

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number Twenty-two

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR'S CHOICE.

"Though I were sleepy as a cat."
The little scholar said,
"I would not care to take a nap
In any river's bed.
"And, though I were so starved I scarce
Had strength enough to stand,
I'd beg through all the valley ere
I sought a table land.
"But, oh! what jolly times I'd have!
I'd play and never stop,
If I could only take a string
And spin a mount in top."
—[The Independence.

ANOTHER STRONG TALK.

Last Saturday night, the student body and most of the faculty gathered in Assembly Hall to hear the Band and to listen to the regular Saturday evening address from our Superintendent.

The first selection by the Band was "Pilgrim's Song of Hope," by that great French organist and composer, Batiste then Robert Bruce played upon the Euphonium most skilfully, Hartmann's Lizzie Polka in which there is a fine display of tripple tongue movement. He was repeatedly cheered, showing that our students are learning the art of applause after difficult and ably executed parts, before the end of a piece.

A number of other selections were rendered and all highly appreciated. The French horns have come up wonderfully from timid and uncertain tones to full rich volumes of expression. Never did this desirable quality show to better advantage than Saturday night. Pathos and brilliancy, tremendous volume and sweet symphony, each in turn, came in response to Conductor Ettinger's baton.

It was said in the hearing of the Man-on-the-band-stand, "If Indians can learn to do that, then with the proper start and opportunity to practice they can learn anything."

The Band is a continual object lesson, not only to the Indian students but to all people; to our white brothers it says, "If Indians can become so proficient in the use of intricate musical instruments, why can't I accomplish something in my line? I'll try."

"Pique Dame" by Surpe, and Verdi's Rigoletto were exceptionally fine, but the selection most enjoyed by Col. Pratt and which brought from him an address as unexpected to himself as it was impressive to his audience was the medley of familiar old tunes, Gems of Stephen Foster.

In his remarks he alluded first to what the President of the United States said in his message to Congress regarding the Indian, how he took the ground that the time has arrived when we should definitely make up our minds to recognize the Indian as an individual and citizen and not as a member of a tribe.

He spoke of one of our Apache graduates who visited his home this summer, and the Colonel feared as others did that the going home meant the end of the boy as an individual. He did not stay, however, and when on his way back to take a position in New York City on the Elevated Railway, the Colonel asked him why he did not stay in Arizona.

"Oh" said the boy. "The reservation is no place for a civilized Indian."

"It is no place for a CIVILIZED WHITE MAN," said the speaker most emphatically.

To take a boy from reservation surroundings and give him the opportunity to learn the habits of industry and customs of enlightened people, and then turn

him back on the reservation where the old Indian ways predominate to drag him down, is like sending a drunkard to the Keely Cure, and when he gets control of himself away from the surroundings of liquor, to send him back to live in the saloon.

There is no doubt that the Indian problem will exist as long as we have tribes. If nine-tenths of the Indians pass out into our nation leaving one-tenth on reservations, we will still have an Indian problem.

The President's methods and the Commissioner's methods and the methods that are growing into public favor are bound to end the hindering management—Government support and all those systems that strangle the individual.

We are perpetrating a cruelty, a wrong to these people not to give to them individual experience in the competitions and contact with the life they are to lead.

There must be leaders who will go out fearlessly among civilized people and successfully work their way into the life of the people they are to emulate.

As an illustration of the kind of leadership needed, the speaker referred to the man who is now taking the lead in demonstrating that wireless telegraphy across the ocean is possible.

He has left the crowd and gone out alone and has demonstrated something that will develop into a thing of great benefit to the world. This wonderful man has fearlessly gone out alone and proved a new idea.

And so it is in all lines of progress. Many people are afraid to go out into new fields, but when the need comes there are great leaders who force their way ahead, and by their courage lead the more timid people up to higher achievement.

Our school, away here in the east on the skirmish line has sent explorers back to the tribes to carry the message of progress to the Indians, and many are being led up and out of their ignorance into spheres of usefulness.

He spoke of the skirmish lines of progress.

A letter had been received from an Indian girl who is out in a country home. She had said that she was out on the skirmish line. In the army, in times of war, brave and courageous men have to go to the front as skirmishers—to find out the dangers that are in the way, and these skirmishers send back word to the command and report the difficulties to be met, as the army goes forward to battle, and they show how to overcome these difficulties.

It takes strong, quick-witted men for such duty. It takes men of courage and daring bravery to go out as advance guards to find the best way for the masses, and such men are the strongest and best helps to accomplish great purposes.

We have great opportunities here to start out as individuals and to make individual careers for ourselves.

The case of our young Apache friend in Camden, N. J., who is and has for many years lived as a citizen of that enterprising city, in the employ of a great Railroad Corporation and in a responsible position, was cited as a test of a man who has risen to the ranks of individuality and freedom from tribal thralldom.

The Colonel counts any boy or girl who goes out from our school into a country home or elsewhere to learn the best way to make a start in life for himself, as one who is on the skirmish line toward Indian independence. Upon THEIR skill and industry and conduct and suc-

cess rests the weight of the whole movement. If they fail, the whole scheme fails.

The only use for Indians in this world is USEFULNESS.

They have no right to be in the world unless they put themselves into lines where they may prove to the world the full force of the truth: "In the sweat of his face shall man eat bread."

