

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MISS SENSENEY IN THE LAND OF THE DAKOTAS—EXPERIENCES LAUGHABLE AND OTHERWISE.

August, 1902.

When I left Carlisle it was murky and warm, but when Chicago came in sight the people there were wearing furs—not one person, but at least a dozen had on fur collars or boas, and looked comfortable, too.

While waiting in the station I noticed quite a crowd of peculiarly dressed people collected at one end of the station.

I wondered why so many frock coats and high hats were wandering around so early in the morning.

My woman's curiosity got the better of me, and I inquired of some one who informed me that Duke Boris of Russia was expected, and this was the committee to meet him.

The German Consul was also waiting to see him, and wore white duck trousers, a long, blue coat trimmed in gold braid and a tri-cornered hat; but the overland limited did not arrive till in the evening, just as my train was starting.

I confess to being a Democrat of the Democrats; but when I saw the Duke, I leaned FAR OUT of my car window, and it was such fun to see the German Consul in his gold lace and the Greek Priest, in a dark blue Mother Hubbard and high silk hat, prance down the platform to greet the Duke, only to find the bird had flown, for to escape the crowd he had left the rest of his party and slipped out through another car.

The Consul's brow was sad and the Consul's voice was low, but he took to his heels with the Priest after him, and the frock coated gentlemen in the rear; and the chase they gave down the platform was equal to a pretty good sprinting match.

I went to sleep in Illinois, dreamed through Iowa and woke up in Dakota.

The first thing I saw was an old fashioned Conestoga wagon with its white canvas top.

It was the first thing that made me feel far from home.

The corn seems higher and the cattle larger, and the track is lined on either side with great masses of sun flowers that bend and bow and nod their cheerful, little, yellow faces as we pass by.

They tell me that three years ago all this land along the road could be bought for four or five dollars an acre, but in the last few years the seasons have changed so that you cannot buy it for less than fifty-five dollars, and in some places it sells for seventy-five dollars.

Of course this land lies along the North Western Rail Road.

They have plenty of rain now, where they used only to have hot winds to dry up all their crops.

The soil is so rich and black and the country most prosperous looking, and all

along the track, grain elevators are standing, but I keep straining my eyes for the mountains I am so used to; but never even a hill rises up—only endless and everlasting prairie.

I left the North Western main line at Redfield, and changed cars for Gettysburg, S. D.

We were supposed to reach our destination at mid-night, but the engine wheezed, and coughed, and choked, and backed, and sat down in the road to take breath, then took a heavy chill; so that the whole train thumped and bumped—and even the conductor came and apologized for that pesky engine, and told me to make myself comfortable for we would not get home till morning.

In the early dawn, just as the heavy mist was settling over everything, we reached our destination. A wagon and a frisky pair of bronchos drove us to Hotel Dakota, where I had a good rest.

Everything seemed too civilized.

I slept in a white iron bed, in a pink and blue room, and had cream of salmon soup for dinner, etc.; but the moment I started on my stage drive, I found we left the conveniences of life behind us.

It was a twenty-mile drive to the Agency, but we had a good pair of ponies, and only the level prairie before us; it seemed but a short time till we reached the muddy Missouri, whose waters, though so cloudy, are the purest known and the most delicious to tired and thirsty travelers.

As we came within a mile of the river, we found huge bluffs on either side, and we had to take a narrow, winding road to reach the place where we embarked on the boat that ferried us across to the Agency.

I found everyone kind and hospitable, and soon felt quite at home.

The little church bell rang soon after I arrived, and they had a service in Sioux, as it is a native Mission church.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fielder—nee Clara Price—had their little baby baptized that evening.

The following morning was Ration Day, and I saw many strange sights and spoke to quite a number of Indians through the interpreter.

In the evening I had my first ride on a broncho.

Of course it was not "fiery and untamed," but it might just as well have been, for I couldn't manage it at all.

I have always guided my horse with the bit, while out west they use the neck-rein, so when I started out, my pony just kept turning round and round, until I whipped him, and then he started off down the road in a lively gallop.

We kept that pace up for a long time till it was growing dark and the wind began to rise, and we were getting nearer and nearer to the Indian camp, and still I could not turn him homeward.

Fortunately we came to a bridge with a broken spot in it, and he refused to move—snorted and pawed the ground—suddenly wheeled around, and off we dashed for home; but if it hadn't been for that dear, good bridge, the broncho and I might still be going down the road.

Just as I reached the Agency I heard some voice in the dark call:

"She ain't no tender-foot no more."

A day or so afterwards I started on a long drive to "White horse camp."

Everything was new to me—the long stretches of prairie and the vast herds of cattle that roam up and down the range, having never known the taste of corn or seen the inside of a stable.

The horses that gallop by the hundreds up the straight side of a butte, lead a wild, free life, until they are corralled and shipped east.

The funny little prairie-dog towns were most amusing. Before we reached one I heard a continual barking like that of dozens of tiny puppies, and my driver said:

"Well, here we come to Dog town," and sure enough, there were hundreds of tiny

mounds, with one or two prairie dogs sitting on top, and watching us, and barking at us, only to turn and disappear the instant I stepped out of the carriage to see them.

I noticed several owls sitting with the dogs and apparently were very sociable and friendly; and the driver told me that a horned owl, a prairie dog and a rattle snake always lived in the same hole.

I could vouch for the owl and the dog, but I thought I would take his word as to the snake without further investigation.

These tiny creatures live on the roots of the grass, and wherever they locate their villages, you soon see nothing but bare ground.

At the Sub-agency I met old Chief Whitehorse.

He was a fine looking old man, and they say, has always been friendly to the whites.

During the uprising in '91, Sitting Bull, in war dress and war paint, went to his teepee late one night and called to him.

Chief Whitehorse went out, and he saw his old comrade in full war paint, and said to him:

"Sitting Bull, you and I have been friends always, but until you wash your face, you cannot come in."

And Sitting Bull, who respected and loved the old man, did as he was told, and went in as a peaceful warrior.

