

# The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper  
Vol. II, Number Eight

## THE TWO BUILDERS.

TWO men, a Chinese legend runs.  
Once found that each must build  
A house. And each, in building, was  
An artisan most skilled.  
But one thought of the days of work,  
And weary was at heart.  
The other thought not of the toil,  
But how 'twere best to start.  
The one knelt down before his Joss,  
With countenance dismayed.  
He asked the Joss to build the house,  
And prayed, and prayed, and prayed.  
The other gathered up his tools,  
And straight the task assailed.  
He hewed the joists and hung the doors,  
And nailed, and nailed, and nailed.  
The one prayed on before his Joss,  
Through all the weary while.  
The Joss peered from the altar smoke  
With something like a smile.  
The other, when he built his house  
Took all the extra planks  
And burned them at the Joss's feet—  
An offering of thanks.  
The one looked up from where he knelt,  
And cried: "Oh, wretched man,  
You did not wait for holy aid;  
Yours was a wicked plan."  
The other smiled, and answered him:  
"I'd not ask Joss to bless  
A quality that might be termed  
As simple laziness."  
The beauty of the legend is  
That it may be applied  
To any work we may attempt,  
Or any faith beside.  
For, asking Providence to do  
Some toil which we would shirk,  
Is apt to teach a lazy man  
The uselessness of work.  
—[Baltimore American.

## PROFESSOR BURGESS'S ADDRESS AT THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL SERVICES IN OUR ASSEMBLY HALL.

After incidentally remarking that he had the pleasure of seeing President McKinley when he was in San Francisco this summer, and briefly alluding to one or two personal incidents, Professor Burgess said in part:

We are all aware that this is a sad but memorable occasion—one to be dedicated not here only, but throughout our country, to the memory of a noble man, an American citizen, our martyred President, whose body is this day to be consigned to the silent tomb.

You will no doubt unite with me in the sentiment, that words would be inadequate to express our grief over the great national calamity.

The career of President McKinley from early youth was one of perseverance and progress, a gradual ascent from the humble walks of life to the highest pinnacle of national honor, and of almost universal respect throughout the civilized world.

Starting in early life as a teacher of youth, he had a good opportunity of observing and profiting by the influence that is and that may be exerted through the teachers' profession, in connection with parental training on the rising generation; and later on, while yet in the prime of youth, full of hope and with a laudable ambition to promote both law and justice, when the seeds of dissension and disunion overspread a portion of our country and threatened its very life, he volunteered his services to sustain the Union army.

He participated in the war of the rebellion with valor, fidelity and true loyalty to his country's flag, for his country's perpetuity and the cause of freedom.

Through merited promotion he rose from the position of private to that of Major of his regiment, and was honorably discharged when his services were no

longer needed, and the slave rose up a free man under the beneficent proclamation of the martyred Lincoln.

He studied law and became proficient in his profession.

He became governor of Ohio and was also elected to Congress from his district, serving with signal ability as an able counsellor, and did much therein to formulate the wise legislation which has led our country on through an unprecedented reign of growth and prosperity.

He was nominated and elected President of the United States, and did such good and satisfactory service, that he was triumphantly elected for a second term.

He was a genial companion and a devoted husband, showing unremitted attention to his noble-hearted but invalid wife.

Now these facts are all well known to you, and I simply refer to them by repetition so as to make an impression by emphasis more durable upon our memories.

The unspotted private life, urbane manners, suave disposition and equipoise of temperament, as well as the public labors of our lamented Executive head, are more vividly portrayed in bright colors before our mental vision, owing to the tragic event that has brought us in condolatory sympathy with the bereaved family; and while we but hastily glance at the grand and heroic deeds of the man living, tracing him down through the Spanish war, which he tried to avoid, to the successful capture of Cuba and Porto Rico, and the seeming collapse of the Philippine contest, or as we look at his unselfish devotion to duty in every other trying emergency, we may better appreciate his services now that he can no longer mingle among us in mortal form and aid us by his counsel and experience, as we view in retrospect the manly course of the Christian statesman, the sagacious legislator and the trusted public servant and ruler.

Noble in life and grand in death!

But McKinley is not dead! Although his manly form has to perish, his good name survives, and his memory will live on for ages with the records of Earth, with those of the noble, good and grand, whose ego has passed to the higher realms of spirit life.

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

Nearer my God to thee, was his sublime prayer in the passing hour, and nearer to us and to all, his true, honest and loyal citizen comrades and friends, has he become through the baptism of suffering for his country's welfare, while we endorse the broad-minded views and efforts to secure universal peace and prosperity, as expressed in his last speech at Buffalo, only the day before the fatal shot of the cowardly assassin.

The mortal form of McKinley must perish, like that of each and all of us, but his soul still marches on, we firmly trust, through the higher realms of glory among the redeemed; but in the language of Garfield: "God reigns, and the country still lives."

May this solemn episode in the nation's history ever come before us as a reminder of personal responsibility!

