

The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1901

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number seven

A Nation's Mourning Hymn.

I
O Thou, whose pity marks the plea
When Sorrow lifts her suppliant cry,
A mourning people bow to Thee
With burdened heart and tearful eye.

II
Woe, woe to us! foul murder's hand
Has struck the Lord's anointed low!
Slain is the beauty of our land!
Fall'n is the mighty! Woe, ah, woe!

III
Dark is the way Thou call'st us to;
Yet Thou art still the Holy One;
For all Thy judgments Lord, are true;
And righteous all. Thy will be done!

IV
O arm of God, awake, awake,
And vindicate Thy righteous cause;
Swift may Thy vengeance overtake
The proud defiers of Thy laws!

V
Keep Thou our Soldiers in the field,
Watch o'er our Sailors on the sea;
Strike with their strength, for they who wield
The sword of right shall honor Thee!

VI
Our fathers' God, 'tis Thou alone
Whose hand can part the opposing wave;
Safe through the Sea, O lead us on;
Great Lord of all, Thy people save!

The above hymn was written on the day following President Lincoln's assassination, and was sung at a service conducted by the writer in his City Mission in Biddle Market Hall, St. Louis, Mo. It was again sung September 26, A. D. 1881, at the memorial service for President Garfield held in the Tabernacle Church, then at Broad and Penn Square, with the congregation and the Second Regiment, N. G. P., of which the writer was and is the chaplain. It seems fitting to ask my people to join in singing it at this service commemorative of the life and death of William McKinley, our third Martyr President.

HENRY MCCOOK, in Phila. Inquirer.

Our Dead President.

THE SAD NEWS of the shooting of President McKinley at Buffalo on the 6th inst., and his subsequent death on the 14th, has fallen like a pall throughout our country, and has excited the sympathy as well as execration of the entire civilized world.

A crime so atrocious, unexpected, and without cause, has startled the nation at its audacity, and brought all well-meaning citizens to tears, at the somber reflection that anarchy has been sufficiently rife, and become so crystallized by conspiracy, as to strike a fatal blow at our venerated and beloved President; not because of any personal grudge or grievance, but because he was the Government's chosen head and Chief Executive, as it is at the incumbents of such offices that bloody anarchy wields its malignant vengeance.

It is needless to give here the details of the tragedy, as our limited space will not permit; the news has become widespread, and the general facts are well known.

Pen, ink and type are inadequate to express our saddened feelings in a manner to suit the case, but each and all can help to form a cordon of public sentiment that will become so strong, so pointed and

universal throughout our country, as will protect the life and liberty of our rulers in the future from such murderous assaults, by making the moral, religious and political atmosphere too strong for anarchy to breathe in, to spread or even conceal its pestiferous miasma.

On Sunday last, special memorial services were held in thousands of churches, besides resolutions of condolence and sympathy from many associations, religious and political; and prayers ascended heavenward to the Giver of all Good for continued mercy, preservation and peace in this sorrowing hour of family grief and of national calamity.

Our chapel services conducted by Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer, Pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Carlisle, were a most befitting testimonial for the occasion, and were highly appreciated by all for the high-toned, religious advices and sentiments he expressed, and for the noble tribute of worth rendered to the departed in quoting his inspiring words of trust in God's will and way, and his prayerful chant, showing the soul's abiding faith, even in the transition hour, of "Nearer my God to thee."

Our nation's martyrs—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, were stricken down while at their posts of trust and duty. Long may their memories be cherished, their virtues be embalmed and their good and patriotic deeds be enshrined on the memory tablets of a grateful nation!

IT PAYS TO BE GENEROUS.

The following interesting story of Lousia M. Alcott's about her parents, illustrates the truth in the above caption. In her own words she tells of her kind-hearted and benevolent parents:

"One snowy Saturday night, when our wood was very low, a poor child came to beg a little, as the baby was sick and the father was on a spree with all his wages. My mother hesitated at first, as we also had a baby. Very cold weather was upon us, and a Sunday to be got through before wood could be had.

"My father said, 'Give half our stock, and trust in Providence; the weather will moderate, or wood will come.'"

"Mother laughed, and answered in her cheery way, 'Well, their need is greater than ours; and if our half gives out we can go to bed, and tell stories.'"

"So a generous half went to the poor neighbor, and a little later in the evening while the storm still raged, and we were about to cover our fire to keep it, a knock came, and a farmer, who usually supplied us, appeared, saying, anxiously:

"I started from Boston with a load of wood, but it drifts so I want to get home. Wouldn't you like to have me drop the wood here? It would accommodate me, and you needn't hurry about paying for it."

'Yes' said father; and as the man went off he turned to mother with a look that much impressed us children with his gifts as a seer, 'Didn't I tell you wood would come if the weather did not moderate?'

"My mother's motto was, 'Hope and keep busy,' and one of her sayings was, 'Cast bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered.'"

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PANSIES.

President McKinley, occupied by the thousand cares of state, had time for a bit of sentiment now and then.

