

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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THE RIVER.

I AM a river flowing from God's sea
Through dewy ways. He mapped my
course for me;
I cannot change it; mine along the toil
To keep the waters free from grime and soil.
The winding river ends where it began;
And when my life has compassed its brief span
I must return to that mysterious source.
So let me gather daily on my course
The perfume from the blossoms as I pass,
Balm from the pines and healing from the grass.
And carry down my current as I go
Not common stones but precious gems to show.
And tears (the holy water from sad eyes)
Back to God's sea, which from all river rise.
Let me convey; not blood from wounded hearts,
Nor poison which the upas tree imparts.
When over flowery vales I leap with joy,
Let me not devastate them, nor destroy.
But rather leave them fairer to the sight.
Mine be the lot to comfort and delight.
And if down awful chasms I needs must leap
Let me not murmur at my lot, but sweep
On bravely to the end without one fear,
Knowing that He who planned my ways stands
near,
Love sent me forth, to Love I go again,
For Love is all, and over all. Amen.
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX in the Independent.

THE VALUE OF THE OUTING SYSTEM TO GIRLS.

Paper Read by Miss Jackson before the
Minneapolis Convention of Indian
School Superintendents and
Teachers, last week.

It seems a little singular that this subject should need to be explained or defended or presented in any way in such a community and before such an audience as this.

The idea of the influence of association is not new, and the so called Outing System did not originate with Col. Pratt nor in the Carlisle Indian School. He may have been the first to send Indian children out from school into families as is now so generally done. I have certainly no desire to take a single leaf from the well earned laurels with which Col. Pratt is crowned, but since the history of man, it has been well known that the association of different nations and peoples made those nations and peoples more alike; that the association, of the lower classes with the cultivated, of the lower classes with the higher has always elevated the ignorant and the lower classes even if the higher were in such inferior numbers as to become incorporated with them. Children, for the same reason, are urged to associate with their equals or with those in higher walks in life than themselves, and how quickly a child shows what his associates are! How many people keep their children from public schools because they dread the influence upon them of the lower class of children who are always to be found there.

A savage nation brought into contact with a civilized one is always elevated by this contact. Compare the condition of the negroes, brought here as slaves, even with the condition of those who have remained by themselves in their own country. The condition of many of them in this country is degraded enough still to make them a very discouraging problem to contemplate, but it is vastly superior to that from which they were taken.

Some of them, here, by association with the white man, have risen to places of eminence and distinction. None, to my knowledge, have accomplished this by themselves, nor could they have done it here, had they been put upon certain tracts of land and forced to remain there apart from their white masters. The same might be said of all the other foreign elements flocking to this country. They all associate intimately with the American from the first, and for this reason, in an incredibly short time, are American themselves.

Not long ago, a group of people were amusing themselves by making guesses upon the nationality or rather upon the part of the country from which each member came. Some were judged from the

South, others from the West and so on. Finally one young woman was unanimously voted to be from New England, but she laughingly shook her head, and, after a little further discussion, said she was born in Ohio, but that her mother was a German and her father an Irishman. She, the child of foreign parents, but reared in a section of Ohio that was settled by eastern people, was apparently a type of New England, the most American part of our American Continent.

The Indian, the native American, is the only one we have shut up on a reservation by himself and have expected him to become a civilized enlightened and useful citizen in this way.

Colonel Pratt, in the so called Outing System, was simply applying the same idea to the Indian that has always been applied to everybody else. His practice of this idea commenced in the spring of 1875, when he was sent to Florida with a party of Indian prisoners. He took a second step in the same direction at Hampton in 1877 and a third, in 1879, when he brought eighty-two untrained Sioux boys and girls from their homes in Dakota and formed for them a school in the midst of a college community in Carlisle, Pa. He carried this idea only a little farther, when in 1880, the next year, he sent six girls and eighteen boys out into families. This experiment was so satisfactory that he has been increasing the application of it every year since, until, at the present time, he has three hundred and thirty-one girls and three hundred and seventy-five boys scattered about in families over eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland and a few in other states.

The families into which these children are sent, are very carefully selected, each new applicant being required to furnish three good references, unless he is known to the school, and it is understood that these boys and girls are sent out as students to be trained in right ways of living as well as in right ways of working. They are not sent out as ordinary servants, though even that would be a blessing to them. They are sent out to become members of the families into which they go and to attend school with the children of the family.

At the present time there are so many more applicants for students than the school is able to supply, that less than one half can be considered, and, of course, only what appear to be the best places are chosen. After a girl is placed in a family, a monthly report of her progress and conduct is sent to the school, and she is visited by some one from the school in the family where she lives, at least twice a year, if she remains out that length of time. In this way, there is a second culling out and selecting of places, for, if the visiting agent discovers that there are objectionable influences in the home or in the surroundings of the home, such a family is dropped from the list of school patrons. Sometimes whole communities are dropped. With this care to the selection of her surroundings even the crudest girl cannot fail to absorb much that is refining and that must bear fruit in her after life.

The girls are usually found happy in their country homes, as they are called, and some prefer to remain out rather than to return to the school, though they always regard that as their home, and it is often touching to witness their fondness for it and their loyalty to it. But, like all other people, these Indian girls like and need a change. So, after commencement, as the school year draws to a close, there is always a clamoring among them to "sign for the country," as they call it, and they are eager to go. On their return in the fall, they come back a laughing, happy band, and, as most of them come on the same day, there is great excitement and rivalry among them as they tell of the good times they have had. They almost invariably come back in better health than they went out; fiesher, with clearer,

better complexions, and, with the new clothes they have earned and usually made themselves, they have quite the appearance of a party of white girls. Some have grown so rapidly and become so fleshy in the four or five months they have been absent from the school, as to be scarcely recognizable. Their manners also are changed, and we can judge a good deal of the families from the manners of the girls who have lived in them. Expressions like this are frequently heard at Carlisle. "That girl has had a good country home and she shows it." "It is easy to see that that girl has been with refined people." "How that girl has improved." Etc., etc.

