

The Red Man and Helper.

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Vol. I. Number 6.

THE RAINFALL FOLLOWS THE PLOUGH.

I HEARD a farmer talk one day,
Telling the listeners how
In the wide new country far away
The rainfall follows the plough.

"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and true,
And the tillage is begun,

"The earth grows mellow, and more and more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before
When its face was hard and dry.

"And so, wherever the ploughshares run,
The clouds run overhead;
And the soil that works and lets in the sun,
With water is always fed."

I wonder if ever that farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message that, heavenly-true,
Within it was hidden and heard!

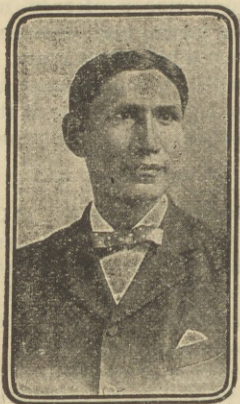
It fell on my ear by chance that day,
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
The rainfall follows the plough,
—[Over Sea and Land.

WAS IT A MASSACRE?

The story of the Little Big Horn, the scene of the death of the much lamented General Custer, is told by Dr. Eastman in the July Chautauquan.

The Review of Reviews has taken extracts from the account and placed the same under the caption of "Leading Articles of the Month" pronouncing it one of the most interesting in the Chautauquan for July.

Voluminous accounts of this so-called massacre have been written by white men, but the Indian side has never before been fairly represented.



DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN
is a Sioux Indian, born in Minnesota, in 1858.

He was carried off by his uncle to Mani toba after the Minnesota massacre, where he led the life of the wild Indians until he was fifteen years old, when his father brought him back to the States and sent him to school.

He never attended a Government school, but was educated almost entirely at first class white seminaries and colleges, graduating finally from Dartmouth College and the Boston University School of Medicine.

He has been a Government physician at Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota, and later a practicing physician in St. Paul. At one time he represented the Young Men's Christian Association among the Indians, and he is now connected with our school.

Dr. Eastman has had special and peculiar opportunities to see and talk personally with a number of the prominent Indians who took part in Custer's last fight, and he has gone over the grounds to verify their statements so that in his account

of an incident that stands out boldly in American history against our red brethren he has probably given the most accurate rendition from their standpoint that was ever recorded.

We have not space for the entire article, and many points necessary to a complete understanding of the true situation immediately preceding and leading up to the final act, called the Custer Massacre, we must leave out.

Dr. Eastman is convinced that the number of Indian warriors engaged at the Little Big Horn has been greatly exaggerated by all the historians of the fight.

He estimates that there were not more than 5000 Indians in the camp that Custer attacked, and that the number of fighting men all told, including boys under eighteen and old men over seventy, many of whom had not sufficient weapons, could not have exceeded 1,400.

There were seven bands of the Indians all trying to get away as far as possible from the military in order to hunt in peace.

At midnight, on the 9th of June, the account says, there was great excitement in the Minneconwojus camp.

Heralds were soon galloping around all of the camps announcing the coming of the soldiers in great numbers.

A party of forty warriors who went to Fort Reno had seen Crook's trail on their return. They followed it up, and finally gave him a running battle.

Here was a band of only forty young men who dared to attack a command of over one thousand. The army reports represent this attack as made by a large number of warriors.

When these men brought the news, there was a great council of war. It was agreed to meet Gen. Crook, when he came within a day's march. It was also planned that one half of their force should meet him, and that they would use all their tactics to take him at a disadvantage, and to stampede his horses if possible.

(Here follows a description of the hemming in of Custer's column by the Indians.)

On the 25th of June the early starters among the hunters had already brought in their game by a little after midday, but as usual there were many who had not yet returned; and fortunately for them, not all the warriors join in the daily hunt. There were hundreds of young men and boys upon the flats, playing games and horse-racing. Any one who knows at all about the natural life of the Sioux upon the plains, would know that these young men were armed as far as they had the weapons. These are their ornaments in time of peace—weapons of defence and offense in time of trouble.

Many were in the midst of their meal when from the south end of the camp came the warning cry:

"Woo! woo! hay-ay! hay-ay! Warriors to your saddles! the white soldiers are now upon us!"

The Sioux who gave the warning was mounted upon a swift pony. Each leading chief was quick in calling upon his respective warriors to fight to the utmost. Some cried out to let the old men and the women move the children beyond the reach of the bullets; others loudly advised to remain still, "for," they said, "if you do not, the soldiers will believe we are confused and demoralized."

By this time the bullets were whistling through the Hunkpapa camp, and the excitement was great. The young men who had been playing upon the flats were the first to meet Major Reno. Led by

Sitting Bull's nephew, Lone Bull, they rushed forward and would have forced him back, had it not been for the prompt interference of Gall, Rain-in-the-Face and Spotted Eagle.

"Wait—wait!" they said. "We are not ready. Many of us have not our ponies at hand. Hold them there until there are warriors enough upon their ponies!"

In the midst of the confusion, Sitting Bull stood by his teepee and addressed his people thus:

"Warriors, we have everything to fight for, and if we are defeated we shall have nothing to live for; therefore let us fight like brave men."

Major Reno now dismounted part of his men, and continued his fire upon the fleeing women and children. A large number of warriors had all but surrounded him, but had not yet charged. Their position was along a dry creek that goes off from the river at this point.

