

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, OCT. 25, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper Vol. II, Number Twelve

AN AUTUMN SONG.

THE song birds are flying
And southward are fleeing,
No more their glad carols we hear.
The gardens are lonely;
Chrysanthemums only
Dare now let their beauty appear.

The insects are hiding,
The farmer providing
The lambkins a shelter from cold.
And after October,
The woods will look sober
Without their crimson and gold.

The loud winds are calling,
The ripe nuts are falling.
The squirrel now gathers his store.
The bears, homeward creeping,
Will soon all be sleeping
So snugly till winter is o'er.

Jack Frost will soon cover
The little brooks over,
The snow clouds are up in the sky.
All ready for snowing,
Dear Autumn is going!
We bid her a loving "good-bye."
EMILIE POULSSON,
In Every Other Sunday.

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT ALLEN'S ADDRESS LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

These Saturday evenings I know have been a great source of strength to you because you have usually been addressed by a very strong man, and he has given to you a great deal of that strength.

I knew Carlisle long before I had ever seen it. I knew it by the bearing and attitude of its pupils, because I had never seen any whose faces did not light up with pleasure when they heard the name of Col. Pratt.

I never saw any ex-student who was not ready to jerk off his coat to fight if a word of criticism were said against the Colonel or Carlisle. That is certainly an encouraging feature, and I know it has been a wonderful source of strength to him.

Nothing gives one so much strength and courage as to know that he has some moral support. One can keep on working when he has some one to stand by him, to back him up.

I know that these Saturday evening meetings are the times when he comes nearest to you. It is his own evening, and I know you must feel his loss when he is not here, but though he is not here to-night we must do something.

I suppose you have all been told about the art of photography. You know that the basis of it is chemical action, the action of the light on a prepared surface, a plate or a film made sensitive by some chemical. A century ago, if not longer than that, the art of photography was in vogue to some extent, but today it is so well known and so much employed that the camera fiend has become something of a nuisance.

He follows the army. He follows the Indian, the red man (the Indian I mean, not the paper by that name.)

He is seen everywhere. The man with a camera is a very prying man. Nothing is sacred from him, and there is reason for this.

There are a great many things of interest, and everyone likes a picture of what he has seen, to show to some one else.

People, you know, are very fond of having their pictures taken. Whenever an Indian boy thinks himself especially good looking he is apt to go and sit for a picture. When a girl thinks herself above the average in looks, if she has a new hat or a new dress she is almost sure to spend a portion of her first money at the photographer's.

It is a sign, I presume, of your advancement, because the old Indian on the reservation is just the opposite. He is very unwilling and has been known to emphasize his unwillingness by taking the camera and breaking it into pieces; but that unwillingness can usually be overcome with a little silver, and so pictures are secured even of the old Indian.

When people are having their photographs taken, they are exceedingly anxious to appear at their best.

This is recognized by photographers, for they always have a small room in which you can go to fix up a little, to put on the last touches.

The wish to look well is proven by the many attitudes they take.

Persons who are not accused of having much individuality in life are very anxious to show some individuality in their photographs for their friends, so you find all kinds of poses in the extreme desire to look bright and interesting, but at the same time appear natural and indifferent.

It takes just an instant to have your picture taken. The way you look when the photographer snaps the button, that way you will look in the picture.

A person can make himself appear pretty well for that length of time. Then the photographer touches up the picture. If you have any moles on your face or unsightly spots, he retouches them and leaves them out, or works them over somehow so they do not show, and your picture looks better than you do, or you send it back.

Now I want to draw a little lesson from this. I have often thought that each one of us is having our picture taken all the time. There are always thousands of cameras turned upon us.

You know it is impossible for us to pretend all the time. A picture is often a pretense.

There are times when our natures show pretty plainly; try as hard as we can we do show ourselves sometimes.

If people were perfect in their affections and were never taken off their guard, you would never know that they were affected, but they will occasionally lapse into their natural selves.

They never know or think that at such times a thousand snapshots will be taken, and if the picture does not please them they cannot sit again.

Every picture is developed and no negative is sent to you for approval.

The negative will be laid away to be reproduced in the minds of your friends and observers. It is laid away in the memories of your critics.

Some expressions may be good, some may be sorrowful, but you may be sure that every plate is developed.

Every spot that is found on your character is going to appear life size, some perhaps more hideous than the originals.

It then becomes very important that no picture of this kind shall be taken that will make us appear at such a disadvantage.

The only way we can do this will be to so order our lives that we need not be ashamed.

There of course will be some poor pictures, some that we do not look at with pleasure, if we are careless of our actions. Some day these pictures will all be shown you. There is no escape from it.

Now in order that these pictures be good it is not only necessary that we always look pleasant. We must first have pleasant thoughts. It is absolutely true that as our thoughts are, so will our faces grow.

Have you ever looked in a rogues' gallery? If you have you can understand the reason for them.