Let it stimulate us, one and all, young and old, to meet the exigencies of life with good resolves to perform our duties aright, as did the subject of our sketch, under the guidance of that inward monitor that will direct us and enable us to live for some good purpose; not simply for our own selfish pleasure, but for the general benefit of our fellow mortals, under the wise precepts of the Golden

Rule, as laid down by the Great Teacher, prompting us to pursue the Right, as God gives us strength to see and know the Right; and then will our active lives be crowned with peace and joy, as were those of Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and many others, and we will be able to respond in compliance with the noble exhortation of the poet:—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## QUOTATIONS GIVEN BY THE JUNIORS, AT THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Amy Dolphus first read part of a poem entitled "Our President" by Arthur Guiterman, in New York Times.

Hush! Hush! he sleeps. Let bitterness have end,  
With voiceless grief that speaks in clasping hand  
And heart-born look, that true hearts understand  
In silence mourn our Hero and our Friend.

Our Well-belov'd, who loved the most of all—  
Our Man of cleanly life and gentle deed,  
Whose every day was full of kindly heed  
For those he dealt with, were they great or small.

Who learned from all, who held our weal in thought  
And grew in strength and wisdom as he wrought,  
Whose heart had naught of malice nor of pride—  
Who lived as Lincoln lived—hath died as Lincoln died.

The great guns boom in tones of sullen grief,  
The murmuring streets are hung in heavy pall,  
A silent nation mourns a noble Chief,  
His people mourn for him who loved them all.

## From his Letters Refusing a Third Term.

"I will say now once for all, expressing a long settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it, if it were tendered me.

My only ambition is to serve through my second term to the acceptance of my countrymen, whose generous confidence I so deeply appreciate, and then with them do my duty in the ranks of private citizenship."  
FRANK YARLOT.

## From His Buffalo Speech.

"Expositions are the time-keepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. Comparison of ideas is always educational and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur of industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful inventions and to high endeavor, in all departments of human activity."  
JOHN KIMBLE.

"Let us ever remember that our interest is concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."  
MINNIE JOHNSON.

"God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other."  
OSCAR DAVIS.

"The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and inventions is an international asset and a common glory."  
EUGENE TIBBETTS.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and

like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."  
MARTIN COSTO.

## To the Nurse

"Please let me see the trees. They are so beautiful."  
LIZETTE RUBIDEAU.

## Last Words to his Wife,

Good-bye, good-bye. It is God's will.  
Let His will, not ours, be done.  
SOPHIA AMERICANHORSE.

JOSEPH RUIZ closed by reading a part of the poem entitled "It is His way" by Coffin.

"It is God's way; His Will, Not Ours, Be done."  
God's Way: That when peace reigned and war had ceased  
That anarchy's uplifted hand should fall  
On him the people loved, and seemed to need;  
The most of all.

"It is God's Way; His Will, Not Ours, Be Done."  
God's Way: 'Twas thus he brought the Nation back  
In hour of anguish, when the tears would flow,  
They prayed to Him, "If 'tis thy will, Oh, God,  
Avert the blow."

"It is God's Way; His Will, Not Ours, Be Done."  
God's Way: His servant's work on earth was done.  
And now triumphant, he could conquer death  
And fill the world with thoughts of God with his  
Last dying breath.

"It is God's Way; His Will, Not Ours, Be Done."  
God's Way: We cannot always read aright,  
But still we know His way alone is best,  
And those who love, and trust in Him,  
Forever will be blest.

## PLENTY OF CHANCES IN THE WORLD FOR EVERYBODY.

### We Should be Like the Yacht Builders.

When men tell you that there are no more chances in this world, tell them that THEY ARE MISTAKEN.

Your country abounds in so many that I marvel why any American cares to leave its shores.

There are thousands of manufactures that are still in an imperfect state; there are millions of acres that are still to be made productive; there are seemingly, countless achievements yet to be undertaken.

What I say is best proven by the international yacht races.

Every year we race, we believe that we have produced the best possible boat, but we find, after the race is over, that we can improve it in some respect.

If all men would use their minds in the same way that the builders of these big yachts use theirs, what a world of improvement would be made!

After every race, we produce something better, something finer,—the result of brains and workmanship,—and we are not satisfied yet.

I have often been asked to define the true secret of success.

It is thrift in all its phases, and, principally, thrift as applied to SAVING.

A young man may have many friends, but he will find none so steadfast, so constant, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather-covered book, with the name of a bank on its cover.

SAVING is the first great principle of all success.

It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, it fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success,—happiness and contentment.

If it were possible to inject the quality of saving into every boy, we would have a great many more real men.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON, in October "Success."

Don't worry. The man who cannot be happy poor will never be happy rich.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN

The Mechanical Work on this Paper is Done by Indian Apprentices.

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Address all Correspondence: Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing, Carlisle, Pa.

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Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it some one else has

"Living and working are duties."

"Indulge only in such pleasures as it will afford you pleasure to look back upon."

The Oglala Light has for a leading editorial squib, this week: "Another school year has begun. Don't worry, but DIG." A good motto!

The mercury in the thermometer at Phoenix, Arizona, is still up in the hundreds, so says the first local in this week's Native American.

"If you seek knowledge only to know, that is curiosity; if you do it to be known it is vanity; if in order to teach others, then it is true charity, and if to be taught, it is WISDOM."

Bishop Whipple's death will be mourned by thousands of Indians who knew him but to love him. The cause loses a great, good man, who has made his life work the alleviation and elevation of his red brother. We will give a brief sketch of this famous missionary's work in our next issue.

