

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE ASS AND THE LAP-DOG.

(Adapted from Aesop's Fables.)

BY EMILY C. COBB.

AN ASS stood in his roomy stall. Well cared for and well fed was he; But happy he was not at all. For he was filled with jealousy. His master had a pet lap-dog, of whom he thus complained one day: "I stand tied up here like a log, While he can frolic, frisk, and play About his master's house, can run And follow in his steps he may. Petted and spoiled by every one, His days pass in this pleasant way." Thus, grumbling, he his halter broke. And, rushing wildly from his stall, Up to the house his way he took, And entered straight its dining hall. Here did he kick and prance around, His heels flew here, his heels flew there. He whisked his tail, swept to the ground The dishes all, and smashed a chair. Then, when his master sat at meat, As he had seen the lap-dog do, He pawed him with his rough-shod feet, Expecting to be petted, too. The servants saw their masters plight. Released him from the grim caress, Then beat the beast with all their might With sticks and staves. In sore distress, The poor ass fell, to rise no more. And, as he breathed his last, exclaimed: "How bitterly I now deplore Having thus of my lot complained! Why was I not content to be My humble self, in my good stall, Nor seek to ape another,—he Naught but a puppy, after all?" —[Every Other Sunday.

THE INDIANS' LAST STAND.

In the Outlook for January 25th, Charles Moreau Harger has a six-page article under the above caption, in which he presents the workings of the Indian Commission now in process of dividing the lands belonging to the Indians in severalty among the members of the five civilized tribes. He shows up the obstacles in the way of speedy completion of the work, and says of other features:

The cattleman is opposed to openings of any kind. He grows rich off the Indians' need. For a song he has been able to obtain pasture on land that was meant to produce sixty bushels of corn or a bale of cotton to every acre. The farmer—the Man with a Plow—has demanded better use of the soil, and to him is to come the inheritance. But when you hear of a contest and an injunction to prevent the opening of Indian lands, do not weep for the redskin. Some cattle association or some enterprising rancher usually is behind it.

Nor is there need for deep sympathy for the Indians of the five tribes who are to be compelled to assume some of the responsibilities of the business world. With the larger portion of the old generation little change will come. They will hunt and fish, loaf and smoke, as usual. With larger aggregate wealth than is possessed by any class of people on the continent, they will be content. For those who wish to progress—and there are many such—opportunity will be offered and accepted. For those who are shiftless—and this class is full of overflowing—the same old chance will remain. Nearly all will sell the land as fast as possible. Farms will sell for \$10 an acre that in ten years will be worth \$50. The Indians will lease all they cannot sell, and, on the proceeds of lease and deed, take life easy.

The hunting and fishing days of the red man have passed away, as the days of warfare and massacre departed a third of a century ago. The best that the Gov-

ernment can do for him is to make him useful, stop his genteel loafing, and put him to work.

"I have seen," said one of the appraising committee members, "men cutting wheat with a sickle, thrashing it with flails or tramping it out of the head; also women in the backwoods grinding corn in pestles and cooking corn without salt. Forty miles away was a farm with a single field of eight hundred acres of oats, and land that produced \$53 worth of cotton per acre. It was the difference between yesterday and today.

A former chief of the Choctaws, owning six hundred acres of land worth \$25 an acre, was working in a grocery-store, and white men who had married Indian women were enjoying bank accounts amounting to tens of thousands of dollars.

The whites who have drifted in from the poorer regions of Arkansas and Missouri are worth less than any of the Indians. It is a land of contraries and of surprises.

The attitude of the Indians toward the change in their conditions is not altogether favorable.

* * * * *

Some of the tribes have been slow in coming to the agreement, and several times the work of enrollment and allotment has been stopped by injunctions; but it has started again and the end is not far off.

Once in possession of their own land, the Indians will be called upon to do more thinking in a business way than in all their history since the beginning of the world. Whether the result will be successful or whether there will be a gradual elimination of the red man from the West, remains to be seen. The accomplishments of the five tribes have, however, given reason to believe that the Indians will be able to care for themselves as well as do some whites.

A positive and earnest demand for State or Territorial government is manifested by the white population. At present the whites are mere tenants in the Indians' country. With the obtaining of property rights will come self-government. It is true that they are protected by the Federal courts and police. The sale of liquor, for instance, is prohibited better than it is in Kansas or Maine. But they ask for citizenship's privileges. Four plans are favored in the order of their attractiveness to the dwellers of the Territory: Statehood independent of Oklahoma; a Territorial form of government with a hope of Statehood later, also independent of Oklahoma; the making of Oklahoma a State, with the Territory as five large counties attached for the present, to be a State later; a single State along with Oklahoma.

Conventions are being held and high hopes are entertained for the success of one of these plans. Oklahoma will not wait long. Either it or the Indian Territory has more population than Delaware, Idaho, Rhode Island, Oregon, South Dakota or North Dakota, and almost as much as Florida or Colorado. Together they would make a magnificent domain, rich in every gift of the soil, varied in woodland, prairie, and mountain, an empire capable of ranking in wealth and power among the first of the commonwealths. Settled by the eager, pushing elements of the younger generations, the impetuosity of the Oklahoman tempered by the greater conservatism of the eastern portion (for the two sections from the nature of their settlement, vary in tendency much as do Kansas and Missouri,) they would form a glorious union.

