

# The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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## OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

HERE are no days like the good old days—  
The days when we were youthful!  
When humankind were pure of mind,  
And speech and deeds were truthful;  
Before a love for sordid gold  
Became man's ruling passion,  
And before each dame and maid became  
Slaves to the tyrant fashion

There are no girls like the good old girls—  
Against the world I'd stake 'em!  
As buxom and smart and clean of heart  
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!  
They were rich in spirit and common sense,  
A piety all supportin';  
They could bake and brew, and had taught  
school, too,  
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—  
When we were boys together!  
When the grass was sweet to brown, bare feet  
That dimpled the laughing heather;  
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn  
Or the bee in the billowy clover,  
Or down by the mill the whippoorwill  
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—  
The love that mother gave us!  
We are old, old men, yet we pine again  
For that precious grace—God save us!  
So we dream and dream of the good old times,  
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,  
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams  
Of heaven away off yonder,

EUGENE FIELD.

## THE REWARD OF FAITH IN INDIAN EDUCATION.

In an article with the above caption, published in the August Southern Workman, over the signature of C. L. Hall, who for a quarter of a century has been a field worker among the Indians, and is known personally to us, these sentiments appear, which we take the liberty to emphasize by placing them in separate paragraphs:

A man down in the bottom of a well, at work out of sight, is cheered by a comrade calling down from above.

So was I when, twenty-three years ago, Captain (now Colonel) Pratt came to me with messages from General Armstrong and with words of his own, to show that the United States Government had been aroused by them to action in behalf of Indian education.

The missionary societies had been doing their best for many years; and they had done much.

They had done it in spite of opposition from all classes of frontiersmen, few of whom had any faith in the improvement of the Indian.

When I began my work twenty-five years ago, I found that a process of education had been going on for generations.

White traders and soldiers and agents had been the teachers, and Indians of all ages and both sexes, the pupils.

This schooling had left the Fort Berthold Indians, at least, in a physical and moral and intellectual degeneracy that was a disgrace to the teachers and to their country.

The first efforts to introduce a new curriculum were attended with much discomfort and even risk of life and reputation on the part of those who attempted the change.

A field left to itself goes to weeds, and this Indian field had so deteriorated; some of the educators had gone to seed with it, and the seed was not good.

Many a man of good family has found a way to vice and disgrace on a reservation and has carried an Indian community down with him.

The proclaiming of higher ideals of life and the help toward their attainment by the government has acted like a searchlight in the darkness.

The old vileness has skulked away.

If all the efforts made had only the negative result of stopping the process of creating festering sores on the body politic of every tribe, the work would not be for naught.

It would have been necessary to save

the nation in some way from infection with vice.

Some people seem to think that we have the option to educate or not, as we please, in our dealing with the tribes.

The fact is that we must educate if we do not exterminate.

To exterminate by the neglect that would reduce them to utter dependence and immorality, would be a crime against civilization in which the American people would be the worst sufferers.

We must deal with them intellectually and morally, and that is education.

The army officer who was led by God to be the pioneer in government efforts for the education of the Indians, did the only thing a humane man could have done.

When he found his prisoners susceptible of education, he led them to the opportunity opened at Hampton.

Thence he and General Armstrong struck a trail that led around the continent.

By faith they took it and kept it.

Colonel Pratt may remember what he said to me when he faced the difficulties in the way of getting the first pupils to leave their homes for the unknown world from which they might never return.

He thought me inclined to be overcome by the stolid unresponsiveness of those we wanted to help, and said, "Have you no faith?"

There is the bottom of this effort for Indian education, and the foundation of its success.

The men who have had faith in God and their fellows have seen the results.

One's first attempts are not apt to bring the results that come with experience and better adaptations.

Yet the results of the first attempt on the first reservation are not to be despised.

A little girl, dumb before her maternal grandmother, finding it unnatural and awkward to speak her mother-tongue, is a grandchild of Hampton.

Her father was the smallest boy in that first company of Indian children and youth to go to Hampton from the reservations.

He is a cattleman in good circumstances.

He is an industrious and capable man, able to employ white men in his business.

He represented the voters of the precinct at the State Convention at Fargo, which indorsed the nomination of our present executive at Washington.

Another of that first company of students is a lady living in a refined home of her own, giving her time to her people as their field matron.

The two other surviving members of that company of twenty-three years ago are women who have married white or partly white men and are doing ordinary women's work.

Two died at Hampton and seven died after their return.

These last returned in apparent good health.

There was nothing to indicate that the three years at Hampton had deducted from their years.

In this first attempt we were handicapped, as is apt to be the case in making beginnings.

It was necessary to take the children offered or get none.

Probably of those in that first company of thirteen (unlucky number but precursor of better things) few would now be accepted as pupils.

Most would be rejected as physically defective and all, probably, as intellectually unprepared.

Hampton has now a select body of prepared pupils to choose from for her advanced courses.

And Hampton is not alone in this demand.

This in itself is a good indication of the work the government has done through the impetus received from the first pioneers.

The first pupil to break the ice and offer to face the dangers and difficulties of the white man's East, was the son of a woman who had come in contact with the white race on an animal and immoral plane, where the two races are much on a level.

There, instead of moral uplift to the weaker, there is imparted moral and physical degeneracy.

A large part of this first company were of this class.

It was the only common ground at the time to begin on. Certainly it was the point of need.

What was obtained was not simply the "raw material" that General Armstrong was ambitious to try his hand on, it was contaminated material.

Consequently, in that first company, with fine exceptions, the apparent result was small and the death-rate was high.

The great merit was that a beginning had been made, a beginning that has been eclipsed by the great progress since.

In the succeeding two or three years numbers went away, on the whole representing their people much better, and in the aggregate making a better showing.

A member of one of these first companies of pupils now conducts a good day school on the reservation, and has a nice home of his own.

Another is a trained nurse who cares for our sick.

Another has been until recently assistant clerk to the government agent.

One is employed as agency farmer; one is laundress in the government boarding school.

Another adds to his income from garden and stock by mending harnesses and shoes.

A number of the first girl pupils are now home-makers among the people.

