

# The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper  
Vol. II, Number five

## AT THE DOOR.

I THOUGHT myself indeed secure,  
So fast the door, so firm the lock;  
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure  
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand  
The sweetness of my baby's plea—  
That timorous baby knocking and  
"Please let me in, it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,  
Regardless of its tempting charms,  
And opening wide the door, I took  
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity  
I like a truant child shall wait  
The glories of a life to be  
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed  
The truant's supplicating cry,  
As at the outer door I plead,  
"Tis I, O Father! only I?"

—EUGENE FIELD.

## DO YOU PLANT FORTUNE SEED?

Among the young people of this age there seems to be an almost universal desire to spend all that they earn as soon as it comes into their hands.

Especially is this true of our Indian boys and girls, whose necessary wants are supplied by the Government without any thought on their part, and who think that because they have earned the money they have a perfect right to spend it exactly as they please.

An article in the August number of Success shows so clearly the value of the saving habit that we print it entire, and hope all will read it before spending what is due them for their summer's work.

"Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land."

We sing this stanza as children, and think it a sweet little fairy tale, and straightway grow up and forget all about the mighty truth that the rhyme contains.

Experience is the greatest of all teachers, but many of us are so obtuse that we absolutely fail to see the significance of the facts which she so quietly, but urgently, places before us. If a person who received a comfortable salary for five or ten years suddenly finds himself out of a position, without any money saved up, he is quite likely to blame his luck, instead of looking at the matter with a dispassionate mind and realizing that experience is putting before him, in the most convincing manner, a lesson which he needs to learn by heart.

If, instead of bemoaning his "luck," he will listen, a still, small voice will whisper to him of nickles, dimes, and dollars spent which have not yielded their value in enjoyment. Money spent on legitimate pleasures need never be regretted. Legitimate pleasures are those which do not leave a bad taste in the mouth, but, instead bestow delightful memories that no amount of hardship can deprive one of.

The writer knows of a person whose income has unexpectedly been cut off, leaving him quite unprepared. For years he had lived up to the limit of his salary, giving no thought to the future, "Think of it," he remarked, desperately, "had I but saved only ten cents a day, for the last fifteen years, and I could have done so without ever missing it, I should now have five hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty cents, not allowing for accrued

interest. But I might have saved a great deal more than that, without foregoing any real pleasure. 'Tis maddening to think of such folly, and I deserve the hard time I am having."

But, perhaps, you think that the family of a laboring man could not save ten cents a day, without a great deal of self-sacrifice. It is certainly no over-statement of fact to assume that the average workingman in this country might save five cents a day without undergoing deprivations. The amount is too small to be worth while? Let us see.

Suppose that a young man of twenty-one should make a vow to put away at least five cents a day, each day in the year, and not to touch his savings for ten years. Do you realize that, at the end of that time, he would have one hundred and eighty-two dollars and fifty cents to his credit, as a result of putting away an amount so small that he would never miss it? Many enormous fortunes have grown from a smaller capital than this.

If a man has good brains, energy, and at the age of thirty-one, a capital of one hundred and eighty-two dollars and fifty cents, here is no reason why, at the age of forty-one, he should not have a very snug nest-egg indeed, if he be a man of ordinary ability.

If, on the other hand, he happens to have the money-making talent, there is no reason why he should not be well started on the road to wealth.

The power of small things is one of the most important facts of life, and too much stress cannot be laid upon it. It is absurd and illogical to despise the units, when there can be no tens and hundreds without them. A man alone may be puny and insignificant; but, multiplied, he constitutes the power which dominates the earth.

One penny may seem to you a very insignificant thing, but it is the small seed from which fortunes spring. If we want to raise a flower or vegetable, we procure the seed, plant it in a good soil, and do all we can to facilitate its growth; or we may be fortunate enough to procure a half-grown plant; but some time, somewhere, somebody planted the seed.

The penny is nothing in the world but the seed of that wonderful growth which the best of us cannot help admiring, and for which all of us long, the fortune plant! If you would have one of these wonderful plants for your own, if you dream of sitting at ease, under its branches, in your old age, go about it in a rational way. From this moment, treat that little disk of copper, with the head of an Indian on one side and "ONE CENT" on the other, with the respect that a fortune seed deserves.

Don't scatter and waste seeds so valuable, but plant them in the soil which will foster them,—the savings bank.

FRANCIS H. WILSON.

## MISS CUTTER VISITS INTERESTING HISTORIC SPOTS.

### Extracts from a Private Letter.

Last week I spent in visiting historic places in and around Boston. The sail to Plymouth and Provincetown and the beach at Marblehead gave me quite a glimpse of the ocean, and my face and hands a decided brown.

At Plymouth we put our feet on THE rock and saw the quaint old hip-roofed houses, out of which the settlers used to point their guns at the Indians.

On old Burial Hill, we found many noted names, and in Pilgrim Hall articles that belonged to Gov. Bradford,

Miles Standish and Peregrine White. At Marblehead we had a view, from Ft. Sewall, of the finest harbor on the coast. The town is full of places of interest. Skipper Ireson's house, made famous by Whittier, the "Old Brig," the old church and the site of old Ft. Washington on Burial Hill.

At Salem we visited the witch house and jail. In Boston we did the usual sight seeing. \* \* \*

A young friend who is interested in botany has made several trips with me, and we have found a wealth of material for study. Yesterday we were in a field that had "all sorts and conditions" of plants. I wished that it might be removed to Carlisle so that my pupils could have the benefit.