In the opinion of the thoughtful men of both sections one State is enough, and eventually such doubtless will be their destiny.

Meanwhile the Indian is passing into the every-day world. He is leaving romance and becoming practical. He is getting the benefit of civilization—and it is high time. He is better off than ever before, and if he has manhood he will now show it; if he has it not, the world owes him nothing. It is his last stand. The plow is entering his last hunting-ground.

IT TAKES GRIT TO BE ALWAYS HONORABLE IN LITTLE THINGS.

The kind of grit that is needed to give us a first class standing for honesty and good purpose is shown in this old but true story of Stonewall Jackson when he was a boy.

Jackson was a healthy boy and had very high ideas of HONOR and a strong sense of RIGHT.

He was fond of fishing and equally fond of selling his fish whenever he could find a customer.

In the village of Weston, three miles above the mills, Conrad Kerster kept a small store and market.

He had agreed with the boy to give him fifty cents for every pike a foot or more in length that he caught in the mill-pond.

The boy was only ten years old, but he made the contract in good faith; and, as the sequel showed, he knew how to keep it.

As time went on, a good many twelve-inch pike were delivered at the market with mutual satisfaction to both parties to the trade.

One day the boy was seen tugging through the village an enormous fish that almost dragged on the ground.

It was two inches over a yard long.

Col. Talbot, a gentleman who knew the young fisherman very well, hailed him, and complimented him on his success.

"A noble fish, Tom! Where are you going with it? I want to buy it."

"It's sold to Mr. Kerster," said the boy, without stopping.

"That can't be. He hasn't seen it, Say, I'll give you a dollar for it."

"I tell you it's sold. 'Tisn't mine."

"What's Kerster going to give you for it?"

"Fifty cents!" shouted Tom, still keeping on his way.

The colonel called after him, "I'll give you a dollar and a quarter!"

Tom turned a moment with an indignant look, and replied:

"If you get any of this pike, you'll have to get it of Mr. Kerster."

And on he went bending under his load till he reached the store.

Mr. Kerster was astonished.

"Fifty cents isn't enough for that fish," he said. "I shall have to give you a dollar."

"No, sir, it's yours at fifty cents," insisted Tom. "I'll not take any more. You've been kind enough to pay me for some that were pretty short."

And fifty cents was the price paid for the big pike.

This story Mr. Kerster himself, in his old age, gave to his nephew, Judge McWhorter, who gave it to the Chicago Standard.

The fine conscience and keen sense of honor that ruled the boy fixed the habit of his lifetime.

The name by which he became known to the world was "Stonewall" Jackson.

Be good that you may be well;
Be well that you may be good.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

EVERYBODY LIVES IN A THREE STORY HOUSE.

So says Dr. Joseph Strong. The lower story is part under ground, he says.

There he eats and drinks. This is his physical nature.

Many men never leave this basement. There they live, there they die, never entering the stories that lie above.

The second rises above the first. From its windows the outlook is wider, the light in it is more abundant, and the air purer.

This is man's intellectual department. Some go up into the second story often, and, though they do not abandon the basement, they use it mostly only for eating.

Then there is the third story. This is the highest.

Here the air, the sunlight, the outlook are at their best.

This is the spiritual realm. Few rise into it.

In too many cases dust and cobwebs are the sole occupants of what should be the choicest part of the house.

The wise man, while he does not abandon the basement or the second story, loves the third best of all, and there spends much of his time.—[The Armory.

DID YOU KNOW THIS BEFORE?

The next time we go down town or visit any town where there is a jewelry store let us take notice as to whether the following from an Exchange is true or not:

If you will look at a dummy clock that is hung out as a sign before a jewelry store you will probably find that the hands are painted on the face of the clock to represent the time as 8:18—eighteen minutes after eight.

You will be surprised to know, perhaps, that this time has been used by jewelers since the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865, that being the hour at which the assassination took place.

Chicago jewelers are talking of changing the time on their dummy clocks to 3:55—the moment when President McKinley was shot.

Some Chicago jewelers have already made the change.

THE PROPER WAY TO INTRODUCE PEOPLE.

In making an introduction the man is always taken to the lady to be presented, and the formula is, "Miss A. may I present Mr. B.?"

Where two women or two men are presented the elder is addressed where the difference is marked.

A girl presents her friends to her mother, but the mother says, "Allow me to present my daughter, Mrs. Blank."

A woman should rise when another woman is presented to her, unless she is much younger than herself.

If a man is presented she retains her seat and bows and smiles cordially.

Men always shake hands when introduced to each other.

Women do so when desiring to show especial friendliness.—[February Ladies' Home Journal.

TEACHER. "Now, Johnnie can you tell me what is meant by a punctuation mark?"

JOHNNIE. "Yes'm; my bike's got lots of 'em."

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIANThe Mechanical Work on this Paper is
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCE.

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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.THE HONORABLE COMMISSIONER'S
RESPONSE.

