

# The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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

## THE SUN IS EVER SHINING.

THE sun is ever shining  
Behind the clouds of grief;  
Look up with trust unflinching  
The Lord will send relief.  
The sorrow soon is over  
The dreary darkness past  
And sunshine will be streaming  
Through rifted clouds at last.

The sun is ever shining  
Behind the clouds we dread;  
Look up, beyond our vision,  
The beams of light are shed;  
No more the tears of sadness,  
No more the falling rain;  
We'll trust our Heavenly Father;  
His smile will banish pain.

The sun is ever shining  
Behind the clouds of gray;  
Look up, for on the mountain,  
Now breaks eternal day;  
We'll check all sad complaining,  
We'll hush each vain regret,  
For just beyond the shadows,  
The sun is shining yet.

The sun is ever brightly shining;  
Some day the clouds will break apart;  
And God's own golden sunshine,  
Will cheer each trusting heart.

## MR. DAVIES AT SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

The subject of the Sunday evening service was "Cheerful Amid Adversity," and Mr. Davies, the leader said in part after reading Acts 27: 22-36:

In our lesson this evening we find Paul on his way to Italy to be tried before Cæsar. Paul had been accused of many crimes by the people, and his case was brought up before Festus for trial, but for the want of evidence he was turned over to King Agrippa.

Now it was not their custom to execute an offender without fair trial. He was left to meet his accusers face to face and have a chance to testify himself. So Paul was brought before Agrippa and Festus, and was given a chance to speak.

He presented his case and made an appeal to be reserved to the hearing of Augustus Cæsar. So as Agrippa found no evidence against him, his request was granted, and together with other prisoners he was sent to Cæsar in charge of Julius—a Centurion of Cæsar's band.

And as they were sailing for Rome, a great storm arose which threatened the destruction of the ship and the loss of life of all on board.

Now we can readily see that they had cause for fear, as this storm continued for days, and all on board except Paul had lost all hopes.

He stood up in their midst and told them to "Be of good cheer" that none of them should lose their lives, which was the case, as we find by further study of his life.

Paul was of good cheer, as he had a clear conscience and perfect faith in his Creator, which lifted him "absolutely above fear."

Bacon says: "In adversity only the virtuous can entertain hope."

Hope derived from real faith is itself a sort of happiness, and perhaps the chief happiness we enjoy.

Adversity is sometimes hard on us, but it is the best training, the best education for us. It teaches us to be strong.

We have often heard it said that experience is our best teacher.

We cannot have everything our own way in this world, but we can to a very great degree cultivate a cheerful disposition and look on the bright side of life.

There are people who seem to be destined to go through life in a sort of despondent condition. They see a cloud where none exists.

With most of these people it is simply a matter of failure in exercising the will. Anxiety about present troubles or future trials and difficulties never brought any good to those who indulged.

Happiness is a science.

Just as there are people born with abnormal gifts in art or mathematics, and again others born with no taste for art and an almost total lack of the power of understanding, figures so there are people

born with a talent for being happy or miserable.

The duller minds can be trained to grasp some idea of art or mathematics; so the most melancholy can be trained or taught to obtain a certain amount of happiness out of life, if they choose to work for it.

The most successful person in life is the one who holds his own, and refuses to allow the cares and responsibilities of every day life to become adversities. Instead of allowing the mind to brood over things that cannot be helped, it should be set to doing the nearest duty first, no matter how trivial or unpleasant it may seem.

We can be happy over something each day, in fact get into the habit of being happy. Expect to be happy. That is the first step in any journey to a goal. We must learn to look out beyond the darkness and mist to where the sun is shining and all is happiness.

This is a world of trials and temptations and troubles, and we can be cheerful only to that degree or extent in which we are able to overcome these troubles and feel that we have accomplished something; feel that we are stronger; that we could overcome still greater obstacles; that life is worth living, feel cheerful amid all this adversity.

This is possible as "it lies in our own power to attune the mind to cheerfulness."

Worrying about matters does not improve them in the slightest degree, on the contrary it weakens the purpose, robs the physical nature of its vitality, and totally unfits us to cope with the obstacles that lie in our path. The greatest mistake, and the one that unfortunately is only too frequently made is to borrow trouble.

Troubles will come soon enough. They do not want any encouragement, and very often when they do come they are not half so formidable as we imagined they would be.

Anticipation, in many cases, is worse than the reality.

