

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
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OFF TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Notes from Miss Burgess' Journal.

Thursday, August 13.

For all the distance from Laguna to the Grand Canyon, my mind kept running back to the scenes left behind in the quaint Pueblo on the hill and the kindly people there, their condition and possibilities for the young. Miss Wood is in Laguna teaching the Indians how to get a better glaze and strength to their native pottery. I saw some specimens of her work, and she says the Indians take to it kindly. The real utility of the project remains to be seen. People generally buy this pottery for a genuine specimen of Indian work, more than for the real worth of the article, but when the white man puts his finger in the dough the unique feature is gone and the vases, while stronger and better for general use are not what the curio-hunter wants. Miss Wood is earnest in her labors to benefit the Indian and is enthusiastic over the prospective outcome.

Mr. Morley, the Presbyterian missionary came to the front, and expressed strong words against the dance as performed by the young men for show and for pay. I was told that the railroad paid them \$25 for the dance and they expected to collect even more from the crowd; but we must drop interesting Laguna and proceed on our journey.

Friday, August 14.

At last I have beheld the wondrous beauty of the Grand Canyon said to be the grandest sight in the Western Hemisphere, in fact of the entire world. It is 217 miles long, 13 miles wide and more than one mile deep. Think of looking down into a rift of the earth as far as the distance from our school to the Court House in town. Place 60 of our flagpoles on top of each other and the depth of the gorge would not be measured by them.

No words can picture the magnificence of the view to a person standing on the rim of the canyon at any one of its prominent points. The rocks lie in strata and the coloring of the various shales and formations in the shadows and lights of the floating clouds above, or when the sun sets clear, is the sight of a lifetime. Some people rode sure-footed horses and mules to the bottom of the canyon, to get the view from below. It is a fourteen-mile ride and along cliffs and edges so close that if a false step were made, both horse and rider would fall thousands of feet, never to be heard of more. Lizzie Aiken with small encouragement might have undertaken the journey, but she was the only one of our party to think for a moment of undertaking it. She did not try it, however.

Ladies and gentlemen by the score rode by in single file, giving the horse full rein so as to allow him to pick his way, with the assurance from the guide that all would be right if the rider would keep cool-headed. One of the ladies of the party who went down, told me in the evening after her return that she would not take a hundred dollars for the terrible and awful experience, but she would not go again for five hundred dollars. At one specially dangerous and narrow place she felt her head swim and they called to her to shut her eyes and hold on to the saddle, which she did. For a few feet of the journey all dismounted and climbed a ladder down a precipitous height while the riderless horses picked each his own footing.

The grandeur and immensity of this spectacle is not only beautiful and wonderful but almost unbearable. It never has been adequately described and never will be, although some of the finest writers in the world have tried it. Good-bye, Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, we will pass on, and take the ride to the Needles.

Saturday, August 15.

The journey all day yesterday was over the land of sage and mesquite so tiresome

to the average traveller and yet volcanic piles, lofty mesas, colored buttes, an occasional deep canyon, the contour of the cliffs continually changing into figures that the dreamer imagines to be caverns, pyramids, monuments, forts and castles which seem like the unfinished work of some "giant architect who had planned more than he could execute," was a study.

We went over heights of 7,000 feet and down, down to as low as 50 feet above sea-level, and took various heights and depths between. Two great locomotives would puff and steam and snort to pull us up grade, when at the summit one would drop back to let us down grade on the other side of the rise at such speed as to make it quite impossible to walk in the train, and to make some of the more timid fear lest the engineer had lost control of the air-break, but he did not, and aside from smoke produced by over-heating of wheels there was no accident.

At The Needles we come upon the same Colorado River that runs through the Grand Canyon. The great cantilever bridge which spans the river here is said to be the largest of its kind in the world.

Some time when Mr. Mason Pratt of Steelton comes to see us let us seize him and invite him to tell us again the story of the cantilever bridge and wherein it differs from other bridges. But the Needles, what are they? Are they gigantic sewing implements? No. The Needles are two very high and peaked mountains that stand at the head of the Mojave Canyon hidden from view.

This Arizona country is the true home of the Apache, as we have been taught through untrue history to call them—blood-thirsty Apaches. If they ever were war-like they certainly are subdued today, and scattered among distant reservations, a quiet, peaceable people.

To appreciate fully the difference between travel in 1849 and now let me give here a choice letter sent me through our friend Miss Lucy Pomeroy of Massachusetts. She obtained it through a cousin. It was written over a half century ago by one of the "Forty-niners" who went to San Francisco to make his fortune.

The Letter.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29, 1849.

DEAR FATHER:

I take a pen with great pleasure to let you know of my safe arrival to this land of novelty and dissipation. I cannot describe to you all I have seen and experienced, yet I will give you an outline.

I went from Brazor to Bagdad (a village at the mouth of the Rio Grande) up the river to 4 miles below the Camargo and there was snagged, and the boat sunk and we took to land and to Mazatland.

At Mazatland we embarked for this place, and after beating against head winds for 31 days without water or food, landed at 23 degrees N. latitude amongst mountains of sand and so barren that nothing could grow upon it. I can compare it to nothing but the Arabian desert. There were 47 of us. We lived on Rattlesnakes, frogs, and the wild Cactus which grows where no other plant can.

On the eve of the 4th day 40 of the party stopped to kill and eat an old worn out horse some one had left on the road. Seven of us pushed on that night and the next day, and found a party of Mexicans encamped about 4 o'clock that night who gave us food; our suffering that day was terrible; the men I was with that day consisted of 4, we pushed on the last day to the utmost of our strength. I had been sun struck two days before and had eaten nothing for 48 hours except two spoonfuls of raw rice. I was obliged to lie down three times for want of strength. Finally I threw my blankets and luggage away and left the old dog as he had completely given out.