An incident occurred recently that not only gave an excellent illustration of this fact, but it was, at the same time, a charming example of the President's devotion to Mrs. McKinley, and his affectionate regard for all that she admires.

A new autograph album was laid before the President for his signature.

This is a common request; and the owner of the book doubtless expected to find the characteristic autograph firmly imprinted on the first page: for, in the White House, time is precious.

But, in turning the leaves of the album, a bunch of pansies caught the President's eye.

It was Mrs. McKinley's favorite flower, and he remembered it. Beneath the flowers were the lines:

"You cannot guess the power
Of a simple little flower."

With a smile he wrote beneath these lines, "William McKinley."

—[Everywhere.]

Will we push or do we have to be Pushed

In the twentieth century a man must either push or be pushed.

Every one admires the man who can assert his rights and has the power to demand and take them if denied to him.

No man can respect the man who slinks in the rear and apologizes for being in the world.

Negative virtues are of no use in winning one's way.

It is the POSITIVE man, the man with energy and push who forges to the front," says a prominent writer.

HORSE SENSE—FOR OUR INDIAN BOYS.

The following clipping was sent to us by an esteemed friend to be published for the special benefit of our boys in country homes. The outing boys have much to do with horses and every lover of horses—MAY THE TRIBE INCREASE—will appreciate the horse-talk as presented below:

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You, too, would move up if under the whip.

Don't whip me if I get frightened on the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble. Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you, the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself some time, run up a hill some time with a big load.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mean it. Don't make me drink ice cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it half a minute against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get long.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't forget the old Book that is a friend to all the oppressed and says: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"Blessed are the merciful, etc" adds our friend.

The Only way to get up in the World is to do One's Best.

Colgate Hoyt, one of the World's successful men, told some young men recently how, when he was a boy working in a hardware store, he wanted to quit because he was put at washing windows. The young girls he called on saw him at his menial occupation, and he did not like it.

The boy complained to his father, but his father advised him to keep on washing windows, and to do the work to the best of his ability.

"If you do whatever is given you to do to the best of your ability," said his father, "your employers won't find it profitable to keep you long at window-washing.—[American Boy.]

How About Good for Nothing Indian?

"Johnny, I want you to be good to-day," said his mamma, but it wasn't our John Bakeless' mamma who was talking to her little son.

"I will be good if you will give me a nickel," responded little Johnny.

"Johnny, I want you to remember that you cannot be a child of mine unless you are good for nothing," replied mamma.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.—CARLYLE.

Broad ideas are hated by partial ideas, this is, in fact, the struggle of progress.

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Second-class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from the
Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else hasMEMORIAL SERVICES FOR THE
HONORED DEAD.

Schools, banks and some industrial establishments in Carlisle were closed all day. Stores and other places of business generally in town were closed during the afternoon, and all over the United States there was a general suspension of business out of respect for our beloved martyr President whose funeral services were held in Canton, Ohio, yesterday. The school and industrial departments here continued until 2:30 P. M., when all work ceased for the remainder of the day. At three o'clock all repaired to the school Assembly Hall, where appropriate memorial services were held for the honored dead.

An excellent picture of the lamented President was placed in front of the pulpit and draped with the flag of our country in graceful folds. Flowers and potted plants occupied positions that showed aesthetic taste in decorating for such occasions. Mr. Beitzel, who is Acting Superintendent in Colonel Pratt's absence, Professor Bakeless and Professor Burgess occupied seats on the platform. Miss Annie Moore played Gottschalk's "The Last Hope"—his Evening Prayer, as a Voluntary. This was most feelingly rendered, not a sound being heard throughout the large audience, so intense was the sympathy brought out by the charming refrain.

The chanting of the Lord's Prayer by the School, the Scripture reading by Professor Bakeless, who was in charge of the service, the singing by the choir of "Lead Kindly Light," which was exceptionally fine, the sentiments and quotations of the Seniors and Juniors, the brief address of Professor Burgess, the singing of "America" and "Nearer my God to Thee," all went to make up a beautiful and impressive service, but Mrs. Ettlinger's rendition of "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," Ambrose, was so effective and affecting that the song, the singer and the occasion will long be cherished in the memories of all present.

A number of the quotations given by the Seniors and Juniors and Professor Burgess' address will be given in part next week.

AN INSPIRING TALK.

On last Saturday evening, in the absence of Col. Pratt, Prof. Bakeless had charge of the usual Saturday night "English speaking" as that informal meeting of the Carlisle student-body has been called since the early days of the school.

Reference was made at the beginning of the exercises to the national calamity, and the subdued manner of the boys and girls as they took their places, the stillness and strained attention indicated that our country's sorrow was not absent from their minds and hearts.

The Professor said in part:

"Our Great Father" has yielded up his life under conditions that appal the world and make the American citizen pause, and with knit brow and compressed lip, with sorrowful heart and

moistened eye resolve to be more true to his glorious country.

"The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," for a hundred years, no longer gives assurance of safety to the lives and possessions of its citizens.