It is said that the University of California across the bay from San Francisco is to teach Indian anthropology. Dr. A. L. Kroeber, a student under Dr. Putnam, at Harvard will undertake the formation of a department of research into antiquities, folk lore, and the language of the American Indian.

Parties of students have gone from this reservation to Carlisle, Flandreau, Rapid City, Genoa, and Haskell this autumn, and a party for Hampton is now being arranged to go on the 27th. Pine Ridge is fast losing its reputation for being satisfied with its own facilities for civilization and education.—[Oglala Light.

It is an inspiring sight to walk through the study hour rooms these evenings when so many are down to their books. The rooms are well-heated, beautifully lighted, good desks, good teachers, and we have all the books we need, what more COULD we ask to favor our mental growth. All that is required of us is to be earnest and TRY.

The Colonel.

Letters from Colonel Pratt show him to be in Dakota at present, after having spent some time among the Indians of Minnesota. The party, consisting of Senator Quarles, Chairman of the sub-committee of the Senate Indian Committee, others of the sub-committee, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, William A. Jones, did the agencies around Cass Lake and near the head waters of the Mississippi.

They have been travelling in a houseboat with ten state-rooms, dining-room, kitchen etc., all provided with comforts, and the boat was towed around Cass Lake then down the Mississippi to Lake Winnebagoishish to the great dams which reservoir the water for summer use, to keep up navigation on the Mississippi. They have been out of the reach of mails for days at a time, and when opportunity offered enjoyed good fishing.

FROM MRS. EASTMAN AT CROW CREEK, SOUTH DAKOTA.

We keep in touch with you people through the REDMAN AND HELPER, and I feel bound to send you some items, the most interesting, perhaps, being the recent withholding of rations from many of the young, able-bodied men—particularly those who hold Government positions or have cattle and tools to work with.

This is being enforced at the various Sioux Agencies, and is certainly a step in the right direction—though it is very difficult to discriminate justly, and much grumbling is the result.

Perhaps the order should be extended to all except the aged and infirm and school children, and doubtless this will be done in time.

These people raise no crops worth mentioning and own very few cattle, so that their outlook for self-support under present conditions is not encouraging.

I was profoundly disgusted with Prof. Woodward's address published in the Workman. The feebleness of his argument borders on the ridiculous.

We are all well—the children thriving in this pure air—the Doctor out with dog and gun in the intervals of his professional labors and prairie chickens abundant. Greetings to my friends,

ELAINE G. EASTMAN.

A word from Mrs. Eastman on the Indian situation means a great deal, for she has had many years of experience with our red brethren, making a scientific study of their condition; and valued articles from her pen have been widely published in such papers as the New York Independent, The Outlook, and others of equal fame.

SHE SAW THE PRESIDENT'S TRAIN.

Katie Powlas who has recently entered the Waterbury, Connecticut, Hospital for training, writes a pleasant letter to Miss Ely in which she says:

"I finally reached my destination safely and enjoyed my trip greatly, although I wished for company so badly.

I find Waterbury in excellent location. It is said to have seven hills like Rome, and the hospital is on one of the highest. How I wish for Miss Forster to draw with me from nature!

While delayed in Harrisburg I had the great privilege of seeing President McKinley's car pass through, and I was able to see his casket through the windows in the last coach.

Oh, I cannot express the feeling it gave when the car approached, all draped in mourning. I was chilled, and a sharp pain passed through my heart; tears even started unbidden.

Every man, every boy took his hat off, and not a voice or any other sound was heard until the car had passed out of sight.

I will never forget the impression made. The very puff of the engine seemed sacred and sad. I will close for I must go on duty now, etc."

Porto Ricans in Country Homes.

Livia Martinez the Porto Rican girl of whom the San Juan News speaks, on last page, writes from her country home:

I have only to wash dishes and they are so few that in half an hour I have finished them, and I go to my room.

When I find myself alone, only sad things come to my mind, but in a moment I hold up my mind and say: "Why am I sorry? If I came to look for something that I could not get in Porto Rico I will have to be happy."

I am happy and will not go back to Carlisle until I know English well.

Elvira Velez writes: I am happy out here in this town. I like the place very well. My country mother is very good. I think I will speak English soon, then I will write a long letter.

A LIVE INDIAN'S VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

Mr. Richard Heyl, the educated and refined Apache Indian who has been employed in responsible positions in Camden, N. J. by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for years, and now is in the office of said corporation, expresses his feelings concerning the martyred President in the following letter:

This squib seems to have stirred him to comment:

Headed by that famous old warrior, Geronimo, 125 Indians from the Indian Congress came to pay their tribute to the "Great White Father."

Some of the most famous living Indian chiefs in the country were in the delegation. Of all the mourners none wore an air of greater solemnity than did the red men. Each Indian carried in his hand a white carnation, and as he passed the casket dropped it lovingly at its foot. Besides this, the Indians as a body laid at the foot of the coffin a wreath of white roses bearing an inscription in the Sioux language which, interpreted, meant: "May the great white father have a peaceful sleep."

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Enclosed please find clipping showing that, the Tigers of all human species, have become thoroughly Americanized. The respect and sorrow of our chiefs for the martyred President displays the brotherly love, which Major McKinley has inculcated.

The Red Man, at last, has come to know his birth-right, his duties as a Christian citizen.