While absent from the school at Carlisle, students are required to attend the public school at least one hundred consecutive days in the year, and many of them go the whole school year. In this way, they have the same advantages as the white children of the community in which they live. They are obliged to take their places beside them upon the same social and intellectual basis and to compete with them in class work from day to day. This is certainly invaluable to an Indian girl. She is the constant companion of her white sister and forms many warm friendships with her. She also grows to look upon herself as a girl and not as an Indian. Some of them are very popular with their school friends.

One of the greatest improvements is in their use of the English language. They have heard nothing else, consequently they have been able to speak nothing else, and they have necessarily imitated the speech of those by whom they have been surrounded. Some of them learn very slowly, it is true, but they all learn. Occasionally, a girl who comes to the school at the present time, has never spoken any thing but English, but her English is usually very faulty. On the other hand, there are, even now, quite a goodly number of girls who can speak almost no English when they come, and but very little when they go out to their first country home. These, of course, when they hear nothing else, are obliged to express themselves in English the same as we are obliged to express ourselves in French or German when we place ourselves in a French or German family for that purpose.

Not long ago, in conversation with a white girl from the state of New York, who has a certain amount of Indian blood in her veins and who might now be supposed never to have spoken any thing but English, I was surprised to learn that when she entered the school she could speak no English, and almost none when she went out from the school for the first time. And speaking of this girl, leads me to mention another fact which seems remarkable; that is, that the most ignorant girls who come to us, many of them apparently white, are from this same state of New York. These girls have grown up in the midst of civilization and cultivation and yet have been so completely isolated from both, that they come to us sometimes with but the slightest knowledge of either, or of the English language, thus proving that even their white fathers and mothers have become so completely Indianized, by association as to have dropped the use of their mother tongue even in the state of New York, and their children have no knowledge of it.

As is well known, the school at Carlisle is an industrial school, and the girls learn there how to keep a house clean and in order, how to do laundry work, dining room work, teaching, dress-making and even cooking to a certain extent, but in so large a school, their knowledge of cooking is largely theoretical, the actual practice coming to them in the homes to which they go, where many of them become good practical cooks. Last year, two of the girls did the cooking for a summer hotel at Ocean City. They also learn general housekeeping and that most necessary of all arts, the art of home

making, as they could not learn them in a school.

The girls frequently become Christians and connect themselves with the churches they attend while in their country homes, and some of them become very active workers in Christian Endeavor societies Sunday Schools, etc.

In many cases people have expressed a wish to adopt the girl living with them and since the opening of the school, several girls who had no other homes have been so adopted, some even to the extent of inheriting property.

While students go only upon their own written request, it is rather expected that each one will spend two winters of the five for which she enters the school in a family. Of course, some do not spend this length of time, while many spend much more, sometimes remaining from two to five and six years in the same place. A few have been out even longer than this.

This leads to another important benefit arising from the system not yet mentioned. These girls are earning wages that vary from their board and car fare to sixteen dollars a month, according to their age and ability. Of their earnings, they are at present required to save one half, while they are allowed to spend, under the supervision of the school, the other half. This training alone, though the last mentioned, would be a sufficient recommendation of the Outing System, as it is well known that the Indian does not know the value of money nor how to use it. On the contrary he is proverbially improvident, made so first by nature, perhaps, and secondly by the treatment he has received at the hands of the United States government. This well directed use of the money which they themselves have earned, teaches them what is most needful for them to learn:—namely, to depend upon themselves, or independence instead of dependence,—or instead of waiting for the annuities they and their parents have so long depended upon, and which, though granted in kindness and in a spirit of recompense for past wrongs, have contributed largely toward keeping the Indian from independence and advancement. It is a real beginning toward self support.

It may be interesting and possibly surprising to some to learn that of the small amount earned in 1880, of which I could find no record, the sum has increased from year to year, with some fluctuations, until in 1891 the wages earned amounted to \$28,741.69, and that the aggregate earnings of the boys and girls at Carlisle have reached the modest sum of \$253,595.90 during the last twelve years.

What they do not spend, is cared for by the school, and as soon as they have twenty dollars, it is placed on interest for them and added to from time to time as they earn more. In this way many of them have quite a sum of money to take with them when they leave the school. A number of those who left since the first of July took \$100 or more apiece with them.

The Lincoln Treatment.

Abraham Lincoln and an Illinois farmer had long been friends; and the latter had written an everyday sort of letter in which he said, among other things, that he had been in poor health. Out in Illinois, they are able to this day to quote what is called "Lincoln's prescription," sent to the farmer in reply by the President.

"Do not worry," it read. "Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy; but my dear friend, these I reckon, will give you a good lift."—X.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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

No man is in true health who cannot stand in the free air of heaven, with his feet on God's free turf, and thank his Creator for the simple luxury of physical existence.—T. W. HIGGINSON.

We fully commend the excellent article by Asst. Supt. E. A. Allen, which appeared in the last number of the RED MAN AND HELPER. The sentiments and convictions there uttered are in accord with our own, after years of thought upon this important subject.

True greatness never happens. Man can conquer physical force for succeeding generations, but battles of the soul no man can fight for another. There is no greater victory in life than the victorious old age, but it can be attained only by those who have learned to conquer in the years of strength and power. They and they alone can win the "consummate triumph."—Youth's Companion.

A frank, manly statement of facts, a sincere utterance of one's convictions is a privilege accorded to all, and indulged in too frequently by the few. It is this sincere utterance of one's deeper convictions that, in all ages, has moved the world to act, removed abuses and strengthened great causes. Truth alone lives to do its work; error in time slinks, craven like, out of sight, giving up the unequal struggle.

I have not ten times in my life, met a man whom I should now call bad. I have met men whom I thought so, but when I knew them better, I found the good in them more than balancing the evil. One mistake is in supposing that some men are good and others bad, and that a sharp line can be drawn between.

