

# The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper  
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PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

## OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER.

**O** SUNS and skies and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble bee makes haste—  
Belated, thriftless vagrant—  
And goldenrod is dying fast,  
And lanes with grapes are fragrant!

When gentians roll their fringes tight  
To save them for the morning,  
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs  
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie  
In piles like jewels shining;  
And redder still on old stone walls  
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things  
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,  
And in the fields still green and fair  
Late aftermath are growing;

O suns and skies and flowers of June,  
Count all your boasts together,  
Love loveth best of all the year  
October's bright blue weather.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

## THE FIRST GREAT INDIAN SCHOOL.

There was in the town of Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, at midnight, October 5, 1879, a very strange and interesting sight to be seen.

A great crowd of people were waiting for the train to come, and when it came puffing in, there alighted from it eighty-two wild Indian boys and girls just from their homes out in Dakota.

They were in their native dress and wore blankets; their hair was long; their faces were painted; and they had on beads and other Indian ornaments.

Everything was as new to them as they themselves were to the staring crowd.

They had never seen a train before they had ridden all that distance in one; they were in a strange part of the country; they knew nothing of the people, or the language; they could talk only Indian.

Poor homesick children.  
"You can't teach Indians!" said many of the white people who heard that there was a plan to educate them.

Colonel Pratt knew better. He had been long in the army and had had to do with Indians. He had had Indian prisoners in Florida who had worked well, and some of these had asked to be educated and he had taken them to the school for colored students at Hampton, Virginia, where they had done well.

Colonel Pratt felt sure Indian boys and girls were like other boys and girls when they were treated in the same way. So, he persuaded the government to make the old Carlisle barracks, where soldiers used to be, into a school. And with these eighty-two wild Indian boys and girls, and white teachers to help him, he began the First Indian School among white people.

This was twenty-four years ago.  
Did the Carlisle Indian School succeed?  
Are there any Indians there now?  
Yes; instead of eighty-two there are now one thousand Indians at the Carlisle school.

They dress as we do; they speak our language; they study in their school-rooms the books that we have in our schools; they have reading-rooms where they read the latest papers and magazines; they have a library with a good many books; they have debating societies, both boys and girls, where they discuss questions that interest the world today.

And now there are many large buildings at the school where these young Indians live and study and work; there are shops where the boys are taught carpentry, shoemaking, tinsmithing, harness-making, tailoring, printing, and how to run the steam furnaces and other engines used in the place.

There is a bakery where Indian boys make the bread eaten by the pupils.

Indian boys raise the vegetables for the school, take care of the cows, and do the other work on the school-farm.

The Indian girls learn to sweep, dust,

cook, sew, and do all things that belong to good housekeeping.

Every year hundreds of Indians go out in the summer vacation and work with the farmers about Carlisle, the boys on the farm, the girls in the house, and earn money, and then come back to school in the autumn. So they learn how white people live in their homes. And these white people like them very much.

But it is not all study and work at Carlisle; sometimes it is play. The girls have croquet, basket ball, and other games. There is a fine gymnasium where both boys and girls exercise.

And have you never heard of the Indian football team which comes to play with the Harvard and the Yale teams, and with other colleges?

People speak of how fairly the Indians play, and how polite they are. This Indian football team is from the Carlisle school.

Some Indians are lawyers; some are carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, wagon-makers; many are farmers on their own lands; they are earning their living precisely as white young men do.

Some are soldiers; a few Indians were among the Rough Riders whom Col. Roosevelt, now our President, led at Santiago, and one was his orderly.

Some young Indian women are nurses. A few write for papers and magazines, and a few draw and paint. Many Indians, young men and women, are clerks and teachers and workers in various Indian schools.

For when it was found how well the Carlisle school succeeded, the government established other Indian schools in different states away from the Indian homes. There are now twenty-five.

So, we have to thank Colonel Pratt, not only for what he is doing in his own school, but for what his example has been doing in the education of Indians.

Also, among the homes of the Indians in Dakota, Neb., California and other States are eighty-eight boarding schools where Indian boys and girls stay for years, going home to see their parents only at vacations.

Besides these are one hundred and thirty-eight day schools.

Here the small children come and stay all day, and go home again at night; they often have to walk miles to do this.

So, when you think of Indian children, remember that over twenty-five thousand of them are going to school just as you do, and are studying and reading the same books as yours.

FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK,  
in Little Folks.

## IMPORTANT TO KEEP THE FLIES OUT.

The presence of flies in the house is a reproach.

It is a falling away from a high hygienic standard, for the fly is a pestilential fellow.

It must be admitted, however, that it is very difficult to keep habitable places free from flies.

Poisonous fly-papers are unsightly, and glutinous cords and traps are not very pleasant accessories in the household.

Yet it is a matter not only of comfort but also of health that the fly should be excluded.

The fly may easily be a pathogenic agent owing to the fact of its choice of environment being oftentimes of the most disgusting character.

When a fly walks across a suitable culture medium it leaves infection behind it, as shown in the colonies or organisms which develop on the points with which the insect's legs have been in contact.

The fly, therefore, should be driven out of our haunts. It is a curious fact that flies will not pass through netting even though the meshes be quite large unless there be a source of light, as from a window, behind it.

Thus in rooms with windows only on one side, a net over the window will absolutely keep the flies out, although the meshes of the net may be an inch apart.—[London Lancet.

## THE ASSISTANT MATRON'S ROOM.

Mrs. De Loss, clerk at Siletz Indian School, Oregon, and formerly for a short time assistant matron with us, read an excellent paper before the Newport, Oregon, Indian Institute, in which she set forth some conditions that exist in schools for Indians, and suggested a remedy in some cases. In the matter of buildings and the location of the assistant matron's room, here is a picture:

The room assigned the assistant matron is too often cut off from direct sunshine, has no closets, is too small and inadequate considering that a large number of pupils must be received frequently for social or other purposes; has dormitory at right of it, wash room to the left of it, dormitory above it and play room below. Imagine yourself to be in the assistant matron's room some evening hour.

