

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.
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THOU DOST NOT FALL.

UT FORTIFIES my soul to know
That, though I perish, truth is so;
That howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUD.

A VIEW OF CONDITIONS SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO STILL APPLIES.

Address of Capt., now Major Pratt, Before the
National Educational Convention at
Ocean Grove, N. J. Aug. 11, 1883.

"INDIAN CIVILIZATION A SUCCESS" is the theme given to me by the directors of this assembly. I am not instructed to argue for or against. Following my own inclination, based upon experience in Indian work, I shall say that Indian civilization is not a success. The Negro race occupied our attention yesterday. Comparing their condition, their rights and privileges, their numbers, and the position to which many of them have attained in the country with their condition before they came to this country, two hundred and fifty years ago, it is evident that we have an example to guide us in forming a conclusion in regard to our Indians.

The Negroes are in the country seven millions strong. Their ancestors came from the other side of the globe, and from a condition as purely savage as that of our Indians, either present or past. They are to-day politically a part of us, our equals. And in the short space since their freedom began, they have produced senators and representatives, governors, professional men, lawyers, educators, clergymen, etc., worthy to stand upon the platform with those of our own race in the same profession. We have in the country 260,000 Indians, or about one twenty-seventh as many people as there are of the colored race. We find among us but few advanced examples of the red race at all equal to them; and they have no like disposition to claim citizenship or equality in the country. The Indians, in fact, have not become in any considerable numbers educated, industrious, self-supporting, or Christian. There must be strong reasons for the condition of advancement of these seven millions of Blacks, and for the lack of advancement of these 260,000 Indians. I find these reasons in the greed of the white man. Greed made the negro property, and brought him into the country as an article of commerce; scattered him over the land, and placed him under individual civilizing influences. Because he was property it was policy to increase his industrial capacity, to multiply his numbers, to make him forget his own tongue and learn that of the country; and so having many teachers, he speedily learned to meet the demands of his new situation and extended his value rapidly.

On the contrary, the Indian had nothing of this value in him. He would not submit to slavery; he gave up his life first. Finding enslavement impracticable, the white man sought for that which the Indian had, which was valuable, and found in the lands he possessed all the commercial value to be derived from him. To get these it was necessary to drive out and destroy the owners, to resort to the cunning arts and cheats of trade. And by the many devices the white man possessed, because of his education, he did wrest from him the lands he possessed, until to-day he has temporary rights only to much less than the one-hundredth part of his former possessions. That which the white man has

gained is the rich, valuable part; while that which remains in the hands of the Indian is mainly of the poorest.

No association with our higher and better life has been in any considerable degree allowed to the Indian. He has been driven back upon himself, and by all our course of treatment forced to compact against us. It is a very strange condition that of all the nations and tribes upon this great earth, all are invited to enter into and become a part of the people of this country, except the original inhabitant. The Chinaman, the Japanese, and even the Hottentot is welcome, and finds a home wherever he will. But the Indian is corralled and imprisoned upon his reservation, and forcibly held aloof from the associations which alone would elevate and civilize him. He meets with no welcome, no invitation to stay outside of this prison life. The negro is welcome everywhere. He finds in most of our public schools abundant opportunity for his higher development. He is at rest, at peace in the land.

I am to-day introduced to you by a black man whom we are all glad to welcome among us and listen to, because of his evident culture and refinement. There is no reservation for him. He is not told he must go back and live with his people. But my Indian boys, sitting here, are told by every sentiment, governmental, individual, Christian or other, that they must go back to their reservation—to their people. This is the curse, this is the oppression that bars the way of Indian progress in civilization; and so hard does it bear upon them, that I say to my boys at Carlisle, when you have enough English to understand us; when you have sufficient knowledge of some industry to enable you to stand among us, my advice to you is to take ship, go to sea, and come into the country by the way of Castle Garden. Then you can bid where you will. None will hinder. Then you may be men among us. Then you may feel that the country is yours, that the whole world is yours. I say to them, if you can not get in this way, then when you start for home, go by way of sunrise, and you will see much people and many nations, and you may find a better freedom in some other country. If you do not, when you arrive at your own homes after having passed around the earth, you will have gained much knowledge and more courage to claim the rights of men, even in America.

Unless we admit our Indians to fullest liberty and opportunity, we shall continue to fail in our work for and duty towards them, and they will remain savages among us and a blot upon our history.

We have tried the reservation principle from the beginning. We have tried the processes of building up and developing our Indians as a separate and peculiar people. And what is the result? We have in this our own free and Christian America to day in almost all of our large tribes a condition of ignorance and savagery pitiful, disgraceful, shameful to look upon. Only a few days since, the public mind was tortured by statements in the newspapers of the degrading practices of the Sioux Indians at their medicine dance, and of other barbarous and heathenish customs of the Cheyennes, the Zunis and other tribes.

We have tried the system of reservation education, of mission education at the agencies and in the tribes. We have even tried a system of creating a written language for different tribes, and the results prove only failure.

Where is Eliot's bible to-day? What

good is it doing? It is simply a literary curiosity; with only one man in the whole world who claims the distinguished honor of being able to read it.

We do not try to continue our German brothers, our Irish brothers, our French brothers, our Italian brothers as Germans, Irish, French, or Italians in this country. O, no! If we did we should have in America a German empire, or a French republic.

We have established systems of schools which make all these foreign tongues English speaking and American.

