

The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper Vol. II, Number four

WHERE IS GOD?

GH. WHERE is the sea? the fishes cried
As they swam the crystal clearness,
through;
We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of an infinite sea.
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sang and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light.
I look on a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."
SAVAGE.

FROM ONE OF OUR NUMBER AT THE PAN-AMERICAN, IN CHARGE OF THE INDIAN EXHIBIT.

Some Amusing Incidents.

Like St. John on the Me: "Of Patmos, I hear a voice saying to me: 'Write!'"
I listen and hear it again: "Write."
'Tis the old familiar voice of the Man-on-the-band-stand, and he is now after me for some of my Pan-American experiences.

I shall obey the high behest, but with fear and trembling, lest I should not suit his majesty's critical editorial staff.
An account of my experiences here, eh? Quite a task!

My position here makes me sort of a target at which to fire questions of all sorts, and a good many times they are very personal in their nature—my tribe, my age, where I got my education—these are things I am asked every day.

The other day I thought I'd try to get out of answering these personal questions but didn't succeed as you shall see.

A lady came up to me and asked: "Are you a Hawaiian?"

I answered in the negative.
She stood looking at me and then tried a second time:

"Are you a Mexican, then?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then you're a Jap."

"No, ma'am. I am an Indian," I replied, seeing that she was bound to find out.

She smiled, thanked me and walked away. Her persistence had rewarded her, but she did not embarrass me quite as much as a gentleman did who called that same afternoon.

"Be you an Indian?" he asked.

"Yes?"

"We thought you was; me and my wife, we was just a wonderin' if you was an Indian. And be you civilized?"

The question itself wasn't so embarrassing, but it was the fact that a friend of mine was standing near by, amused at the situation; and when we caught each other's eye (my friend and I) the suppressed laughter of my friend had to burst out in full force, and I had to follow.

We begged the gentleman's pardon, but I'm afraid he went away thinking that we were making fun of his ignorance.

Not all people, however, are surprised at what the Indians are doing in school.

One gentleman told me it was not a question of the Indian's ability.

"He can learn all right," he said, "and he is a fine worker, too—no question about that; but he needs more pride and dignity about himself.

His education is of no use to him, if there isn't enough dignity in him to make him too proud to rely on the Government for food and clothing, to spend his days in the camps lying around in filth."

There's where the rub comes in!

A good many people believe that the

Indian is as capable as the white man provided he has the same opportunity as the latter, but they DON'T BELIEVE that the Indian cares enough for himself to take to himself the full benefits of civilization.

He would rather go back to his old ways, they think.

Are the Indians contented under civilization?

Do they enjoy their shop work?

Do they like to study?

These are the questions that are asked frequently, and they betray what some people think of Indians.

These people seem to forget that the old conditions which were so favorable to wild life—large tracts of uninhabited land and an abundance of wild fruit and game—no longer exist, and that the things that are to fascinate the Indian more are to be found in civilized life.

Why should they then be discontented in civilized surroundings?

But I mustn't say too much. In fact I can't say any more for I must mail this in five minutes.

I can think of no more appropriate closing than the words of a Massachusetts gentleman who saw the Indian exhibit.

After examining everything he said:

"Well, we are gradually beginning to know and understand each other, aren't we?"

He spoke of the white man and the red man.

THE MAYOR OF CLEVELAND OBEYED AND HE WON SUCCESS.

Do we ever get tired of reading of how eminent men rose to success?

No!

Young people who are anxious to get up in the world as the Indians are, always wish to read of such things, and now since we heard the forceful address given by Colonel Pratt before the student body the other evening on Obedience Winning Success, the following clipping from the New York Sun regarding a great man's career is strikingly apropos.

They tell stories in Louisville about the start which Tom Johnson, recently elected mayor of Cleveland, made there on his road to fortune.

He went there at the age of fourteen, and secured employment as office boy at \$2 a week.

His duties consisted of keeping the office clean, running errands, and picking up odd scraps that got into other people's way.

Mr. du Pont, who was part owner of the foundry, saw the industrious office boy rush one day into the street, pick up a bit of iron, and, returning, throw it on the scrap heap inside.

When the boy re-entered the office, Mr. du Pont said to him.

"Why did you do that my son?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, a bit embarrassed, "there was no use wasting it. They can put it in the furnace and use it over again."

"Well I just think I can use you, young man, in the street car business. How would you like to come at \$7 a week?"

Young Johnson accepted the \$5 raise with alacrity.

All the cars of the system had to pass the drawing station, and it was there that the money was drawn from the big clumsy boxes into which the fares were dropped.

One of the rules of the company was

that, as each bag of money was drawn, the drawer must carry it into the office, put it into the safe, and close the door.

To this rule Johnson owed his promotion from office boy.

Mr. du Pont was seldom at the drawing station during the day, and in time the drawers grew careless.

No one had access to the room but the drawers; and, knowing one another to be honest, they formed the habit of carelessly throwing the bags of money on the floor and piling them all into the safe in a heap at the end of the day or when they thought Mr. du Pont might be around.

One day the chief drawer was ill; and young Johnson, the office boy, was sent by Mr. du Pont to help out.

Johnson read the rules; and, in drawing the bag of money from the first car, he bounded up the steps to the room, opened the safe, threw in the money, and slammed the door.