You are tired, head throbs, nerves pull; you long for a quiet rest.

Imperious knocks at your door demand arbitration of difficulties; modest raps plead for admission to look at or cut out pictures, or write, or for a story, ect.; yells, shrieks, screams from beneath and the wild rushing of many feet in heavy shoes startle you.

You endure in silence because it is the children's play time in their own play rooms, and you believe it should be free. But under the same conditions, in a room favorably situated, you might have had comparative peace. You should, perhaps, have no nerve ache, while your charges are awake and you are on duty; but, to twist Bret Harte's words, you do sometimes tho' you "hadn't order."

Then her review of a few minutes of the working hours of a boy's matron is vivid and will be appreciated by all who know anything of matrons work:

The morning schoolboys have been sent to the school room. The dormitory work is finished. The matron's "detail" armed with brooms, mops and dusters is ready for a final cleaning up of clothing rooms and basement. The matron is in the lavatory drilling raw recruits in the maneuvers of faucet polishing and sink cleaning. A "little Injun" bursts in and announces: "Superutenen's going thoo, with a whole loter people." The matron calmly proceeds with her instructions, a pleasant vision of fresh swept halls and adjuncts, as she last beheld them, lying along the horizon of her mental plane. Mercury further volunteers: "Front porch and hall orful dirty! Jim and Pete just come in with a whole lot er mud on their shoes an' whittlin er stick all over the hall, an' they kicked up the rugs an' now they're in the sittin' room, with their hats on!" Mercury receives a swift lesson in language; Jim and Pete remove their respective hats and the marks of their invasion, but alas! "Poor Yorick!"

## WHAT THE INDIAN SHOULD DO.

The Indian should select a good thrifty white man and make a lease.

He should select a man that he would welcome as a neighbor, then as soon possible, and if, to his best interest sell this man a homestead and keep him there.

No good man wants to live as a tenant all his life—he wants a home.

The Indian and the white man must live here together—the amalgamation of the races is going to solve all these difficulties and bring harmony and union.

The Indian must wake up to conditions and work out his own salvation.

He must do one or two things, go abreast with conditions arm himself with information on the valuation of lands, rents, etc., and make a good deal for himself and if he does not he will be ground down by the progress that must come.

His friends cannot stay this great tide of progress as in times past—he must "do or die"—sad as this is, it is the plain truth.—[Indian Citizen.

## AN INDIAN MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

The Dakota Sioux Indians connected with the Presbyterian and Congregational churches and missions assembled on September 10th, to the number of two thousand in their annual mission conference. They were led by their veteran missionaries, Revs. Drs. John P. Williamson, of Greenwood; Alfred Riggs, of Omaha; assisted by Rev. Messrs. Reed, Cross, Johnson and others. The camp of tepees and tents was on the west bank of the Missouri river, above the Standing Rock Agency, and around the church building in a circle one mile in diameter. The back-ground of grass-covered hills and green trees completed the picture. Horses and wagons and buggies were there in great numbers, having brought Indians from Montana and the east part of S. Dakota, as well as the north part of North Dakota, besides these from the surrounding region, though they will walk a long way rather than fail to be present. Visiting delegates from the Nez Perces of Idaho and a missionary from the Crows in Montana, were also present. Despite the rain and snowstorm the conference was so excellent as to call forth words of appreciation from both missionaries and Indians present. Live topics and current questions of policy and method and progress were discussed, the Indians taking part heartily and effectively. Separate meetings were held, such as women's missionary, presbytery and association, revealing quickened interest in missions and evangelistic work. Most of their contributions go toward evangelizing their own unevangelized people. For this the total given by the Presbyterian congregations the last twelve months exceeded that of any previous year of their history, being over \$2,400 of which the women's missionary societies gave about one third. There are nearly fifteen hundred communicants connected with the Presbyterian churches, and about two-thirds as many connected with the Congregational churches, made up of Dakota Sioux. One of the most interesting features of these conferences is their all joining in the observance of the Lord's Supper at the Sabbath morning service. The Sabbath afternoon service is in English and was this year favored with a sermon by Rev. A. M. York, Ph. D., of Pollock, not far distant—[Presbyterian Banner.

## WHEN EDUCATION IS SELFISH.

Ex-President, Grover Cleveland, in his address recently at the installation of Dr. John Huston Finley, who left the faculty of Princeton to accept the presidency of the College of the City of New York, made this stirring comment:

"I cannot rid myself at this moment of the thought that education is a selfish, useless thing if it is to be hid in a napkin or if it is to be hugged to the breast by its possessor as a mere individual prize, and it seems to me that the existence of schools and colleges in this land of ours can scarcely be deemed important except as they are the sources from which education may be distributed through many channels, for the enrichment of the body politic, and the stimulation of patriotic, thoughtfulness among our people."

## TERRITORY AND WORLD'S FAIR.

F. C. Hubbard, World's Fair commissioner for Indian Territory, has returned from Washington and St. Louis, where he has been in connection with the Indian Territory exhibit at the forthcoming exposition at St. Louis. Mr. Hubbard stated that all matters were arranged satisfactorily both in Washington and St. Louis, says the Phoenix, and that active operations in connection with the exhibit would commence at once.

Mr. Hubbard has been designated by the secretary of the interior as the executive commissioner for Indian Territory and will have charge of all details in connection with exhibit at the fair.—[Indian Journal.

**THE RED MAN AND HELPER.**

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. 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.

We now have 1025 on roll and more seeking admission.

So many times we read that this particular feature of a certain school, is the "best in the service." It has become a trite saying and can well be dispensed with, for half the time the person making the boast doesn't know whether the thing he is placing before all others is the best in the service or not, for he has not visited the other schools, hence cannot judge.