In reply to an article from the Indian Guide and printed in the Native American, in which it was stated that very few of the letters bearing the signature of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs are read by him, etc., the Commissioner says over his official signature:

"The fact is that I read the letters which come to me with great care as one of the onerous duties of my office. They take many hours of my time, and the substance of every letter is known to me before I affix my signature. Of course the letters are prepared in different divisions often after special consultation with me as to their subject matter; but in reading the letters I not infrequently find it advisable to have changes made before I am ready to sign them."

"NO WONDER PEOPLE DO NOT KNOW
THE INDIANS."

C. H. Asbury, who is Superintendent and Agent for the Indians of the Western Shoshone Agency is justly and properly very indignant over the fabricated mendacities against the Indian race of one Wm. R. Draper in the January Cosmopolitan and the February Delineator.

We have been inclined to think that any contradiction of such sort only helps to accomplish the author's purpose in trying to make himself conspicuous.

Anybody that knows anything about the Indians knows that practically all that Mr. Draper has said in these two articles is false; but it helps to fill the magazines, and they must be filled somehow.

Agent Asbury's Letter.

"THE LAST OF THE RED RACE."

The above is a title of an article in the January Cosmopolitan by Wm. R. Draper, who also has an article on the same line entitled "A Disappearing Race," in the February Delineator.

If Eastern ideas of the Indians are to depend on such articles it is not surprising that they are sometimes woefully awry. The statements are made general as though they applied to the whole country, and I fail to recall one statement in either of the articles that is true in any degree of Indians in general.

The author has a few very good photographs all from one locality where the present race of Indians (?) are largely descendants of all the races and tribes who could get into the country in the past century.

He must have spent at least a day among them getting the pictures, but it doesn't appear that he stayed much longer, but I presume it was necessary for him to have an article to go with his pictures, so he jumped at conclusions that are very erroneous, seeming to be oblivious to the existence of the 25,000 Indians in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, 27,000 in the Dakotas, 10,000 in Montana, 14,000 in

Washington and Oregon, 8,000 in Nevada, 10,000 in California, 50,000 in Arizona and New Mexico and 30,000 scattered in other States outside of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, nearly all of whom are full bloods and comparatively few of whom have married or want to marry whites.

These deserve to be considered in arriving at a general conclusion regarding the race.

Among other things he says:

"There will soon be no more full-bloods for the reason that they are all marrying whites. A marriage of full-bloods being a rarity."

That there are now only 3,000 full-blood Indian children.

Of the children he says, "Crying is unknown to them. They hardly ever smile. Toys of all kinds may be placed at their disposal and they will make no effort to play with them, etc." "Frogs, puppies, beads and scalping knives are their favorite play things. A doll or toy train would frighten them into spasms."

"The use of the scalping knife they know by instinct, and more than one Indian child has been separated from his scalp during the excitement of a sham battle."

In speaking of the training of the boy in the mysteries of the medicine man and the wild incantations of their dances and cultivating his marksmanship by taking him into the forest to shoot at imaginary white men, (whose daughters he will want to marry) he says "boys yet in KNEE BREECHES are found skilled in the dances, etc."

Now my fellow workers in the Indian schools, don't that make you smile audibly?

How many of you have ever seen a scalping knife, or a child with marks of its use, or found a child frightened into spasms by toys of any kind?

Did you know that crying is unknown or that Indian children differ from our own as to their baby smiles?

There are several other subjects mentioned, but all as far from the facts as known by all familiar with Indians, as are the above examples.

No wonder people do not know the Indian.
C. H. ASBURY.

INDIAN EMPLOYEE CONDITIONS, AND
A POSSIBLE REMEDY.

At some Agencies where educated Indians are employed in responsible positions, they fraternize with the white employees, and there is good feeling all around.

In some localities this is not the case, however, and the Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if it is not largely the fault of the Indian employees themselves.

For instance, at a school where several of our graduates and those who were not graduates, have been employed for several years, a few of the number have abused the equality of privileges.

The first student sent there grew into disrepute because he talked too much.

The next one had to live down the prejudice which the first one had created, and he was not strong enough to stem such a tide. The white employees began to criticise and he began to talk. Instead of going ahead quietly and performing every duty like a man, he began to complain of ill-treatment and fell in to his own trap.

The next one sent to the same school had to live down the prejudices created by the two who had preceded him, and had a harder time of it than the second or the first, and he too failed by showing resentment at the talk, and by talking back and boasting of the school that had given him his education.

It is now almost impossible for an Indian to get employment at that school. Some one or two of the white employees were no doubt unkind and jealous; but the student could have mastered the situation probably if he had been more wise.

The following extracts taken from a correspondence recently carried on by and about such a state of affairs at a western school will explain itself.

We make use of it in THE RED MAN to

show the conditions that exist in the service and the causes for complaint which some of our students think they have.

From a Student's Letter to Colonel Pratt.

"I would like to ask you a few questions. I have wondered why I was taken when a child to school to be educated. Wasn't it that I might be able to stand by the side of my white sister and with her have an equal chance to earn an honorable livelihood? Was it not to enable me to become a useful member of the great family of workers? Or was it only intended to create in me a desire for better things and a mode of living above the level of my birth, to be deprived of the privilege of satisfying that desire later?"

Am I, because I am an Indian, to be set aside to see women who perhaps being white are more fortunately born than I, take precedence, when through education and training I am perhaps as competent and well-qualified as they?

