

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number Ten.

A Tribute to New England.

LAND of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake, and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career—the lightning's shock,—
My own green land, forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream!
Oh—never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love—
The stream beneath the green hill flowing—
The broad-armed trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or, hear unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;—
Or mark the stranger's Jaguar hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,
Nor feel resentment like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

Oh, greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange-bough
With golden fruit is bending low;—
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillard fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green, luxuriant ivy climb;—
And far towards the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky,
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove,
A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms!
Thy massy oak and mountain pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade,
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of Oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!

The above is an extract from "Moll Pitcher," a New England legend, among the first poems of Whittier, and not now included in the several editions of the author's works. These words were recited by "Father" Burgess at the Allen reception last Friday evening. Professor Burgess was personally acquainted with the poet Whittier, when he (the poet) resided for a time in Philadelphia, and was the editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," an anti-slavery paper. In after years "Father" Burgess was also one of the poet's correspondents, and has preserved one of the letters written from Amesbury, Mass., 1884, which any of our students or others may see, if they so desire.

LET SOME OF OUR WRITERS READ THIS.

We would not dare say who, perhaps ye editor more than any one else, but if a few of our penmen hereabouts were to read and profit by this little squib it might save some time:

It is an old Persian story and runs thus: A man went to a professional scribe, and asked him to write a letter.

"I cannot," said the scribe. "I have a pain in my foot."

"A pain in your foot? What has that to do with it? I don't want to send you anywhere."

"No, sir," said the man, "but whenever I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, because no one else can make it out."

COLONEL PRATT, LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, BEFORE THE STUDENT BODY AND FACULTY.

After the very exciting game with Dickinson College last Saturday, Colonel Pratt opened his usual Saturday night talk with allusion to the victory. He said in part:

You have heard me say that Carlisle is one—one in all of its parts, one in every feature. We are here a company, a number of companies, a regiment, fighting a battle for ourselves, fighting to release ourselves from a past, full of ignorance and superstition, fighting our way out into a future of intelligence and usefulness, so that we may become a very part of the greatest and best nation on earth—a grand future.

We are ONE in every part.

Every part of this school belongs to all of the school.

All the successes of the school belong to the school.

All its successes are a part of its advancing history.

All of its failures are a part of the school—a part of its advancing history as well.

I said one: O-N-E.

Carlisle is the same if you spell it in another way: W-O-N. (Great applause.)

And then the Colonel counted 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, the score, and was joined by his now enthusiastic audience.

It was a great victory. We contended with an institution 118 years old, and largely made up of grown men.

I want to talk to you a little to-night about the "CARLISLE BRAND."

The Carlisle Brand is a part of the Carlisle School history and system. It is such a part as places every member under the constant observation of the public.

Not everybody is our friend.

There are many who will find fault and there is always room for the fault finder.

There are a plenty who will point a finger of scorn at the failures, but not so many who point to the successes.

In the newspapers, men of real worth and real note in the country are not much mentioned, but the scoundrels and criminals are given great notoriety.

The fellow who is unworthy of notice, who when he commits a crime should have the pall of deepest darkness spread over him, forever, and pass out of sight, is the one who gets volumes of newspaper notice before the country.

We have to deal with influences and constantly contend with forces as they are, and it is a difficult matter to keep ourselves in shape and carry the Carlisle School Brand, as Senator Quarles terms it, The reputation of Carlisle school is only the reputation of all Indian tribes.

We seldom speak of or notice that there are more of one tribe here than another. Now we are not strictly confined to Indians.

We live as one family.

Our work tells for the elevation of the whole human race, because if the thousand or more of us connected with the school are clean, useful, intelligent and exemplary it means a great deal for the welfare of the whole United States family, and if the thousand of us demean ourselves and become rascals and a burden to the State it means a great pull-down to the whole family.

So you see a great responsibility rests upon us.

Carlisle must acquit itself right.

On the field to-day I saw some of our boys trying to get the Carlisle banner high by placing boys on the shoulders of others, so they might push it higher.

That is right!

The Carlisle banner which means so much to us must not be lowered, but must be made to go higher all the time.

In the west, Senator Quarles said he could recognize a Carlisle student as far as he could see him, because of the Carlisle Brand; so you see we must walk straight, heads up, shoulders back facing all our responsibilities squarely, stepping quickly, being always in earnest and happy in all our work.

Every man shapes his own destiny.

If he don't succeed it is his own fault.

I don't care what the conditions; I don't care if a boy is born out on an Indian reservation, in a tepee—pretty hard conditions, I admit; I don't care if he is born in the slums of the City of New York; I don't care if he is born in the interior of Africa, it makes no difference, the whole world belongs to the BOY, no matter where he is born.

If born in the interior of Africa he may go out from that to enlightened America or England, and come to be one of the ablest men the world ever saw.

If born in a wickypup in Arizona—an Apache or a Pima, he does not need to stay there. He may escape from those conditions and lift himself up to greatest usefulness in the world.

Nothing is in his way that cannot be overcome.

If he stays in the wickypup he is worthless.

