

# The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.  
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## WAITING.

(The following is printed by request.)

I'M KNEELING at the threshold.  
Weary and faint and sore;  
Waiting for the dawning,  
For the opening of the door:  
Waiting till the Master  
Shall bid me rise and come.  
To the glory of his presence,  
To the gladness of his home.  
A weary path I've travelled,  
Mid darkness, storm and strife;  
Bearing many a burden,  
Struggling for my life;  
But now the morn is breaking,  
My toll will soon be o'er,  
I'm kneeling at the threshold,  
My hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices  
Of the blessed as they stand,  
Singing in the sunshine  
Of the far-off sinless land;  
O! Would that I were with them,  
Amid their shining throng,  
Mingling in their worship,  
Joining in their song.

The friends who started with me,  
Have entered long ago;  
One by one they left me,  
Struggling with the foe;  
Their pilgrimage was shorter,  
Their triumph sooner won,  
How lovingly they'll hail me,  
When all my toil is done!

With them, the blessed angels  
That know no grief or sin,  
I see them by the portals,  
Prepared to let me in.  
O, Lord! I wait thy coming;  
Thy time and way are best;  
But wasted, worn and weary,  
O, Father bid me rest.

## SIGHTS ALONG THE WAY.

Some weeks ago Mrs. De Loss went the Southern route to Ft. Defiance, where she is now stationed. From Washington, D. C. until she reached El Paso there were not unusual happenings, but at the last named place she was obliged to remain a few hours on account of some hitch in the schedule. We will now let her speak through a letter received soon after the experiences related:

I stayed in El Paso from about 1:40 P. M., to 7:45, with a most delightful companion—Mrs. Dr. Stevens, of California en route from Washington to her home.

I felt as if I would be lifted off my feet by the buoyant atmosphere.

We asked at the hotel for directions to points of interest in the city.

"Oh, none" was the reply, "except Jaurez, over in Mexico. You can go there in the street car."

So to Jaurez we went in a little old "drop-your-fare-in-a-box" car drawn by a dejected and shaggy mule and driven by a picturesque Mexican.

At the bridge he whipped the mule, and it jerked into life and whizzed us across. The only reason I could see for this was a sign in English: "Walk your horses over the bridge."

I asked a man in the cart to show me the river.

"That's the river. That earth out there."

And so it was all through that section. All the rivers were earth, and the bones of dead horses strewn over that desolation spoke of the torture of thirst, which stock, turned out so cruelly to graze where there is no pasture, and to drink where there is no water, endure or sink under.

Our wandering through the quaint old Mexican town of Jaurez, our visit to the Cathedral, our meeting with a gentleman, who knew the town and

took us to the sight of the bull-fights, to the festa, where men and women were playing roulette and other games of chance and buying refreshments of queer sorts, liquid and otherwise, our view of the place of justice, the gaol, the adobe houses, one not so tall as myself, in fact I leaned my elbow on the flat roof and talked to a group of dirty, patient, sore-eyed, half-naked babies on a gunny sack, spread out in front; our chat with two pretty and clean Mexican women one of whom held under her chin a yellow puppy not so long as her hand and which snuggled under my fur collar and wanted to stay; our walk through the market and stores, particularly the store in which the fine drawn-work and silver trinkets seemed almost to be given away—"two bits" buying four times the value in the States, all of these things might be interesting to write about, but the story would be too long.

I must tell you, however, of the farce of the custom house inspection.

Going over, at the El Paso end of the bridge an old man hobbled on the car, opened all visible bundles, most of them were cameras, grunted and left.

Duty at that end is ten per cent.

On our return trip an unconventional officer stalked through and asked:

"Anything dutiable?"  
The unanimous reply was, "No."

When he disappeared an old soldier slowly reached around to his pocket and drew out a curious silver ball which he held up with a chuckle, and three women, without a word, shook out the folds of fine Mexican handkerchiefs and tucked them in the flaps of their coats.

Duty at that end, sixty per cent,

Uncle Sam is a better soldier, a better financier but not a better spy.

I suppose you have visited Albuquerque, that little gem of a place—the old town with its cathedral and long lines of flat-roofed adobes, and the women with black shawls drawn over their heads reminding one of Jaurez, and the new town with its brisk business and fresh, modern cottages showing the Yankee infusion, the mountains with snow in their chasms and snow on their crests looking silvery white and majestic.