These are enumerations from among a body of not many more than a thousand Indians.

The community now finds itself dependent for its uplift on those whom one of the young men, who has not himself had the advantage of a term away from the reservation, calls the "school boys."

It was amusing to hear a sceptical agent declaim, some years ago, against the good-for-nothingness of youth educated off the reservation, while he was filling all his subordinate positions with them.

The returned pupils are to us what the college boys and girls returning home are to any country community.

We look to them as the centre of improved social life.

They will start intellectual effort.

They will correct distorted ideas of Christianity that come to those who have only the heathen point of view.

They are the political leaders.

In a recent conflict with politicians in which the Fort Berthold case has prominently illustrated the need of putting agents under the civil service rules, the returned pupils were the ones who had the courage and intelligence to push the matter to what we believe will ultimately be the success of the right.

This does not predispose politicians in favor of Indian education.

It may explain the source of some of the hysterical criticisms adverse to our efforts.

In short, the educated Indian here, as the educated youth in white society, is the person of influence.

These educative influences are soaking in and down.

We are not on the same plane with our white neighbors, but we now have similar needs and problems and inspirations.

It was as far from being so here a quarter of a century ago as it was anywhere in the country.

We no doubt appear very backward and insignificant to one comparing us with a long civilized American community, but the point from which we have started must be remembered.

We are only one generation, or less, out of animalism and barbarism.

If the bread and butter question, or rather the bread without the butter, is prominent, it must need be so with a people just thrown on their own resources, and obliged to make a living by new methods.

Nevertheless, there are forces among us that make for the higher part of life.

When we are fed and clothed and housed, then what? is a question that our better educated ones are trying to answer.

It is something to see our young men interested in the same sports that absorb (often too fully) the attention of a white community.

It is pleasant to hear creditable and hearty singing replace the old barbaric drumming and monotone.

It is good to hear debates that show intellectual enjoyment in the participants.

It is encouraging to see the beginnings of taste and refinement in some of the homes, and effort upward in many.

It is inspiring to have some among us who work and give money to help build a place of worship and advance the spiritual life of their people.

None can feel more keenly the setbacks and failures than those who have given their lives to the work, but they can count up the results and go on in faith.

The saving of Indian and white together is God's work.

So we leave the past and look to the future.

As to the educational methods, while there are Indian peculiarities, there are more and growing likenesses to the rest of humanity.

Educationally we are to sink or swim with the rest, and eventually among the rest.

Methods are the way in which a teacher brings his personality into contact with his pupils.

The personality is the first requisite.

A great German says that "life begets life."

The giving of life by teacher to pupil is the education we need.

Each forceful person will have his own more or less defective methods of growing himself and of leading others.

The result for the community is the mutually corrected sum of these personal influences.

E pluribus unum applies in education as in politics.

Missionaries like Dr. A. L. Riggs, the father before and son after him; Dr. Williamson and his father before him; and the Pond brothers who have begotten so much of the life of the North Interior, have for generations been doing a work on which any success the government has had is based.

Christian love saved the Indian till public hatred could be turned into philanthropy and the scepticism of contempt be changed into the faith that works by love.

## HOW TO BREATHE.

In all kinds of atmosphere the breath should only be inhaled through the nose.

An occasional breath of extra pure air through the mouth may be good; but in cars and in most offices and rooms nose breathing is essential.

A second rule is, since so much time is spent in cars, offices and rooms in earning a livelihood, and since these places are over heated and under ventilated—the heating and ventilation, being out of the control of most of us—we must take in fresh air whenever possible, in order that we may restore the balance.

The best times to do this will be early in the morning, when the air is freshest, and late at night, when deep breathing will help us to get sleep.

We may breathe correctly while we are waiting in the street, and especially where streets meet.

We can soon form an automatic habit of breathing properly on such occasions.—[Chamber's Journal.]



# THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE  
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER  
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES.

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ADVANCE.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,  
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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.

## PROFESSOR BAKELESS LEAVES US.

Professor O. H. Bakeless, for nine years  
past the devoted, exemplary and efficient  
head of our Academic Department, hav-  
ing been offered the Chair of Pedagogy in  
the Bloomsburg State Normal School,  
severs his relations with the Carlisle  
School at the end of this month.

He receives the just reward of his con-  
stant study and resultant excellent prep-  
aration, and the Indian service loses one  
of its ablest and most loyal employees.

Among the services of Professor Bake-  
less to Carlisle and the whole Indian  
School system has been his model Course  
of Study, his organization of an unusu-  
ally well-selected and catalogued school  
library, his system of teachers' lectures  
and instruction for the teachers.

Professor Bakeless will be greatly  
missed by the students, who, individually  
or collectively without exception, always  
found him their wise and good friend; by  
the teachers to whom he constantly gave  
valuable incentive and instruction, by  
the several societies of the school, es-  
pecially the Young Men's Christian  
Association, and by the school manage-  
ment, where his counsels were invariably  
helpful and wise.

The results of his personal work among  
the boys and girls cannot be measured.  
In an unostentatious way, during hours  
when others were resting he took by long  
walk or in private room the wayward  
youth, or the one needing special en-  
couragement, and secured from them the  
earnest resolve to do their best. In this  
perhaps more than in any other part of  
his labors will he be missed.

Professor Bakeless now quits the dis-  
couraging business of educating American  
youth, who by a false system of manage-  
ment are relegated back to the barrenness  
and destructive influences of Indian  
reservations, where they are practically  
forced to continue tribesmen, and takes  
up the more hopeful work of educating  
American youth to go out into bona fide  
American citizenship.

We congratulate the Bloomsburg State  
Normal School on its good judgment  
in liberally recognizing his value, and  
thus securing him through a recall to its  
service.

## IF THEY HAD STAID AT HOME—WHAT?

If Columbus had staid at home some  
other man would have discovered Amer-  
ica.

If Benjamin Franklin had staid at  
home "Poor Richard's Almanac" would  
never have been written, and some other  
man would have helped to lay the founda-  
tions of our republic, and would have  
won the honors which are forever his.