The President of the United States is right!

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs is right!

Everybody is right who demands that you shall come out and be useful citizens with the rest of us and on the same basis, to be recognized as individuals and not as tribes.

Everybody is WRONG who encourages you to stay on a reservation barren of opportunity and holds you together as dependent tribes and communities.

The only success in the world is INDIVIDUAL success.

The more difficulties you have to meet the better, if you overcome them. The fellow who runs away from difficulty is never a man.

He puts the stamp of perpetual childishness, of weakness and worthlessness on himself, whenever he is turned back by difficulties he can and ought to overcome.

The Colonel continued for several minutes more, and his language and force was of one filled with a mighty truth to impart. The reporter is sorry not to have been able to take the address down verbatim.

DOING GOOD.

"If I were rich I would try to do some good in the world, but it is all that I can do now to take care of myself."

I heard some one say this a while ago, and I have thought of it often since.

It was a false view of life, but I could not blame the young woman who said it, for we hear so much about doing good by giving money, that we are in danger of thinking that is the only way.

The truth is that a vast deal more good is done in this world without money than with it.

I sometimes think that poor people do more good than rich people, because they are nearer to nature and nearer to those who suffer.

Do you know how much the very poor help each other?

If you wish to know you must go among the poorest in a great city.

The mission worker in New York will tell you that the most benevolent people in proportion to their wealth, and the most helpful, are the wretched poor in the slums.

They say that these suffering people share their little with each other and in case of sickness, are wonderfully sympathetic and kind.

They say also that real harm is done by rich people who go "slumming" and who give money to the poor, freely but not wisely.

It makes the poor less helpful among themselves. They thus get into the habit of looking to the rich instead of helping each other.

The poor thus lose in the precious virtues of sympathy and benevolence.

The wealthy giver needs a wealth of wisdom.

What is it that spoils children in so many families?

It is doing everything for them and not

training them to do for themselves and for each other.

What a sight of birthday and holiday presents are made to children and how few presents do children make to others. Such training spoils them. It makes them selfish and ingrateful.

Those who serve most are most grateful for the little they receive.

The loving heart and the industrious hand need little help in doing good. As a flower diffuses constant fragrance so does a life that is both wise and good diffuse blessings.

Every clean and orderly person is a constant teacher of cleanliness and order.

He who cultivates a cheerful voice and a pleasant face teaches the art of winning favor.

He who votes honestly and intelligently as truly serves his country as he who faces the enemy on the battlefield.

He who treats the poor with respect and kindness may render them a greater service than by giving them money.

Give them, along with sympathy, as good wages as possible and they will need little charity except when positively unable to work.

It must be a small souled man who can find no other way of doing good than by making money to give away.

The wise giver of money, of course, is to be honored. He, too, does good, God bless him, but if he lacks wisdom he may do more harm than good with all his good intentions.

But he who is good, and at the same time thoughtful, never fails in doing good.

I heard lately, of a bedridden invalid who had not stood upon her feet for many years and yet whose lovely character, her patience and gratitude, ennobled the whole family, making them, through her example, noted for sweetness of temper and patience.

Yes, I believe more good is done in this world without money than with it.

We can usually calculate the good that money does, while the good that constantly radiates from the lives of good people is as immeasurable as the light and heat of the starry heavens. It fills all time and will endure to eternity.

EDWIN FRANCIS BACON.

NUTS GOOD FOR THE HEALTH.

William Bartram records in his Travels through Southern Atlantic States during the years 1773 to 1778 in his book published in Philadelphia in 1791 that the Indians hold nuts in great estimation for food. This is particularly true of the Shellbark: the Creeks store up the latter in their towns. I have seen above a hundred bushels of these nuts belonging to one family.

They pound them to pieces, and cast them into boiling water, which after passing through fine strainers, preserves the most oily part of the liquid; this they call by a name which signifies "hickory milk," it is sweet and rich as cream, and is an ingredient in most of their cookery, especially in hominy and corn cakes."

No fear of tuberculosis from this sort of butter? The day may come again when this attractive native product may come again into popular favor. Hickories are reputed to be wholly of American origin.

Hale's Paper-shell hickory, from Henry Hale's original tree at Ringwood, N. J. is one of the finest known varieties. The smooth thin shell somewhat resembles a Persian Walnut and may also be easily crushed by the fingers. They are also remarkable in that they will last one or two years without becoming rancid. L. T.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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

A MORE HOPEFUL VIEW.

Under the caption of "Education," the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in his report gives a more encouraging view of the Indian school system than the leading paragraphs of last week's published portion would indicate.

He says:

The Indians who have made the most advancement are those who have assimilated the white man's educational methods in greater or lesser degree. To civilize, therefore, is to educate, and to educate means the breaking up of tribal customs, manners, and barbarous usages and the assumption of the manners, usages, and customs of the superior race with whom they are thereafter to be thrown in contact.

Statistical information indicates that the present system of industrial education, supplanted by a common-school curriculum, is making steady inroads upon the inherited tendencies of these people. The processes are of necessity gradual, and to be appreciated the conditions of to-day must be contrasted with those of a generation ago, when the system was in the formative state.

