

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR, or Vol XVII, No. 24.

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FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number Twenty

Christmas.

By William Burgess.

A FESTIVE season—one of youthful mirth Comes round once more, as tho' our thoughts to greet, And hails in honor of a Saviour's birth, And nether year both joyous and complete.

The primal object may become diffused,
Like thoughts unbalanced in a mind that roams.
And yet this festival, when not abused,
A blessing yields to many thous and homes.

"A Merry Christmas," rings throughout the day,
From old acquaintance whom you chance to meet,
Like friends strung in plentiful array,
Around your homes, or on the crowded street.

Then presents cluster, e'en from far off lands,
As kind reminders from your distant friends,
Or friendly tokens of the silken band,
Which bind the friendship that true pleasure lends.

And may the blessings of the wise and good,
Be the fair portion of your life's estate,
So that life's duties, if well understood,
Will class your deeds among the truly great.

Let New Year follow on the scrolls of time,
To keep true record for the peopled Earth;
And future ages, with their deeds sublime,
Will give to Christmas its full titled worth.

CARLISLE, PA.,
December 25, 1901.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By an Indian.

His Indian name was Wa-se-wa, but after he had entered school he had been given the name of Thomas Jefferson in honor of that great man.

For several years Thomas had been in the Government school a few miles from his home, and was now beginning to feel a desire to be something more than those who wore their hair long and wrapped themselves in blankets.

Indeed the attention of the superintendent and teachers had been attracted by the neat appearance of the boy, and great things were prophesied for Thomas Jefferson.

The day before Christmas, Thomas Jefferson made his appearance at the superintendent's office, and after gently tapping on the door, removed his hat and stood beside the kind-faced man.

"Good morning, Thomas," said he, looking up from his work. "What can I do for you?"

"Good morning, Mr. Blank, I want to visit my mother to-morrow and spend Christmas day with her over on the reservation."

"Is your mother sick? or why do you wish to go over to the reservation? You know how I do not like to have my boys go to the reservation. The Indians will be gambling and some drinking, and I am sure you would not like to go among them. Tell me why you wish to see your mother and maybe I can help you out."

"Well, Mr. Blank, I'll tell you why I wish to see her. My mother does not know what Christmas is. She does not know that it is the day that God gave His Son to the world and that when Christmas comes we try to do something to make others happy by giving presents to them. I have saved the money I have earned by working for the teachers and have bought things that I wish to give to my mother, and then I will tell her about Christmas.

The superintendent was thoughtful for several minutes.

He was impressed with the words of the boy and his love for his mother.

At last he spoke!

"Well, Thomas, I am glad that you

have remembered your mother, and to-morrow morning I will send my team after her and she will remain with you for two days."

Christmas had dawned and joy and gladness seemed to prevail everywhere.

Thomas was looking eagerly in the direction whence the team would come that was to bring his mother, and as he watched, it appeared in the distance and then came nearer and nearer and at last stopped at the front gate.

An Indian woman was helped from the buggy.

With a small bundle in one hand and a staff in the other, she went forward to meet her son.

Old age had claimed her for his own.

Her sight was becoming dim, and as she approached her boy she hardly recognized the trim, neatly dressed boy as her son, who three years before, had been taken away to attend school.

But Thomas knew his mother and when he spoke to her in a broken and half forgotten tongue she, too, knew her boy.

The remainder of the day was one of joy for Thomas Jefferson and his mother.

When he had given her the few presents that he had bought with his hard earned money and had told her the Christmas story, the eyes of the mother filled with tears as she said:

"My son, I am glad that you have called me here. Call others and tell them the Christmas story, and it will make them as happy as you have made your mother."—Elijah Brown in the Chemawa American.

HOW TO MULTIPLY CHRISTMAS.

The way to get the most from Christmas is not to keep its joy to ourselves in a miserly fashion, but to share it with others.

Keeping anything to ourselves is the way to lose it.

Jesus said that he who saves his life loses it, and that he who gives up his life in the lavishness of love keeps it.

The same is true of everything that belongs to life.

Joy is doubled by being shared.

If the woman had kept her handful of meal and her little oil in the cruse all to herself, refusing to share with the prophet, she would have had but enough for herself and her son for one day.

But sharing it, it lasted through long months.

Make somebody happy on Christmas and you will start a new happiness in your own heart.

Find a home where otherwise there would not be any happy Christmas gladness and provide for its joy; you will lose nothing, for your own joy will be multiplied.—[Forward.

HE WANTS TO BE SERVICEABLE.

FT. HALL, IDAHO.

December 10, 1901.

MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND,

CARLISLE, PA.,

DEAR SIR:

I made a flying business trip to Nebraska over two weeks ago.

While I was at Omaha Agency, I learned that ex-student Harvey Warner was elected one of the County Commissioners in Thurston County at the last election. Our present County Attorney is an Omaha Indian, Hiram Chase, who by the way used to go to school to your Chief clerk's brother, William Watson Burgess, some years ago.

Both of these county officials are Republicans by politics.

Who can say that all the educated Indians are no good and can not be trusted?