When the light of knowledge reaches him and he sees and comes to know there is opportunity, new life, and great knowledge for him, it is his right to go out and seek that knowledge, and if he does not go he himself is to blame.

All of you here have a grand start.

It is a great start to get the Carlisle brand fastened upon you.

If you have been here only a day and have been led to see and think somewhat in the right way you have a start that may send you into a high place. Only follow on! Don't turn back! WORK!

Every opportunity and privilege must be used.

The work we do to-day is not to be considered the basis of what we should do in the to-morrows. Having more knowledge, more experience, we can and must do every to-morrow much more than we did in the to-days.

We do not have to seek opportunities. Opportunities will find us just as fast as we need them.

The Almighty has made it so that when we exert every power we have, to the fullest extent, there is increase of power, and so we are made able to do a little more each coming day.

Mr. Warner lays down the principles of football in the beginning of the season, and goes to work on his team.

When the season begins, his players are nothing compared with what they are at the end of the season, and yet only three months have passed.

What they can do at the close is tremendously more than what they could do at the beginning of the season. And so it is everywhere, in the school room, in all industrial, professional or moral life.

If you need greater advantages than this school affords they will come to you. But you must first prove you are deserving of greater chances, and in no instance will they be denied if you are full worthy.

The Carlisle Brand means an individual fight by every student. With the country's growth, the country's privileges grow, and privileges increase to every inhabitant, no matter what his race or origin.

One of the grandest things for us here in this Carlisle school to think about is, that among the men who have become our greatest leaders are those who sprang from lowly surroundings.

What an inspiration to Indian boys and Indian girls—boys and girls everywhere!

Students of Carlisle rise to your privileges.

Go forward to higher and better things all the time, NEVER go into lower conditions!

Go FORWARD! Never backward! Stick to your chances, and God will give you greater ones just as fast as you can use them.

When you succeed, the fact that you were born Indians will bring greater credit.

Surely, the man who can get up out of the dirt and go forward into a cleanly life is entitled to more credit and appreciation than the man who was born in a cleanly life and stays there.

Think this way all the time: I am going to make of myself the very best man, the very best woman I possibly can, not only for my own sake, but for the sake of my people, my country, and the world.

Stick to civilized life! Get out into it with great courage, great ambition.

Do not be satisfied with LITTLE things! Aim to have the great and good—the BEST things.

A thousand Indian boys and girls striking out in life with such purpose will settle the whole Indian question, will remove from between the Indians and the people of the United States all differences.

If we who are connected with Carlisle will stick to it till we are well-equipped for better duties and privileges in the United States, and then give ourselves up to those duties and privileges, and keep at them, we shall win, and it will settle everything for the Indian.

What people want is proof. They want to know it is being done, and that ends doubt.

To run away from duty, from any hardship or seeming condition of oppression is a mistake. We are nearly always mistaken when we think things are harder than we can bear. Just the thing we run away from may be our greatest opportunity. We must learn to endure hardness.

Wisdom Through Experience.

"A year or two ago," said a young man to a friend, "I spent a few weeks at south coast watering places.

One day I saw a machine which bore the inscription, 'Drop a penny in the slot, and learn how to make your own trousers last.'

As I hadn't a great deal of money I thought an investment of a penny, to show me how to save the purchase of a pair of trousers, would be small capital put to good use; so I dropped the required coin in, and a card appeared.

What do you suppose it recommended as the way to make my trousers last?"

"Don't wear 'em, I suppose."

"No."

"What did it say?"

"Make your coat and waistcoat first."

—Tid-Bits.

The secret of true courtesy is a kind heart.

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

Editorial.

Every day that a reservation Indian can be placed in contact with right civilization is a great advantage to him and to the country, because what he can learn through his EYES destroys doubt.

Every day an Indian who can have the advantages of contact with right civilization but is deprived of those advantages by any means whatsoever—missionary, agency school or other, is a distinct loss to such Indian, no matter how excellent his teachings, because theory without sight and proof is always weak and builds doubt.

We know a Presbyterian missionary among the Indians whose wife was practically raised among the Indians, who, with his wife, make it their business to constantly advise the Indians against letting their children go away from the reservation to school. This missionary is unfit for his place.

We know a Superintendent of a reservation Indian Boarding School, who constantly makes it his business to advise the Indian children under his care and their parents against non-reservation schools. This same Superintendent has five non-reservation school students employed in his school, some of whom he has persuaded with Government money to forego their chances and remain at home, instead of returning to that school to finish their course. It is more than likely that if he remained in charge of that school 20 years, he would not produce the equal to any one of these unfledged, non-reservation school products. This Superintendent is unfit for the position he occupies.

The Indian reservation, with all its examples and attributes, is an unfit place to raise, educate and train any children of any race for right and useful living, and it has always been impossible and always will be impossible to produce within the limits of any Indian reservation, worthy and useful citizens of the United States.

The speech of White Horse, printed elsewhere shows the importance of our using our best endeavor to become educated. Lands were taken from the Indians, simply because the Indians did not have that power, which comes through knowledge, to keep their lands from the greedy and scheming white man.