"What did you do that for?" demanded the book-keeper.

"The rules say so," answered the sub-drawer over his shoulder, as he ran down the steps to meet another car.

The same thing was repeated a dozen times.

Then the book-keeper wheeled around, and demanded:

"Don't you think I'm honest? Do you think I want to steal any of that money?"

"Dunno," answered Johnson, "but the rule says, 'Put the bag in the safe and shut the door'; and that's what I'm going to do, whether you like it or not."

The book-keeper jumped off his stool just as Mr. du Pont stepped in.

"What's all this row about?" he asked. "This young fool is acting as if he thought I was trying to steal your money," the book-keeper replied.

"I was just obeying the rule, Mr. du Pont," spoke up young Johnson. "Here it is," and he showed the president of the company the rule.

"All right, my boy," said Mr. du Pont, "since you obey the rule so well, I'll make you chief drawer right now."

Two years later, when he was seventeen, Johnson was superintendent of the road.

MABLE NAVADOKIEH FORGOT SHE WAS INDIAN.

It was Mable, who, when the school went to the World's Fair in Chicago in '93, fell into the lagoon. Mable is an Apache girl, and since then has improved in her English, and is enjoying her outing experience, taking care of herself in a good family, at West Chester.

"It was indeed very kind of Mrs. Cope to take me to Cape May," she says by letter.

"We left home at quarter after six to meet the half past six trolley in the morning, leaving the boys home to do the house work.

We went to Lenape, by trolley. There we took the seven o'clock train on the Wilmington and northern railroad, which took us to Wilmington.

We waited there about an hour, then left for the pier.

There we got on the steamer Republic. It is you know, the largest steamer on the Delaware River.

It had eight flags on. Delaware Bay is so wide we could not see land for some time.

There were several flat boats at the pier with railroads on them and several different steamers in the river that day.

I went through the steamer from the top to the bottom, but I did not take a free bath this time. (This refers to her falling into the lagoon.)

Going down the river I saw Fort Mott and Fort Delaware.

Fort Delaware is a beautiful little island situated in the river.

One large cannon is on the top of the soldiers' building, also a few large trees.

From the boat the island looked so green and pretty.

I saw four light houses in the river and one at Cape May, all of which have different lights.

I was so disappointed that time because there was not one Indian girl beside me, but I soon forgot I was Indian.

I was nearly all over the steamer. Everybody looked so kind and pleasant that I forgot myself.

There were 250 people on the boat that day, and the breeze was just delightful on the deck.

There was a kind of concert on the boat nearly all the time.

Some of the people danced as the orchestra played.

There were things to sell.

I was in the dining room which is under the water and very warm there because the kitchen is open to it, but they have an electric fan there which makes it very pleasant.

I was in the kitchen; it was so hot there, for the stoves were red hot but everything looked good that they were cooking.

They have a room to wash dishes in.

We got to Cape May landing at 1:15 o'clock and took the trolley which runs right along the beautiful sandy beach.

The tide was quite high and the water came in under the track in some places.

The sea air was just delightful.

We did not have time enough to go bathing for we left at 3:15 o'clock.

I saw such pretty little groves along the lovely white beach where Methodist people hold their camp meetings in summer.

Oh, you ought to have seen Mrs. C—, she was just sun burned red. I brought a handkerchief full of shells, and a few lovely white stones back with me from the shore.

I enjoyed my trip most heartily indeed."

SHOULD THE RACES INTERMARRY?

No two races ever lived in the same country on terms of equality and mutual respect unless they were capable of intermarriage—says The Christian Register, editorially.

Without free and frequent marriages to bring in the ameliorating influences of kinship, one race will rule and the other serve, or else one will occupy the land and destroy and expel the other.

The nations that are able to forget the color line and racial prejudice in their marriages up to the present time have been the only races that have been able to take possession of a country without continual strife with original inhabitants.

What is the new law which is to solve our racial problem in the South and in our colonial extensions?

How shall races that will not intermarry learn to live happily together without the forcible subjection of the weaker race?

"An abstract noun," explained the teacher, "is the name of something that you can think of, but not touch. Now give me an example."

"A red-hot poker," remarked Freddy.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN

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Done by Indian Apprentices.

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THE PURPOSE.

It is the purpose of the Industrial school to instruct the Indian youth in the arts and learning of the white man; to give him the manners and customs of refined and cultivated people; to make him a citizen of the body politic, with all its rights and privileges.

This is what the Government means by civilizing the Red Man.

In his assimilative processes he will merely begin with what he has already that is good in his training as an Indian. For those who know them best find that there is much in the Indian's code of morals and manners, their social and industrial life of the old type that is good, crude and undeveloped, though we may often find them as a people.

In the strictly scientific sense in which the terms savage and savagery is used, these words scarcely apply to a single Indian tribe in America to-day.

In ethnic development these people are several stages behind the white man.

But by the ignorance, superstition, lack of thrift, and of everything that makes for progress among our lowest white types in Europe and America to-day, we are admonished that the best development of the Indian already reaches beyond the lowest stages of the white man's development.

This fact encourages us to believe that to bring the Red Man into line with the enlightened and into citizenship, is not the hopeless task many theorizers would lead us to believe, if the matter is made an individual one.