The unworthy, the ignoble, the treacherous and erratic that have been driven out elsewhere, have come to our shores. They require our hospitality by strokes such as these.

The principle and traditions of our revolutionary fathers and our early founders are thus brought to naught.

Our birthrights, a precious heritage, are being stolen from us and perverted by the ignorant, the indolent and the insane.

The message comes to us in thunder tones:

We are young Americans.

We must be loyal, true to the old flag that daily unfolds its beauty to our gaze.

We must do our best toward being intelligent voters, citizens of principle, and worthy of our freedom.

We will face these new conditions and dangers, and preserve what our Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln and Grant and McKinley of revered memory, and the host of honored dead have left in our keeping.

We defy the powers of wickedness.

America will stand, because her youth are true to her.

Indian boys, Indian girls, our duty is clear.

After the usual short scripture reading and hymn, he further said:

Girls and boys I am glad to welcome you back from your summer of hard work.

The first time since my connection with the school our Superintendent is not here to welcome you on this occasion.

You are all looking well and strong and happy. You have done well during the summer, and were your commander here, he would rejoice with you in your joy at returning to friends and familiar haunts.

You were on his mind and heart when he went away on an important mission relating to your people.

He left a message for you.

Carlisle needs her sentinels again on the skirmish line.

Seventy one more boys and forty girls are needed to fill the vacancies in the homes of our good patrons, who have stood by the school and its principles for many years, and who have gotten to lean on the help of the Indian boys and girls.

These people, too, believe in the Indians and want to help them stand for individual manhood and womanhood.

They offer you good homes, home life, hard work to bring out the best in you, 100 days of school, association with white people away from Indian masses and institution life.

Boys and girls, two months of home life, with its discipline and duty, is worth six of institution life in the best institutions in America, Carlisle not excepted.

(To the employees present. "Ladies, do you agree with me?" Nods of assent.)

Why, children, if every one of the 50,000 Indian boys and girls could be in a good home in a civilized community and be able to attend a white school, I'd gladly surrender my job to-night, and so would every one of these good faithful workers.

There is too much work waiting to be done in the world by earnest workers, to waste time doing in an inferior and slow way, what can be done in a better way.

Work, hard work, experience brings out the best in us.

Talk of work as a curse; it is a blessing—the best that has ever come to man.

It sweetens our lives and keeps us out of mischief.

You have heard of great risks to be taken, great duties to be done in times of military crises; and when the commander called upon his men for volunteers, every man stepped forward.

When the Merrimac was to be taken into Santiago harbor, every man in the American fleet was willing to face death with Hobson, and simply do his duty.

You can volunteer, not for a mission

like that, fraught with danger, but for one that will bring you life, health, wealth, experience and power, and right in the van of civilization shows that Indians are men and women, with heart and brains and will-power.

Seventy-one boys and forty girls are needed for hard places, not easy ones.

Who is ready to obey the call of duty?

He who heeds not the call of duty, sometimes loses the richest blessings of his life.

Who is ready to take his place on the skirmish line at the call of your absent commander?

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

Miss Ericson at Her Finland Home.

HELSINGFORS, FINLAND, EUROPE.

Sept. 3rd, 1901.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Traveling and constantly meeting with new experiences, have made my pen, (if not my mouth,) silent for a long time, but here I am now, sending you and all my school friends a greeting from my far away country, hoping it may reach you all happy and well.

After a remarkably short and beautiful journey by the new giant steamer, the magnificent "Deutschland," we arrived in Hamburg six days and a half after we left New York.

I had been in the grand "Reichstaadt" once before, and was pleased to see the improvements made there and the fine sights all around.

After a few days I left for Lubeck, the pretty, queer, old-fashioned city, with its odd buildings, handsome stores and promenades.

It was there I took the steamer for Finland.

To describe to you the feelings of my heart, as I saw those Finnish steamers, came on board and heard for the first time in six years the native tongue of my own country, I do not undertake to do. All who have had similar experiences will understand me, and others will fully sympathize, I am sure.

My first attempt to speak GOOD Sweedish was really quite a funny one. English would come in, do whatever I would, but after a few more hours' conversation, I was almost entirely again master of the language.

Three days in beautiful weather on the Baltic Sea, was spent in very agreeable company, and at early morning light I again saw the shores of Finland.

A small party of us went ashore at the first port, a very fashionable summer resort, and took a lovely walk through the beautiful park, all quiet in early morning silence.

A few hours later we landed in Abo, the oldest city in Finland, famous for being the first place where the Swedish crusaders landed in the early year of 1157.

Here is still to be seen the grand old castle erected by them as a protection against the pagan Finns.

We arrived in the forenoon, and at 5 P. M. I left the city by a small coast steamer for the summer home of my sister—a pretty island.

Having been unable to write them in time to meet me, I came entirely unexpected.

I wish you could have been present at that meeting to see their surprise.

It was a "royal" one I can assure you!

But I will not tire you by any too minute descriptions, may it be enough to say that all since, my time has been most pleasantly spent in company with my own people, relatives and friends.

