

# 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, SEPT. 19, 1902.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper  
Vol. III, Number Six.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 10. (19-10)

## TWO VALVES OF A SHELL-FISH.

In the Chinese picture-writing signifying friendship.

ONE I found high on the beach,  
Drift of sea-weed under;  
One lay where the ripples laughed  
At the sea's far thunder.

So I raised this from the sand,  
From its bed the other;  
Laid their edges each to each—  
Fancied them to cover

As of yore, a living form;  
Then the thought leaped higher,  
Touched the symbol in my hand  
With its old-world fire.

I am here and you are there:  
Will the power bending,  
Bring our lives to touch again  
In the great Unending?

ADELAIDE WOOD GUTHRIE.  
CARLISLE, PA., Sept. 1902.

## ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT ALLEN SEES THINGS.

The West is full of those who were born and educated in the far East. Such transplanting seems to be most successful, and in Kansas, a good man or a good family from the New England or Middle Atlantic States is looked upon with fully as much favor as northern grown seed-potatoes.

But it is a little more difficult for the person who has spent thirty-five years in the land where pennies are unknown and farm implements stand out doors all winter, to accommodate himself to the exactness and thrift of the land east of the Alleghanies.

So my order to visit Indian Territory and its twin-sister just beyond, on a flying trip, was received with joy, and no trains were missed on the way.

Wyandotte was the first stop.

Superintendent Durant was in the midst of preparation for the biggest and the final payment to the Senecas and Shawnees, amounting to more than \$300 per capita.

The traders and fakirs are also ready.

One Indian was seen coming from town with his little team hitched to a train composed of a new wagon, a surrey and a buggy, all bought on time. In the wagon was a sewing machine and an assortment of canned goods.

When pay-day comes the average Indian will be the least interested party present, as his money will have been spent, and he can amuse himself by watching the creditors scramble for his check.

Superintendent Durant, with an efficient corps of assistants, is busy in preparing the way for closing out a school that will not be needed when the Territory is organized. The people have land, have our language, and our knowledge of ordinary affairs.

When there are no more supplies, lands to sell, and no more payments are to be made, and the punishment for laziness is want; when this time arrives bringing also the public school, the Quapaw agency can take its place with the relics, and its people step forth into full citizenship.

School had not begun, but children were coming, and an air of commendable interest was everywhere apparent.

Near Shawnee, about thirty-five miles southeast of Oklahoma City is located the Shawnee school, presided over by Superintendent Frank A. Thackery, who is also agent for the Shawnees, "Kicking" Kickapoos, and Pottawatomies.

These Indians are selling land and investing largely in whisky.

Mr. Thackery has a difficult task to perform, surrounded as he is by people determined to get everything from the Indian that is capable of alienation; and consider that the end justifies the means.

One carriage swept past me one day, enroute to the agency, with two very subservient looking men on the front seat acting as coachman and footman, while on the rear seat sat an Indian with a dirty sheet wrapped about his hips in lieu of a

blanket, and a large cigar, a present from his faithful coachman, in his mouth, while beside him sat his spouse wearing a dressing sack, much after the pattern of those donned by our ladies in a hurried preparation for breakfast.

There was, however, a zone of some width that neither dressing sack nor skirt properly covered, but this did not distress the lady in the least, and she chewed her generous mouthful of tobacco with perfect composure.

These were two Kickapoos on the way to sign a deed to lands, and the coachman and footman were the president and cashier of a prominent bank in Shawnee, who were the prospective buyers.

However harassing the position may be, Mr. Thackery is filling it entirely, giving a loyal and fearless service to the Government

The "boot leggers" and other sharks have already a wholesome dread of him, and honest people appreciate him. He is sustained by most loyal and capable assistants

Whisky and unscrupulous adventurers are responsible for the deep degradation of many of these Indians, and when one passes beyond, the heirs are somewhat consoled by the consciousness that they can get a free carriage ride to the agent's office to sign a deed to one more tract of land.

The school must educate this generation to a better knowledge of men and a desire to make a wise use of the resources God has placed in our possession.

## OUR APACHE FRIEND GIVES HIS OPINION ON THE INDIAN DANCE.

Thirty years ago among the primitive Indians, I participated in Indian dances.

Taken captive by another tribe then, it fell to my lot to be an object for a dance.

Twenty years later as Government physician I witnessed many dances in as many tribes, from the East to the West coast.

Therefore, I write reality and facts, not from romancing and imaginations.

The primitive Indian dance was a religious rite—the highest social and spiritual function

It was the token of good friendship, a gathering for peace and happiness.

It united mind to mind, and heart to heart.

It was to show their gratitude to nature, and sing peace to the world

It was where the sick were cared for.

The maid and her lover were given in marriage.

Here the competitions for prizes were carried on, and a general feast was enjoyed by all.

Spiritually, the medicine man preached the highest morals that a human heart could give to its beloved ones.

The dance camp was broken up, the participants strengthened in mind, body and soul.

Reservation Indians are not the primitive Indians.

They are corrupted and blinded to the noblest ideals of their forefathers.

They are graduates of the school whose teachers have been the cowboys, soldiers and the worst element of frontier life.

There is something radically wrong in the present Indian dances.

The Indian, being brought up from childhood in this poisonous atmosphere, gets the idea it is not wrong, just as a saloon keeper thinks his business is legitimate.

The child of nature does not know the end of his folly.

The aged may enjoy the occasion, but they do it at the expense of their children who will unavoidably suffer.

It kills time and the Indian.

It generally takes days to prepare for the Fandango.

To dance it, requires several days and nights.

It consumes that many precious days

to recuperate from the effects of the debauchery.

At this time the unusual excessive smoking and exposure produces sickness.

The mortality is greater.

If the object of dancing were only to dance to commemorate the old days, I would be the last loyal Indian to speak against it.

Not so!

It is a general holiday for all sorts of vice

Indians are in the gambling stage, which whites have forced upon them as a pre-requisite to civilization—a danger line that the Indians cannot see.

