

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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

HOME MEASUREMENTS.

SISTER measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way,—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you are a Cheshire cat," said she.
Father said, "That's no sin."
Then, he nodded and smiled at me,—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said, "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."
[St. Nicholas.]

TWO FAT HENS.

This story taken from the Christian Register, gives the impression that there is more kindness in the world, after all, than cruelty. It was handed to the editor of the RED MAN AND HELPER, with the suggestion that it be printed in our columns:

"Do you take this car for a hen-yard? No live-stock rides inside I tell you," growled the burly conductor on an electric car on a crowded city street. "Out with you!"

And he pushed roughly out upon the platform a bent old woman, muffled in a ragged shawl.

The other passengers glanced up curiously to see what the live stock might be, and perceived that the old lady was carrying by the legs a pair of live, speckled hens.

"No, ma'am; no live stock, I tell you. Cold on the platform? Well I guess if I can stand it, you can."

And in a moment more the withered, bowed figure, nervously clutching its heavy and protesting burden, was shut out into the biting wind and stinging sleet of a late December afternoon.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed a fashionably dressed woman, who sat fondling against her sealskin coat a tiny lap-dog, adorned with a huge blue bow.

Her neighbor, a young girl of about fifteen, with a thick braid of brown hair falling down over her trig frieze jacket, assented eagerly.

"It's dreadful."

The fashionable woman put up her eyeglasses to stare out at the cowering little figure on the platform.

"The idea of her trying to force her way into the car with those disgusting hens. The conductor should have put her off at once to pay her for her impudence."

For a moment the girl with the brown braid stared open-mouthed at the speaker, then with flashing eyes she blurted out.

"That wasn't what I meant a bit!" and, springing to her feet, hurried to the back of the car.

Opening the door, she stepped out into the blast.

The conductor reached up to pull the strap, but she shook her head and pointed to the old woman.

"It's dreadful making her stand out here in the cold."

"I've got me orders," said the man gruffly.

"Why are hens worse than dogs? There's a little dog inside."

"Next stop Felton street," shouted the conductor, turning an obdurate back.

The girl laid her hand on the bent, thinly clad shoulder.

"Give me the hens," she said.

But the old woman shrank back with a look of terror. Was she first to be thrust out into the cold and then be robbed?

"Saints preserve us!" she gasped.

"I mean let me hold them and you sit inside. There, do let me—why you are not afraid I should steal your hens, are you? Look at me. I don't look like that kind of a person, do I?"

The old woman let her watery eyes rest a moment on the pretty, fresh face bent so sympathetically over her own, and her hand relaxed its tight clutch on the yellow legs of the fowls.

"The provision man give 'em to me,"

she said. "I was workin' there. Me ould man do be fair crazy about hins. He's been sick. I've got rheumatic bad meself."

"I've never had rheumatism in my life," replied the girl, "and my coat is thicker than your shawl. Come let me hold them. How far are you going?"

"To Ash street, Evansville," said the old woman, naming an humble suburb.

"All right; go inside."

"The howly Virgin bless ye!"

And in a moment more the fowls changed hands.

The girl shrank back a little as she took hold of the queer, yellow claws, but she nodded bravely through the pane to the wrinkled, grateful face in the warm car.

"Howly Virgin bless her! The saints be good to her! The howly angels watch over her, and keep that little lamb from harm."

These invocations, to the accompaniment of the wish of the sleet on the panes and the rattles of the casements, made the other passengers in the car fix their eyes now on the girl outside, now on the old woman within.

Suddenly a shy-looking, poorly-clad boy of sixteen rose and let himself out at the rear door.

Every eye followed him.

The passengers seated next the back windows pressed their faces to the glass. The boy was not alighting.

He was talking to the sweet-faced angel of mercy.

What he said only the conductor could hear.

"Let me take them," he stammered awkwardly enough.

"Oh, I don't mind it out here, thank you."

"It's too cold for you. Let me take the hens."

"But it's way to Evansville."

"All right."

And, pulling the tied-up claws out of the girl's small, gloved hand, the boy threw open the door of the car.

"Sit ye down, darlint," said the old woman, making room beside her. Then, anxiously, "Is he an honest boy, do you be thinkin'?"

"Oh, I'm sure he's honest."

But hardly were the words out of her mouth before the girl opened wide eyes of horror.

The boy—the courteous, frank-faced boy—had, without warning, and the car rattling along at full speed, sprung from the platform.

"My hins! my good fat hins! Stop the car! Oh, howly Mary, the black-hearted thafe!"

The whole company was now in commotion, and even the conductor himself pulled the strap to give the boy a chance to repent and again board the car.

No, he was nowhere to be seen.

The city streets were by this time left behind, and the track was running through a dirty, untidy suburb.

Only a few figures, eager to be out of the bitter wind, were hurrying along the sidewalks.

The lad and the speckled hens had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened to swallow them up.

Hobbling to the door, the old woman was for getting off to pursue the thief; but a kind-looking man with gray hair held her back.

"Why the young jailbird's off half a mile by this time," he said. "Now see here, ma'am, you just sit quietly down again!"

"My hins! my good fat hins that the provision man give me! And the ould man at home do be just crazy about!"

"Yes, yes, I know; but you sit right down here again beside this nice young lady. Don't you cry, little girl; we're going to make it all right. We're going to make up a purse!"

"An'sure, and the ould man and me never yit had to ask a penny of nobody

(Continued on last page.)

A FARM BOY'S PLEA FOR A GOOD BOY TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

The following from one of our students at a farm home, whose time for country life and association has expired and he has to come in, shows the feeling that is apt to grow up between patron and student:

"They are well educated," writes the boy, "and very anxious and all ready to help any Indian boys who come here from the school, and I learn a great deal of things that I never knew before, between wrong and right; and I will keep it with me wherever I may be.

They need help this fall coming. I expect to go back to the school and I am sorry to say I have to leave my happy home and family. They help me a great deal with my lessons at night, during school time.