If Abraham Lincoln had staid at home  
to take care of his parents the world  
would have lost one of its greatest heroes  
and one of its most inspiring characters.

If Ulysses S. Grant had staid at home  
he might have made a living in the  
tanning of leather, but the North and  
South might still be compromising the  
slavery question.

If Mr. Lummis had staid at home to  
grow up with his town we should never  
have had those delightful books "A  
Tramp Across the Continent," "The Land  
of Poco Tiempo," "The Awakening of a  
Nation" and others, and incidentally the  
Indians would have lost one of the strong-  
est pleaders for keeping them at home to  
grow up with their reservation.

If there is a center of activity and prog-  
ress in any reservation headed by an  
Indian, it will be found that the Indian  
has spent some years away from the  
peaceful indolence of home.

If an Indian has made his mark upon

political, social, literary or scientific  
circles he has done so through contact  
with the world.

Talents, like electrical forces, are de-  
veloped by friction—like against unlike;  
negative against positive.

The twentieth century has no room for  
the seventeenth century, picturesque  
though it may be, and it requires little  
comprehension of the logic of events to  
foresee the future of the Indian.

If he stays at home some other people  
will win the honors that are his if he  
chooses to take them, and it will be as if  
there had been no Indian.

## REV. FATHER GANSS SPEAKS FOR THE PRESENT INDIAN MANAGEMENT.

Rev. Dr. Ganss, of this place, who is  
attending the Federation of Catholic  
Missions in Chicago, as the special repre-  
sentative of Cardinal Gibbons and Arch-  
bishop Ryan, heads of the Indian mission  
work.

Of him the Chicago American says:

Dr. Ganss is not a delegate to the con-  
vention, but when the hostile attitude of  
the convention toward the president and  
the administration was made known he  
hurried west to prevent any outbreak con-  
cerning the Indian schools that might, as  
was evident from a conversation with  
Bishop Messmer this morning, have come  
up during the proceedings.

He said in part:

The Indian question is one of the most  
vexatious and irrepressible that has ever  
confronted the nation. Though it has en-  
listed the greatest statesmen, the highest  
legal acumen, the most lavish expendi-  
ture of philanthropy, it has baffled all so-  
lution.

"Some misgiving exists—not here, but  
throughout the country—that our presi-  
dent is blunt.

I, for my part, would rather have the  
gruff bluntness of an open-faced rough  
rider than the smirking unctuousness of a  
Janus-faced Macchiavelli or the jelly-fish  
pliancy of a scheming demagogue.

"I speak advisedly when I say that we  
Catholics have more to expect from the  
chief executive of our nation in behalf of  
our Indians than at any time during the  
last twenty years. And I maintain, with-  
out fear of contradiction and measuring  
the full import of my words, that Presi-  
dent Roosevelt has done more for our  
Catholic Indian wards than was done  
during any other administration since  
that of General Grant."—[Carlisle Even-  
ing Sentinel, Aug. 8.

## FROM THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunnell, of Kodiak, are  
spending the summer at Wood Island.

Mrs. Charles E. Bunnell in writing to  
Mary Kadashan, under the date of July  
21, says the surroundings at Wood Island  
are more home-like, and it is a much  
prettier place.

"The Island is covered with fine ever-  
greens" she continues, "and the moss and  
ferns form a regular carpet. I have en-  
joyed the flowers so much, especially the  
wild roses.

As this is my first year on the Island  
the most of them are new to me, yet there  
are enough home flowers, such as roses,  
hare-bells, iris, butter-cups, violets, etc.,  
to make things seem like home.

We have had a beautiful summer. Last  
Fall and Winter there was so much rain  
that I began to imagine that Kodiak did  
not know what good weather really was.

But we have had very little rain for the  
last three months.

When we have those bright sunny  
days, when the sky and water are such a  
beautiful blue and the air is fresh and  
clear, I think Alaska is a fine country,  
but when we have rainy, oppressive  
weather, I am inclined to think Pennsylv-  
ania can beat Alaska.

It scarcely seems possible that it will  
soon be a year since Mr. Bunnell and I  
were on a visit to Carlisle.

How did you spend the Fourth of July?

It seemed like Sunday here. I enjoyed  
it as much as the awful racket and noise  
which we have been accustomed to hear  
at home.

After our long winter, we are enjoy-  
ing this Spring and Summer to the utmost.  
I expect we are enjoying the present  
month more than you people in Pennsylv-  
ania, because here it is pleasant, while  
I imagine in the East the heat is too great  
to be enjoyed.

Mr. Bunnell joins in best wishes to you  
and to all who remember us."

## MISS HILL WRITES FROM MONTREAL.

Into a private letter to Miss Forster  
from Miss Ella G. Hill, who is spending a  
delightful vacation as a guest of her aunt  
in Montreal, the Man-on-the-band-stand  
stole a peep, and captures this much  
for those interested in travel and new  
scenes:

"After my hurried departure" says Miss  
Hill, "all went well until I reached Phil-  
adelphia, and saw beautiful challies  
marked down to twenty-five cents and  
could not buy them on account of going  
in an opposite direction from home. I  
hung around the counter and looked long-  
ingly at them and then walked away.

When I reached Jersey City, had only a  
short wait before Misses Cutter and New-  
comer, looking quite like college girls  
with their books under their arms, met me.  
After the usual greetings and talk we de-  
cided to visit "Rugby" in Brooklyn.  
Have you heard of Rugby? We were  
driven all over the most important part,  
and then hurried back to New York.

What was my feeling on being told  
that I had no stateroom, is best left for  
verbal words. I could not even procure a  
berth, so managed to pass the night doz-  
ing in a chair, which was very uncomfort-  
able.

The night passed rapidly, however, and  
at half past four we were landing in  
Albany.

I left the boat at half past five and had  
a good breakfast.

There was a large excursion to Bingham-  
ton, N. Y., and almost as many going to  
Lake George, but I managed to get a good  
seat and enjoy the scenery to Caldwell  
where a very pretty new steamer was  
awaiting our arrival.

