

The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1902.

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

NEED THE CROSS.

IF LOVING hearts were never lonely,
If all things wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
They might be glad, but not in thee.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to thy side in prayer,
It bends us to our strength in Thee.
—ANNA L. WARING,
in the Evangelist.

CHIEF RED CLOUD.



RED CLOUD,
Chief of the Oglala Sioux, Pine Ridge
Agency, South Dakota.

Chief Red Cloud has been to Carlisle, and we have seen him at his home several times.

The following sketch of this celebrated Indian is from the pen of Reverend Wm. J. Cleveland, who has spent the best part of his life as a missionary among the Sioux Indians, and whom they revere as a brother and special protector of their interests.

Rev. Cleveland speaks the Sioux language with the ease and fluency of a native, and what he says of one of those Indians can be counted upon as absolutely authentic; so it is with satisfaction that we give this story taken from the Oglala Light, published at the Pine Ridge School, and through whose courtesy we are able to present the picture of the subject of the sketch.

We are only sorry that we have not a likeness of Red Cloud in his prime.

Age, disappointment and illness have brought lines upon his visage not seen in the days of Black Hills' and Custer episodes.

Mr. Cleveland says:

The only frame building for miles along the west side of White Clay Creek is the home of Old Chief Red Cloud.

It was erected for him years ago, by the Government, in recognition of his services and influence as a leader among the Sioux.

Facing the rising sun on a commanding height about half a mile to the north of the school, and the same distance to the west of the agency, standing guard, as it were, over both the agency and the school it is ideally located for the residence of him who, since the first dawn of civilization among the Oglalas, has been their greatest captain, both in peace and war.

It completes the triangle which represents both the old and the new life together in all the varied phases of that wonderful transformation which has been going on since thirty-three years ago, when on the banks of the Platte river in Nebraska, the first treaty was signed with the white man, and for the first time bounds were set for the Sioux to their unlimited freedom to roam at large; peace with neighboring tribes was accepted as at least desirable in exchange for the war-path, and food blankets and teepee cloth were received from the Government in lieu of vast concessions of territory and great herds of buffalo, now destined to drift beyond their liberty to follow.

Of those who, in 1868, signed that treaty, some no doubt with the full intent honestly to live up to its terms as they understood them and some with bowed head and blanket held before their eyes, with outstretched arm "touching the pen" as if in token that they were literally taking a step in the dark, but a mere handful remain.

Of these Red Cloud has all along been recognized, both by the Government and his own people, as the head chief of the Oglala band.

For many years he held in dispute with Spotted Tail, head chief of the Brules at Rosebud agency, the title of head chief of all the Sioux.

Since the latter's death, there has been no worthy rival for that honor in the field, except the unhappy Sitting Bull of Standing Rock agency, whose ill-judged leadership in the Ghost Dance craze, and subsequent conflict with the Government, brought his notorious career to a bloody end.

Doubtless there are living would-be rivals still, but be that as it may, the dignity and importance of Indian chieftainship has so much declined that Red Cloud may fairly be said to have won the race, if not by universally admitted superiority, at least by outliving all competitors.

That for which he has so long and strenuously contended has virtually become a dead issue left on his own hands.

"In the sere and yellow leaf" of age, pathetic alike in shattered physique and enfeebled mind, while holding in his palsied hand a crown of leadership from which the glory has departed, Red Cloud is today a last but truly representative survival of a type that has all but passed away.

For the day, the race and the generation to which he belonged he has been a truly great man.

His reputation is world wide, and his name will stand in history.

His life, if given in detail, would make a volume intensely interesting to nearly every class of readers.

It would contain not only that which should satisfy the craving for the wild, the sensational and the blood-curdling in literature, but much also to give the statesman pause; the legislator serious study; the plotter for unlawful gain some painful qualms of conscience; the soldier pity; the philanthropist and sentimentalist better judgment; the judge and lawyer wisdom, and the missionary of Christ cause to thank God and take courage.

In comparing Red Cloud with other great warriors and statesmen of the Sioux one is convinced that his main strength lay in his extraordinary courage in the face of seemingly overwhelming opposition, and his shrewdness in dealing both with living antagonists and with difficult problems.

The latter is, perhaps, his most striking characteristic.

As an orator, no doubt Spotted Tail and others of his day were his superiors; though equally with them he was gifted, like so many individuals in what we call the inferior races, with a splendid self-possession which no stage fright could unbalance, even when addressing high officials of the Government, or when transported far from home surroundings, he stood amid strange scenes, in the very presence of the "Great Father" at Washington.

As a warrior in the field, no doubt in his younger days he did bold things and great for which the Omaha dance supplies the fitting arena for self laudation: but when it came to regular warfare with United States troops, he understood full well that "The better part of valor is discretion."

When Custer lost his life on the Rosebud, and later when Black Foot's band were slaughtered on Wounded Knee, Red Cloud showed his long-headedness by managing to stand in with both sides, convincing each that he was in strong sympathy with their cause, while keeping safely out of range from the bullets and the clutches of both.

Yet Red Cloud is not today, and never was a coward.

His little home, standing at the western apex of the triangle, indicates the vanishing point of all that made life worth living to the generation from which he sprung; but it faces the broad hypothesis of progress, holding its ground stubbornly but neither flinching nor changing while the token of victory over all for which it stands are multiplied year by year.