"Perhaps they are the best, trueful and good patrons you got. I know some farmers have Indian boys, they don't always teach them how to work or anything but only forced them to get a move on. Here they don't force me any. I work just as hard as I can all day long, and I have a good name out of it, too. They trust me every way and I like to be trust too. I have been improved a great deal in my manner. I was reported bad only two times in three years; that is using tobacco, I am sorry to say. I have been fighting against it ever since. I have been having a good report ever since I have been here, except only twice."

"IT DOES SEEM STRANGE."

In another business letter this week from Miss Frances C. Sparhawk, of Massachusetts, she says:

"The Americans are such a nation of travellers, it does seem strange that more of them do not perceive the advantage to the Indians of seeing with their own eyes 'something better than they have known.' But I am glad of Indian work wherever it is done; there is need enough of it.

"I don't believe in work for the Indians racially or tribally, as you know; but there are some wretched individuals who need uplifting badly enough, and to give them an opportunity to earn their bread in any honest way that they can, must only be a help to all the rest, provided we consider this as a beginning, as something helping on the other work, not as an end, and especially not as taking the place of the non-reservation schools, but only as making the people on the reservations, also aware that there is something better for them if they will come and take it. I can't see why every single Indian child is not immediately put into school and kept there, mounting up until those capable get to the highest."

READ FAST.

As I was going down the street I saw two bootblacks.

One was a black bootblack and the other a white bootblack and both had black boots, as well as blacking and brushes.

The black bootblack asked the white bootblack to black his, the black bootblack's, boots with blacking.

The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking, but when he, the white bootblack, had blacked one black boot of the black bootblack with blacking, he, the white bootblack, refused to black his, the black bootblack's other black boot with blacking unless he, the black bootblack, paid him, the white bootblack, the same as what he, the white bootblack, got for blacking other people's black boots, whereupon the black bootblack grew still blacker in the face, called the white bootblack a blackguard, at the same time hitting the white bootblack with the black boot that he, the white bootblack, had already blacked with blacking.—[Phila. Press.]

START A LIBRARY.

Every young man should own a library; not necessarily a large one, not an extensive one, but still a library, says Clarence E. Birch, in Chat.

One, two or three books will do as a nucleus.

Number them in the order in which you procure them.

It has been said that from the Bible, a dictionary and a newspaper a very fair education might be acquired.

Certainly you ought to have all these. Next you will want some books bearing directly upon your line of work.

Consider your books as tools, or, better still, as friends.

Now add some of the gems of literature that are always good reading.

Put no bad or worthless books into your library; the possessor of such trash is apt to become even worse than the books themselves.

If your means be limited, do not buy many new copyrighted books.

Several good ones that have stood the test of time can be purchased with the price of one recent publication.

If you will start a little library of your own as herein suggested, soon you will be surprised by its growth, and will become happier, more interested in your work, and better educated.

He HAD to, that's Why.

A well-to-do judge once gave his son \$1,000, and told him to go to college and graduate.

The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone, and with several extravagant habits.

At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you \$1,000 to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man.

He accommodated himself to the situation; again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.—[Self-Help.]

SITE OF ST. JAMES MISSION.

Rev. Father Cosgrove of Ripon, Wis. was in Portage, a town of the same State, early in the week on an important mission. Under the guidance of Mr. Thomas Clithero, he wished to compare ancient maps and documents with the historical Indian townsites near Port Hope, which Mr. Clithero has been for years investigating. Father Cosgrove, on his return to Ripon, will report to Bishop Messmer of Green Bay that the long-looked-for Mascoutens, the largest and most celebrated city in Indianapolis history and the site of the mission of St. James, has been discovered near Governor's Bend, on the Fox river.

The city is reported, in 1675, to have had 20,000 inhabitants. It was heard from as early as 1615, was visited by Nicolle in 1634 and by Radison and Grosellied in 1659. The mission was founded by Allouez in 1669. It is minutely described by Dablon in 1670, by Marquette on his voyage of discovery with Joliet in 1673.

Every descriptive sentence in the ancient documents referred to has now been verified, and several other fort and village sites have been discovered incidentally in the course of the investigation. —[The Church Progress.]

All Indians respect "Old Glory," and it is said have the flag in evidence at all their gatherings.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
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the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has.

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

The conclusion of the President through the Department of the Interior, which is shown elsewhere in this issue, not to allow the exhibition of Indianism contemplated at the St. Louis world's fair, is a new departure that will be highly satisfactory to every true friend of the Indian.

The Wild West exhibition at Buffalo last year was the greatest possible detriment to the Indians taking part in it and to the whole cause of Indian civilization. Quite a considerable number of the Indians hired at so much a month to daub themselves with paint, put on breech clouts and G strings and a few feathers, and dance before the gaping crowds, were, when at home, anything else than what they appeared at Buffalo. At home they wore ordinary citizens' dress, lived in houses like civilized people, and were engaged in farming and stock raising. But the temptation of a salary and the chance to get away from the reservation and the easy, good-for-nothing life led them to quit their better living, and did them no end of harm.

The evils of the wild west, show in every direction as a scheme for fouling the Indian mind and depraving all ideas of the Indian in the American mind; and as a thief to steal away the native manhood and dignity of the Indian and his health, is beyond all expression.

It was a crime of the most outrageous character when the Government gave forty-five thousand dollars and detailed an acting Indian agent, who was an army officer, and to help him a superintendent of an Indian school and a lot of others to aggregate a wild west show at the Omaha exposition a few years ago.

That the Government did it, an army officer Indian agent engineered it and a superintendent of an Indian school aided, were all great influence upon the Indians to lead them to think it was the right and proper thing to do. There were at this exposition ten former Carlisle students, all of them at that time and for a long while before engaged in agricultural and other industrial pursuits at their homes, who had entirely quit going into wild Indian dances and the painting and decorating of themselves as they were hired to do at Omaha by the United States Government.

