

The Red Man and Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

THE RED MAN.

This is the number of your time mark on wrapper refers to. SEVENTEENTH YEAR, or Vol. XVII., No. 6. (17-6)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper Vol. II, Number two

OUR HEROES.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer to the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right" be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

PHOEBE CARY.

A BREEZY LETTER FROM THE "WINDY CITY."

CHICAGO, ILL. July 25.

After all my vows, dear Man-on-the-band-stand, here I am, three weeks away from home, without sending you a line; but Chicago never does anything in a small way, and the warmth of her welcome rather overpowered me.

In the first place we had a dreadful time getting here. It was such a hot dusty ride.

In the cars, we looked like chimney-sweeps—cinders from head to foot, blue in the face, with red eyes.

Miss McIntire went around graciously offering flaxseed to the suffering passengers, while I performed the surgical operation of dropping the aforesaid seeds in their eyes.

Meanwhile we serenaded each other by that touching ditty entitled "My Cole Black Lady."

We soon settled down to work at the University, and have had some happy weeks in our various classes.

Chicago is a place of such magnificent distances, we found we had to limit the points of interest we visited. Just think of running out to dinner seventeen miles from where you take your lunch, and then coming home again before bedtime.

We spent a delightful afternoon at the field museum, where many of the most valuable exhibits of the World's Fair have been retained.

We heard the new opera of "Dodo," twice. It is full of beautiful little airs; we even went to see "Buffalo Bill."

Tell Professor Bakey we did that in the INTEREST OF PEDAGOGY, as they gave the "Fall of Pekin;" and you know we study China next year, in our opening exercises.

Every one here is reading "The Crisis" by Winston Churchill.

The scene is laid in St. Louis, and they say the description of Lincoln is particularly fine.

You know the people out here knew and loved him well.

Every one here goes to Roof Gardens or Summer Gardens to spend the evenings and I have been enjoying part of "Thomas' Orchestra" that plays every evening at one of these resorts; when it has been even warmer than usual we had friends who took us driving along the lake-shore, and although the air would be absolutely dry and hot, it sounded cool to hear the waves dash upon the sand.

By the way, I heard from Kansas, the other day, that some one met old Mr. Satan walking along the road, with ice on his head and a large palm leaf fan in his hand, and he announced if it didn't soon get cooler, HE was going home.

On the Lake.

July, 30.

Here I am again on the big steamer Maniteau the guest of a relative, en route to Wequetonsing, Mich.

In order to get there we have to go way up to Mackinac at the top of the lake.

We have been hours out of sight of land, but the vessel is such a big one, I can scarcely feel the motion of the ship.

I have a beautiful big stateroom on the upper deck, and am now sitting in the delightful little writing room, just near my stateroom.

The air is fresh, but not yet cool enough for my jacket.

When the first stiff breeze comes, I am going out and sit in it long enough to get a heavy chill, so I can say I have been cool ONCE this summer.

On Traverse Bay.

WEQUETONSING, MICH., August, 2.

Think of me now please, as sitting in front of a roaring fire, and glad to be near it, too!

Outside of the house, pine trees are so thick that we can only catch glimpses of the blue waters of Traverse Bay, which roll up to the edge of our grounds.

Yesterday we went across the bay, in a small launch to Petosky—quite a good sized little town, with one street that looks like the World's Fair, so full of beautiful Bazaars—where all sorts of curious things are sold.

There are many beautiful Indian things, as there are quite a number of Chippewas around here, and curious Persian belts and purses, and beautiful Persian scarfs and all sorts of polished stones.

Every one seems out to enjoy himself, and the streets are full of visitors.

In the bay, we can catch the most delicious white fish, and up at Mackinac you can fish for trout.

I stopped, en route to Wequetonsing, at Mackinac Island, for an hour—just long enough to have a glimpse of the town from the harbor.

I met two small boys and interviewed them as to the barrack-like buildings, and old white stone wall, which I saw from the steamer, and I found out that it was old Fort Mackinac—called the miniature Gibraltar, from its commanding situation on the side of a stony bluff.

It was first built by the French in 1673. Then when France gave her Canadian possessions to England in 1760 it became a British fort.

Here in 1763, occurred the massacre of the garrison by the Indians, during the conspiracy of Pontiac.

If you remember, a game of La Cross was played by the Indians outside the fort, and at a certain point of the game the ball was thrown inside the stockade.

The players made a rush for the ball, as if still in sport, and when once inside the fort they raised the war-whoop and quickly overpowered the garrison.

Some people might call this "Indian craftiness," but I would say it had its parallel in the capture of Aguinaldo by Funston.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, it came into our possession, but at present is not occupied.

This was the great fur trading district and it was here that old John Jacob Astor

made the beginning of his great fortune. His house still stands and is historic on account of being the "Headquarters of the American Fur Company."

We are going on several short trips to neighboring villages, and I will write you again if I see anything of interest.

I haven't seen any place nicer than Carlisle, and I think of you often and "shake hands with you all in my heart."

Yours,
JEANNE SENSENEY.

HISTORIC PIPES—TRADITION OF THE CLAY.

Last Sunday's Press contained an interesting illustrated article regarding certain antiquities.

A discovery of great interest and importance has just been made by Stewart Cullin, curator of the University Museum, in connection with the Donaldson collection recently presented by Mr. Wanamaker.

A number of the pipes in that collection prove to have originally formed part of the collection made by Lewis and Clark, on their famous expedition to the northwest coast to explore the Louisiana purchase in 1808.

