

The Red Man and Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

THE RED MAN.

This is the number of your time mark on wrapper refers to.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1902.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. III, Number Two.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 6. (18-6)

HIS CARE.

GOD holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,
Without its rest?
I'd rather He unlock the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say,
"Thy will is best."

I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know:
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

JOHN PARKER.

AN INTERESTING WATCH.

The following narrative relating to an incident in the early history of the life of Eugene Field is told by Mr. W. Watson Burgess, of Philadelphia, brother of the manager of the REDMAN AND HELPER, and is a bit of personal experience never before published. No one is conversant with the facts except the parties named.

Mr. Burgess says:

When Roswell Martin Field, that eminent counsel of Dred Scott fame presented a gold watch to his son as a token of a father's love,—that son of sons, Eugene, afterward famous as the bard who tuned his lyre to a sweetly sympathetic and responsive chord in all the multifarious bearings of innocent child-life,—little dreamed he of a time when this boy would become wayward and commit the folly of pawning it in order to be temporarily relieved from pecuniary embarrassment, and never see it again or be guided by it in the telling of time.

Well, such is the fact, and the story runs thus:

Into the town of Wheatland, Calif., in an early day, there drifted a devoted couple, Dr. and Mrs. Wescher, of Kirksville, Mo., to establish a new home.

Some years later the doctor died, and his widow has since occupied this home in the Golden West.

Having formed the acquaintance of this widow in 1896, on a certain occasion she casually made this inquiry:

"Mr. B—, do you know much about the value of a watch? My husband once gave me a gold one which he purchased from a pawnbroker in Kirksville, way back in Missouri, and I would like to sell it to get money to put up a nice headstone on his grave."

Asking to see this precious relic it was handed me for inspection.

At first glance I was inclined to think the fund for a monument would be rather meagre if she depended therefor on the proceeds from the sale of that old watch.

It was an antiquated, key-wind, open-face, English movement, worth for old gold possibly ten dollars, and, as a time-piece, worth little or nothing.

Scrutinizing it more closely I was startled to note the following inscription on the inner case:

EUGENE FIELD
FROM HIS FATHER R. M. FIELD.

This discovery caused me to inquire how the doctor's widow came to possess what might after all prove to be a valuable relic.

Noticing my apparent surprise she said: "Why do you inquire? Does some mystery surround this watch?"

After informing her of my discovery she was indeed amazed and exclaimed:

"Law me! I never knew that! So this watch was once worn by that good poet, Eugene Field! As I was a telling you, my husband bought it about 25 years ago from a pawnbroker in Missouri and gave

it to me. I never thought to look into it very close. Well, I wonder!"

It proved to be a Liverpool watch of the M. J. Tobias make.

Upon the widow's urgent request I wrote Mrs. Field, who, too, had but recently been widowed, and in due course, received a reply fully confirming the pawn theory, and opened negotiations for its restoration to her possession.

Suffice it to say that a most beautiful gold watch was exchanged for this old relic, and no doubt it went a long way toward procuring the headstone so much desired by the widow in California.

This incident disclosed undoubtedly the chiefest folly in the life of the poet, and caused two happy moments in the lives of the grateful widows,—one for reclaiming a precious family memento, and the other for rearing a monument upon her late husband's grave.

W. WATSON BURGESS.

PHILA., Aug. 14, 1902.

REV. DIFFENDERFER WRITES FROM MONTANA.

He Meets a Number of Old Carlisle Students.

We have personal letters from Rev. Diffenderfer, who is visiting Indian Agencies in the interest of Carlisle, but his articles in the Carlisle Evening Sentinel cover a wider field for general information.

In the issue for August 11th he says:

WOLF POINT, Monday, Aug. 7.

DEAR SENTINEL:—Leaving St. Paul on Monday 8:30 p. m. I reached Minot N. D. Tuesday at 8 p. m.

Here I reached the end of God's country, and for 1000 miles to Havre, Montana, no fast trains stop.

A freight train does the local work, and it does it with a vengeance.

St. Paul is a live, energetic city.

The beautiful new capitol just nearing completion, is a marvel of beauty, but the city of Minneapolis, with 225,000 population, its large public parks, broad avenues, magnificent residences and mammoth stores, this is the city of the west.

The bustle of this great metropolis is so marked to an easterner, that it almost takes one's breath.

Space will not permit to speak of its flouring mills, manufactories, public institutions and universities. They must be seen to be appreciated.

Our tour through the Red River valley, showed us the finest wheat crop in the world.

Hundreds of thousands of acres, just ready for the harvest.

Through North Dakota the wheat crop is also very large. The acreage is about 10 per cent. larger than ever before.

They expect about 8,000,000 bushels more than ever before. The total output is expected to reach about 60,000,000 bushels for Dakota. Thousands of men are sent here to help harvest, at \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$7.00 per day.

After leaving Minot we found a peculiar hill formation, rising in humps like a camel's back.

For a distance of 500 miles to Poplar, Montana is a desolate country.

Here and there we find the little sod hut of the ranchman, and then the herds of cattle which comprise his possessions.

The hay crop here is very large, and if we could send some of it to the Cumberland Valley we would not have a hay famine.

When I arrived at Poplar, Mon, the station on Fort Peck, Indian reservation, I was dumped out upon the sage brush prairie lands of northern Montana.

Here we see the only signs of civilization in the two fast trains of the Great Northern.

This agency and school is under Major Scobey, U. S. A.

"Lone Dog," the chief, is a wealthy cattleman, owning large herds of cattle and horses.

Rev. E. J. Lindsay, brother of our

townsman, David Lindsay, is in charge of the Presbyterian Mission on the reservation.

I visited here a large number of expupils from Carlisle. I found many of them married and living rather comfortably for Indians.

Some of them are engaged in cattle raising, others employed in and about the agency and the school.

Every one of them has fond recollections of old Carlisle and Col. Pratt.

None have expressed a word of complaint against Carlisle, but have been unanimous in their praise.