So then let us look to our Heavenly Father for help in these hours of adversity for it is only the child of God who can "read his title clear to mansions in the skies," who can look out ahead and see a light beyond the gloom and mist, and with an unflinching trust, go on to meet the events of the future.

At the close of his remarks, Mr. Davies read the beautiful poem, printed at the head of the first column.

## SHE LIKES INDIAN PUBLIC OPINION.

The last few issues of Carlisle's publications have so aroused my interest that I cannot refrain from humbly participating in an "Indian Council." Not that the pages of the little paper have been filled, lately, with literature superior than formerly, but the part in it I like better is INDIANS' public opinion.

I feel like living when I hear educated Indians advancing well-balanced ideas. It looks as if we were about to redeem our racial mental debility when we have opinions worth expressing, and express them.

For what, after all, is Public Opinion but literature? and literature in time makes and establishes the mental development of a people.

I like much, perusing the artistic views of our own native genius, Zitkala Sa, on The Indian Dance, and I had to listen to that exponent of Carlisle, Dr. Montezuma, for the practical side bearing upon the subject.

To this extent I agree with the former, that that element of our race which has no future is truly pitiable, that element whose present is a life of constraint and starvation of development, is a heart-breaking thing to look upon, but the latter points out that the present pleasure of the Indian Dance is a corruption of sacred rite, and since it is an irreverent imitation, its tendencies cannot be wholesome.

Naturally the beat of the drum wakes up the human desire for recreation long pent up by the dead environment of Reserve existence, and thither will go a weak youth, who once in the whirl of such doings forgets the moral and social codes that have replaced those of barbarism, only to wake on the morrow, a shame-faced idiot, with the manhood gone, that perchance has been Carlisle's hard won years.

So debased pleasure can undo honorable labor, so is ultimate transition retarded:

And can we afford as a race, and individually, to lose thus not only time, which is gold, but honor, the greatest and our all?

LAURA MINNIE CORNELIUS.  
SEYMOUR, WIS., October, 1902.

## SILVER-TRACK DRAWMAY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A little item which I met with in a newspaper some years ago set me to work at a geographical exercise, which as it resulted in a somewhat astonishing showing, may interest others besides myself. The item referred to reads as follows:

"Pennsylvania receives an annual income of \$76,000,000 from its mineral wealth, but it spends it all and \$2,000,000 more for its annual liquor bill."

Well, the exercise which occurred to me, was to see whether it might not be possible to compass my native State about with the silver dollars—\$78,000,000 in number—representing the total of the annual liquor bill.

A silver dollar measures exactly one and a half inches in diameter.

Starting on my map, at the point on the Delaware where is the southeastern corner of the State, I proceeded westward along the historic Mason and Dixon's line, laying in imagination the silver dollars one by one firmly against each other.

Arriving at the southwest corner after a tramp of 270 miles, I followed along the western boundary line until Lake Erie was reached, a distance of 120 miles more.

Next, came 40 miles along the lake, then 20 miles southward to where the main northern boundary line begins, following which for 220 miles, I reached the upper Delaware.

The supply of dollars being not nearly exhausted, I now turned southward, following the various windings of the river and laying the precious tokens one against the other as before, until the 250 miles of the State's eastern boundary were finished at the point whence I started.

I had thus traveled (on the map) 920 miles, and laid down \$39,000,000; but, as the annual liquor bill amounts to precisely double this sum, we would therefore have enough remaining to lay a second similar silver cordon or track completely around the Keystone State.

And all this the waste, or largely the waste, of one year only.

Thus tens of thousands of men may dig and delve, day after day, all the year through, for the State's great treasure of iron and coal, and still the grand total, representative of the value of all this product and of the toil required to procure it, will not suffice to balance the liquor bill of a single year.—[JOSIAH W. LEEDS, for the RED MAN AND HELPER.]

## HISTORY MAKES HIM TIRED.

In the primary department of a city school in the southwest, at the beginning of our war with Spain, the teacher told a class of small boys something about the war, and asked all who favored it to hold up their hands. Up went every hand but Jack's, a boy of eight.

"Why Jack, why are you opposed to the war?" asked the teacher, and Jack's surprising answer was:

"Cause Miss Sophia, war makes history, and there's more o' that now 'an I can ever learn."

## REV. ROBERT MCFADDEN GOES TO DANVERS.

From the Boston Globe we clip the following regarding Rev. Robert McFadden, which gives a brief but interesting history of our friend, and explains why he left Chelsea:

DANVERS, Sept. 25.—The Maple-st Congregational church this evening voted to extend a call to Rev. Robert A. McFadden of Chelsea, and he will undoubtedly accept.

