

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.
EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 18. (18-18)

This is the number your time mark on wrapper refers to

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1902.

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

IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

(A true incident)

FROM the land of the hasty and canyon had travelled a fine old chief, Seeking the "Great White Father," to ask for his tribe's relief; They were vexed by the hasty rulers of a State that was pert and young; And with him there came another, versed in the white man's tongue.

The men of the city marveled at this giant from the West, Over the stature of manhood, brawny of arm and chest, Hair like a black hawk's feather, cheek of a ruddy brown, And after the short day's business they led him about the town.

He stood in the marble buildings, hanghty and all unmoved, With nothing to say for the places that his guides best knew and loved, Never a guttural comment, or echo of simple praise— Till the Capitol's self seemed cheapened under his scornful gaze!

But over the way stood a palace fashioned of gleaming stone, A house that the minds of ages held as their very own; And the case was fit for the jewel—that treasure of precious lore— It was wrought with a skill that the nation never had known before.

The chief stood still at its entrance—lifted his calm black eyes, Saw from story to story tendrils of marble rise, Saw on the walls about him figures of cunning plan, Spoke at last, through his comrade, questioning, "Made by man?"

* * * * * Listen, old chief, to the answer: Carry it home with thee: The light of achievement shines not without the "Let there be!"— Think, as thy pony's hoof-marks press into sand or sod: "The hand of a man hath builded, but behind was the heart of God!"

—[JEANNIE PENDLETON ERVING,]
in Youth's Companion.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON'S STRONG WORDS AT MOHONK.

The New York Reservation a Make-shift—
Sensuality Indulged—The Lord's Day a
Rest for Laziness—Industries Limp.

Right Reverend F. D. Huntington, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, was a striking figure among the Mohonks of the Indian who gathered at Mohonk Lake, New York, last month. He is a gentleman of more than eighty years of age, but wonderful in his preserved powers of brain.

When the Vreeland Bill providing for the allotment of reservation lands in New York to the Indians and the ultimate induction of the Indians into full rights of citizenship, was up for discussion Bishop Huntington, who has conducted a gratuitous mission among the New York Indians for 33 years, read a thrilling paper from the standpoint of actual experience with reservation Indians.

He said in part:
It appears to be a rule in history that the grade of character in a nation, may be fairly judged by the treatment that an inferior race gets from the superior, the weaker from the stronger.

Precisely there is found the real difference between what we call the lower natural or economic policy in law making and government, on the one side, and a distinctly Christian policy on the other.

Hitherto, for the most part at least, political legislation has conceived its business to be primarily economical, financial and material; secondarily, educational; later, charitable and humane or altruistic.

It is easy enough to repeat the commonplace maxims that the character of a nation depends on the character of the individuals that make up the nation.

But that easy generality does not solve the ethnic problem that has faced the migrations and revolutions of people since the gate of Eden was shut.

Happily the clearest thinking and wisest reasons of seers the men of vision, lead to the conclusion as scientific as it is

evangelical, that a civic community has a kind of personality; that it is not a piece of mechanism, or a construction, made up and put together, and operated for merchantile ends or material convenience, but is a far grander and nobler thing.

The Indian is a Brother.

There is a singular significance for us white men, that Christ gave His benediction and His miraculous mercy to a woman of the Aborigines of the soil crowded westward to the sea, by the strong colonists from Chaldea, blessing her because He had to teach the world that in all the nations, Jewish like His mother's, or ethnic like the Canaanite, there is "one blood." Hence it follows that an American Indian rights' philanthropist has to learn as his first lesson, and possibly his last—more comprehensive than the statutes of any law book—that the Indian is a brother by human blood.

Unworthy Course of Law.

I say again what I have said before at Mohonk, and was blamed, I believe, for saying it, that the course of law in the Legislature of the State of New York has been faulty and the State of New York traditions. Unworthy of its schools and universities, unworthy of its churches and even of its geography, and that the conditions of Indian life and manners are correspondingly disreputable. I have nothing to say of any reservation where I am not personally acquainted, and I must not doubt that Christian missions have had an ameliorating and beneficent effect. I mean to testify, however, from knowledge gained where I have conducted a gratuitous mission thirty-three years, in spite of adverse forces and with very little public help, a few Christian women being my chief helpers.

Treaty Obligations a Screen.

So it will continue to be substantially till the people, officers and law makers of such disinterested and impartial statesmanship as to set resolutely about interpreting and modifying fairly the treaty obligations, under the screen of which—for it is nothing more than a screen—immorality, corruption, with idleness and ignorance, plead a flimsy excuse and ply their infamous traffic, by red and white malefactors alike.

In my judgment the apathy of successive administrations at Albany towards the vicious pagan practices at Onondaga is without defence as the practices are without decency.

There should be, without delay, a thorough and complete investigation of the history of those compacts between the Indian chiefs and the State of New York, not in this case the Government at Washington.

If it should prove that the treaty terms have been repeatedly broken by either party and are only a stumbling block to reform, then they are a scandal.

That searching inquiry should be made by a commission having a heart in the business, and then report, and its facts should be seen by the Legislature, the Executive and the newspaper press.

Awful Reservation Conditions.

The reservation is a makeshift. It fails to foster and guard the home, that bond of hearts which next to the Church of God's ordinance for His children from generation to generation.

Meanwhile here in the centre of our Christian civilization is a tract of 6000 acres of soil of average fertility, where wedlock is almost utterly unknown, where sensuality in its two basest forms, is indulged and invited without reproach, where agriculture and mechanical arts limp and lag, where a subtle and conceited pride of ancestry among many adults tries persistently to preserve the pagan traditions in language and religion, and where the Lord's day is a rest for laziness, or a feast for animal appetite.

Party craft may issue boastful bulletins

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE,

CARLISLE, PA., Nov. 8, 1902.