Familiarity with the Indians, then and now, furnishes gratifying indications that the ultimate solution of the Indian problem is in sight. The effect of substituting acquired for hereditary tendencies can already be seen and compared, demonstrating beyond argument that persistent efforts along the well-defined lines of the present policy, extending through a generation, will fix new habits, inculcate new aspirations, and bring the Indian into homogeneous relations with the American people.

The Indian school system is a simple one, coordinated in all its parts for the attainment of the end to be reached. It has prepared and will continue to prepare the Indian youth of our land for the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship.

A "CUT ACROSS THE CORNER" POLICY.

A long time Indian Agent and a prominent man of affairs, says in a private letter that he believes in a policy that will "cut across the corner of every other measure and make every Indian in the United States a citizen."

He would abolish all Indian Bureaus and Commissions, and make men and women of the so-called Indians.

"I think President Roosevelt, when he was Governor of New York got onto the right track for that State, by appointing a commission to ascertain how the Indians of that State can be incorporated with the body politic of their neighbors.

If the Governors of all the States would join him or rather his successor in this sensible move we would soon get out all these wheels inside of wheels.

It has been asking too much of these new western States and Territories, to rid themselves of this 'Libby Prison' system while the same festering sores exist in the old States.

I wish I had some way of presenting facts and figures to those in authority. I have not lived and mingled with Indians 31 years without having seen a few

things and learned many more, and yet I can give you the names of scores of officials who can write long essays and big books on the Indian question after one or two years' experience.

We as a nation have a great sin to answer for, and that is the sin of aggregation—locking the Indians up into a veritable 'Libby Prison,' denying them the food and raiment of our Christian civilization.

There never should have been a 'Libby Prison' for them."

In a more recent letter, the same old-time Agent says:

"We are watching closely the legislation on Indian affairs. The President's message would seem to warrant radical changes, and that too along practical lines, and yet none of the bills submitted to Congress or suggested and in course of preparation are sweeping enough in my estimation to come up to the standard suggested by President Roosevelt in his message.

I have fully made up my mind that there is but one course to pursue and that is to cut square across lots and launch the Indian out on full-fledged citizen honors.

So long as we have strings of red tape to their citizenship certificates and thus bar them from the full and free exercise of their individualities, just so long they will remain infants, incapacitated for development and self-pride.

Just think of a condition in which the Indian is denied the exercise of his own better judgment in the management of his own personal affairs!

It must be a contract subject to the approval of, first some tribal official, then some local inspector for and on behalf of the United States, to be forwarded to the officials at Washington, beginning with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Secretary of the Interior, and finally the President.

Such a policy will and has dealt death blows to the inherent rights of every individual who has been subjected thereto, and its cruel effects are deeply marked on the minds and countenances of many of our Red brethren.

Carlisle and kindred schools have done their full share in breaking down the partition walls in our social relations with this race of people, and especially has Carlisle taken the lead in the development of the individual and in bringing him in contact with common affairs and the home life of our best citizens, and in my judgment these schemes have scattered enough of the individual and industrious leaven to leaven the whole lump of Indian humanity in the United States, to make them as available for citizens as the average of all the foreigners who are welcomed to our shores.

Of course, some of the old Indians must be 'wall flowers,' and what town or city or county or State in these United States does not have its wall flowers?

There should be such legislation as would abolish every Indian reservation, making every Indian a citizen—with no rope around his neck to hang him or to strangle his individuality. Make a regular Territory of the present Indian Territory, with the usual complement of officers from the Governor down; and the Indian, being a citizen can thus exercise his right to franchise, and transact his affairs along with other citizens in such State or Territory.

This would of course abolish all Indian offices, and officers from the Commissioner down, and the States and Territories would attend to the balance, while the courts could adjust the 'unfinished business.'"

It is said that no Navajo Indian will ever make a camp fire of wood from a tree that has been struck by lightning. He believes if he comes within the influence of the flame he will absorb some of the essence of the lightning which will thereafter be attracted to him.

One of the babies of Phoenix School the other day threw back her head and extending both her hands exclaimed in an authoritative way, "O! but all the ladies are more bigger than Miss Luckenbach." And we are not surprised.

DO WE WORK?

The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that those Indian girls who drive the flat irons at the ironing boards in the laundry, hour after hour, handling hundreds of pieces daily, until their backs and limbs and arms ache with good and wholesome fatigue;

He hopes that the girls in the sewing-room, who mend and stitch and cut and fit and darn and repair, laboring like trojans to turn out the prodigious amount of work—actual WORK—required from that important department;

He hopes that the dining-room girls, who have to get up long before daylight and stay at their tasks of washing dishes for the multitude and preparing vegetables for our army of eaters, when others are out at play;

That the cooks who are obliged to be out and stirring lively even before the dining-room girls, to start the fires and make ready the breakfast for the 700 hungry mouths;

That the steam-fitting boys, who turn out with their instructor at all hours of the day and night, if there be a break in the steam-pipes needing immediate attention, and often in the frigid cold, dig ditches in order to get at the break and make the necessary repairs;

That the boys in the wagon-making and blacksmith shop who work on the wood and iron parts of wagons, and shoe horses and mules, day in and day out, with their sleeves rolled up and heads and backs bent at their daily toil, not enacting play duties, but in doing work that has to be done and done well and quickly;

He hopes that the carpenters who carry boards and build and repair, and the other shop boys who do not always have the easiest time in accomplishing the work put upon them, which oftentimes taxes their energies and skill to the utmost;

That the army of cleaners, clothes sorters, white-washers, wood choppers; parade pickers, coal-shovellers, roof-menders, and the farmers in the country who work by the side of MEN, getting up in the morning at four o'clock and putting in days' works of fourteen and sixteen hours each.