The truth is, that every man has both qualities in him and in very few does the evil overbalance the good. I marvel at the goodness I find in humanity, when I see the temptations and opportunities there are to do wrong.—P. L. FORD, in the Hon. Peter Stirling.

Is it not wisdom to study the situation of to-day in the light of the hopes, the theories, the toil and plans of the past? We are so prone to think our age is the only one that has thought, our work the only work undertaken with high ideals and rational processes. The toil, the disappointments, and the results of other workers, when seen in perspective, may suggest new and original ways, or at least show how "not to do it." We grow by thought and study. Truth is too large for one class of thinkers to have a monopoly of it. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," is as true in this age and in the Indian cause, as it ever was in any age and in any cause.

It is so easy for the ordinary man to work himself into a frenzy over the unimportant details of his duties or business, when careful attention to the great underlying principles of the situation would untangle most of the snarls that confront him and make a general scatterment of most of the worry and care of business life. It is right here that the trained man has the advantage of the untrained man. While the latter is rattling around in his sphere like a dry pea in the pod, the other has himself, his work and his workers well in hand, like a successful coachman his steeds, and is driving on to completion the work he has undertaken to do.

Young workers cannot overestimate this power of concentration that comes from the habit of systematic effort, regular, thoughtful, persistent as fate.

MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION.

Minneapolis, the place of meeting of the N. E. A. for 1902, greeted, with open arms, all the teachers and educators who turned their steps that way. The city is clean and wholesome, beautifully situated in the midst of a charming country, jostling her neighbor, St. Paul, in a rather friendly manner. Once these "Twins of the Northwest" were a good ten miles apart, but gradually they approached each other, until their hands clasp in a most sisterly fashion. An excellent trolley system unites their interests and enables a person to reside in one city and do business in the other.

The Indian Institute, for the third time, held its sessions in connection with the meetings of the N. E. A. as the Department of Indian Education. About three hundred workers from various parts of the field were present. The meetings were held in the Plymouth Congregational Church and were presided over by S. M. McCowen, Supt. of Chillico.

The Carlisle delegation to this gathering consisted of Asst. Supt. Allen, Prof. Bakeless, Miss Jackson and Miss Flora Laird.

Five sessions of the general meeting were held besides section meetings of matrons, teachers and superintendents. The section of superintendents was presided over by Mr. Allen.

Some very excellent papers were read before the general sessions, but, unfortunately, there was very little discussion of papers. The program was unusually crowded; and, as subject after subject was presented, it at times caused one to regret that ideas and theories the most antagonistic, at times even contradictory, were equally applauded and allowed to pass without discussion. It is indicative of apathy on the part of an audience or of yielding on the part of the rank and file of the workers to the theories and ideas dominant in the locality in which the institute is being held, or, possibly, to the more forceful personality of a few workers more vociferous and insistent than thoughtful and experienced. Indeed the quantity of matter presented at one of these meetings, the length of session, and the rapidity with which the subject of thought changes, make it impossible for human mind to digest the mass, and the inevitable result in many instances is mental dyspepsia.

Judging from the narrow views of Indian education presented in editorials and from the meager space given to the reports of the Indian Institute in the papers, one is led to believe that Indian education is not a popular subject in this great state of the Northwest. The contrast between marvelous educational equipments for the white man, as seen on every hand in that locality, and the wonderful results attained, as seen by the schools of Minneapolis alone, and the meager concessions the press of the city, which is supposed, in a way, to voice the sentiment of its readers, is willing to grant the red man, leads us to believe that a desire for the possession of the Indian's rich lands and pine forests still haunts his white brothers, and these can be more easily wrested from the home bred and inexperienced Indian than from the one who knows by a broader training the worth of what he calls his own. The white man in his dealing has ever been wise as the children of light. The Indian has lost and knows not why. We could not help marking the strong tendency toward conservatism in Indian education. Keep the child at home swathed in the bands of tribal ignorance, accustomed only to the smoke of the wigwam. Enlighten him slowly, for rapid training will make havoc, was the burden of the strain too frequently heard.

There was more than the usual amount of hysterical maundering against the non-reservation schools, eastern schools, Carlisle. Well, well, well! These schools and their representatives had no chips on their shoulders. They merely believe that all school and industrial effort should not only tend towards, but should hasten the Indians equipment as a competing citizen, and not only get him into actual appreciation of the intelligence of the country, but should also make him industrially a competing man and citizen in all its varied industries.

Carlisle believes, from its experience, that the Indian lacks only training and the full knowledge of observation and experience to become a very part of the intelligent and industrious population of

the country at large, that it is to his and the country's best interest for him to enter all lines of industries already established, rather than to be segregated and have special industries created for him; and his whole life, including the industrial, be under the constant control and direction of governmental religious or philanthropic management.

We aim to do the needed work and then abolish all parts of the system and have done with the whole matter.

The true spirit of any convention should be that of the freest discussion and through the clashing of ideas, truth will be evolved.

The most humble and conscientious worker in the field can often furnish data that will come nearer solving the vexatious problems of Indian education than the finished scholar, who draws his ideas from the poetic and idealized life portrayed in American literature. That of the former gives real help, because actual contact brings actual knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome. Too often the professional talker is called in and utilized to promulgate ideas designed to shape a policy, when his experience and actual knowledge would warrant silence.

Many generalities were uttered, many theories advanced, but the work stands just where it did before. This same process of dealing in platitudes from year to year causes one to groan in spirit. "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." We sigh for frank discussion, heart to heart, a live and healthful sifting of the chaff of uncertainty for the wheat of truth that we know is in it all.

Many old Carlisle pupils and friends were present with greetings and kind wishes. Dennison Wheelock, Henry Warren, Cynthia Webster, Martin Archquette, Louise Provost, Mr. Dagnette and wife, Miss Gaither, and many who in the past have visited us, inquired kindly of friends met here. The meeting of old friends is always a pleasant feature of these yearly gatherings of workers.

The conference was addressed by the Hon. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, and many other people prominent in educational work. Boston will be the educational mecca next year.

IS EDUCATION EMANCIPATION?