We do not compel the Germans and other emigrants to locate in one particular place in our country. When they reach the great door-way at New York, they have only to express their desire to go here or there, and they are speedily forwarded to their destination. By every means possible we endeavor to make their interests one with ours. We teach them to revere and respect the old flag: and they do, and fight for it. But these Indian peoples are held off; are told by every influence we bring to bear upon them that they are not of us. They must remain as Sioux, as Cheyennes, as Comanches, etc. And so all their ambitions, all their desires are bounded by tribal interest. Educated in their tribal schools upon their reservations, those of them who reach the highest development, desire nothing more than to remain as Indians of their own tribes. Our Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Cherokees, whom we call civilized, have no desire to be anything else but Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Cherokees. The same course of treatment shows like results with the Senecas, Tuscaroras and other tribes in the great Empire State. Their education is so managed that to be an American and a citizen of the whole country does not come within the limit of their inclinations or aspirations.

What is the cure for this condition of the Indian? In my judgment it is to be found in the establishment of a general system of education reaching every Indian child of school age, so arranged as to bring the subject as quickly and for the longest time possible into personal contact with the masses of our own children.

Over in Pennsylvania, years ago, they had German schools and English schools, and the public school fund of the State was distributed with reference to these different kinds of schools. It was apparent after years of this system, that they were educating a mass of people inimical to the best interests of the other masses. On all political and social schemes of advancement, the Germans went in a body. Thad Stevens and other statesmen looked upon this dangerous course, and changed it; and the public school funds have since been disbursed to the schools of the State without reference to language. And so these language lines have about disappeared, and there is a better state of things, because individuals know better and understand better the questions upon which they are called to express opinions.

Now, in our Indian work, if we want to be completely successful, we must go forward to a system that will bring our Indian children into the common schools of the country. I believe in Indian schools at the agencies. I believe in mission schools at the agencies. But I believe in them only as the merest stepping-stones, the small beginnings that will start to a reaching after better things.

We must have schools away from Indian reservations, plenty of them; but these should be only tentative, additional stepping-stones, higher in the scale than the

agency schools but still far below the top. Our Indian children must be educated into the capacity and the courage to go out from these schools, FROM ALL THESE SCHOOLS into our schools and into our life. Then shall they have many teachers. Then will they learn, by comparing their own strength, physical, mental and moral with our race, just what they lack. Then will they become ambitious to be of us, to succeed as well as we do. Then will they learn that the world is theirs; and that all the good of it their trained capacity will enable them to grasp, is theirs as well as ours.

Ethnologists may tell us that it is impossible to change a people, except through generations and centuries of gradual development. This may have been true in the primitive ages when all around was darkness, but it is not true in the light and under the powerful influences of our civilization in this 19th century. I know nothing of their theories and abstractions. My deductions are from practical and not theoretical knowledge. This knowledge is full enough to show me that all our Indians need is broad and enlarged liberty of opportunity and training to make them, within the short space of a few years, a perfectly acceptable part of our population, and to remove them from a condition of dependence, pauperism and crime, to a truly civilized condition.

We are made to blush with shame at many of the wrongs, we have as a nation, committed against the Indians. Many of these wrongs could never have been committed but for the ignorance of the Indian. To continue him in a state of ignorance invites further wrong. I say to you what I do know, that two years, under proper training, is enough to give to a young Indian a sufficient knowledge of the English language, sufficient intelligence and sufficient industrial capacity to enable him to make himself acceptable, and even self-supporting as a part of our agricultural population;—aye, and properly trained, he will have a desire to do it. With this two years' start he may be accepted in a farmer's family, and earn enough to pay for his own clothing and food, and secure to himself the advantages of our public school system. I have tried it in hundreds of cases, and in nineteen twentieths of them have found it a success. The Indian is capable of acquiring a knowledge of any ordinary civilized industry. With the same advantages, he may be a carpenter, blacksmith, or a farmer, by the side of his white brother; but he need not stop with these, he may occupy an honorable place in any professional life. We are very careful in our own civilization to bring to bear upon all our growing youth industrial and educational influences. Why not the same for the Indian children?

The Government has charge of our Indians. It is great, powerful and rich; and it parades before us, as it has here today, figures to show what it is doing for the Indians committed to its care. They are so stated as to make us believe that about all is being done that can be or ought to be done. It tells us that ten thousand children are to be provided with schools next year; but says little or nothing about the forty thousand who are left out of schools. Fifty thousand Indian children are about all we have. Fifty thousand Indian children growing forward from agency and mission schools at the agencies, to Indian Industrial schools in the midst of our better civilization; and from all these into our own schools, with as much industrial training,

(Continued on 4th page.)

THE REDMAN AND HELPER

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INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.The Mechanical Work on this Paper is
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IN ADVANCE.Address all Correspondence:
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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.

The reservation school is the most potent and at the same time the most insidious tribe builder yet adopted; insidious because the average observer seeing Indian children in school anywhere in charge of a teacher, at once concludes: "That ends it." Would placing all German immigrants on reservations away from contact with our American people, even if under American agents and teachers but who believed in keeping them together as Germans, be a good way to Americanize them?

While every experience proves that the reservation Indian school only educates to contentment with tribal life, never giving young Indians courage, ability or disposition to undertake the life and duties of a citizen beyond the tribe, it is equally evident that the active, remote non-reservation school is not a good place to educate young Indians to contentment with the prison life and narrow opportunities of an Indian reservation. Hence, the often opposition of reservation managers to non-reservation schools and the returned students. Are we educating for perpetual reservation life, or to end that and bring the Indians into useful American Citizenship?

The chances are that the Bureau or field official, paid by the Government to help get the Indians out of savagery into civilization, who asserts that "a hundred years will be a quick period" in which to do it, will work on the hundred year plane and certainly require no less than a century to end the job. We say that ten years is a longer time than necessary to transform a savage Indian into a useful, civilized man, and we speak from large experience, with the most obdurate, both young and full grown.