To THE HONORABLE,

THE COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR:

I have the honor to submit the following report of this school for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1902:

Attendance.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Enrolled July 1, 1901.....	556	451	1,007
Admitted during year.....	139	88	227
Enrolled " " from 88 tribes.....	695	539	1,234
Discharged " ".....	159	93	252
Deaths " ".....	—	1	1
Remaining on rolls June 30, 1902.....	536	445	981
Highest number in attendance, one time.....	593	480	1,073
Graduated Feb 6th, 1902.....	19	22	41

Of the number remaining on the rolls at the close of the year 80% on coming to us entered the fourth grade and below, as shown in the following table:

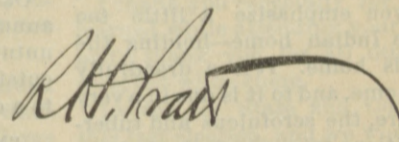
Entering.....	1st grade.....	191
".....	2nd ".....	217
".....	3rd ".....	169
".....	4th ".....	203
".....	5th ".....	98
".....	6th ".....	56
".....	7th ".....	30
".....	8th ".....	9
".....	9th ".....	5
".....	10th ".....	—
".....	for higher education.....	3
Total entering all grades.....		981

Outings.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Average during vacation.....	315	196	615
" " winter with school.....	165	106	361
Total " year.....	489	439	928
Earned.....	\$20,245.77	\$11,373.39	\$31,619.16
Total savings at interest.....	\$19,136.80	\$13,200.99	\$32,337.79

The varied industrial training heretofore reported was continued both to boys and girls. All boys were instructed in farming, and also in one of the industries— carpentry, blacksmithing, wagon and carriage making, harness-making, tinning, painting, shoemaking, tailoring, printing, steam-fitting, baking and dairying, and all girls received instruction in sewing, laundering, cooking, and housekeeping.

The schoolroom work shows increasingly satisfactory results in the advance in standard of scholarship and improvement in articulation and English. The department for bringing up backward and unevenly advanced new pupils under a special teacher continued with their classes a very considerable number who otherwise would have fallen behind. Nature study has special interest for the nature-loving Indian pupil and was taken up with more system and larger results. Music, vocal and instrumental, drawing and sloyd, besides varying the tension of study, added much to the capability of individual students and to the pleasure of all.

Very Respectfully,



Lt. Col. 15th Cavalry, Supt.

of "progress." and churches may send missionaries and Bibles to the other side of the globe to convert original heathen.

But God is not mocked.

Character is one thing everywhere.

If the greed of gain pollutes and rots the roots of the country's strength, if moral cowardice emasculates its manhood and womanhood, if the lust of office and its spoils cheats an abused suffrage, if cupidity and fraud are permitted to wait and watch and whisper at the gateway of Senate and Assembly and courts, how can God's poor Redman of the Prairies, or the God's black of the Plantation, hope for food for body or soul, for the Bread from Heaven or the Light beyond the sun.

These aliens by race in Heaven's just and merciful name be it our task and our privilege to help welcome them into a place of adopted citizen children in a righteous national family.

To that end, I for one, like to come while I can, to Mr. Smiley's high and open door.

Cheesie McIntosh, the fullblood lawyer, was elected superintendent of public instruction by the Creek council and will enter upon his duties December 5th.—[Indian Journal.

HOMES OF THE ARCTIC ESKIMO.

The houses of the natives at Point Barrow consist of one room, 12x12 feet square, and across one end is a shelf, which they use for a bed.

For heating and lighting their houses they use seal oil lamps, made of stone, with a wick of moss.

Three or four of them are used in a house to heat and light it.

They do not have chairs, but sit on the floor entirely; they keep the floor just as clean as they can, washing it two or three times a week.

The floors and inside of the houses are made of driftwood.

They live in these houses only in cold weather, as soon as it begins to thaw moving out on the sand and living in tents; that is, during the summer months, generally from June until the middle of September.

It is always wet and damp in the summer; they have a great deal of rain, especially during August.—[MRS. H. R. MARSH, in Home Mission Monthly.

A man at Mounds Oklahoma, purposes, since Simco is outlawed, to manufacture persimmon beer on a large scale. There is always something to draw a man's mouth out of shape or tangle his brain.

—[Tulsa Republican.

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.

COLONEL PRATT TO REVEREND SANDFORD

I think we are coming to a better understanding. I like a fair, open controversy, fought to a conclusion. With such people I can get along all right. I believe I am as much after the welfare of the Indian as can be, and want to say right here as I have said many times before, that unless Carlisle can be made to minister to their advancement it would better die, and in my judgment all Indian schools should die as soon as practicable.

Your plan of getting them into the day schools may work better now, but with ten dollars per quarter, which the Department paid for quite a number of years for each Indian child in the public schools, (See my reply to what Agent Jensen says on the first page of last week's Red Man) that has been pronounced by the Department itself a failure, and for the reason stated.

In New York State, where the Indians are much further advanced and the surrounding population is of a different character from what it is with you, getting the Indian children into the public school system of the State has been slow in accomplishment and unsatisfactory in results. I think, however, it is largely due to a lack of persistency on the part of those having the matter in charge. In all efforts of whatever sort, the energy and perseverance of those making such efforts have everything to do with their success.

What I object to is what has been done so largely, making the Indian schools an additional factor to keep the Indians segregated and away from the industrial and public school system and from all association with our own people, which would more speedily make them American citizens than any school or any segregating system that can be adopted. My "outing" does more for the learning of English and for the absorption of proper ideas in regard to labor and citizenship, ownership of property, etc., than can possibly be done in any school, even Carlisle.

I think you emphasize a little too strongly the Indian home—holding the Indian to his home. It is a dreadfully unhealthy home, and to it is due in a very large measure, the scrofulous and tuberculous conditions from which the Indians suffer most.

