

# The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper  
Vol. II, Number three

## AUGUST.

**A**UGUST, month when summer lies  
Sleeping under sapphire skies.  
Open all the windows wide,  
Drink the orchard's fragrant tide.  
August, month when everywhere  
Music floats upon the air  
From the harps of minstrel gales  
Playing down the hills and dales.  
August, month when sleepy cows  
Seek the shade of spreading boughs  
Where the robin quirks his head,  
Contemplating cherries red.  
August, month of twilights, when  
Day half goes and comes again;  
August days are guards who keep  
Watch while summer lies asleep.

FRANK DEMSTER SHERMAN,  
in St. Nicholas.

## THE SERVANT PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH.

The possibilities of the negro (as of any) race are to be gauged by its highest products.

Among the distinguished colored men whom we have been privileged to know personally, Douglass, Bruce, Washington, and others, none have been truer to the race nor higher exemplars of its possibilities than Prof. W. H. Council, creator and for twenty-seven years president of the Agricultural College for Negroes at Normal, Alabama. The noble, and at the same time pathetic appeals he has made for the women of his race will impress every true-hearted American as being the utterances of a high and sanctified manhood.

No one can read the following extracts culled from his speeches and fail to realize that they are the inspiration and aspirations of a great leader:

Extracts From Speeches by Prof. W. H. Council, President A. & M. College for Negroes, Normal, Alabama.

Professor Council said in his speech before the Southern Industrial Association at Huntsville, Alabama, October 12th 1899:

"Permit me to call your attention to an element of Negro labor which is always left out of these discussions—THE NEGRO WOMAN.

She is the strong element in Negro character, notwithstanding her poverty, weakness, temptations—naked and bare to attack—with nothing but the sublime example of the Southern white woman's chastity held up afar off before her—this woman is fighting a battle for life which must enlist your sympathies.

Half a million Negro women are introduced to the privacy of half a million bedchambers, and hold in their pure or impure arms half a million white children, who in some measure are pure or impure as their nurses affect them.

Here is a problem in a problem, which concerns the highest welfare of the white South.

I pay no compliment, I pronounce no fulsome encomium, when I state a fact as clear as the sun in the blue heavens, that the white woman of the South is one of the highest types of pure, spotless womanhood in the recorded history of man.

This example is the rich property of the Negro woman of the South.

But I plead for more than example.

I want this white woman to breathe her pure spotless soul into these half million Negro maids who hold in their arms

half a million sunny haired Anglo-Saxon children.

Draw near to these girls.

I want their homes in the white woman's home.

I want them by night and by day under her Christian influence, to be lifted as only woman can lift.

Will the white woman in self protection be forced to do this?

Do not delude yourselves by promises of better and more moral servants from any other race.

The Negro is true to his trust.

Has he ever deceived you?

As badly as he wanted freedom, he would to-day be in slavery before he would have betrayed your confidence in those dark days when you could not protect your wives and children.

That Negro character is still here.

Cultivate it.

As we recover from the sudden shock of liberty it will assert itself in us, and if you will draw near to us, the Uncle Jims, and Black Mammies of freedom will be even nearer and dearer to you than those of slavery days."

In his speech in Chattanooga, February 14th, 1901, he said:

"There are two sides to the servant problem.

Let us reason together on it.

I hold that it is our duty to prepare ourselves to do competent, faithful, satisfactory service of every character in the South; to deport ourselves with all becoming dignity, good behavior and respect toward our employers, to go clean and neat, to grow in intelligence and proficiency in the discharge of our duties.

On the other hand, such service demands the kindness and protection of the employers, comfortable quarters for our girls under the protection of their mistress; sufficient pay to encourage the servant and to enable the servant to get out of his rags and patches and present that personal appearance so necessary to the dignity and make up of the servant class of the South.

When the rights and duties of both classes are properly considered in the light of justice and fairness, and each class resolves to do its duty, complaint will vanish and confidence between master and servant will be established, honesty will be cultivated, roguery will disappear, and the peace and tranquility of Southern homes will be as "the dew of Hermon."