We were stopped a number of times by the Moreau river.

It is so deep—sometimes the banks would be washed away and our horses would simply slide down.

It was wonderful to see how sure footed they were, in places where I simply had to cling with both hands to the driver, to keep from pitching headlong out of the buggy.

One place I had to go over in a boat, while the driver swam the horses across.

In going from the agency to Cherry Creek, you cross the river twelve times.

I had my first glimpse of "gumbo"—which is what they call the black mud, so sticky that it rolls up around your carriage wheels till you look as if you were on an automobile.

It only comes after a heavy rain, but we had the misfortune to strike it on our way home, and had a dark and dangerous ride, for the rains wash out the roads in the deepest gullies, so that it is really perilous at night time.

My driver walked the last six miles, leading the horses.

Once we saw a coyote, but it must have known I was a school teacher, for it gave me one look, and then took to its heels and fled down the canyon.

We saw many Indians returning from the Agency.

They have such odd names.

White Buffalo Man and his young wife and baby passed us, and every now and then mounted police would give us a cheerful greeting.

And towards dusk we passed many camps, where tired out, they had stopped and pitched their tents for the night.

Everywhere we drove through the long yellow grass that the range cattle feed on, and here and there hills of wild sage, and everywhere clumps of cactus and many wild yellow sunflowers, but never a blade of real green grass or lovely shade trees, and no birds at all, but some they call the Buffalo bird that will perch on the back of the buffalo, or on horses or cattle, and eat the flies that swarm around them.

We reached the Agency late Saturday night, in a windstorm, so severe that I could not keep my feet, but was half carried by the driver from the buggy to the hotel.

I don't believe I would recommend the climate of Dakota; indeed a few acres of the effete East will suit me just as well, I think, as many miles of the great west.

The very nicest thing I beheld in all Dakota was Elsie Medicine Bird, the dearest little Indian baby I ever saw.

She looked just like a friendly little Jap, and I did so want to bring her home

with me, only I was afraid she might be considered a trifle young for Carlisle.

All the children had a solemn little way of shaking their hands at me and calling "How," in such a dignified tone, it always amused me immensely.

On the reservation there are no game laws, and strange to say, I never saw a prairie chicken dead or alive, but across the river there were a good many, for one man confided to me, that although they could not hunt till the 1st of September, still sometimes the chickens WOULD fly in your face and you had to shoot in self defence.

The newspapers out here are unique.

The cattlemen have to advertise their brands, and the inside of the newspapers are filled with the peculiar and interesting signs belonging to the various ranch owners.

I noticed among the names quite a number of women, who own cattle, but I also saw this paragraph in the same paper:

"The Red Mountain Eagle calls upon 500 single women of the East to come out here and marry 500 single men of the Red Mountain and encourage them in their work of rebuilding a State. We have seen about three hundred of the men of Red Mountain district, and our advice to the single women of the East is to stay right at home and die of old age."

There's where the Editor and I shake hands. Yours, J.

INDIAN CHIEF MAKES REMARKS APROPOS.

The Washington Times quotes the following story of an Indian visitor's remarks while being shown the paintings in the Capitol at Washington.

As a guide was pointing out to the members of the tribe the different objects of interest in the rotunda of the Capitol, he pointed to the representation over the east door of the "Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock," with the Indian in the foreground, holding out an ear of corn to the strangers.

The big chief of the tribe grunted in true Indian fashion, and sagely remarked:

"Indian gives white man corn."
When the representation of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians" which is over the door leading into the Senate, was pointed out to the tribe, the chief grunted again and remarked:

"Indian gives white man land."
As the guide was concluding his remarks after pointing out the representation of "Pocahontas Saving the Life of Captain Smith," the big chief grunted again and remarked:

"Indian saves white man's life."
"The climax was reached, however, when on the guide pointing out the representation of the "Young American in the West," with a dead Indian at his feet, which is over the west door, the big Indian chief heaved a deep sigh, and in tones hardly audible to those within ear-shot, remarked:

"After all, white man kills poor Indian."

A STRANGE LIFE FOR CARLISLE.

We like to see Carlisle given all the lifts possible, but we never expected that the aid of a volcanic eruption would be called in. We know Col. Pratt aims to constantly raise higher both the school and the students, but it was a surprise to read in the RED MAN & HELPER that some scientists claim that the subterranean disturbances coincident with the eruption of Mt. Pelee had elevated Carlisle and the adjacent country. Perhaps THE INDIAN'S FRIEND will be uplifted, too, for the same scientists assert that the Atlantic coast has been raised by the disturbances.—[The Indian's Friend.

Why do bakers sell their bread when they knead it themselves?

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

Contact with the routine of civilized life is many times a better and quicker civilizer than any purely Indian school can be, no matter where located. Without contact with civilization, the Indians never have, and never will, become civilized. The fact of civilization, LIVED with, is solid ground, comprehended and absorbed at once, while the THEORY of civilization confuses.

The Indian school which can not, or does not when it can, send its pupils out from tribal life to contact civilization becomes an obstruction and the worst possible enemy to the Indian and the Government, and deserves to die because of its pretense and falsehood. The employee of the Government, school or other, man or woman, who advocates and labors to build purely Indian schools, which, through location or management, obstruct such contact is both a traitor to the Indians and the Government, no difference what their position, cloth or guise, and such traitors deserve official death and banishment from all further opportunity.

Fine school buildings, fine equipment, fine location, may all be and often are the very worst hindrances. To point to them, therefore, as emblems of either progress or intention may be only throwing dust into the public's eyes, that the slavery of vicious, prison-pen control may be prolonged and go on all the smoother.