Then the writer skips to Gallup.

I reached Gallup at four o'clock on a very cold morning. I stayed there a day and a night before starting to the Fort. You all know the mining interests of Gallup. There are fine public schools. I visited the fifth and seventh grades during recitations and was deeply interested.

There are a few churches, a post-office, Opera house, trading stores, a very substantial and large commission house; there are unattractive cottages and twenty-three saloons.

I must not forget the livery stable which wanted to charge \$12 to bring a small person from Gallup to Ft. Defiance.

This small person came another way, with the mail and an old Mexican, a weary little mule and a fagged horse, all for five dollars.

I thought I should have been paid indemnity for witnessing the weariness and effort of the poor brutes who had no food by the way and no water except that found in a small hole by the roadside, which the horse drank greedily but which the fastidious mule refused. The Mexican, after walking the team through, scooped up two handfuls, gulped them down with every sign of relish, and asked if I would have a drink!

Talk of internal somersaults! I experienced one right there.

All this time the air was heavenly, the sky brightly blue, the huge ant-hills

glistening in the sunlight, and a touch of life, stunted but most intensely picturesque and appealing was given by mounted Navajoes—one of them a pretty boy with a twisted narrow white band across his forehead, his naked, brown legs showing through a long rent in his dirty, white trousers, and only a thin black shirt on his body. He wheeled close to our party and eagerly stretched out his thin hand for the lunch offered him; and by the immense flocks of sheep, black and white, herded by women in bright blankets and half-clad children and handsome dogs.

Ravens flew about us; once a family of sparrows whirred from the stunted thorn-bushes along the road-side.

We overtook and passed a white man's retinue of two Studebaker wagons with eight horses, a sprightly young Mexican, several ugly Indian men and a gaunt squaw, and also passed several abandoned houses.

I got out and looked into one of them, and into the shaft of a well that the Mexican told me had in vain been bored 500 feet for water. I think he told an untruth about it. He knew about ten English words and I nothing of his tongue, except gracias and adios, still we talked all the way, making out by vigorous signs and exclamations. I was afraid of him at first, but he took good care of me, and I soon saw that he could be trusted.

When the State line was reached and the grand border of Arizona's rocks stood out in the brilliant light of the Western sun I stopped the wagon and stood up to take in the strange new beauty of the scene.

The road-bed was pink as far as I could see. The mesa close beside us showed rainbow tints in its strata, no vegetation, but grandeur of outline and color, until suddenly the sun dropped, and it grew dark and bitterly cold, and I was glad to be wrapped in all my many shawls and mufflers and the Mexican's big red-quilt that I had viewed with trepidation as to germs. I had to simply endure existence until the lights of the Fort shone out.

Major and Mrs. Hazlett met me very kindly, and a supper and good hot tea "saved me life." We were eight hours on the way from Gallup

## GRANDMOTHER WAYS OF CIVILIZING INDIANS MUST BE GIVEN UP.

Joseph K. Griggs, an Evangelist brought up among the Kiowas writes thus in the Buffalo Express under date February 4. The Indians mentioned in his article we know, and the conditions described are well worth reading. His story closes thus:

We look in vain for specimens of educated Indian eloquence which will compare with that of such native, untutored orators as Tecumseh, Osceola, Red Jacket and Logan, or Sa-tan-ta of the Kiowas, who was known as the "Orator of the Plains."

Sa-tan-ta was a remarkable man alike in warfare and powers of oratory.

I have seen him win to his side those who were the most determined to surrender to the whites, and stir them into unbounded enthusiasm for war.

He was made prisoner by the soldiers and was taken to Texas to be tried.

Knowing the Indian as I do, having spent more than seventeen of my earliest years with him, believing for a part of the time that I was of his race, having him in all his moods, conditions and occupations; having played when a boy with him, hunted, fought, starved and feasted and

danced with him—this I say: If I were an Indian I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people who adhered to the free, open plains, rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation, there to be the recipient of the blessed benefits of civilization, with its vices thrown in without stint or measure.

To civilize the Indian he must have new ideals of life and he can receive these from civilized environments only.

A hundred years of reservation life will remove the Kiowas and Comanches from their present condition in but a small degree if we are to judge them by other tribes such as the Cherokees and Creeks and Choctaws in the Indian Territory, and the Senecas in New York.