I could not begin to describe the beau-  
ties of Lake George, it is a panorama of  
the most beautiful pictures, dense thun-  
der clouds on the one side and bright sun-  
shine on the other adding to the grand-  
eur of lake and mountains.

The shores are dotted with the most  
commodious and stylish hotels and sum-  
mer residences, while on many of the is-  
lands the tents of the campers were plain-  
ly seen amid the trees.

The lake seems to be a succession of  
small lakes, surrounded by either thick-  
ly wooded mountains or cliffs, the rocks  
rising out of the water abruptly for hun-  
dreds of feet.

We saw hotels nestled on the sides of  
mountains, which from our point of view  
looked almost inaccessible.

I do not see how nature could improve  
on Lake George and its setting.

We were treated to several heavy  
showers, followed by the most brilliant  
rainbows. I considered we were greatly  
favored by the elements.

A short railroad trip from Baldwin, at  
the head of Lake George, to Ft. Ticon-  
deroga, at the foot of Lake Champlain,  
brought us to a large lake whose surround-  
ings were a great contrast to those of the  
one we had just left.

But I must tell you, as I left the boat  
at Lake George I saw an Indian selling  
baskets, and I felt so much at home with  
him that I only regretted not having  
known he was on the boat.

He told me he had ten children, three  
of whom he would like to send away to  
school, but as his wife is a full blood, she  
will not consent to giving up her chil-  
dren for five years. He talked well, and  
I should like to have seen his family.

Well, here we are on Lake Cham-  
plain—Vermont very low and undulat-  
ing on the right, New York low in the  
foreground and mountains in the back  
ground.

There are no signs of the summer visi-  
tors along these shores compared with  
those of Lake George, and there is an  
utter lack of attractive scenery.

We could see the ruins of the old Fort  
and other historical points, but the view  
is so tame after Lake George that we  
feel rather disappointed; however, it is a  
lovely sail, and as our boat is late we  
land at Port Kent finding our train  
waiting for us, and we reached Montreal  
an hour behind time.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is a large stone house situated on  
the mountain so far above the city that  
a beautiful view is obtained from the  
front balcony where I have spent two  
afternoons when not somewhere else.

I have attended three churches. The  
Episcopal Cathedral is quite large and  
has one of the finest organs it has been  
my pleasure to hear and see; after the  
service, at the request of a friend we

were treated to several selections using  
combinations peculiar to this organ, or  
particularly one, called the celestial or-  
gan, producing the effect of beautiful  
chimes.

I felt quite confident the whole city of  
Montreal was enjoying it as much as I,  
but was assured it was only a stop in the  
organ. It was certainly celestial with  
'Hark, hark my soul!' the organ playing  
a most delicate and effective accompani-  
ment

We visited a Methodist church which  
seats 2300 people.

In a large Jesuit church we heard as  
fine a choir of men's voices as I have ever  
been privileged to hear.

The organ and the choir were in a sec-  
ond gallery above our heads in the rear  
of the church, and the effect was of a  
body of singers in the centre of the con-  
gregation.

I also visited the large French Catholic  
Church which seats 10,000 people.

We do not know what churches ARE in  
Carlisle

This afternoon I had a long drive with  
Mrs. Molson in her Victoria, through Roy-  
al Park, and judging from the views ob-  
tained from there I think it well named.

From one point on the top of the moun-  
tain, gained by a beautiful drive which  
winds around so gradually that one does  
not realize the height they are attaining,  
the whole city of Montreal, with some  
outlying country, and mountains for a  
background were revealed to our view—  
the city looking so flat and the mountains  
so blue.

We could see the Adirondacks, Green,  
Canadian, and some straggling mount-  
ains which do not belong to any range. I  
had never beheld anything of the kind.

On Friday we expect to start on a three-  
days' trip; have our staterooms engaged  
and expect to leave in the evening for  
Quebec. From there we take another  
steamer for the Saguenay.

We return to Quebec Monday morning  
and remain there all day reaching Mont-  
real Tuesday morning.

Every one says it is a very fine trip,  
and I am so glad to have a prospect of  
seeing Quebec. The trip costs twenty-  
three dollars without meals.

Next week my Aunt is planning on go-  
ing up the St. Lawrence quite a distance.  
I think I shall have plenty of the water  
to satisfy me for another year at Carlisle  
without having such a desire to patron-  
ize the creek. A number of trips have  
been planned and we shall have a lovely  
time.

I revel in Mrs. Molson's garden—such  
pansies, sweet peas and goose berries, the  
latter fully the size of a hickory nut, and  
delicious. I eat them to my hearts con-  
tent; and the flowers and trees are so  
beautiful and the latter so profuse I can-  
not begin to describe the beauties of the  
place.

Yesterday I spent on the mountains, in  
the morning feasting on the grand view  
from the two points of observation, my  
Aunt pointing out the principal buildings,

I ascended on the inclined plane rail-  
road, and felt rather timid at first, but  
the view stretching out at our feet dis-  
pelled all fear.

In the afternoon I had a long drive  
with Mrs. Molson, through the Park and  
cemetery.

It is finished in Italian marble and the  
entrance is a conservatory filled with the  
choicest plants. Everything is immacu-  
late. It is the gift of one man who bears  
all the expense for one year.

Montreal is certainly blest with very  
liberal, public-spirited, wealthy men.

The Royal Victoria Hospital which is  
a magnificent pile of buildings, was giv-  
en by two men, and all the handsome  
buildings at McGill college have been  
donated, including the latest appliances.  
I have never heard of such liberality.

We are having cool, delightful weath-  
er, and hope you are favored with the  
same."

Our teachers go to summer school, but  
the Man-on-the-band-stand doubts if  
they receive as great all-round benefit as  
our noble seven-hundred students who  
have the advantage of a summer in coun-  
try homes. "Just look at that bouncing  
girl!" said one of our workers to another,  
about one of the girls who was running  
from dining-hall to quarters. "Why  
when she went to the country she was  
delicate and thin, and I didn't expect  
her to live long."

Ginger pop seems to be always popular,  
whether so very warm or not.



**Man-on-the-band=stand.**

Still cool and pleasant.

Visitors are numerous.

Pianos have all been tuned.