A celebrated ethnologist, who poses before the country as an authority on where and how to educate and what ought to be done for the Indians, used this opportunity, and got out an illustrated book showing these Indians in native dress, giving a conglomeration of statements and misstatements as so-called scientific, historical data. Six of the Omaha former Carlisle students, all of them worthy and setting a good example in civilization while at home, appear individually in this picture-book dressed in the garb of savages. This passes for the science of ethnology, and because it claims to be science, none must speak against it lest, perchance, they sin against light and hinder the important gathering of a knowledge of the valuable (?) mysteries of Indian life.

We trust there will be no wavering in the determination of the Administration to stop this vileness, and if there is, the whole country should be aroused to cry out and demand that there be no wild west exhibition allowed at the St. Louis fair, or anywhere else hereafter, no matter who asks it.

When the Government with one hand through schools, agriculture and other industrial training leads forward to civilization and useful citizenship, and with the other hand, through wild west shows, reservations and other schemes to hold them to the old life, leads backward emphasizing their past, where is the sincerity of purpose? What are the Indians to think? And does not the Government practically say it wants Indian civilization to be a failure?

GOOD LUCK DOES NOT COUNT.

The boy who thinks toward a purpose, works better, plays better, lives better than the boy who does not think.

He works to a purpose, and with ease because he makes his brain study the details of his work that no time be lost, and no energy be wasted.

He has no mistakes to correct. No material is wasted. He wins the approbation of his employer.

He has not provoked a reprimand and ill-temper.

In his recreation, the same brain effort, has made his pleasure more intense, because he has not allowed chance to enter unexpectedly into the game.

He was alert, skilful, watchful of every move of his antagonist

Such play is recreation, an unbending in a new direction; a stirring of every current of the body.

It RE-creates. He lives better.

There is no weak, sickly body, no dangerous habits persisted in, until throat, heart, eyes, lungs are poisoned.

Every faculty, every power is husbanded for effective work.

He is successful, and the loafer envies his "GOOD LUCK."

Idleness means stagnation and death. Activity means life and health.

We had better work, keep busy, though there is no compensation in it, than to waste time and weaken our bodies by loafing. The active, energetic man is never without work to do. He finds it, he makes it. He is always wanted about. Not long ago I heard a man say to one of our boys, "J—we need you the worst kind of a way, are you not yet able to take hold?" (The boy had been suffering from some affliction.) "Oh, yes," was the cheery response, "I'll begin right away, I can do a little;" he did, with one hand doing all he could.

The power to read and to write and to compute may be useful in the business world. But used only thus it does not augment the man. The intellect may be a cold, logical machine, capable of reasoning like a Plato, of discoursing like a Chrysostom, of writing like Ruskin, but this only intensifies the power to do harm, if the soul's impulses grovel earthward, or selfward.

When Matthew Arnold was in this country, he was asked if he did not think this country great. "No," was his answer, "I call it vast; you have not equaled your opportunity."

Indians are dependents. Many of them are defectives. Some of them are delinquents. There was a time when they were not dependent upon a superior race. Possibly the evils that go as accompaniments to civilization—for the broader knowledge always increase possibilities for evil as well as good—are responsible for the increase of impaired bodies and minds among the race. Certain we are that where crime has increased among them, it is due to the fact that the white man has shown them broader possibilities along these lines.

Pretense is always shallow, and certain to lead to embarrassment. The boy who makes believe he knows all about a thing, when he does not, soon comes to grief.

"We should not permit ourselves to become addicted to uncouth and disorderly thinking upon any affairs. Dawdling means slow suicide for both mind and heart. Sharp, clear-cut purposed living upon high planes is the ideal."

This strikes home to the heart the theory of evasion of discipline, of duty. The stern "We must," "I must," "You must," will have to ring constantly in our ears if we would make better, nobler, wiser, stronger men and women. Milk and water diet may do for flabby weaklings, not for men of iron.

The lamented President McKinley said, and if he said it to white people, he said it to INDIANS:

"Your children, your families, your boys and girls are very close to your heart-strings. Give them the BEST education obtainable, and that is the best equipment you can give an American. Intelligence and integrity will win their way anywhere."

AGAINST SHOWING THE INDIAN IN
THE ROUGH.

A Protest From Josiah W. Leeds to the President Favorably Acted Upon.

Acting upon the statement of the Washington Correspondent of the Public Ledger, appearing in the latter paper a few weeks ago, that there had been planned an exhibit at the coming St. Louis Exposition, by which the Indians would be permitted to "dance and fight and gamble and run horse races just as their forefathers did * * * clad in their fantastic and highly colored costumes, with their faces painted," etc. Josiah W. Leeds sent a protest to President Roosevelt against this alleged governmental scheme for "showing the Indian in the rough," his argument concluding with the words: "Let the Government not parade, even for an assumed educational purpose, the old time Indian's weaknesses or vices. Possessing at Washington, in addition to many archæological antiquities, a splendid pictorial collection of Indian chiefs and others attired in the traditional costumes, we may spare the red ochre and feathers on the living subjects, and excuse them from showing us how the red man can fight, gamble and run the horse races."

A reply was promptly received from the President that he had taken note of the foregoing representation, and had caused it to be brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Interior. A satisfactory response from Acting Secretary Ryan, states that "the Department has for several years past positively declined to permit the participation of Indians in any exhibition having the character of 'Wild West' shows, and it is not the intention to allow them to be present to engage in such exhibitions in the future."

DR. LIPPINCOTT ABROAD.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Lippincott, who went to Europe for his health informs Colonel Pratt by letter that "I had a most delightful trip." He took a slow sail of twelve days over and returns in the Westernland, due in Philadelphia on September 1st. Excepting a half hour of sea-sickness and a cold taken in Amsterdam he has not had a minute's illness since he left home.

"I hope to reach the land of the free in quite my usual health. For this I feel profoundly grateful." * * "I have had quite a round—Antwerp, Brussels in Belgium; Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam in Holland; then Cologne and the Rhine Steamer to Mayence; then an excursion into Switzerland, paying my respects to Jungfrau, Mt. Blanc, the Lake Geneva; then Geneva to Paris, Paris to London,—Oxford, Stratford on Avon, Edinburg, an excursion into the Trossachs; Belfast, Ireland and now Liverpool, ready to embark for home. Every hour has been an enjoyment."