So Red Cloud is typified by his dwelling.

The civilization which he could not wholly prevent, and would never wholly yield submission to, shall not win from him admission of defeat.

His back shall not be turned in the battle.

He will face it to the end.

W. J. CLEVELAND.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE'S ADVICE.

What our esteemed friend Mrs. Sage advises women in general, in the N.Y. Journal, we Indian girls about to graduate, may take specially for ourselves:

Read good books and keep up with the best writers and thinkers of the age.

Ally yourself with some church and use your influence to spread the truths of Christianity.

Be womanly in your every act—remember that the home is usually what the wife and mother make it.

Do not marry a man for his money or his social prestige.

Love founded upon true respect is the only road to happiness.

Don't be extravagant; live within your means, and if you are married help your husband to save something from his salary every month. Honest poverty is no disgrace.

DIFFICULTY, struggle, progress—this is the law. By this we conquer, by this it is that the spirit gradually obtains ascendancy over the flesh, by this we aspire to be children of God.—J. WALKER.

To be thrown upon one's resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.—Franklin.

MERRILL E. GATES, PRESIDENT OF THE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

How can the Indian take his place as an American citizen among American citizens, if the Government is to perpetuate indefinitely a system which holds him in tutelage (for his alleged interest,) and administers vast tribal funds for him "as a ward."

Let the Government, as guardian, prepare to "give a final accounting" of what it has done with these trust funds of its ward.

As fast as they "come to years of discretion," let these so-called "wards" be intrusted with the management of their own property.

And because the Indian tribe is neither a sound social group nor a political entity, let us cease to keep up the pretence that the Government can do good to Indians by dealing with the little groups of half breed Indians and "squaw men" (I use the term with an apology, but purposely, to indicate the whites who for interested reasons marry Indian women), whose corrupt and selfish use of the funds which come into their hands has been proven in so many cases, and has brought "tribal councils" into contempt.

Let the Government recognize the individual Indian in his right to his divided share of the tribal fund, as the Government has already recognized the individual Indian rights to his divided share of the tribal land.

A law can be and should be devised (and such a law should be speedily enacted) by which a date should be fixed (for each tribe) after which no more children shall be born into such tribal relations as will give them the right to an undivided share in tribal funds.

Let no Indian child born after that date have any share in tribal funds, except as he may inherit, under the laws of the State or Territory in which he resides, the right to a part of his father's or his mother's individual holding of a share of those funds.

WILLIAM JONES.

The subject of the following sketch is quite well known at Carlisle:

Prof. Franz Boas, of Columbia College, has the following to say of William Jones, brother of three of our pupils.

"William is a graduate of Hampton, and studied for three years at Harvard, where he took his A. B. last year. He is going to take his A. M. in Columbia during the present year. Jones made his own way through Harvard, and during the present year holds a scholarship, and is doing enough outside work to support himself. He is trying to get his Ph. D., which he will be ready to take two years hence. He has a very good head and is a hard worker. His prime interest lies in the study of his own people, and he will become the man whom our government—i. e., the Smithsonian Institute—will need for the study of Algonquin languages. If this plan should not realize, he will find occupation at museums as an ethnologist, or in some University as an anthropologist. I do not doubt that he has a secure and useful career before him, if he is once started."—[The Haskell Leader]

I never saw a failure yet that wasn't worth more than it cost—if the fellow that failed made use of it.—[The Great White Way.]

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

FROM MISS REEL'S REPORT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.

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

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCE.

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

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

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

Hedging, bluffing, excusing will not
make matters right but brand one as a
coward or a hypocrite. Go straight for
the truth always, no matter how it hurts.

A boy or girl who parrots words in study
and recitation will be sadly handicapped
when it comes to tests and examinations.
Thought and words must go together, or
a pupil makes himself ridiculous. KNOW
you are right or make no pretense of
knowing.

Economy means saving, it may be of
money, of time, of energy. Waste of any
kind is wrong. Because clothing costs us
nothing is no reason why we should be
careless in the use of it. The boy who
forgets his coat, his cap, his gloves when
skating, and makes no effort to find them
might well suffer a very good deal for
his carelessness. Careless boys ought to
have only the oldest things to wear.

Thoughtfulness, the habit of looking
over the field that duty marks out for one
to traverse before beginning the work,
will save many steps, much energy, and
friction. Thoughtful workers, are usual-
ly successful workers, valued because no
uncertainties are left unprovided for.
Thoughtful workers are intelligent work-
ers. They command places and wages.
Others must take the lower places and
small wages.

It was an actual desire for information
and no attempt to be funny that a boy in
looking up from reading about "squaw-
men" asked if the white women who
marry Indian men were called "buck-wom-
en." We could not answer why they
were not. Such a name would be no
more insulting to a woman, than the first
appellation is to a man. All Indian wom-
en are no more squaws than white wom-
en are wenches. The name squaw eman-
ated from "squa," an Indian word of a
Massachusetts tribe meaning woman, but
it has since come to be used commonly by
illiterate people for Indian woman of any
tribe. No educated or refined people use
the words "squaw" and "buck," and we
advise our students when they hear
them, not to pay any attention to the
speaker, but to mark him or her down
in their minds as a person of low breeding.