## THE IDEAL BOY.

What is the use of telling you that the ideal boy must have generosity, courtesy, reverence? that he must be energetic, courageous, quick of eye and hand and brain? You have heard that story over and over again until you know it by heart.

Besides that, my own ideal boy must have a huge sense of fun,—clean, high-minded, high-spirited fun; and he must have temper.

Now, mind you, I am not saying he must have bad temper, just temper. Untempered metal makes as useless boys as it does useless swords. Neither one has any point. Slugs and snails have no temper at all. Crows haven't much. A tame lion is more interesting than a tame sheep.

And, with all the rest, the all-around boy must have ambition.

If he is going to amount to anything in this life or in the next, he must have his ideals and they must be high ones, not near enough to his ordinary level so that he can touch them easily without standing on the very tips of his toes.

He must have his ideals, and then he must give his whole energy to reaching them. He never will reach them if they are worth anything; for, the nearer he comes to them, the broader and higher and grander they will look to him, and they will move onward, just out of his reach.

It is just so with my ideal boy that I have been hunting these ever so many years. I never quite find him, because he is always growing just a little, little larger, a little, little more hard to discover, even though some of my boy friends do come very near the mark.

The boy who sits on the cellar floor beside the furnace is just as warm as the one who sits on the wood-box beside the kitchen stove, but he isn't quite so comfortable.

Neither one of them is nearly as comfortable as the boy who sits in the easy-chair by the crackling fire in the cosy upstairs sitting-room. He has had to climb two flights of stairs since he looked into the furnace; but wasn't it worth while?

Climbing up is always hard work, but it is worth the doing for the sake of what one finds on the upper levels.

Don't be content to sit in the cellar all your days! Climb upward!

ANNA CHAPIN RAY,  
in the Christian Register.

## DIVING BELL SPIDERS.

The diving bell spiders gather air to use just as a soldier might draw water and dispose it about his person in water bottles. They do this in two ways, one of which is characteristic of many of the

creatures which live both in and out of the water as the spider does.

The tail of the spider is covered with black, velvety hair. Putting its tail out of the water it collects much air in the interstices of the velvet.

It then descends, when all this air drawn down beneath the surface collects into a single bubble, covering its tail and breathing holes like a coat of quicksilver.

This supply the spider uses up when at work below, until it dwindles to a single speck, when it once more ascends and collects a fresh store.

The writer has seen one of these spiders spin so many webs across the stems of water plants in a limited space that not only the small water shrimps and larvae, but even young fish, were entangled.

The other and more artistic means of gathering air employed by the spider is to catch a bubble on the surface and swim below with it. The bubble is then let go into a bell woven under some plant, into which many other bubbles have been drawn. In this diving bell the eggs are laid and the young hatched under the constant watch of the old spider.—[Spectator.

## EVERYBODY WILL AGREE WITH MR. WANAMAKER IN THIS.

"How I do appreciate a boy who is always prompt—always on time," said John Wanamaker, the great dry-goods merchant.

"One soon learns to depend upon the boy who is never late in taking his place—who is never late in delivering a letter or a package—never late in going to meet a railroad train—never late in keeping an engagement of any kind.

Such a boy will soon be trusted in weightier matters, be promoted at an early date to higher positions, and honored by the shrewd men of finance who will desire to be associated with him in important business transactions.

Promptness is better than a big capital for a business man or woman, and is one of the most important elements of success in this life."

John Wanamaker started in business as a poor errand-boy at two dollars a week, but rapidly rose through always being prompt in whatever he had to do.

Now he is one of the greatest of merchants and worth several millions of dollars.

## HOW THE ANTELOPE LEARNS TO RUN.

The Sioux Indians have a pretty story of how the antelope mother trains her babies to run swiftly.

She takes them to a low hill and runs gently around it with her little ones following her.

After a time she runs faster, and getting around a bend of the hill she lies suddenly down and hides in the tall grass.

The little ones, thinking her ahead, run on and on, faster and faster, their only desire being to find their mother.

When they have run long enough for that time the wise mother jumps from her hiding place, and permitting herself to be seen, brings the race to an end.

This game is carried on day after day until the little legs have grown strong, and the fleet footed younglings can keep their mother in sight all the way around the hill.

Then she knows they are able to keep pace with her on the longest journeys, and their education is finished.—[J. W. C

## THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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## WHAT HAS IT DONE FOR US?

Summer is over. At least so the calendar says. We shall have warm days, many of them, before the leaves fall and the flowers disappear, but they will not be like the summer days.

A certain something has gone out of them, and a certain other something has come into them. There is a bit of tonic in the air from this time on.

The year has stirred himself and is like a king getting ready for his coronation. The wild flowers are purple and gold. The sunsets are full of splendor, and the trees will soon outshine the garments of royalty in color.

What has this summer done for us? In the spring some of us turned the earth and planted the seed for the farmer. Some of us were sent to lighten the load of the busy farm mother.

As we planted, and cultivated and reaped in the field and garden what crops did we sow and foster and reap for ourselves?

As we baked, and washed, and mended, and made ourselves a part of the household life, what of our true selves did we develop and strengthen?

Has our summer made us richer by work well done, by good books carefully read, by acts of kindness thoughtfully performed?

If so, our store house of character is well filled, and we have food for body and mind to draw upon, not only through the winter, for, unlike the grain and fruit we have helped to harvest, our crops will outlast the year, and will be ever renewed like the widow's cruise of oil and handful of meal in the Bible story, and next year we will build larger and better character storehouses.