Must educated Indians, because they ARE Indians, be relegated to the menial positions, and allow the white, although ignorant, to usurp the choice positions simply because they are white, and have a political advantage?

If the Government means what it says, then are the employees of the Government afraid of the consequences if they allow the Indians the privileges it says they must be allowed?

I do not ask these questions for myself alone but for many others.

Will the Indian ever, until he can chase the red blood from his veins and become a pale face, be given an equal or half of an equal showing with the white man?"

Colonel Pratt's Answer.

In reply to the above, Colonel Pratt said in part:

"The questions you ask me to answer, you can answer yourself. It is not really the purpose of the Government to make things easy for the Indians after they are educated, or it ought not to be.

It is to make them meet the difficulties of competition with others for whom the Government does not provide.

We all want good things, and it is right we should have them, but that does not mean that we are to fret because we do not reach the high places. If we fail to achieve them at once when working fairly and honestly we need not be discouraged. Perseverance will finally be rewarded, though ignored for a time.

All the trials of the world do not come to Indians. White boys and girls who have fitted themselves for efficient work are often set aside and outranked by others who are not more efficient, but who have more influential friends; but worth will be recognized finally.

Competition is often cruel and unfair, but it is the true principle. Without it there would be no growth.

If things come to us easily we would not strive for them; then what would be the object of living?

Education doesn't set aside difficulties, or prevent hardships and discouragements, but if it does what it ought to do, it teaches one to bear up under trials, cast away discouragements and meet disappointments, without throwing the blame on those who are successful. Each student who goes out from here must meet the situation he finds himself, in the best way he can."

The Situation From Another Point
of View.

In response to Colonel Pratt's letter, a white person and good friend of the student connected with the school writes:

Blank gave me your letter to read. What the contents of her letter to you were or the questions she asked I know not, but evidently from the tone of your letter her ideas were not in line with yours.

As I know the facts that led to the questions and general pessimistic tone that you refer to, I will take the liberty to tell them to you and set her right.

The letter to you was written while she was smarting under the wrongs and insults she had received continually since she came.

She appealed to the Superintendent,

and I in her behalf appealed to him, stating facts, but without success. Her own statements as well as other Indians employed were not taken. The word of a low brutal reservation Indian was taken.

Blank was snubbed by the Superintendent and matron; scolded and blamed for everything that went amiss in her department. She was compelled to eat her meals at the same table with the Indians of the reservation who were employed here temporarily or simply "bumming" a meal from the school.

Those were the people who mostly insulted her. To be obliged to sit at the same table and listen to their vulgar language and coarse jokes was disgusting to any one who had a particle of refinement in her nature.

The same state of affairs existed in regard to all Indian employees. Do these conditions exist only in this school and on this reservation? I am afraid not.

Indian employees here have never stood on an equal footing with other employees, no matter what their education or abilities were.

There is no employee in this school from Superintendent down, who has as good an education as Blank. There are few women who can prepare a better meal, make a better pie, cake, or loaf of bread, still because she is an Indian she cannot claim an equal standing in the social or industrial world with white women.

Blank understands perfectly well that the Indians are not being educated for positions that are created especially for their benefit, nor has she ever asked to have one created. The Government made it possible for her to obtain the education she has. Her strong desire to better her condition and raise herself up to the level of the white woman, backed by perseverance and will-power placed her in the front rank of the school she attended last, and made her a scholar, fitted to fill any position in the Indian service on any reservation or in any non-reservation school.

The positions she has aspired to fill were not created for the Indian to fill. Now, if a vacancy occurs, as one does from time to time in the school service, and an educated Indian applies for it, do you know of any reason why he should not be given preference so long as he is of good moral character?

Is there a fair and unbiased report made upon the efficiency of the Indian? If so in all or in the majority of cases wouldn't there be more Indians in the service to-day? Go to a reservation school for a year or two, and you will be amply qualified to answer these questions.

One Superintendent has said openly he did not want any Carlisle graduates as employees, they were too smart. Are there other superintendents of the same mind?

I have come to the conclusion from what I have seen at this school alone, that the surest, shortest and easiest way to settle the Indian question is to open the reservations and close the reservation schools.

Reservation schools are not worth a tenth part of the money expended upon them.

If you want Indian schools, have them far enough away from the homes of the children to remove them entirely from the home influence and from the vile brutes that are lying in wait for the young girls when they come to their homes.

How often girls request that they may stay at the school during vacation to escape the brutes. Virtue is an unknown quantity on an Indian reservation. Girls on this reservation are bought and sold as are the cattle and horses. All young Indian women coming from schools to this reservation are subjected to insults of the men.

When they find themselves ignored they resort to lying and besmirching their characters.

When the society for the prevention of vice finds children among evil associates, with low, vile parents, they immediately remove the children from their environ-

Continued next page, last column.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

B. u. y. c.

Let us take a look at the dummy-clocks. Remember, every TRIUMPH begins with a try.

The cold wave due on Monday arrived in time.

The sprightly Osage Journal has changed hands.

Some people are too weak to even turn over a new leaf.

The Invincibles have invited the Senior girls this evening.

Some fellows can make love better than they can make a living.