Chauncey Yellowrobe, class '95, who is
disciplinarian at the Genoa, Nebraska,
school sends regrets that he will not be
able to attend the Commencement exer-
cises, and in commenting on the last an-
nual report of Carlisle says: "What
could be more inspiring to the young
men and women of our race or more
creditable to the school, if the students
who have passed out from the study
halls of Carlisle with their diplomas
would be severed from their tribal rela-
tion, for I think that is the only way for
us to become assimilated as a part of this
mighty nation. We cannot be recognized
as men among men until we cease to be
members of a tribe. It is no longer
right or proper that a Carlisle diploma
should be carried to a tribal reservation
for a ration ticket. I wish every mem-
ber of the class of 1902 much success at
this the beginning of real life in our
broad land of civilization."

Are the untutored tribesmen of the
plains to be compelled to give up the
wearing of long hair, the painting of their
faces, their traditional raiment of skins
and of blankets, their savage armories of
tomahawks and hunting knives, their
moccasins, their immemorial pastimes
and dances, their primeval habits, the
shelter of the tepee and the wigwam, and
gatherings around camp fires, the smok-
ing of pipes of peace, the banquets on the
flesh of fat young puppies, the chanting
of death songs, the keen eyed following
of trails, and all the customs and charac-
teristics which have come down from the
dusky ages when the red men roamed
from sea to sea and had never seen a
paleface or heard the sound of powder or
known the taste of fire-water?

Is Lo to be shorn of every last, linger-
ing touch of the picturesque, the roman-
tic? So the Commissioner of Indian
Affairs seems to be planning. Are there
no genuine, old-fashioned barbarians to
be left except among the college football
teams, the warriors of pendulous tresses?
Are the sachems and braves of ancient
lineage and long descent to be reduced to
the ignominy of shedding their typical
attire and of encasing themselves in
Baxter-st., "hand-me-downs" and "Ply-
mouth Rock trousers?" And must their
lofty brows be crowned with second hand
"stovepipes"? Does the Commissioner
of Indian Affairs desire to debase the un-
fettered wanderers of the prairies to the
level of the "squaw men" of East Four-
teenth-st.—[N. Y. Daily Tribune.

FORT TOTTEN CORRESPONDENCE.

Our school is in fine condition and con-
stantly improving on all lines.

There are more Sioux now in the
school than ever before.

We are to have steam heat and electric
lights another year.

With the exception of ten days zero
weather, the winter has been exception-
ally fine.

New Year's Day was very properly
celebrated by the nuptials of Mr. Blake
and Miss Winquist. Mr. Blake has been
clerk at this school for eleven years.

Seven Fort Totten employees have
married within a twelve month.

The festal gaieties of Christmas tide
were marred by an accident in the
sleighing party in which Miss Lugenbeel
was thrown from the sleigh, receiving
a severe bruise on the right temple and
the right shoulder.

The biggest man in the Indian service
is our engineer, Oliver Twist, and he
owns the biggest dog in the service—
Jumbo.

A new formation of the military fea-
ture has brought out fine qualities in
several sergeants—notably Moore, Poi-
tras, Wilson and Sharette.

Roger Venne, who has been here ten
years has returned home.

Peter Gendron a student of several
years standing has returned home.

For the Soon to Graduate to Paste
in his Hat.

FINISH every day and be done with it.
You have done what you could.

Some blunders and absurdities, no
doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as
you can.

To-morrow is a new day; begin it well
and serenely, and with too high a spirit to
be cumbered with your old nonsense.

This day is all that is good and fair.

It is too dear, with its hopes and invi-
tations, to waste a moment on the yester-
days.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

What Cigarettes do to a Boy,

"I am not much of a mathematician,"
said the cigarette, "but I can add to a
man's nervous troubles, I can subtract
from his physical energy, I can multiply
his aches and pains, and I can divide his
mental powers. I can take interest from
his work and discount his chances of
success."

From the 19th Annual Report of the
Superintendent of Indian Schools, we
take the following:

Returned Students.

The students who have returned from
school continue to exercise a potent
influence for good upon the reservation
Indians and statistics show that a large
percentage of returned students (at least
76 per cent) make good average citizens.

Systematic Transfer of Pupils.

The lack of system in the transfer of
pupils should be remedied and some plan
devised whereby the reservation and
nonreservation schools will be filled
systematically by pupils advanced from
day schools, just as our high schools are
filled with recruits from the grammar
grades. Each year the day school teach-
ers should make a list of those chil-
dren who have completed the day-school
course, and a strong effort should be
made to induce the parents to consent to
the transfer of these children to the most
convenient boarding school.

After three or four years at a reservation
school a list of those whose condition and
capacity warrant further training should
be prepared by the superintendent, and
these should be promoted to a nonreserva-
tion school.

A paper read by one of the superintend-
ents at the meeting of the Department of
Indian Education at Detroit contained
the information that as many as eight
schools have had representatives on his
reservation looking for pupils. Much
valuable time and money are lost in this
way. Besides, a person collecting chil-
dren hurriedly and promiscuously in this
manner is unable to judge of the mental,
moral, and physical fitness of the pupil
for transfer. Great injustice may thus be
done to the child, if physically unfit for
transfer, and to the receiving school, if
morally deficient.

This promiscuous transferring for the
purpose of keeping schools filled to their
capacity should not be tolerated, but the
transfer should be made in a systematic
manner, which will prove of the greatest
benefit to the schools and to the pupils.

Outing System.