The definitions of education are various. The ideals of young men and women, as well as the ideals of their parents, are as diverse as the definitions of education. Not a few parents send their sons, and more recently their daughters, to the higher schools thinking that by securing for their children an education they are thereby saving them from a large part of the physical labor, of the drudgery which has been their own lot, and which they have come to think has been, in their cases, the result of a lack of education. Education, in a certain sense, is emancipation from drudgery; it is in some cases even emancipation from manual toil. Nevertheless, such an idea of education is a low idea, an unworthy conception of learning. This is not saying that education is not emancipation. It should be insisted on, however, that education is not to be looked upon as a means of relieving boys and girls from work. The young man or woman who hopes by education to escape from toil, from labor of the hands even, is very much mistaken. Such an idea is low, selfish, unworthy in the extreme.

One criticism of modern educational methods, and a very scathing criticism, is that, too often, the school creates or fosters disdain for honest labor. There are reasons, however, for believing that such criticism is unjust, especially of education in many of our best schools and as conducted by intelligent and thoughtful educators.

The movement for the introduction of manual training in varied forms into the schools, higher and lower, and the remarkable success and extension of this movement in recent years shows that school men are alive to the danger threatening our institutions and our civilization from the false notion referred to, and all too widely current, that education is emancipation from labor.

President Taylor, of Vassar College, in his recent baccalaureate sermon, called attention to this danger, declaring that in many quarters the notion that the primary motive of education is to have a good time is almost dominant. It is

well to sound the alarm. It is well, too, to emphasize the true conception of emancipation. Education is emancipation from ignorance, from vice, from the bondage of social custom and from political bossism. Education is emancipation in that it gives control of the material universe, control of one's body and its appetites, and highest and best, control of one's self.—[Kutztown Patriot.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE FOR GIRLS.

(Extract.)

A woman's power avails most when it is asserted least. Strenuousness, or perhaps strenuosity—I am not quite sure which is the better form of the insistent noun—is a quality which has long existed in people and things; but the high honor and the important role which are claimed for it today are somewhat recent, and before the claim is granted it would be well for us to have a little clearer idea of what that quality means.

Is it simply another name for earnestness, vigor, energy? Surely, then, it is a good thing and much to be desired in boys and girls, in men and women. It is not the highest quality. Thoughtfulness is higher. Sincerity is higher. Charity is the highest of all. But these noble traits are enhanced in value when they are filled with courage and lived out with steady force.

The strenuous life is the life that sounds like a trumpet. It is dominant, assertive, militant. There is a tone of defiance and strife in it. It is next door to a strident life. If this is what it means, it is not a natural nor a desirable life for girls.

I take it for granted that a man and a woman are of the same worth and not of the same kind.

A woman's special and inestimable value in the world lies just in the qualities which make her womanhood. And these are things which strenuosity must disturb, if not destroy.

A serene and gentle dignity, a tranquil wisdom to counsel and restrain; a fine delicacy of feeling, quick to rejoice, tender to suffer, yet patient to endure; a subtle sense of the value of small, unpurchasable things; a power of great confidence and of self-sacrifice almost limitless where love speaks the word and duty shows the task; an instinct of protection and a joyful pride in mothering the weak; a brave loyalty to the rights of the heart against "the freezing reason's colder part;" a noble hunger and a thirst for harmony; an impregnable strength of personal reserve; and an exhaustless generosity of personal surrender—these are the native glories of womanhood. These are the things that life, if true and well-ordered, should deepen, unfold, brighten and harmonize in the perfection of a woman's character.—HENRY VAN DYKE, in Harper's Bazar.

NOT TO BLAME.

Members of one of the sectional school boards were discussing a gentleman recently suggested to fill a vacancy, and one of them objected that the fellow was well nigh illiterate, and really would be out of place in such a body. Whereupon one of the others present said he never heard that objection uttered with regard to Philadelphia School Directors that he was not reminded of the case of a janitor in a Western school house who gave up his job because he felt that the teachers had deliberately slurred his sense of honesty. On being pressed for an explanation, the janitor said:

"Well, I never found even so much as a pencil on the floor when I was sweeping out that I didn't give it to the principal. Nothing had ever been lost. Sometimes the children, when they missed a lunch box or book, would make a note of it on the black board. One morning I saw on the board: 'Find the least common multiple.' Not even a 'please,' either. Well, I hunted high and low, but couldn't see it. I felt pretty bad about it, for it was my first miss. But I got mad when, a couple of days later, I read on the board: 'Find the common divisor,' and I resigned. I couldn't find it, and I didn't care to stand for the blame of having swept it out."—[Phila. Times.

Mr. W. Nonna of Fort Sheridan, Ill., arrived this week to take charge of the tailor shop. The tailors have been without a regular instructor since the departure of Mr. Walter. During this time Walter Mathews has been in charge and has done very efficient work.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Green corn.
Fresh peaches.
Scarcity of news.
Moon-light nights.
Delightful summer weather.
A smile is the same in all languages.—
Croquet and tennis have been revived.
Minnie White left this week for a country home.

Several boys came in from the country this week.

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.—

Miss Burgess is expected back tomorrow evening.

Hobart Cook is visiting friends near Philadelphia.

Miss Steele has returned from her visit to Waterbury.

The shadow of suspicion always has something behind it.—

The one thing we are willing to share with others is trouble.—

Love your neighbor as yourself and you will not be talked about.—

The campus has never looked fresher or more beautiful than now.

The M. O. T. B. S. would appreciate letters from the vacationers.

Miss Nellie Robertson is spending her vacation at Beaver Falls, Minn.

The optimist believes that the best years of his life are before him.—

Joseph Trempe has returned from Pine Grove, much improved in health.

"The brightest stars are made to pass over the face of the darkest night"

The only way to profit by advice is to be a doctor or lawyer and sell it.—

Miss Barr is spending her vacation at her home, Prince Edward's Island.

Dr. Diven entertained his cousin, Dr. James Diven of Bloomfield, on last Sunday.