Some of them live very much like their parents, and you can only recognize them in the fact that marks of civilization are found that cannot be seen amongst the uneducated.

The tribal relation and the government reservation are the curse of the ignorant and educated Indian alike.

Scatter the Indian amongst the whites and you will stimulate ambition.

Well, aside from Mr. Lindsay there is another Carlisle man here, the sub-agent at Wolf Point—Wm. Sibbits, born near Newville, lived in Carlisle on North Hanover street until he was 14 years of age, since which time he has been all over the south-west and Mexico.

He is married to a full-blood Sioux Indian woman.

He remembers many of the old land marks in and about Carlisle.

Poplar is the home of Robert Bruce, the euphonium soloist of the Carlisle Indian Band.

The Indians about here are engaged in cutting hay for the agency, as well as for themselves.

The winters are long and cold, and they need much hay for the cattle which are kept over winter.

We wear overcoats here at night and in day time we have a good cool breeze. My next stop will be at the foot of the Rockies.

Sincerely,

G. M. DIFFENDERFER.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE ABOLITION OF THE INDIAN DANCE.

There are two sides to every picture.

Zitkala-sa, whom we know so well at Carlisle, she having been for a time a teacher with us, has made a very readable story in presenting her views on the Indian Dance, and it is a story that wins sympathizing hearts.

She is a Dakota herself, college educated and of considerable travel, and gives a native touch to the narrative that is extremely fascinating, and from her own point of view it may be true to life, but that the savage dance is the greatest possible hindrance to Indian progress is attested by others of her own race, with as much experience and education as Zitkala-sa can claim; that however is the other side of the picture.

There is a natural way to put an end to such injurious customs.

In the early days of Carlisle it was of nightly occurrence for the crude adult natives to gather in some lonely spot and spend hours in weird song with tom-tom accompaniment.

Those old boys were never told to put away the tom-tom and to stop singing Indian songs, but when the band instruments were provided, one of the oldest and most non-progressive of that first party took to the tuba, and it was not long before he could play "In the Sweet by-and-by," and he enjoyed it more than the tom-tom.

As fast as other music and entertainment gained a foothold the tom-tom and weird song were voluntarily dropped.

If amusements or pastimes of a higher order were tactfully introduced to the Indians on the reservation they would not be slow to take them up, and the old order of things would disappear.

The silly Merry-go-round is as demoralizing in character as any Indian dance could well be, and the writer has seen

them patronized by Indians of all ages whole families of whom would travel miles across the plains to pay out their money to ride by the hour on the hobby-horses erected on a prominent bluff where the whistle and steam of the little puffing engine could be seen and heard as far as eye and ear could distinguish.

No dances were carried on when the Merry-go-round was in operation.

Then why would not entertainment of a more elevating character do even a better work toward detracting from the unwholesome dance?

But let Zitkala-sa in the land of the Dakotas paint her vivid picture in her own choice words, which were published in the Boston Evening Transcript last January and has since been copied and commented upon by several papers.

The Story.

Almost within a stone's throw from where I sit lies the great frozen Missouri. Like other reptiles, the low murmuring brown river sleeps through the winter season underneath its covering of blue sheening ice.

A man carrying a pail in one hand and an axe in the other, trudges along a narrow footpath leading to the river. Close beside the frozen stream he stands a moment motionless as if deliberating within himself. Then, leaving his pail upon the ground, he walks cautiously out upon the glassy surface of the river. Fearless of the huge sleeper underneath, he swings his axe like one accustomed to the use of his weapon. Soon with the handle as a lever he pries up a round cake of ice. Hereupon great moans and yawnings creak up from some unfathomable sleep and reverberate along the quiet river bottom. The sleeping river is disturbed by the mortal's tapping upon its crusty mantle; and—restless—turns, perchance, in its bed, gently sighing in its long winter sleep.

The man stoops over the black hole he has made in that pearly river-sheet and draws up a heavy pail. Apparently satisfied, he turns away into the narrow path by which he came. Unconscious is he of the river's dream, which he may have disturbed; forgetful, too, of the murmuring water-songs he has not released through his tiny tapping! The man's small power is great enough to gain for him his small desire, a pail of winter-buried water!

Here I should have stopped writing had not the man I saw retracing safely his footsteps returned—in fancy—possessed with a strange malady. Under some wild conceit regarding the force of his pigmy hammer stroke, he labors now to awaken the sleeping old river in mid-winter. Vainly he hacks at the edge of acres of ice, while Nature seems to humor the whim by allowing so much as a square inch of the crystal to be broken.

Like our brown river, the soul of the Present Day Indian is sleeping under the icy crust of a transitional period. A whole race of strangers throng either side of the frozen river, each one tapping the creaking ice with his own particular weapon. While the Dreamer underneath moans in disturbed visions of Hope, these people draw up each his little pail, heavy with self-justification. But where is Spring? The river dreams of springtime, when its rippling songs shall yet flood its rugged banks.

Though I love best to think the river shall in due season rush forth from its icy bondage, I am strongly drawn by an irresistible spirit to wander along the brink. A mist gathers over my sight and the celebrated art galleries of a modern city lure my notice. The geniuses of a cultured nation portray in chiselled stone figures of grace and strength in marvelous imitation of God's own subtle works. Then the inner light, burning underneath the eyelids, dispels the darkness limiting the art ground, and there within the extended walls are the bronzed figures of

(Continued on last page)

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.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN
ADVANCE.

Address all Correspondence:

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second-
class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from
the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has.

The white man having no reservation system to dominate him and his affairs, follows nature like the birds and pushes his children out from the home nest to fly for themselves. The Indian, dominated by the reservation system, to keep the reservation intact reverses nature—keeps his child in the tribal home nest, always a child, "mewling and puking" in his nurse's arms.

AN INDIO-AMERICAN ANGLO-SAXON
CONTRAST.

A poor Indian boy is owned by the United States.

He begins life on a reservation, supervised by United States Indian Agents.

His instruction and experiences all tell him he is and is to remain a tribesman.