I then went on two miles and found two of my comrades lying beside a hole where they had found some water, I drank gallons of the water seemingly, and lay down with them till night and then took some water and went back for the dog and we came on and found the Mexicans as I have stated.

We traveled on 14 leagues the next two days and found inhabitants where we fared sumptuously.

We then traveled to San Diego by land and I took a vessel there and arrived safe in this place after a jaunt of three months from Mazatland."

JOHN HOUGHTON.

"By this," says Miss Pomeroy, "you will see that the Apaches are not the only ones who may have eaten rattle snakes. I wrote and asked Cousin John how his snake diet was served and this is his reply:

"Well, about the rattle snake diet, you should be careful in killing them, to shoot or chop the head right off, as when you wound one and do not instantaneously kill it they invariably with a dart like a flash of lightning, poison any wound you give them.

As we were short of water and cooking "fixings" we roasted them on a fire and the meat is white and delicious!"

"As he is quite a facetious individual, continues Miss Pomeroy, "I am not quite sure whether he meant they were delicious or not, but doubtless after such a fast as he had had, they seemed palatable and afforded nourishment. So if the Apache do eat them it is not very strange.

Perhaps Arizona Smith dines on eels, which are akin to snakes and are eaten by many.

THE RED MAN is taken by his daughter and he reads it with much interest and says, "The Helper comes regularly and proves our Carlisle boys quite equal in most points to our own race and in some are superior." Mr. H—did not make his fortune in California, returned in '52 but has acquired quite a property since then, is a keen business man now 76 years of age, says he is very well for a middle aged young man, only is a little lame."

THE PACIFIC COAST INDIAN INSTITUTE

Miss Burgess sends us the following brief of her visit to Newport, Oregon, where the Pacific Coast Indian Institute held its sessions between August 17 and 23. Miss Noble accompanied her.

As the boat from Yaquina drew up to its landing at Newport, Assistant Superintendent Campbell, of the Chemawa Indian School, and President of the Institute, stood waving our welcome. Miss Irene was with him and seemed overjoyed in her sweet, quiet, womanly way at meeting her aunt and other Carlisle friends.

Newport is a little town of about 600 permanent inhabitants. Its summer population is much larger. People come here from all parts of Oregon and nestling among the trees, in sight of the ocean, are hundreds of cottages and tents. We are on Rye Creek in sight of the Cape Foulweather Lighthouse. This is said to be the feeding grounds of numbers of monstrous whales, which come so close to the shore that their habits may be successfully studied. One was caught the other morning, Miss Irene says. The paths and walks from place to place wind through and over ravines, bridged by board walks without railings, placing one after dark in imminent danger often times, of falling into chasms and pit falls. It is a constant wonder to me that no one is ever hurt. My first introduction to the Auditorium in which the Institute is held was at night, and I shall not soon forget the walk from my cottage room, down over uncertain paths, through bushes and trees, over sand and roots, to fall upon a pair of rickety stairs which lead to a board walk over running water, heard in the darkness to be trickling far beneath, and then off the end a foot lower than you had expected, to scramble and climb up a narrow and sandy path, through under brush with some kind person ahead to light a match and call, "This is the way." There was an occasional stationary light, it seemed to me, at places where the path was safest.

To people accustomed to coming to this noted resort such an experience is not worth relating, but to a "tender-foot" the walk was a novel one to say the least.

The Auditorium is a shed with sawdust floor and a rough board seating capacity of 2500 people, with board-seat gallery, some of the seats having backs.

By President Campbell, whom we Carlisles know of old to be an indefatigable

worker, the place had been decorated attractively with exhibits from various Indian Schools in this northwest section, and with evergreen and bunting. The exhibits show creditable skill on the part of students, and commendable progress in needle work and school exercises.

The first session was called to order, on the evening of Aug. 17, by President Campbell, who stated in a short and pleasing address the object of the meeting. The first paper was by Miss Helen Galbreath, of Salem, on Historical Art. Hon. Claude Gatch, of Salem, Oregon, Professor Horner of the State Agricultural College, at Corvallis, Dr. Elliot of Portland, Supt. McKoin of Siletz and Colonel Hofer of Salem, each gave a brief address, all speaking words of encouragement. Miss Estelle Reel was complimented as being eminently fitted for her position as Superintendent of the Indian Schools of the United States.

Short responses to these addresses were made by Dr. Chas. M. Buckman, Superintendent of the Tulalip, Washington, school, and Miss Reel herself. A prayer by Dr. T. L. Elliot, Portland, Oregon, closed the first session.

Second Session, Tuesday, Aug. 18.

Extempore speaking on "The Institute, its faults, its present needs, and its future development" was the first in order.

Professor Horner said its faults should be charitably overlooked, and its present need was more active, energetic workers, more ladies to lead and participate in discussions as they numbered 5 to 1 and were known to be excellent talkers; better avenues of approach to the Auditorium should be provided.

Miss Alice P. Preuss, Principal teacher at Ft. Lapwai, Idaho, gave a paper on "How can teachers in the Indian work keep in touch with similar lines of work outside of the service?" suggesting that the best way is to visit white schools. A spirited discussion followed participated in by several.

W. H. Embree, of Western Shoshone Nevada, who was to speak on Cookstove vs. Piano, being absent, the subject was taken up in open discussion, and it was pretty well agreed upon that a knowledge of both cookstove and piano was helpful, and that utility and culture should be combined for perfect development.

Miss Reel said among other things that most officials are charged with having pet schools. She herself had been charged with making Chemawa her pet; Assistant Commissioner Tonner with making Riverside his pet. Last year she had severely criticized Chemawa for lack of beauty in landscape gardening. She was pleased with the improvement that Assistant Commissioner Tonner had reported upon his return to Washington after his recent visit to Western Schools, that he had seen nothing more beautiful than the lawns at Chemawa.

