

The Red Man ^{and} Helper.

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A PRIMITIVE TYPE OF WOMANHOOD.

By Elaine Goodale Eastman, in "The Delineator."

THE BABY girl of the dusky American race, while she lies wrapped like a snug cocoon in her basswood cradle, is already beginning her education.

The lullabies crooned over her by mother and grandmother are neither war-songs nor hunting songs, but of a distinctly feminine type—such as the pretty fable of the twin sisters:

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Four maidens walk the forest;
Their bursts of sportive laughter
Confuse the youthful hunter—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, sleep and dream!
You, too, at night shall meet them.
In dreams the fairy sisters
Shall give you of their magic—
Sleep, sleep and dream!

Sleep, maiden, sleep!
Yours be the cunning fingers;
Yours be the skill in charming;
Yours to allure the hunter—
Sleep, maiden, sleep!

As soon as she is able to toddle about and to wear the long, scanty, straight frock made exactly like her mother's, with its picturesque wing-like sleeves, she is unmistakably an embryo woman.

While the Indian boy's training, after he has reached his fourth year or thereabouts, devolves upon the father, uncle or grandfather, the girl is left wholly to her mother and female relatives.

Her manners—if a well brought-up child—are demure and shy, and she leaves off playing with the top, even with her brothers, at a very early age, preferring to make and tend the most unsophisticated of rag babies and to study and imitate as closely as possible the common household tasks in her ingenious play.

This early separation of the sexes and marked difference in their education is one of the suggestive features of a barbaric age.

These small women are all taught to do real work.

They are allowed to fetch wood and water in quantities suited to their strength, to accompany and help their mothers on turnip-digging, rice-gathering or berry-picking expeditions, and are very often entrusted with the care of a baby brother or sister.

It is pathetic to see one of these motherly little creatures bent nearly double under the weight of an infant almost as big as herself which she carries about on her back, crooning to it with unchildish patience.

With possibly this exception, the little one's life is not hard nor her tasks heavy, for the Indian mother is an indulgent one and punishment and upbraiding are rare.

Lessons in sewing and embroidery come somewhat later, while those in tanning skins, drying meats and cooking are last, because hardest of all.

The majority never attain to more than a rough facility in making garments, and it is a pretty custom among the skilled needle-women of the tribe to favor with gifts of their ornamental handiwork all their relatives and connections.

A whole year is often devoted to the completion of a single large piece of embroidery. The little girl's first pair of moccasins made by herself is regarded with pride by her mother, who may give a feast to her female friends in honor of the event.

The transition from childhood to womanhood is abruptly made at twelve or thirteen years.

A father of good standing in the old days usually gave a feast for his daughter when she reached a marriageable age, and the "feast of maidens" of the tribe, was an annual event.

A young woman was sought after in proportion to the wealth and position of her father, her reputation as an accomplished needle-woman, and, above all, her personal charms.

The fame of her beauty might spread from village to village, exciting jealousy and rivalry among ardent youths and grizzled warriors.

A soft and unblemished skin, long, jet-black locks, "eyes of the fawn" and a form as supple as the poplar tree—these were attractions which usually proved irresistible!

Courtship among people whose ideas of propriety forbade a modest maiden openly to address or even look at a young man, her own brothers and cousins included, must necessarily savor of mystery and intrigue.

Sentiment and romance found expression in serenades on the rude Indian flute, in plaintive love-songs and clandestine meetings, usually at night.

Two distinct kinds of marriage were recognized.

By the first and most honorable method the suitor sought his bride openly of her parents, offering gifts suited to her rank and beauty, and, if accepted, the wedding was celebrated with more or less ceremony.

When the young man was poor or for any reason regarded with disfavor by the girl's family the young couple commonly resorted to an elopement.

The ceremonious marriage by gift or purchase might or might not be preceded by a brief but passionate wooing.

By persuasion or by presents a bride has been gained, and the Indian maid becomes a matron!

We now observe a sudden and striking metamorphosis.

Her girlhood is the brief day of the butterfly, and it is the dull grub into which she is apparently transformed during the homely and laborious period of middle life.

She no longer spends hours in the adornment of her person; coquetry and love of amusement cease to be the ruling passions of her simple mind.

A primitive people entertains no complicated emotions nor conflicting ideas of duty, and the Indian wife and mother is a typical woman in these relations—capable, humble and devoted, self-reliant in action as self-effacing in will.

The drudgery of the camp was considered unsuitable to the young girl—it must be performed by the married woman.

We must remember, however, that the labors of the man, if less continuous, were in reality more severe than her own.

Life, food and safety depended upon his success in war and the chase, and it is not strange that his assistance, under ordinary circumstances, should be regarded as a gracious reflection upon his womankind.

Domestic etiquette, as well as her own patient and self-denying temper, obliges the matron to serve first her guest, then her husband, afterward the children and herself last of all.

The best that the poor dwelling afforded was at the disposal of the stranger.

At all large gatherings, whether of a so-

cial, religious or political nature, the married women and the girls, the youths and their elders composed four distinct classes, which conversed apart and were separately served.

Virtuous matrons, while no longer concealing their faces in the folds of their draperies or affecting the extreme bashfulness of the maiden, preserved a modest and retiring demeanor in public.

Their counsel and influence, however, was not despised.

There can be no stronger evidence of the honor paid to woman by the Sioux nation than the fact that she was eligible to the highest office known to them—that of doctor and priest—and to membership in their secret society of the "Medicine Lodge."