Dear old places have been visited, and all should have been but one great joyful time, had not the terribly sad news from my beloved friends, the Etniers, come to cloud my days.

All since I have not been able to enjoy anything at all, my heart is with my bereaved friend constantly.

Since a week ago I am in my sister's winter home for the remaining time of my stay in Finland.

At the end of the month I expect to leave for Germany, America, Porto Rico.

I am due in San Juan the 1st of November.

There are very sad times in Finland now.

My poor country suffers fearfully under the Russian oppression.

You happy people of free America can hardly understand us; it is a daily pain to see it all.

I will not try to describe anything of this misery, it is too painful.

The papers tell enough of it for those interested, and they can never express themselves in too strong terms.

There has been a fearful hot summer in Finland also this year; 90 degrees has been quite the usual thing here for weeks in succession.

Now, as early as this, unusually chilly weather has set in.

It is cold enough to be November, yet warm spells are expected.

Finland also has an "Indian summer."

Everybody here who has heard from me of my Indian experiences, has expressed great interest in all concerning "The real Americans."

They have a number of hearty sympathizers here now I can assure you, and so have the Porto Ricans.

The latter are heartily congratulated too by my countrymen for being under the rule of grand, free, liberal America, and not like them (the Finns) under the Russian Bear!

I must close, and will do it with the best wishes for all of you, for my friends far and near who read this. I remain as ever the true friend of all good Indians.

JENNY H. ERICSON.

INDIAN GIRLS AS NURSES.

We are pleased to hear from Marion Lambert and Susie Zane, that they are getting on nicely at the Waterbury, Conn. hospital. Marion says she is on night duty now and likes it very much. The Waterbury American has this to say of Indian girls as nurses, which we can endorse fully:

Appreciation of Indian girls as nurses is growing in the hospitals of this country. Nancy Wheelock, who went from the Waterbury to the Worcester hospital, is said to be very popular there, and has just returned from a two weeks' vacation to receive evidence that she is highly valued. There are two Indian girls now in the Waterbury hospital who are able to sustain the reputation established by their predecessors. Still another one is likely to be admitted before long. The matron of the Carlisle school is not able to supply the demand for Indian girls of some education and training for this class of work. They have certain elements of character that especially fit them for it. They are no more teachable or handy, or agreeable, perhaps, than American girls; but they have innate and traditional reserve and an indifference to distracting surroundings that give them special aptitude for hospital work. Those who know most about them use the word "restful" in speaking of their service and influence.

The "Business College Journal" of Santa Cruz, Calif., is a neat monthly periodical devoted to educational affairs, and is a welcome visitor on our exchange list. The September number contains an excellent editorial in the shorthand and type-writing department, which clearly shows the important and general utility of both of these branches so intimately blended, and warmly approves the Benn Pitman system of phonography, which from observation and comparative data at hand we fully endorse, and are pleased to state that a short-hand class is now being organized in this Indian School which will adopt the same system, believed to be the best and in most extensive use in this country, both in our schools and among the numerous amanuenses and shorthand reporters in active service.

A large Waynesboro excursion visited our School on Saturday.

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

Steam heat, thanks!
Good-bye, caterpillars!
Borrowing is sorrowing.
Mrs. Warner has returned.
Mrs. Cook has returned from Connecticut.
New beds are going into the girls' quarters.

The school herd is looking in fine condition.
Chauncy Doxtator has entered the printing-office.

On Wednesday, 64 boys went to country homes for the winter.

Old stocking-leg and pillowcase footballs are again in evidence.

Mr. Charles C. Carns of Carlisle, is our new instructor in painting.

The sweets of family life are said not to be found in family jars.

We now have 1032 students enrolled—396 in country homes and 636 present.

George Balenti arrived from his Oklahoma home this week, looking well and happy.

Mrs. Ettinger returned on Thursday, and the lovers of good singing were made happy.

The Campbells left on Sunday night for Philadelphia via the Pan-American and Niagara Falls.

Zenia Tibbetts and Louise Rogers have gone back to the Bloomsburg Normal after a little visit.

One of our worthy patrons, Mr. J. L. Kelly, of Hillside, we are grieved to learn has passed away to the great beyond.

There are 396 of our students now out for the winter, the greatest number of winter outings since the school started.

Remember these first cool days of Fall are the days that heat travels faster than cold, for you can so easily catch cold.

Hobart Cook has entered the Bloomsburg Normal and likes it. He rooms with our old friend and student John Miller.

Mr. H. N. White, representing the Smith Premier Company, Harrisburg, gave our sanctum a friendly call on Wednesday.

Capt. Silas Armstrong, of Quapaw Indian Agency, I. T., has just arrived with nine pupils—7 girls and 2 boys. Anna Lewis a former student, is one of the party.

On Saturday, a trolley party to Holly was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, by Misses Ely, Cutter, Wood and Burgess. The day was fine and the trip enjoyed.

Yesterday morning 53 girls left on the early trains for country homes for the winter, where they will attend school all day for a hundred days and earn their support.