Gall, Crow King, Black Moon and Rain-in-the-Face now joined the young men; this encouraged the latter so much that no sooner had Lone Bull given the war-whoop for the charge than the soldiers retreated. The first company endeavored to return the way they came, but they were forced toward the east, almost at right angles with their trail. Just as the Indians made their general charge the second company of the soldiers turned to flee. They were closely pursued. The Indians, having full knowledge of the ground and the river, were greatly encouraged. The leaders shouted:

"We can drown them all—charge closer!"

The first company of soldiers fared tolerably well, but the second lost many men. Many of the horses became unmanageable, and as their riders had no opportunity to choose a safe crossing, they were compelled to jump over the high river banks into the stream. The Indians say there were several who never appeared again.

The opposite hill was equally steep and dangerous, but the soldiers scrambled up in a most unwarlike manner. Here some of the privates showed fine presence of mind and uncommon bravery. One of the officers of the fleeing command aroused the highest admiration of the Indians. He emptied his revolver in a most effective way, and had crossed the river, when a gun-shot brought him down. There were three noted young warriors of three different lodges (Indian young men have lodges corresponding to white men's clubs or lodges) vying with one another for bravery. They all happened to pursue this officer; each one was intent upon knocking him off with a war-club before the others, but the officer despatched every one of them. The Indians told me of finding peculiar instruments on his person, from which I thought it likely this brave man was Dr. DeWolf, who was killed there.

The pursuing braves soon saw that the soldiers were reinforced and occupied a good ravine for defense, so they concluded to hold them until more warriors could arrive; besides, they did not know how much of a force there might be behind. At this moment, word was brought that a large body of soldiers had already attacked the lower camp, and they were advised to hold Reno's men. The forces that repulsed Reno numbered not over five hundred. This was all that they could muster up in so short a time. Of this number probably one hundred went over to the Custer battle; but they were a little late.

Just as the forces under Gall, Rain-in-

the Face and Crow King made their famous charge, the lower (north) end of the camp discovered General Custer and his men approaching. The two battles were fully two and a half miles apart.

"Woo! woo! here they come!" shouted the Indians, as Custer with his formidable column appeared on the slope of the ridge.

They knew well he could not cross the river at that point. He must go down half a mile. The crossing, therefore, became at once of first importance.

As Crazy Horse started down to the ford, Custer appeared upon the river bank. Having discovered that it was impossible to cross, he began to fire into the camp, while some of his men dismounted and were apparently examining the banks. Already Crazy Horse with his men had crossed the river, closely followed by Little Horse and White Bull with their Cheyenne warriors. Two Moon was still loudly urging the young men to meet the soldiers on the other side, and as he led the remaining Cheyennes in the same direction, the Minneconwojus and the Brules were coming down at full speed.

The forces under Crazy Horse and Little Horse followed a long ravine that went east from the crossing until it passed the ridge; it then took a southerly direction parallel with and immediately behind the said ridge. Iron Star and Low Dog, on the other hand, turned southward immediately after crossing the river. The firing from the camp still continued, and as the later forces arrived, they at once opened fire upon the soldiers who were gradually retreating toward the ridge half a mile back from the river bank.

Up to this time General Custer did not seem to apprehend the danger before him. But when one company of his command reached the summit of the ridge it was quickly forced behind the brow of the hill by the Indians. The soldiers now took up three separate positions along the ridge. But they were practically already hemmed in.

At first the general kept his men intact; but the deafening war-whoops and the rattling sound of the gun-shots frightened the horses. The soldiers had no little trouble from this source. Finally they let go of their horses and threw themselves flat upon the ground, sending volley after volley into the whirling masses of the enemy.

The signal was given for a general charge. Crazy Horse with the Ogallalas, and Little Horse and White Bull with the Cheyennes now came forward with a tremendous yell. The brave soldiers sent into their ranks a heavy volley that checked them for the moment. At this instant a soldier upon a swift horse started for the river, but was brought down. Again the Indians signalled for a charge. This time the attack was made from all sides. Now they came pell-mell among the soldiers. One company was chased along the ridge to the south, out of which a man got away. A mighty yell went up from the Indians as he cleared the attacking forces, as if they were glad that he succeeded. Away he went toward Reno's position. The rest of the company were now falling fast and the ridge was covered with the slain.

"Hay-ay! hay-ay! Woo! woo! The soldier who escaped is coming back!"

The man now appeared again upon the ridge where he had just escaped death, closely pursued by fifteen warriors. He was more than half way down to Reno's stand when the party set upon him. They

Continued on last page

THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.The Mechanical Work on this Paper is
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCE.Address all Business 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.Let us steer toward practicality in our
education, not scholasticism alone.Knowing and doing should ever be in-
timate friends with the Indians as with
others.If Indians are to be educated to fit only
the reservation, the best fit would be no
education at all.The great aim of Indian as well as of
all education is not scholarship but wom-
anhood and manhood.The best thing we hear of returned
students is that they are unsettled and
unhappy until they get something to do.The wise parent takes his child by the
hand, holds him back from danger and
leads him. The child is not asked, but
willing or not, he is led away from wrong
and directed toward the right. Then why
should the Government hesitate as a wise
father to lead the Indian child in the same
way, out and away from tribal danger,
stagnation and death into the only safety
there is for him—individual experience
among the people of which he must eventu-
ally become a part?

Narrow the Indian Down.