He is to share in the tribal lands, but the United States will retain ownership and direction.

He has, it may be, rations and annuity from his owner.

He goes to the home school with his fellow tribesmen, duly tagged by the Agent.

He is sent from a reservation to a non-reservation school of mixed tribes, but all Indians.

His fare is paid, his food provided en route.

He is given an escort to care for him on his journey.

He reaches the school.

His food, clothing, work, play, study are all provided or planned for him.

By correspondence and reports to the Agent he constantly realizes he is still a tribesman.

He stays a term of years.

He shows ability.

He works well, gains power, would feel that his future depended upon his own effort.

He is still tagged by the Indian Agent, and goes back to where he came from.

He has no work; many of his friends and relatives, like birds of prey, wait only an opportunity to fall heir to his surplus clothing and other property.

They tempt at his superiority, they gladly put temptation in his way.

They rejoice in any sign of his deterioration.

He becomes idle, discouraged, helpless, hopeless.

He sinks into the inevitable—a miserable, worthless fellow.

Many a poor WHITE boy is handicapped by environment.

He sees others his superiors, because of education and training.

He realizes he is part owner and is to become a director of the United States.

He resolves to gain an education and skill to compete with the world.

He secures a position in a school.

He makes the journey alone.

He gets to work making his way by strenuous effort.

His food, clothing, books all come by his own exertion.

He plans for his needs.

He meets his obligations HONORABLY.

He wins the respect and confidence of all his associates.

He gains in power and skill,—a strong body, a clear mind, ability to do well what he undertakes to do.

He goes out into the world, depending upon himself, with the respect and confidence of his new associates.

He steers clear of all conditions that would tell against him.

He gradually rises from one position of trust to another, until he becomes a

man of influence and power in a community, loved, honored, trusted by all.

He is pronounced a success, but his is the success of the system. The Indian is branded a failure, but his is only the failure of the system.

One system makes men, the other unmakes them, but notwithstanding the testimony, many white boys fail and many Indian boys succeed, in spite of the system.

PROFESSOR BAKELESS' RESIGNATION.

BLOOMSBURG, PA. Aug 16th. 1902

COL. R. H. PRATT,
SUPT. CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.
SIR:

Having been elected to take charge of the Department of Theory and Practice of Teaching in the Bloomsburg State Normal School, I beg to present to you my resignation as Principal of the Academic Department of the Indian Industrial School, to take effect August 31, 1902.

It is with great reluctance that I give up this interesting work and accept a new, possibly a wider field of labor. After nine years of service in it, I am more and more impressed with the fact that it is not the intention or the policy of the Indian management to put the Red Man quickly and permanently upon his feet as an independent and self-supporting man, and thus end the work and the necessity of an Indian Service; but rather to prolong the process indefinitely. This conviction has been greatly strengthened by the evident absence of any definite line of action tending to lead the Indian out into the larger life of the nation, at the late convention of Indian workers held at Minneapolis, Minn. in July. This is a discouraging feature of the work.

The children appeal to me strongly. They are kind, responsive, teachable, frank and honest in expressing their deeper convictions, and ready to recognize what is for their best good. I have the profoundest faith in the capabilities of the race, and under right conditions, believe that the future of the Indian is a hopeful one.

Educationally, Indian schools planned along broad and rational lines, conducted in the interests of Indian youth, by well-trained and conscientious workers, are bound to be gratifying; but conducted in the interests of the guardians of an over-cared-for ward, they are bound to become the forces that deaden self-activity and lead to pauperization. The tendency of the system as at present managed, seems to be entirely in this direction. The Indians are what we make them. They are like other people, self-sustaining when they must be; idle, shiftless, non-progressive and demoralized when they can lean upon others. Turned into the public schools, brought into contact with our people, and utilized in our general industries, the Indian as a question will disappear quickly, and reappear as a useful citizen.

I desire to thank you for your helpfulness during my years of service with you. Whatever success has attended my effort has been largely due to your sympathy and generous support and the loyal cooperation of my fellow-workers, for whom I have the profoundest respect and warmest friendship. I crave your indulgence for the length and plain speaking in this paper, where a few words would have done as well. In thus prolonging it, I presume upon the years I have worked with you, in the closest sympathy and harmony, and the deep interest I have in the cause of the Indian and Indian education.

Respectfully,

O. H. BAKELESS, A. M.,
Principal Academic Department.

Colonel Pratt's Answer.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE,
CARLISLE PA, Aug. 18th, '02.

MY DEAR PROF. BAKELESS:

You conclude best to leave Carlisle for the wider field and better rewards offered from which you came to us. Though with greatest reluctance I must accept your judgment. You have given nine of your best years and the most devoted, exemplary and efficient service to Carlisle and its cause.

Acting for the United States and familiar with all the facts, this is to bid you "God speed" and to say "well done," for

in all the qualities of highest influence, thorough organization of the forces under your control and the proper distribution and assignment of the material wrought upon, yours has been a master's hand and the results are a monument to you, most enduring and of largest proportions.

Ever faithfully your friend,

R. H. PRATT,
Lt. Col. and Supt.

PROF. O. H. BAKELESS.

BACK FROM THE WEST.

Mr. Siceni Nori, class '94 Assistant clerk to Mr. Bietzel, has returned from New Mexico, where he went a short time since, to take the body of Charles Paisano.

The errand was a sad one, and threw its shadow over his visit to his old home. He talked freely to our reporter, who gave us the following interview.

"Did you see marks of progress at Laguna since your last visit?"

"Yes, a good many."

"Do the Pueblo people, cultivate their land?"

"All have small gardens containing melons, chili, and a few other vegetables, and a small patch of wheat, enough to last the family through the short winter."

"Have they any cattle?"

"Nearly all have sheep, and a few cattle. Often three or four neighbors will bunch their sheep and take turns herding them, each man staying out with them two weeks, while the others attend to their gardens."

"Some Indians do not like the meat of sheep, do the Pueblos eat mutton?"

"They use the flesh of sheep for food as necessity requires, and the wool for weaving the coarse blankets they make for their own use."