It showed in one county in the United States that the white people have trusted the Indians enough to elect them as county officials, because they wanted them to help in building the county up, and that is just what the Indian should be doing to-day; yes, building up towns, improving the farms, roads and bridges that benefit the town.

I tell you that I am proud of those two Omahas.

It made me feel that I want to do something to be the most serviceable to my fellow men.

I want to be useful wherever I can do the most good in this world; it makes no difference what place or what race of people are, I want to live and do good.

I have been told that there was an Indian who was raised among the white people, was educated in schools of the white people and is now and has been employed in one of the stores in Salt Lake City for years.

That's one type of Indian education, that is the best for the Indian.

He must go away from the Indian Agency, and it is self education for the Indian.

Col. J. N. Sharpe, of Haily, this State, a register in the United States Land Office, has told me that an Indian (full blood) came to his office one day, bought and paid cash for a quarter section of land, and it was deeded to him.

Indians are not all located on Indian Agencies, and the above referred to is one of them.

Is the Indian lazy and will he not work?

So-called friends of the Indian will hold to the idea that the Indian is lazy, that he will not work, so he must have rations and clothing; yes, back of the rations and clothing, are \$1,000,000.

The white man wants the money and keeps the Indians.

You know where he keeps them, too.

Now, Mr. Man-on-the-band-stand, after all, the Indian has a grand chance to make something out of himself, and the future that lies before him is indeed very encouraging.

Our good friend Col. R. H. Pratt, has fought for Indians' rights for thirty years, yet it has just commenced showing a little result of what it has accomplished for the Indian.

Let me say to those of us graduates and former students of Carlisle:

Let us stand by Col. Pratt in his fight for the Indian's right to be a common American citizen, as well as for the principles he advocates in the cause of education, human liberty and justice.

I am yours truly,
LEVI LEVERING,
Class '90.

A Spelling Rule.

There are few persons who have not been occasionally puzzled to write "ei" or "ie" in the words that so represent the sound of the long e.

A very simple rule, however, removes all difficulty.

If the diphthong immediately follows the letter c it is always "ei," as in ceiling, conceive, etc.; but when it follows any other letter it is always "ie," as in grief, niece, friend, etc.

BENNIE had spoken aloud in church; and to mamma's caution against doing it again, he exclaimed, "But, mamma, when my mouth's so full of talk, I can't help it leaking some!"—[Youth's Companion.

MARGUERITA SCHOLDER WRITES A GOOD LETTER.

She is Teaching Out in the Wilds.

We are favored to get a peep into a letter from Marguerita Scholder to her old teacher Miss Bowersox.

Marguerita was not well when she went to her home in California, but she seems to have regained her health, and is teaching a school of Indian children among the Moquis, in Arizona. See how cheerfully she writes and how hopeful she is!

"I presume you have heard" she says "of Pasquala Anderson's promotion."

(It will be remembered that Pasquala graduated at Carlisle in 1900, and has been teaching at Oraibi, Arizona for some time.)

"She is stationed at Toreva day school, ten miles from here," continues Marguerita. "I fill her place here."

Teaching a class of sixty children with nothing to work with but a few slates and a blackboard, 6x4, is quite different from what I had to work with while under your training at Carlisle.

We have in school now 126 pupils, their ages ranging from three to sixteen years.

These Indians are a very conservative people, and at first made strong objection to sending their children to school, but now they realize more what the school does for their children, and that hostile feeling is dying out.

The Moquis are quite different from the Mission Indians.

The Moquis are small in stature and live in cliff-perched villages, remote from all civilization and hold fast to their old customs. They are, however, so far as docility and industry go, classed as the best pupils.

The older men wear long hair and go about clad only in nature's garb.

This seems terrible, and when I first came here, I blame the poor things? They have never had any teaching or any chance to see how people live.

Indeed, the Moquis have been sadly neglected, and I am glad that I was sent to work among them.

I shall try hard to get the younger girls to live moral lives, for they don't know what morality means.

Just the other day I sent away for some sewing cards to use in the school-room, and I expect to have a good time with the children when they come.

If you have any old patterns of sewing cards and don't need them I shall be very glad to have them.

HOLIDAY AMUSEMENT.

Try This And Laugh.

You are to write a capital O in the usual way, on a sheet of paper while standing at a table.

At the same time you are to try to make your right foot swing in the opposite direction from that which the pencil is following on the paper.

It sounds easy.

Try it in every way you can think of. First get your foot going toward the left in an easy swing, and then start your letter and see what will happen.

Then try, beginning the letter first, and going presently with the proper circle in the opposite direction.

If you do not laugh at the result, you will be the exception to the rule.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.

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

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Address all Correspondence:

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing, Carlisle, Pa.

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

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

SAD FAILURE OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

Why did Ruskin, that American Utopia, come to an inglorious end?

Mr. W. G. Davis declares in *Gunton's Magazine* that it was because the communal life made the people lazy.

"Ruskin, the last Ruskin," he says, "was simply a typical town in rural Georgia."

It lacked in almost every convenience of modern life.

The people dressed indifferently to the point of slatternliness, and the children ran almost as wild as the razorbacks."