In his speech at Roger Williams University, May 15, 1901, and at Philadelphia June 13, 1901, he said:

"Every Negro boy and girl should be taught to work and to work hard all the time.

Whip idlers from among us as the bee stings out the drone.

Idlers produce crime and criminals.

We must ask nothing, but a chance to work and to be paid for our work.

Envy no man.

Take nothing from any man.

Every honest Negro drayman, servant-girl, wash-woman, mechanic, hotel boy, barber who does his duty in an intelligent, competent, trustworthy manner is a queen or prince among men.

No honest labor is dishonorable.

It is more blessed to serve than to be served in any walk of life.

The servant girl's hood and apron above an honest heart and educated brain are as honorable as the college cap and gown.

Let the Negro race carry the pick in one hand and the olive branch of peace in the other."

## MISS SENSENEY KEEPS COOL.

DEAR M. O. T. B. S.

Since I wrote you last I have seen much of this beautiful northern country.

If you have never been here you can scarcely realize the difference in climate, between Illinois and Michigan

While it has been so warm in Chicago that even the thermometer perspired, here it is cold enough for winter flannels and heavy golf capes; while at night we can see the northern lights and the stars look so white and cold.

Everything in this part of the country is associated with the Indians.

In coming here from Chicago, you travel almost the entire length of Lake Michigan to Traverse Bay, and then through Little Traverse Bay, to "Wequetonsing," which means a "Bay within a bay."

Across the bays lies the little town of Petoskey, named after old Chief Petoskey, and all the places of interest are named after the Indians who once owned the land.

All the stores are filled with bead-work and sweet grass Indian baskets, birch bark canoes, and various other souvenirs.

The Indians you meet on the streets do not look like our own fine-looking, healthy Carlisle students, and scarcely one whom I have questioned, can answer me in English.

We had a fine trip the other day across the bay to Petoskey, then by train to Walloon, and then up Bear Lake in a small steamer to the home of a friend, who has a big log cabin, on the edge of the water among the pine trees.

From there our host took us in a steam launch fourteen miles, up to the head of Bear Lake, which was all so wild and picturesque that I wouldn't have been surprised at any moment to have seen deer or bears; in fact I was disappointed that I didn't, as they really are seen quite often.

Coming back we were caught in a squall—were in no danger at all, because a launch is safe—but we did get wet enough to have to sit around the fire and dry off when we reached the cabin.

My cousin's home is called "Lockehaven" and she is the owner of the famous "Lockehaven Kennels."

She has the most beautiful cats I have ever seen, and I often wish our small boys who love their old grey "Patrick," could see the cages of rare and beautiful cats, that are almost like lovely little babies.

There are dozens of snow white Persian Angoras, and lovely blue pussies, and one funny little cat that I had to look at twice before I found it was not a small pug dog.

Its name was "Siam," and it was tan colored, with a black nose and funny little yellow eyes, and the most impudent don't-care look imaginable.

This Madam Puss came from "Siam," but hasn't been homesick a moment since she reached America. In fact she told me she preferred this country, or at least she said something that sounded very much like it.

After having beautiful clear days for my entire visit, I was obliged to leave dear Wequetonsing in a pouring rain, or perhaps the mist was in my own eyes, as I saw the last of the little town.

About an hour ago, the big steamer came up to the little wharf, the passengers went aboard, and then just as the ropes were thrown aboard and the gang plank drawn in, the little bugler, way up on the top deck, blew a farewell, and

just because one passenger was lonely, because she was on a big steamer all by herself, she thought she would send a line to the M. O. T. B. S., and to-night when the little bugler mounts his deck and sounds "Taps," she will close her eyes and send a good night to Carlisle, for after all the best place in the world is the old Cumberland Valley. JEANNE SENSENEY.

August, 1901.

## A NOTABLE WEDDING.

A few weeks since THE REDMAN & HELPER published a notice of the wedding described below, and the following particulars from The Indian's Friend will be of interest to many:

We are indebted to Mrs. N. M. Miller, principal teacher of the Arapaho Boarding School, for the following sketch:

"A memorable event occurred on the evening of June 25th, at Darlington, Okla., when Miss Edna Eaglefeather was married to Mr. Paul Goodbear at the residence of U. S. Indian Agent, Major George W. H. Stouch.