We have never by word or act advocated a permanent Indian school at Carlisle or that Carlisle is ideal. "To open a way to help out into civilization," has always been our cry for all Indian schools. During all the years no money has been uselessly expended at Carlisle to make a show in permanency or architecture of buildings, because we have always seen that even Carlisle, with its best opportunities and actual accomplishment, could never approach the regular machinery of our civilization as a means to make useful men and citizens out of our Indians. If the Indians are to be of us, they must begin to be of us in the school. The purely Indian school anywhere is too easily made a contrivance to prevent their becoming of us. Indian schools, however, differ in degree in their power to hinder the Indian from coming into contact with us. As a preventer of getting knowledge by contact, and an encourager to hang together as tribes, and a perpetuator of reservations, the Indian reservation day-school is supremely in advance. Next comes the tribal boarding school, then the near by non-reservation school, then the remote non-reservation school. Experience shows, however, that even non-reservation schools may be most successfully handled to perpetuate Indianism, which is only a shade off of tribalism and almost as effective for prolonging the baneful control. Having the widest experience, we unhesitatingly say that perfectly useful, industrious capable and acceptable citizens can easily be made out of all Indians in the first generation, (ethnology to the contrary notwithstanding), and the process is more health-giving than that which ministers to the tribe; but it takes the same machinery and environment used so successfully to make like citizens out of all other races, not omitting the Anglo-Saxon. Carlisle has always reached out as far and widely as it could, and utilized this machinery, and been ready to die whenever all the grist could, be brought to that mill.

Of the 1073 pupils who attended Carlisle school at one time the last fiscal year, 360 were out in families, during the winter, attending public, private, normal schools and colleges.

During the fiscal year ending June 30th, the Carlisle vacation outing numbered 489 boys who earned \$20,245.77, and 439 girls who earned \$11,373.39, a total of \$31,619.16. At the end of June the accumulated savings of the boys were \$19,136.80 and of the girls, \$13,200.99 or a total of \$32,337.79, all to their individual credit, and most of it on interest.

Earning and saving are thrift—most necessary lessons to induce successful manhood. All over the Indian service the Government has for many years made war on these principles by outrageous profligate giving. The result on the Indian is "Off for Lawton and Whiskey" to be assassinated, soul and body. The palliation to the white man is the percentages to the manipulators of Indian claims and their helpers, the profits to saloon keepers, gamblers and traders in their commerce to get from the Indians what the claim agent left, and the income to the Government from its tax on whiskey. There are folks who claim gradual improvement, but microscopic investigation shows the improvement to be only sporadic.

ERRATIC STATEMENT CORRECTED.

The following correspondence between Quannah Parker, the best known Indian of the Southwest,—(a man with a history) and Colonel Pratt, is self explanatory:

FORT SILL, O. T., Sept. 2, 1902.

COL. R. H. PRATT,
CARLISLE, PA.

DEAR FRIEND:

Your note to my daughter Laura, relative to the return of herself and Esther to your school has been received. In reply, I have to state that, as I understood the contract, my girls have been with you as long as I agreed for them to stay.

My son Harold died of consumption a few days ago, and I feel that his going to Carlisle hastened his death, and I do not wish to return my daughters to that climate.

Laura has already accepted a position at \$25 per month, at Indianoma, near my home, and I am going to send Esther to a public school in Lawton, O. T. This arrangement I hope will be satisfactory to you, and not mar our long and cherished friendship, and I will feel much better satisfied than I would if they should go back to Carlisle. Your friend

QUANNAH PARKER.

CARLISLE, PA., Sept. 5, 1902.

CHIEF QUANNAH PARKER,
FORT SILL, OKLA.

DEAR FRIEND QUANNAH:

I have your letter about Laura, Esther and Harold. In regard to Harold, when he came to Carlisle it was both my judgment and the judgment of Mr. Cox, then Superintendent there, that he was already in consumption, and as I now remember the statement was made at the time that there was consumption in his mother's family. If you were to consult Mr. Cox, I think you would find him much surprised that Harold had lived so long. You say you feel that his coming to Carlisle shortened his life. As a matter of fact, my friend, I don't believe you feel anything of the kind. My feeling is that as you did not write the letter it was the voice of the person writing for you or of some one who is endeavoring to prejudice you against Carlisle.

I do not at all believe that climatic conditions affected your son. Such statements are being largely made by people who are trying to keep the Indians out of wider and better chances. All your girls are head and shoulders above what they would be had you kept them at home, and they have far wider vision for themselves and their people than they could possibly have if held all this time on the reservation, and as the years go by, they and you, too, will become more appreciative of the opportunities they received at Carlisle.

The letter to Laura and Esther was a routine matter carrying out our purpose to hold on to our pupils who are at all worthy of it, until they graduate. When such pupils go home before graduating we write them a letter urging them to come back and finish the course. Laura particularly was so near graduation that it was especially wrong for her not to be kept to the end. You seem to think that twenty-five dollars a month is good pay for her. In all probability, unless you let her take higher education, she will be a twenty-five-dollar-a-month Indian school

employee as long as she works in the Indian service, always filling some minor position. If she graduated and fitted herself as she ought, she might become a teacher or other employee receiving twice twenty-five dollars, and it would not take so long either, because she is just at the point where she would soon rise to that.

You are sending Esther to the public school in Lawton, and seem to think that is a good thing to do. In a way it is. What I fear about it is that as Lawton is probably like all frontier towns full of saloons and the elements of badness, and the schools not particularly good or progressive, Esther, being constantly in sight of demoralizing conditions, will grow so accustomed to them that they will not seem bad to her, and she will finally be led to consort with some low white man or Indian. From what I know of such towns and their saloon and other debasing elements, I would not place my daughter in a school in such a town, and having the greatest possible interest, in my Indian friends I could not conscientiously approve of their doing so.