The late W. H. Channing, in carefully selected words, gave this tendency toward indolence as the reason for the failure of Brook Farm, and he was a member of the community, too.

Mr. Noyes, founder of the Oneida community, after a personal investigation into the causes of failure of these experiments, Mr. Macdonald, a Scotch Owenite, who visited most of the American communities on a tour of investigation and research, and Mr. Nordhoff, who investigated some seventy odd communities, all, according to John Rae's *Contemporary Socialism*, agree in saying that laziness is the bete noire of applied socialism.

One who has been through it sums up Ruskin and all the rest, and places the day when applied socialism will be successful only in that future time when men, manners and morals will be different from what they now are, when he said:

"The industrious, the skillful, and the strong saw the indolent and the unskilled and the improvident, and self-love rose against benevolence."—[*New York Tribune*.]

If Anglo-Saxons cannot make a success of community living among themselves, why hope that they can ever make a success of any community system they force upon and control, or induce among the Indians?

If such systems beget laziness among Anglo-Saxons, why be surprised when such systems grow laziness among the Indians?

If Anglo-Saxons force community systems upon the Indians, or persuade the Indians to continue in such systems, and laziness results, who is responsible for the laziness?

Cultivators of laziness, is the verdict on all such Anglo-Saxon experiments.

Nowhere between the eastern extremity of Maine and the most western Aleutian Island, and the southern extremity of Florida and the northern extremity of Alaska is or ever was there an Indian community entitled to any other verdict.

If Church or State go into the community building business, on race, belief, industrial or any other lines, do not they thus become the enemy of the individual?

Is the culpability excused because such building extends a Church or perpetuates a department?

What right has either the Church or the State to condemn or persuade all the

individuals of a whole race to remain in one locality or to harness, or narrowness or the beliefs, knowledge, associations or occupations of individuals of that race?

Anglo-Saxons do not find all success or all happiness in all becoming farmers; is it reasonable to hope that all success and happiness to them, will follow any attempt to force all the Indians to become farmers?

Anglo-Saxons do not seem to find that salvation belongs to any one Church; if any one Church is strenuously imperious that it alone shall undertake the salvation of Indians anywhere, would it be best to gratify such Church in the hope that Indians are different from Anglo-Saxons?

"Variety is the very spice of life" and "The contact of peoples is the best of all education;" and all experience shows that such "variety" and "contact" brings the greatest development of knowledge, invention, progress, wealth and right living, including religion, because affording greatest spurs to estimate and effort.

A Tremendous Effort will do it.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," has in it the wisdom of the sage; and the experience of the ages confirm it.

The hard lines of selfishness on a man's face tell the story of his life, better than pencil or pen can portray it.

The secret of the soul openly on the countenance to be gazed at by the world.

The joyous light of the eye and winsome look of gladness on the face tell of forces going out of self and linking to other souls to lift and glorify.

The hard lines, the dull, dead eye, the joyless movement, tell the sad story of the human heart grinding itself out like a whirring millstone, on its hard flinty self.

Oh, the pity of it all!

When we rob ourselves of joy, we rob the world, too, but only we know it.

A tremendous effort on our part will lead us out of the quagmire of self and joyless life.

No Room for the Saloon Young Man in Business Requiring a Clear Head.

A circular has been issued by the General Manager of the Union Pacific R.R. announcing that hereafter habitual drinking or the mere frequenting of saloons will be considered sufficient cause for dismissal.

In justification of this action he states: "The duties of the employees of a railroad company, particularly those engaged in the transportation and mechanical departments, are most exacting, and necessarily demand clear judgment and a sound body."

The tendency among business men of other callings, when clearheadedness and efficiency are requisites, is in the same direction, and it requires no prophetic vision to foresee that the man who drinks will not be in it much longer when it comes to getting and holding a job.

At the Bloomsburg Normal.

Annie Goyitney, class '01, now in attendance at the Bloomsburg Normal, says she "thanks God for all the teachers and workers who are doing so much for my race. We Indians do not realize how much is being done for us till we leave Carlisle. Carlisle has done so much for me that I can never thank her enough for it.

I like my home very much indeed, but I never knew what it was to be busy until I came here. We have no time for idling and are busy with our studies and work."

All who know Annie personally, know that she is not a girl to talk for talk's sake. She believes every word she says, and she is truly grateful, seeing with unselfish eyes what is being done by a great and good Government.

A CHRISTMAS REMINDER.

Never Forget the Note of Thanks.

Be sure to send a note of thanks for a gift received at the earliest possible moment.

Write it before your ardor cools.

Make it hearty, spontaneous enthusiastic.

You need not be insincere.

Even if you do not like the gift, you must like the spirit that prompted it.

Never defer writing with the idea that you will thank the giver in person.

You may do that as well when opportunity offers, but do not risk delay.

Nothing is more discourteous than belated thanks.—[*The Ladies' Home Journal* for December.

Myron Moses Writes to the Colonel.

"Here I am in a cozy tent, comfortable and contented.

I only wish you were here to enjoy the warm climate. No doubt you are all shivering from the cold without, while I seek for a shady place to get a cool breeze, and a fan comes very handy, although a stove comes handy too, when the sun goes down.