"Do they find ways of earning money?"

"Many of the young men of eighteen years and upward work on the railroad, and are able to support their parents comfortably in this way."

"How do the returned students compare with the other young men in this?"

"They are leaders in the effort at self-support. They are all the time trying to get ahead of each other. When they come from work they ask each other 'How much did you get?' and then, 'Well, I made so and so.' One and another said to me, 'I am afraid Colonel won't think we are getting so very much, but every thing we have we get by our own exertions. We have nothing from the Government.'"

"Do they work on the railroad steadily?"

"Some work all the year round, others whose parents are quite old come home in the winter to take care of their parents, going out again after getting the garden well started."

Can you give me the names of our old students who are doing well?"

"Nearly all are doing exceedingly well, There are Ulysses and William Paisano, Charles Carr, Walter Analla, Charles Kieh; perhaps the most well-to-do of all is John Chavis. Two are employed in the Locomotive Works in Albuquerque,—Samuel Keryte and Paul Shattuck."

"What of the girls?"

"The girls with one or two exceptions, are all doing well. Their homes are very clean and neat both inside and out. No tin cans or other refuse thrown around their doors."

"Any special cases?"

"Yes, one girl who has a position at Albuquerque, has built a nice stone house with several rooms, comfortably furnished, for her mother, who has for company another old Indian woman, whose son has employment away from the reservation, and sends her money regularly."

"How do they feel about sending their children away to school?"

"They are a very conservative people, and the older men hesitate still about sending their children very far away, but those who have been to Carlisle are anxious to send their children East realizing the benefits they receive."

"Did the old students ask about Carlisle?"

"They all inquired about the school, naming their old teachers and sent messages to them. Julia Dorris has a piano in her house and plays 'the pieces that Miss Moore taught her eight years ago.'"

"Are their religious dances kept-up?"

"They rarely dance now except when tourists want to see something of the kind, then the governor is asked to get up the dance, and he must ask his head men

and if the people are not too BUSY they will give one. I do not think any of our returned students dance, they are too busy. A few of the old-timers dance sometimes, but they go off and dance in the dark, without much ceremony."

"Do they accept the Christian religion?"

"A very earnest missionary there, Rev. Mr. Mordeau, has awakened a great deal of interest in the Christian religion. The services are well attended, the missionary visiting every village in turn. While I was there I knew of some who drove twenty-two miles to attend the missionary's service."

"As a whole then, you think your people are making good progress?"

"Yes, most decidedly. It is slow, for they have had no instructors except the day-school teachers whose efforts, of course, have been confined to the children. The missionary is a great help to them, he not only preaches to them, but works in the field with them, and he is fearful in his advice to them."

"The people don't like that, do they?"

"He makes some enemies, but he has the wisest men with him. He constantly urges them to get out of the reservation and live with the white people, but the old people say 'We are too old, we must die and be buried here,' and the young people say 'We must stay and take care of our old fathers and mothers.' But the spirit of competition is increasing all the time, and it stirs them to out-do each other, as I said before, and it is a good sign that the parents are proud of their children, and enjoy the added comforts which civilization has brought them."

"They work against odds at home, don't they?"

"Those at home work very hard; it really takes as hard work to make ten acres produce their scanty crops as to cultivate one hundred and sixty acres in the east. But hard work and the necessity for depending on themselves make them a people I am proud of, and I look forward to their future with confidence."

DEPARTMENT CIRCULAR.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, July 24, 1902.TO OFFICERS, CLERKS, AND EMPLOYEES
IN AND UNDER THE DEPARTMENT OF
THE INTERIOR:

The following amendment to Civil Service Rule XI, made by the President, July 3, 1902, is hereby promulgated for your information and guidance:

Amendment to the Civil Service Rules.

No recommendation for the promotion of any employee in the classified service shall be considered by any officer in making promotions except it be made by the officer or officers under whose supervision or control such employee is serving; and such recommendation by any other person, with the knowledge and consent of the employee, shall be sufficient cause for debarring him from the promotion proposed, and a repetition of the offence shall be sufficient cause for removing him from the service.

THOS. RYAN,
Acting Secretary.

Alfred Venne

who is one of our boys at Chautauqua this summer has an eye open to his advantages. He says in a recent letter:

"I am glad to tell you that I am a member of the Chautauqua choir."

So far I've been able to attend one rehearsal a day, and have missed but few concerts, but I do not know how it will be when business is rushing. The music here is simply grand. I never heard such music before. There are about 300 in the present choir, and Mr Hallam is an excellent director. We are accompanied by a very large pipe-organ, a piano and an orchestra of sixteen pieces. I wish you could have heard us sing the Anthem—"Let God Arise." I sing along side of very good singers, which is a great help to me. I enjoy it so much. In fact I enjoy everything here. Our employer is a regular mother to us boys, and the other helpers are very nice, too. We go out boating quite frequently. I wish to thank you for advising me to join the choir.

The August 15th Haskell Institute Leader contains an illustration of the general front view of the school.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

A circus is advertised for the 30th.

Only ten days more till school begins.

The calsonimers are now at the hospital.

The Allen's are getting a new porch floor.

Mr. Dagenett left for the west on Monday evening.

The corn actually needed rain. Who could think it?

Ask Mr. Gansworth to tell you the chipmunk story.

The guttering of all the buildings has been made new by the tanners.

The painting of the south half of the dining-hall floor is now finished.

The blacksmiths are ironing a surrey and two spring wagons this week.

The club luncheon now comes at the noon hour and dinner in the evening.

Mrs. Thompson's mother, Mrs. Craft, of New York State, is with her again.

The campus in front of the teachers' quarters is being filled in and sodded.

Mrs. J. N. Choate, and friends from a distance, visited the school on Tuesday.

The carpenters are on outside work altogether now-a-days, and have plenty of it.

James Miller, assistant-cook, is taking his annual leave among friends in the country.

Shoemaker Gilmore George looks lonely in these days of few shop boys; yet he pegs away.