Mr. McFadden was born in Harrisburg, Penn., May 2, 1864, his ancestry including the best religious forces of Quaker, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist faith.

He was married June 18, 1896, to Miss Edyth Hamilton, daughter of Charles H. Hamilton of New York city, and has two children, one aged 4 years and the other a little over 1 year.

He was fitted for college in Harrisburg, spent two years in Dickinson College and two at Amherst college, which gave him his B. A. in 1890 and his M. A. in 1896.

While at Amherst he was private secretary to Pres. Seelye and afterward to Ex-Pres. Hickok. His skill as a stenographer was turned to good account while he was preparing for college and during his vacations as secretary of the Indian commission among the Sioux in 1888, in the courts and elsewhere.

Mr. McFadden made an extended visit to Northern Africa, Egypt, Syria, Greece, Constantinople, Central and Southern Europe, in company with Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley and Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft in 1888-89. After graduating he spent a year in Amherst teaching and pursuing graduate studies; one year in Europe, one year as secretary of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., and a year in the Columbia law school. He entered Andover seminary in the fall of 1893, and soon became the minister of the Town Hill Congregational church in Lawrence.

He was called to the West Church, Andover, in May, 1895, began work in September and remained until May, 1896. He went to the Central church in Chelsea in May, 1898, and terminated his pastorate there Sept. 1, 1902.

While in Chelsea nearly 200 persons united with the church, for four years the congregation averaged over 1000 each Sunday, a great parish house was built, the church building thoroughly renovated and repaired, and all lines of church activity prosecuted with great vigor.

Last May he tendered his resignation in Chelsea because of a vote of 10 men of a lack of confidence in him. He took it to the church, was sustained by an overwhelming majority, was requested to withdraw his resignation, but declined to do so.

## HOW MANY HOURS?

We were recently asked, "How many hours does an Indian School employee have to work?"

We are not prepared to say.

Our work is no more measured by hours than our results are measured by dollars.

As a guide we would say the better employees in the Service work hours enough to have their work done as well as any employee at that school, and then devote a part of the spare time each day to getting such an acquaintance with the children as will enable them to help develop the best womanhood and manhood the individuals may attain.

Such are the people for promotion to the highest positions in this service or any other service on earth; and some of us may raise our eyes too high to count the hours in a day to look at these "better employees" after we get to heaven.

He who measures his service by hours has a task we tremble to contemplate, in eternity.—[Reveille, Grand Junction, Colo.]

One swallow doesn't make a summer; but one grasshopper makes a great many springs.



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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.

## LOYALTY.

After Mr. Warner's remarks, last Saturday night, Colonel Pratt said in part: "I thank Mr. Warner for his talk. It was just what we need. Mr. Warner has given a text for the talk I meant to make to-night. (See last page.)"

I hold here in my hand a paper belonging to a soldier who has served in the United States Army as an enlisted man. I have two such papers of my own—one given me in 1861, on the 31st of July, when I was discharged from a little over three months' service. The other was given me in '64, when I was discharged as an enlisted man and given a commission."

The Colonel then read the discharge of Reuben Scholder, a Sioux, formerly a Carlisle student, which showed that he had served honorably three years in the army and had an excellent record; and great was the applause that followed.

"Just what Mr. Warner has said to you about Carlisle and loyalty to the school and to the team, is an absolute necessity for all success in every place where we may be in life.

The man who does not give himself up entirely to the interests in which he finds himself placed, wherever he may be, is a man who is hindering success; a person who is doing himself a greater injury than the injury he does to the cause.

I remember well, during the Civil War in its earlier days, all those who went out, went from the greatest spirit of loyalty to the Government. There was no question as to what the pay would be or the position they would hold. Everyone wanted to put down the attempt to break up the Union and destroy our country.

We did not care about who were to be sergeants, lieutenants, captains, colonels, etc., we all tried to fill our places and do our best to help bring the trouble to an end, and re-establish things in the right way.

But after the war had been going on some time, and many, many thousands of men had been killed and wounded, and many thousands more were needed, the spirit of enlisting did not hold out, so that it seemed necessary to resort to drafts.

Then great sums of money were paid by men who were drafted, to other men to enlist in their places. Each locality had to furnish a certain number. In the late fall and winter of '63 and '64, I was at home, with many others, on recruiting service to fill our company for which 30 new men were needed.