Already the physician says that I have made a change for the better, so I think you have sent me to the right place.

Last Tuesday I was weighed and again today, I was weighed, and to my surprise I have gained a pound and a half.

My daily exercise consists in walking and systematic breathing. I am now able to walk a half-mile. Back. I sleep well and get plenty of milk which is my only medicine.

The people are exceedingly nice and kind."

PERRIS, CAL., Dec. 10.

Not one of OUR Domestic Science Girls.

"Bread!" exclaimed the young lady who is attending the science school. "Well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere, and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure, and then"

"But what is the plastic material you speak of?"

"Oh, that is commonly called the sponge."

"But how do you make the sponge?"

"Why, you don't make it; the cook attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and the hydrometer and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I do not remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it's just splendid."—[*St. James Gazette*.]

How to Keep Well.

Dr. Dixon gave a few excellent rules on "How to keep well," in chapel Sunday afternoon.

Among other things he cautioned the boys about lying on the cold, damp ground and both boys and girls about changing from thick to thin clothing.

If the pupils would remember what Dr. Dixon tells them and not do these careless things there would be less complaint about colds.—[*Haskell Indian Leader*.]

The Doctor above mentioned used to give us health talks when he was Physician at Carlisle.

Colds Explained.

Two dozen pairs of over-shoes gathered up and sent to the girls' quarters explain some of the colds, during the recent rainy weather.

"I forgot," is easily uttered, but Dame Nature is not indulgent enough to condone your carelessness, girls.

Break HER laws, you suffer and your friends suffer for you.

Are you careless and thoughtless?

Where are YOUR overshoes?

Where is YOUR cloak, YOUR umbrella?

Some of the Haskell, Kansas, pupils are having mumps, and are said to look very plump.

The W. C. T. U. of the Indian Territory have labeled Oklahoma, "Rum-Soaked Oklahoma."

The Chemawa American reports a big wind-storm there that blew the sign to the printing-office loose.

We see that Miss Reel, Superintendent of the United States Indian Schools, is to spend Christmas in Phoenix.

Levi Levering hits the nail about on the head in his letter, first page. IS the Indian lazy?

I enjoyed your paper very much, and am interested in all signs of progress at the school which I find in it.—S. F. S., Baltimore.

"I sometimes lack time to read your little sheet but I would not go without it for a great deal. It is the best school paper I ever read."—A. H. F., Oxford, Me.

The Chemawa American, now deceased. He was for a time editor of the Chemawa American, and wrote for various papers on the Pacific coast, occasionally. He was a graduate of Chemawa.

James Russell, a young Indian who sails aboard the Massachusetts which stopped off at Old Point on its way to Charleston, S. C. paid us a visit the other day.—[*Talks and Thoughts*, Hampton, Va. James is a Carlisle boy.

Caleb Sickles is going up in his career at the Ohio Medical University, see last page, and we are more than pleased to hear that his scholastic merit is as good or better than his football record.

Some of the speakers in the Standard debating society were not prepared. OPPORTUNITY to grow! Some time you will need this practice and can't have it.

The specials to the dailies to the effect that the full-blood Cherokees are short of food and clothing and are liable to go on the war path if the same is not furnished them by the government soon is all bosh. Nothing could be more ridiculous.

—[*Osage Journal*.]

We see by the South Dakota Moody County Enterprise that Flandreau Indian School team beat Huron College by a score of 17 to 0 at their last game of the season, and that Riggs Institute has made a good record of games this season, winning many admirers by their fine playing and gentlemanly conduct.

We promised to repeat the prominent points in the turkey carving lesson. The main thing is to PLANT the fork across the breast bone and KEEP it there. Take off the legs, then the wings, then slice from the breast and serve. You will not appear awkward if you keep the fork nearly all the time across the breast bone, and hold it firmly.

Samuel Barker, ex-student of Carlisle is in the Philippine Islands, and says he is well. We are sorry to learn through his letter that Hugh Lieder has been in the hospital there since August. A number from the army are being discharged on account of the expiration of their terms of service. The soldiers play football some, but it is too warm there for that game. They enjoy baseball more.

Miss McIntire's boy took on serious complications and she was very ill for a few days. Her physician, Dr. Allen of Carlisle, removed her to the Todd Hospital, where she has every care and attention. We are pleased to hear that she is so far on the way to recovery as to be able to sit up. We shall expect her with us soon again.

Alberta Gansworth and Henrietta Coates attend the same school, and room together, at Buffalo Normal, New York. They often think of their school days at Carlisle, says Henrietta, in a recent letter. She has been suffering from erysipelas, and had to go home for a few days. She is glad she does not have to stay on the reservation. When she does not go to school she works outside. She had a good place last summer, and just loved the people, she says.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

A Merry Christmas!
And a Happy New Year!
Christmas packages galore!
"Fall in!" says the thin ice.
NO PAPER NEXT WEEK!!!
Remember the "ie" and the "ei."
A football banquet is on the tapis.
From SAVING comes HAVING!
The fog, on Friday, was simply thick.
Nearly all the teachers are going away for Christmas.