The miserable shacks called houses into which the Government has pushed them from the teepee where they live in one room, cooking-stove, dogs and people altogether, often without a floor, and where, in the winter, they are shut up on account of the cold, without the ventilation which the lodge afforded, together with the irregular and insufficient food supply, have done more to bring about the sad physical condition than anything else.

I well remember the Cheyennes of thirty-five years ago. They seemed to me then as fine specimens of physical manhood, womanhood and childhood as could be found anywhere.

Their free open-air life, moving from place to place on account of the buffalo, their exertions to capture the game on which they lived, turning it into clothing, houses, etc., all made them healthy. I cannot recall a single tuberculous case, and I used, because of my being in charge of prisoners and having command of the Indian scouts, to be much in their camps and company.

Our frontier influences, our whisky, and the kind of changes we have forced upon them from that wild, free life have brought them low and are a sad commentary on our Christian Government.
Fraternally yours, etc.

FLASH LIGHTS ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

History seems to convey that America and the Indian were lost and Columbus discovered them. Since then the Indian has met so many "entreaty friends," that much like the poor gold-briek farmer, he is bewildered and at a loss to know what to do. Thus comes the Indian Question.

The Indian Question is a question because we have side-tracked the Indian from the main road to freedom, manhood and citizenship.

The question to-day is not what we must do for the Indian, but what the Indian must do for himself as an individual not collectively.

It seems strange we can cheat the Indians but cannot educate them.

To rob a race of their land is bad, but to rob, imprison and stunt that race morally, physically and intellectually, what is it?

There was a time when Government bullets killed the Indians. Now it is the Government red tape.

If one one-hundredth of the amount taken to kill the Indians had been used to educate them among the masses of the people of the United States, the Indian question would have been settled long ago.

Civilization ought to develop the good qualities in the Indian and make the INDIAN a man, and not a BETTER INDIAN; he is "Injun" enough, already.

Shame on the athlete, who, by reason of his strength tramples on the weak! Our duty is to help our brother man up to our standard of strength. This applies to the Government in its relations to the Indians.

Any methods (it makes no difference how good the intentions might have been or from what source they may have originated) which come between the Indian and civilization are hindrances, and will keep the Indian in the background of progress, a worthless expense and help-less.

Gradual processes of civilizing the Indians might do, if they were to live as long as Methuselah and the white man's greed could be suppressed for the same length of time.

Reservation is "hell", a poisonous tank where vice and corruption predominate and all Indians are corralled and stamped U. S. I. D. The United States Indian Agent is a little god that has more sovereignty over his subjects than the President of the United States or the Sultan of Zulu.

The reservation system is a civilized bluff, a painted tissue paper partition that debar the Indian from his natural rights. Why has this been done?

The Government method of treating the Indian is contrary to the constitution of our country, which grants every one the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

One hundred and sixty acres and money annuities do not and will never equip the untutored Indian to compete with the outside world any more than such gifts to a child.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter:

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Yes, poor Brother in Red!

Be civilized!

But don't come near civilization!

The sanction is there, but the opportunity is denied.

Let the same agencies which aid the white man be applied to the Redman. Why not?

To Christianize the Indians, one missionary to thousands of Indians is not enough. Rather let there be thousands of missionaries to one Indian, as is the case when they go out into civilization.

Five years of schooling is not education for the Indian boy any more than for the white boy. Distant schooling, away from civilization, is worse than a failure. Teachers are Indianized before they civilize the Indians.

Six hours inside of a school house on a barren soil and eighteen hours in an Indian camp never has and never will civilize the Indian boy or girl.

Of the two schools, Indian school and public school, the public school is better for the Indian as well as for other races.

The marked difference between an eastern school and a reservation school is in one the papoose gets ideas of things out side of the reservation, and in the other NO ideas of these things.

Give the Indian a chance where the chances are best—in the heart of civilized light—the sooner the better.

It is absurd to judge the Indian as savage. Our civilized savagery is more brutal and destructive than the Indians.

Misrepresent the Indian and you will cause him to be misunderstood. That is what Buffalo Bill and many Indian novels do.

In the large cities of the United States the Indian is so scarce that when seen he is branded as a foreigner. What an audacity!

We claim the Indians are human, yet we treat them as though they were incapable of yielding to human treatment. White people's frequent question: "Are the Indians capable of grasping our ways?" Such ignorance is inexcusable.

Say "Indian" to your children; they shudder and run as though they heard and saw a rattlesnake. They imagine a savage monster that roams over the plains and through the forest.

Present an educated Indian, cultured and refined, and the white man experiences a sad disappointment, because this Indian gentleman is not painted and feathered from scalp-lock to moccasin.

We may appropriate great sums of money; we may send teachers and missionaries to the reservations; he is still a reservation Indian, a ward of the Government. To change him get him out bodily. Let him sink deep into civilization and become a very part of our civilization.

You may corral cattle, you may push the button to move your machinery; but the Indian is a man. He will not be subservient to your whims. He WILL and MUST have his rights.

In order to make the Indian children like your own children, you must treat them like your own children. Stop this exceptional business, because they are Indians. It is destructive and fatal. When the Indian is once among civilized people, to return to the reservation is to fall back to the blanket. Indians, "Get you out!"

Be out and out for your manhood and womanhood, and stay out!

IT IS ALL OUTS.

I speak out of my good heart.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, M. D.

100 State Street, Chicago.

(A native Apache.)

Commissioner Jones Wants no Blanket
Indians, and Opposes World's Fair
Plan on Moral Grounds.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9.—The character of the Indian exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair seems likely to cause a considerable disturbance in the Department of the Interior. The Exposition managers wish to have this show spectacular and picturesque, but Commissioner Jones opposes this plan on moral grounds.