Former Carlisle Indian students through coming away from their reservations and courageously going out to work among and associating with our own thrifty industrious people and attending public schools with white children have escaped the thralldom of Agency management and are successfully serving as soldiers in regular companies of the United States Army in China, the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Cuba, and at home; also as "Jackies" in the Navy abroad and at home; also on the great trans-Atlantic Ocean liners; also in positions of trust and usefulness in our greatest as well as smaller cities, in manufactories, trades, hotels, offices, banks, etc., etc.; on eastern farms and in homes; and in none of these employments has it mattered that they were teepee born and from the lowest, most savage tribes. Indeed some of the lowest born are doing the best. If there had been no Government system of hiring and otherwise pressing Indian students back to reservation life, the number now away from the reservations thus usefully employed would be multiplied many times. Notwithstanding this hindering we invite all the reservation schools to mass into one all their like results and line up their combined showing by the side of Carlisle's with a view to proving what ought to be done.

AN ANSWER.

During the more than twenty-one years of the Carlisle school some Indian agents and Army officers have been viciously zealous in trying to lead the public to believe that Carlisle was not doing the right kind of work, by alleging they knew young Indians who had been at Carlisle and turned out badly.

Ten years ago a certain Senator in the presence of the writer informed the Committee he was going to expose Carlisle when the Indian bill came up, alleging that he had a letter from an Indian agent giving account of the bad conduct of one of the young men who had returned from Carlisle, and another from the commander of the military post near the agency, alleging badness of one of the returned Carlisle girls, neither of whom were graduates. At that time we made answer as follows:

"What Senator—— says presents itself to me only in the light of self-impeachment of the official character and services of his witnesses. On the reservation the Indian agent is absolute as the executive of the Government to see that law, order, and decency are enforced. He has all the power necessary to do this. No condition such as the agent describes could exist at any agency except through the connivance by inaction and inefficiency of the agent. He has all authority and a strong police force with which to enforce both the dignity and decency of the United States, and that is what he is there for. The commanding officers of the adjacent military posts represent the highest power of the United States Government, and are amply provided with forces to put down wrong and elevate right. If such evils as they represent exist within their jurisdiction, it is because they are parties to them either by inaction or connivance. I submit that their own testimony criminalizes the Indian agent at—— Agency and the commanding officer at Fort——, and proves that each in his sphere is not only incompetent but criminal, in that he permits the state of things he alleges. If the Indian agent did his duty no young Indian man returning from Carlisle or any other school, nor any young Indian man never at school, would do what is alleged; and if the army officer did his duty, not only girls returning from remote schools, but girls from agency schools, and even girls who never were at school, would receive such protection as would make the conduct alleged by the military commander impossible. Common sense and common decency require them to act."

Neither of these men said a word about the scores of young men and young women returned from the Carlisle school to that agency and leading useful lives, some of them employed in the agent's office and in his schools. What base trickery then to select these two who were only doing what was common on that reservation, and thus attempt to hoodwink the Senator and through him the public! When the bill was under consideration that Senator did not read his letters nor oppose the Carlisle school as he had said he would.

We give the same answer to like allegations today.

What Does "Pan" Mean?

Many people are asking what the meaning of "Pan" is, used in relation to the Pan-American exhibition.

Pan is a Greek word which means all, and coupled with the word America, in connection with the great exposition which opens at Buffalo next season, relates to all the countries in North and South America, who are expected to exhibit.

The Carlisle climate is all right if the weather doesn't interfere.

FROM MRS. DELOSS.

In recent letters from Mrs. DeLoss who was with us for a time, but is now at Ft. Defiance school, Arizona, we glean the following interesting items of news. She has been advised that the altitude is too high for her lungs, but thinks she will become accustomed to it ere long. Her duties are not so arduous but she can get some time to rest and go out into and drink in the beautiful sunshine and fine air.

"I live out of doors as much as possible, and am trying to get well. The people here are very sociable and agreeable.

There are 114 boys and 50 girls, the headmatron having charge of the girls.

I walked around a near mesa to day and found a petrified log. We brought home some beautiful specimens. I also found a few garnets in the ant hills.

All the days have been bright, no rain or snow since I came. Sand blew high one day. It is hard to keep the house clean, as the sand sifts through every little crack. I don't worry about it, however, as everybody's house looks the same in that respect.

The Death of a Noble Redman.

A sad event occurred to day (Dec. 19) 'Old Uncle John Watchman' as every one called him, died to-day. He was the white man's hero among the Navajoes—intensely loyal to the Government, the counselor of his own people and highly respected and even venerated by our little colony at this post.

He was 80 years of age and widely known among military people who have been stationed in this region. Major Hazlett spoke of him to me with tears in his eyes. His parting words for the Major were that he had always been faithful to the white man and obedient, and he requested that his debts be paid, that he be properly dressed for the white man's burial and that all the employees attend his funeral.

A number of Indian men and women attended the service in chapel and even went up to the casket for a last look, braving the chills and Navajoe devils, in so doing.

His old sister threw her blanket over her head and wailed—Ay-ye-e, Ay-ye-e, as she went out alone.

She was a pitiable object, thin and bent, her white hair blowing about her drawn face, her ankles exposed between her short, torn skirt and dirty moccasins.

She was stumbling, and I put my arms around her, and she leaned against me and wailed as if her heart were broken. Then one of the other ladies came up and stroked her face, and said over and over in the Navajoe language:

"It is all right. It is all right."