We believe that Jacob Horne will find his gold mine.

"Semi-condensed atmosphere" will do when we mean fog.

Miss Jackson has returned from Amherst, Massachusetts.

What is the easiest thing in the world to make? A mistake.

The spit of snow Wednesday night nearly spoiled the skating.

Because a person casts reflections is no special sign that he is bright.

Saturday's rain was better for the farmer than for the railroads.

Turn up the corners of your mouth and you can't possibly be blue! Try it!

No, Miss Ely is not a countess just because she counts the farm students' money.

A splendidly equipped school like Carlisle might be called a manufacturer of habits.

This may be taken in two ways: "If you want a fit get one of the tailor boys to make you a coat."

Delfina Jacques and Jessie Moorehouse kindly helped the printers with some of their Christmas work.

As we go to press Thursday evening preparations are making for the regular monthly entertainment.

The steam-plant boiler room is the only place around here where 4th of July weather prevails just now.

Watch out! That spitter out of the window is a worse fiend than the spitter on the floor and pavement.

The hospital beds are getting empty, while Doctor and nurses who have been overtaxed for several weeks are not sorry.

A small boy who venture too near the thin edge of the ice and getteth his feet wet, goeth to bed for the rest of the day.

Assistant-Superintendent Allen is visiting industrial schools in Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

There will be no REDMAN AND HELPER published next week, as has been the custom for holiday week ever since we began printing a paper.

This has been sort of musical weather of late, especially since the freeze up and light snows; for we had to look "sharp" or we would B flat

The handsome cat Nansen, who was sent to the sanitarium on the hill to recuperate, has come back lively and well, and is quite at home again.

No one will lose by our not publishing the RED MAN AND HELPER next week. All will receive the full FIFTY TWO papers making a year or volume.

Will we close the printing-office next week? By no means! It will be the yearly clear up week. And we shall try to catch up on accumulated job work.

He spoke the truth unconsciously when the teacher told him his work was so poor she would have to mark him 0, and his reply was that it was "nothing" to him.

The Seniors write the neatest items. Some others seem to write by the yard, if paper alone is considered. A trifle shorter would be more convenient to the compositor.

Mr. J. Banks Ralston, Esq., of Carlisle, the enterprising agent of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, was the first to leave a calendar for the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"Banish every thought of sadness.
Banish every doubt and fear:
Let your soul be filled with gladness.
With the wealth of Christmas cheer.
Let the fires of love burn brighter;
Make each day a Christmas day;
Fill your hearts with love and sweetness.
Choose the brighter, better way.
Ice!

Welcome, Santa Claus!

Skating by moonlight!

Calendar's everywhere!

The permit for the first time was given to skate on the north pond day before yesterday, and girls as well as boys have enjoyed the sport ever since at their little odd moments.

A prominent business man of Carlisle says he reads the RED MAN AND HELPER through, every word every week, even to the making out of the enigmas, and enjoys it.

This is Miss Forst r's and Mr. Nori's night for the Invincibles; Mr. Dan. Miller's and Miss Cutter's for the Standards, and Mrs. Brown's and Miss Weekley's for the Susans.

The teeth advice, last page should be read three or four times over by some of our students. Some have fair upper teeth but the lower ones are discolored and show lazy neglect.

We have to say it two or three times, and don't forget it, please! There will be no paper printed in this office next week. No one shall be the loser as we shall give 52 papers for the year's subscription.

When one quite along in years was being congratulated the other day on his birth day with: "I suppose you feel as young as you ever did," he did not like it much, for he replied: "I don't believe I'm quite old enough to feel as young as I ever did."

We unde stand that Mr. Ziegler of the harness shop has purchased a grand Steinway piano and expects to give a musicale in the near future, to which his friends and co-workers are to be specially invited. While making no pretense of being Paderewski's peer, he expects to get some startling effects from his new purchase.

Miss Weekley's students gave an entertainment to themselves on Wednesday evening. Orations, essays, class prophecy, a paper edited for the occasion and music by the so-called "Hungarian Orchestra," of which Joseph Ruiz is the leader, formed the program. A few guests were invited in and the occasion was one that will not soon be forgotten.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt, and their daughter, Miss Richenda Pratt expect to sail February 8th, on the magnificent "Celtic," the largest steamship in the world, for the Orient. They will visit Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Egypt, The Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, Italy, the Riviera, England and Ireland, and other points, making 13,255 miles by water.

General Items.

Written by the Seniors.

Linus Pierce, who went home last fall, writes from Omaha, Nebraska, that he is working in that city.

Samuel Barker, a member of the present graduating class, who is now in the Philippines serving Uncle Sam, wishes to be remembered again to his friends. And wishes that not a single member of the class of 1902 would fail.

The interior of the gymnasium is beginning to have a very pleasing effect due to the work of the painters.

The spirit of all the skaters in this section of the country, generally go up when the mercury goes down.

Miss Cynthia Lambert, class '02, was sick in the hospital for two weeks. Her class were all glad to see her come into school again last Monday.