Mrs. DeLoss, Siletz, Oregon, read a paper on "The Matron of the Indian Service." Dr. Buchanan, Supt. of Tulalip, Wash., one on "Fundamental Principles of Hygiene and Sanitation—How applied and how to be supplied in schools." President Campbell read a short article and presented an illustration showing how a sanitary sewer could be constructed. Prof. Smith, of Corvallis, emphasized the importance of sanitation as shown by the death rate of certain tribes of Indians, notably the Siletz, which he attributed to unsanitary conditions. "Landscape gardening in Indian Schools" was presented by Mr. M. W. Cooper, of Chemawa, and Miss Reel gave her hearty approval of the sentiments of the paper.

A session was held in the evening when Prof. Horner, read an interesting paper on Oregon Literature and Hon. W. E. Yates, of Corvallis, one on "The Value of True English."

Wednesday, Aug. 19.

A paper written by Mr. W. L. Gardner, Industrial teacher at Grande Ronde was

Continued on Last page.

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THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
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YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE:
MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. PRINTING
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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.

Seneca, Missouri, a little town that owes its existence mostly to the Indian reservation just over the line in the Indian Territory is preparing for a "Carnival and Indian Festival." They announce among the committees one on Indians. Seneca people are of the number who wish the Indians to be Indians and not "imitations of white people." Hence the committee on Indians. There is built up over our country a very large "committee on Indians" and all its labor is in the direction of keeping with us material from which "Indian Festivals" can be produced.

The New York Mail and Express offers the sage opinion that an Indian undergoing the tortures of the "sun dance" experiences no pain because of his religious exaltation. How extremely pious the learned author of such opinion must think the native. Think of a modern church member marching to the altar dragging a cows head by thongs run through slits in the skin of the back and imagine the amount of religious fervor that would be required to render him joyfully oblivious to pain. This organ complains that commissioner Jones and Col. Pratt are doing all they can to bring these ceremonies to an end and any thing that can be done by the friend of the "Indian" to perpetuate them, of course in the interests of science is praiseworthy. The tortures of the "sun dance" are no essential part of any religion or even superstition but are the excesses to which an ignorant people go for the purpose of demonstrating to admiring tribesmen consummate indifference to pain. Commissioner Jones and Col. Pratt are laboring to remove such seeds of superstition and vice and to plant in the soil, be it deep or shallow, those that will bear good fruit if only ten fold. The young Indian's imitation of the white man may be weak at the beginning but it will finally strengthen into a complete likeness of the original.

Last year we heard much of school spirit and many rude acts and speeches were excused by attributing them to "college spirit." Boys and girls, do not look at the froth floating on the top of college decorum and mistake it for cream. When strained it will fail to pass. The true college boy and girl are not given to swagger, or impudence. They are fun loving and loyal to their classmates and school, but never indulge fun to the point of rowdiness nor so called student honor to where it degenerates into attempts to shield wrong.

"My country mother told me to say for her that I had been a good girl all summer," said one of our best girls Sunday morning. How proudly related and how gladly heard. She had been out seventy five days and proved faithful through them all. You are putting your lives into a procession of days and each one carries away a portion of history you have made. If seventy five can tell of duty fully performed, of every trust, faithfully discharged, why cannot the sum of all your days enrich the world with a story of true womanhood?

Who knows how to play "Grand Mammy Topsy Toe?" Please tell us. One of the teachers took a party of little girls to the grove a few days ago. Tired of playing "hide" behind the trees they begged for another game—a new one. The above famous old game was suggested but only a part of it recurred to the instructor. They entered into it with great zest, however, and the whole group became so engrossed with the fun, a brisk shower was upon them before they could find shelter. We will be very grateful for directions to play any good games—old or new.

MISS ERICSON AT CARLISLE.

Wednesday morning when the school assembled in the Chapel Miss Bowersox introduced Miss Ericson, our first sloyd teacher, who has been teaching in Porto Rico for four years. She said that two years ago she went to her far distant home in Finland where she spent two weeks, experiencing in so short a time extremes of climate.

Then followed a most interesting and impressive account of the extremes in government, our new island so highly blessed in its liberty under the flag of the United States, while poor Finland is oppressed by Russia.

Finland, once boasting the very finest schools, having early adopted American methods, must now submit to the pleasure of the Czar, who is forcing Russian methods, teachers and the Russian Language upon them.

Porto Rico, whose schools four years ago were poor, are now fast having the very best. Miss Ericson wishes that the two countries might be so strongly and vividly contrasted before the eyes of Porto Ricans everywhere that they might realize their privileges, for she frequently hears complaint and the remark that they were better off under Spanish rule. The closing remarks were full of good advice to our pupils, Porto Ricans and Indians alike.

One of our teachers in recalling some of the pleasant occurrences connected with a private school in which she was a teacher, told of shower surprises, when fruit or flowers were surreptitiously piled upon her desk or at her door. Could she have witnessed an apple shower and its reception in the shop court this week, her recital would pale in comparison. The moment Mitchell appeared with a barrel in a hand cart the pungent odor of spicy apples must have penetrated the walls, for in a jiffy, boys were on the spot—the barrel tumbled over, apples on the ground, with boys on top of them, piled three to five deep. In less than ten minutes, without a word of correction or command, all that noise and merriment had subsided and every boy had returned to his work. It is needless to add that every apple had likewise disappeared, save a few choice ripe ones that had been crushed under the mighty pressure brought to bear upon them.

A party was given last week, by Dora LaBelle, whose country home is at Mt. Holly, New Jersey. The girls entertained were Sarah Williams, Celinda King, Della Magee, Avis Wells and Ella Beck. They spent the time in playing games, and refreshments were served. The girls had the honor of shaking hands with Julius Augustus Ceasar—a pet cat.

Mr. W. J. Warner, brother of our coach is visiting the latter and will assist in coaching the football team until September fourteenth, when his duties as head coach begin at Cornell University.