There are civilized and educated men among these, but they are not fullbloods. Just now the fullbloods of these tribes here in the Indian Territory are dancing and are on the eve of going upon the war-path, and have already killed some of their own people for refusing to join them.

And this, after nearly a century of reservation life.

Quanah Parker, the noted chief of the Comanches, is a singular character and has an interesting history.

His mother, who was a white woman—Cynthia Ann Parker—was captured by the Comanches.

She grew to womanhood among them and became the wife of their chief.

This union gave to the Comanches their shrewd, farsighted chief, Quanah Parker.

Quanah is nearly 50 years old, tall, straight and muscular, showing more of the Indian than of the white man.

When among white people he wears a fashionable suit and silk hat, while in his shirt front gleams a diamond pin.

When at home among his people he dons his buckskin leggins and moccasins.

Here, he lives in patriarchal style, surrounded by his relatives and his herds of horses and cattle.

In 50 years his people will not be as well off in many respects as they are today.

They will rent their allotments to white people and live off the income, and do as little work as possible.

But, if their tribal relationship were broken up, their land sold and the families scattered among white people in the States where they would be surrounded by the best of civilized conditions, where they would be compelled to work for their living, where they would be treated as people, not as children or curiosities, in one generation they would be civilized and educated or else cease to be.

Let it be a case of "root hog or die."

I have seen a good many chickens hatched, but never saw the process helped any by breaking the shell.

If the chick inside was worth it, it always got outside.

So with the Indian.

The old grandmother-way of bringing him up in swaddling bands on a nursing bottle has proved a failure.

Since something must be done with him, treat him as you do other accountable human beings.

## The way to get Sympathy.

A good old southern darkey puts a very valuable truth in this way:

"When ebbah yoh feels like you want sympathy, jus laugh heathy an you'll find people jinin' in. Laughin' am de ketchinest ting dat is. De pussons what sets on de eggs of borrowed trouble will at las' succeed in hatchin' de generium chickens."  
—[Washington Star.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER

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Address all Correspondence: Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing, Carlisle, Pa.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second-class matter.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it some one else has.

Unless some untoward event intervenes, the Osage Journal expects the Osage reservation to be a part of Oklahoma in fact as well as in fiction within the next year.

This week, a number of Mr. Frank Hudson's friends at the school received handsomely printed statements of the Bank—The City Deposit Bank of Pittsburgh, in which he is employed as Assistant-Bookkeeper.

A postal card from Edith Smith, '97, dated Chicago, the 22nd, shows that she was on her way to Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, to take a position in the Agency Boarding School, as that is where she directs her paper to be sent.

Emanuel Powlas, Troop K, Fifth Cavalry, directs that his address be changed to Ft. Myer, Flo. "I am here until the 9th of March," he says, "and then probably go to the Philippines." It has not been long since we were sending his papers to the snow-bound regions of New England. Who says Emanuel is not gaining knowledge through travel?

We have hundreds of applications for student helps in country homes that we cannot fill. The Indian boys and girls have made reputations for themselves, and are wanted, and that is not saying that every one who goes out succeeds. But if there were a thousand young men with us, ready for experience such as they get in good homes, they could be so placed. Several hundred of our boys and girls will go out soon for the summer, but there are not enough to supply the demand.

"I should think you would find the fare rather plain at the students' table after having such good food in the country," said a teacher to one of our girls who had just come in to join her class here. The girl is one of those who always looks upon the bright side of life, and she replied most cheerfully. "No, indeed. Why if I were home, Miss Blank, sometimes I would not get as good as I get at the students' table." She is making the most of her opportunities and will graduate well up in her class, no doubt.

THE HALF-BREED OF TODAY.

One of the greatest troubles in dealing with Indian affairs is the erroneous idea which prevails among many in regard to the half-breed or mixed-blood Indians. The wishes of the full-blood have been the leading inspiration for the actions of pseudo friends of the Indian. In fact, the eastern idea is that there are no Indians but full-bloods.

This prevalent idea is largely due to the literature of the past, which made the half-breed the villain of the plot, while his full-blood relatives, clad only in a picturesque costume of paint and feathers, were lauded as heroes.

