

# The Red Man and Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1902.

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

## ANSWERED PRAYER.

PRAYED for riches, and achieved success;  
All that I touched turned into gold!  
My cares were greater and my peace was less,  
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory, and I heard my name  
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men,  
But ah! the hurts—the hurts that come with  
fame!  
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my heart's desire.  
Through quivering heart and body and through  
brain  
There swept the flame of its devouring fire,  
And but the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length  
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst.  
Great peace fell on me also, and great strength—  
Oh, had that prayer been first!

—[Pathfinder.]

## COLONEL PRATT'S TALK TO THE HOME-GOERS AND STUDENTS.

The nation of which we are a part is as  
generous and helpful to its people in all  
respects as any.

This is especially shown to us here at  
Carlisle by the gathering in this school  
of so many young Indians from all the  
tribes.

No nation of the world takes hold of its  
dependent peoples and does as much for  
them as the American nation.

No demonstration in any other nation  
shows the principle of equal chance for  
everybody and ways opened up to the top  
for all its people in so large degree as in  
the American nation.

Outside of himself, there is no real  
hindrance to any man in lifting himself  
to usefulness and even distinction.

He has only to live as he ought, devel-  
op his powers and use them as he ought,  
and no barrier of race or previous con-  
dition keeps him from reaching honor-  
able place; and that place will be as large  
and as desirable in every way as his abil-  
ity and character will allow.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation,"—  
lifts up a nation.

It is just the same with individuals;  
righteousness lifts up a man.

We have great reason to be thankful  
that we live in America and in this day  
and age of the world, when there are  
such open and wide avenues for us to  
gain information and develop our powers.

There are no hindrances worth notice  
placed upon us except those within our-  
selves.

We may be ignorant and unable to com-  
prehend what is best for us; (we are all  
more or less troubled by our ignorance);  
but if we only let our best judgment lead  
us it will grow rapidly, become firm and  
soon take us into the best ways where we  
can keep on, and go just as high as our  
developed powers will admit.

"Faithful over few things" brings  
ruining over many things.

It seems to me the Indians are just  
now greatly favored in having a way  
open to them to move out into the coun-  
try, which their fathers owned but did  
not improve.

They have the chance to become equal  
in usefulness and then to help develop  
and improve it as their fathers did not.

It is the greatest help to have new ex-  
periences.

It is a great privilege to create and use  
things and live in the prosperity we help  
to make.

The way is now open to all Indians to  
become a very part of all there is in this  
great country of ours.

The Indians have long been standing  
outside the open door leading into the  
midst of things, inviting their highest de-  
velopment.

They can now enter, continue to grow,  
become a very part and help on the build-  
ing.

I feel sad to-night, as I have felt sad  
every year for twenty years past, when  
I have sent back to their homes those  
who have been under my care and for  
whom I have worked.

I have waited on year after year, hop-

ing that the Indian's eyes would open,  
his understanding become clear and  
equal to his privileges; that great ambi-  
tion would take hold of him, and he would  
use his experiences, seek more, and thus  
continue to grow and so become equal  
and useful.

We are sending back this year just  
about one hundred of our number.

They are going home, "going back";  
some because they have been here five  
years; others for other reasons.

Many of them ought to stay and hold on  
to their good chances.

Experience is a great teacher, but it is  
the dearest, and we are told that a cer-  
tain class "will learn from no other."

I am not willing to say that it is en-  
tirely bad to have even bad experiences.  
It is often good for us to have bad expe-  
riences.

Sometimes it takes a long while and a  
good many both good and bad experi-  
ences to get a man into his proper place.

We are told that even "The wrath of  
man is made to praise God."

Sometimes the push, the competition of  
bad things is necessary to make good  
things go.

If there was no bad there would be no  
good.

If there was no crying there would be  
no laughing.

Everything has its opposite.

Bad things are necessary to know  
what good is when it comes; otherwise  
we would not understand nor profit by it.

It may be that after all, my hopes and  
ambitions are not as moderate as they  
ought to be, and I will have to wait and  
wait and still wait.

When I began here I believed that  
if I could prove that the Indians were  
very like other people, that they had  
hands which could and would work if  
they had the right chance, brains which  
could and would think right when allow-  
ed the privilege; that they had equal  
powers which could all be developed to  
equal usefulness; that the people of the  
country would then see for themselves  
and understand, and in a short while they  
would say: "What is the use of keeping  
these Indians away off, shut up by them-  
selves? Why not make them a part of us?"

I believed the good people of the coun-  
try especially would do that and that the  
Christian people would be the first to un-  
derstand and push for enlarging oppor-  
tunities for the Indian. But experience  
has shown that I was somewhat mistaken  
about it. They did not take up the idea  
as quickly and fully as I had thought  
they would.

I thought, too, if I could prove to the  
Indian himself that all the good things of  
the country might be his and he could  
revel in them, that he himself would run  
away from the hindering influences of  
his past, and very soon the Indians would  
grow to sufficient power and strength in  
the country to occupy an average place  
in it, and would demand to be released  
from the hindering control of reservation  
influences, from the constantly changing  
supervision, one agent to-day, another to-  
morrow, none filled with any consider-  
able knowledge, interest or purpose to  
build up and strengthen and make your  
people real and useful men; and demand re-  
lease also from the supervision of churches  
which insist that the Indians be kept  
huddled under their care.

I thought when the Indian came to  
know by experience and to enjoy the good  
things that the freedom of the country  
held in store for him, he would stand by me  
in my efforts to bring his people forward.

But twenty-three years almost have I  
been here and three years before that do-  
ing practically the same thing, and yet  
the Indians who have gone out independ-  
ent of the reservation and stood for what  
they have learned, and worked their way  
up, could be counted on my fingers.

So FEW out of over four thousand!

See where we are!

Now a new lot is "going back!"

I know there is a great outcry against  
the separation of children from their par-

ents and their homes, against the break-  
ing of home ties, etc., but who cries out  
against the breaking of family ties in my  
case, in everybody else's case?

If there is anything a white man glori-  
es in, it is in seeing his son go out to  
work and struggle and compete with the  
world and make of himself a success.