Indian women are usually contented, cheerful and garrulous in the company of their own sex.

Childlike in their fondness for gayety and ready assumption of holiday attire, no less characteristic is their utter abandonment of sorrow upon the loss of a relative, and their mourning customs are the natural expressions of ungovernable grief.

True, this grief may be as short-lived as it is passionate; yet the dead are not usually soon forgotten.

Months after they are laid to rest the "ghost feast" is celebrated, with its elaborate honors and fresh display of sorrow for the departed.

Years may have passed since the bereavement, yet on blustering Winter nights the weird death chant can still be heard in the pauses of the wind, and we know that the widow or the childless mother yonder is holding her painful vigil beside a lonely grave.

The Indian woman who passes the climacteric enters upon a third distinctive phase of her existence.

Following Nature with that literalness which we have learned to expect from her, she relinquishes her modesty and reserve, together with the physical insignificance of her womanhood.

A free and practically sexless being, picturesque and almost awe-inspiring in her witch-like ugliness, the typical Indian dowager claims the fullest liberty in all respects; her shrill voice penetrates every assemblage and contradicts without fear the sage conclusions of the councillors.

Taste and neatness have no longer any part in her attire; the dingy gown is unbecomingly shortened, the wide sleeves fall away from her scrawny arms, and wild, gray elf-locks frame a million-wrinkled face as brown and dry as a piece of old parchment.

It seems to be her aim to heighten rather than to soften or conceal the natural unattractiveness of old age.

The grandmother, however, is a personage of importance in the Indian community.

Her decisions are not to be lightly opposed, and her veto generally proves effective.

One reason for this feminine tyranny is that the Indians are wedded to custom and precedent; and the old women know all their cherished traditions by heart.

They are superstitious also, and these uncanny beings see omens and prophesy all manner of evil to those who incur their displeasure; they even invoke the powers of Nature and spirits of the dead in their weird songs.

Here is a lament for the slain:

Listen all ye spirits!
There is one among you
Who drank his fill of honors,
Whose name is bright and shining—
Who bravely threw his life away upon the Mandar's field—
Ho-oo-o!

Hearken, all ye spirits!
He has left us weeping,
Left us poor and wretched,
Sorrowful and naked—
Yet alas! our enemies have felt the sharpness of his spear—
Ho-oo-o!

Women are born to coquetry; they make ungrudging sacrifices for love's sake; and yet they dearly like to rule; it seems, therefore, that the Indian woman, in the three periods of her life as maid, matron and dowager, develops to the fullest extent the characteristics of her sex.

MY FRIEND THE ENEMY.

Who and what are our friends and who are our enemies?

Some one may reply that our friends are those who please us and make us feel good, and our enemies are those who oppose us or cause us pain.

We are likely to act as if this were our idea of friends and enemies.

I am sure that I used to do so, but as I grow older I am learning a good deal about my true friends and my real enemies.

I am bringing a good many things over from the list of my enemies to the list of my friends.

I now say that my friends are all things that help me in any way, whether pleasantly or unpleasantly, whether they cause me joy or pain.

Looking at it in this way I can say that I have no enemies at all except my own faults, and that all the people whom I have any thing to do with, and all the forces of nature, are my friends.

I don't believe I have an enemy in the world outside of myself.

I have done a good many things that got me into trouble, but all my troubles, and all the people who reproved me were my true friends, for they made me wiser and better.

Even an angry and unkind rebuke has often done me good, for there was truth in it.

I try now to avoid such rebukes by rebuking myself before they happen.

I have always noticed that the nearer I came to doing just right, the less rebukes I get and the more friends I make.

This seems to be the great plan of the Creator throughout all life and all nature.

All things work together for our good if we only know how to look at them and how to use them.

Everything bright and beautiful and pleasant has its opposite, but the opposite also has its use, and serves us.

Let us look at some of these opposites and see if they are not useful.

Poverty makes us industrious and careful.

It teaches us how to save and how to use money.

Sickness teaches us how to take care of health.

The cold wintry wind makes us think of the future.

It makes us industrious and saving in summer.

When people laugh at us they teach us to get rid of our faults and oddities.

Every time we slip on the ice and fall we arise more careful and sure-footed.

We actually stumble into wisdom.

Spain is a great deal wiser than she was before her little war with Uncle Sam.

Those wild animals that have to struggle the hardest for existence become the swiftest, the strongest and the most beautiful.

The tree that is exposed to the hardest

(Continued on 4th page.)