I remember seeing two years ago last summer in Colorado Springs, a collection of pictures. They were studies of criminals, and I remember a lecture the artist gave at the Teachers' Institute. He had a large number of these views.

During his talk he told us of various criminals whose pictures he had.

One was guilty of larceny, another of arson, another of murder, and so on, and after looking at them a while I could pretty nearly tell the kind of a crime each had committed. Something showed just as plain as could be in their faces that they had evil thoughts. That which led to his life crime were evil thoughts, and his eyes showed it.

I wish you would take this lesson home with you. Let us have a determination to make our lives right and strong, not merely to please our friends, though that is a strong and good purpose.

Your friends will be glad, your yourselves will be glad, your enemies will be dismayed, and it will make to your advantage.

LEARN TO SPELL.

An Oklahoma country postmaster recently sent the following notice to the Postoffice Department:

"Sur I wish to notify you that on next Wednesday this office will be shet as I am gone dear hunt. You kin fire me if you see fit, but I'll give you a pinter that I'm the only man in the nayborhood that kin rede and rite."

The above ridiculous story, if true, may be useful to students and others who are either careless or deficient in spelling, to put them on guard, or stimulate them to diligence in an effort to learn to spell correctly, so as never to be the butt of ridicule by exposing their ignorance unnecessarily.

When any one has occasion to write, and does not know how to spell the words, he should consult a friend or the dictionary, and thus learn. If but a little at a time; and those who have the privilege of schools and books in their youthful days have no good excuse for being very poor spellers, although fair scholars in many other respects often miss on some words.

Names of persons and places should always be written plainly and spelled correctly, to avoid miscarriage or failure in other essential things.

The writer once saw a notice posted in a public place on the highway, in one of the rural districts of Pennsylvania, which read thus:

"Turnup sead fur sail hear."

Comment is useless, further than to guard all well meaning people, young and old, against errors in speaking or writing, so that they may not be guilty of murdering "the king's English."

There are yet many poor scholars among white people who need this advice, especially if they neglected their schools in youth, when they had the opportunity to attend.

"It is bright, interesting, and full of information."—Mary A. Aikman, Cabin Run, referring to the RED MAN & HELPER.

Passenger—Is this ticket good to stop off?

Conductor—Yes'm; but it won't be good to git on agin.

OUR APACHE FRIEND IS LOOKING AHEAD.

At the close of a business letter, Mr. Richard D. Heyl, of Camden, New Jersey, says:

"Please to continue to keep me in touch with the students of Carlisle. In them I wish to see the greatest results that have yet been attained.

It may be premature to mention the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Carlisle Indian School—three years hence, but let each student look forward to the ending of the first quarter of a century, and let us hope that this will be a stepping stone for others to follow.

Stamp the 'CARLISLE BRAND' for them to be guided thereby."

It will be remembered that Mr. Heyl has lived from childhood in the midst of cultured people, that he is a locomotive builder, and that now he is in the office of the Assistant Engineer of the Amboy Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Who dares to say that Mr. Heyl is not doing more to demonstrate to the public that the Apache Indian is like the rest of humanity, and that he is helping his people MORE by thus living and holding his own in the midst of civilization, than he would be out on the plains teaching his people by word of mouth what they ought to do or ought not to do.

He may live here by building locomotives, by keeping accounts or by various other means. Out there he would most likely be a dependent on the Government.

His problem is solved. THREE CHEERS for Richard Heyl.

CIVILIZED INDIANS WILL DISPEL THE ILLUSION.

St. Louis, Oct. 8.—T. M. Buffington, chief of the Cherokees, Clarence B. Douglas and Judge L. F. Parker, jr., a Committee from the Indian Territory held a Conference with Chairman C. H. Huttig of the Committee on State and Territorial exhibits, last night, in regard to the exhibits to be made by that territory at the Louisiana Purchase exposition.

"The general idea seems to be," said Judge Parker, "that the inhabitants of the Indian territory are mostly blanket Indians.

We intend to dispel this illusion by making an exhibit that any State would be proud of.

Our people are enthusiastic over the coming World's Fair and will do all in their power to make their display the finest of its kind here.

All the money to pay expenses of this exhibit will be raised by subscription from those directly interested"—[Kansas City Star.

Away up North.

At Point Barrow, the northeasternmost point of Alaska, and probably the most remote and lonely missionary station on the globe, Rev. and Mrs. H. R. Marsh, M. D., have been in service for three years, and where besides their other religious work they have a school so crowded as to require a separate service for men and women, the average attendance being over two hundred.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.The Mechanical Work on this Paper is
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCEAddress all Correspondence:
Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa. as
Second-class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from the
Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has

MOHONK.

On invitation of Mr. Albert K. Smiley, a distinguished body of friends of the Indian and of other dependent races, met at the beautiful home of the honorable host—Lake Mohonk Mountain House, N. Y., on the 16th, 17th and 18th of October, to discuss questions pertaining to the welfare of these less fortunate people.

The company included some hundred and fifty prominent ministers, editors, statesmen, college presidents, lawyers, doctors, Indian-field workers, and as Dr. Cuyler states it "honorable women not a few."