We have also lost another good faithful worker and friend in the person of Bishop Whipple.

The broad principles of our late President in divine compassion for man, his teachings of human kindness, his holding out the hand of help to every man whatever his level, asking and leading him to higher ideals, we are justified in saying that through his examples, this country should go on to unlimited success.

The freedom has enabled the foundation of this great Government, made up of every faith, every sect and every creed that acknowledges the divine rights of the Christian religion.

The fault of many INDIAN YOUTH is, they think more of their TREATY rights than of their duties as loyal citizens, which has been their stumbling block.

I cannot resist the temptation which always comes to me to step into the fore front and help forward, so far as I can, anything that is for the good of mankind.

The eleventh commandment teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and it is to just such men as Major McKinley who have labored and had hard battles in life to fight that the Creator says:

"Come, I will give you rest."

And I join with my race, in respect and sorrow this day—(Sept. 19th) saying: "May the great white father have a peaceful sleep!"

With best regards to you and all friends.

I remain very sincerely  
R. D. HEYL.

"It is not Civilized life that Kills the Indians"

So says Rev. D. A. Sanford of the Southwestern Territory, in the Indian's Friend, and then he goes on to say:

"Tribes well settled in civilized life are increasing with reasonable rapidity, and other tribes only partially adopting civilized habits, fed by Government rations, and dependent on the Government annuities and lease money, are decreasing rapidly.

Rations, annuities, and lease money foster idleness, and idleness with attendant vices breeds disease.

Self-support tends to promote health.

Put the Indian on the same plane as are other men; let him work for his living as do others; send his children to school as do others; let him buy and sell and depend upon his own efforts and he will be the healthier.

The present methods of dealing with Indians are largely responsible for the large death rate among them, and the methods and measures which practically foster disease should be reformed."

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM AN INTERESTED FRIEND.

Mr. J. F. Bird, of Fox Chase, Philadelphia, takes occasion by recent letter to remind us of a little talk he gave before our student body a year ago about Moderation.

Before touching upon that point, however, he speaks of the REDMAN & HELPER as being a most welcome visitor, and tells how he passes it on for others to read after he is through with it.

"In a few remarks that I made, by request of Colonel Pratt" he goes on to say, "as the boys and girls stood around the tables that were teeming with viands ready for appetites anxious to devour them, I took occasion to say that moderation in all things was the surest pathway leading to a long and healthful life.

Your football team was before me and I had special reference to them.

This game is so often played without regard to moderation or physical safety that a word of caution is not out of place.

The action of the heart and respiratory organs is accelerated by violent exercise, and its continuance may superinduce organic changes that may not even be apprehended or recognized until revealed by medical examination for life insurance, or admission into the Army and Navy service, or if you please, admission into a football team.

Innervation, circulation and respiration constitute the Tripod of Life and demands the utmost care and attention.

I am not writing against the game of football, but only against its violent manifestations without regard to consequence.

Moderate exercise, up to the point of fatigue is indispensable for the proper development of the physical frame.

Excessive fatigue is no tonic, and although it may not induce organic disease, it does impose upon nature the work of recuperation."

A Pretty Good Sort of a Man.

The Osage Journal pictures an all-round sort of a man they have with them which is a good kind to emulate. They do not say whether or not he is an Indian. If so the better. If the first initial were E. we might think it was our old Embry Gibson:

If there is an all-round man in Pawhuska A. H. Gibson would certainly be he. He can successfully manage his store, cut weeds with a skill that would put professionals to shame; hoe in the garden and raise the best and finest eatables; milk the old cow and feed the horses; rake his yard and trim the young trees; paint the fence and fix the gate; repair the house roof and put up a stove pipe and yet have plenty of time to make home happy by his presence.

A. H. Gibson is the kind of stuff that makes good reliable men.

The Only Hope.

A Washington special says that the only hope that the Indian Territory has for statehood is to be tacked on to Oklahoma piecemeal, the first nation being the Creek and then down in order through the Seminole, Choctaw, Chickasaw and winding up with the Cherokee. From this it would appear that the entire plan has been figured out by certain congressmen, and that all there is left to do is to say "thanks." However, there is one ray of sunlight in the proceeding. It may not be true.—Phoenix.

We are pleased to learn that Superintendent J. B. Brown, of the Pine Ridge Agency Boarding School has been promoted to the superintendency of the bonded school at Morris, Minnesota. Supt. Brown is well remembered at our school since his visit here in the summer, and the brief but pointed address he made at one of our lawn meetings. We are sure he will make a success of anything he undertakes.

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

Gorgeous moon!

Fine Autumn weather this!

Fair week and many visitors!

Cora Jamison has gone to her home in Jamestown N. Y.

Several of the buildings are receiving a new coat of paint, outside.

The flowers in the shop court are still beautiful and are much admired.

Fine weather for the race—the County Fair race as well as the human race.

Mrs. George Geide of Harrisburg, and friends were among the visitors this week.

Frank Beaver, '01, has returned to take a post graduate course, and will strengthen the line in the foot-ball games.

James Russell's advice elsewhere for us to mind our p's and q's is not only unique for an Indian but worth following.

Our schools are all now in full blast, and the teachers as well as pupils have to keep diligent watch over their p's and q's.

Jack Frost, with his modest white beard, has resumed his morning visits, but the first rays of Old Sol soon causes him to vanish.