Miss Ferree is in charge of the students' dining hall during the absence of Miss Miles.

"The blessedness of life depends far more on its interests than upon its comforts."

Mr. Howard Gansworth came in from his outing visitation to spend Sunday at the school.

Some people are very fond of borrowing trouble, but they never keep it to themselves.—

Miss Daisy Laird occupied Miss Robertson's desk for a few days during Mrs. Cook's absence.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—

Mr. Sieni Nori spent last Sunday at Gettysburg, visiting the encampment of the National Guard.—

Mt. Holly is the favorite resort for Sunday School picnics from all parts of the neighboring country.

Miss Richenda Pratt left yesterday for Honesdale, where she will visit her friend Miss Durland.

A recently published book by Zitkala Sa, "Old Indian Legends" has been added to the school library.

Joe Gangrow was a proud and happy lad when he drove Miss Richenda to town a day or two ago.

Nancy Wheelock arrived on Tuesday evening from Worcester, Mass. She will spend her vacation at Carlisle.

Miss Gene Richards and friends from Philadelphia attended the afternoon services at the school last Sunday.

Dairy product, for the year ending July 1, 1902, is as follows: 5,849 pounds of butter, and 22,368 gallons of milk.

We are glad to say that Miss Bowersox who has been under the weather for several days, is improving.

A small party from the school carried birthday congratulations to Mr. A. J. Standing, in town on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Weber with a force of workman is digging trenches through the grounds preparatory to repairing the steam mains.

"Success in life," says John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire oil king, "consists in doing common things uncommonly well."

Three new pupils of the Piute tribe arrived this week from Utah. Their names are Eunice Terry, Leo Pritchett and Tom Mayo.

Lillie Felix has returned from Huntington, Pa., where she has been visiting Mrs. Rumsport's daughter for several weeks.

Fifty of the girls, under the chaperonage of Miss Jackson and several others, took a trolley ride to Boiling Springs on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. B. always went to church late. "Mrs. B. You are early of late." "Yes, I am first at last, I have always been behind before."

Vaughn Washburn and Thos. Griffin are the two best croquet players among the boys, but they "accidentally" get beaten once in a while.

Felipa Amago, who has been spending a vacation of two weeks at Carlisle, returned to the York City Hospital at York, Pa., on Monday.

No busier workers can be found than the tanners in their efforts to hammer into shape the large masses of tin torn from the roofs by the storm.

Miss Jackson left Wednesday for her summer outing trip. The largest number of girls in the history of the school are in country homes this season.

Miss Jacobs has resigned her position in the sewing room on account of ill health. We regret to lose so pleasant and efficient a worker from among us.

Mr. Allen, Prof. Bakeless and Miss Jackson have returned from Minneapolis, where they attended the meeting of the National Educational Association.

Miss Stewart writes Miss Ely of having seen Miss Cutter and Miss Newcomer in New York, where she spent a day or two on her way to Martha's Vineyard.

The newspapers this week record the death of Hon. Thos. J. Morgan, who was Commissioner of Indian Affairs during the administration of President Harrison.

Minnie Nick has been in charge of the dress-making class at the sewing room for some weeks. Mrs. Canfield pronounces her work very creditable and satisfactory.

Misses Stewart and Moore left us this week for Martha's Vineyard, where they will attend Summer School for a time, and afterward visit Boston and several points on the Maine coast.

We are glad to note that the cultured and efficient Miss Catharine Caryl, at one time a teacher at Carlisle, is now principal of the Orlando School for girls at Pell-Clarke Hall, Groton, Massachusetts.

The girls' quarters are receiving a general cleaning. It is hard work for the girls, but here too, one hears words of commendation for the cheerful, uncomplaining way, in which they take up the hardest tasks.

Bakery furnished dining room from July 1st, 1901 to July 1st, 1902, as follows: 163,575 loaves bread, each 1½ lbs; 104,411 rolls, each ¼ lbs; 6,675 pies; 575 pans ginger bread, each 50 lbs; 372 pans corn bread, each 50 lbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Marshall Clute of Chicago, Ill., arrive to day and will be the guests of Miss Forster. Mr. Clute is on the illustrating staff of the Chicago Record, and is well known among the artists of the west.

A scaffolding now surrounds the gymnasium and the carpenters are replacing the timbers upon the roof of the building, a part of one side of which was completely carried away and a large section on the other side crushed in.

Mrs. Cook spent several days in Washington last week, and while there met a number of old Carlisle workers, among them, Miss Luckenbach, who has recently been transferred from Phoenix to the Pension Office in Washington.

Our soldier boy, Arthur Bonnicastle writes Col. Pratt that his Company has arrived at Sacket's Harbor, N. Y., after a very pleasant and uneventful voyage across the sea and over the continent. They have good quarters and accommodations at Sacket's Harbor, where Co. E. 9th Infantry, of which Arthur is 1st Sergeant is stationed.

Cards announcing the marriage of Mr. Byron Wild, a former Carlisle student, and Miss Annie R. Dawson, at Fort Berthold, N. D., have been received by Col. Pratt. We congratulate the happy couple and wish them much joy. Miss Dawson was one of the first party of Indian students taken to Hampton Institute by Col. and Mrs. Pratt in November, 1888.

A visitor to the sewing room is always pleased with the good order and cheerful atmosphere to be found there. During these warm July days the girls have worked on with a patience and cheerfulness that deserves the highest praise.

Jennie Standing Bear writes Miss Jackson of her delight in returning to her country home at Island Heights, N. J. She speaks in very affectionate terms of the family with whom she has lived before, and is looking forward to a pleasant summer with them.

Anna Lewis, '02 writes from Scottsdale, Ariz., that she is very happy with her sister, with whom she is living, but she finds the heat rather hard to endure. She often wishes to see some of her Carlisle friends, whom she remembers with a great deal of pleasure.

The force in the printing office for this summer consists of four boys and two girls. Nellie Lillard and Mary Kadashan can each set from 1000 to 1200 ems an hour. Vaughn Washburn about 1300, Ramon Lopez 1500 and Thos. Griffin 1700. Antonio Reyes does the orderly work.