Robert Bruce, our fine Euphonium player, has returned, and everybody rejoices. Mr. Bruce has made a record for himself, but not so great a name as he will make if he continues doing his best.

Mr. Fought, the Volunteer's enterprising City Editor was out yesterday renewing his mother's subscription. Mr. Fought expects to leave Carlisle in a week or two to attend medical college in Philadelphia.

Printer Lopez has gone to a country home for the winter, and we should not be surprised if he would come back to us speaking better English than many of the stay-here Porto Ricans. The country, with its bright and happy children and the public school (when a good one) is the place to learn conversational English.

The student-body present for two or three days this week numbered over 800, after the 370 students came in from the country and before those who were to go out for the winter left. Baggage by the hay-wagon load was the order. Maybe Mr. Kensler, Miss Ely and the heads of the several quarters have not been busy for a few days. It requires considerable head-work as well as hand to make everyone comfortable at such times.

Mr. Leander Gansworth, '96, has been doing some great bicycle racing at Booneville, N. Y.

Edward Rogers will not return to Carlisle this year. He has entered the University of Minnesota.

Miss Lida Jones writes that she enjoys her place at Carson City, Nevada very much. The people work in harmony, and the school is improving rapidly under the present Superintendent.

Professor William Burgess of Philadelphia is with us for a time, and will start a short hand class. He has had fifty and more years of practice, and will teach the Benn Pitman system, the oldest and most used system of today.

A postal card from Edgar Rickard, '01, dated, London, Ky., 16th, asking for a change of HELPER address from his New York home gives the encouraging news: "I am not at home now. I am out in the world fighting my own battles."

A business note from Charles Buck, Montana, says, "My wife and I are in the highest state of health. She joins me in sending our very best regards to all our friends, especially to Colonel Pratt." It will be remembered that Charlie married Spyna Devereaux, one of our old girls.

The old students who returned last week with Mr. James Wheelock, from Oneida, Wisconsin, are Martin Wheelock, Wallace Denny, Joel Cornelius, Wilson Charles, Charles King and Louisa Cornelius. There were five others in the party—Isaac Powlas, Sadie Powlas, Abbie King, Temon Cornelius, Chauncy Doxtator.

Miss Steele has returned, and is at her post of duty as librarian. She came back with the others the first of the month, but on arrival learned the sad news of the death of her brother John Prince Steele, in Geneva, New York, and she went home immediately. The deceased was a student of the Geneva High School, and died of typhoid fever.

The printers are beginning to think of foot-ball with the various shop teams. The printers this year will be the lightest team, hence term themselves the "Pony team." What they lack in weight they will endeavor to make up in head-work and speed. The printers were champions of the school last year, and we are looking for some great games in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillibridge have resigned from the Indian service, and are living at Pulman, New Mexico. Mrs. Lillibridge, has gained rapidly in health since their change of work and climate, and feels better than for years. In August, she visited her mother at Acoma. It will be remembered that Mrs. Lillibridge was one of Carlisle's honored students in days gone by.

Our students are beginning to appreciate the rule that only a third of their earnings can be spent till they have saved twenty dollars. Most of those who have been out have now twenty dollars and over in bank earning interest, and it makes them feel dignified and independent, and they are certain of something when they leave the school for good.

Miss Campbell, of Steelton, with Master Benjamin Turner one of New York City's Fresh Air children, now visiting Steelton, came over to the school for a day. The young man had seen the Columbia-Indian football game from the outside elevations and was specially interested in the football practice, though he watched all the work of the school with keen and interested eyes.

Ship Fumigating

When we last heard from Edward Hoag of the U. S. S. Monongahela, he said the ship had gotten so full of roaches and all sorts of vermin that it was to be fumigated.

Sulphur and deoxide fumes were to be pumped into the space between the berth deck and the main deck and kept there for 24 hours after which it was to be blown out through the port holes by electric fans.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

The training table has been started.

The athletic field is now in better condition than it has ever been.

Tomorrow we play Lebanon Valley on our grounds, the first game of the season.

Quarter-back, Bender and Half-back, Fielder are under the weather, the former is having rheumatism, and the latter malaria.

The Steelton Y. M. C. A. game promised for last Saturday was declared off after the terrible news of the death of President McKinley.

Martin Wheelock and James Johnson are back, and will take conspicuous part in the football this season again. They were warmly welcomed by all who wish to see a good team again this year.

If in our evening practice a player does good work, why not encourage him by shouting as the average college player is encouraged on the side-line? It helps a player to feel that he is appreciated.

One criticism we often hear is that the Indians do not have enough of the college spirit. The football team is ours, and if encouragement from the side line is what will help our team win, let us hurrah for the man who makes a good play.

SPECIAL SERVICES ON SUNDAY.

Our Sunday afternoon services were both impressive and beautiful.

The chapel was decorated with flowers, and in front of the pulpit a cross of purple and white asters was suspended.

Miss Moore played a beautiful voluntary.