It is true that the Indian in his past development from the lowest stage of savagery, climbing upward towards his estate of manhood has had different conditions and environment to meet in America over those met by the European, in his long struggle upward, hence his standards and ideals are somewhat different.

His social systems and moral codes at their best, as we have said, had much that was good.

His worst customs were as deplorable as the worst of the white man must fight in every community in which he lives. That the Indian first meets and most intimately knows the white man usually at his worst in the adventurer, the criminal, the ignorant and the selfish, has not helped him.

When he showed a desire to change or modify his ideals and standards in accordance with those of the white man, he has too frequently adopted the worst, discarding the best of his own.

The conditions of the old life have changed. The new life is one in the main to him of hopeless dependence.

His old means of livelihood are gone; the natural resources at hand which the white man can readily utilize, the Indian either cannot, or will not use.

A generation of Indian youth, growing up during this period of transition, in idleness and dependence, with discouragement of the old ideals, and contempt for the new, ever present in his stoical elders, misunderstands conditions that are slowly forming around these people.

The Indian communities on the reservation, with wants supplied and necessity for effort removed have become

masses of helpless, dependent paupers, content to be so—a festering sore upon the body politic.

They have let go of the best of the old, and taken on only the worst of the new, those things that weaken, enervate and destroy mind, body and soul.

It is not the Indian as he was that we have to deal with.

It is the Indian as we have made him, enervated, helpless, that we must work upon.

And even here when we work through the crust of animalism with which gross living always envelops man, we find possibilities for development of character, intellect and industry that is encouraging, even inspiring.

There is a lack of thrift, of constancy; much childish living for the moment, and the pleasure of the occasion, without regard for the future, at times, that goes with undeveloped people everywhere.

But experience, pinching want, a pressing necessity for each one to do for himself, will in time mend all this, and out of this schooling will evolve men and women worthy to be American citizens.

We have abounding hopefulness for the future Indian.

Did we not see the degenerates of the Caucasian race sink so low, we would probably not have such faith in the possibility of the Red Man to come up higher, and without the gradual evolutionary process so often and so wisely discussed in some educational meetings.

We must have a radical change of system at once. No more herding of human cattle; no more feeding from a common crib. Less selfishness and greed of gain and more humanity "For are we not brothers; has not God made of one flesh and blood all the people of the earth?"

INDIANS CAN BUY LIQUOR.

According to the recent decision of Judge Hanford of the federal court, Indians to whom land has been allotted are free to purchase liquor on the same terms as any other citizen of the country.

The probabilities are that little more liquor will be drunk by the Indians than before, as they were always able to obtain any amount they could pay for, but it is another step in the direction of removing the governmental safe-guards that have in the past protected the Indian from the danger of his own ignorance.

He is being more and more thrown on his own resources and left to the free operation of the law of "the survival of the fittest" to work out his destiny.

It stands the rising generation in hand to improve the opportunity of government assistance in the way of education while there is yet time, for the struggle will be a hard one and the fittest that will survive will be few.—[Puget Sound Indian Guide.]

THE FLORIDA SEMINOLES.

Through a letter to Colonel Pratt from his old and esteemed friend Capt. George W. Hendry, Fort Meade, Florida, we learn that—

The Seminoles of Florida are, without much effort, unconsciously drifting into a better civilization. The young ones desire education while the old ones strenuously oppose it all the time.

There has been considerable money and constant effort spent in improving the mental and moral status of the Indians here, which will tell in the course of time.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has a missionary now stationed with them in the Big Cypress and Everglades, who seems to be doing a good work.

I have always felt a great interest in all that pertains to the Indian race, and succeeded in procuring a copy of census of 1890 as reported, which is voluminous and instructive. I must have a copy of the census of 1900 as soon as completed."

Nothing so kills the MANHOOD of a student as the spirit that prompts him to be CONTINUALLY seeking a person who will loan him a little money for this or for that.

EMMA SKY VISITS RAILROAD SHOPS.

She says:

"Not long ago Sarah Jacquez and I Davidson went the kindness of Miss Anna through the kindness of Miss Anna Davidson the railroad shops near Camden.

Mr. Davidson, the foreman, in whose family Susie Raya lives took us around. They the men were very kind to us, they showed us how different things were made.

There is one room called the laundry, where a large can is filled with concentrated lye.

This is where different parts of the machine are put in so that the lye can eat the grease off. The upholstery department is where they make cushions and curtains.

I saw three women employed there. They were sewing with machines which were run by electricity. Such things are wonderful to me as I do not see them at home.

Mr. Hill, the manager, gave Sarah and me souvenirs, each a cake of Sapolio, and in the upholstery department we were given ribbons, and Mr. Davidson gave us a cake of soap with P. R. R. stamped on it.

All the girls in Moorestown are well.

The New Jersey mosquitoes do not bother us much."

COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE.

Miss Estelle Reel, national superintendent of Indian schools, has completed a uniform course of study for the Indian school service.

The course treats of 31 subjects, designed to train the Indian to become self-supporting. Aside from the literary branches it embraces a course in agriculture, baking, basketry, blacksmithing, carpentry, cooking, dairying, engineering, gardening, harness-making, housekeeping, laundering, printing, painting, sewing, shoemaking, tailoring and upholstery.

This course has been in preparation for the past three years and embodies Miss Reel's ideas of the needs of the Indian and of the Indian school service gleaned from personal observation in the field, together with the views of the superintendents and Indian workers of the United States.—[Pittsburg Observer.]