The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that all of these boys and girls will hunt up last week's RED MAN & HELPER and read again the fifth and sixth paragraphs of the report of the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Read those paragraphs carefully and ask yourselves:

Do we get all of the things we must have at Carlisle in order to advance in our education, without the "contribution of a single effort of our own?"

Are our wants "all supplied almost for the wish?"

The Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs is acknowledged by all Indians and especially by the Carlisle Indian student as one of the kindest and best friends of the Indian that ever held that position. They know him to be just and honest. He has been to see us several times; we expect to have him here at the coming Commencement occasion, and he is an ever welcome guest at Carlisle.

He has seen us in our Commencement attire and in our every day dress. He has seen us at work and at play. He knows us and knows us well. He knows that we WORK, and that we do not sit around and have the "matrons wait upon us."

He knows that we have it drilled into our very being that work must be, and that the only way out of Indianism and into self-respecting manhood and independence is through WORK.

We have here at Carlisle only the bare necessities, and we work (as far as we are able) for them. We want our students to read the paragraphs referred to and think for themselves. We hope they will become stirred, and get from them the lesson intended, also the determination to work even harder than ever towards getting OUT into the deep waters of Anglo-Saxon industry, thrift, responsibility and true worth, which make up the world's best civilization.

FROM AN OLD PUPIL.

A pleasant letter comes from Ulysses Paisano, who returned to his home in New Mexico a few years since.

He married soon after he went home and went to work for the Rail Road Company. He invested some of his money in cattle and sheep.

"Seven years ago I had 5 cows and 250 sheep," he says "I now own a good ranch and my cattle have increased to 80 and I have 1252 sheep, 5 good riding horses, 3 mules, and 15 horses including mares and colts.

I shear the sheep two times a year. I had 2500 pounds of wool this Fall and sold it at nine and a third cents a pound. I shipped it to Albuquerque, paid half a cent a pound for the freight.

I sold 8 steers—4 for \$25 and 4 for \$20 a head.

If you wish to have this for a problem for the class, let them find how much I received in all.

My brother William is living here at Casa Blanca.

I have three children. My oldest daughter is Josephine, the other Cynthia. The other has no English name, he is a boy; he has an Indian name Sha-wa-kai.

All of my folks are now Christians. We will have service in Laguna to-morrow. I thank God He has given me an education through you kind friends. I thank Him that he has blessed me in every way. May God help the school always."

MR. RICHARD HEYL IS MARRIED.

It affords us much pleasure to inform our readers of the marriage on January 1st of Richard D. Heyl, at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, to Miss Louise Eaton Odenheimer.

Our young Apache friend referred to by Colonel Pratt in his address first page, is Mr. Heyl.

In his letter Mr. Heyl refers to an article which appeared in the RED MAN AND HELPER some time ago, in which he said he had solved his problem in some respects.

"Now," he says "I know and believe, I see and hear, for richer or for poorer, through sickness and through health, for better, for worse, I have solved my problem until death do us part."

May his joys be many and happiness unbounded is the wish of the Man-on-the-band-stand and his many friends at Carlisle.

EDGAR RICKARD MARRIED.

Edgar Rickard, class 1901, is married; he does not give the name of his bride, but says she is a white lady from St. Louis. He asks change of address to his home in Lewiston, N. Y., where he intends to build a home of his own.

"In thinking of married life," he says, "I used to dread it, but now that I am in such shoes I can say there is no other happier life on earth. My wife is very industrious and makes home pleasant. I work from morn till night and am just filled with joy because I am able to work day after day."

Edgar has many friends at Carlisle who will wish him even more joy than he is experiencing at the present time.

From a Ninety-Oner.

Our long-time-ago printer, Yamie Leeds, writes a cheerful letter. He is now at Winslow, Arizona, working in an engine house and is glad of the work. He owns a ranch of 160 acres on which there is plenty of water and grass.

His brother is farming it for him. His work is night-work.

He wishes to be remembered by all his friends.

Several copies of Miss Fletcher's Story and Song have been sold since Christmas. It is a unique and interesting book of Indian Songs, with notes attached. They play well on a piano, and sound like the original. Publisher's price \$1.25. Our price \$1.00; by mail \$1.07.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Snowballing!

Skating non est.

Mrs. Brown is under the weather.

The Sophomores are writing orations.

We have had a delightful open winter, so far.

A number of the shops are getting a coat of paint.

The new office in the girls' quarters is nearly ready to occupy

"We enjoy the paper so much; it is fine."—Bethlehem subscriber.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are calso-mining the students' dining-hall.

The Normal pupils are studying about the Evergreen trees this month.

General Horatio C. King is to deliver a lecture for us on Saturday night.

Mary Bruce, '02, is Miss Ferree's assistant in the Domestic Science class.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt spent a day in Philadelphia, this week, on business.

There is one thing that even a thief doesn't like to take, and that is an insult.

Charles Williams has been elected Captain of the Carlisle Indian foot-ball team.

At the Susan's meeting last Friday quotations from Shakespeare seemed to dominate.