Wah-che-ka, the teachers' club pet cat that died suddenly is very much missed by the club girls.

Mrs. Pratt's sister Mrs. Allen spent Saturday and Sunday at Steelton, a guest of Mrs. Mason Pratt.

Hurrah for the red roofs! We like them better than black, and the painters are doing good work.

Mrs. Harry W. Lindsay and children, Grace and Fred are guests of Mrs. Rumsport of the teachers' club.

Esther Allen and Catherine Weber with town friends were a part of a little picnic at Mt. Holly, on Wednesday.

A cablegram from Mr. Mason D. Pratt tells of his safe arrival in London, and that he had a very pleasant voyage.

Assistant-Superintendent Allen took a flying business trip for the school to the northern part of the State last week.

To blacken tan shoes rub the blacking in with a raw potato, and it will be impossible to tell they ever were brown.

An old telephone battery, taken apart and investigated, made sport and interest for several of the experiment-loving boys.

The court of the girls' quarters has been re-laid with brick and the drainage made to run opposite to what it did before.

The plasterers are now at work on the Domestic Science Department rooms which were altered to accommodate Miss Ferree's classes.

The shops, now slim in workers, will in a very short time, be crowded with apprentices, in from their "Summer School" farms.

Mr. Sprow and his force of tanners are busy making over the old tin that the cyclone took from the roofs, for the new annex to the steam plant.

A long dry Fall is predicted by an Albany weather prophet, and because it emanates from that famous capital, Mr. Thompson's home; he says the prediction is all right.

Now Mr. Thompson's color scheme in the Industrial Park geranium beds begin to show, especially those around the Gutenberg tree planted by the printers on Arbor Day.

Rev. Diffenderfer spoke in the First Presbyterian Church at Spokane, Washington, on Monday night last week, and his address was reported by the Spokesman Review of that city.

Albert Weber who has returned from Reading, with his mamma and sister, replied when asked what he would do without John Bakeless, "I'm going to get MY papa to move away, too!"

The little girl who was absorbed in croquet the other noon and was sent for to come at once to help wash dishes in the dining-hall, aroused the admiration of the M. O. T. B. S. because she gave up so pleasantly, when it was such a disappointment.

Some of our "diggers" this summer, are taking comfort in that they are putting on football muscle.

On Tuesday night Miss Forster dropped in from Washington, D. C., on her way to friends further west in the State.

If the boy in line is pert, let the officer in charge who was once in the line, remember that he may be an ex-pert.

Miss Bowersox has had a cool, quiet, and restful vacation at home, she says, and intends returning to Carlisle next Monday.

"Have been a subscriber for eight years and still wish to continue it," writes a Philadelphia subscriber who sent 50 cents for two years more.

Miss Lewis, who was with us last year and is now at her home in Iowa, sent us a souvenir postal card from the University of Michigan, which shows the beautiful library building, the art gallery and reading room. Thanks.

Miss Peter is now at her home in Chicago having a good rest. She has been visiting her brother in Vincennes, which she says is a pretty place. A neighbor of her brother, an elderly lady, it is said, gave Maurice Thompson the ideas and incidents upon which he based his story of Alice.

Little Isabel Eversman Wheelock, once in a while comes out to the school with her mamma, and she says through her pretty blue eyes—"I'm only three months old, but I am a good baby, and I am coming out to the school to live, by-and-by." She is a sweet little thing, much admired.

The friends of Miss Bender, who for many years was with us as teacher, then chief of the REDMAN mailing department and then clerk in the office building, will be glad to learn of her continued good health through the years of teaching in Philadelphia, to which she has devoted herself since she left Carlisle.

"Ever see John the Baptist in the stars?" asked a late college student of an unsuspecting companion on the croquet ground the other evening.

"No."
"Well, look at the Great Dipper. He was a great dipper, wasn't he?"

Miss Frances R. Scales has arrived to be one of our teachers this year. Miss Scales has been in the Indian service for a number of years, at various agencies. She comes from her home in N. C.

One of the episodes of the week was a trolley excursion of a hundred or more children and adults from Mt. Holly Springs, representatives of the combined Sunday Schools of the little city by the mountain. The printing office was a special place of interest as the "youngsters" of the party liked to see the "weels go wound," the presses and the motor being in action.

Miss Hill is now in Boston, having finished her visit in Montreal and her explorations of the delights of the majestic St. Lawrence. "We have gone towards its mouth and source, and had an exciting time shooting the rapids of the Ottawa River," she says. "I have visited many Roman Catholic Churches, all of which, with few exceptions, were beautifully decorated. We made the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, where the lame and afflicted come from all over the country to be miraculously healed."

William Hazlett, class '95, Vice-President of the Caddo County Bank, Ft. Cobb, Oklahoma, writes entertainingly of his work and prospects. He owns a town site, and the place is having a building boom: Crops look well and settlers are happy. He sees Charles Corson, and Mark Penoi occasionally at Anadarko. Both are doing well. Tecumseh Bluejacket is living in his town. William has another town site in view and hopes to have "every thing coming my way." Mr. and Mrs. Hazlett have another little baby boy in the family.

Miss Noble still writes of the good times she is having in Oregon, and it is a comfort for her to learn that her department here is getting on so well without its head. In her last letter she mentions how in going west she had to keep turning her watch back, which made her feel she was going toward her younger days again. It strikes the Man-on-the-band-stand as a good way to grow young, and he is thinking of starting in a continuous journey westward around the world. If he goes around often enough he might turn time back so far that he would again be young. Why not?

Mr. Nonnast and his three tailor boys—Walter Matthews, Julio Hoheb and Leo Prickett are piling up suits ready for the winter army of new and old students expected in from country homes in a few weeks, and from the west.

The fences that were torn down between the small boys' quarters and Mr. Thompson's on one side and Mr. Allen's on the other will not be rebuilt, and the grounds will look all the better. Next year, flower beds, hedges and vines will be added to cover up unsightly places.