The Indian Advance believes that the
Indian should be educated at home and
not thousands of miles away in an-
other part of the country. It is for his best
interests if he desires to become a teacher
or scholarly product, but for the ordinary
calling we advocate home schooling. The
average Indian is fitted for farming, and
it is a poor policy to take him east to fit
him for that calling when he is to spend
his life in the west.The editor of the Advance is not the
only man who would narrow the Indians
to opportunities and environments from
which no MEN can grow—that is, no
BUSINESS men, no INDEPENDENT
men, no men of courage to meet the world.
The idea seems to be to hem them in!
Indian schools at home are good enough
for Indians.Carlisle says, NO INDIAN school is
good enough for Indians. They must get
OUT into the life of the people.

Annexation the Plan.

Hon. Dennis Flynn is quoted by the
Muscoogee Times as believing that the im-
mediate future of Indian Territory is very
uncertain. Annexation to Oklahoma as
the different sections of the Territory
are ready. This is Mr. Flynn's ultima-
tum. There is hardly a conceivable con-
dition worse than the present, and from
very despair the people will be driven to
join Oklahoma.All at Carlisle remember Delegate
Flynn and his inspiring address when
here last Commencement.

Where?

If the Department of the Interior con-
tinues daily to make new townsite rul-
ings, the people can be excused for won-
dering "where they are at."—[The In-
dian Sentinel.

INDIANS WIELD PICKAX.

- Crows Are Building Railroad Near the
Little Big Horn.The American Indian has parted with
the tomahawk and wields the pickax and
shovel instead. For the first time he has
taken to railroad building, and a few
days ago the Crow Indians were assigned,
by the Burlington Company, an important
share in the construction of the 110 mile
extension from Toluca, Mont., to Cody,
Wyo. This road runs through these In-
dians' reservation. The grading and lay-
ing of ties and rails for the distance of
about thirty miles will be accomplished
entirely by Crow Indians. Between forty
and fifty miles of the new line will be
built by expert railroad contractors, and
the balance of the extension through the
Big Horn basin to the end of the line at
Cody will be constructed by the Mormon
colonists who have located in the basin.By letting the contracts for a major
portion of the work to the Indians and
the Mormons the Burlington has adopted
a policy of giving to the residents of the
country through which the line is be-
ing built the advantage of the revenue
arising from the building of the road. In
this manner the money will be distribut-
ed among the people who, after its com-
pletion and future operation, will form
the constituency of the new road.—[Phila.
Press.This is good news for the Crows, who
are, as it happens, already familiar with
the use of the pickax and shovel, upon
miles of irrigating ditches in their own
country. It seems that they are not only
to get work and wages on the same foot-
ing as other settlers in that region, but
that they have at last arrived at the dig-
nity of a "constituency." The "Carlisle
idea" is taking root.

Agency Notes.

Never Has and Never Will.

Mr. Ferrin, the agent in charge of the
Indians of New York State, suggests the
following reasons why the Indians are
opposed to citizenship and land in sever-
alty. The uneducated Indians, he says,
fear they would be crowded to the wall if
they had to engage in the competition
which would result from the breaking up
of the tribal organization. Those who by
industry and thrift have acquired con-
siderable property fear that they would
lose by a division among the members of
the tribe. Those who are prominent in
the tribe fear they would lose their in-
fluence if the reservation should be brok-
en up and the Indians absorbed into the
body politic of the State. Thus it appears
that if citizenship ever comes it will have
to be almost forced upon the Indians
rather than invited by them.If this be true of Indians as advanced
as these are and situated in the midst of a
great and fertile State, it must be even
more true of the majority who are un-
favorably placed in barren and isolated
regions that the reservation never has
educated Indians for citizenship and
never will.

Stock Raising.

Agent Mayhugh of the Western Sho-
shone agency in Nevada adds his testi-
mony to that of many others in regard to
the most available occupation for the
majority of western Indians in their pres-
ent situation. Their attention, he says,
should be turned to the raising of stock,
as they cannot make a living any other
way in this climate, where agriculture is
so uncertain. These Indians are thor-
oughly competent to take care of their
cattle, being fine stockmen and sought
after by the whites to assist in herding
and branding their cattle. If they could
be furnished with stock to make a little
start, Mr. Mayhugh believes that in many
instances they would be self-supporting
in six years.

Fort Belknap.

The Indians at the Fort Belknap agency
in Montana have been getting out logson the reservation and hauling them to
the saw-mill, where about 500,000 feet of
lumber has been sawed, most of which
will be purchased from them and used in
the construction of the authorized irriga-
tion systems, the balance for floors, roofs,
etc., for their houses.A number have invested their earnings
in the purchase of agricultural machinery,
wagons, harness, etc., and otherwise im-
proving their ranches and homes.Agent Hays thinks that the past year
has been decidedly the most prosperous
in the history of these Indians, and sees
no reason why they will not soon be self-
supporting and many of them accumulate
property.

The Flatheads.

The officials of Missoula and Flathead
counties in Montana have undertaken
during the last two or three years to tax
the mixed-blood residents of the Flathead
reservation—a recognition of their man-
hood and citizenship which the Indians
do not appreciate. Agent Smead justly
remarks that if the mixed-bloods are tax-
able the counties should supply schools
for their children and build and maintain
roads and bridges on the reservation.

Fort Peck.

Agent Scobey at Fort Peck agency in
Montana makes the following terse re-
marks upon the civil service rules:"All white positions are on the classi-
fied list. In some respects this works
very well. The desirable feature of it is
that employees cannot be removed with-
out sufficient cause. It does not work as
well in regard to appointments. The ex-
amination will determine very well the
fitness of a clerk or school-teacher, but it
is not always adapted to determine the
qualifications of other employees. At
this agency the engineer should also be
a sawyer, the blacksmith a plumber and
tinner, and the carpenter must be a wheel-
wright. This being the case, employees
are sent who do not understand and can-
not do the work expected and required of
them."