In the darkness of the night, secreted behind a bush, a stone or wigwam are two young souls.

Some affection may be there, but passion predominates.

The Gospel is dead.

Satan has full sway.

Early dawn finds the Indian rolled up in a branded U.S.I.D blanket, fast asleep until noon.

Afternoon, in the tents or under the shade of trees scattered here and there in the camp, are groups of ten or more women and men playing the devil's Bible of civilization—cards.

Quarter, half and one dollar coins flitter and glitter from one hand to another.

If money is scarce, saddles, blankets or anything equivalent to the stake are wagered.

About four o'clock the horse race!

All horses take part whether the cayuses can run or not. As the saying is, "they are bound to be in it."

Than on this nature's level track, no livelier or more enthusiastic participants ever gathered on Harlem Track.

With every race there is a roar, a cry of victory and exchange of money.

From all appearances one would exclaim, "Surely, the Indians are fast getting into civilization."

Shame on such civilization!

It is demoralizing and fatal for the future generations of the Indians.

I speak with emphasis, as most of our educated Indians do, and declare that the Indian dance to-day does gross injustice to the character of our people.

It conveys to the public, wrong impressions!

The out-burst of savagery, the painted face, the feathered hair, the tomahawk, the scalping knife, the hideous war-whoops, the mutilated body, and eating fat dogs

It separates the Indian and LEAVES him an INDIAN—a foreigner within his own country, which is an undeserved fate; but the inevitable result of the shortsightedness of our boasted civilization.

To us Indians it does not pay.

We must seize on to and hold fast to the standard which we have attained in so brief a period of time.

If we have to work our own way into civilization let it be in the broad and honorable field of competition, right among the enlightened masses, and not by ourselves in the darkness of our ignorance on a reservation.

Amid all these perplexing questions that pertain to the welfare of our people, let the divine utterance be our guide:

"Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

CARLOS MONTEZUMA.  
CHICAGO, Ill., 100 State St.  
September, 1902.

## How Iron Was Discovered.

Teacher:—"Arthur, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

Arthur:—"Yes, sir."

Teacher:—"Well, tell the class what your information is on that point."

Arthur:—"I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."

## AN INDIAN ADVISES THE INDIAN.

Far back under the setting sun is the humble home of the writer. He is an Indian, and would give his red brothers of Carlisle school a little advice.

I know you have good people at your big school to advise you, but I would like to say a little to you at any rate.

You will all see at once that my English has been neglected, in fact I know not a lesson in the English Grammar, notwithstanding which I am flattered by my best friends that if I had a complete education I might have been a writer of some note in the United States, even though I am an Indian.

My young red brethren, you are enjoying something now that I did not more than get a glimpse of, that is, the opportunity of an education.

Years ago, when I was young and full of hope, as you are to-day, though very young, just at an age when I should have been storing away knowledge in my head, I was called on to join in the white man's war of the rebellion.

This kept me out of school for five or six years.

The opportunity was lost.

I was raised without a mother, my father dying as soon as the war was closed.

I had been a soldier too long.

I had grown out of school age by this time and I went to the field to raise corn, for a living.

I have had a hard time, in this life.

I have seen lots and lots of openings for the man with an education, but I have never found an easy place that I would fit in. It has all been for the lack of an education.

The educated man is always found in the front ranks of any paying institution.

The moneyless man is the same as an uneducated man.

They two go hand in hand.

It has been well said by some good man—"No excellence without great labor."

I have a home and two hundred acres of good land, a little grocery store, a good team and carriage, and if I could I would give all but ten acres of it to have the chance that one of you have of obtaining an education.

You will never regret the time well spent at school.

Such as I who are without an education, only can feel the need of it.

Don't forget this: the hand of nearly every man on this our once native land is against us Red people, and there is no way to stay the hand of our enemy only to take the education that is offered to you to fight back with.

This is our only salvation.

The white man expects you and me to swallow down his civilization within 100 years, which has taken him thousands of years to reach the stage he now stands, and you have but a short while to learn a little, but it stands you in hand to put in your time, not only day, but several hours at night, because the white man is a long way ahead of you.

That is all.

CHAS. GIBSON.

EUFAULA, IND. TER.

Sept. 11, 1902

## AN INDIAN WOMAN RECEIVED A MEDAL.

Millie Hennius, an Indian woman of Vancouver, has recently received the medal of the royal humane society.

She was going with her husband, her three children and a woman friend in a boat to the north arm of Burrard inlet.

The boat was overturned in a storm.

The husband, weighted by a cartridge belt and heavy rubber boots, sank, and was followed by the woman.

Mrs. Hennius took her four year old child in her teeth, and ordering each of the others to cling to one of her shoulders, swam safely to the shore.—[The Woman's Standard.

# THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE  
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.

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

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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.

The Indian is a drawing card in any enterprise that thrives by novel methods of advertising, as Buffalo Bill shows, Kickapoo Medicine Guilds and Iroquois Curio Booths attest.

The over-sanguine American public is easily pleased, easily deluded for a time, into believing that things are just what they seem.

The Indian Educational Exhibit presented at the National Educational Association during the last three years has had much excellent work, showing a marked and earnest effort on the part of the workers in all parts of the field to keep the Indian schools up with the best educational thought of the age.

We note with regret, however, that in the manner and place of presenting this exhibit, the tendency has been to set aside the chief objects of such a display. It has been crowded into inadequate space, and away from other school exhibits, making it partake, too, of the exploitation, not of the education methods, plans and progress of Indian schools and communities, but rather of certain workers who crave publicity through the press. In other words, the glamor and glare that has been coupled with the historic native American, whom our people understand so little, and have been compelled to respect so much, is here, too, used to further the ends of those who want the public ear and eye.