"I realize," said he, "that the people at large will not care to look at him unless he is wrapped in a blanket and decked out with paint and feathers; but it has been the experience of the department that these exhibitions work a great deal of harm to the Indians. No living creature loves admiration more than the Indian, and it ruins him to pose before crowds who give him money and buy his photographs and make a lion of him."

The clause of the Indian Appropriation bill under which the exhibit was authorized at a cost of \$40,000 was so worded as to leave a wide discretion in its preparation. There will be no difficulty in arranging an educational exhibit. Young Indians are particularly clever in wood-working, and some of the furniture made in the industrial schools will compare favorably with the product of noted factories.—[Special to The Philadelphia Record.

Rev. MacFadden.

We are in receipt of the Salem, Mass. News in which is a long and complimentary article describing the installation of our esteemed friend, Reverend Robert Andrew MacFadden as pastor of the Maple Street Congregational Church at Danvers. It will be remembered that Rev. MacFadden has been preaching for the people of Chelsea, for a number of years, and a large delegation of the Chelsea Congregation was present at the installation services at Danvers, at the close of which was enacted, as the author of the "News" article states an episode that was never surpassed in its notable character and

the meaning which it conveyed in the annals of the church.

Deacon E. H. Pray of the Central church of Chelsea, stepped forward and addressing Mr. MacFadden, spoke in words of gratitude, appreciation and love that were as expressive and sympathetic as could be framed, and in behalf of the friends of the Central church gave to Mr. MacFadden a magnificent gold watch; to Mrs. MacFadden a diamond brooch; and to them both a finely engrossed memorial bearing the names of more than 300 donors of the beautiful gifts. It was all the audience could do to refrain from clapping and cheering this splendid testimonial so heartily offered and supported by such a large and enthusiastic party from Chelsea.

Mr. MacFadden had not been apprised of the affair until an hour or two previous, the whole having been arranged without his knowledge by a committee from the Chelsea church conferring with the Maple Street church committee. He made a sympathetic acknowledgment, being greatly affected, so much so that at times he could hardly continue speaking, while there were many tearful eyes throughout the audience.

Benediction was spoken by the pastor, probably as he never pronounced it before.

Our Football Schedule.

Sept. 20, Lebanon Valley College at Carlisle.
Won 48 to 0.
" 27, Gettysburg at Carlisle.
Won 25 to 0.
Oct. 4, Dickinson on our field.
Forfeited to the Indians.
" 11, Bucknell at Williamsport.
Lost 16 to 0.
" 15, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.
Won, 50 to 0.
" 18, Cornell at Ithaca.
Won, 10 to 6.
" 25, Medico-Chi at Carlisle.
Won, 63 to 0.
Nov. 1st, Harvard at Cambridge.
Lost 23 to 0.
" 8, Susquehanna at Carlisle.
Won 24 to 0.
" 15, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
" 22, University of Virginia at Norfolk.
" 27, Georgetown at Washington.

The game which was played last Saturday between Susquehanna and the Carlisle Indians on our field was very interesting. Each half being 15 minutes long and the score being 24 to 0 in favor of Carlisle.—

Coach Warner went to Cambridge last Friday to see the game between Harvard and University of Pennsylvania, and on his return says to our foot ballists—"We have to brace up."

The Blacksmiths won from the Harnessmakers on Saturday by a score of 12 to nothing. They tied the Carpenters by a score of 6-6 the week before. The winner of another game between those two shops will play the printers on Thanksgiving Day, and the winner of that game will carry the champion banner for the year.

The Enigma, last page, tells the story of the Carpenter-Printer game Saturday. The Printers have to hold their heads low for a time. It was the first defeat in three years. We have one more chance on Thanksgiving Day, and time alone will tell which of the shop teams will carry off the banner for the year. The score was 11-0 in favor of the Carpenters, on Saturday. Captain Ruiz was half ill with a cold and did not play. But we do not believe in excuses. The feature of the game was a sixty-yard run by Tatiyope for a touch down on a line play. The carpenters used a tandem play with great success.—

Mr. Gardner was so delighted over the carpenter's victory from the printers that he gave his boys a bushel of apples to celebrate the event. Capt. Charles Williams, of the regulars, was not forgotten for he was given a share in the apples as a reward for his labors in coaching the team.—

The beautiful Orange and Blue banner of class '04 has just been completed. It was unfurled before that dignified body on Thursday evening, November 6, 1902, amid hearty cheers of appreciation. The motto, "The Progress of One the Triumph of All," is artistically embroidered with orange on a blue field. It required a great many stitches, time and patience on the part of Minnie Nick, who did the work. It should mean a great deal to the Juniors, and they should try and live up to what the motto and colors signify.—N. L., '04.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest.

Spring weather!

Balcony repairs at the girls' quarters! The band will not go to the Philadelphia game this year.—

Our new yell: Mi-ni-wa-ka Ka-wa-wi; Da-ko-ta, Teb-ya-pi.

The Susans' debaters were well prepared, last Friday evening.—

A new color has been added to the bell tower roof on the dining hall.—

The students had Johnny cake last Tuesday for the first time this fall.—

The Freshmen have taken for their motto "We win by labor and sacrifice."—

Mr. Fisk Goodyear, of town, was out Thursday night calling upon old friends.

Ex-Senator Chase, of Rhode Island and party called on Colonel Pratt, Wednesday.

The Band is furnishing music for the chrysanthemum show at the Armory this week.

Wm. Paul, since his hand is better, is giving voluntary service at the printing office.

The large walnut-tree by the teachers' quarters looks sleepy, says Alpheus Powlas.

