and process is everything.

Raised in an Indian camp, the best born Anglo-Saxon boy will grow up Indian in speech and habit. How could he help it?

Raised in a decent civilized community the worst born Indian boy will grow up decent and civilized in speech and habit. How could he help it?

Process is the inflexible mill. Results guaranteed.

We again advocate therefore a limitation on the petty business of CARTING our civilization, education, etc., to the Indian tribes, assured from every experience of all the years, that the tribes are perfectly competent to assimilate all that can be sent and still remain complete and intact as tribes.

The liberal provision of schools on reservations, like the ration system, is full guarantee of the continuance of Indianism and tribalism. In the meantime the following, just received from one of the staunchest missionaries of longest experience on a reservation where home schools have had fullest sway, and been longer continued than on any reservation we know of, gives the truest picture of results from such efforts:

"Mrs. — and myself beg of you to find her a home away from this reservation. IT MEANS MORAL AND PHYSICAL DAMNATION TO RETURN ONE INDIAN YOUTH TO RESERVATION LIFE."

We glean from students' items written in the school rooms as class exercise, that on Nov. 26th Emma Sky and Jennie DeRosier cut, matched and numbered fifty pairs of boys under clothing. It took them three hours and thirty-five minutes. The girls mentioned do almost all the cutting for that class, and do the work in a much shorter time than they did when they first began. Also, that Miss Jeanette Rice, who returned to her home last June has been married to Mr. Silas Libb, of Pender, Nebraska.

A true friend is one who will tell you all your failings and hide them from others.

## As it Should be for all Sectarian Schools.

If the convening Congress will cast its weather eye westward it will see by the heavy-rolling clouds of smoke that the Catholic Indian contract schools are being warmed against the wishes and without the aid of the Government.

—[Church Progress.

## TO GIVE INDIANS THE BALLOT.

Reservations in New York State  
to be Abolished.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 4.—Gov. Roosevelt believes that the Indians in this State should have at least the same rights as immigrants who come here. He has therefore initiated a movement tending to give the Indians in this State the right to vote and has appointed a commission to suggest a feasible scheme whereby the Indian reservation system in this State may be abolished and the land divided and the ownership thereof vested in the individual members of the tribes. The members of the commission are Philip C. Garret of Philadelphia, who is the head of the United States Indian Commission; Darwin R. James of the Produce Exchange and Oscar S. Straus, former United States Minister to Turkey, both of New York City; the Rev. W. D. Walker, Episcopal Bishop of Buffalo, and Daniel Smiley of Lake Mohonk.

The Governor appointed this commission on his own motion after he had made a careful study of the question and had conferred with the commissioners named by him.

For the past two years or more Gov. Roosevelt has been struck by the unsatisfactoriness of keeping up the system of Indian reservations in this State and became convinced that it sometimes brings about fraud and injustice to the tribal members and renders unusually difficult the work of assimilating the Indians.

Last summer the Governor corresponded with Mr. Garrett to ascertain how the Indian question in this State could best be met. He finally decided that the first step was to get together some men to decide upon the lines along which the question might be solved, with a view of abolishing as rapidly as possible the reservations and substitute individual tribal ownership of lands, and to give the Indians all the rights of citizenship. Then they will be in a position to seek a home where they may best thrive as individuals and will have the opportunity of entering any of the pursuits of American citizens.

Some years ago, when Gov. Roosevelt had a hot primary fight on in New York city, one of his supporters was an Apache and the Governor had considerable difficulty in getting his Indian friend's vote accepted and counted. The Governor has another Indian friend in New York city, who is a motorman. In his Rough Rider regiment, Col. Roosevelt took the opportunity to select a Choctaw as a trooper. There are about 5,000 Indians upon the reservations in this State and it is Gov. Roosevelt's aim to have a plan adopted whereby they may be readily assimilated and have an opportunity to enjoy all the benefits of American citizenship.—[N. Y. Sun.