That collar button on your work-shirt is the one to keep buttoned.

Some students paint the town red, but Mr. Jordan's boys prefer white wash.

Some good items have been left out because they were handed in too late.

George Robinson gave a very interesting talk to the boys on Sunday evening.

Items written by students should be in the hands of the editor by Monday evening each week.

Miss Mosier of the Todd Hospital was a guest of Miss McIntire to dinner last Thursday night.

Quite an interest is taken in the 'Cross-Country run which is to take place soon after Commencement.

As soon as Mr. Weber puts in the steam pipes, the new dressing room adjoining the cage will be completed.

Prof. Bakeless gave us a splendid talk in Chapel Monday morning on what we should do to keep healthy.—x

Miss Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools is spending some time at Phoenix, says the Native American.

The monthly sociable which is held the last Saturday in the month had its usual pleasures for those in attendance last week.

The flag-pole was given a new white dress by the painters this week. It is a fashionable dress, too, as it is close fitting.

Miss Miles of the dining-hall will have eight more tables during Commencement week to accommodate the visiting students.

James Russel down in Cuba, has been inside of Moro Castle, and says only the masts of the "Maine" can be seen above the water.

The different circles of the King's Daughters had a joint meeting on Tuesday evening, they gave summaries of the lessons covered this fall.

Miss Maud Baily who left us three years ago, has changed her last name and is living happily with her husband in her new home in South Dakota.—x

A faculty meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Saturday evening was addressed by Colonel Pratt, and Commencement affairs and plans were discussed.

Miss Richenda Pratt is home, and will remain until Colonel and Mrs. Pratt and herself start on their Mediterranean trip, the day after Commencement.

Miss F. Laird and Mr. Allen will visit the Invincibles to-night; Miss Schweier and Mr. Wheelock the Standards; Misses Newcomer and McIntire the Susans.

Miss Alice McCarthy, class '00, who was an assistant matron at Morris, Minn., has resigned her position on account of ill health, and is now at her home in White Earth, Minn.

"Father" Burgess is an old-time teacher and Professor in a preparatory school. Let us catch him some of these fine evenings and ask him to tell us some interesting things about the stars.

Since the additions to our Dining Hall, we have wall space where we would like to hang large portraits of eminent men and women, whose examples it would be well for our students to follow. We would be very grateful to any of our friends who will help us in making a collection.

The Seniors made their long anticipated visit to the Susans last Friday night and were well received by the young ladies. Speechifying and other literary pastimes were indulged in, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

One of the aspiring classes anxious to know what their colors are to be when they graduate, asked the teacher, and received the reply that if they kept on the way they were doing now she thought she should recommend GREEN.

Some of the boys that are going to run the 'cross-country run are practicing around the quarter-mile track for their wind. Some are short winded and they expect to be long winded when the time comes for the race to start.—x

Mr. Harlan, resident farmer, and wife have moved into the new residence on the recently purchased farm. They have been living for a few months in the small brick house opposite the new one on the pike, a mile north of the school.

The blacksmith and wagon shop are very busy working on the twelve buckboards, which were ordered for the west. Most of them are finished ready for the painting. The work is done by the boys who are learning the trade.

Miss Nana Pratt came from Brooklyn to attend the Hayes-Gardner wedding as bridesmaid, on Tuesday evening. It was the society event of the year in Carlisle. Miss Pratt returned to her post of duty at Brooklyn the same evening, taking the mid-night train.

On Saturday, Miss Jackson returned from her country-home tour, to remain in until after Commencement. She was vaccinated while in Philadelphia, the effects of which made her ill, and she went directly to our hospital, but is feeling better again, and is on duty.

Rev. Lawrence Deering is the new rector of St. Patrick's Church Carlisle, in the place of Rev. H. G. Ganss, who has removed to Washington to take a responsible position in connection with Catholic work for the Indians. Father Deering is a young man and prepossessing. We are sure he will be liked by his Carlisle Indian contingency.

"He is a manly, obliging little fellow always first at his post and last away from duty" was the flattering comment made on a patient, painstaking orderly last week, by one whose standards are high, and who does not believe much in the efficacy of indiscriminate praise. Such an opinion merited from a man, though never expressed, is worth all the time and effort it cost to deserve it.

There is an unusual struggle going on in 7th, 8th and 9th grades on the part of pupils careless in enunciation. They must break off slovenly habits or lose class standing till they do. This is wise, for the careless pupil robs the worthy pupil of his time and the teacher's best efforts. The teacher belongs equally to both, but he who helps himself must suffer thus for his industry. No justice in that, is there?

Hon. James S. Sherman, Chairman of the Indian Committee of the House who was announced as coming to deliver the diplomas has written that it will be impossible for him to attend, and Hon. Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who stands next to Mr. Sherman on the Indian Committee, has expressed his willingness to perform said service. Representative Curtis has never honored us with a visit, and he being part Indian the presentation of diplomas seems specially appropriate for him.

Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, the veteran missionary among the Creeks, says in her letter regretting not being able to attend Commencement that "I was much interested in hearing my daughter Alice, (Superintendent of the Presbyterian School for Girls' at Muscogee, Indian Territory,) tell of her visit to one of the Creek day-schools taught now by Mrs. Scott (Nancy McIntosh when at Carlisle). The teacher and her full-blood pupils were all wide awake, making the best of their poor, log-cabin school house—the poorest in the Nation."