One thing we can feel sure of is that in all driving storms the clouds hold the rains.

Joseph J. Gouge, Class 1898, in a recent letter tells of many hardships in the Philippines.

Miss Jackson left on Monday to visit the girls who are in the country attending public schools.

Miss Wood's class gave her a tete-a-tete set of China as a Christmas gift, to which she points proudly.

George Collins, of Big Pine, California, arrived this week. He was once a pupil at the Carson School.

A picture of Philip Lavatta and wife has been received by Edith Bartlett. They look in good health.

Instructor Walter, of the Tailoring Department, is suffering with rheumatism and is confined to his bed.

The Seniors have successfully preserved their honor by defeating the Juniors twice in basket ball games.

A calendar of 1902 with a picture of a girl was presented to the senior class room, by Lawyer Ralston, of Carlisle.

Some of the buildings that were burned at the Cherokee School, in North Carolina, were built by the Society of Friends.

The basket-ball teams representing the Juniors and Seniors played a fast game last Thursday, the latter winning by 9 to 6.

Flora Howard writes that during the Christmas Holidays, the days were warm down in Arizona, while we were enjoying skating.

Under the care of Mr. Sprow, the tin shop has greatly improved. A round table supporting the various stakes attracts attention.

The Invincibles challenged the Susans for a debate, but as Commencement is earlier and work is crowded, they did not accept the challenge.

The Choir is practicing some songs written by General Horatio King, who is expected to lecture before the student body on Saturday evening.

Miss Cutter's class who are about to pass out from the school—class 1902, presented her with a handsome set of silver knives, which she appreciates highly.

The little girls and boys of the Normal room were eager to know why the Liberty Bell was of more importance than any other bell in the United States, and they will not forget the object lesson.

Misses Nana and Richenda Pratt have gone back to Brooklyn to resume their studies, the former in the Kindergarten Department of Pratt Institute, and the latter to continue in voice culture with an eminent teacher in New York City.

The Porto Ricans know how to take care of themselves in inclement weather.

Of course those of us who are always short find it difficult to get a LONG, till pay day comes.

Some of the Sophomores are wearing red caps, with 1904 on them, with a question mark after the 4.

Christmas Holidays, the days were warm down in Arizona, while we were enjoying skating.

Moses Miller, our soldier boy, is getting along nicely in the army. He expects to return in a few months.

Miss Ely is spending Sunday with her kin in Berks County, where there will be a family re-union of Elys.

Give your debate more study, boys! It will be more interesting to your audience, and do you a world of good.

Little Esther Allen visited the Sophomore class last Tuesday afternoon and behaved herself very nicely.

The Standard quartet rendered some new music in a very pleasing manner at the last meeting of the society.

Special Agent, United States Department of Labor, Thomas M. Robertson, of Washington, D. C., was here yesterday.

An occasional letter of renewal contains but ten cents, the price of the once Indian Helper. We credit all such six months.

Two Indian boys of the Indian Territory were recently sentenced to a reform school in Washington, for bad conduct.

A good many of the boys secured badges that were distributed Monday by the people on the car with the Liberty Bell.

Two families are under one roof and we pay for the paper together. We are pleased with it.—Quakertown subscriber.

At Christmas Miss Weekley's class gave her a beautiful rocking chair, which she appreciates and finds very comfortable.

Mrs. McIntire of Dickinson College, and niece Miss McIntire, who is attending College in Baltimore were visitors on Friday.

A letter of renewal says: "I am very glad that on my visit to Carlisle a year ago last Fall I made the acquaintance of your little paper."

Mr. W. J. Miller, State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association was here on Friday, and held several meetings with our Association.

Misses Senseney and Steele visit the Invincibles to-night; Mrs. Walter and Miss Paull the Standard; Misses Peter and Robertson the Susans.

Felipa Amago who is studying to be a trained nurse at York, Pa. says she likes the work as far as she has gone. She also says she is kept busy all the time.

"I wish to furnish two boys with good reading. I think your paper just the thing, with something fresh, instructive and worth remembering every week."

The number of sick pupils at the Hospital is no more than three girls and five boys. The health of the school is satisfactory. Last Sunday there was not a girl in bed.

A missionary who has recently come from the Aleutian Islands spoke on Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist Church. The pupils from those Islands were invited.

The students were happy to skate on the large pond again after waiting a long while for it to freeze. There was only one day of it, however, for the snow of Tuesday night spoiled it.

Miss Wood's class—the Juniors, gave a very creditable entertainment last Monday evening in the girls' Society Hall. The President of the class—George Pratt was in the chair and carried off the business in good shape. There were essays, orations, class prophecy and instrumental music. Colonel Pratt, Mr. Burgess, and others made brief addresses, and the whole affair was interesting and profitable. Before another meeting the members of this class will be Seniors, and they go forward with the honor of having been a good class scholastically and in deportment.

"Nothing is so injurious as unoccupied time."

Chas. Corson, class '00, left last night for Montana.

The new addition to the cage is nearing its completion. In it will be baths.

On Friday last some young lady guests of Governor and Mrs. Stone came over from Harrisburg to visit the school, and were much interested in everything.

When the kitchen boy carrieth the coffee boiler to the tin shop to be mended he taketh it upon his shoulder, and he bendeth under its weight. It only holds a barrel of coffee.