And she seemed a little comforted.

All who could leave their work went to the grave—a short mile around the mesa, off the hospital road.

Old John's coffin with a wreath and a cross of flowers on it—all the plants at the post were stripped that day—carried in a spring wagon, was followed by all the school children on foot, except the almost babies and sick ones, and four Indian men on ponies. The Major's carriage and the employees were at the rear.

The young Missionary—Mr. Freyling, of the Christian Church, who preached the funeral sermon tried to impress upon the Indians in simple words the reason for the respect shown Uncle John—his patriotism, unselfish living, and devotion to his conception of duty even at the risk of his life.

This Indian Chief saved the white people at the fort more than once by his warnings. On one occasion after the troops had been withdrawn, a massacre of the remaining whites was threatened and he ran 90 miles to Wingate to get military help.

For his service he was placed permanently on the pay roll of employees at ten or twelve dollars a month, but being

so old he has done little Government work lately.

I saw him the other day sitting on the hill leading to his hogan, which is on the school premises, patiently sharpening his axe with a stone. He was there about an hour.

I have been told that the habit of watchfulness was so strong in him that he would patrol the fort at night, and has often been seen late in the night sitting on a log for hours watching the stars and the moon.

He was six feet tall, or more, very thin, and walked slightly stooped forward, his blanket drawn tightly around him."

Spitting.

Orders at the school are enforced against spitting on the walks.

Good!
In nearly all the cars and public waiting rooms now we see the order of Boards of Health forbidding the vile practice.

Why is it?
It has become a health question.

The other evening when in the baggage room of the Cumberland Valley Station, Carlisle, the writer asked the baggage man if he had noticed that the order on the wall made a difference.

"It certainly does. It was filthy here before," was his reply.

I noticed that the floor was entirely free from disease breeding saliva. On Saturday and Monday I also noticed in New York City that floors of the street cars were clean, and my attention was attracted to a man who had considerable clearing of his throat to do.

Before the order was put up, he would have spit on the floor, very likely, although there were a few gentlemen in the world before such orders by health boards were issued.

But it is the first time I have seen such a looking man bring forth a handkerchief from his pocket to spit in.

The very best way, perhaps, for people with throat and catarrh trouble is to carry worthless handkerchiefs, and then BURN them the first opportunity. B.

An Agency Wedding.

SANTEE AGENCY, NEB.
Jan. 13, 1901.

TO THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

Among the Santee Sioux, at J. M. Campbell's residence south-west of this town, Mr. Samuel Baskin and Miss Eunice Kitto were united in marriage on the 2nd inst. by Rev. A. L. Riggs. About 50 guests were present. Conspicuous among these, all the chiefs and head men of the Santee Sioux Band. The dinner was a magnificent spread. The bride's wedding cake could hardly be surpassed in beauty and toothsome. The young couple are among our best educated Santees, and have the best wishes of a host of friends for a happy future. J.

Sensible Conclusions of a Philadelphia Lady.

There is nothing that can take the place of one or two good trades thoroughly learned, no matter what else a person may do. There is then something to fall back upon to earn a living by, when one's first choice of occupation may fail.

You know that so many of the poets, statesmen and many others have had a good solid trade at some time. So I am glad when any boy or girl tells me of some branch thoroughly mastered.

Wealth and a home protection may be taken away from us, but we are not defenseless if we can depend upon our own labor for bread and butter.

MARY S. WOOD.

The Sewing Room.

The Senior class dresses are in progress of making in the sewing department. A large case for art embroidery has been put up. Miss Nora Jamison is making a very pretty lunch cloth, with a design of strawberries upon it. In the past month the girls of the mending room mended 1,378 garments for the boys and 5,698 for the girls. They have also made 245 new pieces.

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

MCMI is the way some people write it. Maud Snyder often helps the printers on fold days.

Mr. Warner has returned from Buffalo where he went on a business trip.

Nancy Wheelock, we learn, is at the city hospital, in Worcester, Mass.

The Susans seem to be somewhat subdued, lately. So think the Standards.

Those shop stairs in the west wing? Well, somebody forgets to sweep 'em down.

Miss Newcomer went to Shippensburg yesterday to attend the funeral of an uncle.

Louis LeRoy arrived on Saturday from Wisconsin, bringing with him his sister, Miss Lucinda.

Mr. Harkness has kindly put one of his unique ventilators in the window of ye editor, and it works like a charm.

Among other visitors going the rounds with Major last Saturday was Mr. J. Whitaker Thompson, of Philadelphia.

One of our teachers asked a pupil to give a sentence with an object complement, and for example said "The snow melts the sun."

The first snow of the season to completely cover the ground came on Tuesday night, but did not stay with us twenty-four hours.

Mr. C. A. Burgess, of New York City, arrived Wednesday night at eight to see his sister, and left the next morning at 8:30 for Nova Scotia.

To-night Misses McIntire and Newcomer will visit the Invincibles; Mr. Odell and Mr. Walter the Standards; Mr. J. Wheelock and Mr. Simon the Susans.

The Juniors have been struggling with attribute, object and objective complements, and feel justly proud of the fact that they have come off conquerors.

There is complaint about the dailies not being placed in the reading rooms till they are two or three days old. We hear nothing of the kind from the small boys' quarters.

Some of the students asked after reading the item last week about the amount of food consumed by our student body, why the "Government gravy" was not mentioned.

Mr. Henry C. Rexach, of San Juan, Porto Rico, now a student of Dickinson comes out once in a while to see his friends from the south. His purpose is to take the Dickinson law course.