The Indians need schools, to be sure, but they need the best schools. They need contact with the white race, to be sure, but they need the best kind of contact. Already I am told by those who are on the ground and have observed the conditions, that my old friends the Kiowas and Comanches are traveling down hill very rapidly under the bad influences of their surroundings. I am an advocate of doing away with all Indian schools and putting the Indians into white schools but I am not an advocate of putting them into poor white schools, or in schools where the environment is of the baser sort. Jumping over the scum of the frontier into the best influences of our best civilization seems to me the greatest possible necessity for them just now. I have been on the frontier and observed it for more than thirty-five years, and have yet to see the frontier town that was not dominated in the beginning by the whiskey, gambling, and other vicious and violent influences of the white race. If the Indian simply averages up to the conditions, good and bad, about him, as he is the fellow always observed, always in the public eye, his every misstep is noticed and commented upon. It seems all right for the white race to do these bad things, but all wrong for the Indian; and when the Indian does them the white people say, "That's the Indian of it," and the influences that have brought about the conditions and a just comparison based upon those conditions are entirely ignored, so that in order to make the Indian a success we are compelled to bring him to a far better average condition than that which is found in a frontier town. If we can do that, and we can, he will come out all right. If we cannot and he falls a victim to the slums of his surroundings, that is the end of him and of all faith and hope in our work. One good friend of the Indians out there writes me within a few days about the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes that they have been going steadily backward and downward in the past two years.

You have long been a great leader among your people, else I should not attempt to write you such a long letter.

Faithfully your friend,

R. H. PRATT.

NOTE:—Harold Parker came to Carlisle November 8, 1894 for five years. He visited home once and left finally October 18, 1900. He appeared in as good health when he returned home as he did when he came. Nearly two years after he reached home, he died.

Since writing the above letter to Quannah Parker, one of her teachers here at Carlisle brings a letter from Esther Parker, written from her home at Cache, Oklahoma, in which she says:

"People come here by the wagon loads just simply to see us girls. Yesterday there were at least twenty people up here and a few this morning. I guess there will be some more pretty soon. Lawton is a large town for its age. Its age being ten or eleven months. Things have changed greatly in five years. I did not know my home until the conductor called out 'Fort Sill.' There are eighty saloons in Lawton, and it is surely going to ruin the Kiowas and Comanches, for as soon as they get some money, off they go for Lawton and whiskey. Last week a fair was held at Lawton, and everything went on on Sunday as it does any other day. There was an excursion from Kansas to Lawton on Sunday. There were twenty to thirty carloads of people. The Indians are going to get payment on Tuesday at Quannah, a small town near our house and also named after papa."

COLONEL PRATT TO THE STUDENT
BODY, SATURDAY NIGHT.

I was at one time hunting with a party of Indians in Western Texas. We were a long way from the military post where I was stationed. I had no one with me but Indians and my little boy.

We found buffalo, and at once the Indians were anxious to try their skill.

I had a light wagon and my boy was in that, riding, and I on horseback. So we left the wagon on a high piece of ground where we could find it easily.

We gave the buffalo quite a long chase. I got separated from the Indians.

A fine buffalo I was after, disappeared down a valley.

When I got where I could look down the valley, I saw the buffalo in a mesquit thicket about half a mile away.

As I got near to the buffalo I saw an Indian, and for a moment was startled, because I did not know any of my Indians were in the neighborhood.

I soon saw that he was after the same buffalo, and had not seen me.

He was cautiously moving toward the animal, and I thought I would watch and get his method. So I got close to him, keeping behind him and the bushes all the time.

The buffalo seemed to think he was safe.

When he was near enough, the Indian got into position on one knee, and his elbow rested on his other knee, resting his gun in his left hand. He was very deliberate about it.

I waited quite a little while to hear the shot. It seemed to me he was very cautious and very careful, but directly his gun went off and the same instant he arose and came toward me, and I discovered it was Castile, one of my Indians.

The buffalo didn't move.

The Indian turned away perfectly satisfied.

I was surprised.

I said to him, "Did you hit him?"

He said, "Me think."

And in a little while the buffalo began to cough, and great quantities of blood came out of his mouth; but he stood there and coughed and the blood flowed freely. He didn't move at all, but directly he began to reel, this way and that, more and more, and finally tumbled over, and that was the end of the buffalo, except we had some choice roasts that night.

The Indian had taken good aim.

He had a purpose, and when the supreme moment came he was equal to it.

He was just as sure he had sent the bullet to the right spot as could be, because he got up and came to me without looking back to see if the buffalo moved.

He did not wait.

It was not necessary.

He KNEW the bullet had done its work and he knew what would follow.

Not all people in the world take good aim.

I see the girls out playing croquet in front of my house. Some of them seem never to take aim. They rush up and hit the ball, whack! and let it go anywhere, and if it goes right they seem surprised and say "Oh!"

They strike hard enough but don't take aim.

A purpose, a definite purpose, a definite aim in life is absolutely necessary to any success.

The Indian took good aim.

All over the land are those who waste their ammunition, who don't take aim—double-minded people.

Two students came to me to-day, who last spring said when they had the full opportunity and privilege of saying, "I don't want to stay at Carlisle any longer. I want to go home," said instead that they did not want to go home, but did want to stay at Carlisle another year.

Fall is here and they are double-minded about it, so they come and ask me to use my mind, and see if I cannot find a way to fix it so they can go home.

Purpose, aim, conclusion, settling a thing is almost the most important of all the important things in life.

A man who has given himself up to an idea, and follows it out, who knows he is right and sticks to it, who knows he is right because he has been taught by some inward consciousness instilled in him by the Almighty, and then stands by what he has said or undertaken clear through to the end—the man who does, that is the man who makes headway.

A man with the Almighty on his side is a majority, everywhere.

If a man is right and God is with him he is sure of winning.

The great thing necessary in winning out is to conclude what is right and best to do and then stand by it; and if we find in the course of time that we are mistaken, if our word is given and we are under promise, stand by it anyhow. It is worth all it costs in the teaching it gives to strengthen our patience, endurance and self-denial, in the wisdom that comes to us, the increased carefulness with which we learn to consider things; because if we make a mistake once and it costs us something, we are pretty sure to try not to make the same mistake again; and that is the great thing.

O, if I could only get into you that ideal! If I could get you to stand by your purposes clear through!