Both of the parties are full blood Indians, the bride an Osage and the groom a Cheyenne.

Both are educated, Miss Eaglefeather being a graduate of the Lincoln Institution and Mr. Goodbear of Carlisle.

Both are employed in the government schools on the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation, the bride as a teacher, and the groom as a farmer, and each has achieved unusual success in work.

On the occasion of the wedding the lovely home of Major and Mrs. Stouch was lavishly decorated, vines wandering everywhere over windows, doors, pictures, and arches.

The dining table was beautifully adorned with flowers and vines, while ribbons passed from the hanging lamp to the corners of the table, and the parlors were banked with flowers.

As the strains of the bridal march from Lohengrin were heard two little girls appeared, strewing their floral treasures before the bridal pair who advanced through the length of the parlors and paused beneath a beautiful marriage bell, before a floral nook in which the officiating clergyman, Rev. I. S. Ross, stood awaiting them. Here they responded to the impressive service which united their destinies.

The bride's dress was of white silk, trimmed with lace, her veil was fastened with white roses, and she carried La France roses.

The refreshments were elegant and the evening sped merrily until the bride and groom departed amid showers of rice and good wishes.

The presents were numerous and beautiful. Five Indian schools were represented by these tokens, and Col. and Mrs. Pratt of Carlisle, Mrs. Cox of Lincoln, and Chaplain Rittner of Philadelphia, were among the donors.

It would no doubt have astonished those who consider the case of the Indians hopeless, if they could have seen the dignified, graceful behavior of these two, whose parents were not educated, but who have themselves adopted civilization and resolved to devote their energies to training the children of their own race in the principles which have done so much for themselves.

All the guests freely said that this was one of the prettiest weddings they had ever seen, and Mr. and Mrs. Goodbear as well as the Indians present, expressed deep gratitude to Major and Mrs. Stouch for their unwearied efforts in their behalf.

**THE RED MAN AND HELPER.**

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**ARE EDUCATED INDIANS ALL LIARS AND THIEVES?**

Prof. Frederick Starr of the department of anthropology at the University of Chicago, who is an authority on the American aborigines, is firmly convinced that the Indians cannot be Christianized. He says: "It is impossible to convert the really good Indian to the white man's religion. He will pay no attention to the missionary, but sticks to his pagan ideas of life and morality. The Indians who have been 'Christianized' are all liars, thieves, and knaves. The really good Christian Indian does not exist. He is an impossibility. People in the East are beginning to realize this now from their experience with Indians who have been converted to Christianity in the Indian Schools. It is best to let the Indians alone, as their moral natures and virtues thrive best under their own pagan beliefs." The Indian can see clearly that the triumph of Christianity means the extermination of his race; he knows what the Christian religion has done for him: he knows that it has brought, not peace, but the sword. Can we wonder at his reluctance to part with his own pagan beliefs?—[Truth Seeker.

Prof. Starr, the alleged author of the foregoing, is, and has been for many years, engaged in unearthing the past of his ideal, the old red man, and every now and then fires a shot at the new red man, who, because not odd nor spectacular is not his ideal.

We read it twice to make sure that one of the items from Truth Seeker's humorous columns had not been misplaced and ticketed with this scientist's name.

We prefer to assume that his "convictions" have at least not been correctly reported, or that some over-ambitious reporter has aspired to afflict the much suffering public with something startling and bizarre.

Suppose, however, it were the "conviction" of the eminent authority to whom it is attributed, what then? It does not follow that his being "convicted," necessarily relegates the many actual Christian men and women belonging to this race to the position of "liars, thieves, knaves and impossible Christians." The facts in the case warrant anything but such a sweeping conclusion.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'Tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been the slave to thousands. But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

We have known intimately many hundreds of these people for years, their daily walk and conversation, their deepest thought and convictions. We have found them noble, God-fearing, true, fully as good Christians, as editors, professors and anthropologists we have met, and we are proud to say we have known some eminent men in these professions. It is unjust to pass unqualified judgment on an entire race, and thus with one brief

sentence prejudice the reading public against them and hold every individual of that race up to ignominy and scorn, as vile and worthless before the world.