His every purpose in educating his boy  
is to fit him to do just that.

The Indian never thinks of that, be-  
cause his line of thinking is planned for  
him.

He is only encouraged to think of him-  
self as a tribe.

We must continue to labor against  
these opposing influences, so that there  
will be an increasing number to move  
out and show the world that there is no  
need of fencing the Indian off from as-  
sociation with the white man and keep-  
ing him out of the industries of the coun-  
try.

I am more sure now than ever that  
there are ways out and that this is the  
one great way to success.

What does he do—what CAN the In-  
dian do when he is reserved in segregated  
masses?

There is no scheme of segregating you,  
I know of, worth the snap of your finger  
as a permanent prospect for your future  
welfare.

You must become individual, get out  
among the American people and become  
a part of them.

It would be far better for young Indian  
men to go on the streets of any city  
and black boots to earn a living than to  
go back to the reservation and do only  
what he is allowed to do there, because  
that would bring him into contact with  
people and give him a chance to find  
higher employment.

It would begin by bending his back,  
but being manly self-support it would  
end by his standing up straight with his  
head high in air.

I am not ignorant of the fact that your  
people are constantly being bought to re-  
main Indians and tribes, with rations,  
with annuities, and that even the very  
lands are used to buy you to hang to-  
gether.

These are the things that capture the  
man I would expect to go out from the  
tribe and make a success of himself.

I told you last Saturday night what I  
thought about your going home and  
what you ought to do.

I hope all of you remember.

Some of you will imagine you need  
rest, and will spend your savings to buy  
clothes before you go, to rest in when  
you get home.

You will want to wear a flashy necktie  
with a pin in it, and make a splurge; and  
the girls of course will want an extra rib-  
bon in their hair, a ring or two, a dress  
with tucks and frills, and other embel-  
lishments.

Splurging and resting make for your  
disgrace, and for the disgrace of the Car-  
lisle school, for the failure for me and all I  
do for you. They occupy no place, in  
my mind, as helping in any way to build  
you up.

I want to repeat what I said:

I don't care whether you are a great big  
girl, or a little girl of ten or twelve years  
of age, the thing you should do first and  
always is to make things nicer and clean-  
er and pleasanter at home.

Wash the pots and kettles.

Some people criticize us because we  
train you to do that, but many of the  
greatest ladies in the land began by scrap-  
ing pots and kettles.

After the work is done you may make  
yourselves as nice as you can.

Many of you can do good, wholesome  
cooking. Show your mothers and family  
you can do that.

The Government has said a good deal  
about field matrons going from tepee to  
tepee and teaching the Indian women  
how to cook and keep the house clean.

She is to go into their homes and teach  
the women to make them better. But it

is not likely she takes hold of the broom  
and sweeps the lodge out. She probably  
stays there to see the woman do it. The  
chances are she doesn't do it herself.

I would like our girls when they  
go home from Carlisle to be even better  
than the field matrons, and take hold and  
show their mothers how things should be  
done by doing the work themselves.

Give mother the rest she probably  
needs.

Keep away from the dances and the  
other tomfooleries of Indian life, where  
they dance all night and no telling what  
else they do.

Every Carlisle girl ought to keep away  
from such things, and keep busy by mak-  
ing home better.

Take books home with you; good books  
are good company.

You go home with trunks. Do you  
have them when you come?

The students of Dickinson College do  
not take home better looking or better  
filled trunks than you do.

You take home money which Carlisle  
gave you the chance to earn and taught  
you how to save.

Do you think of that?

Do you feel grateful for it?

I am sure some of you do sometimes.

If we have helped you so much in such  
a short time you should, and I am sure  
you will, consider and come to think right  
about it some time.

I have thousands of letters from stu-  
dents who have gone home.

Every letter written to me by Indian  
boys or girls during these twenty-three  
years has been filed.

All are put into lettered cases and kept  
together,—letters from Presidents of the  
United States, from Senators, from Cabin-  
et officers, from members of the House of  
Representatives, from Commissioners of  
Indian Affairs, Generals of the Army, the  
Adjutant Generals, Governors of States,  
all in the same pockets with the letters  
of Indian boys and girls, side by side,  
where the names begin with the same  
letter.

There is more than a cart-load.

Letters from boys and girls in the same  
pockets with letters from President Roose-  
velt!

It is all right. The President's letter  
is not ashamed of its company.

President Roosevelt had Carlisle and  
other Indians in his regiment, and he  
was glad they were with him at San  
Juan. He has said so many times since.

If an Indian can fight for the whole  
country, why can't he live in and enjoy  
the whole country?

Why should he be compelled to browse  
on the barrenness and weeds of a fenced-  
in Indian reservation?

I have no doubt some of you boys who  
go home have fathers who own improved  
land; others have fathers who are at-  
tempting to do something for themselves.

If you must go home, if your father is  
farming, take hold and help him at once.

If he is not a farmer, look around and  
take hold of any honest work you can  
find!

Begin immediately!

Work first and visit when work is done.

It is a splendid thing for you to keep  
on learning economy.

Work at something whether it pays you  
much or not.

Take hold of the work that lies next  
you.

You don't need to go to the Agent and  
ask him to give you something to do.

Work for all you can get, but WORK.

Work for nothing rather than not work.

You can work your way up and out,  
but you can't PLAY your way up and  
out, you can't IDLE your way up and  
out.

Good, patient, honest work will bring  
you out and nothing else will, I don't  
care whether it is on or off a reservation.

If every boy and girl will go at it this  
way, things will be a thousand per cent  
better at once.

(Continued on last page.)



# THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE  
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER  
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES.

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN  
ADVANCE.

Address all Correspondence:

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,  
Carlisle, Pa.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second-class matter.

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

If for no other reason the Indian reservation should have been ended many years ago because so prolific in blighting the reputations of good people especially selected and sent there as officials.

Official statement is made that Indian youth turned back to the reservation and tribe from the Indian boarding schools, having there enjoyed present-day comforts and even luxuries, find the current of influence against their acquired civilized qualities too strong to stem, and become alleged failures.