One section of the Seniors is studying "Hamlet"; the other "Merchant of Venice." When we learn to love the best literature, we are educated.

Mr. George W. Geide of the Harrisburg Independent paid our office a pleasant call last week and asked leading questions showing an interest in the Indian printer boys.

The County Agricultural Fair has been in operation at Carlisle for several days, and the Shippensburg brass band has been cheering up the visitors with its enlivening music.

Nancy Seneca, class '97 has again returned to her field of labor in Philadelphia as a trained nurse, after what she terms a long and pleasant vacation at home in New York State.

A missive from Adelia Lowe Twiss, Pine Ridge Agency, has with it twenty-five cents for renewal. We all recognize the name of Adelia Lowe and recognize that she has taken upon herself a new last name since she graduated in '96.

The Quarterly Report is giving the teachers extra work this week, but the speich of knowing just what and how supplies are, more than compensates for the extra work. "Order is heaven's first law," and system one half of life.

Slowly but surely the library is getting into excellent shape. It will be a model in time. "Come and see it, and take a book out to read," says the librarian. "Or send us some late new books. We do not want what YOU do not want, however."

Books for the shorthand class will soon arrive, and arrangements are in progress to have suitable hours for class instruction without conflicting with other hours of study or labor. For further information call on Prof. Bakeless or on the teacher in his room or elsewhere.

Murphy Tarby is holding the fort as janitor of the school building. Slowly but surely we trust, the mantle of his GREAT predecessors will fall upon him, and he will marshal his dust-brigade in true Rough Rider style, leading them on to a dustless but soap and water victory. Promises are good.

Poor "Nansen" is under the weather. Colonel Pratt's family all being away their kitty pinned, but he is getting good care, and we hope will recover, for he is a wonderful cat and attractive. Yesterday he was sent to the Hilton Sanitarium, and almost immediately he began to be better. That is his old home.

Among the visitors on Wednesday were Mrs. Brinton, of South Hanover St. and guests Miss Buch, of Lititz, Miss Ivery, of Mt Holly Springs, and Miss Markoe, of Washington, D. C. The latter is a niece of the clerk of the House Committee of Indian Affairs, Mr. Devendorf, of which committee Congressman Sherman is the Chairman.

Saline Williams has gone to his Arizona home.

They will finish cutting ensilage this week at the farm.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda are still at Jamestown, N. Y. and vicinity.

Mr. Harlan, the farmer on the lower farm, has returned from his vacation.

Miss Nana Pratt has returned to Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, to finish her Kindergarten course.

Professor Bakeless is detailed to attend the Standard Society this evening, Miss Cutter the Invincibles, and Miss Wood the Susans.

Mrs. Harris G. Hoyt, of Boston, aunt of Miss Hill, is here and an interested inquirer and observer. The two went to Gettysburg yesterday.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has observed which company marches best, but will reserve comments for a week or so to allow for new comers to fall in step and carriage

Wear your colors, sure, to-morrow, at the Gallaudet-Indian game, for remember color and action must compensate in large measure for lack of hearing on the part of our visitors.

A recent letter from Albertie L. Gansworth, '01, tells of her pleasant vacation at home this summer. She was intending to start to school, in a week or two when she wrote.

The banner girl for saving her earnings this summer was Nannie Sturm, she having brought in \$40.04. Cyrus Tallchief, and Henry Sampson were the banner small boys.

Ida Swallow has successfully passed the examination at the Drexel Institute and has been awarded a scholarship, the course she has chosen being Stenography and Typewriting. Ida graduated this year, 1901.

Miss Charlotte Cutter is with her sister, our Miss Emma Abbott Cutter. The former is on her way to Washington, D. C. where she will be with her sister Miss Ruth, who holds a responsible position in the Census department.

The shadow of Little "Teddy" Roosevelt St. Cyr, baby son of our old chief of the mailing department, Levi St. Cyr, came to the printing office this week, and he sits serenely on ye editor's desk, laughing out of his pretty little eyes, as the type-writer plays to the tune of "copy, copy." It is a fine little picture.

To see some real live fun, go to the near farm about sun-down when Mr. Bennett gives his bounds a run around the spacious yard. He keeps them confined to small quarters most of the time, but they are bouncers when they get out for a romp and run. They are naturally very fond of their master.

Some of the girls did remarkably well in holding on to their earnings this summer. Spendthrifts make anarchists. They spend ALL, and then are discontented and unhappy because those who went without needless luxuries, to lay by a little money, have more than THEY have. "Wilful waste ALWAYS brings woeful WANT."

The pupils in Numbers 1 and 2 are doing the best work in sounds and articulation. Oh, that the pupils of Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14 would take lessons from them. THEY do not say "iss" and "wass" and "rifmetic." They open their mouths and enunciate distinctly. There is a hard fight all along the line on these weak, lazy sounds, and we are going to conquer.

The drawing class is doing some very fine work in colored crayon. Some of the peaches and apples are beautiful in color and form. The results in grasses, too, are excellent, but when it comes to sending Miss Forster to market for flowers, we are disappointed. Purple and pink roses in the same cluster will not pass for good taste among the boys and girls who used to love red blankets best. Evidently the Pan-American vitiated our art critic's taste.