Regardless of Taxes.

The M. K. & T. railroad will soon issue
an ordinance to its agents in the Indian
Territory to accept shipment of hay re-
gardless of the payment of the tribal tax-
es. Heretofore, the company has refused
to accept shipment where the tax had not
been paid.—[Vinita Chieftain.

Noted Indian Secret Society.

The Keetoowahs, the noted secret so-
ciety of the Cherokee Indians, held a
meeting at Bug Tucker Springs on Aug-
ust 11 to discuss the future of the full
bloods. It was expected that this would
be the most important meeting ever held
by the society.—[Indian Journal.

So Say we All of Us.

A feeling for athletic supremacy has
manifested itself in several of our larger
Indian schools, and the athlete who can
play base ball or football is in demand.
We approve the spirit that has inspired
the feeling, but at the same time we do
not believe it is right to import a young
man because of his athletical ability, re-
gardless of character and previous school
standing.—[The Indian Advance.

Is it Our Miss Alice Robertson?

Hon. Miss Alice Robinson, superintend-
ent of schools for the Creek nation, was in
the city Wednesday with an eye to the
affairs of the high school. She left yes-
terday for Wetumka with a like purpose
in view touching the welfare of the
Wetumka National school.—[Indian Jour-
nal.We feel more kindly served if on count-
ing the stamps of a new subscription or
renewal there is one cent more than the
required amount, than we do if there is
one cent less. Some forget to put in the
one cent stamp after enclosing 12 two-cent
stamps thus paying but 24 cents. Every
penny's loss is a drain.

The Band Picture.

Send on Silver quarters, we care not how fast,
For our good Band pictures as long as they last;
Or send two cent stamps as soon as you're ready.
We care not how soon just so they are steady.
Yes, send on the stuff in such form as you choose
And then in reply we'll return you good news—
The RED MAN & HELPER combined in one sheet.
A good little paper both snug and complete.
You may fold it or tie it or stick it in gum,
And sure as you send it, so sure will it come.
Just wrap it in tissue, or bind it in straw,
For paper and picture are cards that will draw.
And our Uncle Sam's mails form a grand old trust,
Gilt edged and secure from both canker and rust,
If stamps stick together, we'll pull them apart,
And give you your money's worth all from the
start;And RED MAN & HELPER will journey right on.
With thanks to the senders till pictures are gone.

Summer School Lasts.

Miss Wood, who is now at Trenton,
N. Y., speaks again in a recent letter of
her enjoyment of her summer school in
Chicago. "Everything contained in the
curriculum," she says, "correlated, so that
I studied nearly all the 'ologies' and
'ics' extant, and for recreation made ob-
servations on the entire solar system, and
tried experiments with the sun himself.
I think the old gentleman was rather
pleased to be noticed, for he has shed his
warmest rays upon me ever since.If I could afford it I would take a year's
course there, for I liked the spirit shown
by every member of the faculty. Great
earnestness, well-directed energy and the
utmost freedom in thought and methods."

Miss Luckenbach.

Miss Luckenbach is at Pasadena, Cali-
fornia, on her vacation from the Phoenix,
Arizona School. She is having good
times and spends many an hour with the
Grinnell's. They live only a little way
from where she is staying. They have
plied her with questions about Carlisle
and their friends here, which Miss Luck-
enbach is only too happy to answer. The
latter has been to the Catalina Islands in
the Pacific, a few hours' ride from shore.Joseph Grinnell, whom we so well re-
member as a little bird hunter while here,
never destroying nests but for the purpose
of study, has made his mark as a scientist.
He is President of a scientific society
which numbers professors among its
members. He has been offered a scholar-
ship in a prominent institution, and is
now studying at the Leland Stanford.
He has had honor conferred upon him
and is only a young man of twenty-two.Pasadena is a beautiful place, but they
say that they have had exceptionally hot
days. Miss Luckenbach finds the weath-
er cool, however, after her experience at
Phoenix.Robert Hudson, ex student, at Gowanda,
N. Y., says he is in excellent health, and
wishes he had a photo to send to show how
very well he looks. This is good news, for
when Robert went home several years
ago, he was in poor health.Isabella Cornelius, a graduate of Car-
lisle and also from the New Britain, Con-
necticut Normal, who has been successfully
teaching white children in New England
for several years has a prospect of teach-
ing at her home, Oneida, Wisconsin, for
a time, to be near her parents who are
along in years.Miss Lillian Complainville, '97, who is
an employee at the Grand Junction School,
Colorado, likes her work pretty well but
has always been sorry that she did not
complete the course at the Business
College when she had the chance here.
She spent her vacation in Idaho, taking a
well earned rest. While there she saw
several of our returned students. Some
are doing splendidly, others not so well.Louis Trombla has organized a literary
society in his neighborhood since he went
home to Shawnee, and they have named
the organization "The Standard Literary
Society." They hope to make it as good
as the Standard Society here of which he
was a live member. He is working at his
trade, the tailor. He keeps pretty well,
but the Oklahoma chills have attacked
him.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's Domain.