Perhaps we have wasted our summer, have only half done our work, have let habits grow like weeds, and here at the end we look back ashamed and discouraged. We have failed. Then let us take courage and remember that spring time may begin any time in our hearts. We can plant now,—not quite as easily as five months ago, but we can do it, if we wish to, and care for our crops in the bright autumn weather, and harvest them when the snow is flying.

What has the summer done for us?

What will the new summer that we can make for ourselves do for us?

## OUR LOCAL PHILOSOPHER.

When you sweep the walk use the broom as tho' it belonged to you. Don't wear off one corner and cause it to curl up like the wagging end of old dog Tray. Reverse it often enough to wear it evenly across, and thus make it last as a good broom should. Sweep clean, and with snap. Better take off your coat when you begin a job—any job.

I would not advise you to lean on the broom handle when you aspire to study astronomy. Finish the sweeping first, and then play juvenile Kepler. Who was he? No matter, look him up in the encyclopedia.

## FREE TO ALL.

Fresh water, pure air, sunshine, blue sky, gorgeous sunset, landscape brilliant with flowers, grasses and trees, enlivened with the songs of birds and the hum of insects are free to all who take the trouble to see them, and enjoy them. Man has not been able to monopolize them nor dispose of them through the medium of a trust or combine.

The trouble is that too many of us live on a very low plane. We merely vegetate as it were, cultivating the pleasure of the mere animal; the power to appreciate the higher and better is thus atrophied, and dies out of our being early. The limited sources of pleasure on the lower plane soon make the pleasures themselves pall on us. Our appetites become our masters and we grovel in the dust instead of standing erect and godlike.

Thus we fail to accomplish the end of our being. Young men, young women assert your best selves. Build for the things of the soul. Build for the future. Curb the lower and give fair play to the higher nature, the esthetic, the ethical, the spiritual rather than physical.

Widen your interests in life, enlarge your intelligence and range of enjoyment in the fields of nature, science, art and literature; and you will live constantly on Mt. Pisgah; you will be a flowing fountain of usefulness to those who meet you. Life will be a glorious privilege.

## THE INDIAN IS HUMAN.

The Indian is said to be a stoic; and to look with scorn on accumulation. In his theory that one is richest who has the least of this world's store.

It is surprising how in the presence of the accumulation of others he becomes an epicure and uses to repletion. This would imply that indolence rather than philosophy determines his course. In fact the Indian is human. He likes exertion as little as the white man. He likes the good things of life even more. He likes the wild, care-free life that all undisciplined persons revel in. He at his best, thinks much; at his worst he has his counterpart in the ne'er-do-wells in every white community. Stern necessity can stir him from his lethargy and affected stoicism.

## A LETTER FROM ALASKA.

John Benson, one of our small boys, who returned to his Alaskan home not long ago, writes to Col. Pratt from Orca, Alaska.

John is a bright observant boy, and these extracts from his letter give glimpses of a country strange to us:

"We left Seattle on Thursday about five o'clock in the evening.

We had a very nice trip all the way as far as I went.

We had a little rough sea when we went across Dexon Entrance.

The first place we stopped at was Yakutat.

We stopped there about two hours.

Yakuat is a small town of about fifty houses.

When we stopped, a lot of natives came to us in canoes. When they got on board the ship was full of men and women.

I could not understand them for they spoke different from the people of my home.

After we left Yakutat we were going to Orca but we went to Valdez first because the Capt. wanted to get some ice from the Glacier.

We got to Valdez in the morning and stayed all day and night.

In the morning we went to Ft. Luscum and landed some cargo and then went to Orca.

We got to Orca in the evening at five o'clock on the same day.

It did not smell very good at first for there was a lot of dead fish on the beach that made the air smell bad.

There is a big cannery here and they can 40,000 boxes a year. There are two dozen cans in each box.

I went to Eyak about two miles from Orca and saw that they had a bigger cannery."

## INDIAN MUSICIANS.

## Lieut. Ettinger and the Carlisle Indian Band—Many Natural Difficulties Overcome.

The four-weeks' engagement of the famous Carlisle Indian School Band, now drawing to a close, has—musically speaking—been one of the educational features of the exposition. For a number of years past the aim of Col. Pratt, superintendent of the school, has been to show that the Indian can be trained, not only along orthodox educational and manual lines, but that, properly instructed, he can be brought to a high state of musical culture.

With this end in view, Col. Pratt sought a leader possessing characteristics which would peculiarly fit the situation, and selected Lieut. Joel Bernice Ettinger, at that time conductor of the First Brigade Band, Pennsylvania National Guard. The success achieved, as shown by the careful rendition of music by the Band during its engagement, fully justified the Colonel's choice.

The strongest points to be commended in the playing of the band and those towards which Lieut. Ettinger has most strenuously directed his efforts are cultivation of musical ear, precision of attack, production, balance and color of tone, phrasing and the different grades of shading from lightest pianissimo to fullest fortissimo, always keeping in mind tone and harmony without brassy effect. Each of these points has been markedly brought out by the band's playing.

In training, the band the director had to overcome many defects caused by lack of hereditary musical conception of tone, and cultivation in that line has necessarily been slow.

When properly awakened, however along the lines indicated, the civilized Indians, as represented in the band, are in nowise deficient, even in artistic temperament, for they appreciate and take great delight in the higher grades of music and are hard and faithful students.