Much good has resulted from the intro-
duction of the Carlisle outing system at a
number of the Indian schools, and I re-
spectfully recommend that it be extended
to all schools where the conditions are
favorable.

By this system is meant the plan origi-
nated by Col. R. H. Pratt, by which
students spend a portion of each year in
selected white families under the super-
vision of the school, receiving compensa-
tion for their services, thus gaining expe-
rience in practical self-support and re-
ceiving an introduction into civilized life
not otherwise attainable.

They thus acquire a command of the
English language, a knowledge of family
life, of business methods, and of farming,
and also a consciousness of being able
to make a living in a civilized com-
munity.

Industrial Training.

Industrial training for the Indian boy
and girl is of prime importance. While
not neglecting the literary branches, the
Indians must be taught a proper respect
for manual labor. In order that they
may become self-supporting citizens as
speedily as possible, the boys are taught
agriculture, dairying, stock-raising, and
the useful trades, and the girls laund-
ing, cooking, sewing, dairying and house-
keeping. As the Government is giving to
each Indian an allotment, and as it is
through agriculture that the great major-
ity of Indians as well as whites must at-
tain their independence, it is necessary
that this training be given in order that
an Indian youth may be able to cultivate
his land, build farm buildings and fences,
shoe his horses, mend his implements,
and make other necessary repairs.

Sanitation.

This subject, of vital importance to the
Indian, is receiving due attention. Nec-

essary changes are being made in the old
buildings to improve the sanitary fea-
tures, and in the erection of new buildings
special attention is paid to these points.
Improved lighting, heating, water and
sewer systems are being substituted and
better bathing facilities furnished. At-
tention has been directed to the proper
airing of the schoolrooms and dormitories
each morning, and to seeing that during
the day the windows are lowered from the
top and raised from the bottom, thus
keeping the rooms filled with fresh air.
Too much attention can not be given to
these matters, as they exert such a power-
ful influence on the health, not only of the
Indians, but of the employees as well.

A CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

It has been decided to hold a cross coun-
try run or road race on Friday afternoon,
Feb. 14th, to determine company long
distance running championship of the
school, and for the purpose of determining
who are the best long distance runners.

The plan is that each of the five com-
panies shall select by competition or other
wise their ten best runners, so that there
will be fifty contestants in the race. The
start will be from the walk between the
small boys' quarters and the girls' quar-
ters and the course will be as follows:

North past George Foulke's house along
the path through the lots to the old stone
mill; thence along the pike to the road
running east past the farm house; along
this road to the pike running north and
south; thence south along that road to
the railroad track; thence up the railroad
track to the guard house lane and finish
to the place of starting. This course is
about three miles.

To decide the company championship
the method of counting will be as follows:

The first man to finish will score 50
points for his company; the second, 49;
the third, 48, and so on down to the last
man who will score 1 point for his com-
pany. The company whose team scores
the largest number of points will be
awarded the championship, and that com-
pany will be treated to an ice-cream and
cake supper.

The first three men to finish will re-
ceive prizes as follows:—

1st prize—A Spalding \$6.00 sweater.

2nd " —A pair Spalding \$4.00 running
shoes.

3rd " —A Spalding \$3.00 black Jersey.

The different companies should take
hold of this matter at once and call a
meeting to decide in some way upon their
ten representatives for the race, so that
some training can be given. All contest-
ants should train and at least run over
the course before the race. A good way
for the companies to choose their best
runners would be to hold a preliminary
race over the course or over a shorter
course, and the ten first to finish be chosen
to represent the company in the cham-
pionship race.

If the race is a success, and there is no
doubt it will be, it will be made an annual
event.

Private Ulysses S. Ferris Company B.
21st Infantry now stationed in the Phil-
ippine Islands, in a recent letter gives an
interesting account of the battles he has
taken part in. He says in short that his
company is on the move all the time;
that they have many engagements with
the insurgents; that many are killed, but
he still stands for his country's use; that
he has become acquainted with some of
the people there and finds them very
kind, and that he now enjoys the best of
health.

We saw by the papers at the time the no-
tice of the death of Consul McCook, who
was Consul to Dawson, and this week we
learn through a letter from his daughter
Miss McCook, who was one of us for a
time, that her father died suddenly on
the 30th of October, in Philadelphia.
He had a severe attack of pneumonia in
the Spring, and on the way across the
States was very sick. Miss McCook met
him in Pittsburg and escorted him home.
She lost a brother in the Philippines, who
was buried in Philadelphia in August;
her friends at Carlisle extend a hand of
sympathy.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Floods again!

Water to burn!

Company drill now after supper.

Note how Franklin gained style in composition!

The Senior Boys are invited to visit the Susan's Society to-night.

Let us go to Ft. Totten. See 5th paragraph of Ft. Totten correspondence.

We learn that Raymond Buffalo Meat, who went home last summer is married.

We hear that Charles Roberts, 1900, is attending an Academy in Ashland, Wisconsin.

The Invincible Society has bought the organ which was one time in the small boys' quarters.

The members of the graduating class, 1902, went to town on Tuesday to have their pictures taken.

The engagement of Lillian Ferris, 1901, to Mr. Wilder, business man of Orleans, California, has been announced.

As Commencement is so near, the Sophomores are studying harder than they ever did so as to make class '04 the strongest class.

Last Friday night the Senior girls on invitation attended the meeting of the Standard Society, and appreciated the honor.