INDIAN SKELETONS FOUND.

Harrisburg, Aug. 17.—Workmen engaged in blasting for additional tracks for the Northern Central Railway at Bridgeport, Cumberland County, opposite this city, found the bones of three Indians, evidently of the Susquehanna tribe, whose village was near where the graves were discovered.

One of the skeletons was in a sitting position. Indian arrow heads and pottery were also found.—[Phila. Press.]

The Redman Appreciated.

Among numerous encouraging words received this week from those who have kindly renewed their subscriptions, the following is from Miss Ronaldson, New York City, who says in part:

"I am most happy to renew my subscription to the RED MAN AND HELPER. I love the little paper and am not willing to miss a single issue, and I hope its editor will continue to contradict the "sensational stuff" of the yellow journals, and tell the truth about the thousands of young Indians who are today leading such quiet, industrious, respectable lives that we never hear of their doings. My best wishes for another prosperous year."

Spendthrifts will not believe that dollars grow. Plant a few and see! You will be surprised how they will bear fruit in the way of interest. There are places where if 20 cents a day are planted, in 96 months the loan association promises to return one thousand dollars. The trouble is, some of said associations are delusions and snares, but there ARE good ones and like good soil for the seed if the pennies are planted there they will grow and return a rich crop. Save the pennies!

ONE OF OUR OLD TEACHERS.

Miss Ella Patterson, Superintendent of Ft. Apache Indian School, Arizona, visited Carlisle yesterday, on her way West from Washburn, D. C., where she has been spending her vacation with relatives and friends.

Miss Patterson was one of us from 1880 to 1889, first as teacher, then as matron in charge of the small boys.

From Carlisle she was promoted to Mesalero, New Mexico as Superintendent, where she remained three years, and then went to Sisseton, South Dakota as Principal Teacher for a time. Being offered the Superintendency of the Otoe school, Oklahoma, she accepted and remained there two years, then went to Ft. Defiance, Arizona. After that she entered the service at Grand Junction, Colorado, and from there she was promoted to the Superintendency of Ft. Apache, where she has been for three years, and likes the situation.

Her school numbers a few less than a hundred, and she experiences the same drawbacks that most of the agency schools have to contend with, being next to impossible to make substantial progress in speaking English; and the students being forced into school, run-aways are more frequent than from schools remote from the homes of the Indians where the children enter voluntarily.

She thinks the climate of Ft. Apache is something to brag on, and there are pleasures and pastimes peculiar to the place and surroundings that are enjoyable.

Miss Patterson is looking well, and her Carlisle friends gave her a warm welcome, only wishing that her duties did not call her so far from us.

Her much travel and changes of position have given her large experience, which was her object in moving about, and which gives her a wide field to draw upon for interesting conversation.

A JUDGMENT TO BE PAID BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The Senecas, Onondagas on Senecas' Reservation and at Onondaga, Cayugas, Tuscaroras, Oneidas at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and in New York, St. Regis in New York, Stockbridges, Munsees and Brothertowns are the tribes that have interest in the payment of a judgment of the Court of Claims, allowed last winter by act of Congress in favor of the New York Indians, for lands in Kansas, set apart for their use under the provisions of the treaty of Buffalo Creek, January 15, 1838; but which lands were not occupied by said Indians as a nation and which were subsequently sold by the United States.

Notice has been given to the members of the above named tribes or bands to make application to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, D. C. for the distributive shares for the aforesaid fund.

Students at Carlisle who are members of the tribes named are signing the required blanks and forwarding the same to Washington.

Mr. John J. N. Symes, of the Department of Public Instruction, of the State of New York, and inspector of Compulsory Education, was one of the interested visitors Wednesday. Superintendent Symes was a visitor in these parts under very different circumstances during the War of the Rebellion. He belonged to the New York Regiment which entered these barracks while the buildings were burning, they having driven out General Fitz Hugh Lee. General Lee, it will be remembered, was a Commencement guest with us some few years since, and referred facetiously to the same time, in his address before the Commencement audience. The New York regiment helped to throw up the earth works so conspicuous on the hill just before we cross the Susquehanna going into Harrisburg. Have any of our travellers failed to notice that line of breast-works? If so, be on the look-out the next time you go that way!