These pipes, which were obtained in the vicinity of the mouth of the Columbia River, are made of black slate, intricately and elaborately carved with birds, animals and men who lived in the same style as on the totem poles.

They were displayed in his council chambers where he gave audience to the chiefs of the various tribes who visited St. Louis.

In 1825 General Lafayette examined the curiosities of the museum and expressed great interest in the collection.

Only a few of the objects are now in existence.

The pipes in the Donaldson collection were presented by Governor Clark to Catlin, the celebrated Indian painter, a number of whose relics are comprised in the Donaldson collection.

Among them is one of the Catlins' original note books, containing, among other things, his notes on his visit to the great red pipestone quarry at the Coteau du Prairies in Minnesota.

The stone mined at this quarry is generally used as a material for pipes among the Western Indians, and received the name of Catlinite in honor of the painter.

Catlin was detained by Sioux at a trading post on his way to the quarry, and the note book at the museum records the speeches of some of the chiefs on that occasion.

The following is Catlin's account of the tradition of the quarry, taken from his note book:

"In the time of the flood, all the nations of Indians assembled at the Coteau du Prairies to get out of the way of the waters.

After they had all gathered there the waters continued to rise until at length they covered them all in a mass, and their flesh was converted into red pipe stone.

Therefore, it was mutual ground and belonged to all tribes alike.

All men were allowed to get the stone and smoke it together.

While they were at drowning, a young woman caught hold of the foot of a large eagle that was flying over and was carried to a high cliff above the water. Her children have since peopled the earth.

The pipestone which is the flesh of their ancestors, is smoked as the symbol of

peace, and the eagle's quill decorates the head of the brave."

There are several pipes which Catlin collected in his eight years of travel and adventure among the Western Indians in the Wanamaker collection.

They have been repeatedly copied in various works on the Indians till they have become type specimens.

THE JACK RABBIT PEST.

As to that pest, the jack rabbit, says the Arizona Republican, his extinction is only a matter of no great length of time.

Civilization is crowding him out, and the aborigine is slaughtering him, and between two fires he cannot last long.

The dogs of the settlers are thinning him out, and jack hunting is a popular sport.

A hunt pair of grayhounds in a half-day's hunt have been known to kill half a hundred rabbits, and the Indians slaughter them at even a more rapid rate.

Rabbit hunts among the Indians are frequent occurrences, and sometimes hundreds of reservation reds will participate in the chase.

Such a sight is one never to be forgotten by an Easterner.

Usually spreading over a wide territory, the Indians gradually close to a small circle, and as the affrighted packs scurry back and forth they are either killed by the blunt arrows from the Indian bows or are finally rounded up in a compact mass, where they are clubbed to death.

Sometimes a different method is pursued, and with relays of horsemen the rabbits are run down and killed.

In either case the result is the same, and a great feast is assured for the night.

Sometimes many hundred rabbits are slaughtered, and between this cause of decrease and the gun of the white hunter the jack rabbit, in spite of the remarkable fecundity of the species, is doomed to eventually become a past feature of the life of the southwest.

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE.

William E. Channing the great Unitarian preacher once gave the following as his rule of life:

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury, refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy not simply respectable, and wealthy not simply rich;
To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly;
To listen with open hearts to birds and stars, to babes and sages;
To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely;
Await occasions, never hurry—
In a word, let the spiritual life grow up through and above the common—That is my "symphony of life."

A Philadelphia Subscriber Puts the Last hot Wave Mildly.

On this pleasant Monday morning, while the glorious sun is shining, Old Sol comes without much warning, and consoles us by assigning heated rays in true old fashion, pouring down without compassion, in the course of nature sent us, as though meant just to torment us, like old Job in torture boiling, while his faith came near uncoupling; but we take it cool as ever, as though wise and mighty clever, yet in hopes that wind and weather, when they meet to come together, will so modify their mission, as to ease our warm condition, and then with anthems o'er and o'er, we'll sing their praises ever more.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN

The Mechanical Work on this Paper is Done by Indian Apprentices.

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

WHILE SENTIMENTALISTS DREAM, PRACTICAL WORKERS ACCOMPLISH RESULTS.

Theorizing about Indian education has been the employment of a certain class of thinkers for many years.

While these people dream out solutions to their self-invented puzzles and imagined difficulties, the practical men and women have been finding the manhood in the Indian and putting it upon its feet, and shaping it for citizenship.

Some of the sentiments uttered before the Indian Institute at Detroit were so radically at variance with the true American spirit, and so opposed to all experience of the results of the Americanizing influence of the public school system that we are compelled to put in a word of protest.

Sentimentalism wailed long and loud when English was first made the medium of instruction in the Indian schools, but the Government system was right, and sentimentalists had to retire. Much to their gain, the Indians are fast becoming an English speaking people.

Sentimentalism is not yet dead. Notably was this manifest when it came to the consideration of such themes as: Some things an Indian child should be taught, how he was to be taught them, and where; the appliances used, and a discussion of his future in relation to his tribe.

The old nonsense of coupling an individual's opportunities with his tribe, a man with his race and accidental environments of birth, came forth in its customary stately circus parade with fallacious tinsel and fanfare. The development of the individual, and the opening of a broader life to him means the doom of his tribe that he needs must leave behind him, when he takes his upward course. Therefore, sentimentalists demand the sacrifice of the individual that the Indian community may be unlike any other in America. How absurd! This has been the sacrifice demanded by ignorance and superstition through the ages.