Granting the picture not overdrawn, there is this to be said that will in a measure excuse the results alleged. The reservation is not a scheme of the Indians in any sense. It is an official conclusion of the Government of the United States in the creation and management of which the Indians never had any part. It has always been and is now a sort of prison-pen idea, which to make a success, both force and purchase are used.

These tribal reservations are placed absolutely under the control of men appointed by the President of the United States from those selected and urged upon him as most capable and excellent by the Senators of the States in which the reservations are located, so they may be acclimated, so to speak, to the conditions there existing.

These Agents are the supreme representatives of all the authority and excellencies of the United States, and are provided with all the force and equipment of help and means considered necessary to instruct and enforce the law, order and decencies, the United States would have prevail there.

They have farmers, mechanics, superintendents, teachers, matrons, clerks, field matrons, missionaries, and rations, clothing, agricultural and other implements, store-houses, school houses, and even churches, all in hand with which to press upon the Indian and the tribe, and the whole machinery has been in operation many years.

For our present purpose we wish only to call attention to one of the results of this indurated system as a contrast bearing on the criticism against results of sending to the camp and tribe the Indian youth who have had the privileges of the Indian boarding school.

Let it be remembered that the Agent and all his helpers are members of the great white civilized race with the claimed advantages of centuries of culture back of them; that they are there on business, under salaries, with plenty to do, and so relieved of the enticements and dangers of Satan's mischief for idle hands.

They are the controllers and not the controlled.

We have observed these conditions on the spot for more than thirty-five years and know personally of hundreds of cases, and being especially in the work we know indirectly of many more. We do not therefore speak from superficial nor from limited hasty visits of observation.

Guided by this knowledge we wish to make what we are very sure is a modest statement, and that is, that of these excellent Agents and helpers of all sorts, white people, inured to goodness, officially selected and hired and sent to the reservations to lift up the Indians through all the years, more than one half have been officially called off from such service because they FAILED.

Take the whole list of employees year after year for the last twenty years of any half dozen of the larger agencies, and investigate the changes and removals and

their causes, and our statement is more than sustained.

This being the fact, it seems to us not at all improper to suggest that the allegations against the failure of the student returned from the boarding school to the tribe, the agency, the reservation and almost always to idleness ought to be accompanied by the further statement above made.

If the unemployed Indian student so largely fails when sent back to original conditions and the control of this management, and the Agents and employees also fail in fully as large a degree, (for we believe it no strain of the truth to say that there is no great difference between the two in either the degree or the proportion of failure) what are we to think?

It certainly cannot be consistently alleged that the failure is because of the innate badness of the Indian, for the innate goodness of the selected white people does not produce any better results there.

We believe now and always have believed that the inane, unAmerican, un-Christian, unphilosophical reservation system was and is the bother of it all.

It must be admitted that the Indian being under control, the prisoner unemployed, is at the greater disadvantage in contending with the conditions.

That his failure, therefore, should be so specially advertised alone and the failure of the selected and paid controller passed without remark, is perhaps as truthful a showing as was ever made of the mote in our brother's eye and the beam in our own eye.

While on this contrast theme we wish to add that to our mind a broad light is thrown upon this very subject by our experience here.

We have been handling at Carlisle during twenty years, children from practically all the tribes, and nearly five thousand altogether.

The strongest feature of our curriculum is what we call the Outing System, which is, the placing of the boys and girls out at work during the summer and allowing a portion of them to continue out during the winter to attend the public schools during their sessions and work for their board mornings and evenings.

Every pupil under the care of Carlisle has this experience.

Some of the children are here quite a number of years—five, six, seven, eight, and even nine or ten years, and so have several outing experiences. They all work for pay and invariably get wages in proportion to the value of their services.

They are working in competition with other laborers in the same lines, the girls at house-work and the boys in the field, on the farm, in the shop, in business affairs, etc.

We invite the closest scrutiny into the system and its results now and through all the years, and can safely assert that these young Indian people, who are so complained of when they go back to the reservation, are, when off the reservation, entirely equal to the average laborer of our own race in the same line in quantity and quality, and satisfaction in every way which they give in the work they perform; and we can also place their conduct while thus out and at work under the most searching comparison, and believe that we state the truth when we say that their average conduct is very considerably above the average conduct of those of our own race who work in competition with them.

The people who have most to say against the returned student are those who have control on the reservation. Indian Agents are among the foremost.

We have waited long and patiently, as we think, for right to assert itself. It does in some places, but not by any means in all.

We wish to emphasize a fact and that is, that the Indian agent is in absolute control of his reservation; that the Government of the United States gives him a force of policemen and other helpers in order that he may control and also build up and establish all the decencies and proprieties among his people which the great and good Government of the United States wishes to prevail everywhere throughout its domain; that the Indian agent is selected because of his supposed superior fitness for such duties and that he is paid especially to do this work.

When, therefore, there are conditions inimical to the good order, law and decen-

cy which the Government would have prevail there, is it not largely the fault of the Agent himself?

And when he complains that the returned students from non-reservation schools are not doing what they ought to do, does he not impeach his own ability as agent, and is it not an evidence of his own culpability when he complains of the culpability of any of those who are absolutely under his control?

One of the most remarkable experiences we have had in connection with our work has been the constant condemnation of returned students by the people at the agencies.

Excellence, after all, is only a comparative thing, and so is unworthiness.

Would it not be consistent for those who assert the unworthiness of the returned student to show that their product—the reservation student—is better.

So far as we know, no comparisons of this kind have ever been made, and we believe none ever will be made, for from our observation it would be a great disaster to these reservation laborers and their work to have it placed under the same scrutiny and tests they place upon the non-reservation work.

We can go to any of the agencies where the Indians are idling away their time depending upon Government rations and issues almost entirely for their support, and to the dances, ghost and others that they indulge in, and find that those who dance and those who idle were almost invariably in their younger years the beneficiaries of the reservation school, some of them having attended for years, having learned to read, write, etc., and yet were not materially elevated above those who had no school privileges whatever; and if fair and full testimony is taken and a just conclusion reached, the reservation schools and all that belong to them will be condemned because of their incompetence and inadequacy.