FROM ALEX UPSHAW, '97.

At the close of a business letter, from St. Xavier, Montana, Mr. Upshaw says in part:

"I am in perfect health. I am living on my own farm this year and have a fair crop. Last winter I worked for a contractor surveying the Crow Reservation; when spring came I moved on my place, which is located in the valley of the Big Horn, 16 miles north of the old Fort C. F. Smith, and 22 miles from Crow Agency.

We Indians of this valley all have been allotted. The homes of the citizens of this valley are some frame, a good many are log and some live in tents.

We have in this valley the finest system of irrigation I ever saw. The water is out of the Big Horn river. In order to farm in this country we are obliged to rely wholly upon irrigation.

You probably are aware that the rations for able bodied Crows have been cut off. In my mind there will be hard times here this winter.

Please remember me to Colonel Pratt and Professor Bakeless,
Respectfully, etc."

The Cheyenne Indians call Saturday "Medicine Day," and Sunday "Big Medicine Day," while Monday is called "Cut off Medicine Day."

The Spanish have a proverb which says: "An unobserving man would go through a forest without seeing firewood."

FOOTBALL.

The football candidates, about 25 men, commenced practice Monday afternoon under the direction of Coach Warner, and his brother Will, who is captain of the Cornell team.

It is expected that the squad will number about thirty-five men when all those who are expected to try for the team are here.

Only light work will be given the candidates for the first few weeks during the hot weather, as the boys have been working hard all summer, and most of them are rather thin.

The training table has been started in charge of Miss Ferree, and if it is as good as last year, the boys will soon take on weight and feel like doing hard work.

The prospects this year are considerably better than last season, and as we have a lighter schedule and a better arranged one than last year, it is expected that Captain William's team will be one of the best Carlisle has ever had.

It is too early to judge of the ability of the new men, but most of them show considerable promise, and if all work with a determination to succeed there will be no doubt as to the success of the team.

Captain Warner of Cornell will be here until about Sept. 15th, and his assistance should be of much value to the team.

The first game will be on Sept 20 with Lebanon Valley College.

The schedule follows:
Sept. 20, Lebanon Valley College at Carlisle.
" 27, Gettysburg at Carlisle.
Oct. 4, Dickinson on our field.
" 11, Bucknell at Williamsport.
" 15, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.
" 18, Cornell at Ithaca.
" 25, Open at Carlisle
Nov. 1st, Harvard at Cambridge.
" 8, Susquehanna at Carlisle.
" 15, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
" 22, University of Virginia at Norfolk.
" 27, Georgetown at Washington.

FROM A CAVALRY INDIAN.

Mr. Thompson has a letter from J. B. Ortego, Troop F. 3rd U. S. Cavalry, Three Rivers, California. He says in part:

"I did not like it when I first joined the army, but I got use to it afterwards. There were too many bosses, I thought. I thought you was pretty strict in drilling us, but I found out there was somebody still stricter than you was.

Every Carlisle student ought to try army life for awhile and find out for t emselves what it is like, if they think Carlisle is hard for a fellow.

From this date I have one month and seven days and a breakfast, and then I will be discharged. Three years did not seem long to me."

He says he is not going to enlist again although "they say it is impossible to keep out of it, but I am going to try and keep out of it. I have got all I want of the army."

Joseph Flying was in the fourth Cavalry and was transferred to the 3rd Cavalry. He was in Manila, sick when we left, and I don't know whether he came back with his troop or not. Some one told me that he did not.

Thos. Buchanan was the only Carlisle fellow I met over in the Islands, besides Flying.

I guess you know that Thomas was shot through his breast in some fight but he got over it and came back and is now discharged.

I did not get the HELPER for some time, so I do not know what kind of record you people made in playing baseball, and I want to hear still better news this Fall from the football boys. I would like to be there and see some games played"

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"I tell you, sir, civil service is a great thing."

The man addressed looked astonished. "Coming from any one but you, that remark would not greatly surprise me," he said. "You didn't think so when I last saw you."

"No I didn't."

"You considered civil service little short of a civic curse."

"That's right; but then I was on the outside and trying to get in, while now I am on the inside and trying to stay in. It makes a great difference."—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Miss Cutter came Friday.

Send us ONE new subscriber!

Mr. Miller is at his desk again.

Miss Robbins came in on Friday.

Miss Stewart returned Thursday.

The piping is about done, and Mr. Weber is not sorry.

"Taps" are welcome, after a summer's rest of the bugle.

Rev. Diffenderfer has returned from his western trip.

Miss Moul is spending the most of her vacation in town.

Mrs. E. H. Foster is a new matron at the girls' quarters.

Loading may be easy work but it takes all of a man's time.

The brick floor in the blacksmith shop is a great improvement.

It is a pleasant sight to see the line of march to school again.

Miss McAdam has left Pipestone and is in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Take out a window to wash, and then put it back up-side-down!

Mr. William Davies, of Wisconsin, is one of the new teachers this year.

Mrs. Bonifant called at the school on her way west to Oneida, Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown and son Newlin, of Newtown, were here last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank of Baltimore, have joined our company, the former as teacher.

Miss Barr made a business trip to Willow Grove last Friday, returning Saturday.

Isn't it about time for the Porto Rican students to call a halt on their Spanish talk?

Even a shop window does not look well from the outside with a crooked window shade.

Genus Baird, class 1902, has been appointed Assistant-Printer, and rooms in the teachers' quarters.

Miss McIntire, Miss Weekley, Miss Paull, Miss Hill, Miss Newcomer and Miss Smith, came Saturday.

Rev. Kingsbury, of Hogsburg, N. Y., arrived on Wednesday morning with a party of 10 students for Carlisle.

When it hailed the other day, one of Miss Carter's little boys ran to her with a handful, saying: "See, ice come down."