The mosquito's appetite is increasing.

Mrs. Weber is visiting friends in Reading.

Camp-meetings are having a damp time.

Mrs. Pratt's hydrangea bush is a thing of beauty.

Miss Barr has returned from Prince Edward Island.

St. Swithin is getting all the honors this rainy summer.

Miss Guthrie spent Sunday with her brother in Harrisburg.

Too much damp weather for out-door service Sunday evening.

Peaches seem to be small, hereabouts, but they are "good tasted."

That chain fence in front of the dining-hall wasn't made to sit on.

Miss Moore arrived Wednesday, and is glad to get back, she says.

Julia Tsaitcopta went, Saturday, to visit Miss Edge at Downingtown.

Mr. Ed. Lau is at his post in the wagon shop after his month's vacation.

Miss Carter is having her rooms papered; also Misses Ely and Burgess.

Mr. Frank T. Reising, of Corydon, Indiana, has joined our teaching force.

The girls on the band-stand who laugh the loudest are not always having the best time.

The fly, these rainy days, is overly persistent, much to the annoyance of the desk worker.

The grounds might have been named Lake Campus after the last hard dash Sunday night.

That awful siren on the axle works strikes the ears of our newcomers with peculiar effect.

"Do your best," said Prof. Bakeless to his student friends as he drove away, and they will remember.

Mr. Henry Heagy of Carlisle, visited this office on Wednesday with a party of friends from a distance.

Sunday night's rain was in the nature of a clear up shower and St. Swithin will have to take a back seat.

Laura Masta has gone to the country. She will be missed at the teachers' club, for she is quite an efficient cook.

Mrs. Cook is assisting the Man-on-the-band-stand for a few days, and the marks of her ready pen speak for themselves.

Miss Pope stopped at the school Tuesday on her way back to Oneida, Wisconsin, where she is employed as a teacher.

A Souvenir Postal Card from Miss Hill since her letter, shows a beautiful view of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Mr. Howard Gansworth came in from his visits to boys in the eastern district and left the same day for Columbia County.

The singing that comes from the Y. M. C. A. hall these evenings is much enjoyed by outsiders. George Willard plays the organ.

Mr. James Riley Wheelock, band director, was sent to Wisconsin on business for the school, and he will take a vacation while there.

Miss Steele is now at home in Geneva, N. Y. She spent a delightful and profitable week in Wilkes Barre, in the study of Library systems.

Miss Noble, who is visiting on the Pacific slope, has asked for a few days extension of time, that she may take advantage of a side trip. It was granted.

Miss Forster who didn't go to Washington as was stated last week, did get off on her annual leave on Friday, and she will visit friends in the Capitol City for a time.

An exciting game of base ball was played on Wednesday evening between the Eastern and Western small boys. The score was 16-10 in favor of the Westerners. George Redwing pitched a fine game.

Miss Frances C. Sparhawk, the author of several works and contributor to magazines, in a business letter aptly refers to the outing-system of Carlisle as our "Summer School," and says it does us great credit. "I cannot understand" she continues "why so many people should think it strange to give the Indian a full white man's chance."

Mr. W. S. Dysert, instructor in the shoe-shop, has returned to his post of duty after a very pleasant vacation, a part of which he spent with his family visiting friends in Virginia.

A band of small boys made quick work of the weeds in the big patch of sweet beets at the near farm, the other day. The wet weather is a friend to weeds as well as to garden vegetables.

Miss Daisy Laird has returned from Slatington, where she greatly enjoyed her visit with Miss Roberts. We learn from her with regret, that Miss Roberts' sister has been taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

"Please keep my name on your subscription list another year. My wife and I are both very much interested in your paper, and the Indian boys and girls you are educating," writes a Muncy subscriber.

On Wednesday, Mr. Chas. E. Dagenett, class '91, teacher at Sante Fe Indian Day school, dropped in on us, from Washington, D. C., where he is on a business trip. His wife, Esther, is on a visit to her Indian Territory home.

Lillian St. Cyr, '02, writes that she starts to school again September 1st. She intends to clinch the lessons driven in at Carlisle. We hope and expect always to hear of her that she is living a life of earnest endeavor in the right direction.

It appears that the apple treats to students in quarters, come from the new school farm, and Mr. Kensler kindly divides them as evenly as possible. All such treats are greatly appreciated by our young workers, who deserve all they get.

Felix Highrock has gone to his home in South Dakota to recuperate after an attack of pneumonia. Felix has made a good record here. He says he hopes to return to his country home in Bucks county where he has already learned so many useful things.

The wedding announcement of Martin Archiquette, class '91, to Flora May Lewis, at Oneida, Wisconsin, July 27th, is a bit of happy news just received. Martin was a printer when here, and he has the congratulation of many friends at Carlisle and elsewhere in the East.

Mr. John Sparhawk, Jr. called one day last week. He is a lawyer of note in Philadelphia, and is a cousin of Miss Frances Sparhawk, of Wellsley Hills, Mass., who was with us for a time several years ago, while writing one of her Indian stories, during which time she contributed able articles for the RED MAN.

Mr. R. I. French, for ten years a most efficient worker in the Indian service, died July 27, at his home in Arkansas City, Kansas. He was for five years clerk at the Ponca agency and another five, chief clerk at Chillico. He was a true friend to the Indian, and furnished to many boys and girls the spark that fired their ambition to be better men and women.

Our summer correspondence from various sections adds interest to the paper and should bring in subscriptions. Mr. Wheelock and his mailing department boys have the card system down to a fine point, and we are ready for names. If EACH subscriber would send us one, only ONE name before August ends, we would have a nice new list to begin the school year. Is not the cause worthy of that much special effort?

Isabelle Espendez, one of our Porto Rican pupils, received a visit on Tuesday, from her uncle, Senor J. M. Giordani, Consul General de Costa Rica, from Santo Domingo.