The marvelous possibilities that open up to every youth in the land, and the privilege of using them, it is, that has made Americans the wide-awake energetic people we find them today. Again and again it has been proven that fully eighty per cent, even more of the successful prominent men of our country are boys from the farm or communities that from want of educational facilities would have dwarfed and deadened the faculties of these potential leaders of commerce, industry and civilizing forces, had they been compelled to remain where nature placed them.

The bright lights of these little communities have gone to a larger world, but the communities did not die. Less powerful minds were put in a position to do the thinking and leading in those communities, and those who went and those who remained were stronger.

No better process could be invented to kill out advancement in a race and doom it to perpetual infancy in development than to discourage the individual from seeing and knowing what man has attained and accomplished in other parts of the world. The dead level of some of the peasant communities of the old world, where the son follows in the footsteps of

the father, gives the result of such a regime. The Chinese system has no excuse for being in America, whether among the white, negro or Indian race.

The conditions of the tribe must be helped, the slow and unpromising must be quickened, communal life must be uplifted, but not at the awful sacrifice of the brightest, the most earnest, the most hopeful spirits of the race. Give every youth the largest and best opportunity irrespective of race or opportunity of birth.

A system of education that would Indianize the text books of the schools, the methods, material, teacher, and continue the isolating process of the Indian would take the work back a half century, and compel to be wrought over again all the ground covered in that time. Progress has been made. Indians are becoming self-supporting. Slowly, all too slowly, old and young are gaining the knowledge and experience that enables them to use the present conditions and resources about them to support themselves.

This diseased limb of our body politic must be amputated. Don't prolong the agony. The way to do a thing is to do it, thoughtfully, sympathetically, thoroughly. It is to be expected that private and special schools, race schools it may be, will object to this radical process. The success of the general system, however, is so well established as to need no defense. But it is well for all of us to consider, when the general system is attacked, and special systems are lauded, the influences back of such commendation and laudation. For ourselves we are dead set against special schools, race schools, class or sectarian, and entirely favor that all such shall be abolished, and that the general system shall undertake the whole job, because the general system is unifying and liberty giving, and like the Father of us all "no respecter of persons."

FROM A LETTER OF A RETURN STUDENT.

"Our long, dusty journey is over. Our parents and friends were glad to see us. Have seen many of the returned Carlisle students. Most of the Indians are civilized since I went away from home. I am trying to read my Bible every day. I always knew that "God is love." I send my love to all friends at Carlisle."

In this letter were many little thoughts of a personal nature that showed a large souled boy had gone home to conditions that his hopeful nature could and would better. His eye takes in the evidence of progress. He finds nothing antagonistic, because his own native good sense in meeting situations disarms antagonism. Some of our sentimentalist romancers in their refinement of imagination do build up straw men of heart rending conditions and circumstances, and then Sancho Panza like, begin to belabor them in a way that makes one sure that they are fighting shadowy wind-mills. We believe they are. I read such a heartrending story of a return student's attitude towards his mother not long ago, that was interesting because of its absurdity. When one such a case might occur, according to the law of probability, once in a decade, we from the above letter and others coming, know of many scores in the immediate locality of the scene of said story where hope, joy, industry and happiness went to the old home, because of the increased power coupled with filial love of the returned student. But even sentimental romancing, when least intending so to do, may help in this great work of removing the last vestige of Indianism from our beautiful land, and of bringing out of this lowly race the noble manhood and womanhood we know is there. When we least intend we often most help. True art, however, follows facts close enough to hide itself behind them, and yet by its own contour round out the fact's sharp edges into beautiful form. Truth is truth whether met in philosophy or fiction, and the hard-headed common sense of the American people recognize it.

A BAD ACCIDENT.

Abram L. Hill left his country home without permission, and thought he would steal a ride on a passing freight train.

In his attempt to catch a place to hold to, he stubbed his toe and fell partially under the train.

His right arm and a finger or two of his left hand were run over and mashed.

He was taken up in an unconscious condition and conveyed to the Plainfield, N. J., hospital where his arm had to be taken off a short distance from the shoulder and his hand and other bruises were dressed.

When Abram awoke he found himself in a strange place and minus an arm, and feeling very much bruised up.

He remained there two weeks, and then came to Carlisle, to be taken care of by our nursing force.

He is up and around, and says he is thankful that his life was spared. But what a pity to have to go through life maimed as he is, and all because he listened to the tempter's voice!

The sad accident should be a warning to all boys who attempt to steal rides on the railroad, and should serve as a reminder to those who have agreed to stay on a farm for a certain length of time, that they have a duty to perform in carrying out their agreements, not allowing side influences to tempt them to run away from what they promised to do.

PORTO RICAN VISITORS.

Mr. Antonio Mattei Lluveras, a prominent merchant and planter from Porto Rico, and his son L. A. Mattei, formerly a student at Cheshire Military Academy, Connecticut, visited the school on Friday, August 2nd. Mr. Mattei has the proud distinction of having been in close relation with Generals Miles and Brooks of the War Department for six months prior to their expedition to Porto Rico. He also has the distinction of going with the division that landed at Guanica and helping to plant the American flag there.

He is a large-hearted, generous man, very highly thought of by his countrymen. He was most cordially met by the Porto Rican boys and girls, and had many words of encouragement for them. He invited several of the older boys to dine with him at the Mansion House, and then went sight seeing with them. He expressed himself as being well pleased with the school. We are glad to meet and know intimately these prominent countrymen of ours from "the fair little isle of perpetual spring."

A LONG JOURNEY BEFORE THEM.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunnell, who were interested visitors for a few hours this week, have started on their long journey to Kodiak Island, Alaska.

Each will teach in the Government service after arrival.

They will have from 80 to 100 pupils, mostly mixed bloods of Russian and Indian descent.