Perhaps the most conspicuous figure in and around Mohonk was this same celebrated Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, an aged gentleman, still full of intellectual, spiritual and physical vigor, with a voice as strong as the most practiced elocutionist.

Hon William A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Hon James S. Sherman, Chairman of the House Committee of Indian Affairs, were in attendance.

HON. WILLIAM A. JONES,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The distinguished brothers, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. Edward Abbott were also present with helpful addresses.

Dr. Merrill E. Gates presided at all of the meetings of this the Nineteenth Annual Conference, regarded by many who have attended all, as one of the most remarkable.

DR. MERRILL E. GATES,
PRESIDENT OF THE MOHONK
CONFERENCE.

Dr. Cuyler opened the first day's session with prayer, and Mr. Smiley welcomed the guests in a happy address in which he said he was always glad to see men and women gather to discuss such momentous questions as are now pending.

In future issues of the RED MAN & HELPER, we will print portions of what was said in the stirring discussions, and the Platform will appear in full, but for the present we will give only the N. Y. Evangelist's synopsis of the platform as follows:

The great features of the discussion are brought out in the Platform which should be read by every American. We condense them into a few salient points which make the Conference a memorable one in the series.

First: The strong assertion that our Indian policy must from this time be directed in the line of the Dawes Bill toward the development of property in severalty among the Indians and their absorption into the body of citizens.

Second: The gradual breaking up of the Reservations by the allotment and distribution of the land and its proceeds, the breaking up of the agencies and the abolition of the whole Indian Bureau within a period of ten or fifteen years.

HON. JAMES S. SHERMAN,
CHAIRMAN OF HOUSE COMMITTEE OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The conviction that this was possible was strikingly unanimous in the Conference, as was also the conviction that the great obstacle was not the Indians themselves but the Agencies, and the spoils system of politics.

The great fault with our system both of school and of rations has been that it pauperized the Indians, and failed to train them for independent, individual citizenship.

The best steps taken during the year were the large extensions of citizenship among the Indians and the registration of births, deaths and marriages.

The third great feature of the Conference was its recognition of the new responsibilities of the nation to the dependent people in Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba.

This subject was approached not only with a religious seriousness, but with the conviction that with all the difficulties which surround us, there are points of great hopefulness and promise in the situation, such for example, as the attitude of President Roosevelt and his large acquaintance with the subject.

The keynotes of the meeting we should describe as:

No more pauperizing of the Indians by rations or by the system of education;

The earliest possible abolition of Agencies, and all on the basis of a true Christianity without Churchianity.

A beautiful feature of the meeting on Friday was the presence in a body of sixty Cuban teachers sent to the country by the Cuban Government for three years' training under efficient teachers to learn our methods.

"Mercersburg Academy News" is a new four page quarto sheet published by the Academy students at Mercersburg, Pa., every two weeks. The first number is made up mainly of editorial and school matters, football news and local items of interest. We extend our and Ex.

INDIAN JOKING.

To keep up their spirits after a defeat the football boys on their way home from Buffalo cracked jokes and tried to spring laughs upon one another on account of certain funny experiences that have happened in their travels.

For instance:

The redoubtable Captain of the team was waving his hand at some girls in the Government building but to discover they were wax figures.

One of the boys dumped olive oil on his cakes, thinking it was sirup, but he ate it down and licked his lips as though he liked it.

One of the guards, a year or two since, on attempting to sleep in the too soft bed at the hotel, climbed out and under the bed. The floor was so comfortable that he slept late, and when the maid came in the room next morning to make up the bed and the great guard peeped out to see what was the matter, she ran from the room, in fright.

When our sub-fullback was asked whether he would have his meat rare or well-done, not knowing the full meaning of rare, had it explained in the Sioux language by one of his comrades. The interpreter knew no words in Indian that corresponded with "well-done" and "rare:" so he asked: "Do you want it cooked or raw." This made the fullback indignant, and he answered gruffly: "Cooked; I'm no dog."

Our halfback was unfortunate in getting his lip hurt, so that it swelled considerably. They said he was greatly put out because he could not whistle to attract the attention of the young ladies, but he turned the joke on the left-tackle who had a swollen eye, for he could not wink.

When consommé was served in a cup, one of the players thought it was tea and put sugar in the same.

Another player wanted to call a bell-boy and rang the fire alarm instead of the electric bell.

None of them drank from a finger-bowl, however, as one of the guests of the team said she had done at a great hotel, when she was a very young girl, never having seen a finger-bowl before.

One who had a sore mouth, which hurt him to laugh, regretted it more on account of a sociable at the school which was to take place, when he should see his best lady, and desired very much to smile his best.

The joke was turned upon one who had been discovered talking with his best lady at the last sociable. He had on his patent-leather shoes, which he delighted to show, but on this occasion his trousers were pulled up so far at the knee that his Government stockings showed unpleasantly. The take-off by the boys upon how, when nudged, he carefully drew his trousers-leg down, while keeping up a vigorous conversation, was amusing.