No good peaches yet.
Vacation is going fast.
Circus, and nobody went.
Even a writer is sometimes wrong.
Cool nights may soon be looked for.
Watermelons are crowding out the pie.
The ice man has lots of friends these days.
Mr. Simon is assisting Miss Ely for the present.
Too much ice-water sometimes makes sickness.
Even the town clock has a hot old TIME these days.
No heat prostrations here. We are all too busy.
The new boilers for the new plant are immense.
Two weeks more and the oyster will be in a stew.
The grapes now in market are somewhat sour.
No Sunday school picnics indulged in, this summer.
The thermometer was not under control this week.
If we could only store some of this heat for next winter!
Nobody objects to being left out in the cold this weather.
The occasional cool breezes of the week were welcomed guests.
Miss Jones is back from her vacation, looking well and rested.
Strange that those who sprinkle the lawn always show their hose.
The green apple had the inside track of several of our boys this week.
Roasting ears for the first time at the students' dining hall this Wednesday.
Some men never have any push until they are confronted by a saloon door.
It generally takes two weeks to change credit marks after receiving a renewal.
Mrs. Gallup and Master Brewster left on Saturday for their home in Jersey City.
Messrs. Beitzel and Jack Standing are enjoying the life they find at the shore, they say.
It was not the athletic field but the electric motor field that had to be repaired this time.
The storm Wednesday night came near being frightful, but it brought down much welcome rain.
Nora Denny has been presiding at the piano very acceptably during the summer at Sunday School.
Mr. Kemp who has served long and faithfully in the harness shop is off on his annual leave, and will not return.
Extending and increasing the size of the steam pipes and relaying of the same occupies a good force of boys. The digging of ditches makes unsightly grounds, but all will be right ere long and we will have better steam than ever.
With four of our printers away or ill, two presses broken and the motor given out, in addition to serious illness in the family of the editor, this week's edition has been a pull, but we are not baffled by small obstacles. The paper comes out on time.
Ask Patrick Henry, the boys' quarters' pet cat how he likes fly paper called "Tangle-foot." His feet got tangled in it one day recently and he made considerable sport for those who saw the troubled creature. We do not believe he will jump upon the table where he ought not to be, again very soon.
Miss Minnie Finley, who has been spending a part of her vacation at our school, has gone to her post of duty at the Great Nemaha Agency. She claims to have enjoyed every moment of the time she was East, and on the eve of her departure topped the climax by giving a little party to a few select friends, where a social chat and cooling refreshments were enjoyed.

The evening pastime of some of the new boys is the catching of fireflies.

Edwin Moore of the mailing department of our printing office is taking a rest at Hunter's Run.

Mrs. DeLoss is taking a much needed rest at her home in the "Green Fields of old Virginia."

Several Carlisle's have been following the example of Phoenix in sleeping upon the balcony this hot summer.

Herman Niles says: "Speaking just a word for Jersey experience, I can say very decisively that it is very warm here."

Our motor became prostrate with the heat and we had to print a part of this week's edition at the Volunteer office in town.

A number of pretty creations of lawn lace and insertion give evidence of the progress our girls are making in the sewing room.

Mr. and Mrs. Zeigler, of Philadelphia, were interested deaf and dumb visitors on Wednesday. The latter is steward at the Mt. Airy Institute.

That was a great boating party on Friday evening; to say the least, it was a "noble" crowd. Wonder if any of them got a shower-bath?

On Thursday afternoon, Miss Nana Pratt entertained a number of her young lady friends of Carlisle, in honor of Miss Otis, daughter of General Otis.

The road that passes Professor Bakeless' and Mr. Weber's will hereafter be called Katherine Avenue in honor of the two little Katherines who live on it.

Mr. John C. Bakeless, of Shamokin Dam, father of our Professor Bakeless, is visiting the school. Father and son visited the Battlefield of Gettysburg on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mason Pratt and children of Steelton, arrived Wednesday evening to be with us for a week or two. Mr. Pratt hopes to spend most of his nights during the time here.

Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing conducted the Sunday afternoon service. Samuel Miller sang "Praise ye the Lord," in most excellent voice, accompanied by the choir.

Sixty-seven feet of the 110 to complete the smoke stack are up. It is now within 18 feet of being as high as the old steel one. The men at work upon it certainly occupy exalted positions.

The Pratt children, Wednesday night were delighted to see their Grandma Crane, from whom they had been separated for some time. Mrs. Crane has been with us for the past week or so, while Mr. and Mrs. Pratt and family were in eastern New York.

Professor Bakeless has been domiciling himself in his new cottage since his return to the school. Mrs. Bakeless and children will not be back for a few weeks. The Professor is enjoying himself in his new abode as much as one possibly can in an unsettled state.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters of Ft. Lewis, have joined our corps of workers, the former as tailor and the latter as teacher. They have been at the Ft. Lewis school for several years. We find them pleasant people on short acquaintance, and trust they will be pleased in their new environment.

Mrs. Burgess had her worst night last Saturday and on Sunday morning there were grave apprehensions as to her recovery. She rallied, and at this writing is taking more nourishment and is more comfortable than at any time since her illness began over four weeks ago. She still requires constant nursing, but all symptoms are favorable.

Mr. and Mrs. Dagenett left on Saturday for Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, where the former has just been appointed to the chief clerkship of the agency.

Mr. Dagenett graduated from Carlisle in '91 and Mrs. Dagenett as Esther Miller, in '89. Both have since occupied positions of trust in the Government service and have been a part of our employee force for the past year. Their many friends at Carlisle wish them well.

Miss Annie Morton, at Asbury Park, is enjoying the ocean breezes and the throngs of bathers she sees upon the beach.