Kodiak is 90 miles long and has a native population of about 450 creoles.

It is no cooler there than here, although there is some more moisture.

There are no snakes or toads in the Aleutian Islands and no thunder or lightning.

Earthquakes are quite frequent but are not much feared.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bunnell brought us some pupils a few weeks since from his school, and just before his return, he was married to a classmate of Bucknell.

Henry Phillips, a long-time-ago Alaskan printer in our office, is working at his trade in Alaska, just now. He has had varied experiences since he went home, and writes to his cousin Mary Kadashan to avail herself of the country outing that Carlisle offers. He is sorry he never went to a farm home while at Carlisle, for he now sees that the experience would have been good for him.

BESSIE GOTHOLDA.

Bessie's first letter since her return to New Mexico is full of interest.

She will be at Cubero for a time. She has enjoyed herself since she arrived there and especially does she enjoy the beautiful mountains.

They no doubt are beautiful to Bessie, bleak and barren as they are, because they are the mountains of her native home.

The heat is great there in the middle of the day, but the mornings and evenings are cool.

She has seen nearly all of the returned students, and most of them are doing well.

"Of course I have found everything different, but have not gotten lonely because cousin Julia Dorris is home. She will soon be going back to Albuquerque again, and Aunt Alice Sheffield is coming home.

Ulysses Paisano is doing a wonderful work among our people, preaching to them and telling them about our Heavenly Father.

We have prayer meeting every week and services on Sunday morning, and prayer meeting in the evening.

Last Sunday morning the people down where Ulysses lives had service in the morning, and we had ours in the afternoon.

The people come from different parts of the village. There are some who don't belong to church who come. A great many people belong to church.

Last Sunday we had a real nice choir made up mostly of Carlisle students.

I am very sorry to say that two of the Carlisle students here are against the church.

What do you think? A week from yesterday Charles Dagenett was here. He was a surprise to us Carlisle students, and of course we were pleased to see him."

FROM ONE OF THE BAND BOYS.

From a private letter from Herman Niles, class 1901, now with the Band at Buffalo, to foreman Samuel Miller, we steal the information that the boys are having great times, and do not consider the work of playing a few hours, afternoons and evenings any hardship.

He says the only rising bell is their appetites, and that don't ring much before seven o'clock.

"Heap sleep; heap eat; no work," seems to be the enjoyment of the hour, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks they deserve the rest, if really rest they get.

Herman says they walk so much sight-seeing that they surely will begin to think of their soles pretty soon.

Every one is getting fat but himself, but he eats so much that it makes him poor to carry it around.

Everything is run by electricity, and the fact is they nearly sleep by it.

"The electric tower is a sight alone, the statuary marvelous and the architectural designing grand.

The Band seems to be taking the lead, and the crowd? Don't mention it!

We gave a concert last evening, and such a throng would simply 'jar' you.

It is said that we drew the largest crowd yet witnessed on the grounds.

Everybody treats us well, and we try to treat every one the same."

Complimentary to Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh,

Commissioner of Education in Porto Rico.

We are told by Mr. Miro, Porto Rican teacher now with us, that the Porto Rican people should bless Dr. Brumbaugh's name.

He is the man who organized public instruction in Porto Rico, making great sacrifices in order to place it in the same degree of perfection as that of the United States.

He has made a careful selection of the Porto Rican teachers, giving to each a certificate according to his knowledge.

"I believe," says Mr. Miro, "if Dr. Brumbaugh remains in the same position, ere long public instruction will be a reality, and only good teachers will be in the schools."

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

Quiet times!
 Croquet waneth!
 Oh, those caterpillars!
 There is promise of plenty of tomatoes.
 Our fruit crop this year will be a partial failure.
 The weather has been quite Fallish for a week.
 Mr. Weber manipulated the thrashing engine.
 Mr. Nori's new bicycle is so "tired" it can't walk.
 "There is no place like comb," is what some might sing.
 The students enjoyed the corn and tomatoes this week.
 The foundations to the annex to the dining-hall are well up.
 Mr. Harris, Instructor of Blacksmithing, is taking his vacation.
 The yearly supplies from the Department are coming in slowly.
 The wheat and oats crops on the school farms are cut and thrashed.
 Some people only believe the half they hear, and choose the wrong half.
 Jackets were comfortable during the cool spell, which has just passed.
 "Vacationitis" is a new disease that is attacking a number of our people.
 The work of plastering and calsumining in the large boys' quarters is finished.
 It is said that the splendid rains of this week were too late to save the potatoes.
 Pariscovia Alexander has returned to Fresno, California, after a brief stay with us.
 The girls' quarters have been painted, calsumined and cleaned from top to toe.
 Dr. Schleimann's experience, printed last page, shows what determination will do.
 Messrs. Sicieni Nori and Dan. Miller attended camp meeting near Carlisle on Sunday.
 Cucumbers! The students cry for cucumbers, and by-and-by it will be for pickles.
 Edward Walker had his wheel stolen at the cave the other evening, but caught the culprit.
 The large addition to the storehouse that is being erected is ready for the first floor joists.
 Mrs. Cook presides at the parlor organ these Sunday evenings at the services on the campus.
 When an Indian guard gets after a sneak thief, said thief will have to look a "leettle" out.
 Watch the dart-boys, for they don't seem to notice passers-by when they send a dart up in the air.
 Mr. Walter, master tailor, is back, having had a pleasant vacation in New York City and elsewhere.
 A special improvement in connection with the new annex to the dining-hall is a cold storage room.
 Is it possible that we are in the last month of summer and that school begins in about three weeks?
 The first bridge via Henderson's Way has been made new and strong, by Mr. Gardner and his carpenters.
 We actually know a man so lazy that he went to sleep standing up, and then fell down and broke his leg.
 The boys find plenty of muscle making work in cellar digging and other out-door manual "sports" this summer.
 That white sneak thief will come to grief some of these days, if he does not keep away from these premises.
 Tuesday's storm was an all-day steady rain notwithstanding the official weather man said it was going to be fair.
 Miss Forster ran in for a day from Harrisburg, where she is spending a part of her vacation. She intends visiting Mr. and Mrs. Snyder at Lewistown, however, before her final return.