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.The Mechanical Work on this Paper is
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCEAddress all Correspondence:
Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as
Second-class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from the
Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has"Experience is one teacher; example
another.""Wise men learn by the experience of
others; fools by their own."Right feeling and thinking are necessary
to right acting. "Do unto others as
you would have others do unto you," is
a safe doctrine for every one.Temptation to do wrong comes to all.
The thoughtless boy, the one who cannot
see all sides, cannot weigh all consequences,
yields, falls and loses the confidence
of those about him.Unreasoning temper and resentfulness,
often show themselves after we have been
corrected. The great soul is the one who
sees justice in the correction, and grows
stronger and greater thereby.If there be one thing upon earth that
mankind love and admire better than
another, it is a brave man,—it is a man
who dares look the devil in the face and
tell him he is a devil.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.It is that FIRST button on your check
shirt that must be watched. The work-
shirts have lower collars than those worn
on Sundays, and there is risk in making
the change in cold weather, but when
the band is tight and uncomfortable to
have buttoned, and when a button is off
and the wearer is too "tired" to sew one
on, there is great risk. The part of the
throat exposed is a very tender part. If
we would ALWAYS go with throat exposed
like the young sailor lads, we would
become toughened to it, but never will we
become toughened to wearing an open
collar one day and a high collar the next
day. Watch that button, and many a cold
will be kept away.The REDMAN AND HELPER for a year
would make the longest-drawn-out
Christmas present you could probably get
for twenty-five cents, and if you would
send it to a friend, with your card, he
would think of you every week, sure. Besides
that, you would be helping the paper
and possibly be educating somebody who
ought to know more than he does about
the real character of the Indian. Those
who get their ideas of the Indian from
the Buffalo Bill, Pan-American, South
Carolina, Wild East shows know nothing
of the sturdy worth of the genuine
young student from the plains, who is trying
to get up in the world, to take a stand
by the side of the intelligence of the big
United States reservation.We learn by letter from Mrs. Shaff-
ner Etnier, Phila., that her husband,
Charles Etnier, who has been missing since
July last, has returned. The sad story, in
brief, of the unfortunate man is that he
was sand-bagged, then a long siege of ill-
ness followed; he remembers a small
room and being attended by a nurse and
surrounded by those speaking a foreign
tongue; then a sea voyage and final
landing in Savannah, where he was
discovered by a friend; then a message to
Mrs. Etnier, who hastened to her husband
and brought him home, last week. We
rejoice with her that the dreadful sus-
pense is at an end, and can but hope that
the villains who perpetrated the dastardly
deed will be caught, to receive the extreme
penalty of the law.

WHY DO WE GET SICK?

No thought for the body, is the cause
of so much sickness.We do not need to think about our
bodies too much.

We should not be too careful.

We must not make ourselves tender
with over care, but there are certain laws
of health we MUST know about and observe,
or we shall always run the risk of
getting sick.A girl thinks, "I will not put on over-
shoes this time. They are away up stairs
and the distance to the school-room is
not far. The walks are wet, but I will
run."She gets the soles of her thin shoes
damp, and then sits in the school room.If she is in the right condition, a cold
sets in, and when a cold starts no one
can tell where it will end.It may end in sudden death from pneu-
monia.It may throw one into a long, slow,
horrible consumption.A boy at work in a warm shop may
have occasion to go out."I need not put on my coat for such a
little distance," he says.His body is covered with a perspiration
that he does not feel, but it is there, and
the cold air outside chills his flesh.If he is in the right condition HE gets
a cold and begins to sneeze and cough.Nobody knows where the cold will
land him.He may get over it, and feel no serious
effects, but a catarrh trouble of the nose
that is offensive to himself and all his
friends, may be the result.It takes only a little common sense and
not continual thought of the body to
keep us from taking colds.But let us not forget that a cold is a
dangerous thing to play with.God has given us common sense about
health.

He expects us to use it.

If we do not, He punishes us with sick-
ness and death.If we do use our brains in a common
sense way we may live to a good old age,
and ENJOY life as we go.

Questions People Ask.

How does the little Indian girl in the
Indian camp employ her time?Is the Indian girl more modest than her
white sister?

Does she play games with the boys?

When the camp girl attains marriage-
able age what is done?How does the Indian woman in middle
life get on?What standing has the old woman in
the tribe?All of these questions and more are
answered in Mrs. Eastman's article first
page.Ordinarily a story from the Delineator
or any other paper would have only a
passing interest, but we know Mrs. East-
man.We know that every word she writes
comes from a heart full of interest and
anxious care for the welfare of the In-
dian, and that her descriptions are true to
life.Mrs. Eastman has had opportunities for
observing the inner soul of the true Red-
man, that few people have been favored
with.She has lived for months in the Indian
camp, became their trusted friend, hence
gained their confidences.She is the mother of four as beautiful
children as one often sees, and their
Indian father is the well-known physi-
cian, Dr. Charles Eastman. So we have
accurate data when we read such a story.

The Skating Pond.

During the summer the skating pond is
used as a pasture for the cattle belonging
to the school, but when the skating season
is on it is covered with happy boys and
girls, their merry laughter echoing
through the grove near by. This pond
has given the lovers of skating a great
deal of pleasure and a chance to take out-
door exercises. We thank you, dear old
skating pond, for the many pleasures you
have given us. M. S., '03.

OUR MUSIC.

It will be seen from M. C.'s little item
about the Music Class that very little
time is devoted to the piano. Our work is
of such a practical nature we cannot af-
ford, while learning the essentials of liv-
ing, to devote much time to luxuries, yet
we take enough hours to learn to play for
our own entertainment and for a test for
the more earnest and hardworking as to
the possibility of their being able to make
music a profession. Our chief tunes,
however, are found at the blacksmith's
anvil, and are produced by the tinner's
mallet, the carpenter's saw, the mangle
in the laundry, and by the soothing
sound of the splashing water as the
clothes are being washed in the station-
ary tub; by the sewing machine, by the
shoveling of coal in the great boilers at
the steam plant, by the printing press
and by the click of type, the "quack" of
the tailor's goose, and the squeak of the
wax-end at the shoe-maker's bench; by
the musical drag of the brush over the
dampened floor, and the sweep, sweep of
the broom, as acres of flooring are gone
over daily; by the tack tack of the ham-
mer in the carriage shop, where uphol-
stering is going on, and the swish of the
painter's brush. All these make music for
us, who are intent upon getting a prac-
tical knowledge that will enable us to
take our place in the world anywhere.