A Territory exchange says that two Seminole Indians received 100 lashes each on their bare backs at Wewoka last week for violating tribal laws.

Miss Miles was recalled from Sunnyside to take charge of the girls' quarters during the absence of Mrs. Dorsett who is visiting country girls and Mrs. DeLoss who is off on her leave.

Miss Thompson, of Washington, D. C., one of the Capital City's most experienced and skilful trained-nurses, is visiting Miss Barr. She thinks we are delightfully "country" here at the Carlisle school.

There is great beauty and strength in the poem on first page this week, and the lines:

And the soil that works and lets in the sun,
With water is always fed.

seems especially appropriate to the Indian situation.

Mr. Herbert Johnston of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Times was with us over Sunday. He brought his wife and three charming little girls—Helen, Miriam and Dorothy, to remain a fortnight or so. Mrs. Johnston when a gay young girl of Carlisle was Miss Hysinger, and she has a large circle of friends in the town.

Our Anthropological visitor and new friend Miss Meagher, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, left us on Saturday. Her work here was very successful, and she carried away with her the portraits of several of our students to be used as studies of the typical Indian. She also took with her the best wishes of a number not Indians who became interested in her and her work.

Major and Mrs. Pratt and daughter Miss Richenda have gone to Prince Edward's Island for a rest and change. Miss Richenda's friend Miss Florence Koch, joined them in New York. Invigorating atmosphere, fishing, hunting, and every thing calculated to restore health and spirits is promised for that country. A message from Charlottesville, on Wednesday evening gave the joyful news of their safe arrival. They were two days and nights on the ocean out from Boston.

Miss Harriet Eck, of Millville, has joined our staff of workers as teacher of domestic science. At present she is more domestic than science, having been detailed to take temporary charge of the dining-hall, since her arrival on Monday. Miss Eck is a graduate of Drexel, and has had experience in dietetics at the great Johns' Hopkins hospital, at Baltimore. A number of the girls have already expressed a desire to take lessons in the science of which she is master.

Emily Heacock Eves of Millville, arrived last Saturday night to assist Dr. Rebecca Longshore in the care of Mrs. Burgess. The latter feels at home here among the Indians, she having lived for several years with the Pawnees. Dr. Longshore was the first woman to receive the appointment of Government physician among Indians and served successfully in that capacity more than 25 years ago, moving with the Pawnees from Genoa, Nebraska, to the Indian Territory in 1875. The Doctor is full of interesting experiences and anecdote relative to her life on the plains, when the buffalo roamed the prairies and when Indians were not as civilized as now.

To be a Doctor.

Caleb Sickles, '99, spent Sunday with us on his way to Columbus, Ohio, where he intends working his way through Medical College. Caleb has been spending a part of the summer working at the sea-shore. He looks in splendid condition, and has kept himself under athletic training. He intends that his athletics shall play no small part in getting him his M. D. diploma. The name of Dr. Sickles already runs through the ears of the Man-on-the-band-stand, and we desire him to realize his highest hopes.

GIRLS IN THE COUNTRY.

Grace Thumbo's Carlisle friends will be surprised at the ease she has acquired in conversation—the result of her country mother's efforts.

The girls at Laurel Springs, N. J. think they have ideal places—grand old trees, smooth shady lawn, wide porch, and a stream upon which they row, and in which they bathe. These are some of the pleasant things of their daily life. Minnie Kane, Lizzie Wolf, Grace Thumbo, and Louisa Cornelius are the girls so situated.

Lapolia Cheago of Merchantville, N. J. is with her country parents spending a few weeks in Bethlehem, Pa.

Henrietta Coates and Nannie Sturm have had a day at the sea shore. They are representing Carlisle, near Merchantville on a farm.

Nellie Orme at Moorestown still has her camera for a companion, and has a number of new views.

Mary Mitchell is spending the summer at Ocean City, and Stella Blythe at Sea Isle City. Both look well.

Esanetuck is "bell-girl" at the "Illinois," Ocean City, and Kokilook waits upon the table nicely. Both love the sea air, and sea food.

Maggie Hill is at Goshen, N. J., and at times she is a very homesick little girl longing for Carlisle. She has acquired much practical knowledge, thanks to the patience of her country mother.

If any one wants to eat tomatoes cooked to perfection, and sweet wholesome bread, let her "drop in" at Josephine Jannies' country home about tea time. She is a good cook. Miss Josephine lately took a day off and went with her country friends to a picnic in the large cranberry-bog which they cultivate.

Melissa Thompson served the weary, dusty, heated Carlisle visitor with refreshing ice cream which she had frozen. She is on a farm near Medford, N. J.

Carrie Reed is also at Medford, and is fortunate in her country home. She is learning to be a good house-keeper. While the thermometer was climbing up towards a hundred the Carlisle visitor was refreshed at this place by peaches and cream.

Thursday Aug. 9, was a general picnic day in New Jersey. Gertrude Jackson, Sarah Jackson, Millie Paisano, Mabel Greely, Ida Thompson, Christine Majado, and Claudino Molido were not "at home" to the Carlisle representative because they were at their respective Sunday School picnics.

Dolly Johnson is most happily situated at Wildwood, N. J. This a charming seaside resort. Dolly has a beautiful home and she is acquiring skill in household duties. The lunch which she prepared was a dainty appetizing meal.

Margaret La Mere has made a good record at Cape May, and Jessie Moorehouse also at Cape May has lost her pale, thin face and has instead bright eyes and plump pink cheeks.