"School has commenced again and we all should have a determination to make the best success this term," writes a student.

"Father" Burgess arrived from Chicago on Friday and left for Philadelphia yesterday, where he will live with his son Wm. Watson.

Miss Jackson returned Saturday from visiting girls in the country, looking better than the Man-on-the-band-stand ever saw her.

Lilian Brown has gone to Bloomsburg, to take a course in the State Normal. We are sure she will make many friends there, and we shall miss her much.

A card from Mrs. Cook gives news of a safe journey as far as San Antonio, Texas, on the way to California, and she says that Anna Kittell keeps well.

The Juniors and Seniors returned on Friday and Saturday, except Alfred Venne and Joseph Ruiz who came on Wednesday from Chautauqua.

The roadway made by the carts hauling dirt for the fill-in between the girls' and teachers' quarters has been named by the little girls—the teachers' race track.

Miss Noble has returned from Oregon, bringing with her one student from the Crow Agency. On the same train were Martin Wheelock, Frank Jude, Louisa Rogers, Thomas Walker, Absalom Schanadore, Joseph and Archie Libby, and 8 new pupils, for Carlisle.

The motor-men and conductors do their duty when they drive boys from the trolley car steps, who try to hang on and steal rides. It is not only dangerous business, but dishonest, to jump upon a moving car, as the Man-on-the-band-stand has seen some of our boys do.

We are pleased to hear again, through the Hilton's from Myron Moses, who is at the Riverside school California for his health. He writes cheerfully of his better condition, and slight gain in weight. He walks and drives and sleeps out of doors as much as possible, although just now he is sleeping in a tent.

Mabel Greeley enjoyed her outing this summer.

Miss Steele stole in on Thursday from New York.

John M. Rhey, Esq., of Carlisle, with friends from a distance visited the school yesterday.

Mr. Howard Gansworth has gone to Michigan on a business trip for the school.

Luzelia Tibbetts, class '01, spent a day here on her way to Bloomsburg, from Long Branch.

Fannie Charley is grateful to Mr. Dysert for making her such a nice cork-soled shoe for her short limb.

One of the girls at Wildwood was asked to what nationality she belonged, and answered proudly "I am a true American."

Maude Snyder has come in from her country home, looking well. She will resume her duties in the printing office on fold days.

Emma Skye, who came in from the country, was glad to be needed for desk-work in Miss Ely's office, and she gives good satisfaction.

Bertha Pradt says she is enjoying life in sunny New Mexico, but she cannot get along without the RED MAN AND HELPER. She is in Albuquerque.

Nathaniel Decorah writes from Wittenberg that he has an offer to go to California, and he thinks the trip will do him good, so he is not coming back to Carlisle this Fall.

The vases which Mr. Nori brought from New Mexico, the handiwork of the native Pueblos, are much admired. They were sent by returned students to old teachers and friends.

Leaf sweeping has begun in a small way on the campus, but when the sweeper glances up into the trees and sees the number that has yet to come down, it is enough to exhaust his nerves.

To cure a cold, take into the lungs fresh air. Breathe full and deep. Whatever keeps the blood in constant and active circulation through every part of the body, acts to a great degree as a preventive of colds.

An eminent New Englander asserted before a Boston audience some years ago that they had only reached the sophomore year of intellectual growth and culture, while the rest of the nation were still in the academic department.

Miss Senseney returned from the Dakotas last week, bringing three students to Carlisle. She promises something for the RED MAN AND HELPER, later, regarding her trip, during which she had many interesting as well as hard experiences.

Father Ganss writes that in his visits to the reservations he is learning many things regarding home conditions and is more and more converted to the Carlisle plan of inviting Indian youth away from the home surroundings to be educated.

Miss Bryant occupies the room vacated by Mr. Gansworth, in the Assistant-Superintendent's residence, Miss Scales has Miss Weekley's room and the latter has gone to those vacated by Mrs. Cook, Mr. Reisinger, Mr. Davies and Mr. Nori are in the up-stairs rooms in the cottage.

On Monday Miss Roberts was called by telegram, to the bedside of a dying sister, at Slatington, this State. We learn by letter since, that her sister died of heart failure before she reached there. Miss Roberts will return to duty at the school tomorrow. She has the tender sympathy of her co-workers.

Miss Adelaide Wood Guthrie, of Pottsville, who was with us for a month as stenographic clerk for Colonel Pratt, during Miss Peter's absence, left for her home, on Sunday. Miss Guthrie made dear and lasting friends while here, who hope to see more of her in the future.

Our enterprising photographer on High Street, Carlisle, Mr. J. N. Choate, has just put out a neat little "Souvenir of the Carlisle Indian School." It is beautifully gotten up and the half-tone views, of which there are 16, excel in clearness of print anything we have seen. Price 25 cents.

Mr. Mason Pratt has returned to Steelton from London, England. He and Mrs. Pratt, Misses Roxanna and Marion, spent part of Saturday here and took in Robinson's aggregation with the school. Mr. Pratt says his voyage back was a pleasant one, although the sea was a little more rough than on the way over.

A boy who was told that water-melons were 25 cents a piece, wanted to know how much for a whole one.

The vacationers are all back. Some who carried away more adipose tissue than was becoming, through special exercises at summer school have grown more petite, while others who were worn down to a shadow at the close of school have returned with added avoirdupois.

Messrs. C. M. Senseneman and Merzbachier of New York City were visitors at the school on Thursday of last week. Mr. Senseneman, it will be remembered was the composer and publisher of a waltz that our band plays, entitled "Off to Paris," dedicated to the Indian band.

Mr. Robert Bruce, former student, who is working in the Carlisle shoe factory, mashed his hand in the machinery last week and is now carrying it in a sling. We hope he will soon have the use of it again in fingering his favorite instruments, the euphonium and trombone. Mr. Bruce has made a name for himself as band musician.