The girls' society has improved very much this term. The programs are better

prepared and the talking has stopped. We hope the Susans will keep on improving, for the largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

All with colds are improving and all are thankful for the way in which Miss Barr and her helpers have worked to keep coughs and more serious sickness away from our student body.

Miss Cynthia Webster, '96, who is now employed at the Lac Du Flambeau says that she is enjoying the cold Wisconsin weather.

The little girls are grateful to Mr. Kensler for the apples he sends them once in a while. We hear a great many thanks whenever the matron passes the apples around.

Mrs. Warner has recently returned from Wisconsin, and reports that the weather is very cold there.

The Christmas carols which the school is now preparing are very beautiful. The accompaniment of the orchestra adds much to them.

The series of talks given us by the teachers each week, have been interesting as well as instructive.

The favorite game of the boys at skating is Hockey.

The cooking-classes are learning how to make apple-pie.

Some of the Seniors who expect to graduate in February, have already planned to go to school again, which shows that they are going to try and live up to their motto: "Not finished but just begun."

The people in the sewing-room are very busy, making new gymnasium suits and the graduating dresses.

The Seniors have finished reading "Hamlet" and are now working on their essays. They enjoy Shakespeare's works very much.

The Susans were the happy recipients of two framed pictures of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Both are prominent Woman's Rights Women.

Juniors.

Since the organization of the Basketball teams of the four upper classes, the Seniors and Juniors are looking at each other from the corners of their eyes. Some very hot contests are expected, but the future looks bright for the Juniors.

It is interesting to see the Porto Ricans trying hard to learn to skate because this is a new experience to them, but they are succeeding.

The girls have enjoyed watching the boys skate on the pond, but they enjoyed it much more when they were there too. They were patiently waiting for the permission to skate, and in the meantime slid on the snow covered walks. Every one hopes that the skating will be good during the Holidays.

Antonio Lubo, who played right tackle on our football team this year and who is a Junior, has gone to Baltimore, for a time.

Miss Burgess, for an example not to refuse when called upon, favored the Susans with a one finger piano solo at their meeting on Friday evening. We enjoyed "Yankee Doodle" very much, and we hope she will visit us again.

An interesting letter from Joseph La Frambois, now in Washington with the U. S. S. "Dolphin," says that he may visit us soon, as he expects to remain in Washington through the winter season. We shall all welcome him as a member of Class '03.

Laura Parker and Nina Brown who are out in the country, are attending the Moorestown High School.

Amy Dolphus, Vice-President of the Susans, presided very acceptably at the

meeting last Friday evening, in the absence of Earney Wilber who was sick.

Our band will give a concert at Lebanon this evening. Their program consists of some very difficult and classical music including Wagner's Lohengrin and Rossini's William Tell.

The question, Resolved, That reciprocity should be adopted in our system of Commerce," will be debated in the Standard Literary Society, this evening.

1st boy.—The thermometer was two degrees below zero this morning.

2nd boy.—How could that be, it was fastened on the wall?

Bessie Gothola, who went to her home in New Mexico last Summer is now at Albuquerque.

If the water continues to rush through the weak spots in our skating pond dam as it has been doing, the builders will learn from experience how to make a good dam.

The outside stairway that led up to the old printing office has been removed, probably for the sake of appearance.

The carpenters are getting the basement ready for the new dressing room, adjoining the cage for the baseball and football boys.

The Presbyterian boys are invited to an "ice cream and cake treat," in the First Church, on Thursday evening, December 26th.

The gymnasium drills are progressing very rapidly.

The committee that visited the Susans last Friday night said that the debate was the best they had heard during their rounds of all the societies.

Sophomores

The Susans are always glad to receive visitors and take all good advice kindly.

The new paint shop is almost finished, and they are beginning to move things from the old shop.

The clothing boxes, for the Band uniforms at the Band Hall, are almost finished.

Xmas is near and we will have a holiday and a week vacation. What a jolly time we will have on the skating pond if Jack Frost gives us ice for a Xmas present, if but only for a week.

William Washinnawatok and Samuel Brushel, who have been working in the harness shop for sometime, are making a double set of working harness without the aid of Mr. Ziegler. They are trying to finish it by Christmas.

It appears to the carpenter boys that all the out side work comes these cold days.

Dawes White Bird is working in the Cheyenne school, Darlington, Okla.

The band boys enjoyed the talk that Band Master Ettinger gave them, on the story of Lohengrin, which they are preparing to render for the concert at Lebanon.

Everybody seems to be very lively, perhaps because it is so near Christmas and Commencement.

A letter from Susie Yupe, class '00, said that she is still well and happy. She is employed at Fort Hall Indian School in Idaho.

Lucy Ramone likes her position as assistant seamstress at Sacaton, Arizona.

Caroline Helms, a Sophomore in the country, writes that she likes her place and goes to a good school.

The "Hungarian Orchestra" rendered fine pieces at the opening of the Standard Debating Society last Friday night.

The Osage Journal is improving. It is one of the spiciest papers published in that Territory.

A RESERVATION PICTURE.

While the picture as presented below is a sad one to contemplate at this festive season, yet it is to be hoped that there are not many returned students of the miserable, worthless sort described.

All returned students do not turn out bad characters.