Grace Banks has made surprising progress this summer in house-hold work. This is her first outing and she is able to get meals alone. She is at Mount Holly.

Angeline View has retrimmed her hat, she says, to please Mr. Standing.

Mrs. Kelley says that Hattie Acklin can make nice bread and delicious pies, surpassing even her country mother.

Margaret Martin is enjoying the summer at Avon-by-the-sea.

COUNTRY VISITOR.

Continued from first page.

were coming up from the other battle. Some say that this soldier took his own life when he was driven back to the main body of the Indians.

The soldiers found near the spot where the big monument now stands fought best and longest. The Indians used many arrows and war-clubs when the two forces came closer together. There was one officer and his attendant who fought their way almost through, but they were killed at last. They fell farthest toward the east at the head of the ravine. It is said that the private stood over the wounded officer, and when two warriors attacked him he killed one of them, but the other lassoed him and dragged him away.

Thus ended the last battle and the career of a daring American officer. It was a surprise to the Sioux that he held his men together so well.

The battle of the Little Big Horn was a Waterloo for General Custer and the last effective defense of the Black Hills by the Sioux. It was a fair fight. Custer offered battle and was defeated. He was clearly out-generaled at his own stratagem. Had he gone down just a half a mile farther and crossed the stream where Crazy Horse did a few minutes later, he might have carried out his plans of surprising the Indian village and taking the Indian warriors at a disadvantage in the midst of their women and children.

Was it a massacre?

Were Custer and his men sitting by their camp-fires when attacked by the Sioux?

Was he disarmed and then fired upon?

No.

Custer had followed the trail of these Indians for two days, and finally overtook them.

He found and met just the Indians he was looking for.

He had a fair chance to defeat the Sioux, had his support materialized and brought their entire force to bear upon the enemy in the first instance.

I reiterate that there were not twelve thousand to fifteen thousand Indians at that camp, as has been represented; nor were there over a thousand warriors in the fight. It is not necessary to exaggerate the number of the Indians engaged in this notable battle. The simple truth is that Custer met the combined forces of the hostiles, which were greater than his own, and that he had not so much underestimated their numbers as their ability.

The League Appreciates Good Work.

At the annual meeting of the League of American Sportsmen, Mr. H. E. Wadsworth, Secretary-Treasurer of the Wyoming Division, reported that Captain H. G. Nickerson, agent for the Shoshone Indians in that State, who was appointed in February, '98, had shown remarkable firmness in dealing with the Indians under his charge. For a hundred years it has been the custom among agents to grant visiting permits to the red men whenever asked for. Under these permits a large party of Indians leave the reservation, ostensibly to visit friends in some other tribe. These permits have been used simply as excuses for going into the game countries and slaughtering game, in and out of season. Ever since Captain Nickerson took charge of the Shoshone agency he has been refusing such requests. In the few cases where he has issued permits he has taken occasion to see that they were not abused.

By pursuing this course he has earned the gratitude of every friend of game protection and every lover of nature.

A beautiful testimonial was drawn up, engrossed, signed, handsomely framed, and sent by express to Captain Nickerson.

It is hoped he will appreciate it and that his children and his grandchildren may find pleasure in referring to it, and in knowing that their illustrious ancestor knew how to deal with game butchers.

Furthermore, it is hoped every Indian agent may learn a salutary lesson from this officer's conduct.—[Recreation.

No Time to Read?

It would be more nearly the truth in hundreds of cases if we would say: "I have no inclination to read."

"I have to do this piece of work, and that and that," says the busy housekeeper.

Well, if you wait to have every piece of work finished and every speck of dirt removed from each article the time for reading good books and magazines will never come.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would say to the Carlisle Indian girls who have gone home and have their little families around them:

A conscientious housekeeper can always find something to do, and you make a mistake if some of the time is not used to improve the mind.

Washing and darning and scrubbing are all elevated out of drudgery to a higher and nobler calling if some time is given to reading.

It is necessary that good homemakers and housemakers should read and think and listen and talk well, if they would have happy homes for husbands and sons.

One reason why we have so little gossiping at the Carlisle school is that all or nearly all the workers use their spare moments studying and reading and improving the mind.

Busy people and earnest people who love to read and reflect, have no time for idle talk.

Note the "rattle-trap" girl or boy. THEY are the ones who "never have time" to read.

A Tradition of the Cree Tribe.

One of the Crees became a Christian. He was a very good man, and did what was right; and when he died he was taken up to the white man's heaven, where everything was beautiful.

All were happy amongst their friends and relatives who had gone before them; but the Indian could not share their joy, for everything was strange to him.

He met none of the spirits of his ancestors to welcome him: no hunting or fishing, nor any of those occupations in which he was wont to delight.

Then the Great Manitou called him, and asked him why he was joyless in his beautiful heaven; and the Indian replied that he sighed for the company of the spirits of his own people.

So the Great Manitou told him that he could not send him to the Indian heaven, as he had whilst on earth chosen this one; but as he had been a very good man, he would send him back to earth again.

Electric Lights Do not Hurt the Eyes.

We hear a good deal of complaint these days about electric lights injuring the eye-sight.

After an investigation into the effect upon the eyesight of the incandescent electric and the incandescent gas light, the University of Heidelberg has decided that neither light, if properly placed, has any bad effect upon the eyes.

On the question of lighting, the committee in charge decided that for the lighting of rooms, especially concert halls and lecture halls, where many people remain for long periods of time, the electric light is without doubt to be preferred to all others from a hygienic point of view.