Geo. R. Chambers, of Harrisburg, visited our school yesterday.
 The words Field Museum, in Miss Senesney's letter 1st page, should begin with capitals.
 Miss Seawright has taken Miss Jacobs' place in the sewing-department, the latter desiring to take a rest for a year.
 Instructor of harnessmaking, Zeigler, Instructor in painting, Norman and Fireman Snyder are off for a vacation.
 Mrs. Weber's sister, Mrs. Charles Henning and children, of Reading, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Weber.
 A new Porto Rican arrived on Tuesday evening. He is the last we will probably take into the student-body for a time.
 Assistant Printer Wheelock, now in Buffalo with the Band, says the boys are having ample opportunity to study the Pan-American.
 Lydia Gardner has gone to her home in Oklahoma. She graduated from our school in 1899, and from the Lansdowne High School, this year.
 "Is Wheeling hot?" "Yes," and the Baltimorean wheelmen who visited the school had no idea that the town of Wheeling was what the interlocutor referred to.
 Mr. Beitzel, Colonel Pratt's financial secretary, is away on his leave, and will take in Buffalo, Chautauqua and other points of interest, possibly Harrisburg, before his return.
 The picture of Albert Nash, '97, was among the Pennsylvania University sprinters in the Sunday Press. He evidently has entered that great school of learning.
 Mr. Lau, of the carriage-making department, has returned from his vacation, and is in charge of the suite of shops including blacksmith, wagon-making and paint shop
 According to announcement, Edwin A. Smith, class 1901, will marry Miss Bertha E. Pierce, class 1900, at the home of Rev. L. M. Lawrence, Varsailles, N. Y., on Wednesday, the 14th.
 Mr. Bennett W. Morse, of New York State, a graduate of Yale in 1851, writes that our little paper is so well edited and so neatly printed that it is always an interesting visitor in his home.
 The pianos in the girls' quarters have been tuned, and the girls enjoy the playing of Miss McArthur in the evenings for a time after the lights are out. It is a pleasant good-by for the day.
 After a full canvass of the expenses and the results to be obtained Col. Pratt has decided that it is not practicable to take the school to see the Buffalo Exposition as was talked of early in the season.
 Mr. E. G. Sprow, who formerly had a business stand on South Hanover St., is now in charge of our tin shop. He and his boys are busy packing and shipping tin-ware to various Indian agencies in the west.
 Raymond Buffalomeat, who is now at his home in Oklahoma, says he is well and happy all the time, and has good times. He has seen the sun-dance and wants the REDMAN and HELPER, we suppose as an antidote.
 Miss Nettie Fremont has gone to her home at Omaha Agency. She graduated here in '95, has been employed in the service in the west, and in the last year or so has been attending business college in Philadelphia.
 Miguel Moat has gone to Maine to live in the family that employs Mark Penoi. It is a charming summer resort, and we are sure Miguel deserves the chance to go to such a fine place, after his faithful work on the farm this spring and summer.
 Where are the Straits of Magellan and that wonderful post-office spoken of on last page? Look it up! But, Ah! We forget! Director Woodward of the Manual Training School, St. Louis, according to his Detroit address would not have you Indians know about anything so far away from your reservation. He wants the Indian Geography to be limited to the reservation and vicinity, at least to the United States. Think of it, boys and girls, to what he would narrow you down!

