

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.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 7. (18-7)

FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1902.

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

FOR THE REDMAN AND HELPER.]

COMPENSATION.

THE laws of life through the ages run,
With never a hint of turning;
The lessons our early fathers grasped,
Are the lessons we are learning:
The strong must win and the weak must fall—
Or yield to the greater power.
Whether by mind or by muscle proved
In heat of the battle hour.

Pean and song from the victor's camp
Resound through the years of story,
But vain, the victory gained, I claim,
And doubtful the boasted glory,
If the conflict owned no lesser aim—
No rapt incentive other
Than to stretch a hand from the higher ground
To the lately vanquished brother.

Struggle for life is the primal truth
The heroes of Time have heeded,
But heroes of Time from the vantage plane
Another code have needed.
'Tis not enough for one's self to rise
To the heights of the world's endeavor;
There's room to spare, at the top, for all—
Sturdy and weak together.

For weakness comes from a want of faith,
Of knowledge and hope's endurance;
The price the great to the less must pay
Is love and that love's assurance;
And those who rule on the earth to-day
Owe a debt whose liquidation
Is succor and help to the ones outstripped
In the race for fame and station.

CARLISLE, Aug. 25, 1902.

A. W. G.

LYE-BREAD, OR CUBA IS-TAK-LIGU, AS THE MUSCOGEE CALL IT.

Mr. Chas. Gibson is a Muscogee Indian in general merchandise business at Eufaula, Indian Territory. He has an occasional terse article, full of bright originality and common sense, in the Indian Journal. One day recently, he says, while visiting the Journal office, he found among the exchanges, THE RED MAN AND HELPER containing an article on "Sheets of Bread."

He said it had the "ring or ear marks of an Indian," and although he is "deficient in education never having advanced further than McGuffey's Third Reader," he writes occasionally for publication, but deplors the fact that he did not remain longer at school. The article in our paper reminded him that the Muscogee Indians have dishes that we may not know about, and so he sends us the following:

Cuba Is-tak-ligu is a bread that the old hunters carried out on long hunts—say four months, and was made out of corn like this:

The corn was soaked in lye from wood ashes until it would peel the husk off of the corn, then it was beaten with a mortar and pestle leaving the grains about halves. Then it was put into some kind of an oven and parched a little.

This was then placed in the mortar and pounded to fine meal. This meal was then mixed with strong lye from the wood-ashes and baked as other bread and then placed on a shelf in the hot sun for a couple of days.

It is then taken down from the shelf as hard as wood, and will resist any kind of climate or rain or snow, and will last pure for six months.

They are baked always with a hole in the center, so that they may be strung like beads on a string.

They are about the size of a biscuit.

In cooking deer, turkey, bison or elk meat, this bread is placed on top of the vessel of meat, while cooking, and this softens the bran very nicely, and in this way the old hunters used to go from the Creek nation to the Rocky Mountains and be gone five or six months, carrying all their bread with them ready cooked.

Little girl just returned from market.

Mother: "Well, Mary Ann, didn't the butcher have pigs' feet?"

Mary Ann: "O mamma, I went and looked; but I could not see whether he had pigs' feet or not, for he had his boots on."

IT DOES NOT PAY TO BE UNTIDY IN DRESS NOR "LOUD."

Who of us cannot call to mind just such a woman among our acquaintances as this story pictures. If our tastes lead us to loud, showy cheap dress we may come to grief as the Washington woman did.

A few years ago a well known teacher, who had founded and carried on for many years a successful school for girls in one of the Middle States, decided to retire.

She looked about for a successor. Many candidates were brought to her notice.

The place was an important one.

The emoluments were large, no school stood higher in the esteem of the public, and Mrs. Blank was anxious to find just the woman for the place.

At last a woman offered to take the school who, apparently, had every qualification to carry it on with distinction.

She was one of the most learned women in the country.

She spoke a half dozen languages, and was witty and wise in them all, and she had a long and successful record as an educator.

But Mrs. Blank, after a brief interview, declined to consider her as a candidate, and also refused to make known at the time her reason for this decision.

Years afterwards she said to a friend: "There was no doubt as to her scholarship or her ability to teach, but her GLOVES were soiled and one SHOE had lost half of the buttons.

Trifles, you think? But they made her unfit to be the guide of young girls.

The woman, whatever her ability, who does not respect herself enough to be clean and neat will never command the respect of others."

The applicant never knew that her slovenly glove and gaping shoe cost her a place of ease and honor for life.

A place of trust with a large salary was open to women in one of the public departments in Washington several years ago.

One candidate brought the highest recommendations, but was dismissed promptly by the committee who had the power of appointment.

She was glaringly dressed in the extreme of the fashion, with glittering jewels and nodding plumes.

"We want a working woman, not a cock-aroo," said the chairman, after the absurdly dressed candidate had retired.

Nothing shows sense or discretion more accurately in men or women than the way in which they dress.

If they attach just the correct importance to their coats and gowns they are likely also to estimate the other factors of life at their just values.

WHISKEY AND DEATH—INDIAN AND WHITES AS WITNESSES COMPARED.

The Tuscola County Courier, Michigan, came to our desk this week with a column and a half article marked, telling of how a surly old white man had murdered an inoffensive Indian boy.

It was another case of whiskey, disgrace and death, and were better not noticed, but for a possible lesson it contains.

The white man and the Indians had been drinking. They met on the public highway, a misunderstanding arose and crime was the result.

One of the neighbors asked Sunfish, the boy's father, why he did not shoot the murderer, when he had secured his revolver and had him down, his answer was: "Me no shoot, me no jail."

When questioned concerning the affair he displays great caution which is characteristic of the race and will make both himself and wife excellent witnesses.

They answer questions in the fewest possible words, and if possible with a plain "yes" and "no."

The coroner who had charge of the inquest said:

"If it had been an American and his

wife on the stand every detail of the tragedy would have been gone over a half dozen times, but the Indian and his wife simply answered the questions asked in the fewest possible words and seemed perfectly innocent of any desire on their part to color the story to the detriment of the slayer of their son."