Among our most valuable studies is architectural drawing given by Miss Forster.—

A number of pupils from the lower grades have been promoted during the last week.—

Mrs. Munch took the girls out walking on Sunday afternoon, and a good many of them went.—

Mr. and Mrs. Frank and Mr. Sherry have moved from the teachers' quarters to the cottage.

Charles Bent and his force of corn-huskers are through husking corn at the school-farm.—

Amanda Brown goes to public school in Brown's Valley, Minn., and is bravely working her way through.

Eli Perkins made a quick business trip from Columbia County, on Monday, returning the same day.

The guitar solo played by Earney Wilbur last Friday evening at the Susan's Society was enjoyed by all.—

The Chrysanthemum show at the Armory on behalf of the Civic Club has been well patronized and enjoyed.

"I enjoy the little paper so much; it is intensely interesting; after reading, I send it to friends."—Subscriber.

Mr. Beitzel spent Tuesday with his father at Dillsburg, it being the eightieth birthday of his paternal ancestor.

"Your pleasing little paper is invited to continue its visit to us another year," is the way a Connecticut subscriber speaks.

Good-bye, leaves! They leave the boy happy, who no more has to leave his play to remove the leaves to "leave" the grass show.

The clipping from the Sunday School Times, printed last page, emphasizes the benefit there is in telling to others what we learn.

On Monday evening printer Washburn had the sad news by wire from his home in New York, of the death of his brother Herbert.

James Taagoa planted some flower seeds which he brought from Maine. They will be cared for by the clothing room boys.

Mr. Crosbie was seriously ill for a few hours on Monday night, with a congestive chill. He is rapidly improving at this writing.

"His majesty" forgot to come to the assistance of the typos when they were struggling under the powerful strength of the Carpenters.—

To-night, Mrs. Crosbie and ——— will visit the Invincibles, Misses Stewart and Robbins, the Standards, Mr. Reising and Miss Wood the Susans.

George Northrop after a long silence turns up at Ft. Wrangell, Alaska, and is following his trade of printing, working as a new paper, he says.

The school band has no one to play the bass drum at present, but one of the snare drummers is playing it until the instructor finds a capable person to do it.—

The membership in the Standard Society is so great that all the seats in that hall are occupied. Extra chairs from the other societies would be gladly accepted.

Mr. Bert Smiley, the son of Mr. Daniel Smiley of Lake Mohonk, was at the Dickinson-Haverford game on Saturday —

The Literary Society details delivered last week represent uncorrected work of a learner in the Printing Office, and said learner will not make so many mistakes next time.

We have just stored the largest crop of corn ever raised at the school—60 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, 3,700 bushels in all. Mr. Harlan might rightfully be termed a hustler.

Kendall Paul, who has been here for some time, gave an inspiring talk to the Standard literary society last Friday at their usual meeting. He left the next day for Philadelphia.—

The Sophomores are interested in the study of the amendments to the constitution, and they will form a congress of both divisions in order to get the right idea of civil government.—

The quiet, common sense address given by Assistant Superintendent Allen at last Tuesday afternoon teacher's meeting has been spoken of as one that was full of incentive and encouragement.

Miss Bryant's piano has arrived and is a beautiful accession to her room. Miss Bryant was vocal and instrumental teacher at the Phoenix, Arizona school, previous to her coming to Carlisle.

The Children's Friend Oyster Supper to night for the benefit of the poor will carry away a number of quarter dollars from the benevolent people at our school. Then, too, they like oysters, don't you know.

Little Esther Allen on being told that she was not an Indian, insisted that she was, because her mamma said so. A girl said, "Look, my hands are darker than yours." Esther answered, "I wash MY hands."

The big tree which stood back of the athletic field has been cut down by Mr. Bennett's boys. Now the small town boy who used to climb that tree to get a view of the pay games will have to seek some other place —

The Standard and Invincible societies had each a larger attendance, on Friday evening than for several weeks. The meetings were lively. Points in Parliamentary law were brought up in the Standard meeting and discussed intelligently.

When Joseph Fly, a new boy, came into Miss Moore's music room to begin taking lessons, several girls who were practicing ran out into the hall to listen, thinking he was only a beginner, but to their great surprise he played a classical selection. They silently went back to their practicing.—

Miss Senseney and our visitor White Buffalo, took the choir girls out walking last Sunday. They were invited by Mr. Wetzel to see his flowers. Among them was a large chrysanthemum plant, on which were about three hundred magnificent flowers. White Buffalo could not keep from exclaiming something in his language when he saw the plant.—

Miss Paull spent Sunday with Mrs. Charles Craighead, at Chaigheads, where Emma Strong lives. She had a delightful time and was pleased with Emma's progress. Emma is happy. Mrs. Craighead has discovered she has a voice, and Emma sings to her accompaniments. She goes to school and is to sing two solos in their Thanksgiving entertainment.

Number six pupils are elated over the fact that Frank Craighead is going to catch two small turtles and a squirrel for their terrarium. He has already given Miss Paull a "hang-bird's" nest for the prospective squirrel to sleep in.

Number six is the first to have a terrarium. We have in our terrarium different kinds of insects, a toad, a caterpillar, and two butterflies. We hope to have many more interesting creatures in our terrarium this winter.—A. G.

Little Cham, a chameleon, is the latest addition. He shed his coat to the great amusement and education of the pupils.

What is it?

"What's a terrarium?" asked one who read number six item.
"Look in the dictionary."
"I did."
"Well, what does it say?"
"A terrarium is a vivarium, and I don't know any more about it than I did before."
"Look for vivarium."
"Oh, yes. I see. That is a place for keeping or raising living animals."

Walter Kennedy ex-student is living in Jamestown.—

Junaluski Standingdeer has found a job in Ashville, N.C.—

Mr. and Mrs. Lillibridge have gone to Pierre, South Dakota, from Colorado.

"I do not wish to miss a number" says a West Grove subscriber in her renewal letter.