Mr. Bennett has been furnishing about 2000 ears of corn twice a week for a while, and the tomatoes still keep up.

They seem to be having a "winey" time at the Osage Agency, according to the Osage Journal. We hope that is not the reason they lost an "A" in the heading of their paper this week.

A farm boy makes the right impression if, when it is time for him to come in, and arrangements are made to that effect, the people change their minds and plead for him to stay longer, as was the case with Wesley Tallchief, who had been living with K. E. Haines, in Hamilton Square, N. J.

Save the pennies, but never be stingy. Be WISE, that's all, and look as far ahead as the end of the nose at least. The spend-allers are the LEANERS. Ought we not to be ashamed to LEAN when we can as well as not stand on two feet?

The father of Dora and Bertha Fritts came last week from Arkansas, to find that his daughters had left a few days before for their old home in California. He was greatly disappointed, and has returned to his sons in Arkansas, hoping that he may get the means to go to California later.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would suggest to our ambitious orators now at the beginning of our literary society work for the year, three good rules on elocution, which if faithfully followed will improve the meetings:

1. Have something to say.
2. Say it.
3. Sit down when you have said it.

The game on Saturday last with Lebanon Valley College was won by a score of 28 to 0. Coach Warner ran some possible risks in placing the second team in the field to start with, and then he changed a number of the players to give practice to new men. Had our regulars played straight through, the score would probably have been much larger.

Vocal rooting will hardly count to-morrow, as our opposing team from Gallaudet College are deaf and dumb, but they are said to be players. Everybody bring a big handkerchief to wave, as our friends can SEE very well, and are wonderful to take in situations, if they cannot hear. Of course we shall need some vocal rooting for our own team. We expect a unique and interesting game. Twenty-five cents admittance

Eliezer Williams is the BANNER boy for saving his earnings this summer on the farm. He has nearly a hundred dollars to his credit of bona fide earnings. No "papa" sent him that money. He earned it, he is independent. It makes fellows WEAK to be getting money from home. There were several others who did nearly as well as Eliezer, and deserve credit for being thrifty and saving. It is right to GIVE intelligently to those who are worse off than we are and perhaps suffering, but to spend out little ALL for trifles that do no one any good is senseless.

After missing a few numbers of the HELPER on account of expiration of time, a Cochranville subscriber in a letter renewing says what a number of others may feel: "Press of work caused me to neglect renewing, and I find I miss it very much when Saturday comes and it fails to appear." If others would buckle to and send us the subscription price without delay, as this kind friend did, they would get our news and would at the same time help keep up our subscription list. The list is beginning to grow again, and let the good work go on.

Superintendent E. A. Allen of Quapaw School, Indian Territory, has accepted the position of Assistant Superintendent at Carlisle, Penn. When we say "accepted" in this case we mean that he was offered the place and was not an applicant. Mr. Allen is well fitted by nature, education and experience for this important position. He filled with unusual success the position of Supt. at Ferris, Cal. and at Albuquerque, New Mexico before going to Quapaw, and will add strength to even so strong an institution as the Carlisle School.—[Oglala Light.

**THE CAMPBELLS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell arrived from Philadelphia and the Pan-American on Monday night. They had but a day in Buffalo, but declared that they saw more in that time than any other two on the grounds, and were the last ones to leave at night.

In Philadelphia they made flying trips among their nearest relatives, whom they had not seen for years. It will be remembered that Mr. Herbert Johnston of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Times and Mr. Percy Johnston of the Press are brothers of Mrs. Campbell.

Through the influence of the former they received reserved seat tickets for the McKinley memorial service in the Academy of Music, where it was estimated that 75,000 people stood in line for admittance and could not get in.

On Tuesday night, before an informal gathering in the teachers' parlor, Mrs. Campbell favored us with singing, which seemed like old-time days when she was our vocal instructor and one of the popular singers of our town, being called upon for many occasions.

Mrs. Ettinger, Miss Senseney, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Cook also sang. Miss Moore played two or three charming piano selections, and Miss McArthur rendered an instrumental piece; so we had quite a musicale after all, and a very enjoyable one.

Near the close, Mr. Campbell was prevailed upon to give us a song he used to sing years and years ago when numbered among our corps of workers. He did it with good effect and was enthusiastically applauded.

Then came the reminiscing and finally the good-bye hand shakes, till the little impromptu affair was made a memorable occasion.

On Wednesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left for Washington where they took the Sunset route for California and Oregon.

It may be many a day before we shall see them again, as seven years lapsed before they returned this time, but it will be also many a day before we and they can forget this last brief but pleasant sojourn with us.

**SATURDAY NIGHT.**

The key-notes to Professor Bakeless's earnest talk last Saturday night before the student body were these:

Reputation: If we want to amount to anything we must be reliable. Our word must be as good as our bond.

When we say to a person we will do a thing, that person must KNOW it will be done.

We should not say, "Yes, I did so and so when we DIDN'T."

Our business is to pledge ourselves to do big things, AND DO THEM.

We must get a reputation for honesty.

A person who steals the thoughts of another and uses those thoughts as original in a school composition, essay or oration is a thief.

The chief aim of a school-room education is to quicken the powers of the student so as to make him an intelligent WORKER.

Work is honorable!

There is no such thing as menial service.

We should talk straight, tell the truth, or not talk at all.