The heavy rain of last Sunday morning flooded the one end of the small boys' quarters, badly damaging the ceiling in the assembly room. The work of repairing the damaged roofs progresses as rapidly as possible and it is expected the small boys' quarters will be under shelter this week.

The working hours at the school have been lengthened about one hour. The morning bell now rings at 7:10, and the closing bell in the evening at 5:30. The hour for supper is now 5:45 o'clock. The small force of workers and large amount of work to be done seems to demand this change.

Lillian Brown and Sophia American-horse share the management of the Club, during Miss Noble's absence. Lillian keeps the books and the two have the general care of the dining room together. They are both very thoughtful and courteous in looking after the comfort of Club members.

A very delightful out-door service was held on last Sunday evening. The meeting was led by Miss Bowersox, who spoke in her usual forceful, earnest manner, which always reaches the hearts of her hearers. The open air meetings are enjoyed by all, and will be continued during the summer when the weather is favorable.

Joseph La Framboise writes Col. Pratt that he has been transferred from the Dolphin to the Mayflower, which has now taken the place of the former as the President's yacht. The Mayflower, a newly commissioned vessel will cruise along the Atlantic coast during the summer, and after October first will go to Washington for the winter. Joseph hopes to pay Carlisle a visit during the Christmas holidays.

The annual number of the Indian Leader gives interesting accounts of the Commencement exercises at Haskell Institute. This closes one of the most successful years in Haskell's history. The orations and essays are exceedingly creditable. We notice among the graduates of the commercial department two former Carlisle pupils, Jennie Brown, and Chauncey Archiquette, and in the Normal department Alice Powlas.

About twenty five of the most promising candidates for the football team will be taken to Pine Grove about September 1st, where they will camp for a week or more. Two years ago, when the team spent a week there, it was so late in the fall that the cold weather marred the pleasure of camping somewhat, but in September it should be an ideal place to camp and engage in preliminary practice and the team should be greatly benefited thereby.

We are pained to record the death of Mr. J. Banks Ralston, which occurred at the Todd Hospital on last Friday, after an illness of some months. Mr. Ralston was at one time Assistant Disciplinarian at the school, and had many friends among the students and employees, who will receive with sorrow the news of his death. Since his graduation at the Dickinson Law School in 1900, Mr. Ralston has been practicing his profession and was also engaged in the insurance business. He was a young man of excellent character and had many friends. His death is said to have been due to chronic malarial poisoning.

Notes From a Scrap-Book.

Simply to do what we ought is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing, than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, build the most worshiping temple, dream out the most enchanting commotion of melody or harmony.—MACDONALD.

I do not believe that the deeper problems of living ever can be answered by the processes of thought. I believe that life itself teaches us either patience with regard to them, or reveals to us possible solutions, when our hearts are pressed close against duties and sorrows and experiences of all kinds.—MABIE.

Noble deeds are held in honor,
But the wide world sorely needs
Hearts of patience to unravel this,—
The worth of common deeds.

C. E. STEADMAN.

I find earth not gray, but rosy;
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stop? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

—BROWNING.

To succeed, one must sometimes be very bold and sometimes very prudent.—NAPOLEON.

Economy is of itself a great revenue.—CICERO.

No man is rich whose expenditures exceed his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings.—HALLIBURTON.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—FRANKLIN.

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.—BROWNING.

A True Story.

A Sunday School superintendent, in talking to the children about cruelty to animals, said: "Only a coward would abuse a creature that had no way of protecting itself. 'Why, children,' said he, 'I once knew a little boy who cut off a calf's tail! Think of it, children—took a knife and cut the tail right off! Can any one tell me a verse in the Bible that would have taught this cruel boy that he should not have cut the calf's tail?'"

After a moment's silence, a small boy with a "happy thought" expression, held up his hand. "What is it, my boy?" asked the superintendent, hopefully. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," responded the small boy.

The superintendent was so impressed that he never brought his own verse to light.—[Harper's Magazine.]

Mrs. Canfield received an interesting letter from Delphinia Jacques, who says in part: "I am as happy as a happy girl can be. Our home is one of the best that any one can wish for. And I am proud to say that the school has found more than a home for many a good girl. The people are kind and thoughtful, and have all that is desired to build character. It is a delightful place and the surroundings are very pleasant. I have helped Mrs. C. with her sewing, and I find the experience I had in the sewing room a great help to me, and no doubt when I go back I'll take more pains with my work than I have done. Last Friday we spent a very enjoyable day at Willow Grove and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Gansworth and had quite a chat. We certainly did have a fine time that day. I could write all day, but think I have said enough this time. So I will close with love and good wishes."

When Mabel Jose whose time had expired, was given the choice of returning to her home or remaining at the school, she chose to stay here, and cheerfully bade "good bye" to several companions and friends of her own tribe, who returned home. Mabel has gone to the country for the summer, and will return to the school to continue her studies and industrial training, which she considers better for her than the return to the reservation life.

When in Waterbury, Miss Steele had the pleasure of seeing Ruth Coacher and Polly Tutikoff, who are in training at the hospital there. Miss Andrews, the head nurse, told Miss Steele their work was very satisfactory and that the same could be said of nearly all the Indian girls they have had. They were very sorry to lose Susie Zane, who has recently gone to the Blockley Hospital in Phila.

LIFE BY TIME-TABLE.