Recently an official on the Osage Reservation, which tribe receives from the United States by all odds the largest help of any, was asked how many Osages are really farming. His reply after thinking was:

"Just one."

"And who is that one?" was asked.

In reply he said:

"Harry Kohpay, a Carlisle graduate."

Strange to say Harry Kohpay is the only male Osage graduate from the Carlisle school.

"OLD INDIAN LEGENDS RETOLD BY ZITKALA SA," is a charming addition to our American folk-lore stories.

The stories are admirably told, the quaint phraseology of the Dakota, and many native expressions being retained, which only one who was born to the language could reproduce.

The author has a gift of bringing scenes before the reader with a few vivid sentences in words of unusual simplicity, and this power serves her well in the "Legends."

The illustrations by Angel Decora are extremely good, especially those depicting the personified spider, Iktomi (around whom the Sioux weave numberless legends,) his tricky character, half clown, half knave, are well shown in face and figure.

Bound in Indian red, crossed by a band of white and green imitating bead work, the book is complete in its attractiveness.

We are glad to know that another volume is soon to follow this one. C.

The small boys who piled stones on the Cumberland Valley Railroad track down by the Poor House, for a joke, are pretty badly frightened, but they have not seen the end of it yet. They were arrested and put in jail, but have since been brought back to the school to await further developments. The engineer discovered the stones just in time to save a wreck and possible loss of life. Nothing like this was ever done before by little or big boys of our school and we believe it will never be done again. What will be done with the boys remains to be seen.

A number at the school remember Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Betts, of Bucks Co., whose family was one of the first, over twenty years ago, to take Indian students as helpers. Mrs. Betts is now traveling in the west, and on the 11th inst., was in the Yellow Stone Park, enjoying its magnificent scenery. A souvenir postal card to Miss Ely is the avenue of information.

FROM CARLOS GALLARDO.

Those who remember little Carlos who came to us from Porto Rico about two years ago, and remember his modest, gentlemanly manner and his diffidence in attempting to speak English, will read with great pleasure, this beautifully expressed letter from Cambridge, where he has spent a year at school:

(We wish we could show the fine penmanship.)

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 15, 1902.

DEAR MISS BURGESS:

Some time ago I read in the RED MAN AND HELPER an account of the Commencement Exercises in that school. As you may suppose I was very much interested in it.

It is more than a year now since I left Carlisle, and about two years that I have been in the United States.

After the Harvard Summer School closed last year, I went to a farm, near Syracuse, N. Y., owned by Mr. Frank Stilwell, father of Mr. U. E. Stilwell with whom I have been staying for about four weeks. On my way back I had a glimpse of the beautiful State house in Albany.

I went to the Peabody Grammar school in September, and from there I graduated this year, intending to go next year to the Latin School.

There are plenty of historical places to be seen here. There is the old South Meeting House, the departing point of the Tea-Party Indians, the Old North, Bunker Hill monument, the Elm under which Washington took command of the army, Longfellow's house, once Washington's head quarters, the cradle of liberty, the Common, the Public Garden and a good many other places.

Cambridge is at its best on the days when games are played here with Yale.

Last year after the football game, in which Harvard came out victorious, the students several thousand in number marched around the yard hallooing as much as their lungs would allow them. A few nights afterwards they made a great feast of it by going to Soldiers' Field with a band playing "Fair Harvard," and "Down with Yale," where they lighted bonfires.

The Harvard Class Day was on the same day of the baseball game with Yale. There were two bands of music in the yard which was illuminated.

Massachusetts Hall was erected in 1620, and its roof was used by the Americans to make bullets during the Revolutionary War.

There are quite a number of dormitories in Harvard, an Art Museum, two others named the Peabody and University, and a Semitic one is nearly finished.

Memorial Hall was built in 1876 and has a tower 200 feet high.

In the east end is Sander's Theatre. In Memorial Hall there is also a dining hall where 1200 students eat daily.

The architectural building is where the drawing class is in the Summer, last Summer it was in Massachusetts Hall.

Last year I went to Plymouth and walked over the Plymouth Rock, the stepping stone of New England.

Last year I also went to the Carlisle-Harvard game.

Please remember me to Prof. Bakeless, Respectfully yours,  
CARLOS GALLARDO.

Lizzie La France, who is at Fayetteville with Miss Hill's friend for a time, says "I have a whole lot of things to tell you I have the smartest baby here I ever saw in my life. I take him out walking nearly every evening and the people see him and say he is a sweet baby. I had to speak on children's day. I had a white dress on and a new hat and a new shoes. I got a new pair of shoes from milking the cow. Miss E. C. give it to me because it's her cow. Yesterday I had a hard time to milk, the flys wear full over the cow and she wouldn't stand still. Miss L. had to stand there and chase the flies away and she was dress up and the cow made her all dirty again, and she wanted me to hurry up and get done and then let the cow out."

An Indian girl educated on the reservation writes to one of her former teachers: "This morning as I was sitting alone as usual, Oh! how I wanted to see something outside of the reservation! I thought and wished my mother would let me go some place that I have never seen yet. I sit here and read about things outside and stretch my neck. It is no use. I want to see things with my own eyes."



## Man-on-the-band-stand.

Miss Nana Pratt is in Philadelphia for a few days.

Clarinda Charles is visiting friends in Adams County.

Miss Albert of the laundry, is away on her vacation.

There is promise of an immense peach crop this season.

Miss Burgess is again at her desk assisted by Miss Forster.

Water-melons are plentiful and cheap in the Carlisle market.

These moonlight nights are conducive to late croquet playing.

Minnie Nick has gone to a country home at Wildwood, N. J.

Mr. Nori took John Smith with him to his home in New Mexico.

Mr. Beitzel's quarterly reports are finished and off to Washington.

Miss Carter is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Snyder at Lewistown, Pa.

No one is sick in the hospital now and there are only a few visiting patients.

The last from Miss Barr is that she is keeping cool at Prince Edward's Island.

A line from Sam Six Killer informs us that he is now at Afton, Indian Territory.

Mrs. Allen's turtle soup is none of the "Mock" kind. It is true blue and "tasty."