The choir sang an anthem appropriate to the occasion, and the school followed with the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee."

After the Scripture lesson, Miss Senseney sang "Just as I am," by Carl Gotze.

The sermon by the Reverend Diffenderfer was a magnificent tribute to President McKinley, as a statesman, citizen, friend and husband.

An appeal was made to the civic pride of all true Americans in protecting our country from a class who scorn good government and disgrace our flag.

At the end of the service the student-body stood with reverently bowed heads, while the choir softly chanted the President's favorite hymn—"Lead Kindly Light."

Miss Work's Work.

Miss Work left last week for her field of duty among the Piutes. She carries the responsibilities of Superintendent and Disbursing Agent of the Piutes, and is a bonded officer of the Government. She has lived among the Indians for many years. Miss Work is an old resident of Utah, and knows the Mormon situation. Her Indians are the Shebits, Kaiba and Moapa bands of the Piutes. She is in the extreme Southwestern corner of Utah 55 miles from a railroad point, the only woman in that vicinity, but a school is to be built a hundred miles further north. The Indians do not have a very great fondness for the Mormons.

Her school is the seat of the Mountain Meadow Massacre in '49, and a chief's story of the affair is: "Somebody lie." Mormon say Injun lie, I no savie.

Miss Work is full of interesting incident, and she brought with her some Indian basketry which she had no difficulty in disposing of, as it was of the novel kind made by the Indians of that section, and always in demand.

The Band had expected to play an engagement at Mt. Holly park last evening, but it being the day of the burial of our beloved President the engagement was cancelled.

The Band plays for the Riding Tournament at Chambersburg, Pa. to-day.

FROM A FRIEND IN WEST AFRICA.

The following interesting letter speaks for itself:

ROTIFUNK, SIERRA LEONE,
WEST AFRICA, July, 1901.

MISS M. BURGESS—DEAR MADAM:
Your department may be interested to hear of our work here in "The Dark Continent."

We have thought of the boys and girls at Carlisle many times since we were there, and at times have tried to compare them to the boys and girls with whom we labor, but they are like that class of adjectives which will not admit of comparison.

Of course when we compare Africa with America—the scorching tropical sun to the balmy breezes of the latter, then the tribal customs, crime, superstition and degradation of West Africa to the manners and customs of the American Indian with his privileges of a civilized land, one cannot look with disgust upon the African boy, but pity him.

We are now in the midst of the rainy season, and no doubt it will seem strange to you when I say that this is the coldest time of the year.

Many days the boys shiver with the cold. However, it is not cold to us.

We have not quite become accustomed to looking northward to see the sun at noon, still it does not trouble us on account of dinner at that hour, because we eat our dinner at four o'clock P. M., lunch at six A. M. and breakfast at ten.

The native eats twice a day (when he can get it,) and very freely of rice and "Palaner Sauce" which is a mixture of Palm oil and fish and other things too numerous to mention.

He lives in a low hut or house made of bamboo sticks and mud.

The smaller boys and girls run about the house and in fact wherever they want to go with just the same clothes on with which they came into the world, and their fathers' and mothers' clothes are but little better, until the white man comes to see them, when they tie a cloth about their waist and feel "dressed up!"

My boys would like to exchange specimens of their work and country for the same from your boys. Also they would like to correspond with one or two. I think I will give the names and addresses of two, so if you boys want to write, they shall have an answer. Paul R. Keister and Herrick McMillen, Rotifunk, Sierra Leone, West Africa, and if any of the girls wish to write, they may write to Susan Coker of the same place.

We have not secured our printing department yet, but when we do we shall send you a paper. We receive the RED-MAN AND HELPER, and the boys enjoy reading it.

My boys make initial stamps of the forks of a tree here which will be worth about ten cents, so if any of your boys want them they can send the letters which they want cut on the stamp and send the money to Mrs. B. F. Witt, Dayton, Ohio, and explain to her what it is for, as we use English money here. Or the boys would exchange these for small story books.

Then they could send leaves from all the tropical trees and many other things which would be of interest to you all.

I am only suggesting what might be done in the way of an exchange between the two schools.

Yours very truly,
WALTER S. RICHARDS,
Supt. Industrial Dept.

A pleasant letter from Lillian Ferris, 1900, says she is at her home in California, just now for a little rest after having been busy for several months. Her brother George who graduated this year has been busy every day since his return, she says, and it is impossible for them to keep him still. He is now off earning money to see him through a higher course of instruction, which he is anxious to take. They have been happy, but often long for their friends and old times at Carlisle. Her letter is full and interesting.

Changes in the Indian Service.