These statements are part and parcel of the position so often taken by a certain class of ethnological students, "These barbaric races are so picturesque in their life and customs, that the Government ought to perpetuate them." To our mind the Indian never appeared so gruesomely picturesque as when on the war path, and in the midst of the horrors of a midnight raid. Why not perpetuate these delectable spectacles along with all the diabolism the best forces in the world have gradually eliminated.

There is as good a proportion of truth, honesty and honor in the red race, as there is in the haughty white race, and it is not all pagan either, Prof. Starr to the contrary notwithstanding.

**OUR FRIEND AND NATIVE MISSIONARY.**

From the Northern Light published at Ft. Wrangel, Alaska, we see that Rev. Edward Marsden is still in active missionary work. He says in a letter dated June 7:

We are moving along three lines principally, namely the conversion of the people, the building up of the town of Saxman, and the establishment of industries with which to maintain the existence of this community. By no means do we claim any success in these undertakings.

Our faith, love and energy in the work are unshaken.

Regarding the first, we beg to say that Saxman is a Christian community.

Some of the people here are very sincere in their Christian life.

Others of them are yet easily swayed back and forth.

But they are Christians for the reason that they have discarded many of their old beliefs and customs; they have professed Christianity and try all they can to lead Christian lives, and they come to all our services regularly.

The word of God is faithfully studied here.

We realize the necessity of a good town where the influences are uplifting.

Acting on the realization, we are endeavoring to help these people build up their town.

They have already erected some good and comfortable houses, and have organized the place into a government of its own.

They frequently get together to discuss town affairs.

We try to make this place orderly and enjoyable.

The people recently bought a set of brass band instruments, and their young men are being drilled in their proper use.

Were it not for the demoralizing influences of the many liquor dens of our neighboring town our people would be entirely safe.

We have a large steam saw mill here, and at any hour of the day and night its steam puffs are heard.

It employs some thirty men, and no others but the natives are owners and managers of it.

The mill turns out as good lumber as can be purchased on Puget Sound.

Steamers call here to get manufactured lumber, and its trade is large.

Orders for lumber continually come to the office of the mill, and these orders are always promptly filled.

Is not this something worth noticing?

We think that this is only a beginning. We believe in practical Christianity.

Edward is one of those Christian Indians all of whom (according to the eminent scientist quoted in another column) are liars, thieves and knaves. Too bad, isn't it? What a pity that he went through the Sitka school, and then worked his way through Marietta College, and through the Theological Seminary and Medical College!(?)

**NEWS FROM KODIAK ALASKA.**

**From the Orphanage News Letter.**

The Revenue Cutter "Grant" is making a survey of the waters at the South end of Kodiak Island. This is an important service, as the navigating charts for Alaska are far from reliable.

Mr. C. E. Bunnell is making a flying trip to the East during vacation. He took with him eleven young people to attend the Carlisle Indian School. Kate Shepherd, Anastatia Perrin, John Lolchesnekoff, Theodore Schelikoff, Sashka Alexander, George Calaktinoff, and Michael Chabitnoy went from the Orphanage; Olsena Sperback, Pariscovia Feederoff and Niki-fer Shouchuk, from Wood Island; and Peter Debrowolsky from Kodiak. We will take it as a personal favor if friends in the vicinity of Carlisle will call upon these young people. We shall expect good reports from them. They have our best wishes and prayers.

About sixty five barrels of red salmon is the record our boys have made this summer. The next run of fish now is the humpback salmon for which there is little demand although they are the best fish for table use. The difficulty is they are not so pretty as the reds, being pink instead of bright red. We hope to dry some of these for dog feed to be sent to Nome. The last run is the silver salmon, the largest kind we have here, which come in the late fall.

**Don't Neglect the Home People.**

Some of our students here and in the country are able to and love to write long letters to friends in various parts of the land, but say they can think of nothing to write to the HOME friends.