The poor old mother dearly loved her boy, and her sorrow is pitiful.

There she sits, a poor old woman, whose very life was centered in her boy.

He was slain before her eyes, and according to the story which seems well founded, for resenting an insult given her.

She says nothing, but the far-away look in her eyes shows that the last of life's charms have been taken away from her and that she longs to meet her boy in the happy hunting ground.

After a half day spent in considering the circumstances connected with the affair, it is summed up into simply another crime charged up to whiskey.

It is the old story of drink, a mis-spent life and the final reward, disgrace and death.

The old Indian can bear his sorrow by drowning it in the glass, the poor old mother will go sorrowfully to her grave, the poor boy's life has been sacrificed all for whiskey.

The community will be better off if the surly white man who shot the boy spends the remainder of his life behind the prison bars.

A SALARY FOR EATING.

This bit of information found in the Youth's Companion has caused considerable comment, and there may be those with good appetites among us, who would like some such a position. Civil Service does not seem to be in the way.

Cheer up! Competition may be close and occupations overcrowded, but a new field is opening to indigent and ambitious young men. The duties of those who enter this field will consist in eating food furnished by the government and telling how they feel afterward. The salary has not been named, but it will undoubtedly be handsome; and of course practice and experience will bring a suitable increase. The work will be under cover, too, with no heavy lifting, and will realize the hired man's dream of nothing to do between meals.

This if the Agricultural Department carries out its plans is to be the new industry developed by the investigation of food adulterants and preservatives. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, says the department, the best way to find out whether borax or salicylic acid is injurious to health is to get some one to eat food preserved with them.

The department purposes, therefore, to establish a "training table" the patrons of which shall be volunteers, and if possible healthy young men from some educational institution in or near Washington. During the time they are under observation they will eat nothing but the food furnished by the government. Memoranda will be made of their physical condition at the beginning of the experiments, and records kept of any changes which take place. In this way it is hoped that much may be learned about the hygienic characteristics of canned goods and other preserved foods.

In spite of its attractions this office of eater in ordinary to the United States government will have its drawbacks. The days will bring a comfortable sense of repletion, but the nights may be filled with sadness and colic. There should be added the inducement of a generous pension, and in the event of a fatal outcome, the honor of a burial at Arlington and an epitaph:

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,

A youth to glory hitherto unknown.

Fair science proved his patriotic worth,

But grim dyspepsia claimed him for her own.

If my bark sinks 'tis but to other seas.
THOREAU.

VE RHEUMATIC INDIVIDUAL TAKE COURAGE.

Some diseases are good for the health, says an exchange. This sounds odd, but there may be something in the philosophy. Neither the name of the author of the suggestions nor the exchange was given in the Presbyterian Banner, from which we take the following clipping:

By a curious natural law of compensation various diseases tend to prolong life and improve the general health.

Gouty and rheumatic persons, it is said, have special cause to be thankful, the sorry causes of their diseases keeping their blood in good condition.

Take half a dozen persons over the age of seventy who suffer from rheumatism or gout, and a half a dozen others who suffer from neither, and you will find that, except for their rheumatism or gout, they enjoy very much better health than the non-sufferers, and stand a great chance of outliving the others.

Gout and rheumatism greatly enhance a sufferer's chances of retaining his mental faculties until the end.

A large percentage of centenarians who die with all their wits about them and with excellent memories of the days of their youth, have suffered for many years from rheumatism.

Numbers of elderly persons in more or less feeble health are kept alive by coughs such, for instance, as bronchitis.

Chronic coughs are peculiarly common to old people, and hundreds who complain of the distress caused them by such affections are really indebted to their coughs for their length of life.

The reason for this is that most elderly persons suffer from weak hearts and feeble circulation of the blood, and weak hearts become weaker and weaker merely as a result of their growing weakness. A constant cough corrects this, keeps the heart beating more strongly than it otherwise would, and the strong heart-beat keeps the blood circulating more quickly, and the vital organs are thus kept in a state of greater activity.

And to this fact, no doubt, many are indebted for the years they have lived over the allotted span.

Perhaps this knowledge will help us to bear more cheerfully the pains which we have been accustomed to regard as evils and to see them as they really are, blessings in disguise.

MARTHA SICKLES CORNELIUS, '98, APPRECIATES A FAVOR.

In a recent letter to the Colonel, Mrs. Cornelius, who when here as a student was known as Martha Sickles, says:

"I wish to thank you and tell you how much we appreciated your kindness in sending us the fine souvenir of the school. Just to glance at the cover reminds one of the school, and the many advantages and dear old times we had under the colors of the red and old gold.

We have our own little home and farm and are getting along very nicely.

My husband, who learned the carpenter trade while at Carlisle, can fix up many pretty and useful things for the home.

Our house is built in such a pretty place on the bank of the Dutch Creek. The bank in this place is about forty or fifty feet deep and almost perpendicular. The barn extends fifteen feet over the bank, where it has more slant and affords a good place for the stone basement.

My sister and brother, Arthur and Florence, are both working in Green Bay, Arthur in a printing office and Florence in a private family. She expects to enter a normal school in the fall. My husband and I both join in thanking you again for the souvenir, and for all you did for us in giving us the opportunity to learn while at Carlisle.

Yours gratefully,

MARTHA SICKLES CORNELIUS, '98.
ONEIDA, WIS. Aug 11, 1902."

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.

NURSING THE JOB.

After spending hundreds of millions of dollars, and giving thousands of the lives of her soldiers and citizens, and having killed thousands of the Indians in driving Indians onto reservations and in keeping them there, the Government now spends millions of dollars annually in hiring, persuading and coddling the Indians to continue in tribal life and away from any participation in the national life.