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Monday night—Gymnastic drill for our town friends

Tuesday night—President Council's lecture.

Wednesday afternoon 1:30 to 4:30—Inspection of Industries, drill and gymnastics.

Wednesday evening—Addresses from our visitors, and music, 7:30.

Thursday morning—Inspection of schools from 9 to 11.

Thursday afternoon—Graduating exercises, 2 o'clock.

No Right to be There.

An Indian boy with a suspicious look upon his face was loafing in a place where he knew he had no business to be—even in the office building, after hours, when the girls were sweeping the offices.

Miss Ely comes upon him unexpectedly.

"He may be a new boy and don't know the rules. I'll speak kindly to him: 'What do you wish?'"

Indian boy remains silent.

"Ah! He has not heard me, he may not understand English."

"What do you want?" she asks with a slight up-turn of the voice to indicate childlike sweetness and a bland interest in the young man's welfare.

No answer!

The business woman discovers a slight twitch of the underlip, and understands the sign, but lest she MIGHT be mistaken, again pleads in gentle tone:

"Can I do anything for you?"

Deeper silence reigns, but a turn of the boy's head, more indicative of indifference than of ignorance brings a determination on Miss Ely's part to make herself understood.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

These were no uncertain tones. The curl of the lip vanished. The eyes of the wayward youth opened slowly but surely into a grand stare, as he replied in measured tones: "N-O-T-H-I-N'."

"Then you get it quickly and light out!"

It is needless to say that two feet were "up in the air" in rapid succession as the fellow took his way across the campus.

Tearing up scrap-paper into shreds is a sign of nervousness. It is a sign of untidiness. It is a sign of thoughtlessness. It is a sign of listlessness, and inane in class. Our acts as modes of expression of the soul, thus constantly announce to the observant what manner of being we are. Self-control, self-restraint, watchful, self-guardianship alone will hedge us within the bounds of nobility. It is our privilege to become equal to the best, superior to all, without robbing any, simply by rising constantly on the stepping stones of our dead selves. We want to become not better than our neighbors, but constantly better than our best selves. And the heavenly vision of perfection will still beckon us on.

By action of the town council of Carlisle, and the Cumberland Fire Company, the steam fire engine, so long and so efficiently a part of the fire department of the town, has been transferred to the Indian school to belong to and to be used by the school, so long as the school shall remain and desires its use. Should the school at any time be abandoned the engine is then to revert to the town of Carlisle. This consolidates the fire department of the Indian school with and makes it a very part of the fire department of the town of Carlisle, and assures most efficient co-operation in every emergency.

Supt. J. H. Seger, of the Colony, Oklahoma, Indian School, says at the close of a business letter: "Perhaps you will be interested to know that Richard Davis is now employed in this school and four of his children are attending school—two living at home and two boarding at the school. His family lives in a Government house on the school grounds. They are well and have very bright and interesting children. Richard has charge of the school dairy as well as other work."

A GOOD LECTURE ANTICIPATED.

President W. H. Council, of the Normal and Agricultural College for Negroes, near Huntsville, Alabama, is in many respects the most remarkable and the ablest man of his race in America. He has built up an institution carrying about five hundred students, and is approved by the State Government of Alabama. His trustees are quite entirely southern men. He had only three years' schooling from '65 to '68 in a mission school at Stevenson, Alabama. Born in 1848 at Fayette, North Carolina, sold from the Richmond slave pen in '57, sent to Alabama to work in the cotton fields until after the war, then a little education, and his remarkable career began.

He deserves and should have a warm welcome to Carlisle.

Lecture in the Indian School Assembly Hall begins at 7:30, Tuesday evening, Feb. 4th. Admission 25 cents.

Come and bring your friends! Tickets on sale at Means' Book Store.

The Band excelled itself last Thursday night at the monthly school exhibition. Verdi's Ernani, seems exceptionally suited to our players, and the long and difficult selection was a most interesting study in harmony and execution from start to finish, fully satisfying all lovers of good music. The exhibition as a whole was one of the best, and a pronounced success. The banner speakers were Tiffany Bender and Oscar Davis. Both were earnest, finished and easy. The school singing was most excellent and the Band quartet "Nearer My God to Thee," by William Paul, Alfred Venne, Henry Tatiyopi and Samuel Miller was beautifully rendered. The piano duet by Pearl Hartly and Pliga Nash brought hearty applause. We cannot mention all the good numbers on the program, suffice to say there were no failures from Junior down to No. 1, while the little Normalites more than pleased their audience with the sprightly action song, they gave.

Mrs. Ruth Shaffner-Etnier writes that the family are to move to Pittsburg this week, and says her address will be No. 20 McCance Block, Pittsburg, Pa. We are glad to learn that Mr. Etnier has so far improved that he can again enter the business world.

From second page.

ment. They do not leave them there and try to educate them above it.

Why not try the same plan with the Indian child? Remove it from evil associates. Show it the benefits of education. Give it a character that will make it a good, law-abiding, God-fearing citizen.