Basket ball in the large play house, called the cage, affords much pleasure and exercise to those who participate in the game.

The present Senior class may be good, the next Senior class might be better and the class of 1904 should make the best class—'04.

The Indian Orchestra of sixteen pieces directed by Mr. Wheelock, played in the Opera House last Saturday evening, and made a hit.

It is a petulant officer who gets himself into trouble. If we cannot govern ourselves, we have no right to attempt to govern others.

Miss Robbins' class, on Monday night, held a little entertainment of speaking, essays and debate in Assembly Hall. A pleasant hour.

Mrs. John Henry Ziegler, of Carlisle Springs, and her daughter, Mrs. George Keiser and daughter of Carlisle, were visitors on Wednesday.

Bandmaster Ettinger gave a profoundly interesting talk on the various fundamental chords in music, to his boys on Tuesday morning.—'02.

Sophomore Victor Johnson, while skating found that the ice wasn't strong enough to bear his weight, and the result was an unpleasant bath.

The little pupils of the Normal room have made some pretty drawings and designs which will be held for the Commencement exhibition.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Edward Russel, father of Miss Russell who for a time was assistant matron here, recently died at his home in Maryland.

The Senior girls enjoyed the visit at the Standard Society and admired the business like manner in which the President, George Pradt maintained order.

The stable boys miss the gray horse. He was suffering a great deal from a sore shoulder and was put out of his misery last Sunday morning, January 19th.

The Chaw-ne-chaw-wah-ne-chaws scored a point in the last second of the last half of their last game with the Embonpoints, but the latter are coming up.

The Catholic girls who are under the instruction of Sister Clarissa rejoice that they have begun their Sodality work. The meetings are held in St. Catherine's Hall at nine thirty o'clock on Sunday mornings.—X.

The music class has a very nice room to take their lessons in. The walls are decorated with pictures of musicians and the little bulletin board always has on it an item or hint placed there by Miss Moore, the instructor.—X.

Mr. Wheelock and Miss Schweier visit the Invincibles this evening; Misses McIntire and Newcomer, the Standards; Mr. Allen and Miss F. Laird, the Susans.

Elizabeth Walker enjoys her spare time by skating on the lake near her country home. She has done some hard studying, too, in order to pass her examinations.

The Juniors have been doing some review work during the past week and many of them made the startling discovery that there were a few things they did not know.

Frank Hudson writes that he is very sorry that he will not be able to attend Commencement on account of their being so busy in the bank where he is employed, at Pittsburg.—'02.

The boys and girls who are to take part in the gymnastic drill at Commencement have been chosen. Constant practice will give them accurate positions in the many combinations.

The ceiling and windows of the new paint shop are still in need of the painters. The supply of water is not to be permitted until after Commencement, then the shop will be completed.

Between Mrs. Corbett's and Mrs. Liningers' classes the girls made one hundred table covers for the boys. Before the covers were made they used blankets, which excited comment from visitors.

Mrs. I. F. Merrill and son, of Moore, Pa., were here on Friday, having brought Annie Minthorn in from the country, she being ill. One of the Porto Rican girls—Concibeda Duchesene, returned to the country with her.

The boys and girls have been enjoying themselves on the ice, but just as Deciplinarian Thompson was thinking of excusing those boys who were forbidden to go on or near the ice for not attending the Catholic instructions, it commenced to snow and rain.—X.

When Mr. Jordan and his boys strike a place to be calsumined things have to move. Why? Because THEY move. They WORK! They do not hang around to kill time. At least that is the way they did when they whitewashed the printing office.

The Standard Literary Society invited the girls of the Senior class to attend the meeting at their hall on Friday evening last. Many other guests were present. The Standard Orchestra and Quartette did their part nicely and the rest of the program was also very interesting.

That was no small storm of Tuesday night, and the ground was frozen just enough to prevent the water from soaking in. Result: Ponds of water here and there, enough to make the small boy's eyes water and wish that a "freeze up" would come, so as to make skating near at hand.

The Susans had as an excuse for rather a poor meeting last Friday night that the Seniors had gone to visit the Standards. The debate was omitted. The Seniors will be gone for GOOD in a short month, then what will the poor, lone left ones do? Their DUTY, of course, and we believe they will DEBATE, too.

When the Invincibles received a reply to their challenge for debate from the Susans they were at a loss to know whether they were to have a contest or not, as the reply said they could not "except," for good reasons. Now as "except" means "to leave out," "to omit" how could the Invincibles interpret the reply?

The Sophomore class gave a very creditable entertainment on Tuesday evening in the Girls' Society room. The President, Alfred Venne, addressed the audience in a forceful manner, giving practical thoughts for future movements of the class. Orations, music, dialogues, an essay all brought hearty applause. At its close, Assistant-Superintendent Allen made a short speech, in which he praised the present and encouraged the future efforts of the class. A social hour in which Mrs. Cook was the agreeable hostess to her class, (the departing Sophomores) and a few invited guests, was much enjoyed.

The one question in the printing class that seems more difficult than any other to answer quickly is this: Since one em of Brevier equals two-thirds of a Pica em, and there are 14½ ems of Pica in a Redman line, how many Brevier ems in a Redman line? Suppose everybody tries it, and Blacksmiths, send in your answer to shame us printers who can beat you at foot ball. An em quad is a square of the body of any size of type.