The Supervision of the Small Boys.

The matron in charge of the small boys
has one of the hardest and most trying
positions on the grounds.It is difficult indeed to care for over a
hundred small boys, who think of nothing
much but their play and feel but little
responsibility for the care of the quarters
or the work that is given them.One or more of this large family is
nearly always at the matron's door ask-
ing for a needle and thread, a pair of
shoe-strings or numberless other articles
which small boys almost always want
but seldom need.So the matron is kept constantly busy
getting something for one boy, adminis-
tering punishment to another when needed,
advising and detailing, sewing on but-
tons, tying up sore fingers, settling little
disputes, seeing that this orderly is prop-
erly dressed, looking after the order of
the rooms, prying into this corner and
closet, overhauling beds and hunting cob-
webs, counting clothing and issuing new,
and attending to a great many other duties
which come upon her. Very often the officers are not consid-
erate and, therefore, are not as helpful as
they should be to one who affords them
so many little privileges and comforts. X., '03.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society
is composed of the girls belonging to the
four highest grades.The meetings are held in a large room
in the girls' quarters, which is used only
for this purpose.This society has done a great deal
in helping the girls along the line
of self-reliance and social culture. The
society work is considered one of the best
things in school.It was named for a beloved lady who
took a great interest in the school, and in
the Indians in general.The rules of this society are about the
same as any other literary society.The meetings are held on Friday even-
ings from 7 o'clock until eight or longer. N. S., '03.From now until Christmas we will sell
Stiya on special request for twenty-five
cents, by mail 27 cents. After Christmas
we will go back to the last price, 30 cents;
by mail 37. It is a thrilling little story of
how a gentle Indian girl, educated away
from home, braved the difficulties of
the uncivilized home when she returned to
her people. The story is founded on fact,
printed on good paper, illustrated with
native pictures, and printed by a first
class publishing house in New England.

TEACHING WHITE CHILDREN.

Elnora Denny, class 1901, is teaching
white children in the public schools of
South West, Missouri. She says "one of
the teachers resigned on account of the
illness of her mother and the directors
offered me the position. I had to take
the county examination and get a certifi-
cate. There are four teachers beside the
Principal. My room is composed of 4th
and 5th grades and I have 56 pupils on
the roll." The Man-on-the-band-stand
wishes to congratulate Elnora on her
pluck, and hopes that she will carry the
school through successfully to the end of
the term. There are many difficulties in
teaching that a beginner runs against, but
the young teacher of tact and determina-
tion, and one with the right spirit can
overcome obstacles and grow to be a
power for good in the world.

The Laundry.

The laundry is one of the most impor-
tant buildings on the grounds, especially
to the pupils; the machinery which is run
by electricity is composed of four washers,
two electric ringers, a mangle heated by
steam and a shirt and collar ironer heated
by gas.The ironing is done at one end of the
room and the washing at the other end.
A large drier stands in about the center of
of the room. This laundry is under the
charge of a competent instructor, who is
an educated lady. She is assisted by five
women from town who work with the
girls. About sixteen girls, besides the
little boys who do the mangle work, are
sent there each day. M. W., '03.

Class Spirit.

In every class there is more or less
class spirit. This is brought about in
many ways. Every class has the feeling
that it is better than the class ahead or
behind it. But it should not forget that
other classes may be just as good. In
order that the class may be better than
any other, every member must work just
as hard as he can, no matter what the duty
may be. It is the willingness to do and
the willingness to help that shows the
right class spirit. It is this spirit that
always makes the right kind of men
and women. F. Y., '03.

Our Music Class.

Twenty-eight girls and one boy are tak-
ing piano lessons. One hour of the work
time is devoted to practice, so from half
past 7 in the morning till half past eleven,
and again from one until five in the after-
noon, music, mostly scales, may be heard
from every direction. Twice a week we
take our lessons, but these cannot be long
as there are so many lessons to be given.
The last Thursday and Friday of each
month is devoted to the study of the life
of a musician and of the meaning of words
used in music. M. C., '03.

Monday News.

General news items are given every
Monday in Assembly Hall by the teachers
and pupils, though most of them are given
by the teachers. These news items are a
great help to all, as we cannot read all
that is going on in one day, and we are
therefore glad to hear somebody else, in
their own words, tell about it. We who
are afraid to speak can learn much by lis-
tening to others, but giving news items
ourselves before the student body will
give us courage to express ourselves with
greater ease than we could otherwise do. J. R., '03.Miss Jones, who was with us as a teacher
for a time, but is now at Carson City,
Nevada, writes to a friend here that she
likes that school and the people there
very much, but the altitude affects her
sleeping and she hardly knows whether
she will be able to stay there or not.
Some there, by staying long enough, get
over the bad effect. She tells of a rabbit
drive in which she took part; 68 rabbits
were slain, but she does not go into the
particulars. The mountain scenery is fine,
not like Carlisle, but "such as we read
about." While snowing in the mountains
it is pleasant where they are in the valley.
She is nicely located, can get books from
the Carson library, and finds the teaching
of Indians much the same everywhere.

Byrne Smith

Man-on-the-band=stand.