The Boys at The Shore.

It would be difficult to find a more delightful place to spend a vacation than at the "Beacon-by-the-Sea," Point Pleasant, N. J. Situated on the ocean beach with a mile or more of open coast land, piled high with sand dunes, stretching to north and south, within easy reach of Barnegat Bay and the Manasquan River, the place affords every variety of summer recreation, crabbing, fishing, rowing, sailing, driving and sea-bathing. The region abounds in beautiful wild flowers in endless variety.

For a number of years Indian boys from this school have been serving as waiters at the hotel. This season twenty-two of the boys were employed in that capacity and Mrs Crawford reports on the whole the most satisfactory service that has yet been given. The guests were much pleased with the quiet dignified bearing of the boys and the careful attentive service rendered. Many were the questions asked in regard to the school and so much interest was shown that on one Sabbath evening, Mr. Beitzel and Mr. Gansworth, were asked to speak at the parlor service and tell the other guests something about the religious element in the work of the school and what is being done by the graduates after leaving Carlisle.

The experience of the summer has been a delightful and helpful one to the boys. The Beacon has been a healthful place for them physically and morally. They have met with culture and the place is particularly free from all demoralizing influences. In their free hours, morning and afternoon, the boys indulged their love of swimming in the ocean and in playing base ball with the young college men summering at Bay Head and Point Pleasant. We hope the opportunity of going to the Beacon may come to our boys again when another summer season rolls around. If it does we are sure they will not be slow in taking advantage of it.

The twenty-two Indian boys employed at the "Beacon-by-the-Sea," Point Pleasant, N. J. during the season just closing occupied positions as follows: Head Waiter: Hastings M. Robertson Waiters: Henry Markishtum, Jesse Davis, Truman Doxtator, Wm Mt. Pleasant, Bert Jacques, Arthur Sheldon, Elias Charles, Salem Moses, Daniel Enos, Manuel Ruiz Rexach, Antonio Rodriguez, Abram Smith, Willard Gansworth, Miguel de J. Martinez, Henry Campbell, and Victor Johnson. Assistants in Kitchen: Richard Nejo, John Wizi. Head Bell Boy: Emiliano Padin; Assistant Bell Boy: Harrison Bear. Care of lights, lawn and repairs: Antonio Lubo.

Blake Whitebear, a descendant of the aboriginal Crows, is reported as being the only Indian in the U. S. Navy. He is nineteen years old, six feet in height and weighs 180 pounds. Blake was born on the Crow reservation in Montana. His father is a sergeant in the United States cavalry.—[Chilocco Farmer and Stock Grower.

Blake Whitebear left Carlisle to enter the navy as assistant plumber. We have in the same service Edward Hoag and Jos. La Frambois whose recent letter will appear in next week's columns.

Tuesday morning, September first, school was opened formally for the year of 1903-04. After the singing of a beautiful and well known hymn, the school repeated the twenty-third Psalm, after which Mr. Allen extended a warm welcome to the students both old and new. He spoke in behalf of school spirit that we might have the right kind. Not that which vents itself in loud talk or noise, but in honest work and hard study.

The pupils then marched to their respective school rooms and the work of examining new scholars was begun. This is no small task as the name and age, the name of the parents or guardian and the name of the town or reservation from which they came has to be ascertained, and, as in the case of many, the pupil neither speaks nor writes English, it is very difficult to gain the needed information. The school orderlies are kept busy taking the girls and boys to the various school rooms to which they are assigned.

During the first few days of school many mistakes are made in going to the wrong rooms as the building is very confusing to a new comer, but before long everything is in perfect working order and every one wondering if, after all, vacation wasn't just a happy dream.

The following is the list of boys and girls who were called in to start to school on the 1st of September: Bert Jacques, Antonio Lubo, Jesse Davis, Hanks Markishtum, Dennis Johnson, Orilla Davis, Joseph Baker, Wilson Charles, Joshua Cheago, Truman Doxtator, Eugene Fisher, Edward Green, Wm. Jollie, Patrick Kennedy, Francis Tomahawk, Charles Williams, Martin Machukay, Daniel Eagle, Wm. B. Mahone, Salem Moses, Chiltoski Nick, Nicholas Pena, Carlos Pico, Samuel Sau-nooke, C. Standingdeer, Ambrose Johnson and Phineas Wheelock.

Girls: Edith Bartlett, Cornelia Cornelius, Bertha Dennis, Lillie Felix, Annie George, Frances Halftown, Alice Heater, Caroline Helms, Delfina Jacques, Mary Kadashan, Rose LaForge, Nellie Lillard, Della Magee, Minnie Nick, Belen Nin, Ella Petoskey, Jeanette Pocatella, Ayche Saracino, N. J. Scott, Zoraida Valdezate, Bettie Welch, Agnes White, Sarah Williams, Margaret Wilson, Elizabeth Wirth, Martha Hill, Rebecca Knudsen, Dora Reinkin, Rose Temple, and Eunice Terry.

ENIGMA.

I am made of 16 letters.

Mr. Foulk has 2, 7, 14, 16.

Birds 16, 13, 4, 15.

Everybody likes to keep 1, 9, 10, 11.

My 8, 3, 7, 16 are models of industry.

Farm work in summer makes some Indian boys 5, 6, 13, 5.

My 13, 12, 3, is anger.

My whole is the time when all the Indian boys and girls at the Carlisle School move.

Answer to last week's Enigma. Green pepper.



MISS CARTER LEAVES THE SMALL BOYS' QUARTERS TO RESUME WORK IN SCHOOLROOM NO. 5.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

September.

New School year.

School opened on September first.

Mr. Miller is again back at his desk.

Football candidates arrived this week.

Our printing office will soon be full again.

The Juniors have contributed items this week.