Probably since the world began there was never a period when men wasted their time as little as they do now. Whether they use it well or ill, they at least do not let it slip away empty. Never was the fascination of work so potent as at the present moment, and never before were the same keenness and concentration displayed in the pursuit of distraction. Energy is the dominant quality of the Anglo-Saxon race, the quality they love to exercise, the quality they cannot choose but admire. Work is no longer regarded as a necessary evil or even wholly as a means to an end. It is valued for its own sake. The richest men in America work as hard as the poorest,—or at least pretend to do so,—lest the society in which they move should suppose them men of leisure,—a supposition which would be, we understand, against an American, whatever his position in life. The greater number of men desire to be actively useful or actively amused from morning to night, and this fever of activity is not confined to the one set. The eagerness with which the unmarried women of the middle and upper-middle class embrace work in any shape or form is a great sign of the time. It is not what is called occupation, but regular employment which they seek; and they will accept drudgery and even privation rather than live in idleness or content themselves with the irregular work which falls naturally to their share in an ordinary household. Those women for whom the nature of their circumstances or their brains makes other employment impossible play hockey with a praiseworthy industry, and keep their playing engagements with business-like exactitude.

The average length of life is longer than it was, yet it never seemed so short. Time, health, and strength are all inadequate to what the majority of us want to do. How to make the most of three-score years and ten is the question we are all asking. How are we to "make time?" Literally speaking, every one of us has all the time there is; and it is by method alone that the apparent capacity of each day can be increased. Some system is certainly necessary to the successful packing of life: the only doubt is how far into details should method extend, and what proportion of the hours of life are to be, as it were, brought under cultivation, so that their produce may be arranged for and expected with some measure of certainty.

Is it better, one wonders, to prepare, and as far as possible to abide by a kind of mental time-table, or to maintain a certain fluidity of arrangement? In the one case we fail to provide against waste: in the other, we shut the door upon opportunity. Decision in this matter depends, we believe, almost entirely upon temperament. Sanguine people never live entirely by rule: they always leave a door open through which unforeseen good fortune may slip into every plan. The anxious, on the other hand, can only regard life calmly from inside a well closed cage of habit.

One-half of the world seeks protection in monotony, the other half seeks recreation in variety. It is not easy to define the charm of the habitual, or to find a reason why, as Goethe said, we are even reluctant to part with what is itself unpleasant when once we have got used to it. One explanation of its potency we believe to be this: habit is a strong defence against one of the greatest evils of life—we mean apprehension. If for years and years a man had done the same thing on the same day of the week at the same time, the chances seem very large that he will continue to do it. The small circumstances of his daily life become fixed by force of reiteration upon his mental retina; and when he looks into the darkness of the future, he sees them repeating themselves before his mind's eye. Thus, by the monotony of habit, men screen from themselves the fact—which no one can contemplate without a distinct loss of courage and mental vitality—that we cannot see one second ahead of us. No one, as Victor Hugo says, can take tomorrow from the hand of God; but, to those who stick close to the habitual, the future appears, if not less knowable, at least less incalculable.

Another reason which makes many men cling to custom is the desire to save themselves the unnecessary wear and tear of small decisions. It is a curious fact that those people who most readily employ

their reason upon great matters shirk its use in small particulars, and spare their minds by adopting mechanical rules. No doubt, such men conserve their mental force, but at the expense, perhaps, of their mental freshness. No fear is so insidious as the fear of change. A tendency to refuse the unaccustomed grows upon all who give in to it. To be obliged to consult a prearranged plan every time that any new course of action is suggested becomes a slavery; and if a man will not force upon himself an occasional period of lawlessness in minutiae, so that he may judge between those habits which have an intrinsic importance and those which derive their significance entirely from the length of time during which they have been in practice, he will find himself so fast in prison that he cannot get forth, and will stay there until he has paid the last debt of Nature.

In a sense every man's habit is his castle, wherein he may abide safely when besieged by the unexpected; but there is no use in being too well defended, in having a protection out of all proportion to the attack. A castellated house is not suited to the present year of grace: a refuge becomes a prison to the man who is no longer pursued. The monastic system is, of course, largely founded upon this predisposition of human nature in favor of routine. There the friction arising from small disputes, the galling necessity for small decisions, the confusions caused by the hourly perplexities of life in the world, are all soothed and cured and made plain by the universal panacea of obedience; and with these evils disappear all the chances, opportunities, risks and possibilities which glorify life. A monastery is a tower of defence or a dungeon of despair, according as we look at it.

"Custom is the chief magistrate of life," says Bacon; but in these excitement-loving days how many people, at least in small things, defy his jurisdiction! Variety, as South declares, is nothing else than continued novelty; and there is no doubt that there are natures for whom custom stales everything. The fact that they have done this or that often is in itself a reason for doing it no more. They make the most of their time by disregarding the precedent, and aiming always at change. Undoubtedly, such people serve to keep the world fresh; but they have not always much depth of human feeling. They strike no root anywhere. They like new faces and new places. They never husband their strength. They never need: they are the millionaires of energy. Their watchword is, "Move on." A change for the worse, they say, is better than no change at all. If we cannot come through life unworn, we can at least shift about under the harrow of the daily round and get the wear on a new place. The devotee of habit and the adherent of opportunity both continue to fill their lives fairly full. It is difficult to decide which speeds the better in his respective course. Perhaps in the effort to "make time," as in so many other serious endeavors, those who adopt a policy of compromise are the most successful.

—[Spectator.

EDWARD VII AND LIBERTY BELL.

When King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, and traveling as Baron Renfrew, visited Philadelphia in 1890, one of the places he particularly expressed a desire to visit was Independence Hall. There he spent a very considerable time, examining every object and asking many questions. In the Declaration Chamber he was shown the Liberty Bell, which it is said, was stored away in a corner and surrounded by a lot of boxes and rubbish. The Prince expressed great surprise that an object which so justly deserved veneration should be treated with so little respect, and it was said that, turning to the Mayor, he exclaimed, "This bell should be treasured and revered by the people of the United States as their most precious heirloom!" That remark stirred a ripple of thought in the right direction; but it operated slowly, and although talk of restoring Independence Hall became general, and interest in it grew and was accelerated by the Centennial, nothing of a substantial nature was done until a few years ago. To the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the Revolution and the city of Philadelphia the American people are indebted for the privilege of once more looking upon the "Cradle of Liberty" just as it was the day the first Continental Congress assembled there.—X

WHY HE ROSE.