## Opposed to the Measure.

The Post and Express published at Rochester has this and more unfounded argument to urge against the measure:

Governor Roosevelt is laboring under the extraordinary delusion that the Indian reservations in this state ought to be broken up, that the tribal relations should be dissolved, that the property held by the nations should be distributed among the individual members, and that the Indians should be "assimilated," that is to say, each Indian should be thrown suddenly upon his own resources and forced to find his place among the greatest mass of the people. Accordingly the governor has appointed a commission to make an investigation of the Indian problem. Inasmuch as there is no authority for this action, no appointments of the kind having been authorized by the legislature, and inasmuch as Colonel Roosevelt's term as governor is to expire within a few days, it would seem that this question is one that he should have left to his successor.

It is most unfortunate that Governor Roosevelt did not select as members of his commission those who have made a

study of the New York Indians. The commission as it stands is composed of able and honest men, but they are lacking in the special knowledge that is absolutely essential.

Some of the Indian land is of great value and if the whites can "civilize" them out of it they will be very glad to do so. On all the reservations there are schools and churches, and some of the farm buildings are as fine as those to be found elsewhere. There are of course, large tracts of land that are worthless except for lumbering, and of course there are many Indians that lack education, that are immoral, shiftless, and lazy, and there are some old tribal customs that are demoralizing to the youth. But on the whole the Indians of the New York reservations have made remarkable progress; they should continue to receive their annuities from the national government and the state, should continue to receive help from charitable and philanthropic people, and so far as their reservations and tribal form of government go, should be left absolutely alone.

## MR. STANDING IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

## Anadarko Revisited.

After a period of seven years I found myself again at Anadarko, arriving under very different conditions to the first visit, twenty-nine years ago, when the railroad was twelve days' distant by wagon. On the present occasion I simply left the main line of Rock Island R. R. at Chickasha, by a branch road and got out at Anadarko Station.

The run from Kansas down through Oklahoma is nearly on the line of the old trail, and the points that were familiar as camping places in the old days are now stations and towns of considerable size, while the country formerly occupied by buffalo and wild game is now one vast grain-field, mainly wheat, but showing also large corn-fields, patches of alfalfa, kaffir corn, etc.

It is easy to see that the country is prosperous by the extent of the freight business on the railroads and from the number of teams in the many little towns passed.

As the train reached the neighborhood of Darlington, a change was noticeable—not so much land cultivated, houses not so good, etc. I could see no reason as the land was apparently the best of any through which we had passed. Perhaps some of the readers of the REDMAN AND HELPER can tell why.

At Anadarko, there are now four schools—one Government (Riverside) and three mission. Of these, I only visited the one under the care of Mr. Methven, of the M. E. Church, omitting the others on account of a prevailing epidemic.

Mr. Methven's school is composed mostly of Kiowa pupils, and they look healthy and happy, and spoke English very well. I was present at the Sunday School exercises and gave them a talk, and later attended the congregation gathered in the Church.

There is much interest among these Indians on the matter of taking allotments, the work of allotting being now in progress under the supervision of Inspector Nesler. As far as I could ascertain the Indians are working in accord with the law as passed, and the work will be completed as speedily as possible, I hope to the material benefit of the Indians.

Leaving the hospitable home of Colonel Randall, the agent, I took the train for Mt. View, enroute to Rainy Mt. school, a point I had not hitherto visited, as it was about seventy-five miles from everywhere.

This time I took what is called a mixed train, that is a freight train with a combination caboose and passenger-car, for those who are compelled to travel by it. It was over two hours late at Anadarko, and then crawled slowly up the Washita Valley, the first station being Ft. Cobb.