Sleds and coasting are in order.
 Fine weather. Tuesday and Wednesday.
 Truman Doxtator has entered the typo class.
 One of the boys in speaking of the breast of the turkey called it the chest.
 Some people object to housecleaning because it dirties everything up so.
 A real taste of winter, for there has been enough snow to nearly cover the ground.
 Fred Tibbetts' injured arm is getting on as well as it can, and it is out of the sling.
 Warm and dry feet in winter is the best preventive of cold that has yet been found.
 Will the students who write items please write upon one side of the paper only?
 If you don't know what fencing means you will not understand the joke last page.
 William A. Shafer, of Elkhart, Indiana, was among the interested visitors of the week.
 Because you graduate from a school of pharmacy is no sign that you are a farmer, is it?
 You don't like to go to the hospital? Then watch your feet and keep them dry and warm!
 How can we expect to keep from taking cold when we do things we KNOW we ought not to do.
 Mr. Daniel Miller is taking his annual leave, and visiting with friends at his home up the valley.
 If it is a change of climate you need, why go away from Carlisle? Doesn't it change enough here?
 Dr. Montezuma is himself in his "What has Christianity done for the Aboriginal Americans?" last page.
 Mrs. N. W. Thompson and Miss Brown, of Milroy, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bakeless, on Wednesday.
 Miss Marian Smith, of Philadelphia, and Miss Owen, of Carlisle, dined with Mrs. Cook on Wednesday evening.
 Mr. David Crosbie, of Scotts Mills, Oregon, has joined our employee force, and is now cooking for the student body.
 The Teachers' Institute visitors came out in groups to visit the school this week and seemed interested in our work.
 The Institute course this week has been an excellent one, and a number of our force have attended the various lectures.
 Everyone who loves to read strong words of truth will go thoughtfully over Edwin Francis Bacon's "My Friend the Enemy," first page.
 To-night Miss Weekley and Mrs. Brown visit the Standards, Miss Cutter and Mr. D. Miller the Invincible, Miss Forster and Mr. Nori the Susans.
 You don't want to go to the hospital? Then don't lie down on the damp ground? And don't wait to be told to get up, if you should lie down thoughtlessly.
 Colonel Pratt was not so well on Monday, and the news cast a gloom over the school; but word yesterday came that he is better again and may be home next week.
 When Fanny dog comes up from the farm and goes to the Colonel's desk for her accustomed greeting, it is pitiful to see her turn and walk out so disappointedly.
 You don't want to go to the hospital? Then be careful not to change from warm underclothing to none or to thin. We are given brains with which to think for ourselves. Why need we wait to be told?
 The Normal Room has a pretty cotton plant which Miss Hill raised from seed. It will accept invitations from the various school rooms to be on exhibition, with this proviso: "Much lookee, NO touchee."
 If you are really in EARNEST about getting on in life and making a success of it, the little selection last page on "The Way I would do if I wanted to get on in the world," will be found to contain a lot of truth in every sentence.

Nancy Cornelius, 1901, has gone to live at Madison, Wisconsin, from her home at Oneida.
 When good advice comes in capsules maybe people will be able to swallow it more comfortably.
 Miss Mattie Parker was the happy recipient of a box of apples from her once country home, where she spent many happy days.
 Miss Jeanette Buckles has resigned her position as teacher at Siletz and has gone to Boston to study music, says the Puget Sound Indian Guide.
 "Accept my congratulations for your newsy little paper for I am an ex-employee, and am very much interested in Indian affairs, as I am an Indian myself."
 "I'd rather go without any other paper the whole year round than go without the RED MAN AND HELPER for a month," says Sophia Wiggins, ex-pupil now at Hupa Valley, California.
 Daisy Doctor, 1900, writes for the RED-MAN to be sent to her "for I want to know what is going on at the school," she says. She is in good health and wishes the same to her friends at Carlisle.
 The Puyallup School, at Tacoma, has more potatoes and apples than they can use or have place to store, and they have to ask authority to sell. We wish we could make a raid on their apples.
 Mr. Murphy Tarby, janitor at the school building, we are told, is trying hard to marshal his regiment and give good service. The teachers appreciate his help, and have many kind words for his cheerful earnest efforts to help them.
 The Standard Debating Society was conducted in a very dignified, orderly manner on Friday evening. In fact it usually is. Their program was good, though all were not prepared. Only a few members were late. We rejoice with you Standards.
 Miss Frances Broderick, of Holton, Kansas, was Miss Moore's guest from Friday till Monday. After the sociable on Saturday night a few friends were invited by Miss Moore to her rooms, where they spent a pleasant time drinking tea, playing games and telling stories.
 Mrs. Thompson has returned from New York and brought with her, her mother, Mrs. Craft and nephew Master Brewster Gallop. It didn't take Brewster very long to find the printing office. He takes to a printery as a duck to water, for his father is a Journalist and printer.
 "It is a bright little paper, and I would not like to be without it, as it serves to keep one in touch with the Indian race and the grand work being done by Colonel Pratt. I know of nothing which so helps to understand Indian nature and capacities. May God bless the work!"
 The school-room boys had a treat of apples on Saturday, which helped to improve their work, we surmise. They are ready for another; are not averse to having it be a part of the regular schedule. Well, boys, if you drive your work and do it well without skulking, we believe it would happen more frequently. Some boys are jewels and always do their best. Some, several—that one boy in No. — used to be an excellent worker, but now he shirks and slights his duties whenever he can. Is it you?
 What's this? What's this? A lady's comb? He stooped to pick it up, and place it in his raven locks, until he went to sup. He did not mean to leave it there, and when a friend proposed, for him to take it out his hair he simply just refused. "You do not think I'm such fool, to do a thing 'like' that? Just let it go, I'll keep it there till I put on my hat." The bell to sup rang loud and clear. He to his room did shy, and fussed and brushed his raven locks, but ne'er the comb did spy; so at the table "spick-and-span" he sat him down to eat, when lady teacher passed the man and spied side-comb so neat. The sight of comb in Lo's black hair gave her a fit of mirth; but what's the use? The story's done, for if no more Gainsworth.