They did not tell which one it was, who after he had arrived by the elevator at the first floor from the fifth or sixth, felt in his pockets for the pay, and finding none said: "Capt Wheelock will pay my fare."

It was the right tackle who had his fortune told, and the woman seeing him an innocent, inoffensive fellow, charged him \$3.00. He had no money and the fortune teller having him inside an enclosure, searched his pockets. But when he came out he had had his eyes opened and said to the other boys: "Don't go in there, you will—well—the rest of the sentence may be guessed."

Miss Hannah Breece, who has taught in the Public Schools of Bloomsburg several years, has been appointed as teacher in one of the Indian Schools in Colorado, she having successfully passed a civil service examination. She leaves at once for her station.—[Columbia Co. Republican.

NEWSY ITEMS FROM THE OGLALA LIGHT,
PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

Clarence Threestars and wife are employees at No. 2. Day school.

The Dakotas have raised over \$2,500 for missionary purposes among themselves.

Alice Americanhorse has gone to Hampton, Va.

Miss Edith Smith, a Carlisle graduate; also a graduate of the West Chester Normal School, Pa., is teaching at this school.

Miss Josephine Bisonette, assistant cook, has attended Carlisle, and her work in the kitchen is very satisfactory.

Supt. J. B. Brown, of Morris, Minn., is much pleased with his new location. The school is but two blocks from the city limits and everything is so convenient. Two new buildings, the boys and girls dormitories have been added to the plant, and enrollment—now 102 pupils—is increasing steadily.

OUR SATURDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

The English speaking meetings on Saturday evenings are very important to the students of this school.

It is then that we come in close view of our leader.

It is then that he tells us his views in regard to bringing the Indians into the light of civilization.

He reveals to us the opportunities and advantages that we have while under the care of this school.

The contrast he presents to us between the Indian life of barbarism and the life of civilized people gives every one of us the desire and ambition to reach the highest stage of civilization.

One of the most important facts he brings before us is that our greatest men are those who were poor when they began life and never had as good advantages as we have.

His object is to impress upon us the fact that we as Indians can also become great.

Every Saturday evening we come out of the chapel asking ourselves, "When will the Indian question be solved?"

It is from the talks of Colonel Pratt, at these meetings, that we learn the lesson that it depends upon each Carlisle student, how and when the Indian question shall be solved.

If every Indian school had a Godly man, as this school has, for a leader, the time would soon come when every Indian student would have the courage and ambition to get out into the civilized world and become a part of its people.

GEORGE PRATT, '03.

On Solid Ground.

The Creek council has appropriated over the Chief's veto \$200,000 for a per capita payment. But there is little chance for such payment.

The president will hardly approve it. Nevertheless we see no reason why this money should not be paid out now as well as later.

The Indians need—most of them—the money; where it is, is doing them no good.

The sooner this money is all gone and the Indian has no other means of livelihood than by going to work on his allotment, the sooner will the Indian begin to properly appreciate the value of his land, and the sooner will he learn that work brings happiness and prosperity.—[Indian Journal.

Lone Wolf's Tribute to President
McKinley.

In the issue of the REDMAN AND HELPER of two weeks ago, we gave an item from a friend in Oklahoma, which spoke of a speech of Lone Wolf, and suggested that the speaker may have been the Lone Wolf who went through our school. The speech printed elsewhere gives the facts as they are.

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

Miss Schweier's father visited her last Saturday.

The Sesqui-Centennial had Indian summer weather.

The Band made a most creditable showing in the parade.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt have gone to New York for a few days.

If love is blind we need not always make spectacles of ourselves.

Colonel Pratt returned from Mohonk and Buffalo, last Saturday night.

Miss Barr went this week to North Carolina, with Jacob Smith, who is ill.

Professor Bakeless made a flying business trip to New York City on Monday.

A person may die from lack of circulation, but a lie never dies from any such cause.

Miss Newcomer has returned from Kansas, where she has been with a sister, who is ill.

On account of the Sesqui-Centennial, the REDMAN and HELPER will be a day late, this week.

Mr. Cook arrived this week with his two children, Frank and Dora, from the Quapaw Agency.

Mrs. Farrar, of Philadelphia, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock at dinner Thursday evening.

Mrs. Booth, of Sag Harbour, Long Island, is visiting in town, and was out to see her friends to day.

The band boys were tired enough by Thursday night, and funny isn't it the only way they got rest was to re-tire.

The only time that some of our boys and girls take for reflection, so their teachers think, is when they see a mirror.

Miss Miller, formerly of Cornell University is a guest of Miss Smith. She spoke entertainingly at the Sunday evening service.

The concerts given by the Band on Wednesday and Thursday evening showed that we are again playing a high class of music.

The celebrated Sarah Zane Fire Company, of Winchester, Va., guest of the Cumberland Fire Company, Carlisle, visited the school in a body to-day.