The band was organized to show, first, the musical development of the Indian, in accordance with Col. Pratt's theory, and, secondly, to give pleasure to great numbers of music-lovers, who are glad to listen to the best bands of the country.

Its instrumentation is excellent, ranging from piccolos to contra-basses, and its repertoire consists of about 300 numbers, including the most serious works of the masters, as well as the light and popular compositions of the day.

The band numbers 40 instruments, which include oboes, bassoons, saxophones, tympani and all traps used by first-class drummers in our best concert bands.

At school the band gives frequent concerts. It is often in demand for concerts in the parks in summer, and in opera-houses and other halls during the winter.

The contrast between the blanket Indian and his civilized brother can in no way be more markedly shown than by a visit first to the Indian Congress, where the Indian is seen in his primitive state, and then to the Plaza, where the Carlisle band is playing. Although in the congress there are relatives of the boys in the band, many people are unwilling to believe that the latter are real Indians; when the fact is, that 25 tribes are represented by the musicians, among the Sioux, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, Apaches, Chipewas, Alaskans, Pueblos, Navajos, Senecas, Cherokees, Arapahoes, etc.

The Carlisle band has made a decided and excellent impression at the exposition and its success is largely due to its leader. A portrait group of the members of the band was recently printed in The Express.—[The Illustrated Buffalo Express.

Four little girls in the sewing room are learning to hem beautifully. They are Mary Cook and Lizzie Day, from New York, Nemecea Ouviaala, from Porto Rico, and Annie Nereskin, from Alaska.

## A TRIP TO THE CAVERN OF LURAY.

The reporter interviewed Miss Hill upon her trip of last Saturday, and found her account so interesting that after a good deal of persuasion he induced her to give a brief outline of it in her own words.

We feel sure the graphic description will fire our readers with a strong desire to see the place,—one of the wonders of America.

Leaving Carlisle about eight o'clock in the morning on a train of eight cars all well filled, we passed through the beautiful Cumberland Valley stopping at the main stations along the road for the many who had a desire to visit Luray Cave—for it was an excursion to that place.

At Hagerstown four coaches were added, and standing room was at a premium when Luray was reached.

There, many vehicles of all kinds were in waiting to take over nine hundred people to that wonderful and deservedly famous cavern.

The approach is very deceptive—a beautiful park marked by a lack of rocks or anything which would lead one to expect a cave.

It is about the same as our approach to the office building, and a small two-story frame building is entered to find a stairway leading down, down into the depths.

Parties of forty five or fifty at a time were admitted, and headed by a most efficient guide carrying a reflector with lighted candles and something on the order of a flash light, who piloted us through those wonderful underground chambers, where the dripping of water through lime-filled earth for ages untold, has formed strange and picturesque shapes, resembling statuary.

It required no stretch of imagination to see "Cascades," "Saracen's Tent," "Castle on the Rhine," "Ladies' Riding Whip," "Christ Blessing Little Children" "Boxing Glove," "Hanging Bracket With Ornaments," "Baby Asleep," "Fish Market," "Poultry Market," "Shawl," "Blanket," "Angel's Wing," and many other curious formations.

Upon inquiry we found we were 260 feet underground, and had traveled about three miles, seeing many varied formations, one, announced by a small boy as "Breakfast Bacon," was quite transparent and showed the streaks of "lean and fat."

The "Organ and Chimes" produced liquid tones when played upon by our guide. They were composed of the ordinary stalactites, cone shaped.

There were immense columns which must have taken centuries to form, for we were told that it took over one hundred years to form one square inch.

One cannot conceive of such wonderful work being carried on so many hundreds of years and only discovered twenty three years ago.

One could only exclaim "Marvelous! Marvelous! Certainly 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.'"

## FRANKLIN.

Franklin said that a man could increase his income or decrease his wants, and reach the same end.

A man's needs and his wants are always in conflict. Hence considering needs only daily, and wants at rare intervals makes for thrift. To nurse every little want in the arms of glowing desire soon makes that want grow to a craving need, and leads to poverty, discontent and unhappiness. Half our lives are spent in fretting over things that are not essential to our comfort or happiness.

## A MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Lillian Complainville to Oliver C. Keller, Aug. 16, at Salt Lake City.

They will be at home, after Sept. 1, at Grand Junction, Colorado.