More students will be in on the 14th of this month.

Six Concord buggies are being prepared for the West.

Miss Ferree made a quick trip to Philadelphia this week.

Mr. Scott has taken Mr. Davies' place in No. 8 school room.

Mrs. Beitzel is making a brief visit in Harrisburg, her former home.

Miss Bryant has taken Miss Robert's place, and is teaching in No. 11.

Walter Mathews and Tiffany Bender have returned from Chautauqua, N. Y.

Mr. Herr and his set of carpenter boys are very busy making benches for the shop.

Mr. Nonnast spent a month very pleasantly in Chicago and is again at his post of duty.

Mr. Zeigler, our harness maker has just returned from his vacation. He is looking well.

Alfred Venne expected soon, will take charge of the band until Mr. Wheelock returns.—

The worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays.

Johnson Bradley is having a turn at the hospital. We hope they will let him off on easy terms.

A kind heart is the fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity fresher into smiles.

The Mohonk party of boys have all returned with the exception of Monroe Coulton and Louis Bear.

Mr. Warner is back again after his vacation in New York. He is sizing up the large boys already.

The pupils are all glad to be back at the school after having had a good time out in the country.

Mr. E. G. Sprow, instructor in the tin shop, was absent on account of illness the first of the week.

Mr. Wheelock left Friday last for Wisconsin where he hopes to find a party of students ready for Carlisle.

Miss Edith McH. Steele says that she has found the library in good shape. This credit belongs to Fred Brushel.

Matrons and disciplinarians are very busy these days as they have to provide for the incoming country pupils.

Young man, the world may possibly think less of you than you do of yourself, but it certainly won't think more.

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, and all, do your best at the start so that it may be your best at the end.

The girls who came in from the country spent Monday in unpacking their trunks and getting their rooms fixed up.

The Band boys are anxious to begin their work. They generally make a visit to the Band Hall soon after they return.

Miss Susie Zane who is taking a course in nursing at the Philadelphia Hospital is going to spend her vacation at the school.

A number of the girls coming to the school from their country homes last Saturday, visited Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

Lt. Bert Jacquez is in command of company "A" which consists of all the boys who came in from the country. The boys call it the "hayseed company."

Mr. Hudson called at the printing office Tuesday afternoon to renew his subscription for the REDMAN and HELPER and his acquaintance with the types.

The paint shop, managed by Benjamin Mashunkashey during the absence of Mr. Carns, is now under the supervision of the latter, who reports the return of Chiltoski Nick and Edward Green.

A party consisting of Miss Ericson and her former co-workers spent a few hours most pleasantly at Mt. Holly Thursday. They manifested unusual appetites when a rather late supper was served.

Miss Stewart arrived from Chicago Monday evening. She spent the month of August in attendance at the Art School of that city.

Herbert Johnson shows his business ability by promptly turning over a long list of subscriptions which he secured while in the country.

Miss Robbins is a little under the weather having taken a severe cold. Miss Barr is very attentive and will have her out in a short time, we hope.

Some of the Juniors who were expected to come in from the Sea-shore Monday were unable to come owing to the crowd of guests at their hotel.

Col. Pratt will be in Spokane, Washington at the end of the week and will visit some of the agencies in the north-west before returning to the school.

There were fourteen or more girls at Moorestown, New Jersey, who enjoyed visiting in small parties, the various places where they were allowed to go.

Peter Chatfield who went to his home in Michigan, wrote to Mr. Weber, that he has gained twelve pounds since July and is playing in the Durand City Band.

Miss Senseney came from Chambersburg Monday afternoon. So few of the music pupils are here her class will not be full until the middle of the month.

Mary George, one of our girls, will try to finish the high school course at Hatboro, Pa. next spring. She will be the first Indian girl to graduate from that school.

Felix Seijo left on Tuesday for New York. Felix was one of our Porto Rican printers who was making great progress in job work. We hope he may meet with success.

Geo. Pradt in a letter to a friend says that he is working on the railroad and enjoys his work very much. George expects to continue his education this coming winter.

Louise Cornelius, member of the Junior class, who is ill with inflammatory rheumatism is getting better. She is a valuable member of the class and all wish her to recover soon.

When Tiffany Bender arrived from Chautauqua he had some beautiful flowers for Misses Cutter, Wood and Paull. Some of our boys are very thoughtful and painstaking.

Anna T. Minthorne who returned from her home in Oregon last summer, has been ill in the hospital for the past week, but is now out again. She joined the Sophomore class.

Ella King who went home on account of ill health is getting on nicely. She has had a very pleasant and enjoyable summer. She wishes to be remembered to all her friends.

Miss Estaine Monoballe De Peltquestangue has left the school to go to Pierce Business College, Philadelphia. All will miss her, Mr. Miller in particular, whose efficient aid she has been.

Amy Hill, class '03, who is now living with a family at Swarthmore, remembered her friends with a little gift, which they appreciate very much. She has a good home and enjoys her work.

Miss DePeltquestangue's last evening at Carlisle was pleasantly spent in the company of a dozen or more of her friends who gathered in the teachers' parlor. Music, vocal and instrumental, was furnished by the guests.

A card from Sacaton, Arizona, says:

"I guess you think that Gail Hamilton and Gail Antoine are two persons, for I have had two papers, one to each address. Please send me one here to Gail Hamilton Antoine."

The last game of the season was played between the Mechanics, and the Hayseeds, the Mechanics winning by the score of 11 to 1. It was hardly more than a practice game for the Mechanics, as they hit the Hayseeds at will.

Zoraida Valdezate and Belen Nin, two of our Porto Ricans who were spending the summer at the St. Mary Seminary, Scranton, Pa. are back again. They say they had a very pleasant time among the Sisters who were very kind to them.

The first Band concert of the year is always a great treat, for there can be but one. The music Tuesday evening was so inspiring, the girls could not resist the temptation to "trip the light fantastic toe"—two-stepping very gracefully on the walks.