General Items.

Written By Juniors.

The members of the Standard Literary society have greatly improved, but recently they have shown a lack of knowledge in parliamentary practice.
 A few weeks ago the band started to work up Wagner's Lohengrin and Second Hungarian Rhapsody. They played Lohengrin Saturday night for the first time in public. Many of the players are behind in their parts, but it is work that will bring the best out of them, and make other difficult music easy.
 After the football game in which the Gettysburg second team was defeated by our second team, last week the Gettysburg boys were shown everything around the school grounds. Before leaving, a Gettysburg boy made the remark: "We did not expect to defeat your team, but we knew that whatever the score would be we would be treated right, and you certainly have done so."
 Marcellus Bezahun, who returned to school last week from Oklahoma, says that most of the boys who went home are doing well in farming.
 Emma Skye has been doing most of the cutting of underclothing this week. Misses Goodyear and Seawright's dressmaking class will soon begin to make new gymnasium suits.
 A few of the music pupils now practice on the piano in Mrs. Brown's room, instead of in the Teachers' Club Parlor.
 Four upper school rooms are to organize basket ball teams, and play each other during the winter.
 Our Porto Rican boy Miguel de Jesus Martinez is learning faster than some others, how to talk United States.
 The Juniors have their new banner of purple and white.
 The question for debate in the Susans' Society Room is: Resolved, that the Army Canteen should be abolished. The speakers on the affirmative are Alice Doxtator and Frances Halftown, on the negative, Lizzette Roubideaux and Mary Pratt.
 Wednesday's breakfast was greatly enjoyed by the students.
 To-day Colonel Pratt celebrates his birthday. We are sorry that he is not with us.
 The Juniors and Seniors say that they have learned some things they did not know from the experiments with nitrogen, which both classes had this week.
 The absence of some of the teachers this week at different times to attend Institute has given an opportunity to the pupil teachers to gain greater experience in teaching.
 Isaac Fielder, who has been very ill for sometime with rheumatism is getting better, and will be out in a few days.
 Miss Elizabeth Walker who is living in a country home at Oak Lane, Philadelphia, seems to enjoy her work and lessons. She has taken up Algebra.
 The Junior banner is now acting as mace in No. 13, and it is respected.

Written by Sophomores.

The Football season is over, and the boys have taken their regular places in the companies.
 A newsy letter from Juanita Bibancas, now Mrs. Charley, says that she is still well and contented at her home in California. She sends her best regards to all of her friends at Carlisle.
 Since the football season closed there has been talk about basket ball among the boys of the Sophomore class, and we expect to develop a winning team this

winter. As we have plenty of material to draw from there is no reason why we shouldn't.
 Miss Lillie Felix has been appointed an officer in the girls' quarters.
 In southern Arizona the days are warm, while at night the people are compelled to have fires in their houses.
 Mr. Snyder, the baker of this school who lives in town, says his little son is getting along very nicely. His name is William George Snyder.
 Lillian M. Johnson of the Sophomore class surprised the Susans last Friday by her excellent singing. One of the greatest advantages we have is the Literary Societies, where we find out what we are capable of.
 Felipa Amago came in from the country last week. She enjoyed herself for the few days she was here. She left here on Monday, to go to a hospital in York, Pa., to take a course as trained nurse. Everista Calac has gone to take her place out in the country.
 The football boys with their manager and coach had their Thanksgiving dinner last Sunday. They are now eating with the rest of the students.
 Mr. Lau and his force of boys are turning out some fine buckboards. They have about a dozen to make. They are to go to different agencies.
 The Sophomores were delighted to hear from Colonel Pratt and that he received their letters of remembrance to him. He says he enjoyed his Thanksgiving by hearing from his school children at Carlisle.
 The Sophomores are proud to note that six members of the class helped to prepare the Thanksgiving dinner.
 Josiah Powlas, graduate of Carlisle, is attending Medical College, in Milwaukee, Wis.
 The Invincibles held a very good meeting last Friday evening. The members were prompt in taking the places of those who were unable to be present. Now that the foot-ball season is over we shall expect to have good meetings. Lack of spirit seems to be the only drawback to the advancement of the Society.
 The Printer's foot-ball team had its picture taken by Mr. Choate last Saturday. The pictures are 11x14 inches and will soon be offered for sale at the Printing office.
 Miss Mary G. Hilton and Miss Sara Hilton took dinner with Mrs. Cook on Sunday last, and attended our chapel service in the afternoon.
 A letter from Herman Niles gives a varied experience since he went home after his graduation last Spring. He paid a two weeks' visit among friends and relatives, then he began to work for a neighboring farmer who needed help. He worked by the day for a time, but finally succeeded in getting steady employment by the month. His work was on a steam-boat and was very heavy, but he intended to stay by it till steam-boat navigation closed for the season, but was taken down with typhoid fever and had to go home where he was ill six weeks. He is now well and will start work again in a few days. It is his intention to come east before long, and he closes his letter with thanks for what Carlisle has done for him, although he seems to feel that on his own account he failed to get all that he might. He refers specially to the moral lessons gained here in his school life. We remember Herman very well, and his friends will be interested to learn this much.
 The Glimpses of the United States Indian Industrial School at Chilocco, Oklahoma, gotten out in booklet form with some sixty views of the school, gives one a very good idea of the lay of the institution and of the character of the work done there. It is sold for fifteen cents, and no doubt may be obtained on application.