Misses Ely and Burgess spent a few hours on Sunday with Mrs. Mason Pratt and family at Steelton. They went and returned by trolley, which is a fine two hours' ride on such a glorious day as was Sunday. Master Richard escorted the young (?) ladies to Harrisburg on their way back.

Mr. Gansworth is making the rounds among the students on farms near the school, who are not many. He drives one of the school horses attached to a new falling top, turned out by our wagon-making department. He says when driving a strange horse, there is no fun in passing an automobile.

Miss Inga Erickson, of Chicago, who was here for a brief period, three summers ago, as stenographer, and who is kindly remembered by many at the school, is now in Europe, and writes from London that she expects soon to go to Paris.

An odd looking street piano with drum, cymbals and other attachments, all drawn by a horse, attracted attention at the noon hour, on Friday last. Dolly Gray, no matter how poorly played, always stirs us since the much sung parody composed by our teachers last season on the Penna. University-Indian game of football.

Chas. Hill in an open letter to his father, says of his farming experiences in Bucks Co., "I have never seen a better farmer than H. S. of Hulmeville, he has good ideas and experiences of how to gain crops. He was the greatest help to me in farming lesson and appreciated very much for the instruction in that line."

Miss Nellie Robertson has returned from South Dakota. She brought with her Noel Hodgkiss. On being asked about the Indians out there she said the Sisseton Indians are so mixed up with the whites now that it is hard to tell which is which. That is the best news the Man-on-the-band-stand has heard for many a day.

"What you said of Daniel Eagle last week is more than true of one of your boys who lives at a place I have been visiting for some time. They are very much pleased with him and say he is the best Indian boy they ever had—faithful in his work, and does not run around at nights."—[Miss Fannie Rubinkham, Newtown, Pa.]

Mrs. Dr. Grove and Mrs. Mary Cassel of Marietta, Pa., who were visiting Miss Inhoff in town called one day last week. Mrs. Grove is much interested in the Alaska work, and entered into conversation with Mary Kadashan who was able to give news of special Sitka students with whom she became acquainted when on a visit to that section. Mrs. Grove presented the Sitka school with an orchestral organ about two years ago.

"Do you know my boy?" asked the farmer of our visiting agent making his rounds.

"I am afraid I do not," the agent frankly confessed.

The farmer disappeared and soon returned with his bright little Indian boy.

"Do you know this gentleman?" asked the farmer.

"Yes sir, he is my Sunday School teacher," replied the boy, all smiles, while the outing agent and farmer burst out laughing.

The boy had been in class but once before he went to the country.

In a business letter, Lillian St. Cyr gives pleasant news of old students. Her brother, Levi St. Cyr, who for a number of years was assistant printer at Carlisle, is now assistant clerk in the Agent's office at Winnebago Agency, Nebraska. Jeannette Rice Leib is living with her husband in a nice home near Pender, and they have a bright little baby boy. Louise Provost is with her sister in Minnesota. Marguerite is at her home at Lyons. Lillian has seen Wallace Miller, Benj. Walker, Ida Mitchell, Thomas Bear and Walter Bigfire All seem to be doing well.

HAD TO WAIT IN CHICAGO.

While waiting in Chicago for her train to leave, Miss Senseney dropped a few lines saying:

"My train to Dakota leaves this evening, so I'm obliged to lose to-day, as I arrived this morning, after a cool and delightful ride.

This station is alive with the cutest, brightest, most excited set of children, from the slums, all going to Wisconsin for a two weeks' vacation among the farmers of that State.

They all have large yellow tickets pinned on their clothes, with their name and the name of the person to whom they are to go.

Quite another looking set of people are standing in a group near the door. They are the German minister who is in full regalia, and a lot of dignitaries, who are waiting to welcome the Russian Prince, whose train was due at ten this morning, but who has telegraphed he will not arrive till to-night, so I shall not be here to receive him. People may say what they will, but it seems to me the Russians and Germans stand very near to each other."

Too Good For Newspapers to Take up.

Miss Kate C. M. Beth closes a business letter from Lapwai, Idaho:

"I cannot send this off without writing about one of the old Carlisle pupils, Jesse Paul.

He is so quietly attending to his own affairs, you may think he is not here.

He has a nice little wife and four children. His land is up on the prairie, his neighbors are all white people. He likes them, they treat him as though he were one of themselves.

There is no fishing and hunting with Jesse. He has a comfortable little home, is a thrifty, well to do farmer."

Dr. Diffenderfer in a Personal Letter says:

Mary Miller, class '96, has charge of the Primary Department at the Ft. Belknap School. She is efficient, capable, a credit to any school. She married an Oregon Indian, Mr. Dodge.

At Kamahi the Indians are prosperous. These are the best Indians I have seen in the west. Many of our Carlisle pupils here live as civilized men and women.

Charley White designed and built for himself a house which is as neat as many \$2300 houses in Carlisle. He is a good fellow.

A souvenir edition of the Genoa Leader, published at Genoa, Nebraska, contains among its many beautiful illustrations, one of the Genoa Indian school, and its Superintendent W. H. Winslow, of whom it speaks in flattering terms, and mentions among its employees one whom many here know, Mr. Chauncey Yellowrobe, disciplinarian, who graduated here in '95. The Leader says "he is a good one." Of Miss Fisher, once our Principal, the account says: "The school department is under the superintendency of Miss E. L. Fisher who has six assistants. Miss Fisher has been in the service about twenty-five years, and is recognized as one of the most successful teachers in the service. She came to Genoa five years ago and her work in the school is most excellent."

Charles S. Hood of Seneca, Missouri, writes of his having arrived safely at home after a recent visit East, and speaks of finding his nephew, Bert Hood, whom he visited in his Bucks County home, "contented and getting along very nicely in every way. Mr. and Mrs. Reed spoke very highly of him as to his conduct and willingness to perform any duty that they wanted him to do on the place." Charles spent two days with the family with whom he lived when a student of Carlisle 14 years ago, and says they were glad to see him.