Miss Weekley entertained her pupils, the Freshmen, in the teachers' parlor on Tuesday evening. One of the principal features of the evening was the contest in recognizing the pictures of prominent men and women. Ella King won the prize in this contest. Ice cream and cake were served, and the party broke up after a vote of thanks and appreciation eloquently expressed by George Robinson in behalf of the members of the class.

The question, "Resolved that Indian Schools should be abolished" has been the favorite one for discussion among our pupils for the last two weeks, and was very ably handled by Miss Newcomer's pupils in No. 10 on Wednesday evening. All the speakers showed a careful study of the question and brought out many excellent points, and with marked spirit. The judges decided that Albert Exendine, Archie Wheelock and Alex. Perry produced more points for the negative side than did Chauncey Doxtator, Wm Scholder and Fred Lane for the affirmative.

Nellie Carey is still nursing among the Apaches, at Ft. Sill.

Earl A. Whitman is still working at Pima Agency school, Arizona, and says he is well.

When a mistake is made, the only right thing is to acknowledge it squarely, and begin again.

The people in California have not commenced to plow their ground, but are waiting for rain instead of snow.

"We as a family have found much interest and help in your little paper and wish to continue the subscription."—[Philadelphia subscriber.

Herman Niles wishes to be remembered to the students at Carlisle. He says that he is breaking a span of colts for his mother.

John Dillon, who went home two or three years ago, is working his way through the Bliss Electrical School, in Washington, D. C.

The sad news comes to us of Ellen Moore's death, the 19th of last month. She went home last summer for her health, but failed to get better.

Miss Mamie Monchamp who went home last summer writes that she is attending school at Red Lake, Minn. She is having a nice time skating.

Mrs. Alice L. Hicks of Ft. Yuma, Arizona, says: "The weather here is just lovely; roses and carnations are in bloom in the garden; have had but one frost."

We learn that Alice Powlas, class 1901, who is taking the Normal course at Haskell Institute, Kansas, supplied a teachers place very satisfactorily there recently.

Cynthia Cooper, who was a Carlisle student, has met with a very sad loss in the death of her mother. She has the deep sympathy of her many Carlisle friends.

Charles Corson writes from Anadarko, Okla., that he likes the country very well although it is quite warm and dusty. Anadarko, which is now a small town, was nothing more than a cornfield last October.

A pleasant letter from Louise Provost, tells of her returning to Lyons, Nebraska, after an extended visit south. She has seen but few of the returned students as she does not visit the reservation. She expects to go to Omaha to continue her painting lessons in the Spring. It is said that Miss Louise does very nice pastel work.

IT WAS OFF THE ORDINARY.

We allude to the Evening with the Choir. Besides excellent music, the student body after study hour last Thursday night, was entertained by a laughable little comedy in two acts.

Joseph Trempe made a capital Dr. Cure-all. He surely possesses a good degree of natural histrionic talent. Delfina Jacques as a maid with a peculiar gait, performed her part as well as one often sees in the city play. Nellie Lillard, the fleshy woman who wanted her "too, too solid" flesh to melt and was made too thin, sustained her part well. Ada Sockbeson, whose hair was made too light, Chauncey Doxtator who wanted a mustache but not a red one, the fond mother, in Rose La Forge, the bashful girl made bold in Rose Temple, Maud Snyder as a short young lady who grew so marvellously tall under the Doctor's treatment that her head was seen above the curtain, Annie Parker who became plump from a scrawny individual, all did well in their various parts, to say nothing of the handsome young widow, Grace Warren, who captured the doctor for a husband.

It was such a change from the staid, straight-up and-down-declamations- and two-sentence-dialogues entertainment that all were refreshed and we believe benefitted.

The Choir selection, Ella Romero's mandolin solo, Minnie Johnson's accompaniment upon the piano, the quartet by William Paul, Alfred Venne, Henry Tatiyopi and Samuel Miller were enjoyed in turn. Mr. James Wheelock's orchestra played one or two selections, but the music which showed the greatest degree of artistic skill was a violin solo by Hastings Robertson. He was graceful and professional in his bowing, and his technique was favorably commented upon by musical critics.

The stage setting was simple yet very effective. The long blackboard was skillfully covered with red paper, and windows chalked off by the hand of an artist. Lace curtains covered these. The couches, cosy-corners, stands and rugs, screens and drapery added to the naturalness of a Doctor's home.

The entertainment SATISFIED, and "the best we have ever had" was heard from all sides. To Miss Senseney, whose untiring zeal, enthusiastic readiness and ability to do for the pleasure and benefit of others, to her helpers and to the Choir the school owes a debt of gratitude for a very enjoyable hour.

Mrs. Elizabeth Metoxen, who was Elizabeth Sickles when with us, says they are so lonesome for the HELPER that they must send for it again. The weather in the main has been quite comfortable in Wisconsin. They have had some cold snaps. Thomas, her husband, who was also a Carlisle student, is busy working, she says. She would like her Carlisle friends to take a run in and see her and the children. The children are well, but she cannot say that she is in the best of health.

On the 20th of December a baby boy came to live with Supt. Benjamin Caswell (class '92) and wife, of the Indian school at Cass Lake, Minn. He says "It goes without saying, he will be a football man. A football man (true) is now-a-days a synonym for active and energetic men in both body and mind." It will be remembered that Benjamin was Captain of our first football team, and made an excellent record for himself on the gridiron.