The other evening a person on the track of the Athletic Field was nearly hit with a stray stone thrown by some thoughtless boy over in the field. Only a thoughtless boy would throw a stone where it could possibly hit a passer-by.
 The boys who went to the lower farm did not starve, evidently, for Mrs. Harlan baked for the harvest hands 82 loaves of bread, 64 pies and 194 cakes, besides cooking potatoes, beans, tomatoes, rice, corn, cabbage, peas, onions, beef and mutton.
 The Zion Lutheran Church of Harrisburg picnicked at Mt. Holly Gap on Friday, and among the interested visitors were Misses Reese, Reily, Ubil, Chadwick, Pugh and Messrs. S. Ort Bowman and Edward Boyer. They paid the printing office a call.
 Don't talk anymore about women's tongues being hung in the middle. There are boys here from a little island in the sea, who have tongues which seem not only to be hung in the middle but on a pivot, for they run both ways, and round and round, in Spanish.
 Mrs. Walter returned from Buffalo on Tuesday. She enjoyed the exposition, and says the Carlisle Indian Band is one of the attractions. It has the place of honor, and is the banner Band. Miss Walter went to her home in Dakota from Buffalo, with her mother.
 Misses Ely and Burgess could not go to Buffalo, so buffalo came to them in the shape of a unique toy, and by "blowing up" their buffalo it can make considerable noise in the world, like the Pan-American city is doing through the "blowing" that the newspapers are giving it. Thanks to the senders.
 Mr. Bennett says the dry weather has played hob with the garden vegetables. This soil is different from Bucks County and other land he has worked, for when the rain ceases the ground cakes. It is good wheat land, but not good for gardening, although it will furnish some. The last good rain, especially if we have more frequently, will insure plenty of corn and tomatoes.
 There is a certain kind of bug (not a kissing bug) that inhabits the beds of some institutions and private homes. It is said under scientific authority that three such bugs will produce 25,000,000 in two months. Let us keep a lookout for these creatures, and if any strike this place exterminate them before they have a chance to multiply. It is the FIRST one we want to watch for.
 They were doing the Government building at the Pan-American. Mrs. Ettinger accidentally ran into a man, and HE could not speak, but always courteous, SHE exclaimed, mid blushes and embarrassment, "O, pardon me." The lady was greatly relieved, however, on discovering that the man was one of the dummy letter-carriers, so perfectly made as to elicit ejaculations of surprise from all who see them.
 Miss Barr went to Buffalo on Monday evening to bring back to the school Benjamin Walker and Lawrence Mitchell who are ill, the latter with symptoms of typhoid. Benjamin was not in a condition to go, but he has been such a faithful Band boy and was so anxious to be of the party that he was allowed the privilege in the hopes that the trip would do him good, but the experience was the reverse. They arrived on Wednesday evening, are improving and will receive every care and attention.
 Mr. Mayer, the sculptor, of the American Museum of Natural History, has finished his work and returned to New York City. He has taken twenty-four casts of the students' faces, several arms and hands and a full cast of the head of Colonel Pratt. Mr. Mayer expressed himself as greatly pleased by the kindness and courtesy shown him while here. All the boys and girls who sat for him, did so cheerfully, willing to help the cause of science. Only two or three, who were hardly capable of appreciating the honor conferred upon them, declined to oblige him.

WILL THEY IMPROVE ?

When the Band returns it will not be difficult to see who has made the best use of his opportunities for studying the various exhibits from different sections of the country. By giving studious attention and asking many questions, at such a place one can gain more general knowledge in one month than in years at school or college, and yet it is possible to go there and stay a month and learn very little.
 The flash and noise of a great Exposition attracts, but the student goes deeper. It is an opportunity of a life time, and the Band boys ought to be able to realize the same, and no doubt most of them do. It is always easy to point out the brainless people even at a county fair—those who hang around the merry-go-rounds, and other places of amusement. Entertainment always has to be provided for lazy minded people. The wide-awake student goes with eyes open and ears on the stretch to see and learn something that is worth knowing. Let us ever remember that if we improve the faculties we HAVE, more will be given us, but if we fail to use what we have to good advantage, even those will be taken from us.

LITTLE WOUND DIED AT BUFFALO.

The Midway people even make capital out of "dead" Indians.
 The Buffalo Commercial, in its advertisement for the Indian Congress, says:
 The Indians are mourning for the loss of Little Wound, who died on Wednesday, and their death-chants and dances will be prolonged till Monday.

The ceremonies are weird and interesting and the directors of the Indian Congress Company say that it is perfectly proper that persons should be allowed to witness them.
 There will be no Wild West Show, no sham battle; the visitors to the congress will simply behold the regular religious customs of the red men, and will have to pay the regular price for the privilege.

Ida Swallow.

Ida Swallow, class 1901, has been living in a country home at Oak Lane, and expresses herself in well chosen words, showing appreciation of her exceptional surroundings and of the advantages Carlisle has afforded her.
 "I have a very excellent home" she says, "so have been very well contented. I have most every afternoon to myself, and usually do some sewing or playing on the piano during my spare hours.
 These folks have taken me to Willow Grove Park where I enjoyed the fine music produced by Sousa's Band and the Italian Band also.
 I have had quite a long vacation and have built up wonderfully in health. When Miss Jackson came to visit me after the Fourth she remarked that she would not have known me had she not known whom she was to visit. So you can imagine how well and strong I appear to be.
 There are four Carlisle girls here beside myself, and they are all getting along nicely."

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wells.

Mary P. Wells is visiting her brothers at their old home in Oneida, Wisconsin.
 Her husband Otto Wells was a student here with Mary, and they were married in the East.
 They are now living at Otto's home in Oklahoma, where he is employed, and is too busy to go off visiting.
 Doesn't that sound refreshing about an Indian?
 Indians frequently leave everything when a visiting fit strikes them, but here is one who is too busy to go visiting. Mary is anxious to see Carlisle once more and says as soon as her oldest daughter Mattie (named after Miss Barr) is 12, she intends to bring her.
 Her little son is growing well and strong, and she thinks the change of climate was good for both children.

Changes in the Indian Service.

Among the changes in employees at various Indian agencies, recently authorized by the Indian Office, appear the following:

Appointments.