Of the officials and employees whom the Government pays to help it civilize the Indians, more than three fourths use their opportunities to persuade and enforce tribalism and Indianism. Not one-tenth of all such employees heartily attempt to prepare and persuade the Indian to go out and join in the industries and affairs of the country.

With some notable exceptions, scores of the missionaries at work among the Indians, throughout the whole history of the country, have been entirely certain of their ability to prepare all Indians and make them perfectly acceptable citizens of heaven in the first generation; and at the same time were equally certain that the Indians could not be made fit and capable citizens of the United States without several generations of preparation.

Having predetermined that the Indian cannot become a capable and useful citizen, they pursue a dog-in-the-manger policy, and by their advice, and in some cases commands, they prevent Indian youth, who would go out from the hindrances of the reservation and its tribalizing influences into the region of experience among citizens, where they could learn real citizenship and self-support. The United States has established schools for young Indians within the limits of civilization for the purpose of giving them a chance to learn real citizenship by contact, but these people are the enemies of these schools in the Indian camps.

THE INDIAN AS A WORKING MAN.

The westward march of civilized labor has affected no change more remarkable than the conversion of the hitherto lazy shiftless Indian "buck" into a working man at \$1.50 a day. Large gangs of them are now employed by a Western railroad in track-laying, and they seem to like the work better than prancing around on ponies, decked out in feathers and war paint. Perhaps the strangest part of the new condition is the fact that it is the men, and not the women, that are doing the work, a complete reversal of the old way. Thus has the long suffering squaw been emancipated.—[Phila. Record]

Yes, this is a fact and there is the additional fact that Carlisle students have been leading the way in this very thing, and it is the inspiration of labor among white people they get at Carlisle, that enables them to do it.

"Education augments what a man is." It makes for right thinking, right doing, right being. It reaches toward the right, the truth; away from darkness, evil and falsehood. It strives after God; it finds Him in his works, and speaking through our own being.

No matter how much hard study is done by a student, and how much toiling and moping by the teacher in his behalf, if the trend of it all is not upward, toward right character building it is, in the main, lost effort. Or even worse, it engenders forces that are set to work to help the power of darkness. They that are not positively for righteousness are against it.

More Editorial.

To know that one does not know a thing is a very necessary step toward learning it.

Intellect may be quickened, power to think and to do augmented, but if there is not in it all the altruistic impulse, much of the work put upon acquiring knowledge and power has been spent in vain.

What we are counts for much more than what we do. What we do is constantly limited by what we are. Young men and women must appreciate this fact before they are ready to do their best for themselves, and for others.

If the mind does not grow larger in its grasp, clearer in its perception, the soul purer, ideals higher; if selfishness is not crowded into the narrow corners of our being, in humiliation and shame, our educative process has been a weak and contemptible one.

Fear is one of the chief causes of falsehood in children, fear of punishment, of reprimand, of displeasure, of loss of approbation, or loss of esteem.

One of the first truths that should sink into the mind and heart of young people, is that the consequences attending the statement of facts as they are, will never be so serious and uncertain, as when these same facts have been misstated, or concealed.

"Tell the truth and dare the devil," says the old adage.

"Tell the truth and respect yourself" is nearer the mark, and has not the elements of bravado in it, unless oneself is the great functionary meant in the doing process.

We have no doubt that this is the chief party to be appeased in many of the combats we all have with mendacity.

Craven spirits and falsehood usually dwell in the same person.

Indian boys and girls do lie, but like white children, they often learn it from their superiors, and are forced or frightened into it.

In the main, we feel sure that our Carlisle school boys and girls are more disposed to be true and truthful than the generality of white boys and girls who have had much better advantages.

LAST SUNDAY EVENING.

In a talk before the student-body on Sunday evening, Mr. Colegrove, who has just entered the Carlisle School service, said in part, the subject of the evening being "Freedom for Service":

In the past centuries as civilization has gone on its onward march the cry all along the line has been "Freedom."

We read in history of those old days when the captives of the victorious Roman armies were brought home to Rome to serve as slaves to their captors.

We come down a few centuries farther, and still we see how the few favored ones rule the whole world.

We have with us now those who, in our own country under our own stars and stripes, fought, suffered and many died that this country might be a country of freedom for all men regardless of race or previous condition.

Not only so far have we advanced but still farther:

We need not now worry or have any fear that any class of people in this country will become slaves to another class.

We have now, I believe, as a people reached that place in civilization where we can interpret this verse as Paul meant it:

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free."

It is not with us a battle to gain liberty of our person, nor liberty of thought, but we must strive, and we shall meet many difficulties in striving, to gain freedom from our lower natures.

We cannot become free from all these things at once; we may find some habits or manners of life so fixed that we can only hope to break them one at a time.

Each one may require a great effort, but by doing our best we continue to grow.

Perhaps one habit will be too strong to break abruptly.

When I was a boy in the high school I used to earn a dollar now and then to supply some of my boy-wants, which were not considered by others as absolutely necessary.

One man in particular furnished me with work at convenient times.

One winter vacation I was chopping cordwood for this man, who lived a short distance from my home town.

He was a good man.

He always took great care to do as nearly right as possible.

He was working with me, and it occurred to him one day as we worked on, that he had a habit which disgusted HIM as it does most of the BEST people.

He was an inveterate tobacco user.

He never smoked, but chew he did from morning till night.

He told me that a low spirited fellow, whom he supposed to be his friend, had taught him the habit when he was only six years old.

Well, the man decided on Friday that he would stop using tobacco. On Saturday morning he was sure he could break the habit easily.

He got along well until about 9 o'clock.

Then he began to wonder if he could really break the habit, but he stuck to his resolution manfully.

During the afternoon he several times stopped chopping, stuck his axe in the log, drew off his mitten and reached for his tobacco sack before thinking of his resolution.

Somehow he got through Sunday, but Monday about eleven he left the woods, went to the house, hitched up, and drove to town to replenish the tobacco box which he had a few days before emptied into the stove.

Now was that man free?

Did he enjoy real freedom?