An Associate Press dispatch from Guthrie, Okla., says that last Sunday was celebrated by a representation of the retreat of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians from General Custer and his troops. 400 Indians took part and the occasion was the annual feast in which the Indians indulged in their so-called war and crowd dance, and took place on their council grounds in Western Oklahoma.

"Are you in pain, little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No, answered the boy, the pain's in me."

(Continued from first page)

Indian dancers. Aye, they are greater than the marble tribe, for they are the original works of the Supreme Artist.

As I passed by a man hacking river ice, I heard him hiss—"Immodest; the Indians' nudity in the dance is shockingly immodest!"

"Why! Does he not wear a dress of paint and loin cloth?" I would have asked; but a silence sealed my lips, and I thought: "False modesty would dress the Indian, not for protection from the winter weather, but to put overalls on the soul's improper earthly garment. I wonder how much it would abash God if, for this man's distorted sense, a dress were put on all the marble figures in art museums. It were more plausible—it seems to a looker-on—to build an annex to the 'Infirmity for Ill-Humored People,' where folk suffering from false senses of pride and of modesty may be properly nursed.

Again a voice speaks, "This dance of the Indian is a relic of barbarism. It must be stopped!" Then hack! hack! hack!—the little man beats the crystal ice. Before me hangs a mist-tapestry. Woven in wonderful living threads is a picture of a brilliantly lighted hall with mirrored walls. Over its polished floor glide whirling couples in pretty rhythm to orchestral music. The caintness and exquisite web-cloth of the low-necked, sleeveless evening gowns must be so from the imperative need to distract the mind from the steel frames in which fair bodies are painfully corseted. It may be gauze-covered barbarism, for history does tell of the barbaric Teutons and Anglo-Saxons. It may be a martyrdom to some ancient superstition which centuries of civilization and Christianization have not wholly eradicated from the yellow-haired and blue-eyed races.

I do not know what special step might be considered most barbaric. In truth, I would not like to say any graceful movement of the human figure in rhythm to music was ever barbaric. Unless the little man intends to put an end to dances the world over, I fail to see the necessity of checking the Indian dance. If learned scientists advise an occasional relaxation of work or daily routine with such ardor that even the inmates of insane asylums are allowed to dance their dances then the same logic should hold good elsewhere. The law at least, should not be partial. If it is right for the insane and idiot to dance, the Indian (who is classed with them) should have the same privilege. The old illiterate Indians, with a past irrevocably dead and no future, have but a few sunny hours between them and the grave.

And this last amusement, their dance, surely is not begrudged them. The young Indian who has been taught to read English has his choice of amusements, and need not attend the old-time one. He might spend a profitable winter evening in a library, if such a provision had not been misplaced among the "castles in Spain." Unfortunately for him, there is not even a bookstore where he might buy his reading matter; and because of the inconvenient place from which I get my writing supply, I myself have at times seriously contemplated writing upon the butcher's brown wrapping-paper. But time and opportunity are within the reach of the Indian youth. With these he may yet make some "vigorous self-recovery" against odd circumstances. It is not so with the old Indian. The fathers and mothers of our tribe have not such weapons against their adversity. They are old and (I have heard them say of themselves) worthless; but what American would shuffle off an old parent as he would an old garment from the body?

At this moment I turn abruptly away, from the voices along the river brink wishing the river-hackers might first conspire with nature. Here a pony is ready, and soon a gallop over the level lands shall restore to me the sweet sense that God has allotted a place in his vast universe for each of his creatures, both great and small—just as they are.

YANKTON AGENCY, S. D., Jan. 15

Thoughtful Little Roland.

One day he was watching his father feed chickens, when suddenly he looked up with a puzzled face, and asked:

"Papa, doesn't the other end of a feather hurt achicken?" —]Youth's Companion.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS A DREADFUL HABIT.

Dr. Lyman Abbott in the Outlook says: SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS is an evil habit.

YOU are not a very important member of the universe; you are not even a very important member of your own world. There are other much more important subjects for you to be thinking about than yourself.

It is not well to put much thought on the question whether you are sick or well, whether you are miserable or happy, whether you are plain or handsome, whether you are stupid or quick, whether you are awkward or graceful, whether you are sinful or virtuous.

The habit of self-examination is generally a pernicious habit.

If you conclude that you are well, or handsome, or able, or virtuous, you become self-conceited and a Pharisee.

If you conclude that you are sick, or plain, or stupid, or sinful, you become morbid, melancholy, a hypochondriac, an object of pity to your friends and of contempt or detestation to yourself.

Do not be perpetually asking yourself the questions, What shall I eat to be strong and well? What wear to look handsome? How behave to appear graceful? How act to be virtuous?

That is not the way to be well, or handsome, or graceful, or even virtuous.

Who by much thinking can add one cubit to his stature?

What then?

Why, think of OTHERS, not of your self.

I was taking a lesson in golf one day. "Do not look at your club," said the teacher, "look at your ball."

I got from him a lesson in life.

Do not look at your club; look at your ball.

Think of your food, not of your digestion; of your book, not of your improvement; of the friend you are helping, not of the help you are giving to him.

Sydney Smith I think it is who has somewhere said that he was always uncomfortable in society until he came to two conclusions: first, that everybody was not looking at him; second, that he could not be any one but Sydney Smith, no matter how hard he tried.

Be yourself; you cannot be some one else if you try.

Are you awkward? It is less awkward to be awkward naturally than to be graceful unnaturally.

Are you homely? You cannot shorten your nose or lengthen your chin, nor perfect your complexion, by thinking about them.

Self-consciousness only makes the homely features homelier; but he who forgets that he is homely makes others forget it also.

Do you lack some virtue? Selfishness is the sum of all sin, and selfishness is thinking about self; love is the sum of all virtues, and love is thinking about others.

Render such service as you can to whomsoever you can—not because it is your duty, but because it is a service. Make whomsoever you can happy—not because YOU ought, but because HE will be happy.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Grow without thinking about it. That is the secret of a happy and useful life.

Eskimo Dogs.