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

Peaches!  
 Fall breezes!  
 Watermelons are in their prime.  
 Miss Dutton arrived on Monday.  
 Miss Miles has returned from a little visit among the country girls.  
 Myron Moses is improving, and has gone to Hilton's recuperating farm.  
 The juniors and seniors have come in from the country.  
 Two boys came from the Onondaga reservation, New York.  
 Miss Carter is temporarily in charge of the Small Boys' Quarters.  
 Joseph Ruiz did fine work on the first clarinet Tuesday evening.  
 Everybody was glad to see the Band boys on Monday evening.  
 The enrollment of our school at the date of this issue is an even 1,000.  
 Miss Annie Morton has gone on her annual leave to her home in Laguna, New Mexico.  
 The game of 13 is gaining favor for evening hours when darkness stops croquet and tennis.  
 Senores Jose J. Ramez and Luis Munoz Rivera are visiting the Porto Rican youth and the school. Senor Rivera is the editor of the Puerto Rico Herald, New York.  
 No absentees are more welcome than Mr. and Mrs. Ettinger, who arrived with the Band on Monday.  
 On Saturday, Miss Hill and Miss Peter joined friends from town in an excursion to Luray Cavern, in Virginia.  
 Mr. W. H. Miller has returned from camp looking thoroughly browned and well, and is ready for work again.  
 Mr. Gray, the dairyman, and George Pradt went to Buffalo on Tuesday evening for a week's vacation, and to see the sights of the Pan-American.  
 Miss Peter has gone to her home in Chicago. Her vacation begins when most of the others are finishing theirs.  
 Sophia Americanhorse has returned from her week's stay in Buffalo, having thoroughly enjoyed her well-earned vacation.  
 The grass grows so fast under the frequent rains that the lawn mowers have to be operated very briskly to keep up with it.  
 Clara Miller and Glennie Waterman have been sewing for several of the teachers. They do extremely neat and tasteful work.  
 Nancy Wheelock has returned to the hospital at Worcester, Mass., after very pleasant visits with friends in Virginia and Carlisle.  
 Miss Burgess accompanied her father and niece to Millville on Saturday, and returned on the 2nd.  
 Miss Carter spent Monday in Chambersburg. She consumed several hours on the journey back, owing to a wrecked freight train.  
 The day was a troublesome one for the Cumberland Valley rail-road. The freight trains seemed bewitched, and spilled all sorts of commodities upon the tracks, from coal to fertilizer.  
 The blue uniform cloth spread out, after sponging, to dry on the green grass in front of the tailor shop, presents a rich "color scheme."  
 Summer colds are prevalent. Remember, a great deal of rain has fallen recently, and the ground is entirely too damp to use for lounging purposes.  
 Miss Sara Pierre's return from her vacation in the far west allows Miss Barr to take her month with her sister at Prince Edward's Island.  
 Mr. James Wheelock, with his bride, is spending his vacation at Green Bay Wisconsin. We missed his clarinet at the concert on Tuesday evening.  
 Eugene Fisher is with us again. He has returned to work for a diploma, and will be found useful in the band in his old position at the bass drum.

Mrs. Cook has been doing editorial work on the REDMAN & HELPER in the absence of Miss Burgess.  
 The addition to the store house seems to be putting on airs with its creamy white brick, making the old part look a little crestfallen in its long-worn dress.  
 Business is humming in the tailor shop, 84 uniform coats and 108 pairs of trousers, all large sizes, have been cut and trimmed this week. Getting ready for fall work.  
 Thursday's breakfast table was brightened by the appearance of Mr. Warner's genial countenance. He came in on the early train. Now for football practice in earnest.  
 200 new Epworth Hymnals, the stock of blank books, and the kindergarten supplies for the year have been received. The other supplies for the school house are coming in slowly.  
 Justina Wasson left on Wednesday for her home in Brutus, Mich. She subscribed for the REDMAN & HELPER before leaving, saying she wished it might get there as soon as she did.  
 Susie Zane has entered the hospital at Waterbury, Conn., with the purpose of becoming a nurse. She is a faithful, conscientious girl, and will be missed by her classmates and instructors at the school.  
 Miss Noble returned from Buffalo, Wednesday evening. She has had a fine time, and takes up her busy life again with renewed vigor. Melinda Metoxen has filled her place for two weeks very efficiently.  
 Miss Carrie Weekley, who has been teaching in Porto Rico, has returned to Carlisle, and will take her old place in No. 11 school room. Miss Weekley has many warm friends here, and all are very glad to welcome her back.  
 On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Ettinger went to Chester for a week's stay. Kola is with them. Mr. Ettinger has been offered high prices for the dog, and when asked why he did not sell him replied—"Well I couldn't! I knew he wouldn't sell me!"  
 Miss Work, from St. George, Utah, has introduced 6 pupils from two tribes before unrepresented here. These are the Shebits and Kaibab. Chief William, of the latter band, was so anxious to be represented at Carlisle that he sent his own grandniece.  
 Several parties of new students have entered the school during the week. Mr. Gulick, the Agency clerk at Sauk and Fox Agency, Indian Territory, brought nine boys and three girls. Mr. Gulick visited Gettysburg before going on to Washington.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Odell left us on Wednesday for Toledo, Iowa. Mr. Odell has been appointed Superintendent and his wife teacher of the Sauk and Fox Indian School at that place. They take with them the best wishes of their co-workers here for their success in their new field.  
 Owing to breakage in the printing-office machinery the issue of the REDMAN & HELPER for the 30th of August and for the 6th of September are merged. Subscribers will lose no papers in the year, as the Volume and Number are the same as if the issue were regular. We greatly regret the delay, but "accidents will happen in the best regulated families."  
 Why do we "spend so freely" boys and girls?—Because we are wanting in head development. Our appetites and desires are strong, our judgment poor. We do not think of the future. In other words we are still babies in our swaddling clothes intellectually, not from necessity but from choice. "Quit ye like men and women, be strong."  
 Miss Ely's thoughts were evidently in Millville, how else could she have walked into the office the other night, and turn the light off without seeing Mr. Nori? That gentleman loves a joke too well to speak when she left him in darkness, and contented himself with seeing her surprise a few moments later, when she came back to find why the light which she had turned off was burning again.