The result has been that the more educated mixed-blood has had but little influence in shaping the destiny of his people. When he proposed a forward step, he was asked: "How about the Indians,"

just as though he were not an Indian himself.

The full-blood naturally clings to the ancient customs of the tribe, and the everlasting pandering to his wishes does not help along the cause of civilization. Every change that has been made toward progressive citizenship has been made in spite of the wishes of the so-called friends of the Indian.

Take the Osage as an example. More than a majority of the tribe are mixed-bloods and the proportion is increasing every day. Every mixed-blood stands ready to do anything to throw open the country and take upon themselves the duties of citizenship. They have for years stood as a unite for allotment, but nothing has been done toward that end because the "Indian" did not favor it. Now that sentiment for allotment is getting hold of the full-blood element, we are told that the friends of the Indian have heard his voice already.

The Osage mixed-blood has had a hard row to hoe. Bowed down by the weight of the reservation system he has had to stand mutely by while the substance of his tribe was wasted in riotous living. If he became a spendthrift and a rascal, is it any wonder? Discredited abroad and hampered at home, unable to become aught but an Indian and yet not considered one when it came to voicing the sentiment of his tribe. Only recently members of the Senate of the United States objected to educating the children of the mixed-blood, but as yet no one has proposed following the mixed-blood's advice and do away with the necessity for this governmental education.—[Osage Journal.]

The Y. M. C. A. Convention at Lancaster.

The delegation of young men representing our Young Men's Christian Association who attended the Twenty-third Annual State Convention held at Lancaster from 21st to 24th, have returned, and report a profitable and pleasant trip.

They were most hospitably cared for, as were all the delegates, and had quarters in a hotel within a convenient distance from the Association building, where most of the meetings were held.

This is a fine new structure, designed and built expressly for an Association building, at a cost of about \$150,000.

There were over 800 delegates present, representing all parts of the State, and were addressed by earnest and experienced men in Young Men's Christian Association work.

Some of the boys had the pleasure of personally meeting Mr. Robert E. Speer and other leaders of the convention.

Various associations reported the results of their labors, papers on different phases of Y. M. C. A. work were read and discussed and resolutions were adopted.

One of the resolutions was that there would be an effort made on the part of the Young Men's Christian Association to have the gates of the Pan-American Exposition closed on Sunday.

"All who attended, I feel sure," says one of the number, "can say truly, 'It was a good thing to be there, and beyond a doubt great good has been gained by those fortunate ones.'" Now if they do their share, the work of our Association here will be strengthened, and the benefit they received will be shared by their less favored brothers.

The Double Letter.

"In a class of little first readers," says Current Literature, "the pupils were very proud when they were able to spell 'b-a-double l,' 'ball,' and 't-r-double e,' 'tree.'"

The meaning of the 'double' was carefully explained; and one day, while reading the class came upon this sentence, 'Up, up, John! and see the sun rise!'

One little man eagerly craved permission to read the line, and rendered it as follows, 'Double up, John! and see the sun rise!'

We are pleased to learn that Justin Shedgee is still among the living, a letter having been received from him recently. He is at San Carlos, Arizona.

NOTES FROM INDIAN SCHOOL EXCHANGES.

From the Genoa, Nebraska, News.]

Dr. W. H. Winslow, of Lawrence, Kansas, who is to be our Superintendent, has arrived and will soon take charge of the school.

Many of the pupils and some of the employees have been 'laid off' from the effect of their vaccination.

U. S. Indian Inspector Arthur M. Tinker, and Mrs Tinker are official visitors at the school. We are glad to have them with us.

Mr. Russel Elliott, of New Lancaster, Kansas, who has been appointed Farmer at this school to succeed Mr. Thompson, arrived on the 6th. instant.

From Talks and Thoughts, Hampton, Va.]

On Founders Day, January 27th, Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, Mr. Ogden, President of Board of Trustees, Bishop McVikar, and President Slocum of Colorado College, were among the visitors.

Emancipation Day was celebrated as usual by students in the old chapel on New Year's afternoon.

From the Indian Leader, Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas.]

On Monday the Secretary of the Interior recommended a deficiency appropriation of \$3,000 for the rebuilding of the barn recently destroyed by fire. While \$3,000 will not make good the entire loss it will replace the barn, and horses and farming implements can be bought from time to time to replace the ones burned.