Instead of a quiet unobtrusive display of school and industrial work arranged with a view of showing what the schools are doing educationally, from the academic and industrial sides, we find a hodge-podge of bead-work, embroidery, basket-work, wood-work, gaudily colored drawings and samples of school work, a hideous, inartistic blending of the old and the new, dumped into the narrow confines of a small hotel parlor, with little regard to system or fitness, to catch the crowd of casual sightseers and not the thoughtful educator.

Then, too, the press of the city is utilized to publish interviews, photographs, statements that jar upon people whose ideals are high, and whose aspirations are to do the best that can be done without the blare of trumpets and the crash of drums. Of course, such methods do attract the attention of the public, a much-enduring public; but that public thinks, and understands.

Such clap-trap methods do not deceive anyone who understands educational work, though they may be tolerated by good-natured people who assume that the novice may develop into the expert.

They do, for the time being, degrade the great cause of Indian education, the noble Redman, the true Indian worker. They do bring a modicum of discredit upon a generous Government that aims to do all it can toward the transformation of the Indian of the past into men and women citizens, self-sustaining, self-respecting and happy. The Government never intended the educational process to take over the flimflam methods of a Wild West show.

In this educational work, no trimming of sails to popular breezes is necessary. The public is too familiar with the quiet earnest nature of the school-work in every intelligent community to fail to discern the insidious note underlying the process of the politician.

Earnest study, free discussion, frank and free speech are indicative of growth and sincerity. Expurgation is the process of Russia, not America. Fulsome and sententious harangues are two centuries behind the times. They have no weight

to sustain a policy or plan that ought to change. The men and women of to-day want truth, condensed and glowing, not diluted.

Give the public facts—truth, and let them judge for themselves. Give the Indian worker freedom of thought, action and discussion, and he will out-distance his past best efforts. Show and make-believe deceive no one, but do deaden growth, destroy confidence, discourage effort. Indian men and women are thoughtful men and women, not children in leading-strings.

## LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

On Saturday evening Colonel Pratt gave his usual weekly talk to the students in the Assembly Hall. 346 boys and girls had come in from summer homes in the country.

He said it was pleasant to be together again at the beginning of a new school year, and he was glad to look into the faces of the students, glad to see the manliness and womanliness that had been developed by their outing.

He spoke of the wonderful changes that had come about within the history of the Carlisle School, among the white people as well as among the Indians, and in this connection alluded to the little flaxen-haired visitors among us. Their homes are quite a distance from the school, and it would not be thought wise for them to travel alone on the railroad, so each came to the school having for an escort an Indian girl.

One of these Indian girls is now house-keeper for the family of the President of a large Normal school; she is earning her way through the school by this service, and these parents permit the Indian girl to come to Carlisle on a visit, and to bring their little daughter to see the school. And her sister brings a little child from near Philadelphia.

That incident alone speaks volumes for the change that has taken place in the minds of the white people, in regard to the Indians.

Twenty-three years ago, before Carlisle began, who ever heard of an Indian girl or woman going anywhere, without a Government Agent of some sort to take care of her?

Who would have dreamed that Indians would ever be chosen by white parents to escort their children on the railroad such a distance?

These girls came to Carlisle several years ago, small, and speaking very imperfect English, if English at all; to-day they are entrusted with the care of these delicate little white children.

Here the Colonel spoke of confidence, and how long it takes confidence to assume control. When Carlisle began, the people of the town and surrounding country had no confidence. They half expected that the Indians would break loose some night, and every one in town would be scalped. (Laughter)

There was a great deal of anxiety about it, until finally he telegraphed to the authorities at Washington for permission to build a high picket fence all around the grounds to keep the Indians in and the white people out, until confidence was established.

Before closing, the Colonel dwelt upon the importance of starting the school-year right.

What a thought it is to start right, and he illustrated the point by referring to races won by men. If they do not start right they lose. Whatever we do in life, we must be particular to start right. Be prompt and have good order everywhere.

At the very close, when asked if all knew what they were going to do this winter, and "Are you all ready?" There was a hearty "Yes" from the whole house.

The students were dismissed to go for a social hour in the gymnasium. As quite a number were asking to go back to the country for the winter, some to their old places and some to new ones, the Colonel concluded to have a sociable in the middle of the month, instead of at the end.

## STRAIGHT SHOT.

A Bucks County farmer to his Indian boys said:

"There is a guinea-hen. How will I get her?"

Indian boy: "You want that hen?"

As he spoke he fitted his arrow to the bow and shot the bird through the neck.

"There it is," continued the boy as he handed the fowl to the farmer, and the family had guinea-hen for dinner the next day.

## FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Mark Penoi, class '96, who is at Anadarko, in the employment of the Government, feels grateful to Carlisle for his being able to hoe his own row without the further aid of the school.

"Many thanks to you," he says in a private letter to Col. Pratt, "and to my teachers for the many kind and valuable instructions which you have given me.

My work here has been very pleasant, and I have enjoyed my life here. It was very hot during July and August, but our work goes on all the same in spite of the intense heat. The average rise in the thermometer in our office was 90 degrees, and very often it has been up to 110 degrees in the shade.

Charlie (Chas. Corson, class 1900,) and I seem to be giving satisfaction to our superiors, which encourages us very much.

Since the opening up of this reservation for the settlers, great changes have been made here.

The Indians will now remain on their own allotments, cultivate and improve their lands, and they will realize the value of their lands.

White man and Indian have farms side by side, and must work together.

It reminds me of two horses hitched to a plow: one is much faster than the other, and needs a tie-back on him, and the other is very much in need of careful training, and perhaps a little switching occasionally."

## THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Our printing class now numbers 27. What! Does it take 27 printers to do the work of your small office? No! Three full hands could do it, but we haven't one full hand. They are all learners. To get the work done, is the smallest part of the duties of the advanced printers and instructors. To show how to work takes longer and requires more patience and tact than to do the work oneself. We are a school of printing, learning how, from the beginning steps in type setting, and press work up through all the stages of composition, job-work, making ready, and the clerical duties of the mailing department, where hundreds of names must be kept in proper routes on cards and galleys. A student who takes the complete course in printing, whether he follows his trade after leaving the school or not, has received the fundamental training that will make him an accurate copyist, a careful clerk and a general all-round business man.