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

It was a wet rain.
Mr. Beitzel has returned.
School opens a week from Monday.
Miss Ferree has returned from Chautauqua.
The dining-room seats were re-arranged, this week.
Bonafide trouble is brewing in every brewery in the land.
Some people are so cheap they actually give themselves away.
Tennis is getting to be an interesting past time at the school.
The corn on the cob these days makes us smile from ear to ear.
A new desk telephone has been placed in Colonel Pratt's office.
The Juniors and Seniors will come in next week and begin school work.
The new moon for August got into its first quarter before its face was seen.
Vacationers are arriving daily, Miss Wood being the last, up to this writing.
The rain this week made a marked improvement in the appearance of our campus.
Mrs. Canfield is back. She went from Buffalo to Oklahoma to finish her vacation.
The boiler house is receiving a fresh coat of calomine and the boilers a dress of paint.
Miss Hursh, of Newville, assisted temporarily in Colonel Pratt's office, for a few days.
If half the trouble in the world is caused by women the other half must be by the men, sure.
The laundry is the busiest place on the grounds these days, but wait until the students come back.
Miss Jane E. Hill, of Montreal, was a guest of her niece, our Miss Hill, on Saturday and Sunday.
Susie Henni, class '98, and Alice Leeds, ex-student, are efficient employees at the Ft. Apache school, Arizona.
Some of the almost worn-out tennis balls are beginning to complain that "they can't stand the racquet."
Miss Richenda Pratt has gone to Lock Haven and other points to visit friends, and will be absent several weeks.
Miss Jackson has returned from her long trip among the girls in country homes. Her reports are interesting.
Mr. Wright and wife, Lydia Hunt Wright, formerly with us, have moved from Texas to their new home in Hobart, Oklahoma.
When Miss Patterson was taken to the train yesterday, the hind wheel ran off the Herdic. Miss Ely also was in. No one hurt.
Miss Ollie Choteau has gone to Lansdowne, on a two-weeks' leave for a change and rest from her summer's work in the printing office.
A party of boys went to the farm after the storm and picked about fifteen bushels of apples off the ground. Now for good pies and apple sauce.
Greetings from the Acropolis come from the former Manager of the Girls' Department, Mrs. Ellen R. Dorsett, who is spending the summer abroad.
Professor Bakeless, his guest, Mr. Harry Webber and Hobart Cook spent a day this week picnicking and sight-seeing on the Battlefield of Gettysburg.
Professor William Burgess, formerly of San Francisco now of Philadelphia, and his grand-daughter, Miss Leona Burgess, are visiting Miss Burgess at the school.
Mr. Harlan moved up from Middlesex to the new farm, on Tuesday, and yesterday he and wife departed on their leave of absence as mentioned elsewhere.
We are sorry to learn that a brother of Miss McCook, (formerly with us,) was killed recently in the Philippines. His remains are now on the way to Philadelphia for interment.

The Band is expected home from Buffalo on Monday.
The addition to the ware-house is nearly ready for the roof.
Melinda Metoxen is chief in the teacher's dining hall in the absence of Miss Noble.
On account of a part of the roof being off, the gymnasium was almost a young lake after the last storm.
Our gymnasium is to be painted white inside, which will add much to the light of this spacious hall.
The special class under Mrs. Cook, this vacation, has done earnest work. Basil Thomas deserves special mention for his painstaking effort.
MacMinnas' new book on Pennsylvania—"On the Frontier with Colonel Antes" has been added to the library. It has much interesting local history. Look at it.
Nicholas Ruleau, ex-student, renews his subscription on paper with mercantile heading, showing that he is working with the trader at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.
The bakery under the temporary supervision of Richard Hendricks, recently turned out the best pies and nicest bread we have had this summer. Richard is an Indian, too.
The new gray team that has been at the Kutz farm is now domiciled at the school barn. They are fine looking horses and deserve special care, which they no doubt will get.
Mrs. James Wheelock left for Buffalo, Wednesday night, where she will meet her husband, and the two will take a tour through the west visiting Mr. Wheelock's home at Oneida, Wisconsin, before they return.
New school supplies are beginning to come in. There are some very pretty copies of Tennyson's Holy Grail, Irving's Sketch Book, Church's Story of the Iliad and Aeneas. The best readers may have them first.
A cablegram has been received at Miss Patterson's home in Washington from Manila, that her niece Miss Annie Irvine whom we remember when a little visitor to her aunts here years ago, is married to a young officer of the Marine Corps.
In a letter to one at the school Miss Nellie Robertson, efficient clerk in Miss Ely's office, says she is enjoying the Dakota breezes, but contemplates starting east the 27th. She sends greetings to friends at the school.
Carrie Cornelius has left Hupa Valley, California, after a few years of service there, and is now at or near her home in Wisconsin. She does not mention in her business letter whether or not she is merely spending a vacation at home.
Mr. Jordan and his three assistants have calsoined the large boys' quarters, girls' quarters, a greater part of the teachers' club, the sewing room and school kitchen, and they are now at work in the halls over the students' dining-room.
Mrs. Yasu Tsukamoto announces the marriage of her daughter Fuji to Mr. Nagataki Wachi, on Saturday, June the 29th, 1901, at Kobe. The contracting parties are Japanese and Fuji is well remembered at Carlisle through her welcome visitations while a student at Wilson College, Chambersburg. The distinguished couple have the congratulations of their Carlisle friends.
Superintendent Edgar A. Allen, of Quapaw Indian School, and also Acting Indian Agent, has been appointed Assistant-Superintendent at Carlisle and will take up his duties at our school, October 1st. Superintendent Allen has been a success in every position he has occupied since entering the Indian service in '93. He has visited Carlisle several times and is favorably known to most of our people, while Mrs. Allen was with us for a time when a student of Metzger College.
On account of scarcity of hands, Lum Chesaw and Nicholas Bowen willingly volunteered to carry brick and mortar for the contractors, who are putting up the new store room. They are not afraid of work.