An alarm of fire was sounded on Monday when a defective flue ventilator in the Teachers' Club kitchen, in which soot had accumulated, began to emit sparks which started the wood work near the pipe in Mrs. Rumsport's room. A little girl in the sewing room noticed the sparks and smoke first. Quick action on the part of the men and boys, and the use of the extinguisher soon put out the fire.

Florence Sickles, class '02, Jennie De Rosier also class '02, Florence Welch and James Johnson, class '01, arrived from Wisconsin this week. The two first mentioned will take a course in the West Chester Normal, the latter is a student of Dickinson Preparatory. James in speaking of his brother Adam says he is helping his father at present, but expects to work in Chicago this winter.

Mr. William Warner, Captain of the Cornell University foot ball team, is here visiting his brother, and will assist during his short stay in coaching the football team, which has already begun light practice. While other teams go off to expensive places for preliminary practice—the Pennsylvania University team at Eagle's Mere, for instance—our boys remain at home and take only the time out of school and work hours.

After the cyclone of July 3rd, when the roofs of a number of our buildings were blown off, a large force of students and workmen were obliged to work all day the fourth, to clear up the debris. Then they were promised a holiday before the summer should pass. The day came on Saturday, and the school took in Robinson's aggregation. The weather was a little warm, but the day was enjoyed by all. It was a very good circus, and the best parade and animal show the town has seen for some time.

The students have started in at the beginning of the school year in earnest and are eager for work. Of the faculty, Miss McIntire, under the present arrangement is in charge of the Normal rooms. Miss Smith has No. 1; Miss Roberts, No. 2; Miss Laird, No. 3; Mr. Davis, (new teacher) No. 4; Mr. Reising, (new) No. 5; Miss Paull, No. 6; Miss Bryant, (new) No. 7; Miss Scales, (temporary) No. 8; Miss Robbins, No. 9; Miss Newcomer, No. 10; Miss Weekley, No. 11; Mr. Frank, No. 12, (temporary) Sophomore, in Mrs. Cook's place; Miss Wood, No. 13, Junior; Miss Cutter, No. 14, Senior.

On Monday evening, Miss Barr and Miss Pierre entertained a few invited guests at the hospital. We never saw the interior of the hospital look so pretty. Tables were removed from the dining-hall, and rugs, handsome stands, and floral decorations gave it the appearance of a large reception room. This with the sitting-room, halls and bed-chamber, which had been transformed into a little parlor, made a suite of apartments, through which guests roamed at will. A unique feature of the occasion was the inspection of the wards. Only one patient was found, and he was sitting up. The rooms were spotlessly clean, and commented upon as being pleasant and cheery. At the close of the evening, the game of Twenty-questions was played, and a lively time was enjoyed. Refreshments were served during the game, the cooling effect of the ice-cream assisting to keep down the feverish excitement of the opposing sides. The evening will be long remembered by those participating in the merriment, and as the first of the festivities of the school year just entered upon.

CASTULO WRITES.

From Castulo Rodriguez, now in Porto Rico, but not many months since a printer's apprentice with us, being one of the Porto Ricans who came to the United States to go to school, Miss Burgess has an interesting letter, in which he says:

PLAYA DE PONCE, P. R., Aug. 19, 1902.
DEAR MISS BURGESS:

"I have been trying for a long while to write you a few lines, not having done it before for two reasons: In the first place I was ashamed you or somebody else would laugh at my poor writing, and the second was for want of time.

As you know when I was in that Carlisle School, I got a chance to go to New York to learn medicine, with the aim of entering a Pharmacy college after I had obtained some practice in the Runyon & Cannon's Drug store; there I did the best I could, working seventeen hours every day.

I kept up my work for about three months, and at the end of this time I was very much disappointed, noticing that drug-business didn't agree with me very well; my health went back since then on account of being constantly handling medicines and other chemical products. In a word, I did not feel very well and was compelled to come to Porto Rico for fear of getting sick so far away from home.

I came on the steamer San Juan, a nice one indeed, and after a fine five-day-trip, with pleasant weather, arrived at San Juan, P. R., and as soon as landed left for home, and once in my own little country-house put all fears aside.

There I stayed just a month and a half, then went out again for work, and right-away found a position where I am enjoying my work and good health.

Here I am an auxiliary or helper to the manager, and my mission is to be all day holding the pen between the fingers (writing) or sitting by the typewriter, for there is so much demand for our goods that we are hardly able to attend and fill orders coming daily from all over the Island, and most of them from the States, so we are pretty busy from six o'clock in the morning till half past five in the evening.

Porto Rico is not at present in the same condition as she was three years ago. The development of industry and commerce in this little Island is coming out very fast, and that makes me remember with pleasure what General Eaton said in his speech when we all were assembled in the gymnasium on account of the Commencement of 1901 and the Porto Ricans were called on the platform.

He said in part:
"Many Americans are going to Porto Rico as teachers. They have organized many new schools and the whole Island is going forward on a new line of improvement. There is what they call the 'Island Law' which imposed taxation after the manner of the American system. The old Spanish system would kill industry; the American system encourages industry. The schools in Porto Rico will educate the people to see the importance of industrial improvement."

Before the Spanish and American war we did have many schools down here, but children were not compelled to attend school, and their parents (I mean those who never received a good education) didn't care very much for that, so the majority of boys were to their choice, and that is the reason why about one third of the population did not know how to write and read when the American people came over.

Now there has been built so many schools in this country that out of town wherever a child is seen you may be sure you will find a school house around that place.

Our young people have awakened from lethargy, and showing grand interest for cultivating their minds and fondness for learning all they are taught.

We are having now a new era of life since the change of nationality took place, that is, since the war with Spain, since the flag of stars and stripes could freely wave upon the top of its post at Guanica. (This the name of the landing point of the American Army in Porto Rico.)

I will enclose herewith 25 cts. as payment for a subscription to the RED MAN AND HELPER.

Please remember me to Colonel and Prof. Bakeless and I remain

Respectfully Yours,

CASTULO RODRIGUEZ.

(Continued from second column.)

in charity. Oh, the speckled feathers of 'em and the good fat breasts! No, no takin' other folk's money in charity, I tell ye."