Here a passenger got on, who, on looking through the door saw me and came and introduced himself as William Hazlett. He was looking well and said his home was at Ft. Cobb, and that he was about to open a little store at that place. The passengers on the train and their

talk were of interest to me. They were nearly all frontier land-hunters, taking the trip to see the country, to rent some place where they could stay until the happy day should come when they could enter to possess the land that is now forbidden to them. I should say the majority were from Arkansas or similar locality, as the question was, whether the land would raise good cotton or not. I could not but regret that in the coming together of the Indian and white race as permanent neighbors there could not be some way by which a selected class of settlers could be obtained. I think it could if sought for.

At Mountain View, I found a busy little town on the north side of the Washita River, having a bank, hotel, cotton-gin, saw-mill, etc. I saw a number of wagons loaded with bales of cotton on the street, and was informed that the daily sales were forty to fifty bales, that the present price made it a profitable business and that the quality was considered excellent. The cotton crop has never failed yet on account of the seasons, and therefore seems to assume a permanent interest and prosperity for the country.

After a ride of fourteen miles, Rainy Mt. school was reached, and I was agreeably surprised to find so well equipped a plant, and that the new large dormitory building had steam-heat and gas. I was cordially welcomed by Mrs. Dunn, the efficient superintendent, and passed a day very pleasantly in visiting the schools and general inspection of the plant.

The pupils in this school are Kiowa, and speak English freely, in fact in all the schools I visited there was marked improvement in this respect. I gave them an address in the evening and then had a good visit with "Morgan" who has been for five years an employee of this school.

I should have said that at Anadarko I found Otto Wells employed as interpreter and called at his home on his farm near by and was welcomed by his wife Mary, in her nice, well-kept house, and saw their two healthy children, one named after Miss Barr. I also met Mrs. Laura Pedrick, now a field matron, and Martha Napawat, with a particularly well-kept baby.

Near Rainy Mountain School is the Baptist Mission and Church attended by Kiowas, Big Tree being one of the leading members.

Returning from the school to Mt. View I found many Kiowa Indians in town, trading, and saw them in the butcher-shop hunting turkeys for Thanksgiving Day dinner and making other purchases. I was informed that their trade was of considerable interest to the town, but am sorry to say it was not a prohibition town by any means, four saloons being within the distance of a block, taking in both sides of the street.

Leaving Mt. View, I had a pleasant ride to Seger Colony and found farms all the way, the dug-out of 17 years ago giving place to the frame house of to-day with orchards and small herds of cows on every hand, as well as large areas in wheat, corn and cotton, all looking well.

I will leave Seger Colony, for next week.

A. J. STANDING.

Emanuel Powlas, Troop G Fifth Cavalry, who has been in Porto Rico for some time is again in the United States at Ft. Allen, Vermont. They find this place cold in comparison with the southern land. There were eighteen inches of snow when the troop arrived a few days ago. They sailed from San Juan November 29. Who can say that Emanuel is not gaining valuable experience?

Let us not talk of hard times when the tobacco bill of the United States alone is \$650,000,000 a year, and the liquor bill is \$900,000,000.

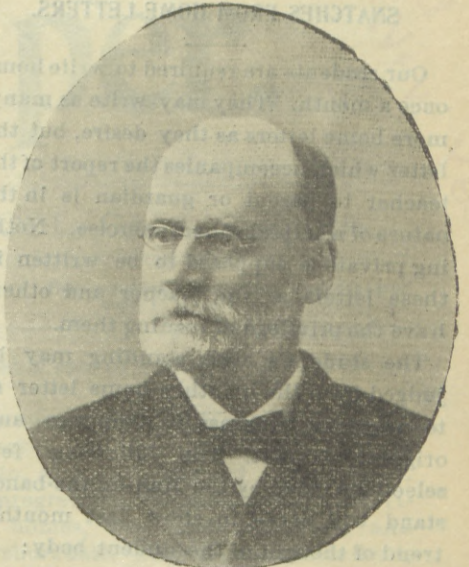
Miss Nettie Fremont, '95, is still at Banks Business College, Philadelphia and will finish in a few weeks. She finds that to become an expert at stenography it requires aptness as well as steady practice.