Senor Giordani has spent several summers in New York, and speaks in praise of the United States, although he says the summers, as a rule, are hotter than in Porto Rico, while the winters are disagreeably cold. The Senor and Miss Isabelle were guests of Colonel Pratt to dinner on Tuesday.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Rosa Bourassa has been ill with typhoid fever at the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia, but glad to be assured by Dr. Alice Seabrook that she is getting well as fast as possible. That Philadelphia water is having its effect on our old students who are in the City of Brotherly Love at work, for later, word comes that Kendall Paul, class '99 has been taken to the Methodist Hospital with the same dread fever. He will receive the best attention and is most likely to recover under the special care given there.

**OUR BIG CORN.**

Mr. Bennett exhibited at the office Saturday night a stalk of corn, raised on the Parker farm, measuring but two inches less than twelve feet.

Mr. Harlan, at the Kutz farm did not wish to be left out of the fair, and Monday morning sent three stalks, the tallest being thirteen feet six inches from the roots to the topmost bit of pollen, and having two large ears of corn. Then Mr. Bennett found one measuring the same.

We understand that Mr. Harlan has several in his big field of wonderful corn, that will out-measure anything he has ever seen, and they each bear four immense ears of corn. He is watching them with great interest.

Mr. Harlan's corn was planted for the corn it will raise, and each hill was placed the "regulation" distance apart, while the field on the Bennett farm was planted closely for ensilage.

Our silo has never been full, but this year's crops will give abundance of silo food to the herd this winter.

It is said that such crops of corn in height of stalks and largeness of ears as are growing this year in the Cumberland Valley were never before seen.

We would like to compare our longest stalks with the Kansas yield, yet we cannot boast of a story like the following, which went the rounds of the papers a few years ago:

A Kansas farmer sent his boy to gather a few ears of corn, and waited in vain for his return. The boy could not be found, though searched for diligently many days. A week afterward the father died and went to heaven. As he was ushered in at the gate he asked St. Peter if his son had arrived there.

"Why yes," was the answer, "a small boy climbed up on a stalk of corn from Kansas about a week ago, no doubt he is your Willie."

Our farms are doing well in vegetables, too, this year. The yield will be large in beets, cabbage, beans and the like. The tomato crop will not be so large as usual on account of early drouth, but onions?

Did you speak of onions? One year Assistant Superintendent Campbell of the Chemawa, Oregon, Indian School told of onions they had raised, so large we could hardly think around them, but we did not hear him say they were over 10 inches in diameter, as ours are this year.

So while the rains have been inconvenient to picnickers and out-of-door pleasure hunters, they have done great work for the farmers and gardeners.

**NIKEFER AT A COUNTRY HOME.**

Our young Esquimaux who came to Carlisle last year is fighting his way up education's hill, through hard work, and he is making a brave fight. In a year or two at the rate he is learning, he will be able to express himself in good English. In an open letter to his sister in Alaska, it is easy to see what he wants to say, and his attempt to express himself in a foreign tongue is interesting in itself.

He says in part: "MY DEAR SISTER:—This country learn somting only to hot, and this summer when want rain to make light this country I never herd before when I been Alaska lounder.

(He means lightning and thunder.) I afraid this summer, too many fire, and last week been fire cross my place, and this week been 2 fire burned Barne and strok five cows this week. I know well this country only I wand Russian church sometime don think about me. My school good place if you pleave. Tell your sister I send Beast regard to him, and Charley and all children, and I like my tread carpenter, and I now not Carlisle, I work in farm I go home next month to Carlisle, and I never saw no more ocean this country only I saw river run steamer boat from New York, if you place answer this letter soon I can say no more."

Miss Senseney left yesterday for Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota, on a business trip for the school.

Miss Ora B. Bryant, of Venetia, Pa., and formerly of the Phoenix, Arizona, Indian School has joined our corps of teachers, arriving Wednesday.

Watermelons fresh from the vines and taken when the stem is dried, and buried deep in the hay-mow have kept good until Thanksgiving, says the Farm Journal, but the proposition would not hold good around here, not if they were put in the best hay-mow we could find.

**THE BAKELESSES.**

On Friday morning, Mrs. Bakeless left for her mother's home in Milroy where the children are visiting. Many were the sad good-byes as she entered the Herdic to be taken to the station, not to return to Carlisle to live.

The Bakeless home has been the scene of many a happy hour to droppers-in for a bit of sociability and rest, and ye host-ess will be greatly missed by all.

We shall expect to see Professor and Mrs. Bakeless frequently, for they will wish to visit their many friends at the school, who will always give them a warm welcome.

Who will fill John's and Catherine's places.

They are both at interesting ages, and their play and prattle cannot be forgotten.

The household goods were shipped on Tuesday and the Professor left on Wednesday, although as is stated elsewhere his connection with the school will not be severed till the end of the month.

**Professor has a Parting Word to the Country Boys and Girls.**

To the Carlisle boys and girls who are in the country bravely doing their duty and sustaining the Carlisle principle, I take this means of saying "Good bye." I regret exceedingly that I cannot look into your faces once more and clasp you each by the hands as a final parting. You have all helped me during the years we have been together. You have my warmest friendship, and best wishes for your success always. May God's blessing attend you and help you to be noble and true. Sincerely your friend,

O. H. BAKELESS.

A business note from Professor Bakeless on the way, says "I'm safe at Harrisburg but awful solemn."

**AN IDEAL MARRIAGE.**

Annie Parnell, class 1901, left many friends here who will be glad to hear of her marriage to "one of our best young men," as the missionary at Lapwai, Idaho, puts it.

She has been at home a year and a half and has constantly kept up the standard of good behavior and civilized dress that she attained at Carlisle.

The happy man is Charles Westly Little, a good worker, in prosperous circumstances, with several allotments and some money already saved up. They will have a comfortable home in or near Stuart, Idaho.

We warmly congratulate them, and wish them continued prosperity.

This is the kind of news that makes our hearts glad.

If all returned students would live up to their ideals as Annie has done, there would soon be no more "wards of the Government," but in their stead worthy citizens of their various States.

**THE BRIDE AND GROOM ARRIVE.**

Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie returned from their wedding trip early Sunday morning, an impression having gone out that they could not arrive before Monday evening. They slipped in very quietly and appeared at breakfast table as demurely as if they had been here all the time.