He was as much a slave to tobacco as a black man ever was to a master.

Slave to a habit of his younger days, formed when he was confident he could break it whenever he chose.

I only mention this as an example to illustrate the ease with which we form a habit which becomes a part of our very nature, and we become slaves to a hard master.

The liquor habit has been so often spoken of in this connection that I will not stop to enlarge upon it here.

We all know of many instances where the best and most promising men lose their better selves forever by giving up to this monster slave-master—DRINK.

But now is the time; while we are yet free let us hold to this advice given by the apostle "and stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free."

Our lesson subject to-night is "Freedom for Service".

We are not to be free simply to think how much we enjoy our freedom; but free for SERVICE.

You have probably read that at the time when the South felt its power broken and the slaves were really made free, that is they were no longer property of their masters—at this time although the negroes had long prayed for that happy day to come, now that it had come they were at a perfect loss to know what to do.

Many had been born and lived their lives on one plantation.

They knew nothing of the life of the world outside.

They were as young children.

What should they do?

Where should they go?

Some wandered away only to return to their master's door begging him to take them in again.

Some went farther away only to fare still worse.

They were FREE; but that could neither clothe, feed nor comfort them in itself. They needed a definite aim in their lives and the ability to pursue that aim or purpose.

Let us not in making ourselves FREE from the habits we wish left behind, find that we are in this position, as was the negro of '64.

It is as necessary to have a definite aim in life if we would succeed as it is that we always give our best efforts to higher life.

The apostle says:

"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who has chosen him to be a soldier."

If a man is to be a soldier he must by throwing all else aside endeavor to please his commander who hath chosen him.

He must give all his time and his whole self to being a good soldier—the BEST soldier he CAN be.

The same is true whatever course we pursue, be it law or blacksmithing, carpentry or journalism.

The old saying "Jack of all trades is master of none" is a true one.

Many people deplore the idea that we have so many specialists; but it is simply a growth of our education and requirements.

A man who has studied the human eye for years, may be unable to treat or give reliable advice regarding troubles of the ear.

So with lawyers, each takes the particular kind of cases he can best plead.

We must get in our own work—or course—call it a rut if you will,—make the rut as wide and deep and long as you wish, but keep in it.

The hunter who would bring down the game must take careful aim and have a steady hand.

Let us in endeavoring to bring success to ourselves take still more care.

A well-defined purpose is an absolute necessity in forming a good character.

A man without it is as a straw to be shifted about by each idle wind.

Every right minded man sees some general course of life open to him.

Although all walks of life seem crowded now-a-days we must thank God that each person is in some way superior to all others.

God offers every man a chance by making no duplicates.

It does not matter very much just which calling we pursue as our life work, it is much more the SPIRIT and purpose with which we pursue it.

I believe the man who follows the plow as worthy as the preacher in the pulpit; the man working in the mine can be as worthy of our respect as the man who owns dozens of mines.

A man should not always be judged by what he IS, never by what he WAS, but only by what he IS TRYING TO BE.

When we enjoy freedom and enter the service to-day, we need much more than our fathers needed. We have, perhaps, greater difficulties to contend with and certainly more powerful means of overcoming them. At any rate each must face life alone and work out his own trials.

Now that we have a course to pursue as each of us has,—Paul says "Wherefor as we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and run with PATIENCE the race that is set before us."

It has been said that there are parts of the Bible which seem especially fitted for every phase of any man's life. Certainly it seems that this verse may be applied directly to the Carlisle School.

There surely is a great cloud of witnesses watching Carlisle. Not all wishing the best results but perhaps some the opposite. But because we have this great cloud of witnesses and because we wish to be more manly men and more noble women let us "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race which is set before us."

Don't be easily discouraged.

The president of the United States said in a speech the other evening:

"I don't care how honest a man is, if he is timid he is no good."

I believe there is truth in the remark.

We don't want over-confidence but "be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Be patient also says Paul—don't get in a hurry for success.

No difficulties are too great to be surmounted.

Hellen Keller can neither hear nor see but she passed one of the most difficult examinations in Greek before entering Harvard College.

Let this be an inspiration to you.

If you do not make the material advancement you wish don't be discouraged.

Keep on with the right life for the "true test of civilization is not the size of the cities, nor the crops, nor the census but the KIND OF MEN the country turns out."

"Lincoln—not Chicago speaks for Illinois; Gladstone, not London for England;" and the students both present and absent speak for Carlisle School—either for or against as the trend of their lives may demonstrate.

Do your duty, patiently and cheerfully and the very best you can do it.

Do what you in your best judgment believe to be best as one author puts it:—

This above all; to thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not be false to any man.

Success in the truest sense will attend your efforts.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Home again! School again!
Study the croquet rules, ye players!
The Granger's picnic brings visitors.
Mr. Reising is assisting Mr. Thompson.
Mr. and Mrs. Warner have returned.
Our sloyd teacher, Miss Stewart, is back.

Miss Veitch returned from Philadelphia on Friday.

John F. Susep, of Maine, has joined the student-body.

Orlando Kenworthy has gone to his home in Oklahoma.

The second crop of hay on our farms is much larger than the first.

Carl Jennings of Oklahoma, was one of the little arrivals this week.

Getting weighed is a favorite occupation of the returned vacationers.

Mr. O. J. Allison, of Chicago, was a guest of Miss Moore, on Sunday.

Miss Wood returned on the early train Tuesday morning, in fine condition.

Alejandro Ruiz of Porto Rico was a guest of Emiliano Padin on Tuesday.

Mrs. Allen and Esther will be boarders at the club during Mr. Allen's absence.

The carriage painter, Mr. Carns, is again on duty after a pleasant vacation.

Working on the tin roofs is hot employment since the warm wave struck us.

"Please renew. The last number, Aug. 22, is very good."—S. B. G., Burlington, N. J.

Annie Kittail, who is not well, went as far as San Carlos, Arizona, with Mrs. Cook.