Some say they do not receive answers to their letters is the reason they don't want to write home.

That is a small excuse when they know that some of the home people cannot read or write, and it is often inconvenient to hunt up an interpreter or a friend to write for them.

And yet the home people are longing to hear from their Carlisle sons and daughters or their nieces and nephews.

It is unkind to say you have nothing to write to those on the reservation, who are cut off from much that you are seeing and enjoying.

Write to them and help them by telling them what you see and hear!

It is easier for them to get some one to read the letters than it is to find some one who will sit down and write for them.

A single page with a very few words on it is too short a letter. Such a letter is not worth the postage it takes to carry it to its destination, and does no one any good after it gets there. Write something that is worth reading—that will INTEREST them.

Our students may write home as often as they wish, and their letters are allowed to go without being inspected, and they may write what they please, but there is one letter in the month that they are REQUIRED to write, and that letter passes through the Superintendent's office.

We have complaints from a country mother, who says she has difficulty in getting a home letter written, when in every other particular the student is satisfactory, and writes long letters to other friends.

It seems strange to the Man-on-the-band-stand that any one should have to be forced to write to the HOME friends. He would think the force-work would be in keeping them from writing too often.

Write! And TELL something!

**Evidently a Good Storehouse.**

The new storehouse, ground for which was broken March 12, is now so near ready for occupancy that supplies as they arrive are being unloaded into it. The structure is well adapted to its intended use, and its floor scales, elevator and other conveniences will greatly facilitate the handling of goods.—[Chilocco Beacon.

**ANNA GOYITNEY EXPRESSES GRATITUDE.**

Anna Goyitney, class 1901, has been in attendance upon the Bloomsburg Normal for a few months, and this summer is living in a country home at Bloomsburg to earn the means to bear her expenses for the coming school term.

She says by letter:

"I have not forgotten my Carlisle friends, as my heart goes out to dear Carlisle, for it has been my cradle for a long time.

I thank Carlisle for what it has done for me. We students who have left the school and who have been benefited by having been there, can well join in a strong chorus and shout:

"Long live dear old Carlisle and all its workers."

Carlisle is a Godsend to the Indian race. It is beyond me to express my gratitude for what you people have done for me.

I am also thankful that I am at the Bloomsburg Normal. We have a fine chance to improve ourselves in every way. We find our school-life very pleasant and also our vacation life. We have not had time to be lazy, so far, and hope we will always find work for our hands to do.

During school term I made many friends among the students. They were all very nice students.

I am living in a fine family, and am treated as one of the family, and I am glad I came to this place."

**NELLIE LILLARD TAKES A SENSIBLE VIEW.**

Nellie, who worked in the printing office, writes that she has a pleasant country home, and is getting out of the experience, all that she can.

"The family," she says, "without any exceptions are very good to me, although I have worked harder this summer than I have ever before, yet everything has been pleasant. I can work and rejoice in my work when people are kind to me, although I might do as well and perhaps better were they mean to me. The talks given before the student body about the failure of some of the students in country homes made me wish to do my work to the best of my ability.

The little leaflet about doing our work the best we know how despite small salaries, was received, and I shall be guided by it as much as possible.

I have seen and learned a good deal since coming east, but the grandest sight of all was the ocean.

I am glad I came to the country, I have learned so much."

**CLAIMANTS SUING FOR LAND.**

John L. Webster who has been appointed special counsel for the United States on behalf of the Omaha tribe of Indians is in town looking up evidence in the cases of half-breed claimants who are suing for land near Pender.

There are about 24 cases which involve about 2500 acres of land on the Omaha reservation.

Most of the claimants are in possession being protected by injunction from interference by the Indian agent or other government officers.

The injunction orders were granted by Hon. O. P. Shires, United States District Judge for the Northern district of Iowa who has heard all the legal questions that have been raised at different hearings in the last four years.

The first case was filed in Jan. 1891 since which time there have been many law arguments.

It is only now that the cases have reached an issue of fact.

Thos. L. Sloan of Pender has charge of the cases on behalf of the claimants.

—[Pender Times, Nebr.