As Sesqui-Centennial comes but once in 150 years, we may be excused for being late this week. We could do no work with hands all taken for parading and other things.

SESQUI-CENTENNIAL—One hundred plus the half of one hundred. 150 years ago, 1751, was the date of founding the town of Carlisle. Now, do you know what SESQUI-CENTENNIAL means?

Miss Richenda Pratt has gone to Brooklyn, where she will take a course in music. She will be with her sister Miss Nana Pratt, who is taking a kindergarten course at Pratt Institute.

Miss Emma Johnson, who was at Carlisle for a short time and has since been employed in various places in the Indian service, has recently joined the Phoenix, Arizona, corps of workers.

The Students' Dining Room building has just been re-shingled, and the new additions thereto just completed, make it quite an imposing structure, serviceable for several purposes.

Miss Hulme, formerly with us, and who has been in the Post Office Department, Washington, D. C., writes for change of address from Washington to her home in Mt. Holly, N. J., where she will be for a time, she says, on account of ill health.

Supt. J. R. Meskimons of the Sacaton, Arizona, Indian School, brought thirteen Pimas and one Maricopa this week. The Sacaton school has the distinguished honor of being the largest reservation school in the service, numbering 325 students. They are in the warm belt, hence the reception that Carlisle gave the newcomers was regarded as decidedly cool. By the clapping of hands, the girls were made to feel, however, that Carlisle has a warm heart for them, even if the atmosphere is cool at this season.

Col. Pratt received a box of beautiful dahlias and asters of various colors last week from Ethel Mikecoba who lives with Mrs. Joel Conard at West Grove, Pa. They came in the Colonel's absence but were none the less appreciated when he returned.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is glad that the Juniors, Sophomores and others are taking up the work of furnishing items. Such items should be of general interest, as most of them, so far, have been: so do not fail to read the columns from these classes, lest a good deal of general news that the Man-on-the-band-stand gets in no other way, be missed.

The football game at the Stadium, Pan-American, last Saturday, was lost to us by a score of 17 to 0. If there is such a thing as luck, it was very much against us, which with the superior weight was more of a tide than our boys could stem. They played a strong game, and earned the highest praise for their excellent work, even from the opposing team.

The Sesqui-Centennial decoration committee, of which Miss Forster was the head, "did themselves proud" in the draperies on display in different parts of the grounds, mainly in front of the office-building. The streamers extending from the flag-staff to the teachers' quarters on the one hand, and to the girls' quarters on the other, attracted the attention of people on passing trains. It was very pretty.

We receive a number of valuable exchanges, including weekly papers and magazines, some of which are most creditably executed, while others are issued from offices not so well equipped with material to show off "the art preservative" in modern excellence; all of which refers to the quality and mechanical work only, the subject matter being of various shades of selection, expression and sentiment. But among the periodicals which grace our sanctum, there is not one that presents a more neat, clean and attractive appearance, with clear prints and illustrations, than "The Boys' Industrial School Journal," of Lancaster, Ohio, with its fine red border on every page, and on the best of paper; and the editorials and selections are also meritorious and appropriate.

GENERAL ITEMS FROM THE JUNIOR CLASS.

On some of the Sesqui-Centennial Souvenir buttons is the Carlisle Indian Band.

Under the direction and instruction of our art teacher, Miss Forster assisted by Miss Stewart, the Band-stand has been trimmed with flags and bunting.

The digging of the trench for the foundation of the new oil house is finished.

The boys husked the corn at the lower farm this week.

The class of 1903 held a class meeting last Thursday evening, the time being devoted to the discussion of questions relating to the good of the class.

Guy Jones, class 1900, has accepted the position as teacher in one of the schools of Nevada.

Miss Seawright is in charge of the clothing department in the Girls' Quarters since Miss McArthur went away.

The football boys are going to have another long trip to Boston where they will line up against Harvard next Saturday.

The second party of chestnut seekers from the small boys' quarters went to the mountains last Saturday. A third party will probably go next Saturday.

John Lawry, a former pupil here, has been working on the Santa Fe Railroad in Northwestern Arizona.

Miss Ella Romero, '03, favored an audience at the Y. M. C. A. Hall last Saturday night with some of her mandolin selections.

At the Annual State Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association

held at Lancaster, Pa., October 20th to 24th, about 150 delegates were present. The purpose of the Convention was to bring together the members of the different associations and thus find out what has been done in the past in the way of saving young women, and what work should be done in the future. The convention resolved at the close to come nearer to Christ, to go about his work more bravely and to believe that, with God all things are possible.

Mary and Susie Moon, who went to their home in Alaska a year ago, are both married to white men and are keeping house.

Emma Burrous, who was a former student of Hampton school, Va., has entered our school.

The girls who went to Gettysburg on Saturday say that they enjoyed their trip and are ready to go again sometime soon.

The normal children have drawn some pretty autumn leaves this past week.

John Londrosch who came from Minnesota recently has joined the Juniors.