Nobody gets anything in this world without sacrifices. Good things do not come easily. Right manhood, right womanhood is hard to get, but once gained, it is above price.

It takes time and patience, and no end of struggle.

Sometimes people have to struggle all the way to the end and then see failure all along the line, but by standing fast to our best resolutions and holding on we get nearer to what we aspire to.

No man need be afraid.

He will not fail to work out some good thing if he is only willing to hold fast to his purpose.

The thing that is disappointing is to see a fellow bluster that he is going to do big things, and then be found wanting.

I read years ago about a man who when the British had left Boston and were marching up to Lexington, told his neighbors what he would do when the redcoats came.

He would shoot them down and do great things; but when the enemy came this fellow was not with the others fighting.

They looked for him and at last someone found him lying behind a log.

"I thought you were going to help us fight these redcoats," he said to him. "What are you doing here?"

And he said "I have found out I am not near as good a man as I thought I was."

And so with lots of people, and so with some of our boys. They go to the country. They are going to work hard all summer, which is not such a long time either, but they don't stick. They run away; come back to the school; go off home or get lost from both school and home.

About such I always feel that the school can spare them.

I think also that the Indians can spare them, and that the world, too, can spare them. They are of no account. Everyone can spare them.

We are back here at the beginning of another school year.

Whoever and whatever we are, each one perhaps has motives, and with all these Carlisle opportunities we ought first to have a definite purpose, a dead-sure aim, and then give ourselves up fully to the purpose for which we came,—wasting no time in trying to do something else; wasting no time in vain regrets; wasting no time in doing trifling things, but do the very best we can, day after day, all through the school year, so that when we finish we will have as much equipment as it was possible for us to gain.

We will all have to fight in the great battle of life after a while.

There will be no Carlisle for us, no superintendent to help us make up our minds about things. We will have to make up our own minds, and to get the knowledge, the wisdom, the PURPOSE, the CHARACTER, to do that, is the great thing.

If you ask me to give you a definite purpose to aim at, I shall say at once, independent, American manhood and womanhood, and there is no better in the world. This means the ability and character that will face with courage every condition in life.

Miss Emily S. Cook, of the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., spent a very pleasant part of her vacation, this summer, at Camp Salmacis, Randolph, N. H., she writes, in that "beautiful wilderness, living in tents and walking and tramping and climbing, *ad lib.*" Miss Cook has been a faithful servant in the Indian office for over a quarter of a century, and fully deserves all the "*ad lib.*" she can get.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Archie Libby has joined the printing force.

Miss Barr is in the City of Brotherly Love for a day.

What is the keynote to good manners? B (be) natural.

Paul Segui was one of the first in from the shore, this week.

Whoever misses our Saturday evening meetings, loses much.

Messrs Davies and Reising spent a part of Saturday at the State Capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Conner, of Harrisburg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Weber last week.

Mrs. Cook and son have arrived safely at Riverside, California, we learn by post-card.

Mr. Bennett says the silo is about full, and more corn to go in than there is room for.

Several of the teachers are cultivating crops of mosquitos for lesson purposes. Excuse us.

Miss Cutter led the Sunday evening service, in which Alfred Venne spoke very acceptably.

We have girls in the sewing department who may be delicate, but they "seam" well.

Miss Forster, the last of the vacationers, has returned looking as though she had had a good time.

Coach Warner and his brother sometimes take a meal at the training table with the footballers.

Miss Ferree took the Civil Service examination at Harrisburg this week for Domestic Science teacher.

Mr. James Phillips, of North Carolina, who is boarding at the school and attending Dickinson Law School, has returned.

Mr. Davies sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," at the Sunday afternoon service in voice and manner that pleased all.

Some of the students in from farms say they have met people this summer who never heard of the Carlisle Indian School.

Disciplinarian Thompson left for Philadelphia yesterday to engineer his 202 boys safely home from their "Summer School."

Mr. Enoch M. Sherry, of Grant Park, Illinois, is the latest "Civil Service" arrival, for teacher, and he takes No. 3. room.

Frank Jude is welcomed back to the printing office, and he takes hold as one who has forgotten none of the tricks of the trade.

We made an error last week in stating that James Johnson is a Prep at Dickinson College. He is a full-fledged Freshman this year.

"Are you older than your brother?" asked one of our teachers of an Indian boy. "Yes! just a little," was his reply. "We are twins."

Miss Carrie L. Miller, now of Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., has returned to her duties after a "happy summer in dear old Pennsylvania."

The first job of considerable importance at the printing-office, at the beginning of the school year is an order for 10,000 report cards, requiring 20,000 impressions.

"It is a treasure, and long may it live and continue its good work."—[Mrs. E. E. Senter, Denver, Colo., at close of a business letter, in referring to the Red Man.

Instructor Lau is having individual cupboards for the benches of his carriage makers. John Susep has given an artistic finish to his which attracts attention.

Miss Elizabeth Hench was a guest of Miss Nana Pratt, on Friday. Miss Hench, who is teaching in Indianapolis been visiting her home on Louther Street.

Miss Rebecca Henderson, our neighbor across the way, had a guest with her, Miss Longwell, of Kansas City, Missouri, showing her the various departments of the school, on Monday.

Band Director, Mr. James Wheelock, has returned from Wisconsin. He is looking well, having gained some ten pounds of flesh since he left. Now he will have to face the music.

The case of curios in the school hall contains an interesting collection of birds' nests, secured from out-of-the-way places and at considerable trouble this summer by Misses Robbins and Weekley. A small case of cicadae placed there by Miss Robbins, shows the insect in every stage of development.

No, indeed! It is no sign that a girl is an Apache just because she wears a patch on her dress.

The new forges in the blacksmith shop work like a charm. When all are in, and the shop arranged and cleaned up as Instructor Murtoff designs, we will have a model shop.

Miss Steele has the supplementary reading cards catalogued in good shape. Much information not to be gained from other sources may be found on these cards, with pictures and reading-matter.