It has been suggested that the only way to bring an Indian into a state of independence is to take away the things on a reservation that encourage him to lead an idle life. How inconvenient! Why not take the Indian TO the things that encourage a THRIFTY life? Place the Indian youth among people who are independent and they soon drink in the life of that atmosphere and learn the habits of independence. He soon learns to be ashamed of his weaknesses and unconsciously picks up the motives and means of doing the many unrecognizable and unteachable things that lead to independence, acquiring them through unconscious observation and actual practice.

Sumner Riggs is helping the Missionary workers at Colony, Oklahoma, to use his own unique expression, "to pull my people into Christianity." In speaking of a man that hinders them, he says "he seemed to be on the way in front of our way." "I am not a graduate of your school. I send my best wishes to my teachers Miss Cutter, Miss Burgess and others that I missed their tracks." Sumner is well remembered at our school as a strong and faithful student. When a boy with us and when out on a farm he sometimes wanted his own way in opposition to his instructors, but he generally had the good sense to soon discover his mistakes and then did better than ever. It was Sumner who blew out the gas in a Williamsport hotel and was discovered when nearly dead from asphyxiation. Sumner's friends among the old workers at Carlisle, wish him well, and trust he will succeed royally in his new work.

**SOME ENCOURAGING NOTES FROM PATRONS.**

Of ALEX PERRY: "I never expect to get a boy like Alex. He stands high in my estimation, honest, sober, upright in every respect and a first class workman."

Of ABE COLONAHASKI: "Abe has been one of the best boys in every way I have ever had from Carlisle and I am very sorry to part with him."

Of JAS. COMPTON: "James has been as good a boy as I could ask for."

Of AMOS THOMAS: "Amos is a good boy and willing to work but it is hard to make him understand what he is to do."

Of ANDRES MORO: "Andres is so correct in all his habits and so faithful to every duty we shall miss him badly."

Of AUGUST MESPLIE: "We can speak well of August Mesplie. He has been a good faithful boy."

Of THOMAS DELORM: "Thomas was good natured and willing but very trying at times, as he never learned to like work and we had to bear with him a great deal."

Of BERTIE BLUESKY: "It was so nice to have a boy that wanted to save money."

Of CYRUS TALLCHIEF: "Cyrus is a fine boy; we will miss him very much. He comes back to you much loved by us and may he always continue to be as fine as he is now."

Of JOHN WIZI: "John has been one of our most patient, conscientious, painstaking boys. We would be pleased to have him another season."

Of SOLOMON WEBSTER: "Webster has been a very good boy and we regret the season is here for school."

Of JOHN FEATHER: "It has been a great pleasure to have had John Feather with us. He has a fine character. I do not think he would intentionally do a wrong."

Of WM FOSTER: "William is a very good boy. We all liked him very much."

"The Weekly Review" devoted to Indian Education and published at Riggs Institute, Flandreau, South Dakota, is one of the new ventures in journalism which no doubt will fill a long felt want at Flandreau. It is a neat little school paper and we wish it success.

The Orphanage News Letter published at Kodiak, away up in Alaska, says: The reports from the Carlisle children continue to be favorable. All have good health and are making progress in their work and studies.

**A TALK ON THE NAVY.**

Miss Newcomer's talk at the opening exercises of school was on "The Navy". Her discourse embodied the following outline, and was listened to with excellent attention:

1. War vessels—Cruisers, battle ships, and torpedo boats.
2. Navy yards, naval stations, coaling stations, naval observatory, gun foundry, torpedo stations, hospitals, sailors' homes, naval academy, war college.
3. Education of officers.
4. Enlistment and education of men. Life on a training ship.
5. Marines.
6. Naval militia.
7. Administration—Officers and bureaus of the department.
8. Value of naval property. Yearly appropriations.
9. How the building of the new navy has affected other industries.

**A COUNTRY BOY TO HIS MOTHER.**

In an open letter we find this bit of moralizing:

"Through the kindness of my father I commence school next Monday.

And as a last dissipation before the strenuous school work commences, he took me with him to Trenton Fair as this was my first attendance of anything of the sort.

Among the many things I enjoyed there was one that I did not enjoy, and I wished very much that Col. Pratt could have talked to him for a few moments, I think he would have felt so ashamed of himself that he would never have cared to be on an exhibition again.

He was an Indian with his face painted, his finger nails allowed to grow long and posing as a wild man of the Philippines.

I wondered if he knew what a debased looking object he was."

**ITEMS FROM THE SEWING ROOM.**

The plain sewing class made 170 cotton flannel drawers last week.

40 pairs of pants and three coats were mended in the mending class on Monday morning.

The dressmakers are glad to have Lizzie Wolfe back again.

Miss Searight's mother who has been ill for some time is reported better.

"I don't see why the department of the interior should have to do with the Indians."

"Simple enough. The government now-a-days merely has to care for the interior of the Indian; it simply feeds him, you know."—[Church Progress.

Country father at the table:—Come dear Lord who sat with the publicans, come and bless our food.

Indian girl: Why does he pray for the Republicans.

**Foot-Ball.**

**VICTORY FOR INDIANS.**

**Carlisle Team Scores Twelve Points to None For Bucknell.**

Williamsport, Pa., Oct. 3. Five thousand persons saw the Carlisle Indian team defeat Bucknell at Athletic park this afternoon by a score of 12 to 0. The Indians outplayed the Lewisburg athletes at every point of the game except punting and would have run up a larger score but for fumbles in the first half. The Bucknell team was much heavier than the red men, but they were unable to make any gains at line plunging. Efforts to run the ends also proved futile.

On the other hand the Indians made repeated gains through the center and around the ends. Neither side scored in the first half, although the Indians several times carried the ball dangerously near Bucknell's goal, each time losing it on a fumble. Bucknell showed up strongly in the latter part of the first half and had the ball, on the Indians, 20-yard line when time was called as a result of a fumbled punt.