Professor Ettinger, the new Band Conductor, has arranged to stay with us. He first planned to come four days a week. Hard work at blowing and hunting "technique" will begin at once.

The returned Indian pupils from Carlisle, who have re-entered this school are advantageous to the other pupils, they by example and habit, teach the less favored ones the better way.—[Indian Advance, Carson City.

Did you get a torn paper last week? It was due to carelessness, and we will try not have it happen again. If you are keeping your papers on file always send for a good copy if the one received is not quite up to par.

Castulo Rodriguez, the new arrival from Porto Rico, has entered the printing office. He has been in the United States but six months and speaks English quite readily. It is interesting to note the rapid advancement of these people from the south land.

A visitor entered Mr. Van Der Mey's kitchen the other day and exclaimed: "Oh, my, what a clean kitchen!" The same person said, "I have seen everything, and the band-stand, but have not seen the Man-on-the-band-stand. Perhaps because it is raining."

The boys and girls are working hard in gymnastic drill under the instruction of Disciplinarian Thompson. Under the same drill-master they are preparing themselves in military tactics to enter the inaugural parade on the 4th of March. About 250 boys will participate.

Mrs. Hicks, of Yuma, Arizona, writes at the close of a business letter: "To-day is an unusually cold day—11 A. M., 56 above zero."

All interested in knowing the Carlisle views, and who wish to discuss them intelligently will read every word of the address published first page.

What do those little girls in the line keep looking at in the walnut tree as they pass on their way to school? Oh, it is that Owl they heard about at the Standards' entertainment.

Mrs. John, of the New York Agency, a friend of Mitchell and Rachel Pierce and Minerva Mitten stopped off Tuesday night on her way to meet her husband who is in Washington, D. C.

The Germans have as hard a time getting our English sentences straight as do our Indian students. A furrier in Harrisburg sent word of the shipment of a cape to one of our ladies in these words: "Schipped your cap the day."

An "At Home" given by Major and Mrs. Pratt at their residence on Friday night had in it all the pleasures that such delightful evenings offer. There were games, social chat, music and refreshments, and the hour for departure came all too soon.

We notice quite a number of our former students in the list of appointments and changes published last page. Some we have not heard from for years. This list is always read with interest by those who want to know the whereabouts of friends in the service and by others on the hunt for odd sounding names.

In a business letter, Miss Ewbank sends kindly greetings to friends at Carlisle. She says the school at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., where she is now employed has over 200 children in one building, the girls' new building not having been completed since the other burned. They hope to get into the new building very soon.

Through Agent J. Blair Shoenfelt, Muscogee, Ind. Ter., Indian Agent for the Five Civilized Tribes, Union Agency, this office is in receipt of an exhaustive and very interesting report of the United States Inspectors for the Indian Territory. It is illustrated and full of valuable information.

The school was enjoyably entertained on Wednesday evening by the blind soprano soloist, Miss Florence Stecher, and pianist Mr. Oscar H. Bilgram, who is also blind. They are of St. Stevens Lutheran Church Choir, Philadelphia. The music was of a high order and well appreciated.

The Watchword has this week an illustrated article on Haskell Institute. The Watchword is one of our exchanges that is greatly valued by the students who frequent the reading-rooms. It would be well if some took the paper in their own name. It is published by W. R. Funk, Dayton, Ohio, price one dollar a year.

The Chemawa American came out in holiday attire in its Christmas number. It contains 18 illustrations in its 12 pages, and bears a red cover. By reading the descriptive article about the school in connection with the illustrations one can get a very good idea of what the institution and some of the employees look like.

John Warren, 1900, who is attending the Indiana Normal, this State, took the part of King Claudius in one of the literary society entertainments at that school the other evening, and is said to have done his part well. Mrs. Sawyer has charge of the music at that school, and her work is in the same building with her room, so she does not have to expose herself in bad weather.

Quite a debate on Friday afternoon was carried on in the Printing Office as the folding of papers was in progress; and the question lay between some of the Standards and Susans present, regarding the coming entertainment. The Standards took the position that the Susans' entertainment was not as original as theirs would be. Pistols and swords were not used, but the "side-show" was replete with repartee and finely drawn argument.

THE STANDARDS MAKE A HIT.

The school was highly entertained by the Standard Literary Society last Saturday night, and the evening was a success from beginning to end.

It has been the custom for some years for the three literary societies of the school to give a public exhibition sometime during the year. This season the Susans led off, placing before their brothers a splendid example. The two entertainments were so different in character, each excellent in presentation, that to make comparison would be very difficult, but the fine showing of talent and artistic acting of Saturday night, refreshed the memories of some who were heard to repeat the remark that many a society entertainment put upon the platform in previous years originated in the mind of the faculty critics, with the result that all the credit of a good performance could not in justice go entirely to the society. But the Standards, like the Susans came out this year with an evening entirely their own, and all was done so quietly, that it came as an agreeable surprise. Of course they sought advice and counsel, as any well ordered organization of young people should do at such times.

The opening address by the president, Nelson Hare, was a dignified and vigorous effort in which he told briefly the purpose of the entertainment.

Philip Tousey made a happy hit in a recitation very naturally rendered, causing several bursts of laughter in the rendition of his witty selection. He told how John Tom Sawyer whitewashed his aunt's fence, and made sport and profit out of a disagreeable piece of work.

John Baine's solo "Sailor, Beware!" was well received, as was also Willard Gansworth's flute solo, which was encored.

The song "On the Mississippi" with the chorus "Goodbye, 'Liza Jane" a negro melody, was very well given by the quartette, and the young men were called back responding with another plantation song.

The Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice was especially fine, showing what our young men can do for themselves in histrionic art, when they get down to real work.

Frank Beaver's oration was on the subject of the Indian's treatment by the white people.

The speaker took the ground that it was destiny not misfortune which led the Indian through such discouraging and apparently cruel lines; that profit and advancement has come and is still coming to him through this means, which would never have been his, just as the negro profited through the long years of bondage. His sentiments were encouraging and altogether different from those which dwell on the wrongs of the Indian and his hopeless condition and hatred. Frank delivered it well.

The dialogue "Uncle Sam Reviving," arranged and adapted by the young men of the society, did them credit. The scene was laid in the discouraging period of the Civil War, when Uncle Sam had placed restrictions on the cotton shipping, and John Bull had determined to recognize the belligerent States. Dr. Eagle, Dennis and Jonathan all encouraged him, and John Bull was driven to the background.

The owl critic (Edward Willing) who lodges in the walnut tree treated the audience to a number of amusing mistakes in language and manner which he has observed, and promised a future visit either from himself or some of his descendants.

Herman Niles, the editor of the Standard Panorama, read his paper giving various society and school jokes, in his usual comical style.

The Standards' song, words by Albert Nash, '97, and music by Myron Moses, '01, was the closing number, and the boys deserve special comment on the way they sang it. They were accompanied by the orchestra, and every one was delighted.

Major Pratt made a short address at the close of the program, in which he expressed gratitude for the advancement that the societies are making. He said that the Susans gave a magnificent entertainment, but this to his mind, was "magnificenter"—a degree higher.

The Man-on-the-band-stand unites with

that sentiment. The various performances were within the understanding of every one present, while the Susans' entertainment was more for those who had read the classical books from which the characters were taken.

The spectacular effect of the Susans' entertainment may have excelled the Standards, but in scholastic effort the Standards are second to none thus far. The evening was one grand intellectual feast, musical charm and merry laughter, which did everybody good who was in attendance.

The following is the program in toto:

Music..... Orchestra.
Opening Address..... President, N. Hare.
Dramatization..... Philip Tousey.
Vocal Solo..... John C. Baine.

TRIAL SCENE FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Characters.

Duke of Venice..... Geo. Peake.
Antonio, a Merchant..... H. A. Niles.
Bassanio, friend of Antonio..... J. A. La Chapelle.
Portia..... G. W. Moore.
Shylock..... T. J. Mooney.
Gratiano..... F. A. Tibbets.

Flute Solo..... Willard Gansworth.
Oration..... Frank Beaver.
Panorama..... Herman A. Niles.
Quartette—Messrs Paul, Moses, Baine, and Miller.

Dialogue—"Uncle Sam" Reviving.
Characters.

Uncle Sam..... E. Warren.
Doctor Eagle..... G. Ferris.
Jack Reepoint..... M. Johnson.
Dennis..... J. La Chapelle.
Miss S. Rye..... W. Paul.
Miss Tenny C..... H. Wolfe.
John Bull..... N. Hare.
Jonathan..... P. Tousey.
Hoosier..... E. Rickard.
Miss M. Land..... F. Tibbets.
Miss T. Key..... W. Temple.

Owl Critic..... E. Willing.
Standard Song..... Society.

(Words by ALBERT NASH, '97, Music by MYRON M. MOSES, '01)

In days of youth, when bold and wild,
We never dreamed of old Carlisle;
But now we give our hands, our hearts;—
We know that we will not depart.
Our colors gay we wave on high,
With black and orange do imply;—
To conquer all who come our way,
Who talk of conquering Standards gay.

Chorus:
Our motto, "En Avant" we hail,
We hope the meaning long prevail.
When we fall we rise again,
To show that we're not conquered.

Go forth, ye braves, ye Standard men,
Show to our foe that we are men.
We'll fight our way to victory,
Just like a mighty infantry.
Our knowledge we must use at last,
To carve a way for men to pass,
But do not let the evil bring
That which will spoil the song we sing.

The society colors—orange and black—were in evidence in the platform and hall decorations. A twisted strand and banner of these colors was draped from the arc light in front to the one in the rear of the hall. WBP.

On Saturday, Miss Burgess was called to New York City and Waterbury, Connecticut, by the death of the wife of her brother, Mr. C. A. Burgess. The deceased died in New York City of pneumonia on Friday afternoon. Mr. Burgess having been summoned from near Chicago, reached the bed-side of the suffering patient a few hours only before she passed away. The remains were taken to her former home in Waterbury, Connecticut. Mrs. Burgess was the daughter of the late Dr. Roberts, a well-known physician of that enterprising New England town, a few years ago. Miss Burgess returned Monday night.

Mr. Beitzel has lost by death his father-in-law, Mr. John Williams, of Williams Grove. The deceased was in his 86th year. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Saturday afternoon, and the remains were interred at Dillsburg. Mr. Williams was for many years in the grain and milling business, and one time was station agent at Williams Grove and postmaster.

Miss McCook, who is doing stenographic work in an office in Philadelphia, says that her hours are from 9 to 5 o'clock, and on Saturday afternoons she is out at one o'clock. They have a good size skating pond near her home, and she has been skating twice, lately.

A man is a mister, but a woman, a woman, well, a woman is a mister-y, so some people think.

(Continued from 1st page.)

and contact with our industrial systems as possible, will speedily accomplish the civilization of our Indians. We must not stop content with any number short of the whole.