Beautiful cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Annie Belle Moore and Mr. Oscar John Allison at the home of the bride's parents in Holton, Kansas. "At home, after October first, 248 East Sixty second Street, Chicago, Illinois."

Mr. Frank Hudson, '96, head book keeper in the City Deposit Bank, Pittsburg, Pa. is here to spend a two weeks' vacation in the home of Mr. Nori. He brought with him a little friend, James McCurdy who is manifesting great interest in Mr. Hudson's school home.

A party given by Mrs. James Wheelock for the members of the band, Friday evening, was an enjoyable affair. Games were played, refreshments served, and Isabelle, in her best clothes, exerted herself to be entertaining. Mr. Wheelock's absence was felt and regretted.

A party consisting of Wilson Charles, Truman Duxtator, Clarence Faulkner and Joseph Baker visited the Zoological Garden, Independence Hall, Academy of Fine Arts and Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia while on their way to Carlisle from their summer homes.

Miss Edith McH. Steele while traveling on the Northern Central Railroad, found herself stopped by a washout at Watkin's Glen. She says passengers and baggage were transferred by carriage from there to the next station. In one place they drove through water nearly up to the wagon box; it was over the step. They were glad that no further damage occurred.

One of our young ladies learned how to make beautiful bead work while at Chautauqua, N. Y. this summer. She said it was very humiliating to have to go to white people for such instruction.

Alice Duxtator, class '03, came in from the country last week to accept a position in the Crow Agency boarding school, Montana. She has gone to her home at Oneida, Wis., where she will make a brief visit enroute.

Carlisle School is a delightful place for a sojourn, especially if one has friends here. Kendall Paul, class '98, comes every chance he gets. He is working for a large steel firm in Philadelphia and has a week's vacation.

A bright newsy letter from Joe Brown the smallest boy out this year, gives Miss Carter a detailed account of his happy life. He is proud to be useful—going by himself with a spring wagon and trusty horse to the milk station.

Barley Thompson and Bernard Greenplum were the team hitched to Fred Nicola's mowing machine, and they trotted along so evenly that we shall soon have the lawn in perfect condition for tennis, croquet, and bowling. The heavy rains of the summer have made it necessary to mark the tennis courts every few weeks.

Mr. Herbert Johnston, associate editor on the North American staff, and brother of our former vocal music teacher Mrs.

W. P. Campbell, spent a few days at the School, during the week. Mrs. Johnston and their daughters, Helen, Mariam and Dorothy, have been sojourning here a fortnight. They all left Sunday P. M. for their home in Philadelphia. We shall miss them.

Miss McIntire's friends will be glad to know of her continued improvement in health. She has spent the summer among her home friends in Indianapolis, and although living in a city, their grounds were large enough for a garden and chickens, which latter she has raised with great success. Her address is 1815 Roosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Minerva Mitten, of the class of '02, is showing her usual good sense by seeking further education. She hopes to enter the Fredonia Normal school this fall. In her late letter from Versailles, N. Y., to Miss Wood, she says, "The Carlisle girls around here are doing well; Henrietta Coates (now Mrs. Crouse) my nearest neighbor, has the cutest little baby girl."

Alfred Venne a senior and due the first of the month has gained permission to remain a few days longer at Chautauqua, N. Y. This means making up lessons but it is only another instance where gratitude prompts a sacrifice. He says in a letter to Mr. Allen: "Miss Patton will be left alone to close up her cottage which is too much for any one woman. She did not ask me to do this but I realized the position she is in, and when I suggested my plan to her she was much relieved. Miss Patton has been a good friend to me and I feel greatly obliged to her."



A PICTURE OF SECOND GRADE PUPILS, ADULT, MISS ROBERT'S WHO WAS IN CHARGE IS NOW SMALL BOYS' MATRON.

Continued from First page.

read by Mr. Bishop Clerk at Warm Springs, on economy—How can it best be taught, tried and inculcated." After some discussion Judge Yates made an eloquent and convincing argument defending the women and charging the men with extravagance. Prof. Smith, Mrs. DeLoss, Miss Bowman, Supt. Goodman, of Phoenix, and others joined in the discussion.

"The Ideal as a Basis for Practical Education and Development was then presented by Supt. McKoin. Miss H. J. Tromanhauser, Principal, Normal Training School, Whatcom, Washington, advocated more classical teaching, saying that our modern schools were becoming like junk-shops, the manual crowding the classical. President Campbell read a paper on "Industrial Education the Aim," Miss Bowman one on "Our Indian girls—Our future mothers and house wives," written by Miss Theisz, of Chemawa.

"Is there an Indian problem? If so what is it, where is it and why?" was ably treated by Mr. E. T. Hamer, of Siletz. "Cows' milk as a substitute for tea and coffee and as a food for Indian children," written by Dr. W. L. Shawk, Ft. Simcoe, Wash. was read by Dr. Buchanan.

On Wednesday evening the Chemawa band gave an excellent pay concert in the Auditorium, which was well attended.

Thursday, Aug. 20.

"Diseases of the Lymphatic Glands," was ably discussed by Dr. E. A. Pierce, of Salem, Chemawa's physician. The merits and clearness of this paper were highly appreciated. Miss Tromanhauser, illustrated the comparison of the work done in her school and in the Indian Schools by pictures and drawings. Col. E. Hofer, of Salem, talked on Oregon Literature. Dr. Wetmore read a paper on "Social life in the Indian School." The question "What Indian Training is best for reservation schools?" brought out considerable discussion, as did "How should the evening hours be spent?"

Friday, Aug. 21.