Dr. Diven dined with friends at the Teachers' Club on Saturday evening.  
 Our Porto Rican visitor, Mr. Antonio Miro Maestra, has kindly written for the REDMAN AND HELPER a most interesting account of some of the customs and manners of Porto Rico. Mr. Maestra has written the paper in the English language, and we did not give him quite time enough to prepare it for this issue, but it will appear next week.  
 Katherine Bakeless is reaching that point where "to be or not to be" obedient becomes a matter of conscious choice. She is a very pretty study as she stands with one foot half lifted to place over the forbidden line, and her chin held in her dimpled hand while deeply meditating.  
 A new party of students were taking their physical examination. Two brothers gave their names. "How old are you?" asked Miss Barr, of the first one. "Eighteen." "How old are you?" turning to the other, "Eighteen." "Oh, no," said Miss Barr, "you must be mistaken, your brother says he is eighteen." A moment's embarrassed silence, then with a very comprehensive smile the second one said, "We are twins!"  
 A number from the school went to town Tuesday evening to see the great magician, Keller. Miss Dutton was one who loaned a ring, and it was found in a bottle tied around the neck of a guinea pig. The magician wrapped the pig in a paper and handed it to her, but when she opened the paper she found hot-house roses. Other roses which grew in a magic flower-pot were generously distributed among the ladies of the audience.  
 The out-of-door meetings on Sunday evenings have been a most pleasant feature of the two summer months just past. There is a solemnity about such a gathering in God's great-out-of-doors, that adds to the impressiveness of all that is said and the hymns that are sung. Heavy rain had made the campus too damp for such use last Sunday evening, however, and we repaired to the chapel, where Prof. Bakeless, as leader, gave an earnest and helpful talk upon Daily Prayer, the topic assigned.  
 Several members of the band have gone to their homes; they are Herman Niles, Louis McDonald, Eugene Warren, Robt. McArthur, Linas Pierce, Willard Gansworth and LeRoy Kennedy. John Warren returns to continue his studies at the Indiana Normal, this State; some of the above named will return to Carlisle in the fall, and take up higher courses in town, while continuing their Band training under Mr. Ettinger, whose valuable services are to be retained at the school.  
 The Band gave an open air concert on Tuesday evening. The first appropriate number, Home Sweet Home, was played with great taste and feeling. The playing throughout showed the result of the constant practice and daily performance before large audiences, which they have had during the past month. We thought they played well when they left us for Buffalo, but in promptness of attack, shading and expression as well as confidence in themselves we notice remarkable improvement.  
**THE BAND BOYS AT THE EXPOSITION.**  
 The question "What did you like best?" put to the members of the Band brings answers as characteristically different as the persons answering.  
 One says quickly "Machinery Hall," another "the Art Gallery." Another is divided between the Midway and the Electric Tower.  
 The Government Building furnished daily entertainment for one, and the Liberal Arts for another.  
 It is difficult to make sure how often they visited the Indian Congress, but judging from the thoroughness with which they saw the other exhibits it is safe to say that they did not spend a great deal of time "going back to the blanket."  
 All agree that the crowning feature is the illumination of buildings and grounds just at dusk every evening. Of that wonderful sight no one tires.

**TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.**

We congratulate the teachers and superintendent of the Public Schools of Carlisle, upon the success of their local Institute.  
 It promises well for the educational interests of a community when its educators have sufficient energy and enthusiasm to carry to successful issue such a project in warm August weather.  
 The school board, too, are to be commended for the liberal way in which they are providing for the needs of the children.  
 The new school buildings of the town are beautiful structures, well adapted to their purpose. They are being adorned without and within.  
 We hope the patrons of the schools do not forget to show their appreciation of both teachers and directors by frequent visits and kindly commendation, and constant efforts to help and encourage pupils and instructors.  
 Good schools and earnest teachers, with interested parents shape the future of a community.

**KIND WORDS FOR OUR BAND.**

Aug. 23, 1901.

MY DEAR COL. PRATT:  
 While at the Pan-American Exposition Monday night I had the pleasure of listening to the concert by your Indian Band, which my wife and I enjoyed very much.  
 It seemed to me that all of the visitors crowded around the Band stand and they applauded very heartily, which proved to me that the Indian Band was the favorite.  
 Very truly yours, C. B.

**FROM OUR STUDENTS OUT IN THE WORLD.**

In a business letter Paul Teenah writes from Puerto Principe, Cuba, that he has entirely recovered his health, and is "feeling like a new man".  
 He says the climate does not trouble the boys any longer.  
 The life is not very exciting there at present, but they manage to have a good time between entertainments which they get up themselves, and playing base ball.  
 He sends his regards to the school.

Lillian Ferris renews her subscription, and writes that she is enjoying a summer rest, at home in the California mountains, having been at work nearly all the time since her return.

She says George is working in the city (San Francisco?) and still hopes to go to a higher school in the fall.

Edith Smith asks to have her address changed to the Oglala Boarding School. She has been transferred and promoted. She has the congratulations of other friends here.

**One of Carlisle's Pupils at the Head of a Creek Boarding School.**

It gives us pleasure to print the following notice, contributed by a well-known missionary who has devoted her life to Indian mission work:

Those readers of the REDMAN & HELPER who feel interested in the Creek pupils who were at Carlisle early in the 80's will be pleased to learn that one of them, Rev. Sam'l J. Checote, has received the appointment of Superintendent of the Co-weta Boarding School of fifty pupils, twenty-five of each sex. A. E. W. R. MUSKOGEE, I. T., Aug. 13, 1901.

**Farewell Concerts.**

The Carlisle Indian band gave its farewell concert at the exposition yesterday. Thousands of people are sorry to see these real American musicians depart. During their three weeks' stay here they played to large audiences, and delighted all who heard them.—[Buffalo Commercial.]