Miss Bowersox has returned and will be Acting-Principal at the opening of school.

Mr. Beitzel is again at his desk after taking in all the ocean breezes at the Beacon-by-the-sea he could.

Miss Ida Swallow, 1901, who is Miss Ely's assistant, is in Philadelphia for a brief period.

When Miss Ely read of the blacksmiths ironing surreys, she asked who washed them?

The Warners are moving into the Professor Bakeless cottage, and will occupy the down-stairs part.

Miss Nana Pratt is spending a few days in the City of Brotherly Love. Mrs. Pratt joined her on Tuesday.

Hattie Jamison went to California with Mrs. Cook, to live with her sister Mrs. Matilda Jamison Schouder.

The Juniors and Seniors return to the school to-day and to-morrow from their "summer school" on farms.

Assistant Superintendent Allen left for Oklahoma, on a business trip for the school, on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Gray, our skilful dairyman, is pardonably proud of a lot of young heifers that are doing nicely in the herd.

Don't ask Mr. Gansworth about a chipmunk. He doesn't like chipmunks. It was a woodchuck. Now ask him.

Ephraim Alexander from Ft. Alexander, Alaska, is one of the new arrivals. He is a bright, intelligent young man.

The brick for new forges and blacksmith-shop improvements are being piled against the east wall in industrial court.

That "slowly rising temperature" of the weather bureau prognostications for the past three weeks has at last reached us.

We would not care if during the middle of these warm days the mercury in the thermometer would crawl out to cool off.

Creamed cod-fish, from Prince Edward Island was the feast at the hospital, last Friday noon, of which Mrs. Craft was invited to partake.

Eugene Tibbetts ran in from his nearby farm home for over Sunday. He says he has a good place, but will be glad to begin school again.

Rev. Kisler, of Carlisle, the N. Y. Life Man escorted a party of friends from a distance through the various departments last Thursday.

Maria Mercedes Castro, one of our Porto Rican girls, came in from the country a few days ago, and expects to go to the Bloomsburg Normal school.

Mrs. Canfield has returned from Kentucky, claiming to have had a delightful vacation. She says Kentucky is famous for its fine horses and beautiful women.

Three Sisters from St. Katherine's Hall, on Pomfret street, were out to see the school one day last week, and were escorted around by Ramon Lopez.

Lillian Cornelius has gone on a little visit to Frances Halftown, at Wildwood. Lillian is much appreciated here, for she does very neat work, and is ever faithful.

Miss Peter returned on Sunday from Chicago; missing the early morning Cumberland Valley connection at Harrisburg she came from the Capital City via trolley.

All people are welcome to all the cistern water they can drink, but some waste more than they drink by pumping an over-flow. We have to guard against waste.

"It takes lots of water to run that trolley," observed a by-stander who has had occasion to notice how the motor-men and conductors enjoy our cool cistern water.

Miss Richenda Pratt was pleasantly reminded that she had a birthday on Monday by numerous handsome gifts, mostly books, from her parents and others.

David Masten has gone to Hupa, California from his home. He says by recent letter: "I am working in the garden now, but will take up my regular duty when school starts."

In the item about the onions last week the Man-on-the-band-stand should have said 10 inches in circumference instead of diameter. The big corn this year has turned his head.

The mending class of the sewing department, has been moved to the former cooking-class apartment, and the room formerly occupied is being partitioned for sleeping apartments.

When we think our room-mates blood is not as good as our own, we may not be too sure of it. Not many people can go very far back in their family without discovering traces of poor blood.

Three of the old pianos have been exchanged for three new ones, and Miss Moore's heart is happy. The old ones have been in use for about a quarter of a century, and deserve to be retired.

That poor rat which fell into the hands of the electric-experimenting boys had a sorry time. They tried to give it a merciful death by electrocution, but only succeeded in knocking him senseless.

In what four respects does a callar resemble a lover? First, he comes to adore. Next, he gives the bell a ring. Next, he gives the maid his name. Then, if he does not find her out, he is taken in.—[Independent.

Julio Fernandez has come to the sensible conclusion that it were better to stay at Carlisle a while longer, until he speaks English more fluently. He knows that even in Porto Rico a person must use English in these days.

On Saturday, Arthur Sickles, 1902, arrived with seven Oneida pupils from Wisconsin. On Monday he returned to Green Bay, where he has employment as a printer. Arthur was in good spirits, and enjoyed talking with his old friends and schoolmates.

On Tuesday evening, Lillian Brown, who expects to leave us on Monday to take a course in the Bloomsburg Normal, gave a party to the girls of company A, of which she has been captain, and the fourteen boys of her Normal class, in the play-room of the girls' quarters. All had a delightful hour.

The SMALL boys are cutting the corn, and the large boys are gathering the same. The small boys have been the stand-bys this summer on our farms, and Mr. Bennett says they have done very well. They are happy when called upon to do almost man's work; the farms would have grown up with weeds, however, but for their perseverance in pulling and digging.

Dr. Alice Seabrook, of Philadelphia, was a visitor, Tuesday night, on her way to Emmitsburg, Md., her old home. Dr. Seabrook has for many years been the Chief Nurse of the Methodist Hospital, in Philadelphia, but has now resigned to take the more important position of Chief Resident Physician and Superintendent of the Woman's Hospital, of that city, the oldest woman's hospital in the country. It will be remembered that several years ago, before taking her medical course, she was Superintendent of our hospital, hence has many friends at the school who always give her a warm welcome.

If there is anything Carlisle glories in it is the educating of our students to INDEPENDENT thought and FEARLESS expression.

Vol. 1. No. 2 is the first copy we have seen of Reveille, published monthly at Grand Junction, Colo. It is neatly printed and interesting; price 10 cents a year. The illustration in the heading represents a school boy in front of school-house blowing the bugle across the mountains and plains, toward an Indian camp, calling the Indians to "wake up!" It is quite suggestive.