Miss Bowersox has been assisting Mr. Beitzel at the office in the absence of Mr. Nori.

A new Porto Rican named Luis de Jesus of Rio Grande, arrived on Tuesday morning.

The prophecy that we shall have rain every day for forty days is being fulfilled in this region.

Randolph Hill did a very good piece of work in frosting the hall windows in the girls' quarters.

Miss Bowersox, who left yesterday, will spend her vacation at her home in Paxtonville, Pa.

Some of the printers hardly know whether to say "News is scarce", or "News are scarce."

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson entertained Misses Sara Pierre and Nancy Wheelock at dinner on Sunday.

Mary Kadashan is a little under the weather, and is excused from the printing-office for a few days.

Paul Segui will cease his mail-carrying for the school to take a position at the sea-shore for a few weeks.

Mr. Clark Lambertson and Miss Florence Diven were guests of Miss Forster to tea on Tuesday evening.

The granolithic walk in front of the gymnasium and the steps leading to the entrance are being repaired.

Miss Wood is having a cool time at Saranac lake, shivering in jacket and golf-cape. What next? furs!

Felicita Medina has gone for a few days visit with Charlotte Giesdorf at her country home at Floridale, Pa.

Rebecca Knudsen went to Wellsville to live with the family of Mr. Hoover during the remainder of the summer.

The "Eye Opener" printed elsewhere and the letter from a Staunch Missionary last page show up situations worthy of study.

Mrs. J. W. Ellenberger with her mother and Miss Helen Horner of Jackson, Michigan, were visitors at the school on Tuesday.

It is said by those in a position to observe, that our pet cat "Nansen" is the best "rough on rats" they have had at the girls' quarters.

Miss Jackson has taken up her headquarters at the Y. W. C. A. in Phila., and is making her annual summer visits in that neighborhood.

Miss Forster is off for Washington, D.C., to-day, and from there goes in a few days, to Union and Center Counties, this State to spend her annual leave.

Mr. Fred Welch, son of Prof. Welch, Principal of the Bloomsburg Normal School, spent several days at the school, the guest of Prof. Bakeless.

Misses Veitch and Laird spent a day at Luray this week. They returned full of enthusiasm over the trip, having enjoyed the beauty of the Shenandoah Valley and the Blue Ridge mountains, not less than the marvelous formations of the caverns of Luray.

Miss Maul of the small boys' quarters says they are now ready for the next storm if one must come, as the roof is finished.

The line of march from quarters to dining-hall these work days presents a straggly appearance, in work clothes and overalls, but is a showing that Carlisle is proud of.

Mr. Mason Pratt of Steelton was over on Wednesday. He reports that his wife who is at the Walter Sanitarium, Walter's Park, is improving under the treatment there received.

Miss Steele leaves for Wilkesbarre tomorrow. She will spend a week there in the Osterhout Library and then go to her home in Geneva, N. Y., for the remainder of her vacation.

Miss Senseney spent Sunday at the school on her way to Cambridge Springs, Pa., where she will study for a time with Mr. W. M. Tomlins, the well known musical director of Chicago.

Prof. Bakeless entertained the Porto Rican boys and a few other friends one evening this week. On Monday he, with his guest—Mr. Welch and Antonio Pinero, visited the Battlefield of Gettysburg.

Miss Sara Pratt of Steelton has been visiting her grand-parents at the school the past week. Her friend Miss Edith Bunting of Allentown spent several days with her during the first part of her visit.

Mrs. Rumsport and three of her club girls, Lillian Brown, Sophia Americanhorse and Laura Masta with Nellie Lillard of the printing-office force, enjoyed a lovely boatride on the Creek Monday evening.

If the campus doesn't strike you as large, take a lawn-mower some warm morning and try to finish cutting the grass before night. Three or four boys, one following the other, make quick and excellent work of the job.

Miss Gefrorer, a teacher in St. Mark's Episcopal Parish School, Philadelphia, was a guest at the school this week. She became interested in our boys and girls through her Indian friend, Dr. Minoka, who is now a practicing physician, and is on the staff of the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia.

The wagon makers show a new half platform wagon completed this week and a surrey on the way. The school mail wagon has been given a fresh coat of paint and varnish, the work being done by Thos. Medecinhorse. The painters to-day began work on the outside of the school building.

When Miss Miles arrived at Lawrence, she thought she would take her first automobile ride from the station to her place of destination. The machine got stuck fast in the mud and it required a team to pull it out. It looks as though she "auto" have observed Prudence and taken a team in the first place.

Amy Dolphus and Nannie Sturm are enjoying life at Ocean City. Amy writes Miss Bowersox that she has a very pleasant home, the "sweetest room you ever saw" and she is quite contented. The two girls see each other every day and both have plenty of leisure time in the afternoons, which they spend in talking and reading together on the beach.

Another very enjoyable service was held on the campus on Sunday evening just as the sun was setting in a strip of golden glory beneath a bank of clouds that earlier in the evening had threatened to prevent our assembling out of doors. The meeting was led by Mr. Crosbie, who spoke earnestly on the subject "Means of Growth." The hymns sounded very sweet on the evening air, and when we separated at the close, many expressed the hope that the open air meetings would be continued.

Miss Noble has arrived safely at Chemawa, Oregon, where Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss Irene and others gave her a warm reception. She is greatly pleased with first appearances of the school, and says their garden is a wonder. The weather is fine, there is much to enjoy. Such cherries and berries she never saw in the East. It grieved her to leave Hat-tie and Lena by the way, and they parted in tears from their escort. Mrs. Campbell is not very well. Miss Irene is growing much stronger. The boys, Donald and Herbert are manfully working during their vacation period. The former is a student of the great Leland Stanford University and the latter is taking a course in the University of Oregon.

Several of us who have been to San Diego, California, have observed the similarity in outline of the grand old spur of the North Mountain, seen from our school and behind which the sun sets this time of year, to beautiful Point Lomo, which runs out into the Pacific making San Diego Bay a land locked harbor. The picture was a striking one, as the sun set so gorgeously last Sunday evening.

One of our travellers in the west was taken to a certain station by a driver who proved to be very entertaining. He is an "old timer", and of excellent reputation.