I see that under the present state of affairs, if continued, the Indian, one hundred years hence, will still be THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

To this letter Colonel Pratt replied in part as follows:

"The reaction which has set in against the great demand by Indians for positions in the Indian service will inevitably bear hard in some cases and possibly produce a condition that may seem unjust.

It often happens that such conditions can go on for a long time because the facts are not known.

Indian employees who are not fed at Government cost here at Carlisle eat at the same table with our other employees. There is no distinction, never has been, never will be.

Where the Government provides the food, as in the cases of some small salaries, such Indian employees eat with the students.

I am informed that the disposition against Indian employees has led to stringency at many places throughout the service, and that conditions such as you describe are not infrequent.

This of course will come, and Indian employees must be patient, and at the same time stand for their rights. The more patient and judicious they are in their contact and representations, the greater will be the respect for them and the sooner will come a revulsion."

OBSTACLES TO PROGRESS FOUND BY MISSIONARIES.

In a little booklet entitled *The Gospel Among the Blanket Indians* written by Rev. D. D. Proper, and published by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, New York City, some of the hindrances and difficulties in the work among the Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne and Caddo tribes, known as the "Blanket Indians," are vividly portrayed. He says:

Satan is a cunning adversary, and is very skillful in adapting means to ends, in holding on to these people and thwarting the gospel.

The "Mescal" feast is probably the one greatest curse resting upon the Blanket Indians, and hindering them from accepting Christ.

This is a semi-religious, heathenish festival, in which they come together to eat the "Mescal" bean, imported from Mexico, during which they will have all sorts of fantastic visions and hallucinations, which they claim are from the Great Spirit and in place of the white man's book. The leaders will claim to have as good a religion as that of the white man.

The "Ghost Dance" is the next greatest hindrance to the reception of the gospel.

This festival is usually held on Sunday and is semi-religious in character.

The Indians have heard about the second coming of Christ, and they believe that he is coming to right the wrongs of the Indian, and restore to him the buffalo and the hunting grounds.

Some think he will be an Indian, and in their ceremonies (as one told me) they pray earnestly that he will come quickly and restore to the Indians the rights and privileges which have been taken away by the white man.

It seems to be a compound of prejudice, superstition, attached to the dim vision of a Bible doctrine.

At the time of the camp-meeting these persons held a large meeting a few miles away, where several hundred gathered in a large camp similar to ours, and spent several days.

These Ghost Dancers had their emissaries at work in our camp, offering inducements to come to their meeting.

HE WAS NOT DOWNED WITH DIFFICULTIES.

If there is any trait of character in a person that commands admiration more than another it is that quality that enables him to ACCOMPLISH the thing he started out to do even though there be many things to hinder.

The editor of the Rocky Mountain Cyclone is the kind of man to succeed. The story goes (and whether it be true or not is not worthy of consideration) that when they began to set up the type for the paper there were no k's nor f's in the case.

What was to be done?

He had promised the publication of the first number of his paper by a certain date. How he overcame the difficulty is explained in his first article as follows:

"We begin a publication of the Cyclone with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type phoundry phrom whom we bought the outphit phor this printing ophis phailed to supply any ephs or cays and will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters and will have to wait until they come. We don't lique the idea oy this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best of regulated phamilies and iph he phs and qus hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the shorts arrive. Its no joque to us; it is a serious aphphair."

DOGS HAVE FEELINGS.

The story of Whittier's dog as given by St. Nicholas is touching and illustrates the truth that dogs have tender hearts:

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer.

The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad, "Robin Adair."

She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated and listened with a delight unusual in an animal.

When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is a 'Robin Adair.'"

The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song.

From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant.

He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went to walk.

When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

THE PASSING OF TEDYUSCUNG, AT INDIAN ROCK, PHILADELPHIA.

The quaint old wooden statue, which has come to be known as "Tedyuscung," after the famous Indian chieftain whom it represents, is soon to disappear from Indian rock.

For nearly half a century it has crouched upon the summit of "Indian" or "Council Rock," as it is sometimes called, seemingly gazing over one of the most beautiful stretches of valley, creek and woodland to be found within the limits of the Quaker city.

Although the time-stained and dilapidated old statue has long been dear to the student because of the character it represents, fresh interest is centered in its history now that it is about to be destroyed.

It is the sentiment expressed in the placing of the crude wooden affair, and the Indian legends and historic facts that it has so long commemorated rather than any beauty in itself have endeared this statue to the hearts of Germantown folk.

Many curious legends are told of the Lenni Lenape Indians while they lived along the romantic Wissahickon—legendary lore that is strangely mixed with historic facts.

And now that the pathetic old figure of Tedyuscung is to disappear from "Council Rock" it is regarded as a matter of congratulation that both history and tradition are to be commemorated by the prominent new stone statue.—[Phila Press.

His Father was not so Smart.

Little Willie—Paw, where is the isthmus uv Panama?

Father—Th' isthmus of Panama! Willie, do you mean to tell me that you have been studying grammar two years and you don't know where the isthmus of Panama is! If you ain't able to conjugate the isthmus of Panama for me by to-morrow night, I'll make you go to bed at 6 o'clock!—[Ohio State Journal.