Father, son and son's son are working on the granolithic walks, making over the bad places. Mr. Faber, the grandfather, is a hard working gentleman and a splendid example of how untiring energy and absorbing interest in one's work brings success. He is the largest contractor of concrete walks in this section of the country, and is as active and persevering as the men under him who are much younger.

The store-room is a place of interest to visit. Mr. Kensler, keeper of the school supplies, has the arrangement of his stores so systematized, that by a walk through the many aisles of high shelving and piles of bags, one can get a good idea of the variety, the vast quantity and quality of all. He handles goods from cabinet furniture, sewing machines, coffee in sacks, leather-in-the-rough, and ready-made clothing down to envelopes, books, shoe-tacks and polished dust-pans.

KIND WORDS.

One of our girls has merited these words from her country mother:

"I want to tell you K— has been a very kind, strong, helpful and a very good girl in helping me with my house-work and with the children, and I am very glad Mr. F— spoke to me of the girls of your school. We both thank you for sending us such a competent one as K—. We feel deeply interested in the work of the school and hope some time to call and see you. She is so happy with you all there, that I feel it must be a very wonderful place and one that is doing great good, both to the Indians and to the country. Hoping some time you can spare me another as agreeable and capable and with grateful thanks, etc."

MR. NORMAN PASSED AWAY.

Although Mr. Philip D. Norman, of Carlisle, for twenty years instructor in painting at our school, has been ill for several months, the news of his death on Saturday was a shock to his friends and co-workers. Mr. Norman was four ten years a soldier in the regular army, and a well known band leader before he joined our force; he took the leadership of our band years ago when it was in its infancy, but latterly, up to a few months ago when he was obliged to give up work, his time was occupied with his duties as painter. The funeral services were held at St. Patrick's Catholic Church on Tuesday, and was attended by a large body of friends and members of various organizations to which he belonged. Among the floral offerings was a handsome piece contributed by his friends at the school.

HAROLD PARKER DIED IN NEW MEXICO.

We are grieved to record the death of Harold Parker, who left Carlisle Oct. 18, 1900. His father, the well-known Quannah Parker, chief of the Comanches, Okla. writes that his son died in New Mexico. "I brought his body home and buried him two miles west of my house. It was hard for me to part with my boy, but such is the law of human beings. The girls are well; Esther is going to Lawton to school." Harold was always a frail boy, and had he not received the best of care during his school days, would probably not have lived as long as he did. He was popular at Carlisle, and a boy of most excellent character.

FROM A WHITE SISTER.

Miss Clara M. Beans, of the McKinley Memorial Hospital, Trenton, N. J. in her letter of renewal says the RED MAN AND HELPER "is very dear to me, more so since I have been in the hospital. It has many little things in it that help me. When I get discouraged it helps me wonderfully. I see some of my Indian girl friends have taken up nursing since they graduated. That they will succeed, is my sincere wish. I am a friend to the Indians and always will be."

LASTING EFFECT OF ENVIRONMENT.

At a temperance meeting in Hobart Oklahoma, Mrs. Lydia Hunt Wright (formerly a teacher here and well known in the Indian service as Miss Hunt, Superintendent of various Indian schools,) delivered an address upon "Heredity and Environment" which, says the Hobart Democrat, was one which her experience enables her to present in a peculiar, interesting and convincing manner.

She stated in the beginning that in her capacity as superintendent of Indian schools she had stood in the relation of father, mother, friend—every possible relationship toward hundreds of Indian children.

They came to the schools in many cases from homes where there was not a trace of civilization.

The advance which these pupils made during their years at school was, therefore, as perfect an example of the effects of ENVIRONMENT as can be found.

The effect of this environment is such as to influence and affect them all through life, even though when they return to their people they again adopt Indian dress and customs.

The school-trained Indian can always be recognized.

The effect of heredity could be traced plainly in those few who had come from homes where one or both parents had been at school or in some way come in contact with civilized life.

The progress of these latter pupils was, therefore, due to both heredity and environment, and the advantages over those who came from uncivilized homes was so marked as to give some idea how important is the influence of heredity.

In closing, it was affirmed that every child had the right to be well born and then to be placed in an environment of purity and protected from the degrading, temptations of the saloon and its related vices.

MRS. COOK HAS LEFT CARLISLE.

Mrs. Jessie W. Cook, (widow of the late Rev. Charles Smith Cook, several years the native missionary at Pine Ridge, S. Dakota,) for more than four years teacher at Carlisle, having previously taught at Sacaton, Arizona, and Perris, California, has been promoted to the position of outing agent for the new school at Riverside, California, and left us this week, with the regrets of all at Carlisle, both teachers and pupils.

This is an official recognition of the outing system that we are pleased to see, and Mrs. Cook's familiarity with the Carlisle methods, together with her unusual tact and abilities are welcome auspices for its growing success in what seems to be a most favorable field.

The Indians most largely dealt with at Riverside are among the best workers, being far removed from the nomadic habit. They are peaceable village dwellers, and have had exceptional contact with our civilization.

In time we shall hope to hear that Riverside is carrying twice as many pupils as it has buildings at the schools to accommodate; that the half not at the school are under employment and in the public schools of California, thus by far gaining more of the necessary qualities to enable them to cope with our civilization than could possibly be given in that or any other Indian school.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

That the boys at the sea-shore have had a pleasant and profitable summer may be judged from these few words stolen from a private letter from John Kimble to Mr. Kensler:

"In spite of long hours at work we always manage some way to have our daily swimming and enjoy the health-giving breeze of the ocean. We are a little slow for fast work, which seems to be our main faults, but there are others not Indian who are slow. For a fact, I think we are doing well for our first experience. As the end of our time here approaches, we all feel that something has been gained, and we hope to profit by it in the coming term of school. We are all well and happy at present. I am gaining in flesh."

"I did intend to have it discontinued, but I am so much interested in the education of the Indian that I renew again. Oh, I do love to hear or read of returned students doing well," says D. H. B. of Altenwald, at the close of a business letter.