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

Ice! Ice!  
 Snow, and more of it?  
 Sharpen your skates!  
 Colds are getting better.  
 The year 1900 is on its last legs.  
 The stores are already full of candy toys.  
 Fudge! Some people around here can make it.  
 How easy it is for some to remember to forget.  
 What we want is just ice. Justice with a space in it, see?  
 May I have the pleasure of your company for a skate?  
 Mrs. Gardner and friends were out from town on Saturday.  
 Several new electric lights have been added to the tailor shop.  
 Mark "enc", '96, is here and will take a business course in town.  
 Now is the time to order our little paper for a Christmas present.  
 No sooner do we get used to the weather than a change is announced.  
 Eight Shoshone and Piute students have arrived from Nevada.  
 Our steam-plant man keeps warm by having a coaled house near.  
 Hawley Pierce has been elected captain of the next year's football team.  
 David Abraham has come in from Hatboro this week. He is looking well.  
 The standing army of shoppers is no longer a standing army. It is on the move.  
 On Friday last Professor Bakeless took a little business run to Shamokin, and saw his father.  
 If you carved the Thanksgiving turkey in an awkward manner learn how before Christmas.  
 It has been wondered whether or not Santa Claus would come this year in an automobile.  
 Who finds fault with his surroundings? Isn't it generally the person who is wrapped up in himself?  
 Miss Harriet Eck has gone to Pittsburg in the interests of Domestic Science. —[Millville Tablet.  
 Preparations are making at this writing for the regular monthly exhibition of oratory and music.  
 The annual banquet given by the football fraternity will be held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms tomorrow evening.  
 The sloop wagon drawn by Government mule, which comes up daily from the farm, would make a striking picture for the Kodak.  
 What matron's whistle is so sensible that it goes "back" on the blower by creeping into safe retreat, string and all, down her back?  
 Our new souvenir will be given for FOUR subscriptions and five cents extra to pay postage. The cash price is twenty-five cents; by mail 30 cents.  
 "What grows on pine trees?" asked Miss McIntire of her bright little class in her effort to "develop" cone. "Pineapples," answered the one most eager to vent his knowledge.  
 Look at the number by YOUR NAME on the wrapper, subtract from it the number in the date line first page and see how far you are paid ahead. Renew promptly if you would miss no papers.  
 Maud Snyder received a barrel of apples from a friend at her home in New York, and she did not forget the Man-on-the-band-stand. He found a fine glass dishful on the desk of his secretary, and enjoyed them greatly.  
 Whether some of the feathers from the goose ignited or what, the tailor shop stove had a blow-out the other day and lids and pieces of iron went flying to some purpose. No one was hurt, and now a new stove is in the place of the old one that has been there for years. Accumulated gas no doubt caused the explosion.