Mrs. Clara Faber Ballard died at her home near Galena, Kansas, Saturday, January 11th. She had been considered seriously sick two days during which time she was continuously unconscious. She leaves two children and a loving husband to mourn her loss. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon, with interment in the Baxter Springs cemetery. —[The Seneca Dispatch.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL.

The Granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, Miss Annie B. Scoville, has traveled extensively among the Indians as a student and worker. Her voice is frequently heard in the Mohonk Conferences.

In the last Conference in one of her addresses, she said:

If there is an idol that the American people have, it is the school.

What gold is to the miser, the school-house is to the Yankee.

If you don't believe it go out to Pine Ridge, where there are seven thousand Sioux on eight million acres of land incapable of supporting these people, and find planted over that stretch of territory thirty-two schoolhouses, standing there as a testimony to our belief in education.

There is something whimsical in planting schoolhouses where no man can read, far from the highways, unneighborhood by farms, and planted, not at the request of the Sioux, but because we believed it was good for them!

It is a remedy for barbarism we think, and so we give the dose.

Uncle Sam is like a man setting a charge of powder.

The school is the slow match.

He lights it and goes off whistling, sure that in time it will blow up the old life, and of its shattered pieces he will make good citizens.

And there lies the danger.

The danger is that he whistles over his task.

It is easy to blow up the old life.

It is easy to teach a child the three R's, and to put on him a civilized dress—though he may hide his clothes on the way home from school.

It is easy to blow up the old life. But how if you have destroyed his old belief in the old father, such a father as Grindstone, who stands for the best, whether Indian or white? How is it if you take the child from the mother who can advise, and the daughter who can care for it, and if you say to the child, "See, education is all that you need?" And the child goes across from the school-house to the Omaha dance house, which waits to teach its lessons.

You say we must not take all amusements from these people, yet the Omaha lodge is an amusement that will not bear explanation; but for those who know what it was for the Hebrew to worship Baal, it will be easy to understand how that Omaha appeals to the flesh and this world, and robs those children of righteousness and the training that has been given them.

Do not misunderstand me; this dance is not the worship of the old Indian.

We have broken the life which demanded the exertion, the self-sacrifice, the long prayer and vigil which made the man.

We have left nothing but a game which appeals to all that is low in life, and then we say that that is their social life.

The children go to our schools, but all summer long, on every other Friday and Saturday, they go down to that Omaha.

And when the mother says that is not a good thing to do they reply, "You don't know as much as I do: I can read."

So, unchaperoned and unguarded, they go into that life, and the Indian camp is really less moral because of the work we have done in it.

That sounds terrible for our schools and yet I believe in schools and in all that they can do; but we must not leave every thing to them, and forget that though religion without education may breed superstition, yet it is not so dangerous as education without religion, which makes of the barbarian an atheist.

These boys and girls who are allowed to go on with these dances do not believe in them.

If they had any religious significance to them it would be different; but we have wiped away by our work all that stood for strength, and now we are in danger of leaving these young people without a

God; without an ideal to lift them up. However broadly you educate, unless you have given ideals to the people, unless you have put soul into the body, you might better leave it untrained.

You do not want an educated savage.

And the man who has no God is a man who is a danger to us, whether a modern socialist or a wild Indian.

THE IVORY CITY.

We hear so little direct from the Charleston Exposition, that this brief account from the Watchword no doubt will be read with interest:

The Charleston Exposition, which opened December 1, is an exposition with an idea.

That idea is the exhibition of the development of South Carolina and adjoining States during the past quarter of a century, and to show the merchants, manufacturers, and industrial workers of the United States how to increase trade with West Indies.

The full name of the exposition is THE SOUTH CAROLINA INTER-STATE AND WEST INDIAN EXPOSITION.

It is sometimes called the "Ivory City" because the prevailing color is ivory.

The Columbian Exposition gave us the "White City," and the Pan-American gave us the "Rainbow City."

When Chauncey Depew delivered his oration and President Roosevelt touched the button at the opening of the exposition December 2, there were twenty thousand people present, more than saw the formal opening of the Pan-American Exposition.

The drift of the Northern people to the South during the next few months will give the enterprise a large attendance.

It will continue open until June 1, 1902.

It is not a small affair.

There are fourteen principal buildings, and the grounds embrace a tract of one hundred and sixty acres.

The central figure is the Cotton Palace. Besides the usual buildings there is a negro building, with an exhibit, under the management of Booker T. Washington; a woman's building, being an old colonial mansion on the grounds; buildings for the exhibits of the West Indies and a number of State buildings Pennsylvania Maryland and other States being represented.

The Northern tourist who goes to Charleston, a city where the delightful climate frequently allows out-of-door roses for the Christmas table, will find the ground beautiful with live-oaks, and their shadowy, graceful pendants of Spanish moss.

Charleston itself will greatly interest the visitor.

It belongs to the best type of the old colonial cities of the United States.

Settled in 1670, it was moved to its present site in 1672, and lies on the narrow neck of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, very much as New York lies between the East and North river.

It contains some fine specimens of old colonial architecture, and is a city of sunshine and roses, being famous for its bright and genial winter climate, and for its rose gardens.

A STORY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

(PRINTED BY REQUEST.)

While Franklin was at work for his brother, one of his duties was to deliver the papers to subscribers.