Mr. Odell is on a business trip to Washington.
One of the typos made a mistake in the paste recipe last page by calling oil of cloves, oil of clothes.
Tressa Ebert "heap scare" the other day, and would have run into the large boys' quarters for help had she not met our foreman, who went to the back door and found the grocer there, instead of a supposed tramp.
Mrs. Clarke, of Yankton Agency, South Dakota, was one of the interested visitors on Thursday. Mrs. Clarke is almost a veteran in the Indian service, she having served at several of the western agencies. She was on her way west.
Mr. Harlan, the faithful and efficient farmer at the lower farm for the past fifteen years, and who has not been away in all those years, is taking a leave of absence, and will visit Reading, Bound Brook and Philadelphia before his return.
The winter supply of coal is nearly in. It takes about 2,000 tons to keep the Carlisle Indians and instructors warm, and George Robinson, chief of the miners, thinks that he and his aids have done a good job of shoveling the coal into its winter store house.
Preston Pohoxicut is commander-in-chief of the school building just now. The annual house-cleaning has begun and judging from the way this great Comanche covers ground and from the soap and water used we surmise the house will be immaculate—not dust enough left to raise a sneeze.
James Seweyea writes from Laguna, New Mexico that he has been on the sheep-herd for a month and has just returned home. The Pueblos are well but their wheat crop will not be good this year. He would like to hear from his friends at Carlisle, and subscribes for the HELPER.
The dining-hall and kitchen force has canned 500 quarts of tomatoes this week for winter use, and the hospital has put up a lot. We never had so many excellent tomatoes and such fine corn, while in many sections of the country tomatoes are very scarce this year, consequently high in price.
Professor Burgess escorted his grand-daughter, Miss Leona to Gettysburg on Wednesday, where with a guide and carriage they took in the Battlefield. Miss Leona being a California girl in toto, and this being her first trip East, everything in this section of the country is new and interesting.
This week, Ralph Ortega received a box of quenepas, a curious fruit from his Porto Rican home. Quenepas are all right. They look like half-grown lemons, are green with a rind not unlike a shell-bark hickory-nut. The pulp between the outer shell and the large interior nut-like seed, is the edible portion, sweet and juicy.
Casper Alfred in a letter renewing subscription from Hammon, Oklahoma, says he is working among cattlemen in the interest of the Indians, and he finds the work pleasant, but it requires patience to work with the uneducated Indians, for they would discuss a small matter the whole day if one would let them. He says he has not seen John Powlas, with whom he went west, since he left him at the last railroad point.
Mr. James Wheelock writes from Buffalo that time is beginning to fly, so near are they to the end of the Band engagement. He met Kitty Silverheels, class 1900, the other day, and she looks as though her life in the west had agreed with her. It will be remembered that Kitty has been at Leech Lake in the capacity of teacher for the past year. Her home is in New York and we suppose she is there on her vacation.
The numbers of REDMAN AND HELPER asked for last week through our columns by the Library of Congress need no further explanation. Those designated ONLY are the ones wanted. Kindly read the advertisement again, and if you can spare even ONE number it will be gratefully received by us.

If you cannot save all the loose change you have in pocket, save HALF of it. Fasten the half in a way that you CANNOT get it, every time you want a cake or a bite of candy! The best rule the school ever put in practice was that which prevents a student from spending more than a third of his money till he accumulates \$20 in bank, and after that not to be allowed to spend more than two-thirds of his income. When will the average Indian ever learn of his own accord to save up money for future needs? He will never be independent till he can learn to do just that thing. We have boys who have worked hard in country homes and have saved and are still saving, and will have enough means laid by, ere long, to enter some active business, but such boys are few and far between.
When school begins or before, we have no doubt that the Porto Ricans who will NOT speak English find themselves rooming with some St. Regis students who CANNOT speak English, and then they may have to make English their medium of conversation. But we have not heard so much Porto Rican prattle this past week. We have the evidence that several have started out to speak English as much as possible, and we have heard groups talking to each other in English. This is truly encouraging.
"The Middle Five," by Francis La Flesche, an educated Omaha Indian, now of Washington, D.C., is on sale at this office. The story is well-written and is attractive in style, with a colored illustration from a painting by Angel DeCora, also an Indian. The picture represents the little camp boy in Indian dress, being sympathized with by his mate dressed in school uniform. Publisher's price \$1.25; our price \$1.00; by mail \$1.08.
It has always been a mystery to the Man-on-the-band-stand how so-called Christian teachers of Indians who oppose the young people going away from their homes in search for knowledge, reconcile their views with the teachings of the Great Teacher of men, who, when He was in the world, made it very emphatic that to become His disciple, a person must be willing to leave home and kindred, if necessary, for His sake.
We thank Sancha's friend for calling our attention to the fact that it was old Don Quixote who so valiantly fought the windmills and not Sancha as stated in "A Letter from a Return Student," in issue of August 9th. The slip passed unnoticed until this faithful and observant friend called our attention to it. Sancha shall not shoulder the burden longer. Thank you kindly!
Elizabeth Sickles Metoxen, who went to her home some years ago, married and settled down, says that she and her husband—Thomas Metoxen, who is also an ex-student, often look back to old Carlisle days, and Carlisle is a green spot in their lives. The heat in Wisconsin was very hard to bear this summer, but a cool wave had struck them at the time she wrote, and they were very comfortable.
There are lots of persons who are just as well off at the end of the year on the receipt of a salary of ten dollars a week, as if they had received twenty dollars a week. No matter how much they earn they never economize or save a cent—the more they have the more they needlessly spend, having no regard for the future.
—[Jamesburg Advance.
The boy who sets himself the task of cultivating directness of thought and action, earnestness of purpose, courtesy of manner and a sense or moral responsibility in small matters will never be out of employment.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
Miss Patterson says of her sister whom we knew when a teacher here as Miss Bessie, now Mrs. Anderson, that she is in Washington, visiting. Her home is in Clifton, Arizona. She is well and sent love and greetings to her Carlisle friends.