Since Commencement is to be earlier than usual, many of the Seniors and Juniors regret that they find so little time for skating, however, they realize that work comes before pleasure.

"If we don't want it to snow let us keep off of the large skating pond, for the skating on that pond is a sure sign of the coming of snow the following day." This is what the walk-sweepers have to say.

The Government has furnished hard beds for the students to keep their backs straight; Eugene Perrier found that his bed wasn't hard enough, so he has a wide board under his mattress. Perrier is a great fellow to experiment.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was the recipient of a handsome photograph of the Bandstand and surroundings at the Chemawa, Oregon Indian School, from Mrs. Adair. We are pleased to have the remembrance among our pictures of sister institutions, and it has interested all who have seen it.

Norris Antone is working his own farm in Lehi, Arizona. He says, "I like to work." He has gone to work for others twice and had to return. He washed dishes until his fingers got sore. He says he would like other work, but we gather that he takes what he can get rather than be idle.

After nine o'clock in the evening the teachers are allowed the use of the gymnasium, and they have organized a basket ball team for recreation and exercise. The Embonpoints comprise one team and the Chaw-ne-chaw-wah-ne-chaws the other. The last name is what "No flesh" sounds like when spoken by a Sioux Indian, in his own language. It is said that after the first game, something less than a half-pint of hair-pins were gathered up.

Pupils from Winnebago and Omaha Agency, at Genoa School, Nebraska, often talk with their friends over the telephone from the school office. We have never tried it, but presume we could do the same thing over our long distance telephone. We have several times talked with friends in Chicago.

Stiya now sells for 30 cents, we pay the postage. An Illinois subscriber says: "She was a brave Indian girl who had the courage to stand by what she knew to be right. I would be glad if there were more like her even in our own race." It is an illustrated story of an Indian girl who went back to her home after several years of school life.

The article on Doing Good 1st page, has in it the quintessence of right principles. Take unwise giving. "Have you a quarter?" asks a shiftless fellow of his friend. "Yes." "Give it to me?" And the friend with the quarter thinks he is kind, to give it to his shiftless classmate. He is not kind, and furthermore he is doing the careless spendthrift a harm. And the article mentioned tells why.

We sometimes think that of all the "sins" wherewith a man's face is blackened the greatest is that quiet, obstinate selfishness which tramples some other person's happiness into the dust, and then passes along, saying it was no crime—no harm was intended. In the day when all things are shown in their true proportion what a surprising revelation there will be! Then we may see the man or woman who was branded as a criminal standing by the contrast as a saint compared to some other man or woman whose life has been outwardly respected but whose way has been over broken and bleeding hearts.—[Exchange

At noon on Monday the entire school had the privilege of marching to town to see the Liberty Bell, which was on its way to Charleston, South Carolina. The Band led the procession, and put life into the usually slow tread, by playing some inspiring music. S.

The Invincible Debating Society, at their last election elected the following officers for the ensuing term:—President, Fred E. Smith, Vice President, Arthur M. Sickles, Secretary, Charles A. Coleman, Treasurer, Antonio D. Lubo, Reporter, Joseph O. Trempe, Critic, Horton G. Elm, Asst. Critic, Eugene W. Fisher, Sergeant-at-arms, Henry D. Mitchell.

A letter from Nellie Valenzuela who left Carlisle about a year ago, sick, tells us the glad news that she is well, and is Assistant Laundress at Phoenix, Arizona. She enjoys her work. She sent some oranges grown at Phoenix to Martha Enos, Mrs. Canfield and Misses Hill and Bowser, for a New Year's gift. Nellie cannot forget Carlisle nor the kind friends she left here, and the same friends remember Nellie's bright face and pleasant disposition with pleasure.

"Not knowing from what source the Puget Sound Indian Guide received the news of my whereabouts," says Jeneatte Buckles, by letter from Gowanda, New York, "I wish to inform it and its author through the RED MAN & HELPER, that the statement it had a month ago of my studying music in Boston is an error."

Jeanette graduated at Carlisle in '99, and went west to the Puyallup Indian School as an employee. She is now visiting with Mrs. Bertha Dye Jamison in Gowanda, N. Y.

One of the students in his item about the Liberty Bell, said, "Our Liberty Bell has not yet rung." The Man-on-the-band-stand hardly knows what he means, but he does know that the Liberty Bell never will ring for the Indians if they hold themselves together as tribes. The same Liberty Bell that proclaimed Independence for the Colonies proclaimed it as much for the Indian as for the other peoples of the New World, but the Indian was too ignorant then to know what it meant, and as long as he wills to remain in ignorance he will never find liberty. Each young Indian has his hand on the rope of opportunity by which he may ring his own liberty bell if he so wills, but it will never ring for him on an Indian reservation. The bell is OUT in Independence Hall, and the Indian's Independence Hall is the United States of America.

We look with satisfaction and pleasure at Brewster Gallop out playing in the snow, for his body is protected by long rubber boots and he wears a sweater and mittens. He can play in the snow without danger to health, for when he goes in the house he may change his boots for dry shoes, and be dry and comfortable. We look with fear and trembling upon some little Indian boys and big Indian boys and girls out in the snow without proper protection. They have overshoes and will not put them on unless dogged to do so. They have warm coats but they leave them unbuttoned, unless a person is after them all the while. They go into the house and sit around with damp feet, and their clothing is damp. The consequence is they get colds that lead to consumption and death. There are older people than children who do the same careless things, and blame their colds on the climate.