One of the girls on the battlefield of Gettysburg mistook General Warren's statue on Little Round Top for a real man.

The Susans had a very interesting meeting last Friday evening. They showed a marked improvement all through the program.

Earney Wilbur spoke very earnestly to the Juniors last Thursday evening concerning their future prosperity.

**ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST
WRITTEN BY SOPHOMORES.**

Mrs. Rumsport has received a letter from Ada Söckbeson saying that she will be back to Carlisle sometime this or next week.

Who was the Senior who pronounced Psalter, pastry?

Alfred Venne has been elected President of the Sophomore Debating society for the next three months. It is hoped that great success will come to the society through the efforts of the worthy president and each of its members.

Miss Richenda Pratt's black cat seems to have taken the place of our dear lost friend "Black Joe." Miss Richenda comes after it, but he will insist upon staying at the girls' quarters.

A trip to Gettysburg was greatly enjoyed by the Sophomore girls and will not soon be forgotten. The girls were provided with boxes of luncheon, and as they emptied their boxes they filled them up with nuts which they found great pleasure in picking.

Come, members of the Sophomore class, let us be the best class Mrs. Cook has had yet!

One of the matrons of the Oglala Boarding School left Pine Ridge last week. She is going to live with her uncle in New Orleans. She is going to Jersey City first, and on her way will visit our school.

Mrs. Wilber, of Bloomsburg, came out from town last evening, and spoke to the girls in their assembly room. The girls enjoyed the talk very much and hope she will come again. Mrs. Morgan, of Dickinson College was with her.

Joseph Trempe and Walter Matthews, accompanied the football team to Buffalo.

The Sophomore class held their Society meeting last Tuesday evening. The officers elected for the next term are as follows: President, Alfred Venne; Vice-President, Nellie Lillard; Secretary, Vaughn Washburn; Critic, Rose Temple.

The Philadelphia Inquirer gives an account of a man who had such a heavy voice that it was all he could do to lift it.

It is said that automobiles are now be-

ing used in wheat harvesting out on the Pacific coast.

One special engine performs the work of a triple—plowing, harrowing and planting in one operation.

The attractively framed picture called Pharaoh's Horses is hung up in school room No. 12. Each school is to have it for two weeks, before it goes to Miss Foster's Art room.

Have you seen the printer's banner? If not, wait until Saturday.

TEACHER:—If some one gave your mother ten dollars, and your father gave her another ten dollar bill, what would she have?
GEORGE: A fit.

**OUR GIRLS VISITED THE GREAT
BATTLEFIELD.**

A party of fifty-seven of us girls from the four upper grades went with our teachers last Saturday to visit the Gettysburg battlefield.

Nature, in her beautiful autumn dress in which the school colors of red and old gold predominated, welcomed us everywhere.

Arriving at Gettysburg, it was found that the trolley was not running, but it required only a look at our party for the superintendent of the power house to order the dynamos to be put to work, and in less than fifteen minutes we were speeding along towards Little Round Top, the terminus of the line.

We climbed the hills on which stand the two towers of Round Top, and Little Round Top, and the statue of General Warren, who was shot by his enemies while viewing them from this very spot.

Round Top Tower reaches to a great height, and from it we were enabled to look down into the valley below, which presented a beautiful sight.

We visited the National Cemetery.

While we were looking around at the monuments there, our teacher pointed out to us one that had recently been erected over the grave of Jennie Wade, a young girl who was killed by the Confederates while she was making bread for the Union soldiers. We later visited the house where Jennie Wade was killed, and were shown the holes through which the bullets came that killed her.

On the way home we were a little tired, but by the time we reached Mt. Holly, we were all wide awake and began singing songs such as "Comrades All," "On to the Front," "The Banner Song," and "Up in the tree." These kept us busy until we reached home. I am sure every one who went had a good time and knows more for having gone.

Miss Ely in the Land of High Corn.

We fear that Miss Ely is becoming contaminated with the Kansas fever of exaggeration, judging from some statements in her private letters. For instance, in speaking of going to a near-by town, by train she said:

"We had a great time getting there. The only train west is a mixed one. It carried coal, lime, lumber, cattle, sheep, hogs, and other animals including a few human ones. The train we took carried in addition to the things mentioned, railroad ties, and stopped a half hour at each section to unload some."

We went to the station five minutes before train time—10:42, waited until 12:10 for the train to come, then made the 14 miles by three o'clock.

When we were in motion, I tried to count the fence posts, but would forget the last number before reaching the next post."

Football Among the Shop Teams.

Two weeks ago the tailors were buried under the score of 30-0 by the Printers; Saturday a hard fought battle for supremacy occurred between the carpenters and blacksmiths, and resulted in a draw: On Saturday next, a game will be played between the Printers and Juveniles. A very interesting game is expected as the two teams are nearly equally matched. The Juveniles are heavier and stronger. '03.