Thos. Sloan is a Hampton graduate.

Conductor Ettinger writes of the Band at Buffalo, that "everything is going smoothly and the boys are behaving well. While there are good Bands here our boys are the most talked of, and I am plied with questions of all sorts and from all kinds of people."

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

No egotist ever has weak I's  
The store-room annex is half up.  
On Monday evening Susie Fisher left for her home.

Rev. Kingsbury preached a good sermon to us on Sunday.

A wagon-load of ice was dumped into the girls' quarters cistern last week.

Miss Richenda Pratt, sang acceptably at the last Sunday afternoon service.

Mrs. Rumsport, cook at the teachers' club, has returned from her vacation.

Perfectly dreadful isn't it that we simply HAVE to save some of our money?

On Saturday last, forty-two boxes of tin-ware for various agencies were shipped.

The talks of Professor Council, first page, are full of eloquence and heart-stirring sentiments.

Directness, earnestness and ambition to some degree are qualities most people need to cultivate.

At the Sunday evening service Mr. Miro spoke to the Porto Rican students in their own language.

Miss Carter is among the first vacationers to return, she having arrived Tuesday evening, looking well and rested.

G. H. Webber, of the State Normal School, at Bloomsburg, Pa., is spending part of his vacation with Prof. Bakeless.

In days like these 'tis well to think when every one perspires, how soon we will be called upon to make the furnace fires.

Rev. Kingsbury and Mr. Terrance spent Monday at Gettysburg, and left for their homes in Northern New York in the evening.

The teachers' dining hall is receiving a going over, the vestibule partition having been removed and new linoleum laid upon the floor.

The St. James Lutheran Sunday School, at Gettysburg, picnicked at Mt. Holly, Wednesday, stopping off at the school to see the Indians.

When we ask for something and it is not allowed, inquire honestly WITHIN, and we generally will be able to find the cause in ourselves.

Miss Barr was the recipient of a beautiful silver chafing-dish this week from Mrs. Mabel Pratt, of Steelton, for courtesies extended in sickness.

Pearl Hartley presides at the piano with grace and skill, these vacation days, and when she gets behind a broom in the office building she makes music there that tells as much.

Mr. Thomas W. Potter, Superintendent of the Chemawa Indian School, Oregon, who has been visiting his old home and friends in Hamilton, Canada, writes that he was to start west yesterday.

One of our boys who has attended other Indian schools made the remark the other day that in no other that he knew anything about had he ever seen the TRIBE so completely lost as at Carlisle.

Miss Rebecca Henderson, across the way, with Miss Helen W. Parker and Mrs. Lerner, of Washington, D. C., were callers on Friday. Miss Henderson always brings interested people and always sees that they subscribe.

Lawrence Mitchell, whom Miss Barr brought from Buffalo, ill, last week has returned to the Rainbow City to take his place in the Band. Benjamin Walker, who came at the sametime is to go to his home in the West.

Murrell Carson has come in from her country home happy at what the summer has done for her, and wants to go back to another place, the family with whom she lived having moved to the city. She is loud in her praises of country life.

Prof. Bakeless has just returned from New York City where he has been visiting the American Museum of Natural History, making a study of Professor Bickmore's stereopticon slides, with the view of procuring a collection for the school.

Catherine Bakeless was two years old on Sunday, and asked to have her hair combed curly to celebrate the event.

Miss Noble, matron of the teachers' club, left Wednesday night for Buffalo, to see the Pan-American. She took with her Sophia Americanhorse, who will spend a few days there and return.

Men and boys are at work upon the addition to the dining-hall. Joists for the floor are going down at this writing. The building will be an immense affair when completed, and the hall will seat our full number comfortably.

A few copies of "Stiya" were sold this week. This is a thrilling story of an Indian girl who returned to her people after she had received an education, and the trials she passed through in her attempt to live up to what she had learned was right. It is a hard fight at best. Stiya's pluck is worthy of emulation. Price, post paid, fifty cents.