In the second half the Indians made repeated gains and after fifteen minutes of play Sheldon scored the first touchdown. Johnson kicked the goal. The second touchdown was made on a blocked kick. The ball had been carried to Bucknell's 10-yard line, where it was lost on a fumble to Bucknell. Johnson, of Bucknell, endeavored to punt out of danger, but Williams blocked the kick. The ball rolled over the goal line, Dillon falling on it for a touchdown. Johnson again kicked the goal. The line up:

Bucknell.	Positions.	Indians.
Cockill	left end	Jude
Shipp	left tackle	White
Cooper	left guard	Dillon
Wilcox	center	Shouchouck
Lenhart	right guard	Exendine
Taylor	right tackle	Lubo
Switzer	right end	Kennedy
Smith	quarter-back	Johnson
Roberts	left half-back	Sheldon
Boyard	right half-back	Charles
Johnson	full-back	Williams

—[Special Despatch to the Phila. Press.

The victory over Bucknell was well earned and the Carlisle team had to put forth their best efforts, as Bucknell has a fine team, which is equally as strong as their team of last year.

The game did our team a great deal of good, as it was the first hard one the team has had this season and the experience gained should help the players in the coming games.

Many faults were noticed in the Indians' playing which will have to be corrected the greatest of which was the fumbling, which was the main reason for not running up a larger score. The method of putting the ball in play will also have to be corrected as it was noticed that the Bucknell line men soon learned to anticipate the snap of the ball by watching the quarter back and thus they were able to get the start of the Indian line in charging.

Another weakness of the team manifested itself where the ends failed to box the opposing tackle or half back and allowed one of these men to get through and break up the interference on the plays out side of tackles.

In the second half this fault was corrected somewhat and consequently more gains were made on these plays.

The team deserves great credit for their splendid victory and all played well; so well in fact that it would be unfair to mention any particular ones as doing the best work, but there is always a tendency on the part of the players after every victory of any consequence to become too well satisfied with their playing and over-confident and to neglect practice, etc.

This feeling has lost the Indians many a game in the past and the practice the past week has been so listless and lifeless that it is plain that some of the players are beginning to think that they don't need any more practice, and it may be that only a severe defeat will make the players realize how much more they will have to improve in order to stand a chance of winning from such teams as Princeton, Harvard and Pennsylvania.

Only continued and diligent practice, enthusiasm, determination and spirited work will enable the team to make a splendid record, and it is hoped that the players will realize these facts in order that there may be no such defeats as Harvard, Bucknell and Virginia administered to the team last year.

Many of the second team are showing up very well and most of them will make good material for the first team sometime in the future. A game has been arranged for them with the Harrisburg High School for tomorrow, and other games will likely be arranged in the near future.



THE "SIXTH OF OCTOBER, THE LONG JOURNEY OVER," THIS PARTY OF YOUNG INDIANS CAME TO CARLISLE, FROM DAKOTA TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

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

Col. Pratt returned to-day.

Mrs. Pratt has returned from Denver.

We foot-ballers haven't the big-head yet, have we?

The poem 1st page is the kind that never gets old.

The name of the Chief of the Chippewa is Flatmouth.

The girls enjoyed their walk with Mr. Allen last Sunday.—

Mrs. Wheelock was ill for a few days with a chill and fever.

If an item ends with a dash (—) it means that a student wrote it.

Bert Jacquez is the authorized collector for the steam laundry in town.

The first pumkin-pies of the season were enjoyed by the students on Wednesday.

The Band played in York, on Wednesday, on the occasion of the County Fair.

Alfred Venne, '04, led the meeting in the boys' quarters last Sunday evening.—

An orchestra of nine pieces has been organized for the Sunday afternoon service.—

George Field is the newly elected Captain of the harness-maker football team.—

Milo Doctor, one of the new students from New York has joined the shoemaking force.—

Miss Pierre, assistant nurse at Carlisle, made Chemawa a short visit.—[Chemawa American.

The bread turned out by Mr. Bigjim Driver is calling forth favorable comment from the student body.—

Victor Johnson has been succeeded by Hastings Robertson as president of the Standard Literary Society.—

Miss Ely writes that she arrived at Mound City, Kansas, and is enjoying her rest among friends and relatives.

The Susans held their first meeting Friday evening and all seemed delighted to be together once more as a society.—

Emma Fisher, one of the new girls from Michigan was a student and a member of the band of the Mt. Pleasant School.

54 of the large boys volunteered to cut corn last Saturday for neighboring farmers, for the wages paid for such work.

The October number of the Chippewa Herald is a fine little edition, full of common sense and news, and well printed.

We see by a letter from a friend in Montana that Minnie Reed married Mr. Williams of the Cherokee tribe; we wish her happiness.—

Printer Lawrence Mitchell fell on a corn cutter last Saturday and injured his leg somewhat, but with careful dressing he is up and around.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society hopes to be able, in the near future to challenge her brother societies in debate or in oratorical contests.—

The prayer meeting held in the girls' quarters last Sunday was led by Miss Smith. It was interesting and we hope that her talk was not in vain.—

Mr. Davies enjoys his new position, that of vocal teacher, and Miss Senseney who gave up the vocal for instrumental teaching is happy in her work.

When the Band leaves for a day and the football boys turn out for practice or to play a regular game, the printing force is robbed of eleven good workmen.

Country-patrons are always welcome at the school, as was shown by Ayeche Sarcino who recently escorted a number through the various departments.—

Miss Sara Pierre has returned from Oregon with three girls and one boy to enter as students. She has had many and varied experiences which we hope to get from her from time to time.

The football boys report Williamsport as quite a "Carlisle town." The town was decorated with Red and Old Gold, and the people also had decorated their carriages with the same colors.—

The school spirit is what we want but we must learn to distinguish a small game from a large one and cheer accordingly when we learn that our boys have won a victory, says Alfred Venne.