Some of our graduates are leading exemplary lives under most trying circumstances, and were a magnified picture of their trials and temptations thrown upon a screen, the average white book-writer would consider them fit subjects for heroes and heroines of their stories, but we never hear of them. The scape-goats and good-for-nothing creatures are the ones who are dragged to public notice.

WETONGA, OKLA.,

DEAR MISS B.

I received the little book Stiya and have enjoyed it greatly.

It is true to life here.

How very very few of our boys and girls here are standing up against the old Indian ways or against the bad ways of the white man!

The gambling here is simply appalling, and led by the educated young men, old men and women, as well as the young, spend hours and days gambling.

Mr. Hamilton, the missionary here, counted eight games in progress on less than an acre of ground during payment.

And the drinking-boys who came home so pure and clean, looking so gentlemanly and polite about July 4th are drinking and gambling and shaming their parents who were so proud of them then.

One father, a Christian, told us the other day that his boy was buying fire water at all the neighboring towns, getting drunk and gambling.

And said he:

"It makes his mother cry."

We tried our best to induce him to return to school.

But, no!

Then we got an opportunity to allow him to enter the Indian University at Baccone, I. T., and money was provided to pay his fare, etc., but he will not accept it.

What can we do? It is not the problem of the old so much as the young that puzzles me.

If you could only keep them away from here, they might be capable of development and strength and we might be able to help the old ones.

As it is they drag each other down.

I am not one who says "Come, come!" to coax an educated Indian to return to his tribe.

I would rejoice if they could be kept away.

Stiya is an ideal girl.

I have never met one here or indeed among any of the Blanket Indians as strong as she.

But she is one to imitate, and I intend to loan the book as often as I can.

The Christians are strong, most of them, but are principally from among the old Indians.

It is very hard to get the young people to come at all.

The old religion seems to have a fascination for them, especially the mescal religion.

There is to be a great Sun dance at Left Hands this week. All the people of both tribes will be present.

They had a large one in July when all the children were present. This demoralizes our work for a long time.

The people are unusually well this fall. There has been very little malaria this year, but some small pox.

My letter is too long. Will you pardon it? But Stiya has brought to my mind so many things that are problems.

Yours in the service.

MARY P. JAYNE.

"The REDMAN is a great help to me in keeping up with new developments."

—Subscriber.

GOOD FOR THE INDIAN CAPTAIN.

Caleb Sickles, the celebrated Indian end rusher, was yesterday afternoon elected captain of the Ohio Medical University football team for the season of 1902. The contest for the honor was spirited, and Sickles finally won by the narrow margin of one vote over his nearest rival.

Twenty-one players were eligible to vote and every man was on hand to exercise the privilege of suffrage. End Rush Sickles and fullback Duffy were the announced candidates, but a dark horse appeared in Dutton, who was substitute quarter throughout the season and played only in the Thanksgiving day game.

Owing to the nomination of three candidates, the contest was very close and six ballots were necessary to elect. On the first ballot the vote was: Duffy 9; Sickles, 7; Dutton, 5. Then one Dutton supporter switched to Sickles and three ballots were cast as follows: Duffy, 9; Sickles, 8; Dutton, 4. On the fifth ballot three more Dutton men flopped, two going to Sickles and one to Duffy, so that the vote stood: Sickles, 10; Duffy, 10; Dutton, 1. The next time the last Dutton man went over to Sickles' tepee and the little Indian was elected by a close vote of 11 to 10 over Duffy.

Sickles is a half-blood Oneida Indian, his home is in Little Rapids, Wis.

He is 21 years of age and a junior in the Dental department of the Medical university.

He gained his first football experience at the Carlisle Indian School, at Carlisle, Pa., where he entered when he was but 12 years old and remained seven years. In 1899 he played end on the celebrated Carlisle team, holding his own with the best ends on the Eastern teams.

The following year he entered Ohio Medical University. He joined the football squad at once, and has played in nearly every game for the past two years.

In this time he has gained the reputation of being one of the best, if not the very best end in Ohio.

He is a hard and sure tackler, as well as very fast in the interference and a sure man when called upon to advance the ball.

Coach Ingils, of Ohio Medical University expressed himself as well pleased with the result of the election. He said that Sickles is a hard and conscientious player, and, in his opinion, will make an excellent captain.

Dr. W. J. Means of the athletic board said:

"The choice of Sickles for Captain is very satisfactory to me. We always like men who are well up in their classes as our athletic leaders, and Sickles, in addition to his football ability, is one of the best students in the university."

—[Ohio State Journal.]

SOLDIER LETTER FROM PAUL T.

Paul Teenah was familiarly known to us when a student at Carlisle before he joined the Army as Paul T. He writes entertainingly from Cuba:

"We are in the same old camp.

A few buildings have been put up and the roads around the camp have been repaired by the soldier boys.

Street lamps are up now.

We still drill six times a week—Monday and Tuesday, Troop drill; Wednesday and Thursday, Squadron drill; Friday, Athletic Exercises, and on Saturday Hospital drill.

On Thursday evenings we have dress-parade; full-pack inspection Saturday.