FROM ONE OF OUR GRADUATES,
DOWN IN MAINE.

Mark Penoi, '96, has some interesting original things to say in a recent letter to Colonel Pratt:

ORR'S ISLAND, ME., Aug. 14.
COL. R. H. PRATT—DEAR SIR:

Yours was received a few days since and I was very much delighted to hear from you.

I am real sorry that you could not be with us this summer, for I know you would enjoy the fresh sea breezes from every side of the island. But I think it is quite reasonable that you have decided to come some future time, as by that time we hope to have things in better shape.

This being a new place there is still much to be done in the way of improving.

Two men have run from this place, last season and another has gone this year, but this year that mighty Carlisle spirit exists on this island, and more of that spirit has been added in the person of Miguel Moat; and I would not be surprised that perhaps some day there will be more Carlisle Indians, not only on this island but on some of the neighboring islands. Our place is the prettiest place of the whole island, and it might be called the garden spot of the island, because we garden in spots. We have gardens wherever there is any soil deep enough for plants to grow.

We are entirely independent from everybody else, our ground contains twenty-five acres of land and there is no other building on it, except our own buildings.

Back of us next to the town is a very pretty woodland, through this is a very nice driveway, it contains mostly spruce and fir trees. People flock daily to this point to admire the beautiful scenery along the coast.

Miguel arrived all safe and has filled his place real well; he does not like fish to eat, but has already made a hit on Bostonbaked beans, and since his arrival the family has decided to have a larger bean pot, and the new bean pot came today.

We have all the leading Philadelphia papers to read, besides magazines and books, but there is none so interesting as the REDMAN AND HELPER

We have very nice and comfortable sleeping rooms.

Mrs. Wetherell is very good and kind to us, and we have all the privileges of using the boat and making little trips in our leisure hours. I have made three business trips to Brunswick.

Once I had a chance to go from Brunswick to Bath on a trolley car, a distance of ten miles, the most delightful trolley ride I ever had.

I was very much interested in what I saw at Bath, the city itself is very pretty, the great ship yards are a wonder.

It is said to be one of the largest ship building places in New England if not in the whole United States.

I shall now close by sending my best regards to you.

I remain yours truly,
MARK PENOI.

CHARACTERISTIC INDIAN-ENGLISH.

Miss Frost, a vigorous missionary worker among the Indians of Idaho, gives in a recent letter to S. H. P., published in the last Evangelist, a graphic description of this year's Fourth of July celebration among the Christian Indians in the vicinity of Blackfoot, which varies refreshingly from most Fourth of July celebrations, and shows what effective planning may be done to guard the home Indians from the temptations of gambling and horse racing, and how the progressive Indians may set an example to the so-called heathen. She says:

"The expenditure was partly to furnish a 'good time' for their children, away from Blackfoot, where \$600 had been raised for barbecue, races and various forms of gambling—but more to have their heath-

en friends hear about the good way.' I went to Blackfoot with the Indians on the 3rd, to help buy supplies for dinner, and my heart leaped for joy to hear their answers when men urged them to come to the Blackfoot celebration.

One said:
'Me Christian now—me no anywhere go I see it gamble.'

Another:
'No, I got boys—maybe bimeby he no say I see it, you, my father, go horse race.'

One white man said:
'You all come, EVERYBODY will be here.'

My brother replied:
'No, my long time friend, Miss Frost he (they do not distinguish gender in pronouns) no come, his mamma no come—maybe so lots Christian Indians, some no Christian, he all stop church, pray, sing—Billy George's he eat, he good drink—no whiskey, no drink, no fight—GOOD time—pray—he see um nice fire—red yellow—he pray—he good heart—he good sleep—that's pretty good.'

A lady in Dubuque sent us a large flag. I put up bunting at entrance, smaller flags on fence posts, in windows, etc.

I was detained by those who came here so did not get to Billy's till the first table (?) full had eaten.

The girls told me that they put ninety-nine dishes down—all the heathen men were not seated that time.

I washed dishes and helped set again for over forty

Mother furnished a cask of lemonade. At 3 P. M. a crowd came here to the church, where we had a patriotic and religious meeting; at 5 we returned to Billy's and set tables for supper.

Two tent flies were put over frame work, making shades: many flags were tacked on posts, etc.

After supper we held a service.

I could count over 125 in the dim light. Some mothers and their children (asleep) in tents near (the Christian Indian who live about had moved there.)

I wish that you could have heard the earnest voices of the men as they talked and prayed.

The heathen Indians often join in the Indian hymns.

During service one of our young men (church member) and others came from Blackfoot 'talky drunk'—joined quite loudly in our singing.

Then Billy arose and talked to them like a stern, but loving father.

Told them we had provided food and drink—tea, coffee, lemonade—all they wanted.

They had gone from us and drunk that which hurts body and soul.

Told them to stay with us now (after prayers we had coffee made for them,) sleep there and have breakfast.