The team goes to Lancaster tomorrow and they will have no easy task to defeat Franklin & Marshall, as this team gave Pennsylvania their hardest game this year and came within one yard of scoring.

Celinda King' '03, has gone to the West Chester Normal.

Bessie Peters, '03, left for her Wisconsin home last Thursday evening.

Esther Allen's sixth birthday came last Sunday, and Misses Peter and Paull dined with the family.

The friends of Elige Crow, of North Carolina, a student with us a few years ago, are shocked to learn of his death.

Zenobia Calac writes that she is living in one of the best homes, with very nice people and is very happy at her country home where she expects to stay all winter.—

The girls and boys in the Normal Room are having for their nature study "The parts and habits of a spider." Both teachers and pupils find it very interesting.—

The Chippewa Herald says that \$26,000 has been placed to the credit of Agent Michelet for making the per capita annuity payment to the Indians under his charge.

Elizabeth Knudson '03, who is living with a family at Beverly, N. J., states in a letter to a friend, that she likes her place, and will probably stay there all winter.—

We are sorry that so few of the football games scheduled are to be played here. Only one more, and that is Swarthmore. The more interest may be taken in the shop games.

Miss Ebert, '02, has recently been nursing a case of typhoid fever, and she says that trained nurses can earn a living in Detroit City, Minnesota, because nurses are scarce there.—

On Saturday, a good many boys went out in the country near by to cut corn. Some of the boys said they were earning money to go to the Pennsylvania-Indian game on Nov. 14.—

The new boy may be too proud to show his homesickness. He may not have any such feeling. We have seen no evidence, but let us take him by the hand anyhow and be kind to him.

Lizzie Wolf returned from North Carolina last Friday evening with two new pupils. Lizzie is looking well and has had a very pleasant summer among the mountains in the south.—

The rain this week no doubt is the tail-end of a blizzard Northwest storm. How much less discomfort there is in a quiet rain than in a driving blizzard of snow! We have much to be thankful for.

Miss Noble left for Carlisle Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell accompanied her as far as Portland. Miss Noble's many friends at Chemawa hope that she will soon come again.—[Chemawa American.

Assistant Superintendent Robert M. Cousar, of the Phoenix Indian School, died at his home at the school, Sept. 16, of tuberculosis. He was well liked and his death is mourned by many friends and co-workers.

At the illustrated lectures, last Saturday evening, Edith Bartlett's recitation about the Grand Canyon was a very appropriate one for the occasion, as the pictures at the time were of that celebrated chasm.—

Mrs. Rumsport was called to the home of her daughter Mrs. Lindsay, in Huntingdon, and a little [grandchild] but five months old, was laid to rest. She has returned to her post of duty as cook at the Teachers' Club.

One of our number happened to complain of her corn aching, about the time the detail to assist neighboring farmers was sent out on Saturday, and was asked by one in charge how many boys she wished detailed to cut it.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson's letters, last page, are entertaining pictures of the wilds of California. Hupa Valley is a hard place to reach under the best of conditions, but when the weather is inclement, the difficulties are multiplied.

Dick Pratt, of Steelton, was the mascot of our team at the Bucknell game. We can't lose when he goes. He must be sure to accompany the boys to Harvard, Princeton, and Philadelphia. Never mind the smaller games, Dick.

Mr. Frank Yeago, a Hampton student stopped off on his way back to school after a summer's outing in Massachusetts. He is a Souix boy and had friends at the school. He was a gentlemanly looking young man, and received a cordial welcome.

Misses Sadie Robertson and Moul will visit the Invincibles tonight; Misses Senseney and Newcomer the Standards; Messrs. Davies and Thompson the Susans.

The large boys are changing rooms this week. The A and B companies will occupy the third floor, C company and the Band the second floor, and D company the first floor.

The Catholic meetings began last Tuesday. Father Mahany will take special interest in the Bible class, which numbers forty from the higher grades. Sister Ursula will take the Catechism class.

Miss Jenevieve Cooly, Cataloguer in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. is Miss Cutter's guest for a few days. Her native town is Amherst, Massachusetts, where Miss Cutter lived for many years.

John Archuleta who is working in the Carlisle Shoe Factory his half-day period of work, says that he has operated a new machine and was pleased with his success. This is an opportunity for John which he fully appreciates.

How we wish every young man at our school would read and weigh and learn by heart the splendid words uttered by President Roosevelt, last page. The talk was printed by request, and all who read it will be thankful for the opportunity.

Antonio Reyes, one of our ex-typos, who left for his home in Porto Rico last summer, wrote to one of his Carlisle friends that he is coming back to the States soon, and that he is enjoying himself all he can now so that when he returns he can start to work in earnest.

Mrs. R. H. Middleton, of Boiling Springs, sent grapes to Colonel and Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Allen and Miss Ely, all of whom wish to acknowledge the same with thanks. In this instance it was certainly sweet to be remembered for the grapes were deliciously sweet.

The Juniors' Semi-annual election of officers took place last evening with the following result: President, Emiliano Padin; Vice-President, Delphina Jacquez; Recording-Secretary, Spencer Williams; Corresponding-Sec., Wilson Charles; Critic, Bert Jacquez; Reporter, Florence Welch; Boys' Treasurer, Nicholas Pena; Girls' Treasurer, Agnes White.

Juan Santana who through an unfortunate circumstance was sent to the Huntingdon Reformatory wrote to one of his Porto Rican friends stating that he is getting on nicely and has had several promotions in rank. He has just been raised from Sergeant to Sergeant-Major. He also says that when he leaves Huntingdon he intends to go home. We are glad to hear of his progress.