In passing the large electric light plant in town, at night, one may see Alexander Sauve oiling the intricate machinery with the skill of a professional, which he no doubt will be some day, if he so desires, and sticks.

Louisa Rogers has returned to Bloomsburg. While at home this summer her parents offered to pay her way through a Normal School in Minnesota, but she had started the Bloomsburg course, and preferred to finish it, and to work her own way through.

Moses P. Miller, Troop M. 3rd. U. S. Cavalry is at Fort Assiniboine, Montana, and he says he is "tickled to get back" from the Philippines. He has been in bed with an illness brought on by the climate and water, but is now out and improving rapidly."

Rev. Diffenderfer resumed charge of the afternoon service last Sunday, after a month's vacation. The reservation conditions with which he met in the Northwest during his recent trip have greatly impressed him, and we shall no doubt receive large benefit from the same.

Mrs. Weitzel, hostess of our neighboring mansion on Henderson's Way and North Hanover St., was severely burned on the hands and arms, one day last week. Some fat in the range oven having caught fire, she attempted to put it out. She has the sympathy of many friends at the school, who wish for her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Weber was right on time with steam at the first call, which came Wednesday morning, with mercury down to 48. With so many changes in the piping and hundreds of feet of digging this summer, it was feared by some who could judge only from appearances, that the plant would not be in working order for the first Fall cold wave, but it is.

Assistant Superintendent Allen returned from Oklahoma and the Indian Territory on Tuesday, bringing with him nine pupils for the school. He says that the Southwest country looks well, and that wherever he went he was cordially received, finding true friends of Carlisle and her principles everywhere, especially among the agents and school superintendents visited.

Amos Yellow Hawk, a graduate of the Government Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., has eloped with Mrs. Mary Ann Big-Woman, wife of a chief near Rosebud, South Dakota. Thus does Carlisle show that its pupils can keep up with the front procession.—[From the leading editorial column of the Catholic Columbian.

No Yellow Hawk ever attended the Carlisle school, nor can we find that any such Indian incident occurred, though plenty of white people do just such things.

Rev. W. J. McCallen, of Philadelphia, and Sisters Philomena, Stanislaus, Ursula, and Brigida, Sisters of Mercy, of Harrisburg, visited the school on Wednesday afternoon. The Sisters will take charge of the religious instruction of the Catholic students this year, holding meetings with them, as was done last year, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. They will also aid Carlisle in the selection of suitable homes and schools for those Catholic pupils who wish the outing experience.

Father McCallen is substituting in Father Ganss' place as rector of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle.

Everybody was busy and interested in the school rooms, when our reporter took a hasty trip through, the other day. The new shade of calomining sets off the pictures on the walls, better than the white. The cleaning of ink stains from the desks was in progress in some of the rooms. Class work was in the beginning stages, but both teachers and pupils were down to business. The singers were giving there "do sol me do's" in good true tones, seeking harmony and purity of tone rather than volume. Misses Wilber, Raya, Dolphus, Williams and Griffin were doing excellent work as pupil teachers, and there were encouraging signs all along the line.

FOOTBALL.

When Coach Warner was asked what may be said of the football work this week, he replied that the men are gaining daily, and the prospects for a good team this year are quite encouraging. They have lined up several times and have done well. If harmony can be maintained and the players each strive for self-control, other difficulties will soon be conquered. To bring best results, all jealousy must be banished and each man must be willing to play his best in any position he is placed. We notice that the new coach on the University of Pennsylvania team changes his men to new positions frequently. It is the only way to find the best men for the best places, and certainly that is what must be, to succeed. Men, obey your Captain and Coaches, and do what you are told instantly and without a word back, and we will have a successful season.

WELCOME BACK.

202 boys and 144 girls return from the country to-day and to-morrow after a summer's work. Lively times are experienced to place each in proper room, and to see that the baggage of each reaches its owner. Mr. Kensler, who looks after the transportation from the station, Miss Ely, Miss Robertson and Emma Skye, who have all the ticket arrangements to see to, along with the correspondence connected with the closing out of the business transaction of each student with his patron, the matrons and disciplinarians in quarters, the drivers, dining-room helpers and cooks each might tell a story of over-taxed powers for a few days, while the Man-on-the-band-stand has nothing to do but to sit and look pleased at the splendid brawn and muscle of his "farm boys" as they march by, and the nut-brown cheeks and calloused hands of his happy, healthy girls, all of whom show by their heads-up walk, merry talk and laughter that they have EARNED a place in the respect of those who know and are interested in them. We are proud of you! Welcome back! And we are even more proud of the hundreds who are remaining out to get still more benefit of contact in the working, social and school life that the country offers.

SHE LIKES PONCE.

Miss Ericson says in a letter from Ponce, P. R.

"I am very happy here, like the climate very much, and am having a pleasant time in Ponce. I am reappointed for High School work for next year and have the promise to enlarge the whole Sloyd Department. Our new Commissioner, Dr. Lindsay, is a particular friend of manual work and is strongly in favor of Sloyd. He opens now soon a number of new Industrial Schools on the Island. One will be here in Ponce. I will return to San Juan the first of September."

Miss Ericson went to Ponce this summer to start the wood working department in the new Industrial School, which has been established by the Porto Rican Benevolent Society.

HELP THE FILIPINOS.

We print the following from Major Geo. LeRoy Brown, hoping that some of our readers may be looking for a way to help our Filipinos:

PUERTO PRINCESA, P. I.
July 1, 1901.

MY DEAR PRATT:

Can you reach any one who will be interested in helping me to start a town library and reading-room at Cuyo and Araceli for the young Filipinos who have learned to read English?

They have gotten beyond the school books, and need something more.

The addresses of persons now in charge of what books, magazines and papers I could get hold of are:

Mr. W. C. Spencer, Cuyo, Island of Cuyo, P. I., and Mr. W. H. Dawson, school teacher, Araceli, Island of Araceli, P. I.