Broken Arrow is the name of one of the new Oklahoma towns, and it is said to be on a boom.

We learn that Lucinda Hill was recently married to Eli Cornelius, at Oneida, Wisconsin.

Moses Sawtrom who went to his home lately in Laguna, New Mexico is already out in Arizona working for himself.—

Our Indians are as much a curiosity to the east as some of those ten and fifteen story buildings in the east are to us, says the Osage Journal.

Miss Susan Gibbs who has been an assistant matron for a year at Ft. Peck, Mont., writes that although she likes her work, she often wishes she was back to dear old Carlisle.—

Miss Anna F. Reinkin writes to Louise Cornetius from Alaska that she is having a nice time but misses her Carlisle friends very much, and also wishes to be remembered to them —

Ulysses Ferris, an ex-Carlisle pupil visited Chemawa this week. He was dressed in the uniform of the U. S. Army of which he was a member during the late war.—[Chemawa American.

Felicita A. Medina, who returned to her Porto Rican home sometime ago, arrived there safely. Her many friends were glad to see her again. She wishes to be remembered to her Carlisle friends.

Mrs. Alice Hayes Reboin, writes to her Carlisle friends from her home in Stites, Idaho, that a dear little baby boy has come to live with them. Alice has many friends who would like very much to see her handsome little son.—

Joseph Cloud has been working on the river, he says, at \$2.00 a day since he went home to Michigan. The river works closed out, and now he is employed by a lumber company at \$1.00 a day. He will work there all winter and go back to the river work next summer.

Mrs. Paul, mother of Kendall, William and Lewis, passed through Harrisburg, on Wednesday on her way to Alaska, where she is engaged in the Sitka school. She has been east for some time. Was not well and underwent a surgical operation in Philadelphia. She is now much better—

Eunice Williams informs the REDMAN & HELPER that she is not married to David Maybe, as was stated in our columns, recently. We take great care not to give out information that is not true, and we are sorry to have made this misstatement. Our informant must have been misinformed, and we will see that said informant does not get any more of her items into print.

Arthur Sickles, class '02, has struck west from Oneida, Wisconsin, and finds himself engaged at printing for a large mining company in Golden, British Columbia. They are doing only job work until the new outfit is entirely set up in a new building they expect to occupy. The large press is too heavy for the present building. This sounds like bona fide business and we hope Arthur has found a bonanza.

Pearl La Chapelle, class 1901, has taken unto herself a husband, Mr. H. R. Peterson. The wedding took place, Oct. 27, at Wabasha, Minnesota, and was a quiet affair, only the immediate relatives being present. Pearl writes that they are keeping house, and she is happy. That she is happy is all that her friends at Carlisle could wish for her, while we congratulate Mr. Peterson on securing unto himself a young lady of charming presence and most excellent worth.

The Chemawa American, Oregon, is running a series of illustrations through its weekly editions. In the issue of October 31, there is a view of a corner of their fruit pantry, which makes one's mouth water. They have 30 acres of prunes, apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, etc. They dry, can, and make butter of their fruit in addition to eating it green. This year they have dried over 5,000 lbs. of prunes, have housed over 300 bushels of apples; have about 5,000 half-gallon cans filled and about 300 gallons of prune butter made for use this winter.

WHITE BUFFALO SPEAKS.

Col. Pratt addressed the student as usual, last Saturday night in Assembly Hall. White Buffalo, from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Oklahoma, being present was asked to speak, and he said in part:

I am very glad to see my old teachers and the boys and girls. I think Carlisle is a nice school now, but when I was here 22 years ago it was not much good. There are so many more helps now than there were here then and it is fixed so that you can teach everything now.

I wish now I was about sixteen years old or seventeen years old because if I was not too old I would go to school again and would stick to it until I learn something. I was here only three years and I did not learn very much. I could not talk very good English.

I am doing the best I can. I live like a white man. I have a house and a farm and I do the best I can with it. My three children are going to school and I want them to learn something and become educated because it is necessary for the children to learn the ways of the white man. They will have to meet white men and live with them.

You must learn all you can of the white man's ways so that when you go back you may carry back the ways of the white people.

I used to paint my face and wore a blanket and let my hair grow long. (Interpreter; "He means you to understand that it was because he did not get an education. He only stayed three years.")

Because I came to Carlisle and stayed here the little while I did stay I learned enough to go anywhere. I am not afraid to go anywhere in the United States. I have gone a long distance from home to the Northern Cheyennes in Montana, my old home. I went alone and came back alone and was not afraid because I learned enough English at Carlisle, so I could do that.

When I go home I will tell my people about Carlisle. This school is just like my own home. It is just like being with my own people out there. That is all.

Johnson Adams.

Johnson Adams, class '96, now at Kesbena, Wis., sends us a nice list of subscriptions with these words:

"I have been a regular subscriber for 12 years and am glad to say I am still on your list. I cannot go without your weekly letter, because it always takes me back to my old school days at Carlisle, and it always gives me fresh courage whenever I read the Colonel's Saturday night's talks to the students. I am still a Carlisle student in that.

I have been very busy ever since I stopped going to school. The Carpenter trade is a good trade and there is always work for a carpenter—no trouble to find work, and wages are always good.

I thank you especially for the trade I learned while attending your good school, and I thank you for all other benefits I received while there.

I voted for State and County officers this last election, and we won by 35,000."

He Jokes At Eighty.

"Father" Burgess, whose home is in Philadelphia, says by card that that city is "right side up" with care and they are putting (:) the market. On the same card he says for the benefit of the printers:

One day has gone and nineteen more,
When added to will make a score—
So be good children one and all.
At setting type or playing ball,
And after you shall do your best,
You then may stop and take a rest.
Mulum in parvo—e pluribus unum.

In Such There is Hope.