POLISHED BARBARISM.

There once was a gallant young Sloux
Whiloux thousands of enemies siloux
In a barbarous way,
Till I'm happy to say
He longed for a change from the strife and affray,
And I truly can't blame him, can yiloux?

So this gallant, progressive young Sloux
A great bushy head of hair grioux;
Went down to Carlisle,
Played football awhisle,
And learned to slay folks in an elegant stisle,
Just as civilized warriors dioux!

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

HOME OF THE LEAD PENCIL.

At the Carlisle school we use hundreds of lead pencils yearly. As we sharpen them and write with them do we wonder how they are made and how they originated? This from the Chicago Chronicle may prove interesting, and make our Massachusetts friends proud that one of her towns supplies almost the entire demand, and that one of her worthy citizens has given a famous example of how great industries may grow through very small beginnings.

But a few years ago the bulk of the high-grade lead pencils used in the United States were imported from Europe, Germany furnishing the better quality and the largest quantity.

Now, according to a recent census bulletin, Concord, Mass., is the chief pencil-producing town in the world.

The industry is not a new one there.

The first one was made there in 1812.

The war with Great Britain and the consequent interruption of imports did much to stimulate the inventive genius of the American colonists and to give a start to infant industries.

The lead pencil was one of the incidents.

The scarcity of pencils and their consequent high price inspired a cabinet-maker named William Monroe to try his hand at making them.

His cabinet business was very dull, also, in consequence of the war.

So he procured a few lumps of black lead and pulverized it in a spoon and incased it neatly in wood.

The pencil was not very good and he went back to his trade.

But, as he did not like to be beaten, he experimented every day for a few hours in an effort to reach more satisfactory results.

After four months he got a better mixture of lead and on July 2, 1812, he went to Boston with thirty pencils.

They found a ready market and his purchaser urged him to make more and agreed to take all he made at a certain price.

So he worked for eighteen months making pencils.

Then his graphite gave out and he could not get any more.

At the close of the war he resumed business, doing his mixing himself in a little room in his own house, to preserve the secret of his trade.

In ten years he had acquired considerable skill and supplied much of the home demand.

There are now five pencil factories in the United States.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR GLASSES.

Mr. Carnegie was the guest of honor at a recent dinner at Philadelphia, and before its close not a few of the guests noticed that his wine glass remained untouched. At last, just as the dinner was about to end, one of the more inquisitive persons present said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carnegie, but I notice you have not touched your wine. I did not know you were a total abstainer."

"No?" Mr. Carnegie remarked, with a smile. "Well, you know glasses are used both over and under the nose. I always use mine over."

Gold and Silver and Indian Relics Found.

While digging a trench for the new sewer on East Roxborough Avenue, Roxborough, recently a quantity of gold and silver coins, together with a number of war weapons, was unearthed, among the assortment being stone Indian hatchets, knives and other like objects.

The spot is an historical one, being in close proximity to the old Payne Mansion, in which locality the British soldiers encamped after the battle of Chew's Hill. —[Phila. Inquirer.

HOW TO WASH FLOORS.

We have floors to wash and floors to wash; and what R. E. Merryman says in Word and Works may go to the hearts of some of our scrubbers. We print it by request:

The best and quickest way to wash floors is as follows:

With a good stiff scrubbing brush, two good size cloths and two pails, one is well equipped.

Prepare a warm soap suds in one pail, and have clear water in the other.

Put one cloth in each pail.

Fold a grain sack to a convenient size and kneel upon it near one corner of the room then dip the brush in the suds and scrub the corner of the floor, a piece about 2x3 or 4 feet, is about right to reach conveniently.

When the dirt is well loosened from the wood take the cloth in the suds to wash up the dirt, rinsing and wringing the cloth into the suds.

Now with the other cloth and clear water rinse and wipe the washed piece and proceed to the adjoining space, working in this way back and forth across the room until all is finished.

Be very careful to wipe the edges of each piece carefully, otherwise the floor will show dingy lines where the dirty water soaked along the grain of the damp wood.

By the time the floor is finished the first part will be entirely dry and the whole will be very white and clean. If the water is hard and does not suds well, add a little borax to soften it.

THE INDIANS ARE DESIRABLE AS HELPERS—AND THEY LEARN.

The Philadelphia Evening Telegram has this to say:

The Indian youth or maid is no longer the object of the vulgar curiosity and far-fetched tales that he and she once were.

In fact, the farmers in Bucks county would hardly know how to get along without the sturdy, silent Indian boy for helper.

The girls are much sought after by hard-worked mothers, for they are excellent care-takers of children, loving and patient with their little charges.

In some of the minor points of etiquette it is somewhat difficult to train them.

They open the front door awkwardly and murmur "Come in" rather ungraciously.

One young matron essayed to teach her Indian daughter (that is what they are called, and they look upon their mistress as their "country mother") to ask of the caller "What name shall I say?"

The lady was somewhat horrified to overhear the little maid say to the visitor, bluntly, as she ushered her into the parlor:—

"What is your name?"

However it was a trifling error, and in time the little Indian became quite polished in her manners.

RESTING WHILE AT WORK.

He who does not know how to rest does not know how to work, says the Sunday School Times.

It is positively true that even the busy heart, in its constant sending of the life-blood from the central fountain to the extremities for the sustaining of existence, finds time to rest, moment by moment, between its untiring and ceaseless heart-beats. Hence rest is a duty even in busiest hours and matters. At the same time, to a busy mind and heart rest is not ceasing to love, or to learn, or to feel, or to think.

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere."

It is a great lesson, that of learning how to be always resting while always at work. There is no other mode of true rest.

To Keep Milk Clean.

Is there any way of getting dissolved dirt out of milk? asks an exchange, and answers the question in these words:

"No strainer we have ever seen will do it.

The only thing left to do then is to keep the dirt from getting into the milk.