They found in their rooms a number of pretty and useful gifts from their associates here, many of whom are taking their vacations, but they missed the floral decorations planned for Monday.

Their many friends are glad that matrimony does not withdraw them from the school.

Miss Clara L. Smith at Chautauqua, says the program is very good. They have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Senator Mark Hanna. "Am getting all I can out of the Summer school and feel much rested. There has been a continual feast of good things. Last week we had a most delightful course in American history by Edwin Erle Sparks, of the University of Chicago. Booker Washington drew the largest crowd of the season. The music is up to its usual standard. They have a Glee Club, and I was very much pleased to know that Alfred Venne is a member of it. Joseph Ruiz took part in the field sports. I am taking a course of lectures under Professor Howard Griggs, and nature work with a teacher from Cornell, also physical culture with Miss Bishop, of New York."



## OUR CHAPLAIN IN THE INDIAN FIELD.

Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer, of the First Lutheran Church of Carlisle, and the Chaplain of our school, has gone to visit a number of the Indian reservations in the far west. A letter which appeared in the Carlisle Evening Sentinel, August 7, tells of some interesting experiences:

VERMILION LAKE, MINN.  
August 2, 1902.

DEAR SENTINEL:

Here I am nearly 1500 miles from old Carlisle, within twenty miles of the British Dominion, and almost within 20 feet of the northern limit of civilization.

The Vermilion Lake extends back of the school buildings about 100 yards.

This lake is 30 miles long, and about 5 miles wide.

It has nearly 1000 islands dotting its expanse. The channel is very deep between these small islands.

It is now about 8 p. m. and the sun is casting its parting rays over the waters of the lake, bringing out the full beauty of the deep vermilion color of its waters.

Tower City, a town of about 1500 inhabitants, 2 miles across the lake from the Indian School, is the last town in N. E. Minnesota.

Here are the large mines of the United States Steel company, where the best ore in the world is taken out of the earth in large quantities.

The ground here is full of red ore. Even the islands of the lake have large quantities that will soon be shipped to Eastern manufacturing.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. O. H. Gates, the superintendent of this school formerly from Gettysburg, and I went back into the brush for a distance of 3 miles to see "real live Indians," at their old huts, hunting and fishing.

This is the season for bear hunting, and the Indians are scattered all over the north.

We found only a few old women at home caring for some sick children.

This is literally an unexplored country, known only to the Indian.

There is fine timber land here, but the underbrush is so dense that it can only be traveled through on foot, by the Indian trails.

We saw quite a number of Indian graves.

They bury their dead above ground.

Wrapped in blankets, they are covered over with dry leaves, then a rudely constructed box of pine timber is set over it.

We saw no less than a dozen of these graves within three miles of the school.

The Chippewa Indian is slow to take up the matter of education.

They are literally in heathen darkness.

This school which has about 150 children, has less than 50 from the Chippewa tribe.

Most of their pupils are from Wisconsin.

To-day Mr. and Mrs. Gates, Miss Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools of the United States, and myself, went to the northern end of the lake with "The Minnesota Editors' Association," who were here on a three days' excursion.

We went in Mr. Gates' 20-foot launch, "Jishib," pronounced Yisheep, meaning in English (Swan).

Well, I have never been so nearly swallowed up by the mighty deep as we were to-day.

This lake is very rough and the waves rose seven and ten feet above us, drenching us completely.

But with our Indian pilot and engineer, "Sabitas," we were safely returned to the school.

We saw a camp of Indians, making birch bark canoes, but the lake was so rough we couldn't land.

The excursionists were in a large steamer, and didn't have half as much trouble as we encountered in our little shell.

Yet in the midst of it all we came upon an old Indian, with squaw and two papooses in a 12 foot birch bark canoe, laughing at us whenever they rose 10 feet in the air on the crest of a wild billow, and the next moment were hidden from view.

These canoes are made of birch bark lined with stays, and can easily be carried by a man or woman.

As I look out of the window now, I see a squaw, who has landed at the reservation ground, take her canoe on her head and start through the brush about a mile,

where she will enter another bay and take her two children to her so-called home—a filthy tepee.

On Sunday morning I speak to the children here at the school, and go to Tower in the "Jishib," to leave for St. Paul on Monday 8:39 a. m.

Thence Tuesday over the great wheat country of Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, my next stop being Fort Peck, Poplar, Montana, about Thursday 10:30 a. m.

I shall give some impressions of the great wheat belt in my next letter.

We sleep under two woolen blankets here, and are only comfortable then.

## IN THE MAIN THE EFFECT OF EDUCATING INDIANS, IS GOOD.

The Denver Republican has this to say editorially on Indians as farmers:

The story published by the New York Sun of how the Sioux Indians at the Rosebud agency were clamoring for work, to be paid for at the rate of \$1.25 a day, is surprising chiefly because it concerns the Sioux, who with comparatively few exceptions have been hard to bring under civilizing influences.

They are members of what once was a great and powerful tribe, and war and the chase were their occupations.

If any considerable number of them have gone to work in earnest it means that the leaven of civilization is producing good results.

Some of the other Indians have not been so averse to labor.

The Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona did not learn the art of agriculture from the whites.

They were tilling their fields when Coronado, the great Spanish explorer, first made his appearance among them in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Upon the methods then employed improvements have been made through white influence, but the Pueblos may justly claim that they were semi-civilized before they heard of the white race.

It is represented that some of the Rosebud Sioux are engaged in road building; but Navajos were employed in that way along the line of the Atlantic & Pacific railway in the early eighties in both New Mexico and Arizona.

The Navajos also had their little crops of corn many years ago, though it seems that the squaws rather than the "braves" did the work.

It is also the squaws who weave the blankets for which the Navajos are famous.

There are other tribes in which farming is carried on both within the limits of the Indian Territory and in the Rocky mountains.

But at best progress has been slow, and many years will pass before all the shiftless, barbarous Indians give way to those able to appreciate the blessings and the advantages of civilization.

Although the work of the Indian schools is sneered at by some there is no doubt that in the main the influence of educated young men and women who graduate from institutions like the Carlisle Indian school has a good effect.