The problems in Arithmetic now being solved by the Juniors and Seniors were made last year by students and teachers through consultation with shop instructors. They are of the most practical character possible, and the students are taking hold of them with a will. These problems at present are printed as leaflets, which may later be worked up into a book—a Carlisle Indian School Arithmetic, embodying every-day questions that the student of any Grammar school might with profit try to solve.

Bemus Pierce, since the outside of this week's RED MAN was printed, received a flattering offer from Riverside California to coach the Sherman Institute football team, and departed for the Pacific Coast, Wednesday night, going by his home in New York. He will take Mrs. Pierce and probably be absent from home not over two months. Coach Warner will miss his Assistant whose valued service the boys also appreciated. His very bigness inspires, and we hope he will succeed again this year as he must have last year, or Sherman Institute would not ask to have him back.

Wm. Paul, class '02, the oboe soloist, has returned from Philadelphia to take his old place in the band, and expects to attend Dickinson Preparatory. Since he has left us, he has gained the Banks' Business College diploma as type-writer and stenographer, attending school in his off hours. Being nightwatchman for a business house, and sleeping but five hours a day, he managed to get through. He feels the need of more education and avails himself of the present opportunity to become more thorough, and to take advanced studies. Mr. Paul evidently means business and will use his knowledge for a good purpose.

Miss Hill returned from Michigan on Saturday with a company of 13 as nicely behaved Indian children as ever traveled: there were 5 girls and 8 boys. Next week we hope to print an interview with her, regarding some of her interesting experiences, and what she saw returned students doing.

The Chemawa American appeareth in better form these days. We visited the office of the American a few weeks ago, soon after they moved into new, light, airy quarters, and the young gentleman in charge was hopeful of being able to put in some new material soon. The print is good considering the material with which they have to work.

Sarah Carpenter, who is at Leopard, says by letter: I sometimes think about you Carlisle people who are having fun. But I do not wish that I was there in Carlisle for I have a very nice country home. I will have to go to school before long and I will have to get up early to get all through.

There were no special demonstrations on the 6th of October, the 24th anniversary of the arrival of the first students, at Carlisle. The little story, first page, from the pen of Frances C. Sparhawk written for Little Folks tells it all, and will be read with interest by grown up people as well. The illustration, opposite page tells it even more vividly.

The illustrated lecture Saturday night carried us to the majestic Rocky Mountains and the Grand Canyon. We doubt if there are finer slides in existence than ours and the electric light lantern is superb. It was skilfully managed on Saturday night by Miss Bowersox and Mr. Reising. The Band played as a "starter" for the enjoyable evening and rendered excellent music. Mr. Allen, was the speaker of the evening.

A friend of the Indian in Philadelphia closes his letter of renewal: "With much pleasure I enclose 25 cents for renewal etc. \* \* \* It is always a very welcome visitor, containing as it does such evidences of very careful and able preparation, reflected in its pithiness, wisdom and instructiveness." We thank our unknown friend for such encouraging words.

The State Federation of Pennsylvania Women meets in Carlisle next week, and Wednesday is the afternoon set apart to visit the Indian School. There will probably be 300 in the party.

Mrs. Pratt, Vice-Pres. of the Central District will spare no pains to show up the work of Indian education, and they will see bright young Indians, members of a Literary Society that might as far as literary standing goes, be a creditable branch of the Federation. They will come on the grounds at two o'clock and remain till five, visiting the school and industries in turn. The Band will play upon the bandstand, and the afternoon will close with a dress parade, weather permitting.

Last Tuesday night the Sophomores had their election of officers for the coming year, in the music-room. The class song, "The Sophomores," was sung with such spirited enthusiasm that the days of the springsports, were recalled. The following officers were installed: President, Chauncy Charles; Vice-President, Louis Paul; Secretary, Elizabeth Walker; Editor, Louis Flores; and Critic, Albert Exendine. After election the vacancy, in the program, between the balloting and announcement of result by the tellers was filled with solos by Peter Francis and Elizabeth Walker. The evening was enjoyed by none more than the proud "Class of 1906"—

Are you a student? Then where is your lead pencil? Oh, in your other coat pocket? In the bureau drawer, may be. At the school house? A real student will never be without a lead pencil, and there is always a way to get into one's possession a small bit of pencil; then tie it around the neck, if it is always getting lost. No pencil! No STUDENT! Pick up the bits of carbon under the electric lights, if no other way. They will write. Students will be provided with pencils to KEEP, if they really want them and keep them. A student should have his pencil with him in the shop as well as school-room, if he IS A STUDENT and is anxious to learn. If he is not anxious to learn he is not a student? A pupil not anxious to learn is not much more than a thing, is he? One who is anxious to learn, hears something new nearly every hour of the day. Write it down, put it down accurately! "Writing maketh an accurate man," says some wise philosopher.

**LIFE IN THE WILDS OF CALIFORNIA.**

When Miss Burgess was in San Francisco she met Martha Owl Simpson, class 1897, who is a Cherokee, of North Carolina. She graduated from the Carlisle High School, after taking our diploma, and then accepted a position at Hupa Valley, California. There she met her fate, in Mr. Simpson, an Anglo-Saxon gentleman of true worth and culture. Martha resigned from the service to reside over a home of their own. Mr. Simpson is an employee, and with his wife spent his vacation in San Francisco, San Jose and vicinity. Mr. Simpson's description of their trip home is entertaining.

He says in part:

"I promise that Martha would write as soon as we got home, but she is too busy, so in order to make my promise good will do the writing myself. It is now just eight P. M. Martha is busy taking the clothes off of our old red rooster who died very suddenly about a quarter of an hour ago by getting his head caught between the blade of an ax and the chopping block.

We had a delightful trip up, the ocean was calm as a mill-pond.

We did not get into Eureka in time to take the morning train so had to wait till four P. M.; got into Korbel at 6:30, had supper and started out for Redwood, a drive of seventeen miles.