Please do what you can. I have become intensely interested in the work. The people are kind, receptive, fairly industrious, pastoral in their habits, and law-abiding. They are called Cuyunos.

From what I hear I judge that there is a wide difference among the separate races who inhabit different islands, but I can only speak in regard to the people who have been under my charge. The Moros are more like our Apaches. With best wishes, Sincerely,
GEO. LEROY BROWN.

HOW THE PUEBLOS MAKE THEIR POTTERY.

Mr. Nori having brought a number of handsome jars and vases made by the Pueblo women of New Mexico, the question has been again revived—How do they make them?

Miss Mabel Egeler, who has been teaching in New Mexico and has had exceptional opportunity for observing the women at work writes thus to *The Word Carrier*:

"The blue clay of which the pottery is made is found at Acoma.

It is crushed and soaked in water until soft, and then it is put upon hard ground and worked until perfectly smooth with the feet or hands or both.

When the clay is dry enough to be handled easily it is formed into long rolls about 1½ in. in thickness and these are then coiled into the shape desired.

After further drying, the jar is smoothed inside and out with a small flat stone and permanently shaped at the same time. Then it is painted white, and when dry polished with a smooth stone.

Now the jar is ready for the decorative painting. The colors are procured by crushing native clays to a powder and the powder mixed with water. They are applied to the piece of pottery with the finger and a piece of reed grass. Not often are two pieces of pottery alike in design and the women originate the majority of the designs.

The pottery is fired in the open air, the pieces being protected from each other and from the fuel by broken pieces of old jars. A slow, even heat is maintained for several hours until the pottery is thoroughly fired.

The little bowls are used at meals. Long-necked water bottles, water-jars or oyas, large, shallow mixing bowls and flour jars four feet high and three feet in diameter are among the variety of shapes made.

The women and girls carry the oyas full of water on their heads, up steep, rocky paths with the greatest ease."

AN INDIAN'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

A father writes to his daughter, one of our girls now in a country home, and she sends the letter to Colonel, with these words: "I wanted you to see the kind of letters my father generally writes."

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER:—

"We are glad you are happy so we are too, especially you is well here at home. I am glad you and grandpa and grandpa are both well, and I am very glad my son is coming home to help me with my work, I am alone, I can't do it all myself; and you my daughter I want you to stay there as long as you can, try your best to learn all you can, some day you will see you. I am very glad indeed that I have sent you to school where you have learn so many things, so some day when you come home you can tell me all what you know or have learn, that is what I want you to do, all of you. I want all my children to learn how to talk English and learn how to live in white people's way. I am very glad I have send you there to school, how thankful I am.

Now my dear I want to give you advice, please my daughter do what is right and obey the orders, never talk back, just do as your people say to do. Beside you have made so many friends, that's what I want you to have good friends.

This year we have not get enough wheat, very few, it never rain, the corn what we planted is all dried up with sun, but now it has been raining three day, just this month, it has not rain since April, but now it rain, that's why we did not have enough water for the poor plants.

And I begin cutting wheat, and it rain just as I was through and now the wheat is all wet. I don't know when it will get dry. Now all your folks send love to you, your mother's eyes are not so bad as it usto be, they are well. You asked about your peach tree, it has grown lot, it is very tall and your grandma want to change the peach tree from you, she want you to have her peach tree, so please let us know if you want to trade with her this year, we will have very little fruit.

"The farm is more than a place to make a living on. It is the best place in the world to make a LIFE, and that is better than simply making a living."

MICROBES.

This from American Kitchen Magazine, may explain to some who do not know, why it is necessary to be clean, and especially clean in the kitchen:

The words microbe and bacteria are often used interchangeably.

They are both friends and foe to the human race.

When they become matter out of place they are dangerous; when they reach a point of development beyond a certain limit, whether it be in our kitchen, our systems, or in fruit once luscious but now decayed because of the activity of these same microbes, they are dangerous; harmless when all is as it should be, when perfect cleanliness is observed.

Scientists tell us that sunlight and air are our best protection against the deadly microbe.

From the same source we learn that these enemies enter our systems very largely by means of our food and drink, and that our efforts for protection from them should be mostly directed to the kitchen, as the disbursing department of the delectable microbe.

Science has also revealed to us their favorite lodging places; that they revel in dust, dirt, polluted water, decaying matter, filth found in sewer pipes, kitchen grease and refuse, and whatever else animal life is responsible for putrefaction.

The greasy dishcloth, or "dishrag," as some people persist in calling it—and which should never be allowed in a well-furnished kitchen—the closet under the sink, where the sun never penetrates, yet where some of the utensils used for cooking are kept, are among the harvest fields of the kitchen microbe.

Let us remember that however pure food or water may be at one moment, if it is exposed to air that contains these busy little creatures it soon loses its purity and becomes unfit for food or drink.

INDIAN PACK CARRIERS.

Roads so bad in Southern Mexico That even Mules Cannot be Used upon Them.

A striking feature of these roads is the number of human "beasts of burden" you meet.

The roads are so bad that there is very considerable risk in conveying goods of any kind—risk both to the goods and the pack mule that carries them; consequently large numbers of Indians make a living by carrying, says Chambers' Journal. The Mexican Indian carries his load on his back, slung by a broad leather belt across the forehead.

Thus all his limbs are perfectly free, and he carries a long light stick, like an alpenstock to steady himself in going down steep places or in crossing streams.

These men will in good weather carry a load of from 100 to 150 pounds, over the worst of roads, for a distance of 20 to 25 miles a day.

They wear no clothing except a pair of cotton breeches rolled half way up the thighs, and a pair of leather sandals on the feet; and each man carries a blanket to roll himself up in at night.

They eat no meat, their only food being posol (boiled maize ground and mixed with sugar, then rolled into a ball and carried moist).

This they break into a bowl of water, mix well to the consistency of thin gruel, and drink; and their only food consists of this posol and tortillas.

The power of endurance displayed by these carriers is wonderful.

HE DIED LIKE A HERO.