Among the changes in employees at various Indian agencies, recently authorized by the Indian Office, appear the following:

Appointee	Position	Agency	In place of
Big Shoulder Blade	Judge	Crow, Mont.	
Two Leggins	do	do	
Spies on the Enemy	do	do	
Charles Clawson	Asst. Farmer	do	Smokey
Theodore Haury	Teamster	Cheyenne and Arapaho, Okla.	Frank Sweezy
John C. Powlas	Add'l Farmer	do	R. S. Druley
Casper Alford	do	do	Raymond Dawson
Tall Red Bird	Asst. Butcher	do	Jos. Calling Thunder
Isaac Seneca	Blacksmith	do	
Charles Bache	Herder	Lemhi, Ida.	Andy Johnson
David Duvall	Asst. Mechanic	Blackfeet, Mont.	John Ground
Medicine Owl	Farmer	do	George Horn
Night Gun	Laborer	do	Stabs Down
Mike Hostler	Farmer	Hoopa Valley, Calif.	Tommy Marshall
Jacob Russell	Blacksmith	Omaha and Winnebago, Nebr.	Charles Decora
Phillip Iron Tail	Laborer	Pine Ridge, S. D.	Adam Tobacco
Charles G. Boy	Herder	do	Wilson White Star
Frank Cross	Laborer	do	Jos. High Eagle
Geoffrey Chips	Herder	do	Thomas Fox
John F. Johnson	Herder	Shoshone, Wyo.	Charles Lahoe
Yow Yowan	Judge	Yakima, Wash.	Louis Simpson
Daniel Arnold	Asst. Carpenter	Standing Rock, N. D.	George Pleets
Alexander Middle	Judge	do	Little Dog
Tatanka	Add'l Farmer	Devil's Lake, N. D.	
Hehakaiyaye	do	do	
Martin Young	do	do	
Frank Good Cloud	Janitor and Physician's Asst.	Standing Rock, N. D.	Edward Afraid of Hawk
Robert Roberts	Asst. Carpenter	Cheyenne River S. D.	Adam Swift Horse
James Garfield	Laborer	do	Allen West
Brule Woman	do	do	Cecelia Two Lances
Nathan Gunn	Asst. Farmer	Ft. Berthold, N. D.	Charles Burr
James Foote	Apprentice	do	Ralph Wells
John Lego	Interpreter	Leech Lake, Minn.	Wallace Weaver
Running Jumper	Butcher	Pine Ridge, S. D.	Frank G. Boy
Benedict Whitebird	Asst. Carpenter	Standing Rock, N. D.	Howard Pine
Peter Bearboy	do	do	Louis Winter
Jesse Pleets	Blacksmith	do	Loan Him Arrows
Joe Sims	Laborer	Western Shoshone, Nev.	Dick Caskey
Robert Hawk	Blacksmith's Apprentice	do	John Teller

Transfers and Promotions.

Name	From	To	Agency	In place of
Smokey	Asst. Farmer	Laborer	Crow, Mont.	
Frank Sweezy	Teamster	Stockham	Cheyenne and Arapaho, Ok.	Dick Tyler
Adam Swift Horse	Asst. Carpenter	Asst. Blacksmith	Cheyenne River S. D.	Whitley Traverse
Allen West	Laborer	Blacksmith	do.	Wm. Sheppard
Stailley Norcross	Ox Driver	Laborer	Navajo, N. M.	Hoska be gay
Solomon O. Lodge	Asst. Farmer	Asst. Blacksmith	Rosebud, S. D.	
Charles Burr	do	Farmer	Ft. Berthold, N. D.	Thomas Smith

SHE LIKES HER PLACE.

Julia Jarvis likes her country home and expects to stay out for another year. She likes her work and feels that she has improved greatly. She will go to a graded school this winter in a new school building.

She says:

"On a farm we get good fresh water and pure air, and get plenty of good things to eat, especially water-melons.

I have a pretty cat. It is over a year old. It was a little kitten when I came here and I named it after Queen Victoria.

Now it has four little kittens and they are all maltese and so is their mother.

Victoria is my pet cat, we have three other cats besides it.

I had six pet chickens, and I named two of them.

One I named Punch and the other Judy.

Punch died and I sold Judy and the chickens, but we have no dogs and we have five Jersey cows and we had two pet calves, one named Mattie and the other Ed."

People are not half so bad as they are kodaked.

A defeat to a brave man is only a victory.—JAMES ELLIS.

INDIAN EXCHANGES.

Everywhere is improvement. This is no less so with the original Americans than with the adopted or transplanted Americans.

Reference has frequently been made to a number of papers published at our schools. Of these we are reminded by the appearance of The Weekly Chemawa American from the Salem, Oregon, Indian Training School, "in a new form."

It has adopted the magazine form and is greatly improved with the opening of a new term.

The Haskell Leader is also a credit to the Haskell Institute, Kansas. All the friends of the Indians have been pleased to see how successful the union of The Indian Helper and The Red Man at our own Carlisle has proved. These schools deserve the congratulations as well as the practical help of their friends in the effort thus to set forth the work and its claims, by means of the printed page. Some of these days, whoever may live to see it, these distinctions will be lost forever and all will be Americans without a qualifying title.—[Reformatory Record.]

Some people pray for their daily bread and then grumble because they do not get pound cake.—[Pittsburg Observer.]

Football.