LONE WOLF'S TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

Lone Wolf, Chief of the Kiowas, lives near the new town of Hobart which sprang up in a day when the Kiowa Reservation was opened to settlement in August. The following account of his remarks as contained in the Kansas City Star, of Oct. 3rd is vouched for as substantially correct by one who heard him speak:—

One of the unique memorial services held at Hobart in honor of President McKinley, was the address delivered by Lone Wolf. He had been invited to a talk, but when he arrived at the place of meeting he called for an interpreter. None being present Lone Wolf, who is Chief of the Kiowas, rose up from his seat and solemnly addressed the crowd. He spoke as follows:

"Mebbe me not talk; mebbe so me not read; mebbe so me not make you understand when me talk. Me never go to school, but me not like I used to be. Mebbe me better than me was. Me changed. Mebbe me paw was bad; he know not better. He not read; mebbe so he not Christian for he lived long ago and go on the war path and kill.

Mebbe last summer me go to Washington to see McKinley. McKinley he work, he work; he great father; he be fine man. Me shake hands with him and me proud. Me like him, the great father."

At this point Lone Wolf raised his hands in a gesture of sorrow and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said:

"Mebbe so McKinley dead; him gone; him no more walks; him no more speaks to his red children; him dead."

With breaking voice he continued: "Me not able to say what me mean. Me know. Mebbe people all over country, mebbe so white people and Indians feel heap bad—Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches sorry."

With tears flooding down his cheeks he said:

"Me sorry. Me heap sorry; that's all."

Notwithstanding his bad English and disjointed remarks, Lone Wolf made a powerful impression on his audience.

ODD BIRD'S NEST

A bird's nest built on the apartment-house plan is a curiosity in Franklin-square, Philadelphia.

Two families of robins occupied the nest this summer, which was snugly built into a crotch on a limb of a poplar tree.

The old birds are rearing families side by side in the odd nest, and interested observers have failed to note any sign of domestic discord.

The nest was much larger than the usual size constructed by the birds, and was divided into two sections by a portion of twigs lined with feathers.

In one apartment there were three young robins and in the other four constituted the family.

The two pairs of old birds were kept on the move from daylight till dusk filling the hungry mouths of the little ones, and there seemed to be a friendly rivalry between the heads of the respective households as to which family should be fed best.

The fledglings were a well behaved lot in both apartments, says the Philadelphia Record, and neither family tried to "ring in" on the meals of its next door neighbor.

AN INDIAN GEOMETRY SONG.

The Haskell Institute Leader gives a piece of Indian originality in the following:

The Seniors are having a feast in Geometry this week.

The chief item of the "bill of fare" is angles.

They are to be had prepared in many ways. Hence this "Geometry Song," Air—"The Campbells are coming:"

Oh, angles are funny, they are ha! ha!

And angles are chummy, they are tra! la.

And angles are many, so many to draw,

But oh, we will master them all ah! ha!

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

When the chilly winds of Autumn begin to whistle around the corners and the gables of the house, and Jack Frost beautifully tinges the leaves of the trees or rudely bites the fingers and nose of the school boy as he walks briskly to school, it is then that he turns his thoughts from the daily tasks and decides to spend a day in the mountains and woods, and have a good time gathering chestnuts.

It was under these circumstances that a party of us boys decided to go on a lark. Having previously been given permission to go, we accordingly selected a school-mate, a fellow of a genial disposition, to act as our leader.

The day before the trip was spent in preparation, not very extensively, however, for it did not take long to get things in order.

When night came and each had gone to bed thinking of the good time awaiting him, his rest was troubled by dreams of climbing steep precipices or falling from high cliffs.

At last the time came for us to leave. Just as the first gray streaks of dawn shot across the eastern horizon, our party, which consisted of seven boys, made our departure for the mountains, full of life and fun, with a walk of about nine miles before us.

At first the objects along the way were not clearly seen, but as the morning wore on, their outlines could be discerned more easily. The farmers were beginning to stir about. Some were busy doing the morning chores, while from the houses was wafted appetizing odors on the morning breeze.

Frequently a dog would give us a morning greeting by rushing as far as the fence would permit him, and bark and snarl until we were out of sight.

The sun had risen above the horizon and the clouds of vapor which had lain along the foot of the mountain began to disappear.

As we journeyed we came to a sulphur spring which bubbled out of a rocky glen, filling the air with the sulphurous odor.

Each having tasted of the bitter liquid, we continued onward, when we suddenly came near a persimmon tree.

Some of the fruit was good, but some of it was yet a little green.

It was laughable to see the comical faces of those who had tasted of the green persimmons. Frequently we met farmers who were on their way to market, loaded with produce.

At about nine o'clock we reached the foot of the mountain.

We rested a while and braced ourselves for a difficult climb up the mountain's rocky side. It was hard work crawling and climbing over huge rocks and loose ground, but having resolved to reach the top we kept going upwards, until at last we were rewarded by the beautiful view of the surrounding country which the summit afforded.

Chestnuts were plentiful and we soon had a nice basketful apiece.