About two miles out it began to rain and a heavy fog came in from the ocean; it soon got dark and when we got into the timber we were strictly 'in it'—the dark.

We ran off the road and nearly upset, had to get out and walk ahead of the team.

Martha walked in the centre and Mr. Tyler, the principal teacher who was with us, and I on either side of her. We made about two miles that way and reached the Mountain house about ten miles from Korbel; found the beds all full with not even a blanket to spare.

We could go no farther in the dark and rain, so did the next best, put the horses in the barn and dug some holes in the hay for ourselves, crawled quietly in, wet clothes and all, and slept the sleep of the just.

We were out and on the road at half past five in the morning and rode seven miles in the rain to Redwood where we fed ourselves, and team and got warmed up a little, borrowed an umbrella and drove till noon through the fog and rain.

At noon the sun came out and the balance of the day was very beautiful.

We found one large tree fallen across the road, but as we had a hatchet and there were four Indians in a wagon ahead of us we got the tree out of our way and arrived home without further mishap.

Had we been, alone we would have had to make camp, set fire to the tree in the road and watch it burn and not even have the consolation of a hole in a hay mow.

Such is life in the wilds of California.

We have all our chicks and seven little ones. Our cat has not called since we returned.

We found two pies, a large cake and four loaves of bread set ready to put in the oven, a thoughtful neighbor did it.

Martha says do not let the Man-on-the-band-stand get hold of her having to sleep in the hay mow. She hasn't got all the stickers and chaff out of her hair and clothes yet. I only wish Lizzie Aiken had been along. The weather here is delightful."

**OVER THE SAME ROAD.**

Mrs. Simpson's description of the same journey, the year previous, is deserving of space:

"Have been home just a week. I was really glad to get back into the woods.

We had a lovely trip up the coast. The sea was as smooth as the floor. We were agreeably disappointed for we expected a rough sea. We were met at Korbel by two Indians and they were just about half drunk.

They loaded up our freight and baggage, and moved along beautifully, until we got within ten miles from home. This is a half way station, I should judge, for that is the only saloon between here and Korbel a distance of fifty miles, and of course the men got more whisky.

We rode for about two miles but we were in danger for a time, of being ditched.

The driver was almost too full to sit up, and kept the horses just on the trot.

We got off and footed it into Hupa. We got into the valley about an hour ahead

of the team and sat down at the upper end of the valley to wait for them.

We saw them once as they came down the mountain side at break-neck speed, but they failed to make one of the curves, and went over the grade.

We heard the crash and went back up the hill just to meet a keg of butter making its way down.

Of all breakables that we had we lost only nine fruit jars, but a fanning-mill and a sewing-machine that they were bringing in for the post trader were smashed, so that one could not very well tell what they had ever been."

**THE POWER OF A CLEAN LIFE**

**President Roosevelt to Young Men at Oyster Bay, August 16**

I do not want to see Christianity professed only by weaklings; I want to see it a moving spirit among men of strength. I do not expect you young men to lose one particle of your strength or courage by being decent. I desire to see in this country the decent men strong and the strong men decent, and until we get that combination in pretty good shape we are not going to be by any means as successful as we should be. There is always a tendency among very strong men and among boys who are not quite young men as yet to think that to be wicked is rather smart; it shows that they are men. Oh, how often you see some young fellow who boasts that he is going to see life, meaning by that that he is going to see that part of life which it is a thousandfold better if it remains unseen. I ask that every man here constitute himself his brother's keeper by setting an example to that younger brother which will prevent him from getting such a false estimate of life as that.

Example is the most potent of all things. If any one of you in the presence of younger boys, and especially the younger people of your own family, misbehave yourself, if you use coarse and blasphemous language before them, you can be sure that these younger people will follow your example and not your precept. It is no use to preach to them if you do not act decently yourself.

Just as I was driving up here a friend who was with us said that in his experience the boy who went out into life with a foul tongue was apt so to go because his kinsfolk—at least his intimate associates—themselves had foul tongues. But while the life in the family cannot do everything, while the associations of friendship cannot do everything, still the friends, the father, the elder brothers, can do most toward seeing that the boys as they become men become clean and honorable men.

I have told you that I wanted you not only to be decent, but to be strong. These boys are not going to admire virtue that is of a purely anemic type. They delight in courage, in manliness. They admire those who have the quality of being brave, the quality of facing life as life should be faced, the quality that must stand at the root of good citizenship in peace or in war.

If you are to be effective as good Christians you have got to possess strength and courage, or your example will count for little with the young, who admire strength and courage.

I want to see the young fellow able to

do a man's work in the world, and of a type which will not permit imposition to be practiced upon him. I want to see him too strong a spirit to submit to wrong, and, on the other hand, ashamed to do wrong to others. There is no good of your preaching to your boys to be brave if you run away. There is no good of your preaching to them to tell the truth if you do not. There is no good of your preaching to them to be unselfish if they see you disregarding of others yourself.

In the last analysis, the whole future of the State depends upon the average citizen having in his nature the mixture of strength and honesty which make in their sum what we call good citizenship, to the making up of which go many qualities. In the first place, the quality of honesty—honesty, including decency in private life, cleanliness of word, cleanliness of speech as well as of life; decency toward the State, including honesty, which, if it is really possessed, stands as the basis of patriotism itself; that is indispensable. I do not care how strong a man was or how brave he was if he was crooked. If he did not have in him the love of his country, then his other qualities but made him a curse. The man who had no love of country was a traitor; and if he was strong and able and brave he was only the more formidable and dangerous traitor. So in civil life; the greater a man's ability, if it is not combined with the moral sense, the more dangerous that man is as a citizen, the worse he is as a citizen. Unless there is a spirit of honesty in a man, unless there is a moral sense, his courage, his strength, his power but make him a dangerous creature.—[Association Men.]