When the Indian learns as much as the white man knows, the latter will not dare to steal his lands. The Indian has more lands and other valuable things which the same greedy white man will get, if the Indian does not improve the opportunities at hand to get this knowledge, which is power.

THE ALLEN RECEPTION.

Last Friday evening was given up to a social and reception in honor of Assistant Superintendent and Mrs. Allen.

The student body and faculty assembled in the gymnasium, the former taking their places on the balcony. The employees first gathered in the reading room, and entered the floor of the gymnasium in the formal reception style, each being introduced as they entered, by Colonel Pratt, assisted by Miss Burgess.

Then the students filed down from the balcony, and each shook hands with the honored guests.

It took thirty-eight minutes for the line to pass in the manner described.

Then there was music by the Band, and good music. It was the first time that the Band had made its appearance since so many good players left it, on their return from Buffalo.

There were addresses of welcome, first by Joseph Ruiz, who had known Mr. Allen as Superintendent of Albuquerque, New Mexico. He was followed by Adjutant, Samuel Miller on behalf of our students. Professor Bakeless spoke briefly on behalf of the faculty, and was very happy in his remarks.

Colonel Pratt had a few words to say, and was followed by Mr. Allen, who thought he would pitch his tune in a very low key, he said, but he expressed himself as feeling touched at the demonstration made in his honor, and highly appreciated what had been done. He was in full accord with Carlisle and its work.

There was a general social time for a few minutes, then the students were dismissed to go to their respective quarters, while the faculty retired to the Y. M. C. A. hall, which was prettily trimmed and lighted for the occasion. Refreshments were served mid the general talk and enjoyments of the hour.

A very fitting close of the evening was the reciting of the poem (printed first page) by "Father" Burgess, who spoke in good voice, showing electionary ability, the more marked on the account of his age, now in his 79th year.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE.

Miss Carrie L. Miller, formerly with us for a short time has been for the past two years connected with the Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Georgia. She says at the close of a business letter:

"Wesleyan College, this oldest chartered college for women in the world, has opened its doors to over three hundred students, and the broad halls and spacious rooms are filled with sounds of girlish voices, and on all sides I look into bright, earnest young faces.

I have become very much interested in my work, and I enjoy many things in southern life, but will not say which is preferable, life in the North or South.

We have the REDMAN & HELPER on our tables in the library, and I have many questions to answer about THE Carlisle which I am glad is in my own dear State."

By Postal Card From Japan.

KOBE COLLEGE, KOBE, JAPAN. Sept. 6, 1901.

I enjoy reading the REDMAN & HELPER very much and wish to thank the kind sender. Whenever I read the paper my heart goes back to Carlisle and to my friends in the school there. Hope some day I may visit the school again with my husband.

Yours, FUJI TSUKAMOTO.

We all remember Miss Fuji's visits when she was a student at Wilson College, and hope she may realize her desire to visit us again with her husband.

The anthropology of Pacific coast Indians will be studied in the University of California at a cost of about \$50,000 a year. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will supply the funds. It is hard to understand how this is going to help the Indians to civilization or salvation.—[Church Progress.

DICKINSON-INDIAN GAME.

Our team defeated Dickinson on their field last Saturday, 16 to 11, in a fierce but cleanly played game.

Dickinson was very confident of winning from the Indians this year, but were very fortunate in being able to score, one of their touchdowns being a pure accident and the other should have been decided a touch-back, which does not count anything.

The Indians played with a dash and quickness which was irresistible, and the heavy Dickinson line was pushed back on every play.

It was this quickness in charging that won the game for the Indians, and it was lack of it that lost the game to Gettysburg.

Some of the plays used by the Indians were new to them, and there was considerable fumbling, but when the boys get accustomed to the plays, they should be able to gain ground against almost any team.

In the first half, Carlisle clearly outplayed Dickinson and made two touchdowns, but failed to kick the goals. Dickinson only made their five yards once in this half.

When the second half began, Dickinson played desperately, and succeeded in taking the ball to within two yards of the Indians' goal, when on the next play Stanton fumbled the ball as he was going over the line, and Beaver fell on it.

The referee probably did not see the fumble, and allowed Dickinson a touchdown from which they failed to kick the goal.

Later, as the Indians were rushing the ball toward Dickinson's goal, the ball was knocked out of Lubo's hands, and it landed in Stanton's arms, and he ran for a touch down having a clear field.

Goal was kicked, making the score 11 to 10 in Dickinson's favor.

After this the Indians put more life and determination into their play, and carried the ball to Dickinson's five yard line, when another fumble gave the ball to Dickinson, but on the next play, Wheelock and Beaver worked through and blocked the kick, and the Indians thus securing the ball again made a touchdown on the next play.