In working forward to this, there need be no further robbery of the Indian. If we should pay him for his remaining surplus lands what we would pay any other owner, it would give all the means needed for the education of all the children, and still leave to every individual Indian as many acres as he may need to begin life with. This method of covering the expense is only contingent, and presumes on the continued repudiation by the Government of its educational treaty agreements with many of the tribes.

We have no hesitation in breaking up the tribes of Europe and inviting them to become American. Why should we hesitate at the breaking up of our Indian tribes and in extending to them the same invitation? If we can fairly and honestly show to the Indian that his greatest advantage lies in losing his identity as a Sioux, a Ute, or a Creek, and becoming a American citizen, he is sensible enough to do it, and that is the end.

THE FACE OF MARQUETTE.

A discovery has been made that will probably call forth discussion in regard to the Marquette statue presented to the nation by the State of Wisconsin and now in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol.

This discovery is of an oil painting of great merit which was found recently stored away in the garret of a religious house in Montreal. On the back of the canvas is the name "Pere Marquette," and those who have seen the work of art express themselves as satisfied that it is a genuine likeness of the great discoverer and missionary. It shows a face clean shaven, full and round, with large, expressive eyes, the whole countenance beaming with intelligence and kindness. The painting was so covered with the dust of centuries that no outline of it could be distinguished until put through the process of a careful cleaning. It has so forcibly impressed those who have seen it, not only as a great work of art, but as a genuine likeness of Marquette, that arrangements are now under way for the copyrighting of photographs of it both in this country and abroad, and until all such rights have been secured, it is said, neither the painting nor photographs of it will be exhibited. Both the picture itself and the back of the canvas have been photographed. The interesting feature of this picture is said to be the fact that the face of Marquette preserved in oil is not the face of Marquette in the statue at the Capitol. It is believed that the painting lately discovered is the only likeness of Marquette not purely ideal or at least made from indefinite descriptions of the man that have been preserved in literature. The Marquette in marble at the Capitol shows a rather long, thin face well covered with a beard. It is the face of an ascetic, while the face of the painting is essentially different.

—[Washington Star.]

Obstacles in Their Way.

One of the questions that seems to stand in the way of allotting lands in severalty to the Osages, from the point of view of the Osage Journal is the question as to who are Indians and entitled to share in the tribal property and funds.

Upon the present roll there are many who are not Osages by blood. There are also many children who are not now upon the rolls who have just as equitable a claim to enrollment as many who are now drawing.

Under the Indian law, children inherit through their mother, but some years ago Congress passed a law changing the inheritance to the paternal side. Since then the children of the white fathers have become citizens of the United States: while those born prior to that date and those born of Indian fathers and white mothers become and continue to be members of the tribe.

The Osages both full bloods and mixed believe that this is an injustice and desire to see it remedied before allotment.

WHITE CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTEES IN INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE FOR DECEMBER, 1900.

Geo. W. Cyphers, Carpenter, Wittenburg, Wis.; Ida L. Himle, Cook, Green Bay, Wis.; Hattie G. Victor, Cook, Absentee Shawnee, Okla.; Maggie Sharp, Cook, Riverside, Okla.; Nina Edwards, Kindergarten, Tomah, Wis.; Geo. H. Zimmer, Teacher, San Carlos, Ariz.; Wilda Hancock, Teacher, Standing Rock, N. D.; John O. Stanch, Shoemaker, Cherokee, N. C.; Albert M. Wigglesworth, Physician, Ft. Lewis, Colo.; Joseph F. Singleton, Carpenter, Colorado River, Ariz.; Mary E. Fallon, Nurse, Osage, Okla.; Herbert Fullsen, Teacher, Ouray, Utah; Maggie A. Landers, Laundress, Pima, Ariz.; Vinnie V. VanValkenburgh, Cook, Ft. Mohave, Ariz.; Mollie S. Baker, Seamstress, Ft. Mohave, Ariz.; Lydia H. Birkholz, Asst. Matron, Haskell Institute, Kans.; Amanda Filkins, Laundress, Rapid City, S. D.; Lillian M. Harrison, Asst. Teacher, Wild Rice River, Minn.; Edwin F. Banning, Shoe and Harness maker, Sisseton, S. D.; Julia C. Pierce, Asst. Matron, Vermillion Lake, Minn.; Otto Scherzer, Carpenter, White Earth, Minn.; Cecelia Feeney, Laundress, Ft. Sill, Okla.; Verda Clapham, Teacher, Little Water, N. M.; Martha C. Brokaw, Asst. Matron, Uintah, Utah.

Indians Appointed During December.

Josiah Archiquette, Night watchman, Oneida, Wis.; James Swamp, Asst. Engineer, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; Lavina Mann, Laundress, Klamath, Oregon; Rosa B. Brown, Matron, Carlisle, Pa.; Joel W. Tyndall, Clerk, Fort Yuma, Cal.; Joseph Wilkins, Laborer, Leech Lake, Minn.; Cynthia E. Webster, Asst. Teacher, La Pointe, Wis.; Anderson Crawford, Night watchman, Sisseton, S. D.; Rose Dougherty, Teacher, Chillico, Okla.; Ella M. Powless, Asst. Teacher, Crow Creek, S. D.; Clarence Butler, Electrician, Warm Springs, Oreg.; Andrew Vannoss, Carpenter, White Earth, Minn.; Nancy Reeves, Laundress, Round Valley, Cal.; Laura Froneberger, Asst. Matron, Sac and Fox, Okla.; Emeran D. White, Night watchman, Standing Rock, N. D.; Henry W. Fielder, Teacher, Rosebud, S. D.; Albert Reed, Industrial Teacher, Siletz, Oreg.