The new laundry building is now completed and new machinery is being received and old repaired. Within a month everything will probably be in readiness so that it can be occupied. When the old laundry is vacated it will be fitted up for the classes in manual training.

A little Indian boy who was a pupil in one of the Creek schools was asked by his guardian what he was learning in school. His answer was: "Well I have learned to eat oat meal."

Miss Daisy Dixon returned Tuesday from a visit of several weeks in Indiana.

From Progress, Regina Boarding School, Canada.]

The Rev. J. A. Sinclair, formerly missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Skaguay and Bennett in the Yukon, has been appointed to the Principalship of the Indian Industrial School, Regina, made vacant by the death of the Rev. A. J. McLeod.

Newekeswape, an intelligent Indian and the father of our Carpenter Instructor Herman, is on a visit to his son. His home is at Crooked Lake. He says some of the Indians in those parts are finding the present a rather difficult winter on account of the scarcity of fodder.

Cora Wheeler, Dead.

The following letter cast a gloom over her classmates and others who knew Cora Wheeler, class '99. She was ill for some time, and her comforts at home were not many. A purse was made up among the students and faculty and sent to her friends to buy delicacies and to make her as comfortable as possible. Cora was one of our faithful good girls, and was taking training as a nurse when she became sick, returned to the school from Philadelphia and thence home to New York State. The letter from Mrs. Bemis Pierce, our Annie Gesis, class '99, gives some of the particulars:

IRVING N. Y. Feb. 20, 1901.

DEAR MISS BARR:— Perhaps you will hear before this letter reaches you that Cora Wheeler has passed away. I went over to see her on Sunday morning. She seemed very bright then, and wished me to write and give her love to the girls.

I went over this morning with the minister for the purpose of holding a little prayer meeting, but we were too late, as we did not know she had gone.

She looked very happy, and wore a smile. She is to be buried on Friday afternoon.

Please do not forget to remember her to the girls and her friends. With best wishes. I remain Your friend.

ANNIE GESIS PIERCE.

February's Entertainment.

An hour and a half of pleasure was given to the school last Thursday night by the Academic Department.

As usual, recitations, orations, singing and instrumental music made up the program.

From the Man-on-the-band-stand's point of view and considering the everyday, Sarah Corban, on "Boys of America" and Chas. Bender on "John Marshall" were the banner speakers. The enunciation of the former was sometimes indistinct because of rapid speaking, but her expression was so good and the meaning was brought out better than some who were more deliberate.

Charles Bender was graceful, easy and forceful. There were no gestures, but every word uttered had feeling in it, and that is the secret of true oratory.

Joseph Trempe in his excellent rendition of "Charge of the Light Brigade" was not far behind. He had graceful gestures, and the selection was delivered in a manner that carried a thrill to the hearts of his hearers. The "Noble 600" stood out in bold relief, and we could see the cannon in front and the cannon behind, but the points of emphasis, although on the right words, were not tempered. Better by far be too strong in this particular, however, than not strong enough.

Louis Sanchez did well. He has gotten his Porto Rican tongue quite under control. James Compton spoke loud and clear. Benjamin Walker was deeply in earnest and his delivery good. Jane Marie had excellent expression. Titus Crow spoke with feeling, but was not clear in enunciation.

Eugene Fields' "Krinken" was gracefully rendered by Louisa Christjohn. She enunciated distinctly, and the modesty of the speaker added attractiveness. Archie Wheelock made a good effort.

Cinderella Williams, Ruth Bear and Nancy Chubb sang "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue" after a patriotic recitation, and did it well. Frank Exendine, the only No. 1 pupil on the program told of Jack Frost in a way that showed he had tried hard, and Jessie Abbott's expression was good.

The motion song by Miss McIntire's pupils brought out hearty applause.

"The Lilies Wake from Dewy Sleep", sung by the choir girls was called for the second time. They have improved very much, and we hope they will often appear.

The piano solo, Francis H. Ravina's "Thistle Down" played by Matilda Garnier, of Porto Rico, showed skill and a cultivated interpretation. A musical critic was heard to remark that her technique was good.

The school song, accompanied by the Band, was rendered with spirit and was applauded by the faculty.