(Continued from first page.)

winds is the strongest and lives the longest.

And so all through human life and animal life and plant life we see nature's plan of evolution and growth.

Every living thing has some real friend that it might be tempted to regard as an enemy.

It might have been different. God might have given us everything without labor.

He might have destroyed everything that opposed us.

He might have had us all born rich and wise and beautiful.

But he did not choose to do so.

He, by his infinite laws, commanded us to obtain all good things by labor, by diligent study, by patient apprenticeship, and he has appointed many seeming enemies to impel us toward the good.

"Whom the Lord LOVETH he chasteneth" is a truth of very wide application.

What do you say of this philosophy of life?

I write about it because it has become to me a thing of daily experience.

Everytime anything unpleasant or painful occurs I ask myself, what good is there in it?

What lesson can I learn from it?

And the lesson is always there.

I am always stronger for the mishap, wiser because of this suffering caused by doing wrong.

I thus convert enemies into friends.

And what a splendid conversion that is!

Instead of fighting a supposed enemy I make a friend and a willing servant of him.

I look out upon all mankind and upon all nature and see nothing but friends, and so I am free to give attention to the real enemies within myself, enemies that everybody and everything is helping me to conquer.

I think this is the true view of life, and its adoption would cheer up many a desponding one and brighten many a home now torn by discord and strife.

EDWIN FRANCIS BACON,
for THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

WHAT HAS CHRISTIANITY DONE FOR THE ABORIGINAL AMERICANS?

It is Doctor Montezuma, the Apache physician of Chicago, who asks the above question.

Dr. Montezuma, who has passed through all the stages of civilization from childhood in savagery to a place among leading practicing physicians of the great city of the Lakes and who has studied all the phases of life leading up to the position he occupies in civilization, should know something of what he is talking about when he makes assertions regarding the hows and whys of failures?

The Doctor asks of the white population this question:

Why have the attempts to solve the Indian question been total failures?

And then he goes on to answer:

Because you have given him the SHADOW of your Christianity to civilize him.

Instead of bringing him into civilization where Christianity is, you have isolated and forced him on a reservation away from this civilization.

Because you left most of his spiritual welfare to the cow-boys, soldiers, and the worst of frontier elements.

For the reason you have taught the Indian religion and still leave him a savage.

Because of your belief that he could be converted in a twinkling of an eye, and yet you hold that it must take several generations to CIVILIZE him, all of which is inconsistency or ignorance.

Christianity has not accomplished as much for the Indian as it should have, physically, morally or spiritually.

Dryden has words to express their condition:

"But 'tis in vain, the wretch is drenched too deep;
His soul is steeped and his heart asleep.
Fattened in vice, so callous and so gross,
He sins and sees not, senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskilled to swim,
Helpless to bubble up and reach the water's brim."
Are my words too cruel and dark in tes-

timony of that which is noblest, purest and best?

God forbid that I should deviate from expressing my personal observations of the real facts and conditions of my people today.

As a Christian Indian I can not proclaim peace when there is no peace.

A noted divine has said:

"If I were the devil and wished to do the most devilish thing I would not destroy churches; but I would corrupt them."

The reservation system is a devilish method of christianizing the Indians.

Individually I thank God that I have been fed on the true manna of Christ.

Without it I would have been the same as my people, living in a grass hut with little chance for heaven.

Christians, are you asleep?

Are you slumbering in your comfortable surroundings, deadening your conscience to the obligation of the treaty promises that binds you "as long as the rivers flow and the sun rises in the East and sets in the West?"

Awake yourselves!

Cease this one missionary to thousands of Indians and invite your red brother to come where there are THOUSANDS of missionaries to one Indian!

Redeem yourselves of the past by doing away with the poisonous tank of the reservation bondage.

Compel the Indians to come into your Christian freedom and give them a chance in God's appointed way—"by the sweat of their brow"—to utilize and improve their noblest qualities for Christ and man.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

THE LAST FOOTBALL GAME OF THE SEASON.

The account of the Columbia-Indian game, last Thursday, which was given prominent space in the New York Tribune, is full of graphic description, showing that our boys won honors if they did not win the game.

Probably five thousand persons went to the Polo grounds to witness the game, says the Tribune.

It was a game which the onlookers will long remember, and which not a player on the local college team will forget in a hurry.

The early part of the struggle was so one-sided that many of the spectators were preparing to leave the grounds.

The winds had howled over Coogan's Bluff all the afternoon, and even those in heavy wraps and steamer rugs felt the cold shivers chasing down their backs, and, as the result seemed so certain, many of the women had at last consented to listen to the suggestion of their escorts and start for the exits.

At this point, with less than a quarter of an hour yet to play, Columbia had so far out-played the Indians that the score was 40 to 0 in their favor.

Just when the undergraduates were yelling to their gridiron heroes to beat the score of two years ago, when Carlisle won by 45 to 0, the Indians suddenly made one of the pluckiest stands ever seen on a football field, and those who started for the various entrances, rushed back to their seats to watch one of the most remarkable finishes ever seen here at a football battle.

The Red men had been buffeted around until they could stand it no longer, and when Captain Martin Wheelock called his redskins to brace up, they did it in a manner as surprising as it was thorough.