Are the native industries sufficient to make the Indian self-supporting? If so should they not be encouraged? was discussed. Good papers and lively discussion characterized this session. More free and open discussion than at other sessions—the customs of Indians and cutting of hair and the Commissioner's order receiving a share.—On Friday evening an excursion was enjoyed on Yaquina Bay, the band furnishing music for dancing. The watersmooth and evening delightful.

The closing session on Saturday was marked by farewell addresses and resolutions of congratulations and thanks to helpers. Supt. Potter, of Chemawa was elected President of the next Institute, Dr. Buchanan, Secretary; Pres. Campbell, 1st Vice President; Supt. Goodman, 2nd Vice President; and Supt. McKoin, of Siletz 3rd Vice President. All in attendance felt they had been benefitted. The music by the Chemawa band on many occasions of rest was well received. The band is an organization of 25 pieces and plays music that is enjoyable. Chas. Cutter an Alaskan Indian sings well and gave one or two selections on the evening of the concert. As there is no way of getting out of here after Saturday morning 6 o'clock till Monday morning a number of the institute workers are remaining over. Sarah Pierre of Carlisle, is here, her home at Siletz not being far away. She expects to return to Carlisle about the first of September. George Moore is in the band.

Mrs. Campbell, who was detained at Chemawa on account of the sickness of her son Donald, arrived Thursday evening, and has taken active part in the Institute.

OUTLOOK ON THE INDIAN AS HE IS TODAY.

Some bright literary woman has said that when a woman is out of temper with the male sex in general she says: "O, the men! When you have seen one you have seen them all; they are all alike."

I have no opinion on the truthfulness of this observation and the assertion in reference to the gentler sex, but using it as a stepping stone to my theme, I do most confidently affirm that when a certain type of crossroads statesman returns from a trip across the continent he is pretty sure to describe some vagabond Digger Indian whom he saw drunk in front of some whiteman's saloon, and to say: "O, the Indian! Don't talk to me

about the Indian! I know the Indian. Here is the picture of one I saw; look at him and you have seen them all, for they are all alike."

Passing through Arizona on an overland train not long ago, I heard the above view expressed by a member of Congress. He was a voluble talker and assured his hearers that the Indians belonged to the impossible of humanity, were utterly incapable of civilization. They would not work, their mentality was low, they were treacherous and blood-thirsty as hyenas, and it was folly on the part of the Government and philanthropists and Christian churches to spend another dollar on them. His hearers, who were tourists from the East and who knew nothing of the Indians—except from the occasional reports in the Press of some bloody uprising that originated in a reporters brain, and was paid for at cheap restaurant prices—held their peace from force of circumstances.

Finally, the gentleman became so intoxicated with his own wisdom that he enunciated what he asserted was the only sensible Indian policy, and that, he declared was extermination or slavery.

I then ventured to ask a few questions:

"Can you tell us, sir, how many Indians there are in the United States?"

"Well, no; not exactly."

"Can you tell us the number of Indian Reservations, the number of Agencies, and in what States and Territories they are located?"

No, he didn't burden his brain with such matters.

"Can you give us the names, location, and approximate numbers of the largest tribes?"

No, he could not.

"Can you tell us what the Government is doing for them in the way of schools, and what the churches are doing for them in the way of missions?"

No; the whole blankety blank business was a foolish sentiment kept alive by a lot of religious enthusiasts and political cranks; why should he?

"But are you not a member of Congress?"

"Yes, I am a member of Congress."

"And did you not say that these uncounted vagabonds were wards of the Government?"

"Yes, I did, and they are a pack of thieves and cut-throats ready today to scalp or brain a whiteman at sight."

"But, if they are the wards of the Government and Congress has legislative power for and over them, it is in reality their guardian is it not?"

"Yes," said he angrily, "if you put it in that way."

"Very well," said I; "I am obliged for the information you have given us. And now gentleman—we are all strangers—but as this matter is for public discussion in a public place, I would like by your leave to dissent from much that has been said. Does it not seem to you that a guardian should know something about his wards? Not everything in detail, but something about who they are, and where they are, and what in a general way is being done for them?"

"If any of them have thrown off their blankets and built houses and cultivated grounds, should he not know it?"

"If any of them are going to school and are learning to read and write and speak the English language, should he not know it?"

"If any of them are learning trades and following civilized pursuits, should he not know it? If—as at present time—the Government has four million dollars of their money retained as an Indian Educational Trust Fund and if—as at the present time—the Government basis five-hundred schools behind solemn treaty obligations to give certain tribes of plains Indians a school and a teacher for every thirty children of school age—five hundred schools behind treaties made seventeen years ago—should he not know it?"

"Is it right to condemn a ward for ignorance, when you won't provide educational advantages for him out of the trust funds the guardian holds for that very purpose?"

"And while the guardian in this case is under no obligation to care for his ward's moral and religious condition, ought he not to know something about it, a little, a very little at least of what Christian people and churches are doing to redeem his wards from paganism?"

At this juncture the gentleman left the smoking room, left in evident disgust, and I had the pleasure of making a few

earnest converts to a humane Christian view of dealing with the Indian. I do wonder what that benighted M. C. would have thought had I been able to tell him then of what happened in an Indian community not long ago.

Down in the northeast corner of Indian Territory is a little tribe of Quapaws. No provision is made there for the education of white children, although the whites who live there and lease Indian lands far out number the Indians.

Well, it is positively true that recently these Quapaws undertook to provide against the illiteracy of these white lessees.

They established a public school system supported by \$1,000 from their own funds, laid a tax of one cent an acre on each white lessee, maintained seven schools for six months, attended by 32 Quapaws and 200 white children—ratio of six to one; paid their \$1,000 promptly, while their white beneficiaries dodged the school tax, never paid a cent—there being no law to force them—and the schools were closed in consequence.

While the Indians need schools, I am of the opinion that a few—I will not say many—but a few M.C.'s need an education in Indian matters, and should be sent to Chillico, Haskell, Hampton or Carlisle, to learn a little about the capabilities of their wards, and what they are doing. In the brief space allotted me, I can but sketch in outline the present Indian situation.