The Band as usual contributed a large share of the pleasure of the evening. The first Overture, "Flotow's 'Stradella'" was played with a skill that would place this by the side of the good Bands. All the finer parts were listened to with appreciative attention. We have learned to expect good things, and do not wish to talk and enter into a social time, now, when the Band plays classic music. The encore was a piece of lighter vein, and carried in its theme a catchy rhythm of the kind that lingers long in the ear.

The closing selection, Waldtenfel's "The Skater"—Waltz, although familiar to most of us was rendered so beautifully that no one was ready to leave the room. Conductor Ettinger generously gave as an encore a selection of his own composition.

We will not forget to mention the appropriate platform decorations. Washington's portrait was conspicuous in the folds of "Old Glory" and the plants, flowers and drapery made a pleasing setting for the varied performances.

"How can you eat onions in the middle of the day? I should think your breath would be offensive to your employer," said a Miss Blank to her companion who was luncheoning with her.

"Not at all," replied the young typewriter. "You see our office is on the sixteenth floor, and every time I go up in the elevator it takes my breath away."

**Man-on-the-band-stand's Corner.**

Mr. Warner took a business trip to Princeton on Saturday in the interests of Athletics.

Cynthia Lambert has returned from Chambersburg, and had a good time visiting friends.

There was no school last Friday, but the printers worked and took their holiday the day following.

The printers have been turning out job-work equal to quite a business house, in the past few weeks.

The teachers' parlor is being repaired and painted, and made more home like than it has been for some time.

Mrs. Eckels, of North Hanover street attended the Thursday night entertainment, and spent the night with Miss Custer.

Miss S. J. Porter, of Chicago, is one of the recent appointees for Ft. Defiance, Arizona. This is her first venture in the Indian service.

The Band is getting from time to time new instruments in exchange for old ones, among others Mr. J. Wheelock has a new Buffet Clarinet.

Miss Miles' family now in the dining-hall at meal time numbers 680. The rest of our 987 are in the country or eat elsewhere on the grounds.

To-night Miss Roberts and Miss Jones visit the Invincibles, Mr. Beitzel and Mr. Thompson, the Standards, Miss Carter and Miss Burgess the Susans.

The history talk before our student body last week was on England in the Nineteenth Century to the accession of Queen Victoria, and was ably presented by Mrs. Odell.

The boy with good sense will wear comfortable shoes next Monday, even if they do not look quite so well as a tight pair. No one is going to look specially at the marcher's feet.

Paul Teenah, of Troop "I" 8th Cavalry, who is on a sick furlough here, is improving every day. He does not wear his uniform, so looks the citizen or the civilian, as the Army people would say.

The regular monthly sociable was held Saturday night, and was pronounced a good one. Games were entered into with a zeal that displayed pleasure in every move on the part of those who participated.

In the Inaugural Parade, our Battalion will carry wands on which will be mounted small flags. These in the place of guns will present a unique and attractive appearance. The boys execute a number of movements which will show their knowledge of tactics.

It was not that no one had a "ghost of a chance" last Friday evening at Miss McIntire's "At Home," for all were ghosts, and a gruesome company it was for a few minutes. The fun was thoroughly enjoyed, however, and the evening is one to be remembered.

One half-hour of the weekly Teacher's Meeting is devoted to Grigg's "New Humanism." "The Evolution of Personality" is the lecture under consideration at present. It elicits much earnest, helpful discussion. "Living with noble thoughts broadens and beautifies a soul."

An interesting debate on the slavery question was held in No. 12, one study hour evening last week. There were several guests present, and the arguments of the different speakers, pro and con, evinced considerable fire, as well as logic of a higher order than usual. We are improving as reasoners and debaters.

Fancy work? Oh, well, yes, do fancy work after the ESSENTIALS are WELL done, but when one leaves an important duty meanly performed, and takes up fancy work, it puts a ban upon that kind of work by sensible people. This is what the Man-on-the-band-stand heard one of the faculty remark not long since. This member of the faculty happens to know some fancy-workers who shirk important duties.

Teacher: What kind of stock is raised where a great deal of corn is grown?

Pupil: Corn-stock.

The laundry girls are taking special interest in glove pressing this week. They seem to be eager for the work, and it is hard to understand why, unless it is they are glad to contribute a share toward the inaugural parade preparations.

The Junior pupil teachers have been leading their children in the Normal Department in the study of the Eskimos. They enjoy studying about other boys and girls. Their next lessons will be about how the little people of China live.