**ANSWER TO PRAYER.**

Gen. Joe Wheeler is good to the interviewer. He talks out without reserve, as if speaking to a friend.

He is modest in his manner, even meek looking, and certainly no one at first sight would imagine that this gentle, genial, kindly man was a hero of some of the bloodiest, grimmest battles of modern times.

Gen. O. O. Howard, who commanded one of the wings of Sherman's army on the famous march to the sea, and who bore Lee's first shock at Gettysburg, is another of precisely the same type.

No one could be simpler, kindlier or gentler. In fact, it seems to be the rule with men, as with steel, that the hardest knocks produce the best temper.

Old army officers and old physicians are apt to have a broad minded charity, and a hopeful, sunny love of their kind which is rare elsewhere. They reverse the rule of the witty French cynic: "The more I know about men, the better I like dogs."

The last time I interviewed Gen. Howard it was on the subject of answers to prayers, and I thought I had him.

In his famous fight with Stonewall Jackson the union forces were defeated, so I inquired of Gen. Howard:

"You prayed before that battle?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And Jackson was a praying man. He prayed also?"

"Yes," he assented.

"Then how is it that he gained the victory? Did that mean the union cause was wrong?"

Very gently the old man replied: "Both our prayers were answered. Jackson prayed for immediate victory, and I for the ultimate triumph of our cause. We both got what we prayed for."—[New York Independent.

**STORIES OF THE SUMMER STARS.**

The Iroquois Indians tell the following story about the Great Bear, of which group, as you may know, the Great Dipper forms a part:

"Once upon a time a party of hunters who were in pursuit of a bear were suddenly attacked by three monster stone giants, who destroyed all but three of them. These, together with the bear, were carried up to the sky by invisible hands. The bear is still being pursued by the first hunter with his bow, the second hunter carries a kettle, and the third is carrying sticks wherewith to light a fire when the bear is killed. Only in the autumn does the hunter pierce the bear with an arrow, and it is said that it is the dripping blood that tinges the autumn foliage."

The Fox Indians, of Louisiana, tell another story about the Great Bear's origin, which may amuse you. In the days of long ago the Indians believed that the trees were able to walk about at night and talk to each other. One dark night, as a bear was wandering homeward through a lonely wood, he was very much surprised to see the trees walking about, nodding their heads and whispering to each other. At first Mr. Bear thought it was only the wind; but when he saw a mighty oak before him, the next moment it was far behind him or on the other side of the road. Presently he happened to run against a tree. It was the oak, the lord of trees. The oak was very angry, and reached out one of its long branches and grabbed the bear by the tail. The bear struggled all night long to get away, and at last the oak, losing all patience, gave his tail a final twist and hurled him up into the sky.—[By Mary Proctor, (Adapted by Louise Hogan.)

**Fly Can't be Drowned.**

Whatever other fate might befall it naturalists agree that the common house fly cannot be drowned, and many experiments have been made in relation thereto.

Included in such tests was the immersion of a fly in a tumbler of clear, cold water, with a piece of cardboard to fit the

glass and floated so as to keep the insect beneath the surface.

So little did the fly trouble about such an obstacle that it kept near the bottom of the glass, and there for a quarter of an hour ran about as in the fresh air, while it at times crawled across the underside of the pasteboard as on the ceiling of a room.

After being immersed for twenty minutes the fly's movements were less active, and at twenty-five minutes it turned over on its side, apparently dead. It hung suspended in the water, just under the pasteboard, which kept it from rising to the surface, and there it remained for another twenty-five minutes.

It was taken out and placed on a sheet of paper, looking to all appearances dead. Its next fate was to be buried by being covered with about a teaspoonful of fine salt.

At the end of fifteen minutes the saline was shaken off, the fly having thus been completely covered either by water or by salt for sixty-five minutes.

Immediately upon its release the insect trimmed its wings and legs actively for a while and then flew away.—[Ex

**Some Things That Are Not So.**

Cayenne pepper doesn't come from a pepper plant, nor Burgundy pitch from Burgundy. Jerusalem artichokes do not come from Jerusalem, nor turkeys from Turkey. Camel's hair brushes are made from the tail of a squirrel. German silver is not silver, and it was invented in China. Cork legs are not made of cork, neither do they come from Cork, Ireland. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia. Irish stew is not an Irish, but an English dish. Cleopatra's Needle was set up a thousand years before that lady was born. Chamois leather is not the hide of a chamois, but the flesh side of sheepskins.—[The Christian Register.

**Mountains Must Work.**

A scheme is under consideration for making the mountain of Popocatepetl, in Mexico—which hitherto has only served to worry geography students—go to work. This mountain is about 17,000 feet high and its summit is covered with eternal snows. The snow in melting furnishes ideal water power, and it is now proposed to make use of this for electrical transmission. The city of Mexico is only about 40 miles away and there are several other cities also within reach.—[The Pathfinder.

**CANCELLING WORDS.**

Most of us have studied cancellation in school. Here is a kind which can be studied in vacation. Two boys were speaking of a third. "He is so slow in games!" said one. "Yes," replied the other; "but he always plays fair." "He is so stupid at school!" said the first. "But he studies hard," returned the second. Every unkind word was cancelled by a kind one. The next time one of us hears an unkind word, let us see if we cannot cancel it.—[S. S. Visitor.