First, let us see what the Government is doing for them in the way of education in schools. Twenty-five years ago, in 1877, an appropriation of \$20,000 was made as a beginning in matter of educating and preparing them for citizenship. The policy has been approved by the better sense of the people of the United States, and for the current year of 1903, the system expanding and growing in public favor calls for and will receive an appropriation of three and one half million dollars, or 175 times as much as the first appropriation.

This money is to be expended in the building and maintenance of 250 schools. Ninety of this number are boarding schools located on Indian Reservations, and in them are gathered 11,500 Indian boys and girls. Twenty-five more boarding schools are located at various centers away from the reservations. They are known as non-reservation boarding schools, and in them are gathered 8,500 Indian children, making a total of 115 boarding schools in which a total of 20,000 are provided for. In addition to this number there are 135 day schools located on the reservations in which are gathered about 8,000 children. The total Indian population of the United States (not including Alaska) is in round numbers 265,000. Of this number 44,000 are children, not all of school age. But of this number, 35,000 is the possible enrollment, and all but 7,000 of these are enrolled. Of this number, 4,000 are in 47 religious denominational schools.

It may be of interest to note where the larger bodies of our Indians are located. Arizona has 40,000; South Dakota, 19,000; Oklahoma, 14,000; California, 11,000; Wisconsin, 11,000; Montana, 10,000.

In round numbers, 175,000 of our Indians are located in 23 States and Territories. These do not include the New York Indians or the five civilized tribes—Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles and Creeks of the Indian Territory.

The Cherokees have a male seminary, a female academy, an orphan academy, one colored high school and 140 day schools, with an enrollment of 5,000 pupils at an annual cost to the Cherokee nation of \$100,000.

The Creek Nation has 10 boarding and 52 day schools, for which their Council appropriates yearly out of the Creek funds \$72,000. The enrollment here is 2,700.

The Choctaws have 190 day schools and five academies, or boarding schools, with an enrollment of 5,000 pupils; cost, \$113,000.

The Chickasaws have four higher institutions and 16 day schools; enrollment, 1,000; cost, \$85,000.

The population of the Indian Territory is now 500,000, a larger population than any one of eight of the smallest States of the Union, and at least four-fifths, or 400,000, are whites—they are scattered everywhere—and owing to this fact, in part, nearly all of the Indians are in daily contact with the English language and thousands of them speak, read, and write it.

Aside from the schools named, there are twelve denominational mission schools in

the Indian Territory, all of a high order supported by Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, Friends and private individuals. The Dwight Mission of the Presbyterian Church was founded sixty-eight years ago. It may be of interest to note that the United States Supervisor of schools for the Creek Nation is Miss Alice Robertson, and that her mother translated the Scriptures from the original Greek into the Creek language.

Some very notable improvements in the Indian service have been brought about by the present Indian Commissioner, the Hon. Wm. A. Jones, who, by the way, is a Presbyterian Elder and one of the most efficient and conscientious public servants it has ever been my good fortune to know.

First, the substitution of efficient educated superintendents of Indian schools for the old-time political appointees, known as the Indian Agent, whose sole claim to the office was some political service rendered to the party in power.

There are now fifty-seven bonded superintendents in the service, men of long training on the field, and they add to their duties as educators the administrative duties of the agent. There is no political pull to this office; in fact, it is taken out of politics and men are appointed to it for their merit alone.

Taking the present Indian school service in its entirety and looking at these 115 boarding and training schools enrolling 20,000 Indian children in what are really homes, in which are the beginnings of literary culture, domestic life and training, mechanic art, agriculture and stock raising—all under a reformed and improved system of classified service for employees—the tone of the whole Indian service has been raised and infinitely improved. Of course, it is not perfect, but there is progress all along the line.

Men have been prone in the past years to look upon the whole Indian Service as a cesspool of political corruption, as the dumping ground of ward heelers and political tapsters, as the easiest part of the treasury to plunder. There was a time within my memory when this—to our shame be it said—was true, but it is not true now.

I personally know many of our officials at Washington and many teachers on the field, and in the large training schools, and I deliberately assert that the standard of intelligence, of honesty, of good breeding, and of morals among them is as high as that of any other class of public servants and educators in the United States. The great majority of them are conscientious and intelligent Christian men and women, who believe in practical Christianity, who are devoting their lives to a noble work.

Another improvement under the present Commissioner is the cutting off of rations, and the enforcement of the dictum, "If a man will not work he shall not eat."

Rations originated and were included in treaties instead of money. They were given for lands, or to keep the Indian on unproductive lands, or on the principle that it was better to feed than to fight the Indian.

But things have changed in a quarter of a century; treaties have expired; provision has been made for the allotment of lands in severalty—with each individual allotment the Indian becomes a citizen. Last year more than 7,000 such allotments were made. This process is disintegrating and breaks up the barbaric tribal ascendancy. In some districts in Dakota the Congressional elections now turn on the Indian vote and "Poor Lo," the former red devil, has now become Mr. Lo, a man in the eyes of the politician, and his wife has become Mrs. Lo, instead of the bedraggled squaw she used to be.

By the enforcement of the non-ration policy and the substitution of labor at \$1.25 a day for honest work in building ditches, roads, bridges, etc., thousands of Indians have laid aside their pride and now know the luxury of earning bread by the sweat of the brow.

Not ten thousand of the 265,000 Indians in our domain now wear the blanket or live in tepees; they live in cabins, dress as white people, cultivate the ground, and go out to work as laborers.

The Indians are gradually taking on the ways of civilization; but this is slow work and requires patience. It will come, however, in time.

GEORGE LAWRENCE SPINNING.

Why did President Roosevelt order a carload of chalk the other day?

Ans. To mark Hanna.