## BESSIE GOTHOLA.

Bessie Gothola is at Los Angeles, California. While at her home near Cubero, New Mexico, it happened that a gentleman from Los Angeles was "looking for some one to work for him, so the lady at the section house at Cubero Station, knew me," she says by letter, "and she told me about the man. Then the man came himself over, and asked me if I would like to go and live with his family. I told him I would.

I am well and happy, but I was sick at home. I would have lost my life if it had not been for this gentleman. He has a large family, but he is very kind to me, so is his wife. The very evening I got here, Mr. Selvy got the Doctor.

I am thankful to say that I am living with a good family.

Mr. S. is a special agent and detective for the Santa Fe Railroad Company."

## SUSIE McDOUGAL.

Miss Bowersox gave the Man-on-the-band-stand a peep into a private letter received from Miss Susie McDougal, class 1895, who is now serving as a teacher at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

Miss Susie says she attended Summer School six weeks at Big Rapids, and learned many things that will be helpful this year.

She took nature study, primary methods, music, physical culture, black-board drawing and lessons in reed and raphia.

She also attended the games and storytelling club, two evenings a week.

The weather was delightful for the most part.

The industrial employees of the Mt. Pleasant School give lectures,—two a week, to the student body.

Memorial Services commemorating the death of President McKinley were held throughout the United States, on Sunday last.

## FOOTBALL.

The football practice has continued in a satisfactory manner during the past week and much improvement has been made. The prospects continue bright and there has only been one injury thus far during the three weeks' practice, notwithstanding the fact that the field is very hard owing to the continued dry weather.

Ely Parker, who played on the team in 1900, has returned to school, and is playing a fierce game, and all the candidates who were expected to try for the team are now at work. The candidates number thirty two.

There seems to be more spirit on the part of the players this season than for the past two years, and there is more competition for places on the team. This friendly spirit of rivalry will stimulate all to do their best, and it should result in great good to the team. Several players who were substitutes on last year's team seem determined to get a place on the first team this year, and they are showing great improvement.

Bowen, White, Shouchuck, Charles and Sheldon all seem to be playing a much harder game than last season, and if they keep up the gait they have struck they will all prove valuable players on the first team.

Of the old players, Captain Williams, Dillon and Phillips are showing improved form, and the latter is only just beginning to realize how strong he is and how much he can accomplish by combining determination and fierceness with his strength.

Beaver and Bradley are working hard, but they must learn to crouch lower when meeting the interference, and tackle lower.

Wheelock and Johnson have not been in any of the scrimmages thus far, but when they do they can be depended upon to tear things up and make it lively for their opponents. Yarlot has been kept from practice by a hard cold.

In regard to the new candidates, it is rather early to form an opinion of their ability, as several have only been at work a few days, but enough has been noticed to predict that there are some who will hustle the old players, and some of them are likely to be found on the first team before the season is over. Exendine, Dutton, Cornelius, Mathews, Fisher, and Foster Charles are doing especially well.

Nothing would help the team more than to have the boys and girls and employees go out and watch the practice and applaud when good plays are made, and make the players feel that the whole school is behind them and that their efforts are appreciated. Come out and "root" for your team.

## MRS. COOK.

Letters from Mrs. Cook tell us that she is enjoying California very much.

The Riverside school has opened with a full attendance of pupils, but as all the supplies are very slow in coming in it is difficult to get things into smooth working order as yet.

About half the buildings are up. They are of brick covered with plaster, the architecture being after the old mission style, and are very attractive.

The grounds are partly laid out, and planted with palm trees, flowers and shrubs, while a number of fine old pepper trees are both ornamental and useful, one group of them serving for a temporary carpenter shop.

There is a great deal of dust at this season, but the air is as soft and delightful, the odors of the eucalyptus trees, cypress hedges and flowers everywhere just as fascinating as they were four and a half years ago, when she taught at Perris.

Mrs. Cook promises a more detailed account of the school and of her work there before very long.

## GENOA.

We see by the Indian News, published at the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School, that Mr. Chauncey Yellowrobe has resigned his position as disciplinarian, and has gone to Rosebud, South Dakota, to improve his farm; that Miss Fisher has been taking the girls to walk, recently; that the school orchard is full of apples; that "one of the finest rigs seen in the streets of Genoa is the elegant two-seated surrey recently received from Carlisle Indian School"; that their new school house has been completed and that Supt. Dr. Winslow takes a good picture, as is evidenced from the half-tone plate which appeared last number.

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

Things will get settled by and by. Mr. Allen's porch has been painted. Study-hour began Monday evening. The band has begun regular practice. Someone has said that oysters are ripe. The cooking classes at present prepare meals for the training table.

Miss Forster's mother and sister of Harrisburg are with her for a visit.

If riches take wings, some of the expensive wings on hats take riches.

Whisky not only takes the coat off of a person's stomach but off of his back, says an exchange.

Assistant Superintendent Allen has gone to the Northwest country on a business trip for the school.

The large boys march to the school building around the half circle instead of taking the central walk.

The demand for corn-cutters by farmers in the near vicinity of the school, is greater than we can supply.

"Thank you for the good girl you sent us," and the girl is just as thankful for the good home she has found.

The Farm Journal says that a boy's secret of success is to always do his work better than is expected of him.

There is an awkward, slow way of doing a thing and a handy, quick way. It is the latter way we want to learn.

Rebecca Knudson and Agnes Lovejoy have been promoted to the dress-making class in the sewing department.

Mr. Genus Baird resumed his commercial studies at the school on Hanover Street, attending in the evenings.

A graduate writes, "Please find enclosed stamps for a year's subscription to the PRECIOUS INDIAN HELPER."

Disciplinary Thompson was reminded of his birthday by the gift of a handsome gold watch from Mrs. Thompson.

Miss Ida Swallow has returned from Philadelphia, where she was under treatment for some affection of the shoulder and arm.