Abram Hill, with his left hand on which he can use only two fingers, beats his opponents at croquet when they play left handed. The first thing we know he will be doing more with that one arm and hand than many of us do with two hands. One arm with lots of pluck and ambition behind it will do more than two arms on a lazy, listless person. It is all in the WILL.

Miss Alice Fletcher's Indian Story and Song from North America, containing notes and descriptions of the native songs of the Indians, we have on sale. The music played on the piano is weird, but it is a true representation. The book will make a good Christmas present. Publisher's price \$1.25 cents. We sell it for \$1.00; by mail, \$1.08. The book is also on sale at Piper's on High street. Call and see it!

A native subscriber in Saxman, Alaska, says: "I would heartily commend your paper to any class of people, both young and old, who like myself are fond of reading. The paper not only gives information but also tells how to be successful in this life. I sometimes hand your papers to my neighbors whom I think appreciate and will subscribe. It is full of many useful articles which the people ought to read in this generation. May God grant you abundant success in your good work."

Joseph Saunooke, a former student at Carlisle, is farmer at the Ponca School, Oklahoma. Since he left Carlisle he has been Assistant Industrial teacher at Haskell, and was transferred and promoted to his present position. Joseph at the close of his letter asking for the REDMAN AND HELPER says: "I am proud of what the Outing System at Carlisle did for me. It is of great advantage to a young man who intends to gain his own living and not depend on the Government for support."

Twenty-nine St. Regis, New York, boys and girls escorted by Rev. W. C. Kingsbury, Methodist Missionary at Hogsburg, New York, and Mr. Terrance, a St. Regis Indian, arrived last Friday. Some of them although surrounded by civilization cannot speak a word of English. Mr. Kingsbury says the St. Regis Indians are great basket makers. It is estimated that they manufactured \$100,000 worth this last season. The tribe that these people represent is in the extreme northeastern corner of New York State on the St. Lawrence River. Mr. Terrance has three children here.

"Doing much with bits and scraps," as per short story printed outside has the right ring, but even in that matter we must use judgment. If it takes two minutes of time worth ten cents a minute to save a bit of paper or string not worth a hundredth part of a cent, it does not take long to decide that it would be better not to try to save the paper or string, but to attend to business. It happens however, that the time of school boys and girls is hardly worth ten cents a minute, hence it would be wise and it would show an economical spirit to be commended, if they would save the odds and ends of writing paper, and everything worth saving. We are too wasteful.

**Certain Numbers of the Red Man Wanted.**

The Library of Congress has requested the complete files of the RED MAN. We can furnish only an incomplete file. Should any of our readers have the following numbers kindly forward them to us if you can spare them:

- The numbers needed are—  
Vol. 1, No. 1, 2, 7, 8, 9 11.  
" 2, " 7, 9, 10, 11, 12.  
" 3, " 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11.  
" 4, " 4, 6.  
" 5, " 2, 3, 7, 11.  
" 6, " 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11.  
" 7, " 1, 2, 4, 5, 11.  
" 8, " 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11.  
" 9, " 2, 8, 9, 12.  
" 11, " 5.  
" 12, " 10.  
" 14, " 2, 12,  
Volume 1-8 styled "The Morning Star."  
We will give a year's subscription, for any five numbers in the above list.

**Carlisle Students Commended.**

A prominent field-worker who has been in the Indian service as missionary and Government employee for many years says this week by private letter:

"I find the returned students from Carlisle usually the most practical all-round workers of any who return to their homes. Some of them, girls especially, are exhibiting a patience and fortitude under conditions which are a severe test of character, and if they were white women they would be called heroines. The people who are the most progressive and cleanly are those who have had the greatest number of children educated at Carlisle."

**Need not be Out of Employment.**

"Boys with will, determination and dispatch and an earnest desire to succeed are rarer to-day than ever before. No boy possessing these qualities need be out of employment to-day," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The trouble is, many a one thinks he has ALL of these qualities when he HASN'T, so he blindly wonders WHY he can't get a position when others "no better fitted than I" find places. Inquire within, friend! Inquire within.