Among other bits of information he gave, was that he came from "way back in Pennsylvania" but he hadn't lived there since '76. He said: "My mother wanted me to go back there and live, but them hills in Pennsylvania are too doggoned close together, I can't get me breath. I want room to holler."

The death of one of our pupils, Chas. Paisano, occurred at his country home, Hampton Junction, N. J. last Friday. Dr. Diven, our school physician, was sent to take charge of the body, which after being prepared for burial was sent home to Laguna, N. M. at the request of the father of the deceased and under the care of Mr. Nori, who came from the same place. The death was very sudden and was due to an aggravated form of cholera morbus. Charles was quiet and kind in disposition and a very exemplary character. His friends and companions will be grieved to hear of his death.

James Arnold writes Col. Pratt from Lake Mohonk, N. Y., that he considers his experience with the class of people he meets there to be invaluable to him. Tiffany Bender is equally well pleased. On the evening of the 4th of July the boys entertained the guests with flute and cornet duets and solos, from the lake, which were spoken of very appreciatively. They have been asked to play at the Sunday services in the parlor, which James says they will endeavor to do with the best effect possible.

When last heard from, Miss Nellie Robertson was at Gettysburg, South Dakota, waiting for transportation to Minnesota where she will spend her vacation. She has had a very pleasant time with her cousin and wife at the Cheyenne River agency. She has seen Clara Price Fielder, class '92, who is also visiting there. Her little baby boy is just a month old. Clara looks well. She and her husband were returning from Rosebud where they had charge of a day school during the winter. Her husband is Isaac Fielder's brother—a Hampton boy. She saw Nellie Barada for a few moments. She looked well and brown. Miss Nellie thinks that the Cheyenne River Agency is very nicely located in a hollow, and cannot be seen on approaching until reaching the top of the hill over-looking the valley; then a splendid view is enjoyed. The clean white houses with their red roofs, and the hills forming a back-ground, with the Big Muddy in front makes a pretty picture. There was an inspector at the Agency and the Indians were called in from all the Creeks around, to gather in council.

Misses Cutter and Newcomer who are attending the Columbia University summer school, New York City, do not find the city unpleasantly warm. They get the sea-breeze and are only three blocks from the Hudson River. They have plenty of room in their quarters and can dress in their quarters in an unconventional manner. They have excellent people for associates and good food.

For outside entertainment they have visited the Zoo and spent several hours at Rockaway Beach, sailing and resting on the beach, picking shells, digging in the sand and watching the bathers.

They have heard some fine music and preaching at various large churches, among other speakers was Campbell-Morgan. They have visited the Navy Yard and went on board the Massachusetts, one of the war vessels in port. The Alabama, the Kearsarge, the Dolphin and other noted vessels were in the harbor at the time. Being near Central and Riverside Parks they have beautiful walks; the neighborhood is safe and pleasant in every way. They have enough reading and studying to do, and outlining of lessons, to keep them more than busy, and are at the College from 8 A. M. to 1:30 P. M., dining at 2. Miss Cutter will attend the lectures on "Methods in Teaching Elements in Physics," whenever she can find time.

## ENTERPRISING KISH.

Down in Oklahoma the Indians have taken a long step towards civilization, A couple of weeks ago an Indian dance was held.

There was the old time dress—full dress—of feathers, paint and tinkling ornaments; the old time songs were chanted, and the drum beat gave the music for rythmical step and undulating movement.

Just outside of the dance house, a stand was set up by Kish Hawkins—whom many here will remember—from which he served ice-cream and lemonade to the dancers, making a nice little profit on his business venture.

Kish is a graduate of Carlisle, class '89, and while a student here was one of the strong characters of the school, a leader in all the school doings, and he has carried his originality and enterprise into his home field.

So far as we know, he is a pioneer in giving commercial aspect of this sort to an Indian dance, and is entitled to all the honors therefor.

The Indians are evolving very rapidly, and all the efforts of their well-meaning admirers to keep them Indian will not avail.

Their life, even on remote reservations is no more like their life of a hundred years ago—or even fifty years ago, than is that of the average American to-day like the life of George Washington and his neighbors of the eastern seaboard.

Progress is in the American air, there is no escaping it, and the ethnologists will have to make the most of the flying moments in which to study the aborigine as he is—a fleeting shadow of what he was.

No more telling proof of the fact is needed than this stride forward—ice-cream and lemonade at an Indian dance.

### Extracts from Students' Letters.

I often heard boys complain about their country homes, but I am glad I never had complain about my country home and I hope never will. It seems to me I have better home every time I go out. This home it seems is still better yet. This man has moved here this Spring and has many repairs to be done round the barn and the house. He had the barn in good condition now. I expected to stay out through the Winter. I do not know where will be my winter home this coming winter.

The letter which I receive a few days ago telling me that they are about to move away, don't know where, but God know it, therefore I cannot write home letter this month until I hear from them. About my country home. I certainly have hard place but I will stick to it no matter how fast boss work I will stand side of him and work. He paid me \$14 first month I work and from this month he is going to pay me \$16 a month: he can't say anything because he knows well I earn every cent.

My dear parents: I want to tell you I had a lovely time the fourth of July which is the celebration of the Independence. This country celebrate it fine. They had some beautiful fire works like those in Porto Rico. In the night we went to the Park to see the fire works and to hear the band play. I enjoyed very much. About this family I have not anything to tell you except that I love them every day more and more.

### Notes from the Sewing Room.

Mrs. Canfield left yesterday for her home in Owenton, Ky., where she will spend part of her vacation, and later visit her sister in Washington, Ind.

Mrs. Lininger has returned from her vacation and will have charge of the sewing classes during Mrs. Canfield's absence.

Miss Margaret Echert, of Carlisle, has been engaged to take charge of the darning class.

The girls of the plain sewing class have been very much interested in making table covers and dresser-scarfs for the girl's quarters.

A cheerful letter has been received from Isaac Seneca. In renewing his subscription he says the RED MAN AND HELPER is his only true weekly friend. He likes Oklahoma in spite of the intense heat. He is getting along well and enjoys his work.