Our tailor shop boys who are studying language as well as the art of cutting and making clothing, will appreciate the following from Everywhere, about a tailor who was verifying a request for some additions for this shop.

He wrote:
Dear sir: please send me two tailor's geese."

This did not sound right, so he tore up the letter and wrote another:

"Dear sir: please send me two tailor's geese."

This sounded worse than the other; so he wrote:

"Dear sir: send me a tailor's goose—and, pshaw!—well—send me another!"

THE BRULE INDIANS ON ROSEBUD RESERVE.

FOR THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

These Indians have lived on the border of civilization such as it is, for many years. The example of the white man's industry and thrift is constantly before them; yet they make little or no effort to emulate that example.

It is not because the Indian does not know how to work; he simply don't want to work.

With what rations he gets from Uncle Sam and what he can get from his white neighbors he can live, and why should he work?

He has nothing but a few ponies and filthy children.

He does not seem to want any cattle; for then he would have to stay at home, part of the time to take care of them.

Most of his time is spent in visiting and feasting, when there is any thing to eat.

He wants to be continually roving, and the more he travels, the more he wants to go; and the more he goes, the more worthless he becomes.

These Indians will never amount to any thing until there is some restraint placed upon them.

They should be compelled to stay at home and work upon their allotments.

All could be well provided for, in a few years, by raising cattle.

Many of the Indians could have made quite a sum of money by cutting their hay and selling it to whites, last fall, but they were too lazy to do it.

The hay land was leased to the white man who cut the hay himself.

The day school teacher is expected to keep the children in school, to keep them clean, to prohibit the use of the Indian language, at school, by the children; and in most cases he does it.

It would seem that it would be just as easy for the farmers and the field matrons to keep the old Indians "rounded up" as it is for the teacher to hold the children.

Thirty or sixty miles away, on the same reservation, nearly all the Indians have cattle.

There are many families of full bloods that would make a good living without any help whatever from the Government.

These Brules could and would do as well, if they were kept at home and forced to work.

"HENRY."

HOW DID HE DO IT?

We have a letter from a friend whose son began working for a firm in California, at thirty dollars a month.

He worked 3 years, and in that short time climbed to one of the TOP positions, at \$150 a month.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders how he did it.

Was he faithful or careless?

Did he take a live interest in his employer's business or not?

Can we suppose that he showed a grumbling, dissatisfied disposition, in trying to make his employer think he should be getting more pay?

Did he watch the clock for time to quit work, and was he one of the first ones out of the shop when the shop-whistle blew to stop?

When he had a disagreeable duty to perform, did he go at it with contracted brow and a grumbling heart, feeling that he was a little above doing such work, and that somebody else might have been given the job?

At times when he had hard manual labor to perform, getting tired and tired again and more tired in body, did he run away from the difficulties, thinking he could find something easy to do for big pay?

We each can answer these questions about right in our own mind, and place the young man where he belongs.

He was faithful, took an interest in his employer's business, showed that he could be trusted absolutely, and hence arose to a responsible position without asking for it.

WILD INDIANS IN CANADA.

In speaking of a special gathering of Indians, The White Fish Lake, Alberta, Canada, Indian Advocate makes this telling comment in the way of criticism on a special feature of the special gathering.

It was well, says the Advocate, that the tribes should unite, as subjects of the King, to address his son and, through royal representatives, express attachment to the Throne.

One feature of the function, as far as the Indians were concerned in it, was deprecated; namely, the display of barbarism of which it savored.

Pity it was, that the Indian Department regime appeared in a roll so paradoxical. There were the Commissioner, the agents—representatives and teachers of civilization—at the head of their people who were especially "got up" for the occasion in the toggerly and emblems of savagery.

There is another feature connected with such portrayal of desuete savage customs.

It is simply this, that heathenism, instead of becoming extinct, becomes recrudescent, the objects of the government are not there secured.

The work in hand is delayed, retarded.

The Indian must be allowed to use paint and feathers, and even indulge in the war dance, as a pastime, if he choses so to do; but must he be encouraged to go back?

Should he not be urged to move on and up?

If the inconsiderate crowd "will" run after barbaric splendor, surely all instructors and well-wishers of Indians have higher aims, and nobler work to do.

LET US ALL KEEP BEAUTIFUL, INDIAN GIRLS, TOO!

Nothing is so disastrous to beauty and youth, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, as a settled expression of worry, discontent or melancholy, or even of dulness.

A change of mental diet is as necessary to a woman's good looks as a new bonnet, now and then.

Activity of mind and body is a great cosmetic.

Indian Woman Died at 128.

Nuc-se-ga, the oldest Indian woman in the United States, died recently at Barron's Island, La Crosse, Wis., age 128.

She was buried with customary ceremonies in the presence of a large number of chiefs from all parts of the Northwest.

She was the mother of Red Snake and John Sherman, two of the best-known chiefs in the Black River country.

Equal to some of our Names.

Visitor—No, I won't come in. If I could see Mr. Jones for two minutes?

Servant—What name shall I say, sorr?

Visitor—Prof. Tandersonplinkintootleheimer.