Elnora M. Jamison, writes to a student friend here that she has found a pleasant home in a Friend's family in Buffalo. They are very much interested in the Indians and read the REDMAN AND HELPER every week. "I haven't staid a week on the reservation," she says "since I returned from Carlisle."

Miss Barr Speaks.

"The use of water in the treatment of disease" was the subject of most interesting and instructive chapel talks by Miss Barr, Thursday and Friday. Lessons of this kind are more impressive when they are taught us by those who have had the benefit of special training and extensive experience. We hope to hear from others of our specialists during the year.

INDIANS VOTE JUST LIKE PALEFACES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Tuesday was an important day on the Cattaraugus and Alleghany reservations in western New York, the Indians holding their election. They used the blanket ballot. The Alleghany reservation Indians voted at the council house in Cold Springs, while the Indians of the Cattaraugus Reservation voted at the council house in Varsailles. A bitter contest was on between the Democratic and Republican factions of the tribes. Elijah Turkey was the Democratic candidate for president, while Frank Patterson, Republican, was a candidate for reelection.

The election resulted in a triumph for the Republican ticket. On both reservations 600 votes were cast. Patterson was a winner by 40 majority. Eli T. Jimison was elected clerk and William Hoag, treasurer. Republican councillors, surrogates, peacemakers, poormaster, chief marshals and police marshals were elected, although by narrow margins. Feeling ran high over the election, but there was no disorder of any kind. The Indians are leisurely and require at least ten days to canvass the vote.

Among the candidates were found the names of Seneca Purse, Philo Nephew, Salon Grouse, Philip Fatty, Willie Abram, Lew Twoguns, Quilter Jimerson, Solomon Maybe, Jim Crow, Jacob Half-town, Joslin Warrior (candidates for peacemakers), Casper Twoguns, Sydney Kenjockerty, Lewis Longfinger, Frank Tallchief, Baily Parker, Delos Kettle and other names of tribal significance.

—[Phila. Press.]

ASSIMILATE OR ANNIHILATE.

There is nothing for the Indians of this continent but assimilation or annihilation. When the Pilgrim fathers "first fell on their knees and then fell on the aborigines" the beginning of the end came. From that day to this they have been going the same inevitable road and nothing can stop them. They cannot remain savages in a civilized land. They must forever discard the ways of their ancestors or cease to exist. They must become American citizens or become nothing but a memory. That our Government and our people have not always pursued the best policy towards the Indians is undoubtedly true, but that cannot stop the march of events. Complete, quiet and orderly citizenship is all that is left for them, and the sooner they realize this fact the better for them.—[The Montgomery Advertiser.]

ONE OF GERONIMO'S BAND.

Francis Corbett, an Apache Indian, a very handsome Indian, who by the way is a member of Geronimo's band of prisoners, stationed at Ft. Sill, is in the city, taking in the fair.

Mr. Corbett was an attendant at the Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Indian school for some time and while there was the pupil of one of our most estimable ladies Mrs. W. A. Wright, who was exceedingly glad to see him.

The United States recognized his education and gave him a position as carpenter at the Rainy Mountain school, which position he still holds successfully.—[Hobart, Oklahoma, Daily News-Republican.]

WEAKNESS AS A MEANS OF STRENGTH.

Weakness is sometimes the best strength. Paul says, "When I am weak, then I am strong." And all of God's children have a right to share that blessing.

Without any of ones own strength, while sharing all of God's strength, is to be possessed of all that we need, and more.

When good Dr. Bushnell was in his last illness, one of his loving daughters said to him:

"Dear father, you are so patient in all your trials!"

His quick answer was, "I've got a great deal of weakness to back me."

He felt the true strength of weakness. We have reason to be grateful for the help of that same strength.—[Sunday School Times.]

The baby of the family had her first view of a zebra at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago the other day. Whereupon, after gazing at him in some surprise, she exclaimed rapturously.

"Oh, see that little horse with a base-all sweater on!"—[Youth's Companion.]

THE INDIAN'S RUMINATION.

He sat under a spreading oak tree in the shadow of which he had played when a youth—when there was happiness in the pole cabin of his father, and hogs and cows and bronks browsed in the peaceful valley.

As he dreamed, his childhood days all came back to him.

He saw himself at the brookside and on the mountainside, with his bow and arrow and his wild nature craving the excitement of the chase.

Then he saw himself a man, glorying in his strength, with a smiling wife to meet him at the door with sofky when he returned from the chase.

Vividly pictured in his mind were the quiet forests, abounding in game, the nights whose stillness was broken only by the coyote or the hungry panther, the happy days gone forever, the old rifle on the rack, now worthless in this age of the locomotive instead of the buffalo.

"How sad is it all," he murmured to himself.

"Hushed forever is the babbling brook and the waterfall, in the noise of whistles and the thunder of wheels. Dogs yelp instead of coyotes. The pot hunter has silenced Bob White."

"We are come to civilize you Indians," say the white man. "Give us of your land. We will gird your country with steel. Your country is too rich for your blood and it is a great mistake that you own it. Take down your little improvements. We need your land in our business. You must keep up your hogs, for there will be no mast for them when we cut down the timber to lay our steel rails on. Also, keep up your cattle and horses for we are going to put the country into farms.

Then our dreamer awoke and was amazed at the strangers invading his quiet home, though the grass had not stopped growing and the water had not ceased flowing.

Moral—It is as easy for a buffalo to crawl through the eye of a fishbone needle as it is for the Indian to regain his once happy state.—[Gibson's Rifle Shots, in Indian Journal.]

Not very Polite but Right in Spirit.

A boy wanted a job. A merchant had arrived at his office as early as seven o'clock, and five minutes after he got to his desk, a bright faced boy came in.

The merchant was reading, and the boy with his hat off, stood there expectantly but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job, if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response.