The noon hour was drawing near, which we knew by the sharpness of our appetites which we did not want to dull by eating nuts, because we had provided ourselves with a lunch before starting on the trip.

Accordingly we went in search of water, and our wants were gratified when we came to a spring of the clearest water, sparkling as it trickled down the mountain side.

As we proceeded to seat ourselves around the spring, our attention was called to the quick upward movement of our leader, who had accidentally sat down on a large chestnut burr, but he did not need our aid, so we began to investigate the mysteries of the lunch baskets.

After dinner we spent a few hours in walking about and viewing the vast expanse of country which lay beneath us.

From the summit we could see many thousand acres of undulating farming land, also quiet little brooks, which glided in and out among the various farms, and upon whose surface the sunshine played

and danced, causing them to appear in the distance like silvery ribbons.

The sun was getting near to his rest, and as the last golden rays shot across this peaceful valley, we took our departure for home, heavily laden and rich in the experiences which we had gathered.

Little was said or done on our homeward course.

Each had but a single aim in view, and that was to get home as soon as possible.

That night, tired and sleepy, seven boys went quietly to their beds and were soon fast asleep, having spent a very joyous day, and one that will always be a bright picture hanging on the walls of our memories.

X—'02.

"NUMBER ONE."

"He is a number one boy," said grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books; indeed he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of ten."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John, "but what a pity it is that he is blind."

"Blind!" exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John! what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the number one boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the forenoon, never seeing you, nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he is so busy reading" apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If 'Number One' is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands," said 'Number One.'

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books, but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play with other boys and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."—[The Church Progress.

Amusing Mistake.

Words that are synonyms won't always apply in mercantile dealings.

An amusing instance of this happened in a department store lately.

An elderly priest, who evidently had the furnishing of a parish house in charge, accosted one of the aisle managers with a request to be directed to the counter where "frauds" were sold.

This was a new one on the manager, and his puzzled expression brought the priest to a realization of his mistake.

"I beg your pardon; it is 'shams' I mean," he said, and he was then smilingly directed to the bed linen counter.

— [Philadelphia Record.

How a Man's Strength is Measured.

The strength of a man is in proportion to the feelings which he curbs and subdues, and not those which subdues him.

The man who receives a flagrant insult, and answers quietly; the man who bears a hopeless daily trial, and remains silent; the man who with strong passions remains chaste, or who with a quick sense of injustice can refrain himself and remain calm—these are strong men.

And John the Baptist waxed strong, because, from the earliest dawn of thought, he was taught the necessity of refusing things which in themselves might have been permissible, but for him were impossible.—[Rev. F. B. Meyer.

PEOPLE WHO "ARE OUT OF STEP".

There was once a soldier who, it is said, complained bitterly because the whole regiment was out of step with him!

A good many people take the same vision of life and will not be convinced that they are out of step, not the regiment.

We must retire to a corner and watch the procession go by, or else we must join it and keep in step. We cannot take a stand on the world's highway and compel the procession to stop in its march.

It is precisely the same in business.

A man must keep up in what the majority call progress, in using new machinery and new methods, or else he must be resigned to accept failure as his portion.

He cannot cling to the old ways of doing his work, declaring it is "good enough for him because it was good enough for his father."—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FINGER BOARDS, POINTING THE WAY.

When the worst comes to worst the only thing to do is to make the best of it.

Cheerfulness is the offspring of employment.

Foul stories and obscene jokes betray a corrupt mind.

Narrow is the man whose understanding is bounded by the horizon.

The man who goes in quest of a grievance is sure to find it.

Envy is the match that sets on fire many a scandal.

The best sort of success in the success that helps others to help themselves.

What Does Six-penny Nail Mean?

According to one statement, when nails were made by hand, the penny was taken as a standard of weight and six were made equal to the weight of a copper penny.

This explanation is open to criticism on account of the very small size of the nails, of which six were needed to balance the large sized, old-fashioned penny.

Football Schedule.

Sept. 21.	Lebanon Valley College, here.	Won; 28-0
" 28.	Gallaudet College, here.	Won; 19-6
Oct. 2.	Gettysburg College, Harrisburg.	Lost; 5-6
" 5.	Dickinson on Dickinson field.	Won; 16 to 11.
" 12.	Bucknell at Williamsport;	Won; 6-5
" 16.	Haverford, here.	Won; 29-0
" 19.	Cornell at Buffalo.	Lost; 17-0
" 26.	Harvard at Cambridge.	
Nov. 2.	University of Michigan at Detroit.	
" 9.	Annapolis at Annapolis.	
" 16.	University of Pennsylvania at Phila.	
" 23.	Washington & Jefferson at Pittsburg.	
" 28.	Columbia at New York.	

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.
My 1, 6, 7, 2 is a tropical fruit.
My 3, 9, 8, 10 money is sometimes called.
My 11, 4, 5, 2 is the way our footballers are apt to feel when they get beaten.
My whole are beautifying our grounds.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Ice cream treat.

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