God put us here to GROW, and the way to grow is to shoulder responsibility.

As an illustration of a boy who always did his work right, the career of President Roosevelt was cited. He followed his conscience. He practiced self-control. He took exercise out of doors. He led a strenuous, earnest busy life.

We should get a reputation for doing our best.

We can't all be Presidents but we can be MEN, noble, good and true.

Dawes WhiteBird has been appointed policeman at Darlington, Oklahoma.

FROM THE NAVY.

A recent letter from James Russell who is on the U. S. R. S. Richmond, League Island, has in it many things of interest, some of which are:

"I am satisfied here. I have a job which requires but a small amount of work, both morning and night.

I am the bag-room keeper of the assistant Captain of the hole.

The hole is the lowest deck of the ship and the place used to stow away ropes, chains, oars, and useless tables and buckets.

The Captain also has charge of the armor room, the Captain and I have to keep them cleared up.

I am getting along very nicely and have been first class in conduct so far.

A man can get along here just as easy as he can any other place. All a man has to do in this wide, lovely world is to watch his p's and q's.

Now that I am in the U. S. Navy, I am proud to give my hands to my native land to protect it if it ever needs my help.

The rules are getting to be pretty strict but they do not worry me any of any account.

Enclosed was the following which explains itself and which shows that James is an honorable man:

COOPERS PLAINS, N. Y.  
June 23rd, 1901.

Mr. JAMES RUSSELL,  
"U. S. R. S. RICHMOND"  
LEAGUE ISLAND,  
MY DEAR SIR:

Do you remember on the night of June 1st, your being on the Cumberland Valley R. R. train leaving Harrisburg at 11:10 P. M., and a gentleman who sat in the same seat with you, and the talk, in regard to the Indian School at Carlisle, and you giving me one of the papers published at the school, and asking me if I would not like to subscribe for it? My giving you my name just as we reached Mechanicsburg, and the fact that neither of us had a pencil with which to write it down?

Well! After leaving you I confess I had but small hopes of ever receiving the paper, as it did not seem possible that you could remember the address under the circumstances being late at night, entire strangers—a crowded train and natural excitement in your first return home, after enlistment and your "new togs" etc.

So I write to you to say that my first paper June 21st, came yesterday, and I enjoyed reading it very much, and now I want you to write to me and tell me how you managed to remember my name and address, as I consider it marvelous, and I desire to especially thank you for your honesty and faithfulness in discharge of a simple trust.

If you continue as faithful in all your duties in your present service, I am certain of your upward progress, and shall hope to live to see you in high command. With my best wishes for your success in life and my kindest regards.

I am very sincerely yours,  
A. E. COOPER.

N. B. Shall hope to hear from you.

Encouraging Words.

Miss Louie Dale Leeds of Washington, D. C. at the close of a business note in response to a suggestion to renew after not taking the REDMAN & HELPER for a time, says:

"I always am interested in the success of the school, and note the advance of its graduates with pleasure. In the rush of city life we sometimes overlook the lapse of a subscription, but I always find time to read the HELPER, and shall be more than glad to renew acquaintance with the Man-on-the-band-stand."

Says another friend at Hartleton:  
"We had thought of discontinuing the paper, but when the end of the year came around we felt as though we could not afford to drop this weekly visitor."

TEACHING A YOUNG LARK.

How its Mother Coaches it.

Mrs. Eastman sends us the following clipping, which we re-print with pleasure, and from which we all may take a lesson:

J. M. Barrie, the noted Scottish story writer, tells in Scribner's Magazine how a young lark got its first lesson.

A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways, a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby.

"You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap, it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground on which it was to practice hopping, and it got along beautifully so long as the mother was there every moment to say "How wonderfully you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly, and the mother tried to do it in vain. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not explain how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after the rain," she said, half-remembering.

"What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after the rain," the mother replied, "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came and glued the little bird's wings together.

"I shall never be able to fly or sing," it wailed.

"Then, of a sudden, it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears and putting a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why: it fluttered from the ground, it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it trilled. Thank you, sun! Thank you! thank you! Oh, mother! Did you hear me sing? I can sing!"

Then it floated up, up, calling, "Thank you! thank you" to the sun. "Oh, mother, do you see me? I am flying!"

ODD NAMES.

Among the new pupils enrolled recently at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, are the following:

Minnie Squint Eyes, Laura Nice Talker, Annie Wounded Eye, Bessie Big Beaver, Minnie Stands Up, Emma Beaver Claw, Bessie Standing Elk, Clara Rolling Bull, Bessie Little Sun, Edwin Woman Leg-gins, Beans Young Bird, Hall Red Nose, Paul Wolf Name, James Long Jaw, John Hard Robe, Samuel Porcupine, Richard Strikes, Geo. Young Bear, Ford Wounded Eye, John Little Eyes, Benedict Shoulder Blade, Charles Crawling, Geo. Long Roach, Charles Little Sun, Joseph Antelope, Charles and Edward Tall Bull, William Two Moons, Hinton Big Legs, Joseph Crazy Mule, John Stands in the Timber, Jerome Bear Tuck, William Little Wolf, John Pretty Bull, Henry Beaver Heart, Davis Wounded Eye, White Crane, Jack Red Water.

HEALTH HINTS.