Quarantine hath been raised and the town store-keeper smileth.  
 Don't lose your temper, for those over whom you are placed might catch it.  
 Major Pratt was confined to bed and house for a few days with a "grippy" cold.  
 The spring game of marbles is getting a too early start among the boys. But if they enjoy it, that's all right.  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Forest, aunt of Miss Newcomer and Mrs. John Barr, all of Shippensburg, were guests of Miss Newcomer on Thursday.  
 Mrs. Given and Miss Jackson went to Harrisburg to whisper into the ear of the Santa Claus and tell him who our good little boys and girls are.  
 "Copy?" asked the compositor.  
 "I have nothing to write about?" said the editor.  
 "Write about half a column."  
 To-night, Mrs. Brown and Mr. Odell attend the Invincible Society; Miss Forster and Mr. Nori the Standards; Miss Cutter and Mr. Miller the Susans.  
 On Monday, Miss Kemp, of Butler, Pa., stopped off between trains to see her friend Miss Richenda Pratt. The former was on her way to Wilson College.  
 The History talk for the week has been on Queen Elizabeth and her reign, by Mr. Simon, following the one on the Tudor Dynasty and Henry VIII of last week by Professor Bakeless.  
 Through Mr. Lavant Mason, and Professor Rogers of Jamestown, N. Y. public schools, we have another nice list of subscribers for which the Man-on-the-band-stand thanks all concerned.  
 Mr. Gortney, Superintendent of the Juniata County schools and Mr. Hanawalt Superintendent of the schools of Mifflin County visited our school on Thursday. Being school men they were much interested in the educational work here.  
 The Invincibles elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Fred Smith; Vice President, Charles Coleman; Secretary, Lonzo Spieche; Treasurer, Genus Baird; Reporter, John Powlas; Sergeant-at-arms, Arthur Pratt; Critic, William Baine; Asst. Critic, Donald McIntosh.  
 Mr. Robert Johnston, of the firm of Johnston & Co., of whom we purchase most of our printers' supplies came walking in with an air of importance and an inch or two taller one day this week, having had thrust upon him the honorable sobriquet of "papa," since last he visited the school a few weeks ago.  
 On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Odell invited the Hoopa students to their rooms for social chat. The party consisted of Minnie Kane, Rose Temple, Jessie Ferris, Dora Fritts, Laura Ammon, Lizzie Knudsen, Wingate Temple and George Ferris. The little company was very grateful indeed for the kind attention.  
 From the looks of the grass around the new flag-staff no one could hardly believe that but a few days since a hole fifteen or twenty feet in diameter and perhaps ten feet deep was at the foot of that pole. The boys have patiently filled it up, pounded the earth into solidity and sodded the top of the ground.  
 It is said that the girls have not the time to devote to Literary Society work. Don't believe it, girls! Don't load up with excuses. Garner up the minutes and TIME will be found to accomplish all you wish. The "I WILL" girl gets her work done quickly, never fails in society, is cheerful, has good health and accomplishes twice as much as the pessimist who thinks she hasn't time.  
 An athletic cage and play house 60 by 100 feet is being erected at the south end of the Athletic field. This will give opportunity for practice when the weather outside is bad, and when not needed for other purposes, the small boys will have a splendid big play house. The building will have a ground floor and be well lighted by incandescent lights. This may afford a place, also, for teachers and others to play indoor tennis.

Isn't it funny that the elevator in which the football boys went down in, at the Fifth Ave, New York, was lowered while the man who ran it at the same time was hired?  
 Then there is another thing about that elevator, it did a lot toward uplifting the Indian race.  
 We have sold quite a few "Stiyas" this year for Christmas presents. It will be remembered that the illustrated story is a character study of a Carlisle Indian girl who went home after a few years at school, and gives a number of thrilling adventures experienced in her effort to live up to what she had learned at school. Price fifty cents, we paying the postage.  
 Sweep, sweep, sweep the leaves into heaps with no calculation or thought of the time for bell to stop work! Bell rings and boys run! The result: Leaves blow all over the campus again and another set of boys have to sweep them up! Workmen who take thought in their work are the ones who are going to be wanted after awhile, and will be worth the good wages.  
 Who wants a workman who takes no thought in his work?  
 What fine times the little boys have these evenings playing Deer and Dog, Pull-away and other games! In the former game they have bounds of twenty acres inside the fence for the deer to run, but the electric lights make such deep shadows that the deer can hide to good advantage from the dogs without going behind the large buildings. The Man-on-the-band-stand enjoys nothing more than to see his little boys having a good time, and be it said to their praise, he rarely hears any quarrelling among them and seldom ever a bad word, even when they do not know they are within the hearing of any one.  
 The Man-on-the-band-stand has learned of a secret society among the boys whose principal law is to treat every young lady at the school in a courteous and polite manner. Wonder if the girls would not be benefitted if some such society were started among them to treat the young gentleman in a manner free from silliness. A girl who is rude enough to call to a passing boy unless he be a brother or a cousin, is a little wrong in her head. Let the sensible girls who are always polite and circumspect and would not be so unmannerly, pity the wrong-headed girls and try to teach them the way in which they should go.  
**Habit.**  
 Billy horse was driven to market as usual on Wednesday morning and stood at the market house as long as he thought he ought while Mr. Kensler and Casper Alfred were making purchases. He then deliberately walked home, coming in by Henderson's Way, and instead of going directly to the stable turned and went to the teachers' club kitchen. He stood there as long as it usually takes to unload, then stepped a few feet ahead to the turning-around place, made a good turn and went to the stable, having done as he thought his full duty.  
**Miss Nahar.**  
 Miss Elnora Nahar, of Boston, (latterly of New York City) entertained the student body and faculty for an hour last Thursday night in a manner that elicited admiration and heartfelt applause. As a dramatic reader, Miss Nahar is a gifted artist. She is part Indian, is dark, slender, graceful. Her rendition of such pieces as the "The Sioux Chief's Daughter," "The Low Back Car," with music interpolations by Miss Moore, and "No, Sir," displayed diversified skill and great power over her audience, but it was in "Ben Hur's Chariot Race" that she portrayed the physical force that marks the master artist.  
 Miss Nahar's original talk after her reading showed that she has ability as a lecturer equal to her artistic skill as an elocutionist. And her appeal to the womanliness of the woman and to the manliness of the man was strong and earnest. The integrity, honor, virtue and justice which make up the true instinct of the real Indian, she advises her brothers and sisters in red to surely cultivate.



DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, United States Commissioner of Education.

**One of Our Navy Boys.**

Maxey Osuna belongs to the Navy and says he is getting on well.  
 "I like the Navy very much," he says "and I get treated well by the crew and officers, and so I am living easy.  
 We left New Hampshire last month and after three days' steaming we came in to New York.  
 We lay there for a week and got some of our stores. I used to go ashore every other day while we were there. I went across the Brooklyn bridge a couple of times and enjoyed myself very much.  
 We got a few more sailors because we had some short-timers and they got transferred to some other ship, and some deserted. I think they were foolish to do so.  
 Well, after leaving New York we came to Norfolk, Virginia, and anchored there for three days, and started on the 8th for Port Royal, South Carolina, and anchored there for three more days, and weighed anchor on the 20th and started for Cuba.  
 We had very rough weather while coming down. We could hardly eat nor sleep. We expected the ship would turn over every minute. Some of the men were so sick that they could do no work."

**Another Sensational Yarn.**

It is such misrepresentations as is pictured in last Sunday's Phila. Inquirer, wherein an Indian maiden, named Mollie Big Buffalo stands in mid-air, with outstretched arms and frenzied face crying to her people to listen to her words and flee to Mexico, that the REDMAN & HELPER makes its weekly endeavor to offset with reliable information regarding the rising Indian.  
 The Inquirer has thousands of readers to the REDMAN & HELPER's one, but that fact need not deter us in our purpose.  
 In the picture, filling half of one of the large pages of the Sunday edition there are scores of wild and murderous looking faces buried in war-bonnetts gazing out of the darkness in savage-eyed admiration at the crazy female so pictured as to be of heroic size. To make the story more impressive the writer states that the girl calls herself a Carlisle graduate.  
 We have seen a small paragraph going the rounds of the papers some months since about an Indian girl stirring her people to move to Mexico, but the story died a natural death, when the eastern reporter resurrected the same and with large pen and vivid imagination makes out of the inconspicuous item a sensational article for the Sunday paper worth perhaps ten or fifteen dollars to him. What should be done to the writer of such a vicious falsehood and what should happen to the paper who will published such trash are questions for the reader to determine.  
 Oscar Davis likes his home in the country and says he is getting along finely. He likes school, too, and has been fortunate in his marks for class standing.  
 Miss McAdam has gone to the Pipe Stone, Minnesota, Indian school from her home in Iowa, where she has been spending some time.