All the boys deserve great credit for the game they put up against such a heavy team of experienced players:

The line up:
 Indians. Position. Dickinson.
 Bradley.....left end.....Williams, Salters
 Flores, Wheelock,
 Williams.....left tackle.....Phillips, Carlin.
 Wheelock(Capt.)
 Bowen.....left guard.....Core
 Chesaw.....center.....Ammerman(Capt.)
 Dillon.....right guard.....Decker, Hoke
 Lubo.....right tackle.....B. Seeley
 Hare.....right end.....W. Seeley, Odgers
 Johnson.....quarter.....Cannon
 Beaver, Decora.....left half.....Stuart, Powell
 Yarlott.....right half.....Shiffer
 Williams, Beaver.....full back.....Stanton
 Touch downs, Johnson 2; Williams 1, Stanton 2
 goals, Hare 1, Core 1.

Trolley off the Track.

The trolley ran off the track at the curve at Diffley's point, and gave several a shaking up. The Daily Herald's account reads thus:

The mishap is said to have been caused by a spring in the track. The car must have been going at a good speed as its momentum was sufficient to splinter an electric light pole which stood in the way of its new path. The pole was torn from the wires and ground as though it were but a brush weed. The trolley wheels ploughed deep in the stone bed of the street, putting the managers to some difficulty to get it back upon the track.

None of the passengers were much injured except Miss Mattie Harne, though all were badly jarred and many considerably frightened. Miss Harne was forcibly thrown to the ground and sustained a severe injury on the hip. She was taken to the home of Captain Standing and thence brought to her home in town.

IN OKLAHOMA.

Mrs. Lydia Hunt Wright on a business postal card from Hobart, Oklahoma, says: "Did you read of Lone Wolf being chief orator of the day here at Hobart on McKinley Memorial Day?"

Owing to the non-appearance of his interpreter his speech was delivered in English and was cut short thereby, but it was a fine effort, seemed heartfelt and was highly appreciated. He looked like a civilized judge, and was a fine example."

We presume the reason he was booked to speak in Indian and have it interpreted was for the benefit of Indians and whites alike. Lonewolf was a member of class '96, Carlisle.

Mrs. Ettawegijig.

Mary Mitchell, now Mrs. Ettawegijig, living with her husband at Boyne City, Michigan, writes interestingly to one of our teachers:

"I have thought about you many times, also of my dear old home and Colonel R. H. Pratt, who took kindly interest to educate me.

I am proud of my English language what little I know, and I am very grateful to Colonel Pratt.

My husband is cooking for thirty or forty men, at White's camp. (We suppose a lumber camp.)

They are now working right in front of my door.

Persons don't have a chance to get lonesome in this wild woods—not entirely wild. There are farmers close by.

The foreman's wife is my great friend. She lives not very far from my door. We visit each other every day, and they have such a nice baby girl.

Her native home is Oswego, N. Y. She lets me read her papers and I let her read mine.

When I first came home I did not pay any attention to any book, and it seems to me I get my language mixed up, so I went to work and reading book."

Loyal.

May Jackson who is now Mrs. Mary J. Fisher, asks by letter from Michigan, to have her address changed, and says:

"It seems like five years ago since I left Carlisle, the dear old Carlisle.

I have come to live at my old homestead with my husband. He will work on the farm from now on.

I have a dear little baby boy, someday he will be going to Carlisle to school.

If some one is KIND enough to tell us of our faults, it is well to be grateful for such kindness. We cannot see ourselves. You cannot see your own eye except by reflection in a looking-glass. Is not a friend or enemy who will point out our faults, like a looking-glass, reflecting just what we can see in no other way? Then bless such a friend or such an enemy, for how can we correct our faults if we never see them as in a looking-glass?

Bioclese—(Referring thoughtlessly to a book for the blind)—"Well, here's a deaf and dumb book."

Senocles—"Deaf and dumb don't use raised letters do they? But how the blind ever read them I cannot see."

Steocles—"Nor do they, child! They simply feel."

The Indian school "Red Man and Helper" did not contain a report of the Gettysburg-Indian game.—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel.

The above lines should read "Gave but TWO reports of the Gettysburg-Indian game," for it was mentioned twice, indeed three times. Our Sentinel brother would better borrow the Man-on-the-bandstand's leather specks.

Misses Moore and Moul will visit the Invincibles this evening, Misses Senseney and ———, the Standards, and Messrs. Walter and Thompson, the Susans.

A chimney on the girls' building at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, was struck by lightning.

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

Good-bye, Mr. Fly!
Farewell, straw hat.
Mrs. Ettinger has a new piano.
Hurrah for Columbia, "The Gem of the Ocean."

The poem printed first page is a delightful study.

The campus has had its last "hair-cut" for the season.

It seems that Carlisle has a brand as well as a band.

If the Seniors do not know beans they may know potatoes

When is that printer-tailor game coming off? Tomorrow?

The tailors are preparing exhibit work for the Sesqui-Centennial.

It is too bad when we allow our "won't" power to beat our will power.

The Sloyders are trying hard to make drawing and work co-ordinate.

Mr. Harris was the chief spokesman for the shop-men on Friday night.

Which are we, good because it pays to be good, or are we good, for nothing?

Miss Forster has a German class, made up of members of the faculty, mostly.

How can we read of Hellen Keller, last page, and not take immediate courage?

If we don't stop stealing paint from the newly painted places we may be arrested.

Some of the little boys think they would like to borrow a step-ladder to get into their new beds.