The small girls of the darning class are pleased to be able to say that they could darn stockings for their country mother's while out.

Several of the Porto Ricans have "struck out" in earnest on English. Now they will begin to improve as they never have before.

Teressa Ebert is in from the Polyclinic Hospital, Philadelphia, where she is taking a course in nursing. She is having a two weeks' vacation.

A Maine subscriber says—"I take some 20 different publications, but think that for its size, your little paper is the cleanest and brightest of any."

If we need a leisure half-hour about football practice time, let us go out and encourage the players by our presence and by cheering the good plays.

E. M. B., of Lewiston, N. Y., says: "Something seems wrong with the week when the paper doesn't come; enclosed please find 25 cents, etc."

56 corn-cutters will finish up the school fields to-morrow, in the face of a football game which all would like to see; but "business before pleasure!"

We do not like this kind of a report so well: "He has been a very quiet boy and if he tried to be more accommodating would be a right good boy."

We are pleased to see that the Osage Journal prints Josiah Leeds' protest against showing "the Indians in the Rough" at the St. Louis Exposition.

Jennie DeRosier, class 1902, who returned from the West this fall has found a way to work out her tuition at the Bloomsburg Normal, and is happy over her prospects.

Mr. Gansworth has gone to his home in New York State for a brief period, having returned on Wednesday morning from Michigan, with four students for the school.

Mabel Jones was a guest of Miss Sensey to dinner on Sunday. Miss Jones was assistant seamstress at the Cheyenne Agency, S. D. and came to Carlisle to get more education.

Henry Smith, Levi Webster, Solomon Webster, Manuel Rexach, Elias Charles, Dock Yukanatche and Lewis Paul, are the last printers in from the country to report for duty.

Annie Carl left for her home, at White Earth, Minn., on Tuesday.

Healy Wolf, 1902, has started to Dickinson College Preparatory.

Jessie Morehouse and Amanda Brown went home Tuesday evening.

The Freshmen class is writing essays on their Outing Experiences.

Clarence Faulkner is again at the case after a year and a half in the country.

Assembly Hall is again about full when our entire population gathers therein.

The dress-makers are at work upon the new winter uniforms for the girls.

Robert Davenport is the name of the last new boy to enter the small boys' quarters.

One of the prettiest views here, is that from the west end of the school building balcony.

Mr. Warner gave a very interesting and helpful talk to the boys of the football squad last Monday.

The harvest moon and Jupiter are having a race in the southern sky these evenings, and the latter is now on the lead.

The last three to return from the Beacon-by-the-Sea was Hastings Robertson, Willard Gansworth, and Daniel Tortuga.

Wallace Denny, James Dickson, Alfred Venne and several others made brief and appropriate remarks at the Sunday evening service.

After the English speaking meeting last Saturday evening, the students gathered in the gymnasium for a short sociable, which was enjoyed very much by all.

The Porto Rican girls are anxious this year to learn good English, for they have made a promise among themselves not to talk any word in their Spanish for the rest of this year.

Mr. Robert Erskine Ely, of the League for Political Education, New York City, and Mr. John Martin, of a young metropolis, were interested visitors on Thursday last, travelling by wheel.

108 students went to country homes this week, for the winter, which brings up the number out to 336, who will receive the benefits of the public schools as they work for their board and washing.

Antonio Lupo, one of our tackles in the football, has returned from California looking well. He does not expect to join the team again, but will continue his studies. He says he has had a very good time during his short stay at home.

It shows pleasant relations to hear the girls in from country homes allude to their patrons as "country mother" and "country father," and to read on the patrons' reports allusions to "our country daughter."

Mrs. Elizabeth Greeley Trepania has been at the Sacred Heart Hospital, Eau Claire, Wisconsin, undergoing the amputation of a leg. She writes hopefully, and says her life has been saved to her husband and babe by the operation.

Such a large number of students returned since our last issue, that all the addresses can hardly be made in RED MAN changes before mailing this issue. We will have them straightened out by next week, and any one missing a copy may have an extra paper by calling for it.

Dr. Montezuma, on the first page, hits the nail on the head again. In the letter submitting his article he says: "You ask me when I am coming to visit you all. How I would like to fly there now, but I am buried in my profession, but I will try to be present at your next Commencement."

One of the Porto Rican boys that American teachers are like molasses, but the Porto Rican teachers are like iron. The Man-on-the-band-stand hardly knows whether to take the contrast as a compliment or not, for the opposite of iron is "soft;" it is believed, however, that he meant "sweet."

An amusing mistake was made by one of the new matrons the other day, who, on seeing Annie Guyituey walking leisurely around, as any visitor naturally would do, went up to her and in hurried voice asked: "Are you detailed for any place?" "No ma'am," was the quiet reply. "Well, go at once to the student's dining-hall and help wash dishes!" Miss Guyituey replied in a way that showed she would be perfectly willing to help wash dishes or do anything else, if emergency demanded, but she did not think she was expected to wash dishes at that time.

James Arnold is back from Lake Mohonk, New York, where he spent an enjoyable summer in the employ of that great friend of the Indian, and originator of the Mohonk Conference—Albert K. Smiley.

The order in the girls' assembly room, when Miss Jackson has them gathered for prayers and general instructions is to be commended. The young ladies show their leader, whom they love, the greatest respect.

Felicita Medina has gone back to her Porto Rican home. Her many friends at Carlisle are sorry to see her go, and only hope SHE will not be sorry soon after she arrives, for having been in a hurry to get back before her education was finished.

Mrs. Walter who is at Flandreau, S. D., with her husband, says they are getting along nicely, since Mr. Walter has returned from the hospital. He took Osteopathic treatment for about six weeks for his rheumatic trouble, and is now improving.

At Moorestown, N. J., Anastasia Ackwack, one of our Carlisle girls who is attending the public school there, received a diploma of honor for carrying her year's work with the highest grade received in her room.—[The Orphanage News Letter, Wood Island, Alaska.