Some of these educated young people may relapse into the barbarous ways and life of the Indians by whom they are surrounded; but the number of the educated and trained is increased year by year through the graduation of more students, and thus the cause of civilization is strengthened.

Among the most discouraging Indians in certain respects are the Utes, who seem as a rule to make little effort to improve their condition.

But, possibly, they furnish an illustration in support of the theory advanced by Col. Pratt of the Carlisle school that the way to civilize the Indians is to so surround them with civilizing influences that they will be unable to avoid the effect.

The Utes are among the most isolated Indians in the United States.

They are brought but little into contact with whites, and they have almost no inducement on that score to adopt the ways of civilization.

With Indians living in the midst of a white population it is different, as the better results achieved under those conditions clearly show.

How did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him? He felt down in the mouth.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO AN INDIAN FATHER FROM HIS DAUGHTER.

One of our graduates who is taking a post-graduate course at one of the leading State Normal Schools of Pennsylvania, paying her own way by money earned vacation time and at off hours in term time, writes thus to her father, who is classed among the progressive Indians of New Mexico, but who never enjoyed any school advantages.

She says in part:

MY DEAR FATHER:

We have only one more month for our vacation. School starts the first of September this year.

I have had a very pleasant summer so far. My people are so kind to me and I appreciate their kindness very much indeed.

They have helped me much in many ways.

Father, you can never know how many good and true friends I have made since I came East.

How thankful I am that you are letting me remain to receive a good education so that some day I will be of some use to my people.

If you knew how much good we are receiving, you would never regret that you ever sent us to school, although it may seem a very long time since we saw you all, but the good Father in Heaven will spare us, so that we can meet again, but Father it is for our good that we are staying away from our loved ones.

I have only two more years to remain, and I am sure they will pass by so rapidly that before I know it I will be through the course and ready to teach ANYWHERE.

How are all the dear ones at home? I hope they are well. We children at Carlisle are well.

I just had a nice letter from sister Martha; she seems to be very happy at the sea-shore.

Give my best love to dear Grandma and Grandpa and Aunt Etiza.

Father, who writes for you now?

Whoever it is, is very kind to write for you, and I thank the person for the kindness.

I will now close: my best love to dear mother, the children and yourself, I remain your loving daughter, etc.

A young lady applicant for a school out west was asked the question:

"What is your position upon whipping children?" and her reply was:

"My usual position is on a chair with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward."

She got the school.

—[St. Louis Humorist.

A four-year-old boy eating green corn was bothered with the silk which got fast in his teeth.

"I wish," he said, "whoever made this corn had pulled out the basting threads."

"Will you have some squash?"

"No!"

"No what?" asked her papa who was anxious his little daughter should speak politely at the table.

"No squash!"

?

What is the most religious state? Mass.

The most egotistical? Me.

Not a state for the untidy? Wash.

The most Asiatic? Ala. or Ind.

The most maidenly? Miss.

The most useful in haying time? Mo.

Best in time of flood? Ark.

Decimal state? Tenn.

State of astonishment? O.

State to cure the sick? Md.

State where there is no such word as fail? Kan.

"I don't see how you could find room in the town clock to sleep," said one tramp to another.

"Oh, I got in between the ticks."

After finding the key to success it is well to find the key-hole.

A boy who was about to have his leg taken off said cheerfully to the doctor:

"I'm afraid I'll not be able to go to any more dances."

"No," said the Doctor, "after this you will have to confine yourself to hops."

## SQUIRRELS HAVING FUN WITH SHEEP.

All Indian boys and girls love animal life and all children love squirrels. We venture the assertion, however, that no Indian boy or white boy either, ever saw such civilized squirrels as these of which a Bar Harbor gentleman tells in the Kennebec Journal.

The home of these squirrels is White Islands, and the gentleman says they often spend their time in feeding a flock of sheep from a certain orchard there.

He says that he and his companion, who were duck shooting there last fall, had stopped to rest in an old field in which there was an orchard.

A flock of sheep was feeding near by.

It was not long before their attention was called to the chirruping of some squirrels in a thicket, and they were surprised to see the sheep suddenly stop feeding and manifest great excitement.

The squirrels went into the orchard, and, climbing into one of the trees, resumed their loud chatter, evidently calling the sheep, since the flock made at once for the apple tree.

Then the squirrels began to bite off the apples, which fell among the hungry sheep, who would struggle for the fruit like so many school boys.

The squirrels seemed to enjoy the fun, and after they had dropped a few apples from the first trees they skipped to a distant tree, for which the sheep would make in great confusion.

After the squirrels had thus enjoyed an hour's fun with their fleecy neighbors, and supplied them with a sufficient quantity of the fruit, they scampered back to their haunts in the thicket, leaving the sheep to resume their grazing.

## SMALL THINGS THAT COUNT.

It is said that Caesar chose his generals according to the length of their forefingers in comparison with that of their second fingers.

No man whose forefinger was over one-eighth of an inch shorter than his middle finger had a ghost of a show.

Men with very short forefingers are supposed to be effeminate.

Napoleon's generals were selected by their noses.

Cromwell believed that bowlegged men made the best soldiers.

Washington preferred men with high cheek bones.

Receding foreheads were the rule among his generals.

Alexander the Great, judged men by their teeth, those having very large canines being preferred as commanders.

—[New York Press.

## A Division of Labor.

A Navaho woman was weaving a blanket, the husband sitting outside the hogan.

A flock of sheep headed for the corn field.

He called to his wife, who ran and drove them out, and returned smiling to her work.

Was he lazy and making a drudge of her, as a casual observer might judge?

No, the corn he had planted and taken care of, but the sheep were hers, and she was supposed to keep them out of mischief.—[The Indian's Friend.

## Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters which make the place where one of our teachers has been studying for a month.

My 5, 6, 13, 3, 14 are the protection of Holland.

My 14, 1, 4, 7 is one of the heavenly bodies.

My 8 is an exclamation of surprise.

My 12, 2, 11, 6, 9, 3, 10 means fastened or secured. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CHARADE—Samoset.

## SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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