Items for the REDMAN AND HELPER must be in not later than Wednesday morning ten o'clock.

Professor Burgess is more often spoken of as "Father" Burgess, on account of his venerable appearance.

Strange, isn't it, that even in these warm days, our steam plant boilers cannot run unless they are coaled.

Have you noted the beautiful scarlet sage and other flowers as you pass the Wetzel home at the trolley turn?

The Dickinson College preparatory team came out for a little practice with our second team on Wednesday evening.

The new beds are said not to be liberal, because when they are jumped upon (as they never should be) they do not give.

"We watch your little paper with interest and appreciate the work you are doing in the school," says a Sherman subscriber.

Two breast-pins have been found by students, and the owners were found. It is a satisfaction to know that we live with honest people.

The Dickinson-Indian game, last Saturday, resulted in more than 16 to 1, it was 16 to two 1's, e'en 11, but not 16 two wons, according to the story of the game printed elsewhere.

Miss Martha Hench, formerly with us as one of the caretakers of the girls, and who graduated this summer from the Habnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, has her first independent case since she registered this Fall. She is located near Philadelphia.

The cadet who is always in time, and marches in line with manliness and precision does not realize how much it tells in his favor. SOME day when he is the first to be recommended by those over him for just the position he wants, he will then know that it PAID to do his best.

The cadet in line who doesn't "Care THIS time whether I keep step or not," does not realize how much such a little thing tells AGAINST him, but when he wants a certain good position and nobody will recommend him, then he will find out it did not pay to be careless.

The following is the Printers' line up for Saturday's game against the Tailors: Center, Washburn, '04; right guard, Sickles, '02; left guard, Chauncy Doxtator, '05; right tackle, P. Wheelock, (prep.); left tackle, Genus Baird, (Capt.) '02; right end, Fred Tibbetts, '02; left end, Adam Johnson, '03; quarter back, Eugene Tibbetts, '03; right half back, Peake, '02; full back, Elias Charles, '04; left half back, Wm. Paal, '02.

Wonder if this is true with our society debaters: The one who "has nothing of importance to say" always says it.

Magazines and pamphlets are being card catalogued, and soon the system will have reached every corner in the library.

The Tuesday and Wednesday opening exercise periods are now devoted to hymn practice, instead of Thursday and Friday, as heretofore.

Pictures have been re-hung in the halls, library, art and music rooms adding much to the attractiveness of that portion of the school building.

Miss Richenda Pratt returned from Jamestown, last Thursday, where she has been visiting her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Mason.

Mrs. Greer, of Johnstown, who several years ago was of our number for a short time, was with her sister Miss Bratton, of Carlisle, making calls last Thursday evening.

The Normal music classes have been divided and now recite in small grade groups, much to the satisfaction of teacher and pupils. The children sing with more confidence.

With the exception of the old walnut trees which were early stripped of their leaves by the caterpillars, the foliage is still looking as green, or nearly so, as during the summer.

Miss Barr has returned from Prince Edward's Island, where she has been visiting her sister and relatives. Judging from her appearance and what she says of her vacation she has had a good time.

It takes a wonderful eye to follow copy at the case and keep track of the touch-downs on the athletic field at the same time, yet we have one or two printers who make an effort to accomplish this. The result will tell in the proof.

Miss Bowersox was elected last week to be Superintendent of our Sunday School; Mrs. Walter for Assistant-Superintendent; Amy Dolphus, Secretary and Treasurer; Nellie Lillard, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

The tailors expect to finish striping the uniforms for the new officers, this week. To manage our battalion of 5 companies it requires 1 Adjutant, 1 Sergeant-Major, 5 Captains, 10 Lieutenants, 22 Sergeants and 20 Corporals. This does not count in the small boys.

Mr. Thompson is taking up his generaliums from the shop courtyard beds, and is selecting them with great care as to color. He promises for next year a prettier color scheme than displayed this year although the beds have been the admiration of passers by all summer.

Miss Lulu Lewis, of Harlan, Iowa, who has been teaching for some time at St. John's Mission, Cheyenne River reservation South Dakota, has arrived to be one of our teachers. She is a friend of Miss Florence Laird, who before coming to Carlisle this Fall was a teacher at the Cheyenne River Indian Boarding school.

The dress-parade on Monday night was a complete success, notwithstanding the fact that darkness came upon the moving battalion all too soon. The Band is again on the tapis, after a long and severe pull to bring up men to fill the places of those who retired soon after the Buffalo trip. The boys are playing once more in a manner that delights their hearers.

Miss Bowersox gave the talk at the opening exercises of the school this week, on "The Chinese, their Language and Literature." This is the fourth of the series. Miss Cutter's talk last week on the "Inventions and Customs of the Chinese," was very interesting. The other two of the series were the second by Miss Wood on "The Government, Education and Commerce," and the first on "The Physiography of China, and Origin of its People." This series of talks on China will embrace twelve. Each one is received with increased attention. Both teachers and pupils recognize a growing strength in this feature of our opening exercises.

Little Esther Allen got hold of a bicycle pump.

"What are you doing, Esther?" asked her mamma.