**FOUND HIS BROTHER AT LAST.**

Twenty years ago Alonzo Beddoe, a young Englishman left the state of New York where his family had located upon their removal from England a few years before, and came directly to the Creek nation. He made his home in the southwest part of the Creek nation and there married a Creek woman. Beddoe still lives where he located so long ago with his Indian bride. The woman is dead, but five children survive. These have taken allotments in the neighborhood of the old home, which is close to where Wetumka has been built.

Tom Beddoe is a well known salesman of paper and printing material. Since the town was built there has been business in it for a traveling man. On a recent trip he heard of Alonzo Beddoe and, having in mind his long lost brother, he went to the farm where the old squawman lived. It did not require long for the two to establish their relationship and renew old ties. The old intermarried Indian had no idea that his family was represented in the West, and he had forgotten to a great extent that he ever had a family at all.

—[Indian Journal.]

**Not always so.**

"Our colleges turn out some pretty good men nowadays," remarked the elderly gentleman.

"Yes," replied his son, gloomily, "our college turned out the man who was sure to have won the hundred-yard dash for us next year—just because he didn't pass any of his examinations."

**THE MAN BEHIND YOU.**

There is a man behind you.

"Does this open window annoy you?" said a traveler in a car, as he turned and spoke to the stranger back of him.

"I don't mind the air, but I do object to the smoke," said the latter; "and yet I don't want you to close the window on my account."

The questioner shut the window, saying, "You know it isn't the fellow who sits by the window that gets the smoke and cinders; it's the one back of him. I tell you, a man ought to be mighty careful how he opens a car window. He ought to know how it suits the person behind him before he is willing to ride with his window open."

Call that applied Christianity, or call it Christian endeavor, or whatever we may, the spirit of it is what the Christian world needs.

Who cares for the man behind him,—not only in a car, but in rank, in society, in the church!—[Sunday School Times.]

**HEAVEN IN LITTLE THINGS.**

Every task is worthy of our best endeavor.

There is no work given us in which all our powers cannot be well employed.

The world needs not so much those who can do great things as those who can and will do little things well.

If in some desolate heathen land all the common people should suddenly come to appreciate personal cleanliness, comfortable clothing, wholesome food, and health-giving work, it would seem as if heaven had begun there, even if in all the country there were not a pipe-organ, a fine painting, or a great book.

Let us not do carelessly any common task.

Joseph Parker said that he who thinks his work is beneath him, and not worthy of his powers, is "only a fussy idler in a garden of weeds."—[Sunday School Times.]

**It Will Become Second Nature.**

Just as you now play a piece without the music and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so, if you begin of set purpose, you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you, and make more music in your life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.

—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

**FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.**

- Sept. 19, Lebanon Valley College, here. Won 28 to 0
- " 26, Gettysburg, here. Won 46 to 0.
- " 30, Mt. St. Marys, here (cancelled).
- Oct. 3, Bucknell, at Williamsport. Won 12 to 0
- " 7, Bloomsburg Normal, here. Cancelled.
- " 10, Franklin & Marshall, Lancaster.
- " 17, Princeton, at Princeton.
- " 24, Swarthmore, here.
- " 31, Harvard, at Cambridge.
- Nov. 7, Georgetown, at Washington.
- " 14, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
- " 21, University of Virginia at Norfolk.
- " 21, 2nd team vs Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport.
- Nov. 26, Northwestern, at Chicago.

**Enigma.**

- I am made of 9 letters.
- My 9, 7, 6 is an important body in the heavens.
- My 6, 3, 4, 8 is a bird's home.
- My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is where some carpenters keep their tools.
- My whole is what the Carlisle boy is beginning to think about.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Old stocking legs.

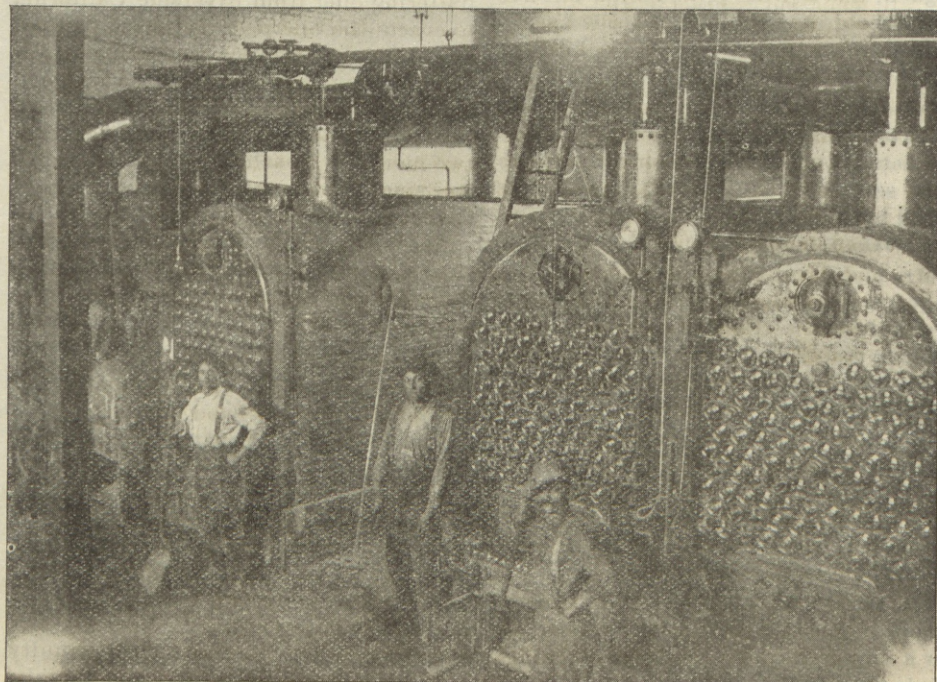
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**THE OLD BOILER HOUSE.**

Showing Assistant-Coach Bemus Pierce as Fireman. He is the center figure.