(Continued from first page.)

Your lands would all be quickly allotted and the Government, if it found this spirit in you, would take off the embargo of twenty-five years, guardianship holding.

If you work persistently not even the Government can keep you down if it wanted to.

No white man would be satisfied to let the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Interior or any other official hold his land absolutely against his power of use and sale.

If I could not be absolute in control of my land I would not hold it at all.

Why should I improve my land if it is not entirely mine?

If I want to go to the other side of the mountain to live, what business has the Government to hold me here, even by such a pretense as the giving to me a partial title to a piece of land?

Issuing you patents, calling you citizens as used, is nothing but inducement to keep you Indians and tribes, and you ought to see it and say so with such intelligence and force as to correct it.

Boys, go to work the day you reach home or at the furthest the very next day.

Make Sunday a good day.

Don't go to the horse races, the gambling, the dancing.

By doing that you simply make yourselves more and more contemptible, and your people and all people to have more and more contempt for you.

If the Government would change its attitude and after educating and training you would send you out to take care of yourselves, it would be the greatest blessing to you.

My boy could not lean on the Government.

He could not lean on me.

I sent him out to care for himself as soon as he was through school, and he understood he was to go all the time and so he planned for it and became independent.

If you all went out to do for yourselves instead of going back to the reservation hindrances and Agent's dictation, it would not only make manly men of you, but would soon end the pauperizing conditions for your people.

#### A WILD WEST SHOW AN EYE-OPENER.

A. H. F., a teacher at Oxford, Maine, not long since went to see a wild west show, and no longer is surprised at people being certain that money spent on Indian education is money thrown away. In a letter to the Man-on-the-band-stand, she says:

To-day I witnessed an exhibition of what pretended to be modern Indian life. This exhibition was given by a man who claims to have spent more than a score of years among the Pawnee Indians, helping them up the ladder of civilization.

If the few dozen Indians he had with him were a fair sample of his educational efforts, I should judge his labor was thrown away.

The warriors as a whole were a splendid appearing set, but, to please exacting audiences, were decked in finery to an extent which made them appear caricatures.

It was demanded of them to go through the various forms of scouting, attacking, plundering, horse-stealing, and murdering. All I could think of was a royal tiger deprived of claws and fangs and then compelled to roar for an idle people's amusement.

After the performance, the crowd surged over to the tepees and investigated the domestic arrangements.

I am sorry to say I was one of the crowd, sorry that for one instant I could forget that these people were not animals in cages.

The tepees were neat and of the papooses and children rolling around, not one was dirty.

The women were employed in making bead and quill ornaments and in preparing for the night.

The men were cleaning up after their work and though their toilet accessories were limited, they showed a laudable desire for cleanliness, a desire apparently not experienced by many of their pale face co-workers.

Most of them could speak more or less English, but nearly all were shy; they are not to be blamed for it either.

As a rule they kept by themselves,

away from the rest of the company, which was composed of rascals from all countries, a motley crew, perhaps from four to five hundred in all.

This is a picture of Indian life as we see it here.

Do you wonder that people still think the Indian incapable of education, and cling to the old theory that the only good Indians are the dead ones?

Here was a man who had worked with the Indians for a quarter of a century and here were the results of his labor—a handful of redskins in war-paint, blankets, and feathers, in brief, in their savage state, apparently a proof that it is an impossibility to sever an Indian from his tribal customs.

It is very probable that not a score of people in that crowd realized that there were Indians who had a higher state of civilization. It is probable that not a dozen ever heard of Carlisle or knew what work is being done there.

They were looking on really, truly live Indians, and if any criticism was made it was that the Indians did not quite come up to their idea of what a wild Indian should be.

I wish from the bottom of my heart that they could read Cornelius Petoskey's graduating essay in the RED MAN AND HELPER, which I have been binding to-day. (They are too interesting to lose); or better still, that they could spend a day at Carlisle, since some people can only realize by seeing.

And the man who "showed off" these bronze "curiosities" pretends to be a friend of the Indians!

If I remember rightly, our Col. Pratt (I beg permission to use the pronoun, since I belong to Carlisle in spirit if not in fact) began his connection with the Indian in warfare, as an enemy; then this must be one of the times when the Indians have obeyed the command "love your enemies."

One man comes to the Indians as a friend, makes his home among them, later he travels the country turning his friendship into cash. The other starts as a captor and turns his captives and their race into useful citizens. Which has taken up the "white man's burden?" Which has been the HELPER? But unfortunately for the red skin, the mass of people see only what the so-called "friend" shows them.

One of your graduates asked "What holds the Indians back?"

Let those who wish to answer that question look into the tents of our "Wild West" shows and then add to what they see and hear the prejudice of several centuries; then they will realize why so many block instead of clear the Indian's path, why so many believe him incapable of good.

A. H. F.

#### FROM A STAUNCH MISSIONARY.

A missionary among the Indians of the West, who has seen many years of service, writes to Colonel Pratt:

While resting and recuperating to-day I take a minute to thank you for the copy of your finely prepared school souvenir.

In 1880, I saw your school just getting under headway; and stored away in my memory, I have pictures of school-rooms, work-shops, farm, of pupils, of teachers and of the head of it all.

To-day as I study each picture in this souvenir, comparing the "now" with the "then," it is a rest both refreshing and encouraging.

I know also that the course of the school has its "rough places" and is ever up hill—upward in its determination to reach the higher levels—yet in this effort and progress this souvenir shows not a trace of what we may call "balky-team work," but on every page we can see the fine "work team," the "wheel-horse"—the administration—rejoicing in his untrammelled vigor ever pressing onward, and close beside him, the "off-horse"—the Indian—forgetting his old time "offishness," sturdily emulating him.

Here, on the prairie, the team, if I may continue to use the figure of speech, does not show off to so good advantage, for the "off-horse" has the appearance of being strangled in his unaccustomed harness; shows lack of systematized and regular care, and too, his old restiveness is carrying him off and off, to his own destruction.

And the "wheel horse!"

Well, a veterinarian would whisper in

your ear "that horse is suffering from 'Wolf teeth,'" and tell you how the roots of those teeth disturb the action of the optic nerve causing the horse to be near-sighted and flighty.