The article in the Philadelphia Press dated Sept. 14th, covers the situation regarding our prospective team so thoroughly that with permission of the author Glen S. Warner, we reprint in full:

CARLISLE, PA., Sept. 14.—The candidates for the Carlisle Indian football team have now been training since September 4, and, although it has been very warm, some rather hard work has been done and there is a marked improvement in the way the candidates handle themselves.

There is a vast difference in the material here at Carlisle and at other institutions.

The boys here are out on farms all Summer doing hard work, and as this has been an exceptionally warm Summer, those trying for the team are all under weight and what might be termed over-trained, and they have to be handled very carefully and trained up with the idea of putting weight on them instead of being trained and hardened, the way college teams should be whose candidates have been taking it easy during vacation and are generally soft and over weight.

The Carlisle boys should carry on the average of about ten pounds more weight each than they do now, and in order to put that onto them they have to be handled very carefully during the warm weather of the early football season.

The material here is very limited and, as there are only three fellows in school who weigh over 175 pounds, and only four of last year's team here, and the majority of the candidates absolutely green beginners at the game, some idea can be formed by the task the coach will have to develop a polished team fit to put up a creditable battle against the best college elevens in the country.

The boys have been training long enough to enable one to judge somewhat of their ability and some of the new players are showing up very well. It is not so much playing ability, speed and pluck that will be lacking as it is weight, which is an essential to a football team.

The old players who will be on the team are Hare, right end; Dillon right guard, Wheelock, left tackle, and Johnson quarter-back. Of last year's substitutes who gave promise of being valuable this year there are Williams, Lubo and Palmer. Yarlot, Bender, Decora and Bradley also played on last year's scrub team and they should be of some help to the team this year as regulars or subs.

The rest of the material is composed of green men who never handled a football before

Of these Sanook, Sheldon, Shinbone, Chatfield, Tatiyopa and several others have been demonstrating that they only need experience and coaching to make good players.

The work so far has been mostly of a very rudimentary nature, such as falling on the ball, passing and starting, learning how to hold the ball, punting and catching punts and tackling.

There have also been several very short practice games to give the new men an idea of what the game is like and the men have been running down the field on kicks.

This year, besides having Indians of different tribes from all over the United States represented, we have an interesting candidate for the team from Alaska, a very fine specimen of an Esquimeau, weighing about 160 pounds. He has hardly become acclimated yet, and the warm weather is a little too severe on him, but he is strong and an earnest worker and he may develop into a good player.

He has been playing center in the practice games.

The Doughnut Coin.

The new two-cent piece soon to be issued has already been styled the doughnut coin because it will have a hole in the centre.

The innovation was deemed necessary as the new coin is to be the size and same alloy as the present five cent piece. [Snyder County News.]

A Reliable Friend.

The DOLLAR is a reliable friend. Stick to your dollar and it will stick to you.

Handle it well and it will grow you another dollar.

Be very careful and judicious with it and it will make you rich and happy.

Be careless and contemptuous of your dollar-friend and it will quit you cold, and all your other friends save your dog will go with it.

It is the nature of dollars.

They are made that way and can't help it, and so is the nature of everything else save dogs.—[The Indian Journal.]

A little girl, who had been attending the public kindergarten, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up, exclaiming:

"O darling, how did you fall?"

"Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.

"Why, Johnny, I'm ashamed of you! How could you take little Ethel's half of the apple away from her?"

"Cause, ma, I ain't forgot what you told me—to always take sister's part."

Let us get one.

"What two things," exclaimed the orator, "are helping mankind to get up in the world?"

"The alarm clock and the step-ladder," answered the dense person in the rear of the hall.

EVENINGS filled with study fill the life with strength.—Forward.

Enigma

"Yes," says one of our subscribers in reference to a note about two of the heavenly bodies so prominent in the August sky, "we've noticed the bright star in the eastern (it's now in the southern) sky, mentioned in the REDMAN & HELPER and the smaller star that seems to be travelling west with it. Perhaps the pupils in country homes would like to be told their names, and there are others who have not been able to find out. Can't their names be worked into an enigma?"

Enigma 1st.

I am made of seven letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 6, is what some coarse carpets are made of.

My 7, 4, 3, 6 is the best kind of an apple to eat.

My whole is the brighter of the two stars mentioned.

2nd Enigma.

I am made of 6 letters.

My 5, 2, 3 is a small animal not much loved.

My 6, 4, 3, 1 we will soon begin to hunt and gather.

My whole is the smaller one of the stars mentioned.

Football Schedule.

Sept. 21. Lebanon Valley College, here.

" 28. Gallaudet College, here.

Oct. 2. Gettysburg College, here.

" 5. Dickinson on Dickinson field.

" 12. Bucknell at Williamsport.

" 16. Haverford, here.

" 19. Cornell at Buffalo,

" 26. Harvard at Cambridge.

Nov. 2. University of Michigan at Detroit.

" 9. Annapolis at Annapolis.

" 16. University of Pennsylvania at Phila.

" 23. Washington & Jefferson at Pittsburg.

" 28. Columbia at New York.

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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