"Why, I am trying to make a breeze in this thing," she said.

Another time she wanted to look at the lady's "valise," meaning her chatelaine bag.

At the close of a business letter Jennie DeRosier says she has a lovely home at Palmyra, N. J., and shall be very sorry when she has to leave it. She wishes to be remembered to the Seniors and wants the Man-on-the-band-stand to give a couple of loud hurrahs for her when our team gains at football. The HELPER is like a message to her, filled with a budget of news from friends.

Stiya will hereafter be sold for thirty cents instead of 50 cents. Stiya, which is the experience of a little Indian girl educated away from home, is an illustrated story, and is interesting from start to finish, showing up many difficulties that an educated Indian girl has to meet when she returns to her home. It is a very nice present to give about Christmas time. By mail 37 cents.

Class libraries of fifty books each, have been sent to school-rooms Nos. 4 to 14 inclusive, and the children are happy. We are glad to note a marked growth in the reading habit. Our boys and girls all along the line are forming a taste for reading good books. Considering the continuous use that our books are subject to, it is remarkable how well they look. On the whole, our students are careful of property, only a few thoughtless people mark and deface their books.

Miss Ely is off on her vacation, having left on Monday evening for Mound City, Kansas, where she will visit her only sister. Miss Ely, as Superintendent of the Outing System, has her busiest time in the summer, when over 700 are out in country homes. When most of the outing students return to school, leaving but 300 or so out, and after the winter arrangements are made, she steals away for a little rest. Miss Nellie Robertson holds the fort in her absence, and holds it successfully.

William Hazlett, wife and little son arrived last Thursday night from Oklahoma, on their way to Washington, to attend to private business. On Wednesday of this week, he returned, having had a satisfactory time in Washington. He has a tract of valuable land on which there is a town site, and his prospects for being worth considerable are very promising. The little son is named after Malcolm Clark, '93, and he is a bright little boy. Mrs. Hazlett was a Haskell girl—Nora Harjo. The two met at Seger Colony, where both were employed in the Seger Colony school.

ITEMS BY THE JUNIORS.

After the ball game last Saturday the Indian boys who were in attendance marched through the Dickinson campus, and down Main street, and out Hanover, cheering and singing as they marched.

While President Roosevelt was visiting the Indians at the exposition, an Indian baby was born. The President was asked to name the baby. He named her Pan Anna, and gave her a 20 dollar gold piece, which pleased the Indian mother.

Miss Phebe Brown, who left us some years ago on account of ill health, has fully recovered, and is now studying music, short hand and type-writing.

Jack Frost is around coloring the leaves of the trees.

Myron Moses is said to be having a nice time at the Hiltons, and is gaining strength every day. He called on Wednesday.

The Methodist Sunday School boys have been put into their different classes

by Professor Bakeless, and the Secretary of the Sunday school.

The reception given in honor of our new Assistant Superintendent was a happy one.

The different King's Daughters circles held their first meeting for the winter on Tuesday evening last.

The painters are re-painting the hose-cart.

Several members of the Junior class are now out on the skirmish line. The remainder of them will get there by and by.

Mr. Mason Pratt and his son Dick, of Steelton, were up, Saturday, to witness the Dickinson-Indian game.

Earney Wilber was the first student to give items in Assembly Hall, Monday morning.

The trees on the campus are beginning but slightly to show their beautiful autumn colors.

Minnie Reed, who went to Denver, reports liking the place very much. She is to continue her studies under a private teacher, this year, and expects to enter one of the Denver schools next year.

Alice Americanhorse, one of our girls who went home this summer, is now at Hampton, Va.

George Willard, who is one of the printing force, has gone to the country for the winter.

The battalion had dress parade on Monday evening, for the first time this school year.

The football teams belonging to the different shops practice nearly every day on the athletic field, during their spare moments.

The Juniors are busily preparing selections to read in school this month.

The crops in Northern Minnesota were very large this year. Some of the farmers cleared over 2000 bushels of grain.

The parade, last Monday evening did not prove to be as good as some that we have witnessed.

The instrumental quartette which was organized this week among the members of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society, are at work in earnest, and hope very soon to be able to entertain the society.

What Senior was it who said: "Oh, My! We will soon be having chap fingers and chap hands.?"

Little Esther Allen is getting to be quite popular in the girls' quarters.

The companies that attend Sunday School services in town are marched to and from in good order.

The Juniors spend a little of their time each day studying the elementary sounds. We want to learn to talk.

It is said that Miss Lillian Ferris, class 1900, is now attending the Eureka, California, High School.

It pleased the Juniors last Saturday afternoon to see their classmate, Lum Chesaw, sitting on the football in order that it would not by any accident roll away, while the boys were resting.

Let us not wait for a leader to lead us into civilization, but let us step into the rank and keep time to the music of "Modern Advancement."

The picture of Nakifer Souchuk in the Philadelphia Press is a good one.

SHE WOULD HAVE DIED.

Sometimes kindness demands seeming harshness.

In western Montana, twenty-five years ago, a mother and child were the only passengers in a stage coach.