APPOINTEE.	POSITION.	AGENCY.	IN PLACE OF.
Fred Crow	Engineer's Apprentice.	Green Bay, Wis.	Thomas Morgan.
Adam Swift Horse	Asst. Carpenter.	Cheyenne River, S. D.	Hall Pretty Weasel.
Edward A. Brunt	Constable.	Osage, Okla.	Frank Prudom.
Charles Gibbs	Herder.	Fort Peck, Mont.	
Edhar Double Runner	Laborer.	Blackfeet, Mont.	John Kicking Woman.
Tommy Marshall	Add'l Farmer.	Hoopa Valley, Cal.	Frank Gardner.
Bunn Armstrong	Asst. do.	Fort Peck, Mont.	James White.
Ralph King	Laborer	San Carlos, Ariz.	Sidney Smith.
De Jesus Campo	Herder.	Jicarilla, N. M.	Agapito Baltizar.
Henry Box	Blacksmith.	Pawnee, Okla.	Frank West.
John C. Keeler	Stableman.	Yankton, S. D.	Joseph Nimrod.
Frank Lester	Laborer.	Mescalero, N. M.	Willie Shields.
Eugene Brown	Add'l Farmer.	Devil's Lake, N. D.	Augustin Green.
Joseph Albert	do.	do.	Joseph Mazakahomini.
George Brown	do.	do.	Zitkanasapa.
Alex. Gierneau	Blacksmith.	Leech Lake, Minn.	Amos Big Bird.
Joseph B. Jourdan	Interpreter.	do.	Peter Graves.
John Squint Eyes	do.	Tongue River, Mont.	Thaddeus Redwater.
Perry Reynolds	Asst. Butcher.	Cheyenne and Arapaho, Okla.	Henry Standingbird.
Bull Robe	Apprentice	Crow, Mont.	David Stewart.
Gina	Additional Farmer	Devil's Lake, N. D.	Joseph Wakasin.
Philip Long	Interpreter	Omaha and Winnebago, Neb.	Simon Hinman.
Wilbur Johnson	Carpenter	Otoe, Oklahoma.	Chas. White Horn.
Rough Face	Judge.	Ponca, Oklahoma.	Standing Buffalo.
Drummer David	do.	Klamath, Oregon.	William Crawford.
John S. Brown	Interpreter.	Standing Rock, N. D.	John S. Brown.
Howard Pine	Asst. Carpenter	do.	Claud Ears.
Loan Him Arrows	Blacksmith	do.	Samuel King.
Thomas Fly	Carpenter.	do.	Frank Dumaree.
George Pleets	do.	do.	Thomas Frosted.
John Adams	Farmer.	Fort Peck, Mont.	Jacob Davis.
Isaac Blount	do.	do.	Dan Mitchell.
Trofton Sears	Herder	do.	Peter Dupree.
Victor Jackson	Judge	Pima, Arizona.	Pablo.
Ben Harrison	do.	do.	Francisco.
William Blackwater	do.	do.	Judge Lewis.
Boone Chandler	Asst. Farmer	Kiowa, Oklahoma.	William Tivis.
Randolph Parker	Judge	Neah Bay, Wash.	Charles Williams.
Carl Black	do.	do.	John Johnson.
Fred Big Horse	Asst. Farmer	Rosebud, S. D.	Amos Walker.
Louis Martin	Blacksmith	White Earth, Minn.	Lawrence Roberts.
Edward Yankton	Asst. Mechanic	Pine Ridge, S. D.	Henry Old Eagle.
Takes Among the Enemy	Asst. Herder.	Crow, Mont.	Eli Blackhawk.
Charges Plenty	do.	do.	Richard Wallace.
Robert C. Black	Add'l Farmer	Cheyenne and Arapaho, Okla.	
Bald Eagle	Teamster	do.	Thos. C. Bear Robe.
Francis Roy	Carpenter	Ponca, Okla.	Horace Warrior.
Moses Crow	Blacksmith	Otoe, Okla.	Frank Shadlow.
John Bad Man	Laborer	Rosebud, S. D.	Oliver Turning Bear.
William Eagle Bird	Apprentice	do.	Belt Pretty Eagle.
Edward Iron Boy	do.	do.	Henry Flying Horse.
Ben Red Kettle	Laborer	do.	Henry Horse Looking.
White St. Clair	Add'l Farmer	Shoshone, Wyo.	
Wm. Shakespeare	do.	do.	
Thomas Tompkins	Asst. Carpenter	Lower Brule, S. D.	Zedo Rencontre.
Norbert Sero	Add'l Farmer	La Pointe, Wis.	William C. McRae.
Shoots Enemy	Judge	Crow Creek, S. D.	Daniel Fire Cloud.
John Barry	Interpreter	do.	James Fire Cloud.
Narcis Peone	Laborer	Colville, Wash.	Tomeo.
Thomas Fox	Herder	Pine Ridge, S. D.	R. Twin.
Eugene H. Bird	Laborer	do.	Sam Deon.
Joseph Bissonette	do.	do.	George Y. Boy.

Transfers and Promotions.

Hall Pretty Weasel, from Asst. Carpenter to Laborer at Cheyenne River Agency, S. D., vice James Garfield.
 Belin, from Police Private to Laborer, Mescalero Agency, N. M., in place of Shantah.
 Agapito Baltizar, from Herder to Teamster, Jicarilla Agency, N. M., in place of John Mills, promoted.
 John Mills, from Teamster to Asst. Farmer, Jicarilla Agency, N. M., in place of George I. Garcea.
 Joseph Nimrod, from Stableman to Tinner, Yankton Agency, S. D., in place of Chauncey Wanikiya.
 Peter Graves, from Interpreter, to teamster Leech Lake Agency, Minn., in place of Alex. Jourdan.
 Thaddeus Redwater, from Interpreter to Asst. Farmer, Tongue River, Mont., in place of Thomas Black Coyote.
 Joseph Claymore, from Teamster to Stableman, Rosebud Agency, S. D., to succeed James DuBray.
 Robert Burns, from Storekeeper to Asst. Leasing Clerk, Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency, Okla.
 Henry Horse Looking and Samuel David, from Laborers to Teamsters, Rosebud Agency, S. D., in place of Charles White Hat and Joseph Claymore.
 Luke Moccasin Face, from Janitor to Laborer, Rosebud Agency, S. D., in place of Samuel David.