"I left school yesterday evening to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so, and I'll skip. The only place where I can stop long in, is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster, "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this, if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it.

Try It!

Take the number of your living brothers.

Double that number.

Add to it three.

Multiply the result by five.

Add to it the number of living sisters.

Multiply the result by 10.

Add number of deaths of brothers and sisters.

Subtract 150 from the result.

The right hand figure will be the number of deaths, middle figure will be the number of living sisters, and the left figure will show the number of living brothers.

"Johnny, dear, did you try to mind the Golden Rule in your dealings with your playmates at school to-day?"

"Yes'm, till we had recess. You can't use it in football, you know. It'd kill the game deader'n a door nail."

A FEW OF LAST MONTH'S NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ABOUT THE SCHOOL.

Not only Colonel Pratt but every white citizen of the United States should be proud of the school and the helpful influences and good it is doing among the Indians of this great republic. The Times extends its congratulations to Col. Pratt upon the grand success of his undertaking, the splendid condition of the school, and the bright outlook for the future, and we sincerely hope the good Colonel will be spared many years to superintend the cause in which all people of the United States should be interested.—[Scranton Times]

Colonel Pratt has probably done more for the American Indian than any other white man. In the early days when the redskins were massacring the whites he fought them, but even at that period he did not believe in the saying that "the only good Indian is the dead one." His theory was that if the Indian could be convinced that his greatest advantage lie in his losing his identity as a Sioux a Ute, or a Creek, and becoming an American citizen, it would be an easy matter to civilize him.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

In speaking of our late catalogue, the Waterbury, Conn., American says:

It is a pamphlet that will not be thrown carelessly aside after a hasty glance, but will be studied with intelligent interest by all who have read or thought of the work that is being done for these wards of the government. The strong, sensible, kindly face of Colonel Pratt is a fitting preface to the rest of the pictures, and explains much of the success of this most excellent work.

Time has proved the value of both the industrial and academic courses adopted for the students and improved as experience shows the need. The public is reasonably proud of the work of the school and its contribution to good citizenship.

—[The Morning Star, Boston]

The splendid Carlisle school is sufficient vindication of the wisdom of Col. Pratt's method, and the "Carlisle idea" is now a recognized factor in the solution of the "Indian problem" with which statecraft and politics have long vainly wrestled.—[Harrisburg Patriot.]

The result of the work of the school shows the wisdom of the thing. The history of this school is an interesting one.—[Milwaukee Journal.]

The Army and Navy Journal, Wilmington Daily Republican, The Brooklyn Standard Union the Pittsburg Leader and others have also given complimentary notices.

WHAT TO LEARN

Christian Life gives us 9 things to learn:

1. Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.
2. Learn to attend strictly to your own business,—a very important point.
3. Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.
4. Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the young.
5. Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.
6. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.
7. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.
8. Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.
9. Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.—[Christian Life.]

Splendid Opportunity Lost.

The Ethnologist of Chicago who pulled straws and succeeded in getting permission for the Indians at Shoshone, Wyoming, to have a Sun dance last summer possessed a great amount of gall when he asked that the dance be postponed until he could reach there. Fortunately this great friend(?) of the Indians was not present and the dance was pulled off without him, and science(?) lost a splendid opportunity of demonstrating that there were still some Indians and fools left.

—[The Chemawa American.]

PINS.

Seldom do we think of how a thing is made when we use it. Pins are such common little things, and are used too often by careless, untidy girls. Here is something about their manufacture:

In 1775 a prize was given to the colonist of Carolina who produced the first native pins and needles.

During the War of 1812, when, owing to restrictions upon commerce, the price of pins rose to the enormous sum of \$1 per paper, the manufacture was actually started in the United States, but does not seem to have met with success, as the enterprise was soon abandoned.

The industry was not fairly started in this country until the year 1836

The early pins in this country, as in England, were made with globular heads of fine twisted wire, made separately and secured to the shank by compression from a falling block and die.

These old pins had the misfortune of often parting with their heads.

It was to overcome this difficulty that the attention of early inventors was directed.

This solid-headed pin, in common use to-day, took the place of the old from about 1840

Taking Hold By Letting Go.

If you want to fix a thing in your own mind, tell it to another.

He may not retain it as his own, but you will.

A skilled teacher said to his pupils, in urging them to "talk back" to him by question and comment:

"You may forget all that I say to you, but you'll not forget all that you say to me."

A thought best reaches one's mind by coming out from one's mouth.

Let us store our minds with important truths by talking of them to our fellows.

—[Sunday School Times]

The Superintendent's Son.

Little Ted Goodman was listening to the lively strains of "Tramp, tramp, tramp; the boys are marching," one morning recently as they floated across from the school building, when he suddenly inquired:

"Mamma, do they have to tell the tramp that the boys are marching?"

—[Phoenix, Arizona, Native American.]

Indian Women Knit Socks.

The Indian Women on Puget Sound reservations do an extensive business in knitting woolen socks, which find a ready sale among the white lumbermen and fishermen. These Indians raise their own wool, spin it themselves, and then knit the socks, which speaks Volumes for their industry and ability.

CARPENTER-PRINTER FOOTBALL ENIGMA.

I am made of 9 letters.
My first is in foot, but never in ball.
My second in rush, but never in maul.
My third is in run, but never in kick.
My fourth is in beat, but never in trick.
My fifth is in slip when running for goal.
But never in fumble which rankles the soul.
My sixth is in hurt, but never in lame.
My seventh in whip, but never in name.
My eighth is in down, but never in touch.
My ninth is in slug, but never in clutch.
My all is a thing that the carpenters doled
To the Printers, last week, on gridiron cold.
The first in three years the printers did flop.
But Thanksgiving Day, they may 'gain be on top.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Discouragement.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line last 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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