**Keep up the Screens.**

A subscriber who read the item last week about the bug (not the kissing bug) which multiplies so rapidly, began to figure on flies—that other pest-breeding nuisance. He has it down to these figures, information being obtained from scientific sources, and says: One fly will produce 120 eggs, consequently the sixth generation of flies will number 5,474,304,000,000. There are 12 generations in one season.

**Another Institute.**

The Pacific Coast Indian Institute, to be held at Tacoma August 20-24, under the supervision of National Superintendent of Indian Schools, Miss Estelle Reel has arranged quite an elaborate program, and a good time is expected.

We are requested to announce in connection with this, that the Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Great Northern will give a reduced rate of one and two-thirds fare for round trip from Chicago.

Nancy Wheelock, now of the Worcester City, Massachusetts, Hospital, arrived on Thursday for a two weeks' vacation. She has since gone to visit friends in Maryland. When a chosen profession, with a strong purpose to succeed, makes such a change for improvement as the busy life of a nurse has made in Nancy, it speaks well for said calling. There is not only money in the nursing profession, but dignity, thoughtful bearing, earnestness, kindly sympathy, gentleness and all that go to make a strong, womanly character. We have others who are looking forward to the same calling, and there are a number of our girls in various sections of the country practicing this honorable and responsible profession, in the most successful manner.

**THE STEVICK FAMILY HAVE RETURNED TO DENVER.**

On Wednesday evening, our western visitors, who have given so much pleasure to those at the school this summer, departed for their home in Denver, Colorado.

Great will be the vacuum felt in the immediate family circle at Carlisle, but none will miss the prattle of the jolly little folks more than the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Minnie Reid goes with the family to take care of Gerald, the smallest. She has worked herself into an excellent position by her faithfulness and thoughtful care. She intends to make it the means for a higher course of study.

Patient and ever-willing Jeanette will miss her Dorothy and Theron, and we believe the little ones will miss their faithful and loving Indian nurse.

Laura, so thoughtful, Mary, full of questions, LeRoy, so much like grandpa, and Nana with energy running over, all have made many friends in the East, who will give them a warm welcome should they come soon on another visit. Mr. and Mrs. Stevick are ever welcome guests among their many friends in the Cumberland Valley.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, and their five children came over from Steelton and were photographed by Mr. Choate with Colonel Pratt's and Mr. Stevick's family, making a striking family group, representing three generations.

**The Band at Buffalo.**

Last Sunday afternoon and evening, our Band played in the Temple of Music, at the Pan-American, and those in attendance said they scored a grand triumph.

Every number was roundly applauded and an encore was demanded to every number they played.

Mrs. Ettinger was on both programs, and was also splendidly received, responding with encores to all her numbers.

Robert Bruce was the instrumental soloist and the idol of the crowd.

The enthusiasm of the people seemed to show that the Band was making a great hit.

The following clipping from the Buffalo Express tells the rest:

Only a musician can fully appreciate what a vast amount of labor and patience must have been expended in the training of entirely crude material to such a degree of perfection as that attained by the Carlisle Indian School Band.

The members are all Indians, students or employees of the school, and absolutely without any heritage of musical culture, therefore, with cruder ears and taste than the average musical student.

Col. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle School, has unlimited faith in the possibilities of the Indian, and it certainly seems justified in view of the rapid advancement along musical lines.

Lieut. Joel Bernice Ettinger, the present conductor of the Band, has had them in charge only since last January.

They have an excellent repertoire from standard composers.

They have given here works from Weber, Wagner, Gounod, Suppe, Bizet, Flotow, Verdi and other masters. They like to play music of this class better than popular selections, Wagner being an especial favorite with them.

They also play some characteristic Indian melodies.

They are loyal and devoted to Lieut. Ettinger, who is very patient with them.

Their playing is marked by a dash and spirit that is very stirring.

**Shipped to Agencies.**

A spring-wagon was shipped to Fort Apache, Arizona, last week. We have manufactured and shipped since January 1st, 1900:

- 13 buggies,
- 16 spring wagons,
- 5 surreys,
- 5 buckboards.

This work is done under the direction of Mr. Harris, blacksmith, Mr. Lau, carriage builder, and Mr. Norman, painter.