The only way to have clean milk is to be cleanly about the milking.

Insoluble matter may be strained out but that which has once dissolved is there to stay."

ONE OF THE GOOD TIMES IN THE COUNTRY.

One of the students out on a farm for the summer writes a very interesting letter to his teacher, from which we are allowed to take a page or two.

He says:
"Our 'boss,' Mr. —, promised all the hired men to go with him to the sea-shore after all the harvesting was done, wheat and oats all threshed and put away.

At last we finished everything last Friday afternoon, and the next day we,—eight of us in all, started for Atlantic City. We arrived there about ten o'clock, then we began to walk up and down the board walk along the beach seeing the people bathing. Soon after that Mr. — took us out boat-riding ten miles out to sea and back again.

In the afternoon we all went bathing, and just before going in we had our pictures taken. The fun commenced as soon as we were all in; the waves were about six or eight feet high at times. Two of the party could not swim, and they had a hard time, they did not have much fun. The rest of us went quite aways from the shore, swimming up and down the waves. I never had as much fun swimming as I had that day, and our own "boss" paid all our expenses for the whole day."

INDIAN CAN'T BEAT THE WHITE MAN.

A certain well-known gentleman and scholar in the central west made public the statement that all Indians that have been Christianized are all "liars, thieves and knaves. The really good Christian Indian does not exist."

"This is not impossible" writes a California friend, "but permit me to say, that if there is any Indian, Christianized or un-Christianized who is as big a liar, thief and knave as the average white man, then you should put him in a cage and exhibit him as a curiosity. The continual practice of rascality has put the white man beyond the reach of the Indian. The Indian may be bad, but the white man is worse."

OUR WORST ENEMY.

One of the most persistent enemies that a man has to fight with is himself.

That enemy has to be fought with at unexpected times, and at all times.

Yet if a man is determined to win the victory, he can be successful even in spite of all the advantages which self has in the contest.

And what a victory it is to win in such a fight!

Henry Ward Beecher says, forcefully, "No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself."

God is with us in the struggle, and through him we shall have the sure victory.—[Sunday School Times.

WHY WASTE?

Many things we waste or throw away without thought, if saved might be of use to others if not to ourselves.

Wrapping paper, pieces of twine, odds and ends of various kinds may do service a second time if put away until the need of them arises

The habit of economy is one that ought to be cultivated, for careful saving makes lavish giving possible.

Hoarding is not a vice of childhood, nor should it be encouraged, but the wise husbanding of resources for future expenditure is a valuable lesson that cannot be learned too early.

They Laid the Baby to Rest.

"I buried a little Indian boy some weeks ago.

They dressed him as for a journey, with his hat on, several strands of large beads around his neck, and put in his coffin by his side a nursing bottle filled with milk.

Poor souls, they are groping in the darkness, feeling after God and His truth. —[REV. ROBT. HAMILTON, Missionary among the Indians, in Oklahoma.

Who can Make Sense of These "all-right" English Sentences?

That that is is that that is not is not, It was and that I said not or.

"Life appears to me too short to be spent in using animosities or registering wrongs."

A UNIQUE EXCHANGE.

Among our exchanges is a monthly magazine called Twin Territories, which comes from Indian Territory.

The cover is an ingenious and artistic representation of Indian progress by inference, with its pictures of old time Indian life above and below the words "Published for the Indians of Indian Territory and Oklahoma."

It is well and carefully edited by an Indian girl, Miss Ora V. Eddleman, and is profusely illustrated.

Without doubt its circulation will extend far beyond the modest limits suggested by its proprietor, and it will be read with interest by others besides Indians.

Prominent among the contents of the August number is an article written by Clarence B. Douglas, editor of the Muskogee Phoenix, upon the work of the Dawes Commission showing the magnitude of their undertaking in establishing the value of over nineteen million acres of land, and proving the rights of citizenship of nearly eighty-five thousand persons

High praise is bestowed upon the members of the commission for their integrity, executive ability and justice, and the statement is made that no word of complaint against them has come from the Indians who are the vitally interested party.

There are other good articles in this particular number.

Mr. H. K. Deisher, of Kutztown, Pa., writes that "having collected local relics for nearly a quarter of a century, and taking great interest in Indian history and their future welfare, I subscribed to a Press Clipping Bureau to ascertain what the press published throughout the country concerning Indians. Over three hundred clipped articles were sent to me the first month. It makes valuable history, but it is quite an expensive fad."

"Boys and girls of sluggish intellects are to be found in all schools, and the skill and patience of the teachers are much exercised in dealing with them. The success with which dullards are treated, however, is one of the tests of a good teacher; and it is really more creditable to bring out the latent intelligence of stupidity than to foster the growth of precocity."

"Success lies in making great ventures, and does not depend on immediate returns from those ventures."

"I'd rather be next neighbor to Nature, than to most of the town folks."

He makes noble shipwreck who is lost in seeking worlds.—LESSING.

"Take counsel of your faith, not of your fears."

Enigma.

Composed of 18 letters I am a welcome weekly visitor, says a subscriber.

My 7, 8, 1 is a useful article for table or floor, and something that Indians can make.

My 16, 5, 8, 18 is a delicious fruit.

My 4, 17, 10, 12 is what all should be able to do.

My 6, 3, 5, 18 is an animal that is fleet of foot and much sought for by hunters.

My 15, 17, 8, 16 is what this animal can do when pursued.

My 13, 8, 11, 6 is the handiest part of the human body.

My 2, 14, 9 gives us an acceptable food.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—His portable forge.

NOW is the time to subscribe for the REDMAN—the beginning of the school year.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

Kindly watch these numbers and renew a week or two ahead so as to insure against loss of copies.

WHEN YOU RENEW please always state that your subscription is a **renewal**. If you do not get your paper regularly or promptly please notify us. We will supply missing numbers free if requested in time.

Address all business correspondence to
Miss M. BURGESS Supt. of Printing
Indian School, Carlisle.