Ten hundred men came here from New Orleans over a month ago to build a railroad.

They have cleared the road for some distance, but nearly all of those men have stopped; some were discharged before they received their pay, several have enlisted, and nearly all are Cubans, who are at work on the road now.

We had a very happy Thanksgiving Day. The dinner was the same as what I used to have at school.

The rainy season has left us since the first of October. Since then we have not seen a good rain. The ground is very dusty, and it is cold at night, four blankets is not enough."

JACOB HORNE, 1900, IS HAVING INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN THE MINES.

Soon after he graduated, Jacob Horne, class 1900, went to his home at Hupa Valley, California, but stayed there a few days only, and then branched out to earn a name and fame for himself. Some of his ups and downs as related to his old teacher are worth reading about:

"You are not only a noble teacher but an inspirer of lofty aims, and a friend in the time of trouble," he begins, and then he goes on to say:

"I stayed only three days in Hupa Valley when I returned, then I was employed by A. R. Wilder, to make hydraulic water pipes for the 'Rough and Ready Mills' where I worked for about three months, for forty dollars per month and board.

The first of last December I leased the Liberty mine in partnership with my brother Frank, and after two months of hard labor we cleaned up only two dollars and sixty five cents.

Of course it was a total failure, or as a miner would say, 'didn't make salt'.

I then gave up the mine and went to work at the Geneyck mining Co. for forty-five dollars per month, and on the first of June I leased the Ronnels Creek mine, in partnership with Frank Ofield, and for four months we lived from hand to mouth, then gave it up a failure.

This was a drifting mine, and during the summer months I often heard the people complain of hot weather, which sounded queer to me as all this while I was hundreds of feet under the ground, and knew nothing about the weather.

Since I gave up the Ronnels Creek mine, I have leased the Nary Red Gold mine. But there will be no water till Spring, so at present I am working at the Wordhumer Mine, near the forks of Salmon River.

George and Lillian Ferris are also employed here.

It seems queer to have three Carlisle graduates employed under one firm in this far off land.

We have good times together.

In spite of all the failures I met with; I am not discouraged for I know there is a way for me to success; if NOT, I'LL MAKE A WAY.

I am going to keep trying till I do make something out of the gold mines, for I know where there is a will there is a way, and since the mother lode is where you find it, I'll continue my search like the Argonauts of old till I find a little fortune, or Jake remains a poor lad.

I got a letter from Nettie the other day, and she said that she was sorry that she had changed her position, for, she says, that out of the hundreds of pupils at the school she is employed at, not one speaks English.

Lottie is keeping house at the Hupa school where her husband is employed as an industrial teacher, and brother Jerry is his assistant."

LOOK AT YOUR TEETH.

Stand before the glass and laugh! Show your teeth to yourself! Are they decayed? Then they should be attended to as soon as possible.

Are they simply discolored and dirty? Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

No tooth brush?

Then you have been spending your money for something you did not need as much as you need a brush.

If no brush, you can keep your teeth tolerably clean with a cloth and soap and water.

A person with ordinary care can preserve his teeth as long as he lives. The Indian of long ago had no trouble with his teeth, but the Indian boy and girl of to-day has to use the same care that his white brother does or he loses his teeth.

Is there a soft substance near the gums and between the teeth?

Remove it, for your teeth will soon be-

gin to decay, and poor health will be the result.

The mouth is a neglected spot by many people.

If the mouth is not clean, if around the teeth there is unclean matter, it mixes with the food we eat and is not fit to swallow into the stomach.

A prominent physician has said there are more deranged stomachs from this one cause than from any other.

The cavities are breeding places for disease germs.

It is a common mistake to wait for a tooth ache before consulting a dentist.

It is often too late then to save the tooth without much suffering and much expense.

It is not good to use a pin or a wooden toothpick.

It is important to clean the teeth after eating, especially after breakfast and after supper.

It is a mistake to have a tooth taken out just because it has a little cavity in it.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has seen young men at our sociables dressed well, with good fitting clothing, well-brushed, and with nice collars and neck-ties, laugh to show sets of teeth that were a disgrace to them.

Discolored teeth or teeth that show they have not had proper attention are strong marks of LAZINESS.

A Good Problem for Christmas Holidays, When There is no Skating.

A Cambridge University professor, who dreams in figures, has done the following atrocity:

- 1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11.
- 12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
- 123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
- 1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
- 12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
- 123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.
- 1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.
- 12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.
- 1 times 8 plus 1 equals 9.
- 12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
- 123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
- 1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
- 12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
- 123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
- 1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543.
- 12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432.
- 123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.

—Troy Budget.

WHY is the letter "T" like an island? Because it is in the middle of water.

Are you a mechanic? No, Sir; I'm a McCarthy.

"I enjoy reading the paper and keeping in touch with this noble work."—N. B., Penfield.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.
My 8, 6, 4, 8 is to look with one eye around the corner.
My 1, 7, 5, 5 is fine light stuff that blows away easily.
My 2, 7, 3 is to be sorry for, to regret.
My whole is something that cannot come too soon for our boys and girls to have a good time during the Holidays.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Santa Claus.

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