Dr. Westmoreland, one of the surgeons of the Civil War, was one day dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck near the carotid artery.

It had been regarded as a particularly dangerous case.

While the surgeon was cleansing the wound, the blood vessel suddenly gave way.

Dr. Westmoreland as quickly put his finger into the aperture and stopped the flow.

The soldier gazing questioningly into the surgeon's face.

"Doctor," he asked, "what does that mean?"

"It means death, my poor fellow," answered Dr. Westmoreland, a strong sympathy in his voice.

A moment the soldier lay with closed

eyes, as if stunned by the fatal words, then he looked up, and calmly asked, "How long can I live?"

"Until I remove my finger," answered the doctor.

"Will—you wait a little," the poor man asked, "till I can—write a few words to my wife?"

The doctor bowed his head affirmatively.

The soldier wrote his brief letter; and then, with the pathos of resignation, said: "I am ready, doctor."

"I removed my finger," said the surgeon, "and in a little while the brave fellow was dead. I'd have given a good deal to save that man's life. But he died like a hero."—[Lookout

EXAMPLE FOR THE ANGLO-SAXON.

A teacher at the Hampton school in Virginia tells of a Cherokee boy, a student at the school, who recently died, and among whose papers was found one on which was written:

- "My reasons for coming to Hampton:
1. To develop all my powers.
 2. To help my people.
 3. To learn the idea of self-control."

Likely enough there was in this a tincture of boyish sentimentalism, or a touch of that egotism which leads to the outpouring of crude intensities on the pages of diaries.

Yet a boy would be better so than dull and soggy—and a good deal better so when he has thought deeply enough to elevate the idea of learning self-mastery as one of the important purposes of his school life.

It occurs to us that this young Indian suggests the desirability of a department of self-control in all our institutions of learning.

Putting his ideal in contrast with the deplorable exhibitions of a lack of self-control made by some of the men who are among the most conspicuous—generals and statesmen and captains of industry, for example—the necessity of adding exercise in self-control to the curricula imposed upon American youth becomes obviously desirable.

If sundry eminent citizens of this country have enjoyed such training, how much happier life would have been for them and how much less disconcerting for some of the rest of us!

Seriously, the Indian boy in his aspiration for himself set a fine example for the masterful Anglo-Saxon

—[Harper's Weekly.

When'er I pass a scented field
Of buckwheat, late in summer,
I know the blossoms nectar yield
And watch each laden "bummer;"
And dream of what the winter'll bring,
When days are not so sunny,
When bees no more are on the wing,—
'Tis buckwheat cakes and honey.

NOT UNLIKE OTHERS.

The Sunday Press comes out with a story about two Indians, White Feather and Leaping Deer meeting unexpectedly at League Island after a separation of ten years since they were boys and hunted together. Whether true or not, the Carlisle idea is pretty well set forth.

Upon the death of Leaping Deer's parents they separated and lost trace of each other until they unexpectedly came face to face on the gun deck of the Minneapolis.

Leaping Deer started West, working on farms for a livelihood. He went as far as Montana and then came East to Virginia.

By a peculiar coincidence both boys enlisted for service in Uncle Sam's Navy about the same time.

These are the only Indians in the large crew on the Minneapolis, but aside from the latent remnant of the Redskin character that remains in them they are not much unlike the hundreds of Caucasians with whom they are competing for honors in the navy.

"I observe," said the literary customer, "that 'concealment, like a worm i' the bud,' hath preyed 'on the Damask cheek' of some of these apples. That is a poetical quotation. I presume you have read Shakespeare?"

"Red Shakespeare?" echoed the apple dealer. "No, sir. That's a variety I've never heard of."—[Chicago Tribune.

"What is the first meal you have in the morning?" asked the teacher in the first grade while talking about the word "breakfast."

"Oatmeal," promptly spoke Johnny.

A FEW PUZZLERS.

Why is a railroad conductor like a school teacher?

One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

Why is a horse like a letter O?

Because it takes gee (G) to make it go.

What is the difference between a spend-thrift and a feather bed?

One is hard up and the other is soft down.

When is a boat like a heap of snow?

When it is adrift.

Why is the letter B like fire?

Because it makes oil (b)oil.

Why are bakers very unwise?

Because they sell what they need (knead) themselves.

What relation is the door mat to the scraper?

Step farther (farther).

Why is a good resolution like a crying child in church?

Because it should be carried out.

What two letters do boys delight in?

Two T's (to tease.)

What is the proper newspaper for invalids?

A weekly (weakly) paper.

What tune makes every one glad?

Fortune

What is the difference between a farmer and a dressmaker?

One gathers what he sows and the other sews what she gathers.

What color does it make a boy to be whipped?

It makes him yellow (yell "oh!")

When may a chair be said to dislike you?

When it can't bear you.

Why is a proud girl like a music book?

Because she is full of airs.

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?

One tars his ropes and the other pitches his tent.

What nation is sure to conquer in the end?

Determination.

When is a man's head not his head?

When it is a little bare (bear.)

When is a man's nose not his nose?

When it is a little radish (radish).

Why is a cat going up stairs like a high hill?

Because she's a mountin' (mountain.)

For all of us some shadows gather,
Some nights shut down with starless weather,
But who, to mortal trouble born,
E'er knew a night without a morn?
Let's take fresh courage, heart forlorn,
And hope together.

OUR FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Sept. 20, Lebanon Valley College at Carlisle.

" 27, Gettysburg at Carlisle.

Oct. 4, Dickinson on our field.

" 11, Bucknell at Williamsport.

" 18, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.

" 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.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters which spell what Colonel Pratt would have us all do, judging from his forceful speech to the student-body, last Saturday night:

My 8, 6, 5 is a domestic animal of which Indians are fond as pets.

My 3, 4, 5 is a barrel.

My 1, 7, 11 is a small boy's name.

My 8, 9, 11 is to stop water from flowing in a stream.

My 5, 2, 10, 1 is a style of walking.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Hundreds of incoming students.

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