Since having some Eskimo students at our school, it is curious how everything Eskimo attracts our attention.

It is said that Eskimo dogs are as good fishermen as they are draught animals.

Though they do not like cold water, one will stand breast-deep in it, motionless, until a fish comes within range, when he will dive like a seal, and come up ten or fifteen feet away with the fish in his mouth.

A bad Forgetter.

"What's the matter? Forgotten something?"

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it, I've forgotten what I forgot."

It is Said that in Japan

The city of Tokyo has 800 public baths, where some 30,000 people bathe daily at a cost of about one halfpenny each.

ZULU DOLLS.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders how some of us little Indian girls would like to be Zulus, and live in Africa. Zulu girls are not so different in habit from some of our little sisters at home are they?

People who know say that the little Zulu girl has plenty of leisure.

She has no clothes to put on, no beds to make, no floors to sweep, and very few dishes to wash.

She does not attend school, and therefore has no lessons to learn.

Sometimes she is sent to drive the monkeys away from the garden patch where they have come to steal the pumpkins, or she brings water from the spring or digs sweet potatoes for dinner.

These small duties, however, do not occupy much of her time.

And how do you suppose she spends the bright days in her pleasant summer land.

She plays with dolls just as you do,—not waxen ones, with real curls and eyes that open and close, but clay and cob dolls which she makes with her own little black fingers.

She mixes the clay and moulds it into small figures, baking them in the sun.

Then she takes a cob, and runs a stick through the upper part for arms, she thus finds herself the owner of two styles of dolls.

It is not the fashion for either the little mother or her dolls to be dressed, owing to the great heat.

So there are no clothes to be spoiled by wading in the brook or rolling in the sand.

HOW TO GROW WRINKLED AND OLD.

Eat late suppers, sleep only a few hours, and see how wrinkled and old you look in a very short time.

Take all the sleep you can.

If you don't get eight or nine hours' sleep at night take it in the daytime.

Don't sleep with too many bedclothes over you.

It is very unhealthy to have too much covering, as it keeps the impurities in the body.

Try to do with less bed covering and see if you do not sleep better.—[Phila Press.

INTERESTING FIND.

A dispatch says that while excavating for a cellar on August 7, near Rockland station, men unearthed the skeletons of three Indians. Beside one was found a kettle of old French coin, dated 1760 and 1755. Several arrow heads and an iron box containing beads and other trinkets were also discovered.—[Pittsburg Observer.

Did not Want Always to be Followed.

An Indian girl in one of the away-out-west schools, said a recent western visitor to an interested group of listeners at our school, had a little sister of whom she was very fond and who was very fond of her.

Little Jennie would follow her sister wherever she went, until it sometimes became annoying to the elder one.

The latter was full of fun, and one day on mischief bent stole, as she supposed, away from the child, and was in the act of slyly climbing a stair-way she had been forbidden when she spied little Jennie at the foot of the stairs.

This was too much and she cried out in impatient disgust as she motioned vehemently: "Go back! Go back! Are you the tail of me?"

Woodpile Better than Whiskey for a Stimulant.

Success is a much quoted periodical, and why not, if its reading matter is of a high grade and helpful? One of the best things we ever read in its columns is this:

Self-reliance has no more insidious foe than the despondency that so often follows the abuse of drugs, and yields permanently only to the magic of outdoor exercise.

Movement cure associations are the harbinger of that reform, and the time may be near when invalids who insist on "taking something" will be advised to "take a whack at the woodpile," or a walk in the park.

INDIANS DON'T DIE OF SNAKE BITE.

Charles Gibson, of Indian extraction gives this cure for snake bite, in the Indian Journal, and no whiskey is required:

Cut up fine two ounces of any plug tobacco, and one onion as large as a hens' egg, mash up fine a couple of tablespoonfuls of common salt and mix together. The sap of the onion will make a soft poultice of the tobacco and salt. Apply the poultice at once, let it stay ten hours, replace with a new poultice and that will cure the bite. This stuff draws all the poison out of the system. No whiskey is used in this remedy. Indians never die from a snake bite. This is one of the surest remedies."

Fair Sample of an English Joke.

A young lady in England recently, on inspecting her drawing room, found the furniture and ornaments covered thickly with dust, and evidently they had not been touched that day.

"Mary!" she called the servant, "you haven't dusted the room this morning, have you?"

"No ma'am, I haven't; I am just decomposing."

"Decomposing! What on earth do you mean?"

"Well ma'am, I am just returning to dust."—[London Answers.

Let Some of Our Own Scribes Take The Hint.

A fly had fallen into the ink-well of a certain author who writes a very bad and very inky hand.

The writer's little boy rescued the unhappy insect and dropped him on a piece of paper.

After watching him intently for a while, he called to his mother.

"Here's a fly, mama, that writes just like papa."

A Wonder More People Don't "Gone Died."

The story is told of a colored woman who threw the odds and ends of medicine, left after her husband's death, into the fire.

The explosion that followed carried the stove through one of the windows.

"Mos' pow'ful movin' medsin I eveh saw'd," said she. "No wondah the ole man gone died."

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D. D.' boasted the minister's little girl.

"Oh, my papa's are marked with an 'M. D.'" returned the daughter of a physician of the neighborhood.

Then with a sniff of contempt, "Huh!" exclaimed the third little girl: "everything that comes to our house is marked 'C. O. D.' There now."

"Why, Willie," said his teacher, "what makes your hair so red?"

"Aw, I just had scarlet fever and it settled in me head."—[The Widow.

Enigma.

All of my 16 letters would be a good place to roast corn if Engineer Weber would allow it.

My 9, 8, 7, is what most base ball boys would rather do than anything else in the game

My 15, 16, 13, 14, 15, 11, is the first name of one of our respectable colored gentlemen who has been an employee for many years.

My 1, 5, 4, is to travel one foot.

My 12, 10, 2, 16, 3, bother bald headed gentlemen in summer.

My 6, 8, 7, 3, is what a cat likes.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA. The Adirondacks.

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