Weekes, the Columbia back, tried an end run, and big Wheelock and Dillon were on him like two infuriated tigers.

They dragged Weekes and fairly lifted him off the ground, carried him back for a loss of fifteen yards.

In the struggle the blue shirt of Weekes was ripped entirely off his back, and when the teams were ready to line up again Weekes was perfectly nude from the waist to the neck in a temperature that froze an ordinary mortal dressed in heavy winter clothing.

This was the first real display of determination and power the Indians had

shown up to that time, and their friends in the stands yelled encouragement to the red men.

Then Wheelock and his warriors went at the Columbia line like an infuriated bull at a red flag, and within a few minutes Columbia was playing her defensive tactics as she had not expected to play, again this season.

With only a few minutes more to play the men from Carlisle settled down to rushing tactics, and fairly routed the Columbia forces, so fierce was the assault.

Columbia tried to check that wild stampede of the Indians, which was as overpowering as the flight of a herd of buffalo when badly frightened on the plains.

Indian backs banged into the Columbia line for steady gains, making them with about every attempt.

The Indians made as plucky a stand as a defeated team ever made in this city.

They took the ball away from Columbia on their own 35-yard line, started their friends to cheering and kept them yelling to the end of the battle. Charles, Decora and Beaver were sent into the Columbia line, each making substantial gains.

The local players were surprised, and their friends in the stand dumfounded at the electrical change in the playing of the red men.

Columbia appeared as if she had played herself to a standstill, for on every lineup the Indians smashed through without apparent trouble.

Captain Berrien yelled to his men to break them up and down them in their tracks, but his words of encouragement had no weight.

The Indians fairly swept the Blue down the field, and Charles went over for a touchdown, and Wheelock kicked the first goal for Carlisle.

The Indians were now using the wing shift, and Columbia seemed powerless to understand this simple manoeuvre.

Decora, Charles and Johnson went into the Columbia line again, and the ball went toward the Columbia goal just as speedily as it had gone the other way earlier in the afternoon.

The Indians were simply carrying their heavier opponents by storm, and mowed down Sanford's men as if they had been chaff.

Charles made the next touchdown for Carlisle, and Wheelock kicked the goal, making the score 40 to 12 in Columbia's favor.

After the kickoff the Indians started in to again smash up the Columbia defence, and had the ball on the 35-yard line when the whistle blew denoting a cessation of hostilities.

The Columbia men were glad of it.

There is no telling what might have happened had the battle raged for a quarter of an hour longer.

THE WAY I WOULD DO IF I WANTED TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

If I were a cash boy, or an office boy, and I wanted to get on in the world I think I should be prompt in everything that I did. I should try to get to my work early, and should try to do everything at the proper season.

I should also keep myself neat and clean, because I think a boy looks much better with a clean face than with a dirty one.

A little dirt on a boy's face will often make a really bright boy appear dull.

Then I should try to be quick and active.

I do not think that any one likes a lazy boy, and the quicker I should be with my duties, the quicker, I believe, I should be promoted.

I would tell the truth at all times; if I made a mistake, I should acknowledge it like a man.

I think this is the easiest way to get out of a bad place.

If I were sent to carry a bundle, I should try to be back before they looked for me.

I would much rather they would say:

"We were not expecting you yet;" then to say: "You have taken too long."

If a little extra work were put upon me I do not believe I should complain, but I should try to do my best.

If I had nothing to do, I should ask that something be given me rather than to be idle.

I think if my employer saw that I was interested in my work, he would appreciate my services more.

Whatever I might have to do, I should try to do it well; first, because it is much pleasanter to be praised than it is to be scolded; next, because I am building my own reputation, and if I am to make anything out of myself, I must have the good opinion of my employer.

Whatever I was praised for I should show that I appreciated it by trying to do still better.—[Dry Goods Chronicle.]

There are Others.

The young man who is in haste to marry before he has any good paying business on which to support his wife, may see his silly picture in the following looking glass:

A rich elderly gentleman said to a young man who asked for his daughter:

"What do you want a wife for when you can hardly support yourself? Why, sir, my daughter would starve with you!"

"Well!" said the soft young man. "If you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve, I don't wish to enter your family."

Wants to take Fencing Lessons.

"Henry writes for more money; says he wants to take fencin' lessons."

"Well, for goodness sakes" says his mother, "send it to him, Hiram! It's the fust useful thing he's wanted to study sence he went to college. When he comes home ye can jes' set hem to work puttin' a new fence in front o' the house."

This will do for Institute Week.

"Come up here" said a country school teacher to the new scholar. "Come here and spell 'bushel.'"

"Ef you please, ma'am," said the new scholar, "I ain't got no fuder than 'peck' but me an my three brothers can spell 'peck' an' it takes only four pecks to make one bushel."

We see by a recent Haskell Leader, that the progress of work on their Domestic Science building is watched with interest; that they have had a small snow storm in Kansas; that the new barn is all done except painting; and that it is the finest barn in that section; that the young lady teachers of the literary department have organized a glee club, etc.

Too Smart.

"Papa, my new watch has stopped," said Tommy.

"Have you wound it?" asked his father. "No! Mama says it is wrong to wound even the tiniest creature."

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.
My 1, 6, 4, 8, 3, 1 is what the sun does sometimes.

My 2, 3, 9, is a good thing to have to walk upon.

My 9, 7, 5, is one way of catching fish.
My whole is what the snow this week invites us to think about.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Skating.

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