Antoine Turning Bear, from Laborer to Janitor, Rosebud Agency, S. D., in place of Luke Moccasin Face.
 James Fire Cloud, from Interpreter to Blacksmith's Apprentice, Crow Creek Agency, S. D., in place of Anthony Last Bear, resigned.
 Sam Deon, from Laborer to Asst. Mechanic, Pine Ridge Agency, S. D., in place of Edward Yankton.

WE MAY ALL FIND OUR TROY, IF DETERMINED.

Years ago a German father read to his boy a translation of Homer's story of the siege of Troy, and the lad made up his mind to find the ruin of that ancient city. Troy had perished three thousand years ago—if, indeed, it ever existed at all. But, said the little German, I will find it.
 Though a poor lad slaving at work until bed-time, he procured books and taught himself six or seven languages.
 He pushed on and prospered, until as a merchant he made a fortune.
 Every step of his study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood.
 In due time he started eastward with a company of laborers, and for long years pursued his search.
 At last he found Troy.
 His discovery was a sensation all through Europe.
 A short time ago the treasures of gold,

silver and bronze dug out of the palace of the Trojan king where exhibited at South Kensington.

For three thousand years the ruins of the buried city had lain covered with sand, and by many it was regarded as only the fable creation of poetry, but Dr. Schliemann, at his own stunted expense and by his own amazing enterprise, proved the discovery to the world.

Think of it!
 A poor lad, learning languages, making money, spending seven years or more in deserts, sustained through a life-time by one fixed resolution.

He vowed in boyhood that he would find Troy and he did find it.

This German lad had said:
 "Put down my name," and when life was far spent he succeeded in winning his way into the Temple of Fame.

—[Educational Independent.]

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S THOUGHT.

The snapping of some bands of the great Brooklyn Bridge caused all sorts of comments and criticisms.

While this topic is under discussion the story of the Indian chief who came out of his western life some years ago to visit the cities of the East for the first time, is apropos:

While he was being piloted here and there, some one asked him what fact of civilization surprised him most.

He answered.
 "The suspension bridges."
 "What!" said his interlocutor, "do you not marvel most at the huge buildings and monuments?"

"No," replied the Indian; "my people can pile stones on stones, but they cannot spin those webs of steel in high mid-air."

The Indian was right, says Everywhere. More marvelous than the steel frame of buildings, so high that the eyes tire in following their flight skyward, are the suspension bridges—those webs of steel spun in mid-air across some wide stretch of water.

PLACES THAT ARE OPEN TO THE THINKER.

Success says:

There are many who can do ROUTINE work, follow prescribed lines, carry out in detail a programme mapped out by others; but the man of ORIGINAL force, of constructive energy, who can start out in untrodden paths and blaze the way for others, is as rare as he is valuable.

There is always a premium on the thinker, the man of original ideas and methods and real productive force.

Insurance companies are scouring the country for such men.

Merchants are in need of them.

Great combinations are looking for them as leaders.

They are wanted in law, in the business world, in the field of science, in all walks of life.

Grades of Society Among Indians.

The lower classes found in many tribes of Indians are no more like their superiors than is the most untrained Pole like the cultivated Yankee.

But, alas, the two classes have received at the hands of enlightenment the same treatment, and the strongest proof of the existence of grades among Indians is that they still remain different in spite of the equalizing influences that have been thrown around them.—[Lillian Cornelius in The Indian's Friend.]

President McKinley Before the Young Ladies of Mt. Holyoke College, Massachusetts.

"An educated womanhood is an open school for citizenship every day of the year, and the home is the training school for the mother, the soldier, and the statesman.

I wish for this graduating class all good things, and I want you to be assured that all good things wait upon a pure and noble woman.

A CANADA JOKE.

In a certain school it is the custom when a new boy arrives for the master to ask his name before the whole class, so that this may serve as an introduction to the rest of the scholars. One day a new boy came to the school and as usual he was asked his name.

"John Brown," he replied,
 "Sir?" said the master, severely.

"John Brown," again replied the boy.

"Put 'sir' to your answer, then," roared the master.

"Sir John Brown," came from the boy.

The reply set the whole class into laughter; but as it was so naturally and innocently said, the master forgave him, and joined in the laughter, and the pupil is now nicknamed Sir John.

A Remarkable Post Office.

The smallest simplest, and best protected post office in the world is in the Straits of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small painted keg or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in a manner so that it floats free, opposite Tierra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to take letters out and put others in. This curious post office is unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world. Never in the history of the unique office have its privileges been abused.

Don't hev Much Time.

Now is the time when city people visiteth the mountain regions.

In a country home away up in the mountains a summer visitor was looking at the great fire place, and admiring its proportions remarked to the back-woodsman:

"You must take lots of comfort in winter, from that great fireplace."

The mountaineer replied:

"Wal, you see, we'don't hev much time; I'm busy choppin' wood for it most of the time, and Johnny he's busy luggin' it in, an' ma she's busy puttin' it on the fire."

Never Caught up.

"Could you do somethin' fer a pope ole sailor?" asked the wanderer at the gate.

"Pore ole sailor?" echoed the lady at the tub.

"Yes'm. I follered the wotter fer twenty years."

"Well," said the lady at the tub, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you'd ever ketched up with it, and resumed her Delsartean exercises of detergence.

Enigma.

What brings us to debt?
 To delay and forget!
 What makes us succeed?
 Decision with speed!
 How to fame to ascend?
 One's self to defend!

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.
 My 4, 3, 8 is a place that wagons wear in a road.

My 1, 2, 6, 5 we could hardly keep clean without.

My 7, 9, 8 ships sail on.

My whole is something that gives our printers more trouble than the type-louse.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
 The Enigma.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

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