They would, perforce, then be at morning worship, as that is BEFORE breakfast.

I had bought some rockets, candles, colored fire, etc. and some balloons. One large one rose beautifully and sailed away to 'Lemhi to see our friends' one said."

CAN'T MAKE A SQUARE PEG
FIT A ROUND HOLE.

An old railroad man recently related this interesting story:—

One day there stepped aboard his train a well dressed business man who, as he tendered his fare, remarked:

"I see you are still on the road Mr. Sheldon."

"Yes, I am still at it," the conductor replied, "but I am not certain that I remember you, though I think I have seen you before."

"Yes, you have seen me before!" emphasized the passenger, "and while you doubtless have forgotten it I remember that you once did me the greatest favor of my life. Come to my seat when you have time, and I will tell you about it."

When he had finished collecting fares the conductor dropped into the stranger's seat and the passenger continued:

Years ago I was four days a brakeman aboard your train.

At the end of four days you took me

aside and remarked in a tone of sympathy: I'm sorry to have to tell you so, but the fact is young man, you are too much of a fool to ever make a railroader. Take my advice and quit.

I took your advice and went into another business, and the result is I made a fair fortune."

"I thank you Mr. Sheldon, for your wise council."

"What is your name?" the conductor asked.

"Philip D. Armour, of Chicago," replied the ex-brakeman.

"So you see a man who is too big a fool to be a brakeman may make a great hit at packing pork."

Let every young man, or woman, seek to find the thing they can do best, for a large part of the unhappiness of life comes from trying to make a square peg fit a round hole.

To try to make yourself pursue a business to which you are not adapted is to fight against God.—[Our Companion.

HOW TO MAKE PASTE THAT WILL
NOT SPOIL.

A friend in Brooklyn seeing last week's Enigma, that we, in common with all country printers are occasionally troubled with paste souring, kindly sent us this recipe, and we gladly pass it along for all desk workers who have occasion to use a cheap adhesive material.

To make a half gallon.

Water three pints; wheat flour a half pound.

Put the flour in cold water and stir it until perfectly smooth; let it stand three hours, then put on the stove and stir constantly until it thickens.

Do not let it boil.

It is very important to have every portion stirred constantly.

A wooden pudding stick is the best to stir with.

The paste should become almost thick enough to allow the stick to stand upright in it.

Stand aside to cool and when thoroughly cold stir in a drachm of oil of cloves strain through a gheese cloth and put away in jars for use.

If it is absolutely smooth it need not be strained.

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars.

To be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them.

To despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice.

To be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts.

To covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners;

To think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors;

These are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

—[HENRY VAN DYKE,

THE MOST SACRED INHERITANCE.

The personal freedom of the individual citizen is the most sacred and precious inheritance of Americans.

The constitution and laws authorize it; the prosperity of the people, the very life of the nation, requires it.—[The most Reverend John Ireland.

Mother of nine children (looking into the stocking-basket); "Well, Bridget, of one thing I am sure: we shan't have to darn stockings after ten o'clock at night in the next world."

Bridget (sympathetically): "Shure, an' that's throe for you, ma'am; for all the pictures av angels that ever I saw was barefutted."

A "Whopper" Bigger Than a Grasshopper.

The following may be so old that it will be new to some readers. We use the story to show how the imaginative writer will make things fit even if he doesn't know the facts, and there are similar misfits in relating stories of the Indian:

In a French translation of Fenimore Cooper's "Spy," a man is described as tying his horse to a locust.

Miss Cooper said that the translator had never heard of a locust-tree, and rendered the word by sauterelle, or grasshopper.

Feeling that this needed some explanation, he appended a foot-note, explaining that grasshoppers grew to a gigantic size in the United States, and that it was the custom to place a stuffed specimen at the door of every considerable mansion for the convenience of visitors, who hitched their horses to it.—[Transcript.

Problems.

If a father gave one of his sons 19 cents and the other 6 cents, what time would it be?

Quarter to two.

If the post master went to the menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts what would be the hour?

8 p. m., of course.

If a guest at a hotel ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would the latter's telephone number be?

It would be 8—1—2.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's Rules for Writing.

1. Know what you want to say.
2. Say it.
3. Use your own language.
4. Leave out all fine passages.
5. A short word is better than a long one.
6. The fewer words, other things being equal, the better.
7. Cut it to pieces.

Brown: "I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary."

Simmons: "He did; but I wouldn't accept the position, because I should have to sign everything Green, per Simmons."

Poetic Bridegroom: "I could sit here forever gazing into your eyes and listening to the wash of the ocean."

Practical Bride: "Oh, that reminds me, darling: we have not paid our laundry bill yet!"—[Brooklyn Life.

Enigma.

I am made of 29 letters.
My 28, 15, 16, 16, 12, 18 is not rough.
My 23, 21, 22, 17 is not hard.
My 26, 13, 6, 28, 29 is a game.
My 4, 5, 27 is not to live.
My 11, 10, 7, 8, 19, 20, 6 is being what one appears to be.
My 25, 24, 2 is a young bear.
My 12, 1, 3 is a part of the foot.
My 11, 14, 9 is what blind people cannot do.

My whole is a stirring motto given by Colonel Pratt last Sunday evening to the student body, which may be taken for a school motto this year.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Vacation days.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

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