Servant—Och, sure, ye'd better step in and bring it wid ye, sorr.—[Punch.

Don't be an Ass.

A dudish son looked up from his paper and said to his father: "Ah, father, they have a horse in the east that smokes a pipe."

"I know an ass right here who smokes cigarettes," replied the father, and the son had no more to say.

How about OUR Ice.

"Where is Josiar?" asked Mrs. Corntosel, uneasily.

"Well," answered her husband, as he proceeded to fill his pipe, "I wont say fur certain. If the ice is as strong as he thinks it is, he's gone skatin', but if it an't, he's gone swimming."

For the Farmer boy.

First Soph.—"When does a cow become real estate?"

Second Soph.—"When she is turned into a field."

HINTS ON HEALTH.

The Cold-Air Cure.—A good many people are afraid of cold air, especially at night, shutting themselves in closed bed-rooms, where their systems are poisoned and their constitutions gradually undermined by breathing the bad air.

And even hot or warm air that is pure, air in a room that has ventilation as well as heat, is debilitating when breathed all night.

Pulmonary complaints are inevitably and exclusively caused by foul indoor air, and cured by pure, especially by cold, pure outdoor air.

The remedial influence of fresh air is so much increased by a low temperature that "colds" are, in fact, far more curable in mid-winter than in mid-summer.

I was shot through the lungs in Mexico, and have ever since been susceptible to the contagion of a "catarrh factory," as a friend of mine calls the unventilated school-rooms and meeting-houses of our country towns.

In warm weather I avoid such man-traps as I would the pit of a gas well, but in winter I risk their infection in the assurance that its influences can be counteracted by an extra dose of ice air.

Cold is an antiseptic and a powerful digestive stimulant.

Dyspepsia, catarrh and fevers of all kinds can be frozen out of the system, not by letting the patient shiver in the snow-bank, but by giving extra allowance of warm bed-clothing, with the additional luxury of breathing cold air, which under such circumstances, becomes as preferable to hot miasma as cold spring water to warm ditch water.

I have also found that the best brain work can be done in a cool room, and that stove heat has a tendency to stultify like a narcotic beverage.

Warm wraps makes fires tolerably dispensable.—[An Old Army Surgeon.

THE FASHIONABLE WALK.

The way a woman walks has much to do with her stylish appearance, and there is a fashion in modes of walking as well as in gowns.

Tipping the body forward and clawing the air with one arm in sort of kangaroo fashion has gone out, and women are expected to glide along in some mysterious way with the body perfectly erect.

It is the most natural, graceful, womanly walk that can be adopted.

It gives the most graceful poise to the body, the most style to the figure, and adds more to the artistic appearance than any other one thing.

Walking in a straight line without moving the body at all above the knees, is a simple rule for practice which will help develop this latest fashion.

Clothes are a secondary consideration in comparison to the art of walking properly, but aggressive tendencies in the gait should be avoided, no matter how fashionable.—[Ex.

IT DOES NOT PAY TO STOP TO BREATHE.

The American life of business, which if the Indian enters he must keep up with, and if he stops to breathe, the good things he desires may be taken from him, is illustrated in the story of three little boys.

An embryo capitalist spoke up and said:

"Johnny found a nickle in his clothes, and he and Jimmie and I bought a glass of soda water with it, and we had three straws in the glass, and all drank at once."

"And which got the most?" asked his mother, with passing interest.

"Jimmy and me did," replied the e. c.

"How was that?"

"Why, Johnny, he stopped to breathe."

And Climb.

"Do you believe in 'push' or 'pull' as an element in success?"

"Neither."

"What, then?"

"Dig."—[Detroit Free Press.

THE ART OF FORGETTING.

We are often told to cultivate memory, and the person who has a memory on which he can depend every time is considered a wonder. But there is something else that we should cultivate, and that is the art of forgetting those things which if remembered, cause us and those around us nothing but unhappiness.

The Trumpeter says:

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults.

Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it.

Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them.

Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life: they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them.

Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable

DICTIONARY GIRLS.

- A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
- A sweet girl—Carrie Mell.
- A big-hearted girl—Jennie Rosity.
- A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.
- A geometric girl—Polly Gon.
- A not orthodox girl—Hettie Rodox.
- A rich girl—Mary Gold.
- A nice girl—Ella Gant.
- A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron.
- A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
- A profound girl—Meita Physics.
- A star girl—Meta Oric.
- A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
- A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
- A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
- A lively girl—Annie Matior.
- An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
- A sad girl—Ella G.
- A great big girl—Ella Phant
- A warlike girl—Millie Tary.—[Boston Herald.

"The lie indirect is often as bad, and always meaner and more cowardly than the direct.—Ballou.

If you feel like shaking a friend who is in trouble let it be his hand you shake.

Temperance, is such control of all bodily appetites and passions as makes the body the servant, not the master of the soul."

Enigma.

- I am made of 15 letters.
- My 4, 3, 14, 2 is what a bell does.
- My 1, 10, 8, 3, 5 glass may easily do.
- My 7, 13, 3, 6, 12, 10 we have in our living rooms at Carlisle.
- My 15, 11, 12, 2, is a part of an oyster.
- My 6, 9, 8, 15 is what some Indian boys spend too much money for.
- My whole is what a few of the small boys forgot to do last Sunday morning before inspection.

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