This is the story of a man who began at the bottom of the ladder. His rise is due, The Saturday Evening Post points out, to his habit of always learning how to do the work of the position next in line of promotion.

He started in by tending the telephone at a grain elevator and "keeping the weights"—that is, copying the scale tickets into a book—when not busy at the "phone." He made it a business always to be "caught up" with his work, so it often happened, when he went to the scale floor for the tickets, that they were not ready for him. This gave the young man leisure to become familiar with the weighman's work and with the scales and machinery of the elevator. Occasionally he induced the weighman to let him tend one scale, and later two scales, until he became thoroughly familiar with the work.

About this time his employer built a new elevator and the young man applied for the position of timekeeper. Undismayed by the reply that the timekeeper would be expected, in addition to his regular work, to tally and record every load of lumber, stone, brick, sand, iron, and other material, going into the construction of the elevator, he eventually secured the position. The elevator was built by day labor instead of by contract. The first day twenty men started work, the second day there were forty, the third day sixty, and so on until the full quota of nearly two hundred men were engaged. Despite the fact that these laborers were of almost a dozen different nationalities, the young timekeeper so familiarized himself with their names and faces that he was able to call by name each man who had worked for even a single day. He could also tell, quite as readily, in what part of the building each man worked, and he missed at once any laborer who stole away for an hour or two at a neighboring saloon.

When the elevator was completed a weighman was needed and the young man applied for the position. After convincing his employer that he understood the work and that he had watched the construction of every grain spout, and therefore knew into what bin each one led and that he would not have to learn that anew, he was given the position.

He soon became so expert, that the weighing did not require his entire time, and during moments otherwise unoccupied he turned his attention to the working of the cleaning machines on the same floor, and was finally allowed to tend these machines in addition to the work of weighing. He became an expert in the art of telling at a glance the exact grade of a given sample of wheat, and during this schooling he managed to learn from the foreman just how grain is mixed to produce a given grade. His perseverance in learning everything that could be learned about the business soon gave him the name of being the best grain expert in the elevator. He held this enviable position in the eyes of his fellow-workers for a number of years.

One day one of the young man's employers came to him and said: "I am going to buy you a membership on the Board of Trade. You can buy car lots down there. I have been watching you, and I hear from people around here, that you are as good a judge of grain as there is. You are just the fellow we want." Then began his career as a commission merchant.—Ex.

Accomplishments of Age.

For the sober encouragement of people who have reached later middle age, a famous correspondent of the British Weekly has written a letter presenting examples of great deeds accomplished after the half-century mark has been reached. He mentions Lincoln, who became President at 52; Milton, who published "Paradise Lost," at 59; Handel, who began his oratorios at 65; Samuel Johnson, who wrote his "Lives of the Poets," at 63; Samuel Richardson, who attained success after 50, and so on through a cheerful compilation of similar optimistic evidence. This is pleasant reading for young and old; for the young because it confirms their own trust in the future; for their elders because it renews a hope that maybe was about to lose a shade of its glow and warmth. To the latter it recalls the inspiring example of the old gentleman who studied Hindoostanee at the age of 80, and the old lady of 70, who took up fine embroidery because her eyes had begun to fail and she wished to exercise them.—[Harper's Weekly.

THE DREAM OF SALAMAN.

Long years ago Salaman lived in the Far East, among the peoples of the pomegranate and in the glow of the Oriental day. Beneath the trees of olive and palm he dreamed fair dreams and wrote them down for the help and pleasure of men. The years rolled on and whitened Salaman's head. They brought him sorrow, and they brought him joys. But, as his time here lengthened, they seemed to bring him more of sorrow than of joy. One day he realized that he was near to the gate of death. His hand was no longer steady. His words came feebly and his thoughts seemed to wander at times among the fields of some other world, where his body and his sight could not yet go. And, sitting in the shade of his olive tree whereunder he had written many of the fair things that had pleased men's souls, he fell asleep one evening at sunset, and dreamed a dream.

In his dream a little child came to Salaman, a little child with jet-black hair and eyes of almond shape; with lips all curved like Cupid's bow, whose words flowed from between them as the fresh honey from the comb. And the child said to Salaman, "I thank thee, good man." And Salaman said to the child, "For what?" And he was answered, "For a smile and a kind word thou gavest me many years ago, and for that, which I have not forgotten, I will lead thee on, good Salaman." But Salaman refused. "I remember no smile," said he. "I remember but one frown that I once gave a child, and I would that I could take it back and blot it from my thoughts." And the child vanished.

And after that in the dream came an old man, blind and lame, and ragged. And Salaman said, "Why comest thou?" And the beggar answered: "To thank thee, good Salaman and to lead thee on." And Salaman questioned him, saying: "What I have done to thee, that thou shouldst wish me well?" Then the beggar made reply: "Once thou spoke to me of the glories of a sunset, and it was the only sunset I had ever seen, and it led me to better living, and I have not forgotten." Then was Salaman amazed. "All that I remember of the beggars," said he, "is a kick that I once gave a poor fellow, outside the gate of my dooryard." And the vision of the beggar vanished.

The evening wind wafted a leaf against Salaman's withered cheek, and he awoke. The child and the beggar were no more. But before his old sight there came a vision which was to be with him through the rest of his days here. To him it had for a while seemed that men would only remember the unkind deeds he had done them, and now he knew that the little kindness he had planted had grown and bloomed into great flowers. And more than that he knew. He had learned that with the pennies of kindness and consideration, we day by day pay the guides who are in the end to lead us to the courts of the hereafter.—[Phila. Times.

Guard within yourself that little treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting to yourself.—GEORGE SAND.

Enigma.

I'm made of 16 letters.
My 9, 3, 2, 1 is to give aid.
My 8, 10, 4 is something more used in summer than winter.
My 8, 14, 11 16 is used at table.
My 5, 14, 6 is a play thing.
My 13, 7, 15, 12 is a thing that is spoken.
My whole is what is needed to make boys and girls good for anything.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA—Miss Mariana Burgess.

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