He was Polite Even in a Telegram.

A little boy who had been taught to be polite, was sent away to school.

He was told to telegraph back home "Yes" if he found everything all right.

He did so. When his busy papa received the telegram he forgot what he had told his little son to do, and he did not know what he meant by telegraphing just one word—"Yes."

So the father telegraphed to his son, and said "Yes, what?"

The answer came: "Yes, SIR!"

A FRIEND IN NEED.

This friend was a tame stag, who belonged to a lady living near Manila, in the Philippine Islands.

He was a pet and allowed to roam around at his will.

The ponies did not have the same freedom.

When they were taken out they must be tethered.

One day the man who fed the ponies, tied one of them with a very short rope, and then carelessly put its bunches of hay beyond its reach.

The poor little beast strained at his rope to reach his meal in vain.

His owner, watching from the window, was about to go to his help, when she saw the stag standing by, taking in the situation.

She waited to see what would happen. The stag soon found a way out of the difficulty.

He bent his proud head, lifted part of the hay on his antlers and put it down under the pony's nose.

Then he went back for more, and in a few moments, the grateful little pony had his full meal before him and was making a hearty breakfast.—[Ex.

A BOSTONIAN MAMMA AND HER SON.

Little Emerson—"Mamma, I find no marginal note in elucidation of this expression, which I observe frequently to occur in my volume of 'Fairy-tale Classics'—'With bated breath.' What is the proper interpretation of the phrase?"

Mamma—"With bated breath," my son commonly occurs in fairy tales; your father often returns from piscatorial excursions with bated breath. The phrase in such instances, however, has no significance as applying to the bait employed to allure the fish, but is merely an elastic term of dubious meaning and suspicious origin, utilized, as I already have intimated, simply because of the sanction which it has gained by customary usage in fairy tales generally. Do you comprehend, Emerson?"

Little Emerson—"Perfectly, mamma." —[Judge.

PUNS.

Do our Porto Rican and Indian students know what the English word "pun" means? A few puns taken from an Exchange may serve as an interesting language lesson:

Advice to Travellers.

If you find you are getting short of money open the window and get a draft on the road.

If you need something to play dominoes on speak to the brakeman. He'll get you a time table.

Yes, in the dining car they serve meals a la carte, but you needn't think you're loading one.

HARD ON CHICAGO.

Many of our students have passed through Chicago on their way to Carlisle and have seen that terrible stream of filth called the Chicago River.

We also have heard of the now popular disease called Appendicitis. One or two of our students have been operated upon to cure them of this disease.

A teacher in some school or other, according to the Chicago Tribune asked her class!

"What do you know of the Chicago River?"

"The Chicago River," said the probable son of a doctor, "is Lake Michigan's vermiform appendix."

Naughty Edna.

"Edna," said mamma to her little girl, "you must not waste the crust of your bread, for there may come a time when you will be glad to eat a crust."

"Well, mamma," she answered cheerfully, "just put it away till that time."

MR. MOODY AND THE QUESTIONABLE BOOK.

Some one asked the late Dwight L. Moody if he had read a certain book.

He replied, "No, I believe there is poison in it; at least I have heard so of good authority."

The friend said, "But wouldn't it be well for you to read it for yourself?"

"No," said Mr. Moody; "If I take poison in my stomach the doctor has to come with a stomach-pump to take it out. Why should I take poison in my mind? I might never be able to get it out."—[Ladies' Home Journal.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

Masticate the food thoroughly.

In order to have perfect digestion, a large variety of foods should not be eaten at one meal. Avoid, especially, combinations of fruit with vegetables, fruit with milk, sugar with milk. Avoid the use of much fluid, especially cold fluid at meals.

Many persons are better off to discard all drinks at meals. Above all, don't bring your business into your dining room.

Throw off all care and give yourself up to the enjoyment of the meal.

—[Family Physician

HIDDEN INDIAN TRIBES.

1. Your cow walks like a calf! Oxen are too slow.
2. Are those your sails? Account for them!
3. Some do not sleep well, but eat all they can.
4. Who are you Sam? I am Isaac not Sam.
5. Hal! Ask Annie if she will go skate.
6. Sara! Pa hopes to go to town with you.
7. A tobacco man cheats his customers.
8. On one acre eke out the best existence you can.
9. Abamelic! Row me straight.
10. It is too bad to kick a poor dog in that fashion.
11. To get a good kodak, Iowa is the place.
12. I live in Mo.; Hawkeyes come from Iowa.
13. O! Ma! Have you a new bonnet?
14. One "I" damages character.
15. Is not Loos a genius?
16. Papa; go away from me!
17. I crossed the Mississippi many years ago.
18. If you are of good stock, bridge any difficulty.

Wonder if our Little Indian Boys Peel the Same way.

A little boy's mamma called him to get up. "The birds are all up long ago," she said.

"Well," said the little boy, "if I had to sleep in a nest of sticks and straw like them, I'd get up early, too."

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 8, 7, 5, 1, is on nearly every door.

My 4, 2, 3, 4, is what little Esther Allen likes to do around the corner in play.

My 8, 6jis what Indians are sometimes called.

My whole is what an Indian can do even in Commencement excitement.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Gorgeous moon.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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