A letter recently received from Peter J. Powlas, who has been in the Green Bay hospital for several months says in part that he is very thankful that his life has been spared, and he is improving very fast. He also encourages his relatives and friends in Carlisle to make good use of their education.

Not as nice sleeping rooms here as at the school I went to out west? No? Well, we did not come to Carlisle for rooms, we came for an EDUCATION. Fine rooms, fine clothing and a good time should be secondary. If we are not willing to "soldier" a little for the sake of the large benefits offered and which are ours if we have a mind to work for them, we are to be pitied.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Boyce, of Buffalo, N. Y., were interested visitors on Tuesday evening. They were on their way to attend the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of General Slocum. Mr. Boyce is an old soldier, having belonged to Co. D., 28th N. Y. 8 V., and in a moment's talk with Colonel Pratt found he had been over some of the same ground in the Civil War.

Col. Pratt received an invitation through a personal letter from General Sickles for the unveiling of the Equestrian Statue of General Slocum at Gettysburg, to-day and to-morrow, and is in attendance upon the same. The Slocum veterans will be quite largely represented. The Governors of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey will be present, and the ceremonies will be elaborate.

Martha Day, in Germantown, to visit her sister from Bloomsburg, and brother, who went home on Monday to New Mexico, brought with her a little country sister, Elizabeth Cummings; they went back Tuesday. Miss Elizabeth made many friends among the girls and teachers, who hope to see her again sometime. Martha is like a little mother to her, and both are happy together.

Lizzie Lerant, Mary Stone, Annie Carl, Amanda Brown, Jessie Morehouse, Delia Webster, Rachel Patterson, Edith Armstrong, Maud Allen, Lee Halftown, Geo. Sky, George Jamison, Timothy Jones, Andrew Paisano, Harry Seonia, Moses Sawtrum, Kay Hill, Chauncey Hill, Peter Miller, Casper Cornelius, Henry Lives, Juan Pedro, Solomon Day, Stephen Owl- ingwish and Hubbin George have gone to their respective homes this week.

Annie Guyituey (Day) who is attending the Bloomsburg (Day) who is attending the Bloomsburg Normal, working her way through, in the family of Dr. and Mrs. Welch, the former of whom is the President of the school, came to Carlisle, on a little visit to see her brother Solomon, who went home to New Mexico on Monday, and her sister Martha, who came in from Germantown to see her brother and sister. Miss Annie brought with her the President's daughter, Miss Gertrude Welch, who seemed to enjoy her visit with her Indian sisters very much. She is a blue-eyed and flaxen-haired child, full of life and interest, and all who became acquainted with her hope to see more of her someday. The contrast between the dark complexion of the true American and the Caucasian was very striking, and excited pleasant comment.

## RED EAGLE GONE.

Red Eagle, a prominent Osage Chief has passed away. He was eighty years of age. The Magnet thus comments:

In his younger days he participated in many of the inter-tribal wars on the western plains and many a lusty foeman on the bloody field sank under his mighty arm to rise no more.

With other members of his tribe Red Eagle went through the American civil war and played no unimportant role. With Governor Bigheart, Thomas Mosier and others whose names he has not recalled, he enlisted in a Kansas regiment and rendered the federal government important and valued service throughout the war. Red Eagle was a poor unlettered Indian, but he was the possessor of virtues and qualities of heart which more than compensated for his shortcomings.

## SPECIAL OFFER.

Photographer Choate's Souvenir Postal Cards are being bought by those who wish to send mementoes of our school to friends. On the card is an excellent half-tone print of our historical landmark, the old guard-house, built by Washington's Hessian prisoners. They are one cent each; by mail two cents if sent singly. We will send five cards, post-paid, for one subscription. Mr. Choate's latest souvenir, containing 16 views of the school and contrast pictures, showing pupils before and after attending school, and a group of prominent chiefs, is sold for 25 cents. We will send one free for four subscriptions to the REDMAN AND HELPER.

Felix Highrock, in writing to Mr. Thompson after his arrival home in South Dakota, says everything has changed since he left. The Doctor tells him if he takes good care of himself he will be well very soon. He says he feels perfectly well, but he will listen to the advice about not staying out in the damp. "I am very glad that I went to Carlisle," he continues. "I would return to my country home if the Colonel would let me." He has had several offers for work, but will wait till his full strength returns. A traveling show wants him, and we are glad he did not accept. The country is growing up very fast, and he thinks prospects encouraging.

The laundry work has more than doubled since the country students returned. It is an impressive sight as one enters the spacious room with its great brass washers, centrifugal wringers, mangles, shirt ironers, and buzzing straps in rapid motion, to the tune of the electric motor, while a score of girls and small boys attend the machines or stand at the ironing tables, driving the flat-irons over the tucked and gathered pieces that cannot go through the mangles. The pile of aprons, dresses, shirts, stockings, and under-garments as they are placed in heaps during the sorting process would stagger a novice.

Mr. F. A. Golder, Government teacher of Unga, Aleutian Islands, arrived on Sunday with Nicholi Creevden, William Foster, John Foster, Isaac Gould, Paul Dirks, Esiah Coloshoff, and Marcia Mel-avidoff, to enter as pupils. Mr. Golder, is a Bucknell chum of Mr. Bunnell, who was here some months ago from Kodiak, of the same group of islands. Mr. Golder says he and his party were 31 days on the way. He expects to return, but would not say whether or not he intended to surprise the natives as Mr. Bunnell did, by taking back with him a wife.

One of the small boys earned \$34.40 since June and came back with \$32.65, having used as "spending money" only \$1.75. He is not one of the kind that "a fool and his money is soon parted." He will soon get out of the dependent stage if he has had a chance. It is easy enough to earn money, but to SAVE requires courage and common sense.

"He has a good disposition and is willing to do his part always. He never gave me a saucy word and the family always respected him. We are sorry to see him return and hope that he will continue to be a good boy and grow up to be a useful man."—Farm Patron.