A sudden change in the weather came on, and the freezing cold began to benumb the woman, in spite of her warm clothing.

As soon as the driver knew how severely she was suffering he gave her all his extra wraps and quickened the pace of his team as much as possible, hoping to reach warmth and refuge before her condition became serious.

His passenger's welfare was now his only thought, and by frequent inquiries he sought to assure himself of her safety.

But the fatal drowsiness had stolen over her, and when no answers were returned to his questions he stopped, and tore open the coach door.

The woman's head was swaying from side to side.

Instantly he took the babe from her, and bestowed it as comfortably as he could in a furry bundle under the shelter of the seat, then seizing the mother roughly by the arms, he dragged her out upon the frozen ground.

His violence partly awakened her, but when he banged the door together and sprang to his box and drove on, leaving her in the road, she began to scream.

The driver looked back and saw her running madly after him.

"My baby! my baby! Oh, my baby!"

The horror of her loss made her forget the cold.

By and by, when certain that she had warmed her blood into healthy circulation the driver slackened the speed of his horses, and allowed her to overtake him and resume her place in the coach with her living and unharmed child.

The mother, safe with her child in her arms, did not feel bitter because of the means which had been taken to rouse her from her lethargy; and were we wise enough to understand what we have gained from some of our hard experiences, we would find love back of them all.

This thrilling story in *Young People's Weekly*, is a good illustration of the way in which to handle the mawkish sentiment prevalent regarding the Indians who are dying on reservations, in worse ways than freezing.

Remove the child carefully to a safe place, where it may be sheltered for a time, to be educated and grow into usefulness; take the ration eaters and annuity consumers, who hang back in their lethargy, FORCIBLY by the arm, and set them down squarely on allotments, in as civilized surroundings as possible, slam the reservation door shut, to remain shut forever, drive off and leave them; then see how soon they will WAKEN UP and run after the child. And see how happy and grateful they will be in after years, for having their lives saved by the only means possible.

How Much?

A Sunday-school superintendent who happened to be a dry-goods merchant and who was teaching a class of very little tots, asked when he had finished explaining the lesson, "Now, has any one a question to ask?"

A very little girl raised her hand. "What is it, Martha?" asked the superintendent.

"Why, Mr. Brooks, how much are those little red parasols in your window?" said Martha.

The Evening Wore on.

Small Barrister.—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion?"

Witness.—"The close of the day, I presume."

PATHETIC.

At an old settlers meeting held recently in Dakota County, Nebraska, Indians as well as white folks took part, as is shown by the following taken from one of the papers in that part of the country:

No speaker of the day attracted closer attention than White Horse, an Omaha Indian chief, 72 years of age, a grandson of Blackbird, the noted head man of the Omahas who was so kind to the first comers of this region.

He was attired in a war bonnet of immense feathers, a red blanket and buckskin leggings.

He spoke in his native language, and was interpreted by Silas Wood, a wealthy Omaha.

He was introduced by Secretary Spencer as "the oldest settler of all," and was interpreted as follows:

"My white friends, this suit I wore in the old times, before your fathers came among us.

I was raised on herbs, and today I have seen places where my mother dug them for me, but your children are raised on milk.

When I first wore this bonnet it was because I was willing to shed blood, but no white man's blood was shed by me.

My fathers selected this land 200 or 300 years ago, and they are buried here, I want to be also.

When your fathers came here I saw them live in dugouts, then in log cabins and shanties; and now they live in fine houses, but I do not; forty-six years ago my father and grand father sold this land to the government.

You have been improving it and raising stock, and so you have progressed faster than me.

I feel sorry that the great spirit made me like wild animals, and has given me none.

We lived on wild animals, but you have killed them all off, and now there is nothing for me.

When Blackbird, my grandfather was chief, he told his people that the white man was coming to overflow this country, but to shake hands with the stranger and be friends with him. Friends, there never has been a white man's blood on my hands.

Before you came we chased the wild game, but now it is all gone, and we have to follow your habits, and if I had not done so I would be dead.

WHY HELEN KELLER IS HAPPY.

Who tires of reading about Helen Keller?

This wonderful girl—DEAF, BLIND, and DUMB—or at least dumb until recently—is perhaps the best known and best-loved young woman in all the land.

We have followed her from those days when the indomitable perseverance and marvelous skill of her teachers pierced through the shell in which a sad fortune had inclosed her beautiful soul.

We have watched her progress, step by step, as the world has unfolded itself before her delighted appreciation.

Of recent months we have seen her entering Radcliffe college, and taking honorable rank there.

Unending effort has even given her the faculty of speech, though she can hear no syllable that she utters.

When chosen Vice-President of her class, she rose at the freshman luncheon and said distinctly:

"Classmates, it is a great pleasure, and I esteem it a great honor, to be present and speak to you. I am glad to have an opportunity to thank the class for their kindness in electing me their Vice-President, and I hope that I may become acquainted with many of you. Though I cannot see you, I will soon know you by touching your hands."

"Miss Keller," said one of her teachers the other day, "is really the happiest person I know of. And why? Because of the great obstacles she has overcome."

—[Christian Endeavor World.]

IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE HARD TO LEARN?

Perhaps our Porto Rican students as well as Indians who have not mastered all the intricacies of English, may be interested in the difficulties that a certain Frenchman is said to have met when he tried to learn English. After toiling through a good many exercises he talked with his teacher thus:

"I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?"

"It is pronounced 'tuff.'"

"Em, 'tuff,'; 'snuff,' then, is spelled s-n-o-u-g-h, is it not?"

"Oh, no; 'snuff' is spelled s-n-u-ff. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular."

"I see; a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff,' and c-o-u-g-h is 'cuff.' I have a very bad cuff."

"No; it's 'coff,' not 'cuff.'"

"Very well; cuff, tuff, and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is 'duff,' eh?"

"No, not 'duff.'"

"'Doff,' then?"

"No; 'doh.'"

"Well, then, what about h-o-u-g-h?"

"That is pronounced 'hock.'"

"'Hock!' Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or is it 'phlock,' or 'plo'?" Fine language—'plo.'"

"No, no; it is pronounced 'plow.'"

"Shall soon master English, I am sure. Here we go. 'plow,' 'coff,' 'tuff,' 'hock,' and now, there is another—r-o-u-g-h; that is 'row,' I suppose?"

"Oh, no, my friend; that's 'ruff' again."

"Yes, wonderful language. And I have just e-n-o-u-g-h of it; that's 'encu,' is it not?"

"No; 'enuff.'"

BLINDNESS A BLESSING.

Few persons have a keener appreciation of their blessings in life than Fanny Crosby, the celebrated blind hymn writer.

"It is not every blind person that can discern the silver lining of the clouds as she can."

She says that had it not been for her affliction she might not have so good an education, nor so great an influence, and certainly not so fine a memory.

She knows a great many portions of the Bible by heart, and had committed to memory the books of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and the four Gospels, before she was ten years old.

Her mind is also stored with much that she has learned from her favorite authors.

As is the case with the blind, her other senses are very keen, and she knows some of her intimate friends simply by a shake of the hand, and is rarely mistaken if she hears the voice.—[The Watchword.]

The Noted Lord Chesterfield Once Said:

"Let me see a stranger at the dinner-table, and I will tell you what manner of man he is—whether he be a gentleman or a boor, a scholar or an ignoramus, of refined and gentle instincts, or a brute and savage."

There is a great deal of truth in the above remarks, and when a man goes abroad in the world he will find that respectable people put their first estimate of him in accordance with the way in which he behaves himself at the table, and how he holds his knife, fork and spoon, drinks his tea and coffee, eats his food.

The Thing That Makes Mischief.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a poem about "a sly, woe-working elf," who is described as troubling boys and girls especially.

She declares that he is very penitent when caught, but that the mischief he does can never be repaired.

He has even been known to sink ships and throw trains from tracks.

The name of this elf is, "I Didn't Think."

Red Jacket.

The Buffalo Historical Society has erected a handsome statue to the memory of Red Jacket, the famous Indian chief and orator of the Seneca nation. It is of life size, in bronze, upon a granite base. It bears this inscription:

Red Jacket
Sa-Go Ye-Wat-Ha.
(He keeps them awake.)

Died at Buffalo Creek, Jan. 20, 1830,
Aged 78 years.

Why Don't Birds Fall off Their Perch?

The reason given that birds do not fall off their perch is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent.

Look at a hen walking and you will see it closes its toes as it raises the foot and opens them as it touches the ground.

"I think I'll have some of those crullers," said Jones at the lunch counter; "don't you want some?"

"No," replied Smith; "they don't agree with me."

"That so?"

"Yes; I couldn't even eat the HOLE in one without getting dyspepsia."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Teacher—Now, Susie, tell me what letter comes after H?

Susie—I donno, ma'am.

Teacher—Of course you know. What have I got by the side of my nose?

Susie—Powder, ma'am.

Benevolent Party.—"My man, don't you think fishing is a cruel sport?"

Angler.—"Cruel? Well I should say so. I have sat here six hours, have not had a bite, and am nearly baked to death."—[Herald.]

Farmer Honk—Your niece, that's just graduated from the academy, does fancy-work most of the time, don't she?

Farmer Flintrock—Yes; an' she don't fancy work none of the time.

Football Schedule.

- Sept. 21. Lebanon Valley College, here. Won; 28-0
- " 28. Gallaudet College, here. Won; 19-6
- Oct. 2. Gettysburg College, Harrisburg. Lost; 5-6
- " 5. Dickinson on Dickinson field. Won. 16 to 11.
- " 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 16 letters.

My 12, 5, 7, 10 is what our boys can play when they get down to business.

My 6, 8, 9, 3, is what we have to do to get up.

My 1, 11, 14, 4, 2 is what some of our ladies do.

My 16, 14, 13, 15 is what some of the little girls in the sewing room do to their hearts content.

My whole is something that it is said that the Carlisle student wears.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—
1. Eat; 2. Eat; 3. War; 4. Old and bug; 5. Arch; 6. Mill; 7. Sick; 8. Jam; 9. Mar; 10. Pa.

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