"Charity? Who's talking of charity? You come from Evansville, don't you? Well, didn't they make up a purse for Father Carroll last Easter? You're one of Father Carroll's parishioners, I'll bet a nickel, and gave your bit, too, I know. Of course. There now! Bless you! I wish some one would make up a purse for me in this car. I wouldn't refuse it. But no, they won't, not a one of them! It's you that are the favorite! Jerusalem! but the hat's getting heavy!"

Amid sympathetic laughter the hat had gone the rounds, and even the lady with the lap-dog had given generously. It was a goodly pile that was emptied into the apron of the lamenting old lady, who, dazed and miserable, hardly seemed to realize her good fortune.

"And himself so fond of hins," she murmured.

"Ash Street!" shouted the conductor. Sweeping up the coins and bills, the girl with the brown braid thrust them into the pocket of the old woman and took her by the arm.

"I will go home with you," she said. Five minutes later, in a bare but tidy kitchen, the heroine of the afternoon's adventure was pouring out to the "ould man" the whole story.

Then the money was brought forth and counted, and the girl with the brown hair blessed first by one and then by the other, and then by both of the simple, honest pair. Then the old woman began bustling about the kitchen, hospitable and important.

"And it's a cup o' tay you must be takin' wid us. Sure, it's early yet and your mother—bless the day she bore ye!—won't be worryin'. Draw up to the stove, darlint and stick those little bits of pretty feet of yez into the oven. And what'll your name be, if I might be so bould to ask?"

"Anne Greyson." "Anne! Sure, the very name of the mother of the blessed Virgin herself. And is it strong or wake you'll be takin' your tay, dear?"

It was fully an hour before Anne could tear herself away from the cosy kitchen.

As she was putting on her coat, some one knocked on the door, and, the old man opening it, in rushed, panting and shamefaced, the boy with the speckled hens. At his side bounded a great dog.

"Howly saints, the thafe himself!" cried the old woman.

The boy, crimson from confusion, no less than from the buffets of the storm, burst out in eager denial.

"I knew you'd think so, but it was my dog Merlin."

"Him stole the hins?"

"No, no; I mean he'd been stolen a whole fortnight; and all of a sudden, as I was standing out on the platform, I saw him under a lamp-post—poor fellow, you ought to see him when he isn't half starved. He's a beauty—and I forgot all about the old hens, and I just jumped off and made a bee line for that lamp-post."

Of course, he was gone when I got there—the fellow who stole him had him on a chain—but I heard him bark, and I ran double quick down the street, and—there, Merlin, there, old fellow," and the boy buried his face in the yellow ruff of the great creature who had placed two huge loving paws on his master's shoulders.

"But how did you ever find us?" asked Anne.

"Why, I remembered you said Evansville, and I tramped out. Didn't even ask if they'd take Merlin in the car, and didn't dare to let him run on behind; and I went to the priest. I thought perhaps—" Here the boy looked a little confused again—"I thought, perhaps from her—from the way she talked—the old lady was from Ireland!"

"Right you are, County Cork; and a finer country you'll never see if you live to be tin thousand."

"And the priest said he guessed it must be either Mrs. Brady or Mrs. Finnegan or Mrs. Flaherty."

"Mrs. Patrick Flaherty, sure!" exclaimed, in high feathers, the delighted old man. And a foine, knowin' gentlemen is Father Carroll, sure! and, glory be we give him the purse at Easter."

At the reference to the purse, the eyes of Mrs. Flaherty grew suddenly wistful.

"'Twill be a weary work I'm a thinkin', returnin' all the money to the kind folks that give it."

"Returnin' the money?" exclaimed Anne.

"Sure, dear; they only give it to make up for the hins; and here they both be, safe and sound."

"Oh, you mustn't think of such a thing! I know they would none of them take it back. But now I really must go."

"And Merlin and I will see you as far as the car," said the boy.

"Saints alive, old woman! you won't let the lad be goin' off without a sip o' tay!"

When they were finally out in the street, Anne looked earnestly at the boy with her pretty blue eyes, "I never for a moment believed you were a thief."

THE GREATEST BLUNDER.

In the Crerar library, Chicago is a book in which five hundred men, out of work, have written of the greatest blunder of their life.

It is a collection made by Dr. Earl Pratt. Here are some of them:

1. "Didn't save what I earned."
2. "Did not as a boy realize the value of an education."
3. "If I had taken better care of my money, I would be in better health and morals."
4. "Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment."
5. "The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink."
6. "One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn."
7. "My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade."
8. "The turning point in my life was when I ran away from home."
9. "Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages."
10. "When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing."
11. "Self-conceit and not listening to my parents."
12. "Was to fool away my time when at school."—[Ironton Register.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS.

Some very curious experiments have recently been carried out in the German Zoological Gardens in order to ascertain the actual influence of music upon animals.

The instrument was the violin and Herr Baker was the performer.

Of all the animals the puma was the most sensitive to the musical influence.

His moods changed rapidly according to the nature of the melody, the animal frequently becoming very excited and nervous, "just like a Frenchman," as the report says.

Leopards were entirely unconcerned, but the lions appeared to be afraid, although their cubs wanted to dance when the music became livelier.

The hyenas were very much terrified, but the monkeys were merely curious and interested.

Wolves, on the other hand, were highly appreciative and seemed to beg for an encore.

The experiments are to be continued, and with a variety of instruments, in order to distinguish between the mental states which are actually produced by the music and those which are merely the result of an unusual experience.

—[Scientific American.

HE DID IT.

When David Graham Phillips author of Her Serene Highness, was very young he applied for work on a Cincinnati paper.

"What can you do?" said the editor. "I can try anything," said the young man.

Thinking to rid himself of further importunities for an assignment, the editor said:

"Well, write an article on bread."

It was a trying moment for the ambitious youngster, but he never flinched.

All that night he spent in collecting material and the next day reported to the somewhat surprised editor with a bright and newsy article on "The bakeries of Cincinnati."