One day, in hurrying around a corner of the street, he suddenly ran against the table where an old woman was selling apples, and the apples rolled off upon the sidewalk.

Benjamin picked them up and made his apologies to the old lady.

She was pleased with this intelligence and began to talk to him.

"Do you ever dream, my little man?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I dream sometimes when I've eaten too much supper,"

"Well, do you believe in dreams?"

"Oh, yes," said Franklin, "I believe in dreams—that is, I believe that I dream and other people dream."

"Yes," said she, "but do your dreams come true?"

"Well no. I don't think they do usually. Do yours?"

"Oh, yes," said the old lady, "my dreams always come true, and I dreamed about you last night."

"Did you? Well, what did you dream?"

"I dreamed that you bought this book and that you became a very wise man."

"Well, well! Indeed, what is the book?" And he picked it up and looked at it.

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Only sixpence, sir."

"Well, I think it would be too bad for your dream not to prove true just for sixpence, so I will buy it."

He went away with this book, which was a copy of the third volume of Addison's—"Spectator."

With the book he was delighted.

He was charmed not only with the thought but with the elegant way in which it was expressed.

He would read one of the short pages, close the book, and re-write it, partly in his own language.

Then, comparing his work with Addison's he was quite inclined to say that Addison's was the better.

In this way he found that a good deal depends upon how thoughts are expressed and he began to study style.

SAVINGS OF THE LATE PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

His office associates recorded these sayings and more, which we take from Success:

Good men are not cheap
Capital can do nothing without brains to direct it.

An American boy counts one, long before his time to vote.

Give the young man a chance; this is the country of the young.

We can't help the past, but we can look out for the future.

Hope is pretty poor security to go to a bank to borrow money on.

A "sit-down method" won't do a minute in this age of aggressiveness.

There is nothing else on earth so annoying as procrastination in decisions.

A man does not necessarily have to be a lawyer to have good hard sense.

The trouble with a great many men is, they don't appreciate their predicament until they get into the quicksand.

A man should be close to the situation, know what he is doing, and not take anything for granted.

The man who wants to marry happily should pick out a good mother and marry one of her daughters; any one will do.

I will always risk a man if he is in the dark and knows it, but I haven't much use for a man who is groping around in the dark and doesn't know it.

THE INDIANS HUNTING FOOD.

Ar-pus-ka is what whites call cold flour, and a kind of hominy the Indians like is called Tok-he-pit-ka.

This is a food, says Chas. Gibson, in Twin Territories, especially good to take on long hunting expeditions, and one the Indian hunter is never without.

It is made of softky.

After being prepared, husked or pounded, the grits are parched in ashes, cooking the second time.

After this it is sun-dried and "sacked up."

It will last for months and months, and is quickly cooked over a camp fire, after being soaked in water first to soften.

A little girl who had been attending a kindergarten fell from a ladder.

Her mother caught her up exclaiming: "O darling, how did you fall?"

"Vertically," replied the child without a second's hesitation.

"When you are ill and need a remedy, what does the ice-man bring you?"

"Fond's extract."

SUPERINTENDENT GOODMAN GONE.

Supt. Goodman and family are greatly missed since their departure for their new field of labor at Phoenix, Ariz. Especially, during the period between their departure and the arrival of our new superintendent, do the industrial departments miss the daily visits and personal attention to the details of the work which so characterized superintendent Goodman's management of the school.

While there are regrets because of the change, it is understood that it is to the mutual advantage of both schools, and superintendents and, as pupils and employees, we accept it with a will and purpose to co-operate in making still greater achievements possible and both individual and general advancement a sure result.—[Chilocco Beacon.

Except Indians.

Years ago a bill, entitled "An Act for the Preservation of the Heath Hen and Other Game," was introduced into the House of Assembly of the State of New York.

The speaker of the House, not especially interested, gravely read it "An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen and Other Game."

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member rose to his feet.

"I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said mildly, "by adding the words 'EXCEPT INDIANS.'"

How the "White Man" sells his Goods.

"Are these thermometers accurate?" "Absolutely accurate, madame," said the street vendor. "They are set by the Weather Bureau every morning."

"Then how is it that one says 80 and another in the same basket says 70?"

"That, madam, only shows how very accurate they are, how sensitive to the slightest variation in temperature. You will observe that the one saying 80 is on the left side of the basket, that is on the west side, and was more recently under the rays of the declining sun."

"O, I see now. Let me have one, please."—[N. Y. Evangelist.

Of Course, the Teacher Couldn't Scold Her.

A little Cambridge girl was discovered whispering in school; and the teacher asked:

"What were you saying to the girl next to you?"

The little culprit hung her head for a moment, and then replied:

"I was only telling her how nice you looked in your new dress."

"Well, that—yes—I know—but we must—the class in spelling will please stand up."

Enigma.

I am made of 17 letters.
My 8, 6, 3, 5 is the way the embonpoints felt after their first game of basket ball.

My 13, 14, 12, 5 is what most of our boys fall in, three times a day.

My 1, 7, 9 is what is not very becoming in a young lady to chew.

My 12, 2, 11, 12 is the middle of the day.
My 16, 10, 4 is a fat animal.

My 15, 3, 14, 17 a football player must possess to win.

My whole is something we very much enjoyed this week at Carlisle.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA;—
Good skating.

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