Any light placed in front of the eyes without a shade will eventually injure the sight.

A cross sun-light to one at work by a window is more injurious than the electric light and oftentimes a side shade will obviate the trouble.

It pays to take care of one's eyes.

Beware of steady cross lights from sun reflections on white buildings or glaring roads!

Pawnees

Stacy Matlack, class '90, was deputy sheriff in Oklahoma for four years, after he returned to Pawnee.

He would have our students understand that whatever their troubles now, they

are going to meet more trouble when they get out of school.

The Pawnees are not the same people they were some years ago. They do not work as they used to. Save a few patches of Indian corn for their winter eating they do very little farming.

In speaking of some of the returned boys, he says that Mark Evarts is a hard working man. He is on his farm, has 60 or 75 acres of corn and is raising cattle and hogs. Frank West is Deputy Sheriff, but does not do much else. The girls are doing far better than the boys.

James R. Murie, Pawnee, graduate of Hampton, has a fine position at the First National Bank in Pawnee, and he, Stacy, at the time of his writing had a position at the Arkansas Valley National Bank, Pawnee.

Stacy says he has a little daughter five years of age, named Cecelia.

The Chipmunk at his Toilet.

Some of us might take lessons from this little animal.

The chipmunk is industrious in all weathers, except the very rainy, although he is rather shy on a very windy day.

The rustling and waving branches make him wary. He eats sitting on his haunches and holding his food in his forepaws.

He drinks by lapping like a dog.

He is very neat about his person, combing out his fur and his long tail with paws and teeth.

He washes his face by lapping his forepaws and then rubbing them both at the same time over his face with such speed that the eye can hardly follow his motions.

Chinese Talk.

In these days of Chinese trouble, it might be well to know the meanings of some of the Chinese words that we see in the papers.

Kiang and ho mean river.
Hai—sea.
Pe—north.
Kin—capital.
Si—west.
Nan—south.
Pai—white.
Tsin—place.
Tien—heavenly.
Chu—pearl.
Kow—mouth (of river, as Hankow).
Hoang—yellow.
Yang—ocean.
Tse—son.
Fu—provincial department capital.
Hien—signifies residence of district official.

Health and Success.

The chief essential of success for a young man is what a vast majority of young men think about the least—that is good health and a sound constitution. That is the first thing; nothing precedes it. In the battle for success, that should be a young man's first thought: not his abilities, nor his work, but his health. That is the basis; the corner-stone of all. Abilities cannot bring health, but health may, and generally does, develop abilities.—[Ladies Home Journal.

Should Have General Circulation.

The Indian Helper and Red Man of Carlisle, Pa., have been consolidated as the "RED MAN & HELPER." It is a bright little weekly journal and should have general circulation not only among educated Indians but among those who are interested in the Indian race.—[Pender Nebraska Times.

In the Saloon.

You deposit your money—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your home control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.—[W. H. Patton.

Unwisdom.

In spite of all that has been done toward the education of the Indian it is estimated that only about one-half of the

Indian youth of school age are receiving instruction.

This is a poor showing.

There ought to be school accommodation for every Indian child.

The sooner we come to compulsory education for every child in this country the better.

To give citizenship to a people without requiring their education is the greatest unwisdom.—[Dr. Frissell.

An Obedient Boy.

"Mamma, may I speak?"

"You know that you must not talk at table."

"May I not say ONE thing?"

"No, my boy. When papa has read his paper you may speak."

Papa reads through his paper and says, kindly:

"Now, William, what is it?"

"I only wanted to say that the water-pipe in the bath-room had burst."

Then there was an ominous "drip."

She Was Bound to Remember.

Friend—I noticed you have a string around your finger and a knot in your handkerchief, too.

Old Lady—Yes, the string around my finger is to remind me that I have a knot in my handkerchief, and the knot in my handkerchief is to remind me that the things I want to remember are written on a piece of paper in my purse.

Not in The Carpenter Shop.

"I'm quite put out," said the lamp.

"Its all over with me," observed the Lid.

"I'm very much cut up," commented the Hash.

"Heigho! I'm tired," sighed the Bicycle.

"As for me, I'm simply done up," returned the Parcel.

"I wish," growled the Pen-knife, "you'd all follow my example."

"What's that?" they chorused.

"Shut up!" said the Pen-knife.

And then the curtain fell and the scene terminated.

The Mile Race.

"Jack" asked the father, "are you going in for any of the school sports this year?"

"Yes father" replied the unsuspecting boy, "I'm going to try for the mile race."

"Good," returned the father. "I have a letter to be posted, and it is about a mile to the postoffice and back. Let me see what time you can do it in."

Quicker than Thought.

A little boy, hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said he knew better than that; whistling was quicker than thought.

Being asked to explain, he said:

"In school the other day I whistled before I thought, and got a licking for it."

Indians to be Arrested.

The government has again put a field marshal in this part of the state with head quarters at Pender. It is stated that people from the Iowa side of the river come over, do business, and skin back all within an hour. The marshal will arrest every Indian found with liquor on his person, on the reservation.—[Homer Echo, Nebr.

Attention.

Employer—"You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn't you?"

Boy—"Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 4, 6, 8 is an insect with warm feet, so the Irishman thought.

My 3, 2, 9 is a small drinking cup.

My 5, 2, 1, 7 is a bunch.

My whole is a game that is just now sharing the honors with Jackstones among the small boys.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: They get a move on.