The Sophomores and Juniors had a salad lesson this week in the Domestic Science class. They make three kinds of salad—potato, chicken and fruit. The classes now are making pies for the Washington paraders, and others who go next Monday.

The Invincibles were all right on Friday night—good oration, good program, good order, good all around. Basil Thomas and Hawley Pierce made excellent extempore speeches. The way to learn to speak on one's feet is TO SPEAK ON ONE'S FEET.

The story of Mrs. DeLoss' trip to Arizona has been crowded out from week to week by other matter. Although the journey was taken a few weeks since the pictures drawn of scenes and experiences are as graphic as if 'twere but yesterday, and will be read with interest.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at the school by a holiday, appropriate exercises for the occasion having been held in connection with the monthly exhibition the evening before. The day was beautiful, although some snow fell. Skating was not the best, but good enough to be enjoyed by a large number.

The cold snap has been so continuous for a few weeks that skating would have been fine all through had snow not spoiled it in the early part of the season. Oh, we have skated. Of course we have skated. The pond has been FULL of skaters almost daily, during playtimes, but the ice has not been the most enjoyable.

The Art Department has received a contribution of twenty-five dollars from Mr. Charles R. Flint, of New York, for designs submitted for the decoration of his new yacht. The yacht is to be named "The Arrow" and the ornamental designs were Indian in character. A prize for the best design will be awarded later when a selection has been made.

The small boys in the laundry are proving very useful in the washing department. Almost any of the larger boys can be sent to the large mangle and do the work well. They also assist in the shirt and collar starching. Soap-cutting seems to be their favorite pastime. The shirt and collar machines have been run a half-day each week by Ruth Hosay and Esther Parker, both excellent workers.

A number of students who are behind their classes on some subjects are receiving special work under Mrs. Odell. The class-work of many is improving. This plan soon shows the worthy pupil and the idle shirk. The worthy pupil shows daily growth and pains-taking effort. The shirk falls to the rear without backbone. There is no growth in him, no interest, know-nothing.

One of the busiest and most attractive places on the grounds is the laundry. To stand for a moment and see the great belts moving, to hear the mangles, the immense brass washers, the cute little shirt and collar ironers, and the centrifugal wringers buzzing, and to watch the score of women and girls at the ironing tables and doing other work by hand that cannot be done by machinery, and the small boys jumping merrily here and there, now rolling the big tubs on wheels, or dragging the garments from the wringers, or sliding the rolling horses upon which the clothing is hung, to be rolled back into the steam-dryer, all busy, and all looking happy as though it were not such hard work after all, is an inspiring picture.

Teacher: What is the organ of thought?

Pupil: The wind-pipe.

On Wednesday and Thursday of this week, Miss Smith gave as a part of the opening exercises of school an excellent resumé of Irish history. The series on the history of Great Britain for the year has been very instructive to teachers and students. A committee of schools and teachers has been appointed to plan a series for next year. The news of the week is presented each Wednesday morning by a committee of teachers.

It will require six coaches to take our marchers to Washington next Monday. The boys will be dressed in uniform. Each will carry extra clothing for protection in case of wet weather, and will have over-shoes and extra stockings. The party will leave at a very early hour, probably between 2 and 3 o'clock, A. M. and will return at a very late hour the same day. A number of girls are going in charge of a chaperon, and several of the faculty will be in attendance.

Miss Ely's busy season is just beginning. All the applications for student helps in country homes go through her hands, and the placing of the boys and girls in homes is her work. Care is taken to find good influences are what we are after when we place our boys and girls out. The change of occupation and food, and the independence of thought they gain when out and caring for themselves are of great value to all who take the experience. There are those who say they can learn to work at home. But how? Do they learn real business thrift and economy? There is no boy or girl here but could gain much from our country people who have to labor and economize to get along in the world. The opportunity to work with and for such people is worth more to us than we can estimate.

#### Addresses Before Our Student Body from Notable Indians.

On Monday evening the student body was dismissed a half hour earlier than usual from study hour and went to the Assembly Hall to listen to two Indian speakers, delegates to the Young Men's Christian Association Convention held at Lancaster last week from Santee, Nebraska.