If we MUST spend our pennies, let us buy FRUIT, and pass candy and cakes by.

The free eating of apples is the best thing in the world for a sluggish liver.

Three or four at night just before going to bed will produce the best effect.

Apples should be eaten without peeling, as the skin is valuable.

A ripe peach in the morning will give an appetite for breakfast and makes one feel better all day.

Figs are a balm to the stomach, never produce acidity and are always easily digested.

The "grape cure" is fully recognized by Continental doctors.

Grapes freely eaten clear the blood of impurities and are of service in a large number of diseases.

At least so we are told.

PORTO RICAN CLIPPING AND ITS TRANSLATION.

Not having any accented letters we copy the following from the San Juan News, the best we can:

OFICINA DEL NEWS PONCE,  
PLAZA PRINCIPAL.

(Correspondencia especial al NEWS)

PONCE, Agosto.—El señor Edelmiro Martinez acaba de recibir una carta interesante de su hija la señorita Livia, que estudia en la escuela de Carlisle, Estado de Pennsylvania.

La señorita Livia se expresa en terminos muy satisfactorios sobre el clima y los alrededores de [Carlisle, y envia un recorte de un pequeno periodico que publican los alumnos en beneficio del Colegio.

Translated by Paul Segui.

OFFICE OF THE NEWS.

PONCE, PLAZA PRINCIPAL.

(Special correspondence to the News.)

PONCE, Aug. Mr. Edelmiro Martinez received a very interesting letter from his daughter, Miss Livia, who is studying at the Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa. Miss Livia expresses herself in very satisfactory terms about the surroundings of Carlisle, Pa.

She also sent a small paper published by the pupils for the benefit of the school.

Difficulties Elsewhere as well as at Carlisle.

"Ah, Pat, Pat," said a schoolmistress to a thick-headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I'm afraid you'll never learn anything. Now, what's that letter, eh?" "Sure, and I don't know, ma'am," replied Pat.

"Thought you might have remembered that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am, I moind it well; but sure I thought it was a speck."

"Well, now, remember, Pat, it's I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no! not U but I."

"Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?"

"Not U, but I, blockhead?"

"Och, yis, faith; now I have it ma'am. You mean to say that not I but you are a blockhead?"

"Fool, fool!" exclaimed the pedagoguess.

"Just as you please," quietly responded "Pat, fool or blockhead—it's no matter, so long as yer free to own it!"—[Ex.

ADAPTED.

When are our farm hens roosters? At night.

Why is it that some of our students learning to manipulate the type-writer stop so often?

It may be because they are spellbound.

What is the best essence they have in our school hospital? Convalescence.

Why is the letter Y like some of our boys and girls who are not ashamed to send to their fathers for money? Because it makes pa pay.

Why is James Johnson thinking of putting Dr. before rather than after his name? Because it looks better, and Dr. after a name is too common.

Why is the letter D like a bad child? Because it sometimes makes ma mad.

"What part of speech is man?" said a pedagogue to a sailor-boy pupil.

"A verb, sir," replied the latter.

"A verb, is it?" said the teacher, with a significant twist of his lips. "Please give an example."

"Man the yards!"

You will find, if you think for a moment, that the people who influence you are the people who believe in you.

CATS AS GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

Pussies That Uncle Sam Pays to Free Post-Offices of Rats and Mice.

"Several years ago a letter containing a large sum of money disappeared from the New York post-office," writes Hugh Nether-ton, in the Ladies' Home Journal for September, in telling of "Cats that Draw Salaries."

"A month after the disappearance a desk in one of the rooms was moved, and on the floor was found a nest of young rats resting on a bed of macerated green-backs—all that was left of the missing letter.

Uncle Sam at last decided to employ a cat to protect the New York post-office from rats and mice.

The first appointee in the United States Rat and Mouse Catching Service was a large, gray tabby.

She secured the place through the recommendation of her owner, who certified that she was not only a good mouser, but also a friend of the Administration—qualities which she at once exemplified by her work.

"With New York as an example other post-offices asked for cats, and to-day nearly every large office in the United States has its official mouser or rat-killer, who receives from nine to twelve dollars a year.

This income is expended under the supervision of the postmasters for the purchase of food.

Milk is the chief item, for the cats are supposed to provide themselves with meat."

People seem to be waking up to the merits of "Stiya." We have sold more in the past two weeks than for several weeks previous. It is a story of an Indian girl educated at Carlisle, portraying some of the severe trials an educated Indian girl meets on her return home. The scene is laid in Acoma, New Mexico, and the story is founded on fact. The book is printed by the Riverside Press Company and is sold for fifty cents; by mail, the same.

On the trial trip of a new ship she runs four times over a certain course—twice with and twice against the tide. Thus her average speed is determined.

Football Schedule.

- Sept. 21. Lebanon Valley College, here. Won; 28-0
- " 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.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.  
My 9, 5, 1 is a favorite Irish name.  
My 4, 2, 7, 3, 14 is what we on the side lines should do when a football player makes a good play.  
My 6, 8, 10, 13, 12 is what the criminal has to stand.  
My 11, 5, 1, 3 is better never to be.  
My whole is dying hard just now at Carlisle.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMAS:  
(1.) Jupiter; (2.) Saturn.

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.

Kindly watch these numbers and renew a week or two ahead so as to insure against loss of copies.

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