"I have been taking the paper for fifteen years and think I cannot do without it."—M. M. S., Gettysburg.

## QUEER EXCUSES.

At our school when a pupil is held over time at any one place, the teacher or officer holding him back writes to the head of the department explaining why he was detained. Hence, our pupils who read the following excuses of white parents to the public school teacher, will appreciate the amusing situation in each case, better than if they never had had excuses written for them:

One writes:

"Dear Sir; Please excuse Jimmie for lateness. I kneaded him after breakfast."

A second note reads:

"Please forgive Billy for being tardy. I was mending his coat."

The third excuse goes more into details:

"Mister Sir: My Jason had to be late to-day. It is his bizness to milk our cow. She kicked Jase in the back today when he wasn't looking or thinking of her actin'; so he thot his back was broke, but it ain't. But it is black and blue, and the pane kept him late. We would get rid of the cow if we could. This is the fourth time she kicked Jase. but never kicked him late before. So excuse him for me."

A girl absent for half a day brought the following excuse:

"Miss teacher: My dotter's absents yesterday was unavoidable. Her shoes had to be half-soled, and she had a sore throte. Her konstitushun is delicate and if she is absent any more you can know that it is on account of unavoidable sickness or something else."

A boy absent for half a day laid the following explanation on the master's desk:

"Dear Sir: Please excuse Henry. He went to grandpapa's funeral with me this forenoon. I have been promising him for several weeks that he might if he was good, and he has been very good, so I kept my word."

## TEACHERS THAT BOYS "HATE."

A boy said the other day, that he "hated two kinds of teachers"—the "oh-dears," and the "my-dears."

A boy is nothing if not courageous, and he expects and admires that quality in others.

He detests whining and worrying, weeping and weariness; in a word, all the dreary varieties of "oh-dearing."

The teacher who frets at the weather, objects to the class room, finds fault with the superintendent, and secretary, and the ways of the librarian, not only sets a bad example, but earns dislike; for when did flies ever love vinegar or boys dull faces?

No.

Set your face like flint to look pleasant, no matter how it hurts you to do it.

"Speak like you do when you laugh," begged a little sick child from her chamber, on hearing a neighbor's plaintive inquiries down-stairs.

It is good advice to everybody.

Train your voice to notes of exultation.

With a gospel of gladness, it is a shame to go about drooping at the mouth corners.

It is not strange that the patronizing and too demonstrative teacher should be another object of a boy's detestation.

No healthy boy cares for coddling and petting, except at bedtimes, possibly, and by his mother.

Talk sense to a boy. He will respect it and you.—[Sunday-School Times.

## A WONDERFUL STIMULUS.

We all know "Edward" as we love to call him, and we enjoy every bit of news we can get from him. Rev. Edward Marsden is an Indian—college educated away from home—and now doing excellent work among the natives of Alaska. The Home Mission monthly gives this squib:

When Rev. Edward Marsden addressed a Christian Endeavor Convention, speaking with unusual power and enthusiasm, there were many testimonies by the Christians present of the wonderful stimulus received by hearing such a witness to the transforming power of the Gospel.

One young man, not a Christian, was heard to say:

"When I heard that native Alaskan talk to-night I realized that he has a power, or influence, in his life that I want in mine."

In face of such testimony one scans the whole Alaskan field with a grateful heart and gives thanks for what God hath wrought.

## THE FIRST WATCH.

At first, the watch was about the size of a dessert plate.

It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock."

The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1542, which mentions that Edward VI had one larum or watch of iron, the cases being of iron with two "plummets of lead."

The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution.

The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560.

The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel.

Early watches had only one hand; and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours.

The dials were of silver and brass.

The cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter.

A plain watch cost more than \$1,000.

"How we have grown!" exclaimed the Man-on-the-band-stand after reading the above.

## SET THE CLOCK RIGHT.

A story is told of a colored man, who came to a watchmaker, and gave him two hands of a clock, saying:

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jess doan keep no mo' kerec' time for mo' den six munfs."

"Where is the clock?" answered the watchmaker.

"Out at de house on Injun Creek."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'ceptin de han's? An I done brought 'em to you. You jess want de clock so you can tinker wid an charge me a big price Gimme back dem han's"

And, so saying, he went off to find some reasonable watchmaker.

Foolish as he was, his action was much like that of those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They go wrong, but refuse to believe that the trouble is with their hearts.—[The Lookout

## AN INDIAN'S ARGUMENT FOR A CHURCH.

"I want church house; all Indians have church house," said an Indian to a missionary in Alaska

"But," said the missionary, "you do not attend the services very regularly. I do not see what you want a church house for."

"I know, but Indian want church house for those who want to go. All people in Seattle no go church house on Sunday, some go to ball play, some to work, but there is church house for those who want to go."

And so in front of the little reading room, about to be built, space will be left for the future "church house," says Home Mission Monthly.

## HE DID NOT HAVE TO PAY TO GET IN THE CIRCUS.

Willie, aged five, had been warned not to eat mince-pie for supper, but insisted on having a piece, nevertheless.

The next morning he related a wonderful dream, in which bears had chased him, snakes had crawled down his back, and a big elephant rolled on him.

"There," exclaimed his mother. "I old you if you ate mince-pie for supper you would have had dreams."

"Well, I don't care," replied the youngster, "it was better than a circus, anyhow; and I didn't have to pay to get in."

"Of all the stupid servants we ever had the present incumbent certainly heads the list," remarked Mrs. Homer at dinner the other evening.

"What has she been doing now?" asked the head of the domicile.

"I sent her to market this morning and told her to get some egg-plants," said Mrs. H., "and what do you suppose she brought back?"

"Give it up," answered Mr. Homer.

"What?"

"A couple of old hens, replied his wife."

"Look at that rabbit, ma," said little Tot, as she curiously watched the peculiar "twinkle" of the animal's features. "Every time he stops to smell anything, he seems to stutter with his nose."