On the prairie, your steady "wheel-horse" is as "flighty" as a "rango-horse."

He snuffs danger to himself at sight of every scare crow (political) which may be set up, and "betwixt you and me and the gate post" near-sightedness is growing upon him fast enough to cause the fear that a second time he may be unable to discern God's image in the darker skinned man, which may be falling under his feet.

It is an axiom that "Balky drivers make balky horses."

In our great country such MUST "go away back and sit down" to learn afresh their forgotten lesson ere again they attempt to hold the reins.

You and I, each in our sphere of labor, rejoice together in confidence that the heaven-received at Carlisle, with the constant care, the coax, and sometimes the drive here at their home, will, ere long, sweeten the "offishness" into true, manly independence; and will turn the "restiveness" into the noble determination to take his stand in his own land now grown to be a mighty nation. Yes, cause our Indian brother to grow up to the full stature of a Christian citizen filling his place shoulder to shoulder with the best.

War has been the "farrier's punch," breaking out the teeth of greed and wantonness which have gained the mastery over nations, yet it left the roots to afflict and to irritate.

With our faith increasing, your prayer and mine together rise beseeching that God's other mode—the Golden Rule—may have full sway in the hearts of this people, and leave neither tooth or root of selfishness to grow or to rankle; that our nation standing in its new position towards the other nations of the earth may become the grand creature without fault or blemish, may we say, the "wheel horse" of God's chariot which is subduing the world to the benign rule of his dear Son our Lord Jesus Christ.

#### WHOLESONE ADVICE FROM A BROTHER-IN-RED.

To the young people of the Indian race D. DeWitt Hare says in a communication for the RED MAN AND HELPER:

Our life work for ourselves and our race nearly all lies before us.

There is much for us to do to bring our people to where God desires us to be.

Let us forget the past, let us forget that we live on reservations and are known as the "wards" of the Government.

Let us show to the world that we are men and women capable of greater development.

The world has already recognized the mental and moral possibilities of our race.

Let us look back to our grandfathers and learn a lesson from them.

While enjoying the free life, he was a self-supporting man and had to get his food by hard work; he did not lie idle; he chased his game from early morning to late at night and never stopped until he carried his game back to the tepee to feed his wives and children.

And I think it is exactly the same thing today; but we are in very different circumstances, but let us not lie idle; let us work early and late in order to get an education that will be a benefit to us and enable us to stand on our feet and not be easily swept down the current of wordly temptations.

One of the grandest things for us to think about is, that amongst the Anglo-Saxon population the men who have become the greatest leaders are those who sprang from lowly surroundings.

What an inspiration for us as well as for any boys and girls of any nationality!

Now then, rise up and go forward, ever forward; stick to your chances, and God will give you greater ones just as fast as you can use them, for a wise man saith, "GOD HELPS THOSE THAT HELP THEMSELVES."

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

"Color and race do not figure in this world of struggles."

If you are to succeed in life, it will be because you master yourselves, and if you continue masters and not slaves the

world will recognize you and honor you.

The chances for success for our Indian youth are better to day than ever before.

Success is attained by industry, perseverance and pluck, coupled with any amount of real hard work, and you need not expect to achieve it in any other way.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all achievements.

The man who has not fought his way up to his own loaf, and does not bear the scars of desperate conflict, does not know the highest meaning of success.

There is scarcely a great man in history who has not had to fight the way to his eminence inch by inch, against opposition, and often through oppressive abuse of friends as well as enemies.

If Dr. Eastman and Congressman Chas. Curtiss and many others of Indian blood could succeed, why not more, under better advantages?

#### WHERE THEY SHOULD GO.

The post-office guide has never been appreciated as a directory of information for prospective home-seekers. What could be more appropriate than that the following named classes of persons should go as suggested;—

Singers to Alto, Ga.  
Bakers to Cakes, Pa.  
Jewellers to Gem, Ind.  
Smokers to Weed, Cal.  
The sleepy to Gap, Pa.  
The idle to Rust, Minn.  
Deadheads to Gratis, O.  
Printers to Agate, Col.  
Cranks to Peculiar, Mo.  
Actors to Star City, Ark.  
Apiarists to Beeville, Ind.  
Small men to Bigger, Ind.  
Bankers to Deposit, N. Y.  
Widowers to Widows, Ala.  
Tramps to Grubtown, Penn.  
Brokers to Stockville, Nev.  
Hunters to Deer Trail, Col.  
Hucksters to Yelleville, Ark.  
Old maids to Antiquity, O.  
Lovers to Spoonerville, Mich.  
Cobblers to Shoe Heel, N. C.  
Physicians to Doctortown, Ga.  
Puzzle fiends to Riddleville, Ga.  
Drummers to Modest Town, Va.  
Prohibitionists to Drytown, Cal.  
Druggists to Balsam Lake, Wis.  
The gum brigade to Chewtown, Penn.  
Newly married couples to Bliss, Mich.  
Political orators to Stumptown, Penn.

#### Odd Beliefs.

According to the Indian children of the Carson Indian School, Nevada, the Washoe Indians believe:

That if a child points his finger at a rainbow, the finger will grow crooked.

That if a little child is fed the heart of an animal he will be brave when he grows up.

That to cut off the foot of a duck and scratch yourself on the arm with it, is a sign that you will be a good swimmer.

That to eat the eyes of a rabbit prevents sore eyes.

That if a person eats a rabbit's heart he can run fast.

That when their children are disobedient and bad, it is because they have bad blood in their heads, and instead of whipping them they punch a little hole in the skin of the forehead and suck the blood out which will make them good.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters which, when arranged in order, tell what is hard for some of our vacationers to do the next day after returning to the school:

My 10, 7, 1 is where Carlisle advises her young people to go, instead of back.

My 5, 4, 1, 6 is a common name for a girl.

My 11, 2, 9 is one kind of a boat.

My 8, 6, 4, 12 is the top of a mountain.

My 8, 6, 3 is what some people make of a mouse.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA—Plenty of hard work.

#### SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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

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Indian School, Carlisle.