He was immediately engaged.

Only The Small Things Go Through.

Disappointment is like a sieve. Through its coarse meshes the small ambitions and hopes and endeavors of a soul are sifted out relentlessly. But the things that are big enough not to fall through are not in the least affected by it. It is only a test, not a finality.—[Wellspring.

LET THE OLD GIRL TAKE COMFORT.

A woman of forty with a well-balanced, cultivated mind, a broad sympathy, and a kindly, well-bred manner, is a far more desirable personage than a girl of twenty who is shallow-minded and vain.

The woman who grows old gracefully takes an active interest in things and she cultivates a charming personality by keeping her heart young and fair.

The years deal gently with the woman who makes the best use of them.

They make her sweeter, more companionable, and more intelligent.

Where the health has not been neglected nor the mind allowed to deteriorate the personality will hold a beauty all its own at whatever age.

The woman who cultivates happiness never grows old, for she keeps the perpetual fount of youth always bubbling in her heart.—[Pittsburg Observer.

MYSTERY OF THE DEW.

After a clear, still night, every grass blade hangs thick with dewdrops, while the roads and gravel paths remain perfectly dry.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder why this is so?

The fact is that dew is most readily deposited upon cold surfaces by the air which contains it.

The slender blades of grass and leaves give up the warmth they have gained during the day more easily than do stones and earth, and so they gather more moisture from the atmosphere.

A NEW VIEW TO TOM.

"He's a coward and a sneak," said Tom, "but I'll get even with him yet!"

"I shouldn't think you'd want to be even with him," said his mother. "I'd rather be on a level with brave and generous boys, if I were you."

Tom looked astonished; that was a new view to him. But wasn't it a true one?

—[Boys and Girls.

A QUEER WAY.

The Waraun Indians, who live in trees at the mouth of the Orinoco river, in Venezuela, dispose of their dead by tying the corpse with a strong rope and plunging it into the water, securing the rope to their dwelling. In 24 hours or less the fish have stripped the flesh from the bones. The skeleton is drawn up and taken to pieces and put into an ornamental basket, and thus preserved.

Courage Vs. Disability.

A gentlemen, who was a boy in the navy during the Civil War, remarked a few days ago:

"The finest captain I ever knew was Capt. C. of the flagship St. Lawrence. He could take himself to pieces; for he wore a wig, artificial teeth, a glass eye, a wooden arm, and a wooden leg. But, when he was put together, he was the bravest man in the navy, and would seize the ropes and swing himself into the rigging while the youngsters were getting ready to begin."—[Christian Register.

Lack of Water Brings Suffering.

A Washington dispatch to the Philadelphia Press dated Aug. 28, says:

Senator Rawlins of Utah, has telegraphed that 6,000 Indians on the Navajo reservation in Utah are starving, and requesting that assistance be dispatched them. The destitution is caused by the lack of vegetation due to excessive drought.

Commissioner Jones has received authority from the Secretary of the Interior to expend \$3,000 with which to purchase relief supplies.

Equal to Some of Ours.

George said, "I know what the equator is."

"What is it my lad?" asked a kindly old gentleman from Lacrosse.

"The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth between the north and south poles," answered Georgie. —[Boston Journal.

"How do you spell needle, Bobby?" asked the teacher.

"N—e—i—d—l—e, needle," was the reply.

"Wrong," said the teacher; "there is no 'i' in needle."

"Well, then, 'tain't a good needle."

O Panama!

(To the air of "Beulah Land.")

I paid four X's for a hat;
It was a Panama at that;
The hat blew off a railway train;
I'll never see that hat again!

CHORUS.

O Panama! O Panama!
O forty dollar hat of straw!
You're lying somewhere near the track;
I wish I had my money back!

—[Ohio State Journal.

The Indian Chief had Faith in Prayer.

After chief Thunderhawk of the Sioux tribe returned to his home in North Dakota, he told of his great anxiety regarding the tribal measure which he with other head men went to settle with the great father at Washington.

The chief is classed with the Christian Indians, and at a Mission meeting, says the Youth's Companion, he told in these simple but impressive words how resolutely he had tested his faith:

"I am an old man, and unskilful in praying," he said, "but all the time we were in Washington I prayed that God would help us to win our case, and take us safely home again. These two things I asked God every morning and night, and he answered both my prayers. God was with us."

Another delegate, the young Chief Wakutemania, remarked in the same meeting:

"It was a battle between right and wrong, good and evil. We wanted God to stand by us, and so we stood with God."

A man went round a few days ago asking different men how business was with them.

He says some of the answers were as follows:

- Tailor—Sew, sew.
- Undertaker—Dead.
- Butcher—All cut up.
- Ragman—Picking up.
- Cripple—I can't kick.
- Blacksmith—Red hot.
- Hatter—Going ahead.
- Doctor—Getting better.
- Blind man—Out of sight.
- Stove man—Warming up.
- Shoeman—Pegging along.
- Pawnbroker—Interest-ing.
- Engineer—At high pressure.
- Coal dealer—Outlook black.
- Barber—I'm scraping along.
- Pharmacist—Market dragged.
- Watchmaker—To much tick.

A lady who has a great horror of the tobacco habit got on a car the other day and said to the passenger next to her:

"Do you chew tobacco sir?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

Edith—"Why did you refuse him?"

Ethel—"He has a past."

Edith—"But he can blot it out."

Ethel—"Perhaps; but he can't use me for a blotter."

Enigma.

I am made of 26 letters which make the cause of a great disturbance at our school every September.

My 19, 21, 4, 8 soap and water make.

My 18, 16, 10, 20, 26 trouble peoples' minds about Christmas time.

My 5, 23, 22 is a color that Indians are fond of.

My 1, 2, 24, 25, 11, 3, 18 is a great Indian occupation.

My 7, 9, 14, 5, 8 are what Indian tepees do not have.

My 15, 11, 17, 13, 6 is a kind of meat used for pies.

My 16, 12, 12 is what a small tavern is called.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—THE REDMAN AND HELPER

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