Among the changes in employes at various Indian agencies authorized by the Indian Office during the month of December, 1900, appear the following:

Appointments.

Louie Simpson, Judge, Yakima, Wash., in place of Charles Wesley; Peter Bearboy, Assistant Carpenter, Standing Rock, N. D. in place of Anthony Vaulter; Simon J. Kirk, interpreter, Standing Rock, N. D. in place of Edward Afraid of Hawk; George West, Herder, Fort Peck, Montana, in place of Goes After; Louis Shunk, Blacksmith, Yankton, S. D. in place of H. Fredricks; Christine Vicenti, Apprentice, Jicarilla, N. M. in place of Moigun Adkins; Willie Shields, Laborer, Mescalero, N. M. in place of Fred Pelman; Augustus C. Grignon, Teamster, Green Bay, Wisconsin, in place of Charles Warrington; Philip Lavatta, Farmer, Fort Hall, Idaho, in place of Martin Timsanico; Thomas Frosted, Assistant Carpenter, Standing Rock, N. D. in place of William Sinte; David Snapps, Laborer, Tulalip, Washington, in place of Maurice Joe; George Terry, Wagonmaster, Shoshone, Wyoming, in place of —; Josiah Oldman, Fireman, Shoshone, Wyoming, in place of Henry Lee; James Garfield, Laborer, Cheyenne River, S. D. in place of Jacob Raymond; Mike Martin, Messenger, Cheyenne River, S. D. in place of George No Heart; William Sheppard, Blacksmith, Cheyenne River, S. D. in place of Charles Moccasin; Wounds the Enemy, Wheelwright, Cheyenne River, S. D. in place of Charles Face; Antone Shawanomitta, Assistant Wagonmaker, Green Bay, Wisconsin, in place of Walter Heath; John Blacksmith, Blacksmith, Green Bay, Wisconsin, in place of Alex Peters; Chauncey Wanikiya, Tinner,

Yankton, S. D. in place of Joseph Nimrod; Frank Eskibauzht, Laborer, San Carlos, Ariz. in place of Dude Nattoyay; William Hawk, Assistant Carpenter, Standing Rock, N. D. in place of Andrew Brought; George Banks, Jr. interpreter, Crow Creek, S. D. in place of James Fire Cloud.

Transfers and Promotions.

Anthony Vaulter, from Assistant Blacksmith, Standing Rock Agency, N. D., to Assistant Carpenter, same agency; Edward Afraid of Hawk, Interpreter, Standing Rock, N. D., to Janitor and Physician's Assistant, same agency; Henry Lee, from Fireman, Shoshone, Wyo., to Teamster and Laborer, same agency; Harry F. C. Woods, from Assistant Carpenter, Cheyenne River, S. D., to Carpenter, same agency, Charles Face, from Wheelwright, Cheyenne River, S. D., to Assistant Carpenter, same agency; James Fire Cloud, from Interpreter to Blacksmith's Apprentice, Crow Creek, S. D.

Did you Ever go Through the Snow Sheds?

On the way to California, the writer has several times gone through the forty miles of snow sheds in the rocky wilds of those regions of blinding blizzards, and while proceeding so cautiously down the sides of the mountains through the gloomy passage way, with breaks grinding on the wheels, or, climbing from the foot of the range with the iron horse puffing and snorting his frey breath laden with dangerous sparks, we have wondered how such a structure of inflammable material has stood so many years. Like an elevator shaft in a fourteen story building, if a fire should get a start the draft would be so terrific that the flames would become unmanageable, and the whole line of sheds would be consumed endangering life and tracks.

How is it prevented?

It is said that on the brow of a lofty peak of the Sierra Navadas is a signal station in which day after day, a woman sits with field glass in hand.

She is watching for the fires in the snow sheds.

By day this woman guards, and at night her husband watches.

The next time some of our California boys and girls go through those sheds they may think of the guard on the mountain peak watching for their safety, and how much they owe him or her in gratitude.

And can we not use the story as an illustration of the One, who on a peak, the height of which has never been measured by human powers, is guarding the way for our safety, by day and by night, and as we glide along through life, escaping many dangers, remember what we owe the Author of our being.

How a Lemon Grows.

The following story in four chapters may be read with interest by some of our young Indian men who like to change the writing of their names as they advance in the ways of Society:

CHAPTER I.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Johnny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was recorded on the roll.

CHAPTER II.

"What is your name?" the high school teacher inquired.

"John Dennis Lemon," replied the big boy.

Which was duly entered.

CHAPTER III.

"Your name, sir?" asked the college dignitary.

"J Dennison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student.

Inscribed in accordance therewith.

CHAPTER IV.

"May I ask your name?" queried the society editor of the Daily Bread.

"Jean D'ennice Le Mon," replied the swell personage in the opera box.

And it was duly jotted down.

THE END.

How Strange it is So.

It is said that the Chinese are perverse. Whether they are or not their customs are directly the opposite of ours. See, for instance, what queer things we find in Robertson Scott's "People of China."

The compass of the Chinese points south.

His left hand is the place of honor.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He thinks it polite to ask your age and income.

The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He whitens his boots instead of blackening them.

He rides with his heels in the stirrup instead of his toes.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This to deceive evil spirits.)

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

He says west-north instead of north-west and sixth-four instead of four-sixths.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 5, 6, 4, 3 is an important feature of the face.

My 2, 3, 7 is to cut.

My 7, 6, 1 is to know.

My whole was a visitor welcomed by the Indian boys and girls this week, but he stayed too short a time.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Flora Dale.

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Address all business correspondence to Miss M. BURGESS, Supt. of Printing, Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.