**Curious Indian Weapons Found.**

Bloomsburg, Pa., Aug. 18.—While Melvin Drum, of Franklin township, this county, was working in a sand pit yesterday he discovered an Indian grave. With the corpse was found a number of arrow heads and five peculiar stone implements such as have never been seen before in this vicinity. They are six inches long, with neatly bored holes in the center and notches at the end.—[Glen Mills Daily.

**Look for Good in Others.**

Our characters are often shown in our comments on our fellows. If we see a good trait in one in whom others see only evil, it is to our credit rather than to his. If we are ready to point out a flaw in a character which others speak well of, it is to our discredit instead of to his. It would seem, then, a very simple thing to win credit in this way.—[Exchange.

**SOUSA AS A NON-CONDUCTOR.**

Mr. Sousa, the march king, wears his uniform at all times and seasons. He compels his men to do likewise. The fact that he does so leads to experiences that are very laughable to him.

Mr. Sousa was standing in a railroad station on the platform waiting for a train. A belated traveler ran up to him and shouted. "Has the 9:03 train pulled out?"

"I really don't know," answered the man with the blue uniform.

"Well, why don't you know?" shouted the irate traveler. "What are you standing here for like a log of wood? Aren't you a conductor?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sousa, "I am a conductor."

"A nice sort of a conductor you are!" exclaimed the traveler.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Sousa, "I am not the conductor of a train. I am the conductor of a brass band."—[Saturday Evening Post.

**Tommy's Letter.**

Tommy was delighted when he learned in his grammar lesson, not long ago, about a pair of little dots which as the teacher explained, meant "ditto." Not long after this Tommy went off for a visit, and wrote home. He made use of the ditto in this wise:—

Dear Father:

I hope you are well.

" " mother is "

" " sister "

" " Dick "

" " grandma "

" wish you were here.

" " mother was "

" " sister "

" " Dick "

" " grandma "

" you would send me some money

Your affectionate son, TOM.

A good story going the rounds purports to tell of a certain Sunday school teacher who has under her care each Sabbath a class of little girls, and it is her custom to tell them some little incident that has happened in the week and request the children to quote a verse of scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones.

Last Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut their tails off. "Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked.

There was a pause for a few moments, when one little girl arose, and in a solemn voice said; "Whatsoever God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

**Hard on the Dealer.**

A dealer in stuffed animals, who also kept a few live creatures for sale, gave his shop-boy, who was permitted to sell the stuffed specimens, orders to call him when any one asked for any of the living animals.

One day a gentleman called and demanded a monkey.

Any one of these? asked the boy who was in charge, pointing to the stuffed specimens.

No—I want a live monkey answered the customer.

The boy stepped to the back shop and called to his master: You're wanted, sir! —[Exchange.

Teacher. "Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one wouldn't you?"

Tommy. "No mum."

Teacher. "Why?"

Tommy. "Cos 'twouldn't be necessary."—[Tid-Bits.

Nearly 1,000,000 women in Spain, work in the field as day laborers; 350,000 women are registered as day servants—that is, they work for their food and lodging. There is no such class anywhere else. —[Media Ledger.

**FUN IN THE CHOIR.**

During the sermon one of the quartette fell asleep. "Now is your chants," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor."

"You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto."

"You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that as sure as my name's Psalm" remarked the boy that pumped the organ.—[Ex.

**Superstition.**

"Some people are superstitious about the number thirteen," said a man who notices small things, the other day. "But how many of them refuse silver quarters on account of the thirteens associated with each one?"

There are 13 letters in the word "quarter dollar;" 13 letters in "E Pluribus Unum;" 13 stars at its side; 13 bars on the shield; 13 leaves on the palm in the eagle's claw, and 13 leaves on the sheaf around the head of the Goddess of Liberty.—[Ex.

**Public Schools in Porto Rico.**

There is now being held in San Juan, a summer normal school with 750 pupils, who will be teachers of free schools. There are now in the island a dozen fine school buildings where there was not one two years ago, and 21 more are being built at a cost of \$240,000. This means much for Porto Rico.—[Ex.

A young officer at the front recently wrote home to his father: Dear Father; Kindly send me £50 at once; lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means. The answer was: My Dear Son: As this is the fourth leg you have lost according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try to hobble along on any others you may have left.—[Ex.

"Observation convinces me that the law of gravitation is not universal," said the Talkative Critic. "For illustration, I refer you to the upward tendency of neckties."—[Record of C. B. L.

**Hidden Indian Tribes.**

The first sentence given below contains the names of two Indian tribes. Each of the other sentences contains one. Who will be the first to find them all?

1. I sit in the dentist's chair, and at every tap, aches run from tooth to toe.
2. Along the lower Mississippi many fertile flood plains lie.
3. Is your model aware of her beauty?
4. I hear music! Row faster!
5. You will break my kodak! O take care!
6. The fragrant aroma has proven the coffee first class.
7. Plato's age was four score years.
8. Tell Adam I am in a hurry.
9. Many a one, I dare say, will regret the step.

**Enigma.**

I am made of 19 letters.  
My 4, 9, 19, lives apart from the world.  
My 8, 17, 6, 10, 12, 15, is a color.  
My 16, 14, 3, 13, 5, causes much talk these days.  
My 1, 18, 7, no boy likes to do.  
My 2, 11, 12, is death to mosquitoes.  
My whole will give pleasure to the school stay-at-homes.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Obedience is the mother of success.

**SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.**

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