The first speaker, Mr. Arthur Tibbetts, the Young Men's Christian Association Secretary for the Sioux Indians, congratulated our students on the opportunities here enjoyed. He urged upon them the education of the heart.

"If you have not this education, stay away from the old home, for you will drop back to the old life, and be no help. We have no use for you there."

He was followed by the Reverend James Garvie, who is a Congregational minister and formerly one of the instructors at Santee. Reverend Garvie summed his able talk up into three things to do. He would have us educate the body, the mind and the heart. He gave three things to remember. We should guard the health and keep the mind and spirit clean. God's eye is upon you always. He would have us forget three things. Forget that we can get help from the Government, forget that we are INDIANS and forget that we have a stomach. Indians are too prone to live for the mere animal.

#### Curing a Cold.

The following from the New York Evening Post may be worth trying:

It has been alleged and has been demonstrated in more than one case, that a wineglass of water taken with absolute regularity every fifteen minutes during the waking hours will control a serious asthmatic attack, and, if persevered in at every recurring evidence of a further attack, will finally work a cure.

The remedy sounds simple, but it is, in fact, very difficult to keep up, as a moments reaction will show.

At the intimation of a cold in the case of a well-known lady or in that of any member of her family, the cold-water treatment is promptly begun, always with excellent result.

#### Dr. Eastman Arrives.

Dr. Chas. Eastman, Government Physician at Crow Creek S. Dak., arrived on Friday with nine young Indians to enter Carlisle as students. The Doctor is looking remarkably well, and says Mrs. Eastman and the children never were in better health. Irene has grown larger than Dora, and is fast becoming a useful little helper in the home. Dora loves her books. Virginia is everybody's pet and Ohiyesa is as full of mischief as ever. The Doctor is kept busy day and night administering to the medical needs of three schools on the agency and to the Indians. His office is in one of the rooms of his residence, which cramps them. They have some prospect of a new and separate office in the near future and of having their house enlarged. Still he says they are very comfortable as they are. The Doctor remained with us but a night, and went on to Washington the next morning after his arrival.

LATER; Returning from Washington yesterday, he leaves for the West to-day.

#### Our Embroidery Cabinet.

Entering the sewing room, perhaps the first thing that attracts the attention of visitors, is the embroidery cabinet.

This cabinet contains among other things an embroidered strawberry center piece, Battenberg centerpieces of different patterns, drawn needle-work handkerchiefs and Brazilian point doilies.

These Brazilian Points are made with thread into little wheels; it is very easily done and yet it puzzles those who never saw them made. Handkerchiefs are made of these wheels, also neckties, tray covers and delicate doilies.

There are hemstitched handkerchiefs, neckties, aprons, bureau covers, tray covers, curling-bags, shopping-bags and photograph frames. These are either solidly stitched or outlined, but the frames are all covered with Battenberg needle-work. Among these things are two beautiful cushions. One of which is embroidered in wild roses, which looks very natural, and the ruffle is finished with button hole stitches.

The other cushion is of red poppies, the work being neatly done and colors chosen with taste. All these things are made by the girls under the instruction of the sewing room matron. M. R. K.

#### St. Valentine's at Ft. Spokane.

For the proper celebration of St. Valentine's Day, a unique plan was carried out at Ft. Spokane, in the State of Washington.

The origin, the bird's wedding day, was explained; then each pupil made valentines.

Birds, butterflies, hearts and soles, (souls) leaves and flowers as booklets with appropriate verses were cut out and decorated with water-colors.

In order that no one might be slighted each pupil made two or more valentines, one for his or her favorite, the other for some one not so fortunate.

The girl's sitting room was made more attractive and homelike by additional rugs, pictures, etc.

Refreshments were served during the evening, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, cake, candies, nuts and cookies in the shape of hearts.

After this, Cupid with bow and arrow came bowing and smiling and distributed the valentines (on a heart-shaped salver) which were given by the the Queen of Hearts.

The Midgets performed, and every one went home feeling happier for it all.

L. N. BUTLER.

#### Meat Once a Day Enough.

Personally, I do not believe that any one needs meat more than once a day. By careful experiments, during hard labor say for fourteen hours a day, I find one meal of meat all that is necessary—in fact, more is a burden.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the March Ladies' Home Journal.

Vincent Natailsh, class '99, who has been for a year or two in New York and vicinity has gone home to Arizona for his health.