Yonkers Gazette.

## FROM PATRONS ABOUT THEIR INDIAN HELPS.

"W— has grown very near to us and I shall certainly hate to see him leave, for he is so honest and truthful; in fact, there seems to be no badness in him, and I hate to think of parting with him, and taking in a stranger. He has crept into the hearts of all in my neighborhood, and they elected him janitor of the Sunday School. He is a faithful scholar and a fine boy."

"We return N— to the school as directed, and sorry to part with him. We would like to have kept him through the winter. His health has been very good this summer. He has been very good and quick to learn."

## FLOURISHING.

This is the unique way in which the Indian Journal for praises for Eufaula, Indian Territory:

Eufaula's stone and brick blocks are backed up by broad acres brown with ripened corn and white with opening cotton. Ten thousand fat hogs crack pecans in the woody bottoms, and the valuable steer browses to contentment on the lusher grass of her prairies. Innumerable pyramids of hay-stacks dot the expanse of her fields and prosperity smiles brightly from "the Indian sky that softly bends o'er" the best town and the finest lands that ever a crow flew over. If you have reason to improve your fortune, come and abide in Eufaula

## A BEGINNER AT ENGLISH.

One of the boys in the country expresses himself about his farm home:

"I am well work on country farmer. Some boys going back Carlisle School me home nice, corn apples and I go Sunday School afternoon I milke every Morn ing four cows. We have nice grapes larger. How my barber getting alone, me little pigs, I was warking an load 1 day 1/2 answer my letter I say to you to-day You Friend — Bucas County, Pa."

## From McFarland, '98

A letter from David McFarland speaks of Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer, of Carlisle, having visited the Lapwai, Idaho, Agency, and how sorry he was to miss seeing him. David says he has to hustle to make something every day, but he always finds work to do. He said when working in the ware-house last winter he would have to handle a couple of thousand sacks of wheat in a day, and he thinks that such work is the best kind of footfall training.

## Making good use of His Education.

Mike Burns, a full-blood Mohave Apache, was a recent visitor. His two children are now enrolled here. Mike is making good use of the education he obtained in the east, and reveres the memory of Generals Crook and Merritt, under whom he served at Genoa.—[Native American, Phoenix, Arizona.

Many at Carlisle remember "Mike," and his genial face.

## Life is Worth the Living.

A little bit of kindness  
To others now and then;  
A little bit of blindness  
To faults of other men;  
The wish to be forgiving  
When things, somehow, go wrong.  
And life is worth the living  
As the glad world swings along.  
—[Chicago Record-Herald.

In the vestibule of a beautiful library, erected in memory of a woman whose gentle face looks down upon every one who passes the great doors, is a bronze tablet with these lines:

"The good she tried to do shall stand as if 't were done;  
God finishes the work by noble souls begun."

Stranger—"The cornfields here are all in a terrible condition. Been having a hailstorm, haven't you?"

Farmer Wayback—"Wall, I dunno. Some folks say it was hail, but my opinion is it was icebergs."

Every moment you now lose is so much character and advantage lost; as on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest.

Is the boy who stays after school to get his spelling lesson, spell-bound?

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"I remember," said John B. Gough, "riding in Scotland to a place—I cannot pronounce it; I tried it once, and they laughed at me: I can spell it—A-u-c-h-t-e-r-m-u-c-h-t-y—a man came to me at the Ladybank Junction and took me six miles in a fly—a one-horse cab. As we sat together I noticed the man was leaning forward very strangely. I saw him take a handkerchief, that was the beginning of it, and tie it round his face. Then he would sit a little, and shake it out, and then tie it another way, still leaning his head forward.

Said I 'Have you the toothache?'

"No."

"Then will you be good enough to tell me why you lean forward with the handkerchief?"

"Well," he said, "the window of the fly is broken and the wind is pretty cold this morning, and I am trying to keep it from you."

"Why," said I, "you don't mean to tell me you are sticking your head in that hole to keep the wind off me?"

"Yes, I am."

"I said, 'Well, I thank you my dear fellow. I never saw you before.'

"No, but I saw you; I was ballad singer, and used to go around with a half-starved wife and baby in her arms, my wife oftentimes with a black eye. Somehow or other I got to hear you in Edinburgh, in 1853, and you told me I was a man; and I went out of the place saying, 'By the help of God, whatever it costs, I'll be a man!' and now I have a happy home and wife and children gathered round. God bless you, sir, I would stick my head in any hole under heaven if I could do you any good. God bless you!"

—[Good Work.

## Tangled The Indian and Ourselves.

With the best of intent, the Government has not yet been able to compass the highest good of the Indian.

Miss Dissette, for years known to our readers for her good work among the Pueblo Indians at Zuni, says in her usual clear cut way:

"We have fenced the Indian in, surrounded him with a complicated reservation and school system, tangled him and ourselves in an endless coil of red tape, and then to make the snarl complete, we hand the unwinding of the coil over to the politicians."—[Home Mission Monthly.

SHE will not let him in the house  
Until he wipes his feet.  
Then she sails out in long-trained gown  
And wipes up all the street.

—[New York Times.

## Our Football Schedule.

Sept. 20, Lebanon Valley College at Carlisle.  
27, Gettysburg at Carlisle.  
Oct. 4, Dickinson on our field.  
11, Bucknell at Williamsport  
15, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.  
18, Cornell at Ithaca.  
25, Open at Carlisle.  
Nov. 1st, Harvard at Cambridge.  
8, Susquehanna at Carlisle.  
15, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.  
22, University of Virginia at Norfolk.  
27, Georgetown at Washington.

## Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.  
My 6, 11, 13, 4 is where coal comes from.  
My 5, 12, 10 is what potatoes do in the Spring.  
My 3, 7, 8 some roofs are made of.  
My 5, 2, 1 is one of the colors of our school  
My 9 is the first letter of the alphabet.  
My whole is the kind of a Nation that most of our farm students who came in this week have returned to join.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—  
Take good aim.

## SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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