I found the State of Indiana was paying a bounty for every man who would enlist for the State, and each county paid a bounty to men who would enlist for the county. Each township gave a bounty, so that a man might get quite a good many hundred dollars for enlisting in the last days of the war, but the fellows who went out early got nothing of the kind.

You remember the Bible tells, they paid the man who worked only the last few hours of the day as much as if he had worked all day. It was that way in the Civil War, only worse, and this system nearly killed the spirit of patriotism and loyalty.

The result of all this was, there were no end of desertions.

The fellows who enlisted in one place would desert and go to some new locality, and enlist again, and again desert, and so on, and get more money. The army came to be in a discouraging condition, and the Government had to do something about it. Mr. Lincoln at first would not permit the deserters to be shot as the law provided. 'It would do the deserter no good to shoot him,' he said. But it would have kept up discipline in the army. It was oppressively discouraging.

There was a great temptation to those who had been in the war all the time, to leave and enlist over for the enormous rewards offered. The desertions had to be stopped somehow, and so finally it was concluded to let the law prevail and shoot men for deserting. They would march out a whole division of the army to see those who had deserted, shot.

But it was found that immediately after these executions there would be swarms of men to desert. The executions seemed to make things worse.

"What does this mean? Why does it not stop the trouble?" was asked, and the Government did not know what to do.

Finally it occurred to an army chaplain that these fellows who were deserting after each party of deserters was shot, were doing so because they had deserted before, and were afraid they would be detected. He thought if Mr. Lincoln would issue a proclamation forgiving all past desertions, provided the deserters would come forward and explain how many times they had deserted and where from and why, and promise to serve faithfully thereafter, things might go better, and so the chaplain's plan was talked over, went to the higher officers, was recommended to be tried, and Mr. Lincoln issued such a proclamation.

In one regiment, 84 men came forward and confessed to their colonel that they were former deserters, and that they were in constant fear they would be detected.

"It haunts me day and night. I am afraid some of the men in my old regiment, which is over there in the next division will recognize me as a deserter," said one man, "but now I will stay and fight it out."

One man who had deserted, by accident got into the Confederate lines, and to save himself, enlisted in the Confederate army and served them quite a while. Then he deserted from them and came back into the Union lines, but ran right into his old regiment and company.

The first man he met knew him and made a prisoner of him, and he was shot.

Strange things were happening all the time, but the spirit of loyalty to the United States and good service after Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, returned and grew; and we went on and finally won.

The United States was in fault. It had absolutely hired men to desert.

I am telling you all this because, it looks to me as if the trouble with the Indian is very much the same. The Government pays \$8,000,000 a year to take care of only 250,000 Indians; not enough of them to make a third rate city. Does it help them?

No.

It makes them deserters, deserters from right principles, from their best chances.

I have no doubt that three fourths of the desertions from this school could be traced to these influences. I hear enough, I see enough to convince me that this is the real situation.

Now the test is placed upon you. If you have character enough to overcome the temptation the Government places you under, until righteousness is reached, to stand on your feet as men, to quit leaning upon the paternal Government, the Indian Rights Associations, Women's Indian Defense Associations, Indian reservations and even Indian schools, and all things that hold you together as Indians, you may yet rise to worth, and come to respect yourselves, and so hold the respect of others.

You must become individual men and women, standing alone, each one of you taking care of your own affairs, not having to submit them to the decision of an Indian Agent, or to the Indian Bureau.

THIS is what Carlisle is working for, and the spirit of loyalty to your chances for education, industrial opportunity and experiences in the east, is the way you can help yourselves most and the school most.

You must have enough intelligence to meet all men—red, white or black, and to take care of your own interests.

You must know what are your property rights, your personal rights, your individual rights, your political rights and all about your citizens' rights.

Work for this by your own trueness to every situation, to every interest of which you are a part.

If you are true to Carlisle, which is trying to lift you to that point, then you are true to your own every best interest, and you can hope for success.

We have colors here at Carlisle. We see them and hear about them all the

time. It is a grand thing we have a Carlisle standard.

Trueness to the standard means so much.

You will never be called upon to die for the standard of Carlisle. You will never have to defend it with your lives.

When I was a boy I had no rich father, no Government to educate me.

I had to work hard.

I worked all the time in summer, and in the winter I worked mornings and evenings under just such outing experiences as you have at Carlisle, that I might get a little more education.

I had to earn my own living, buy my own clothes, and my own books and pay my teacher.

I had a friend whose father was rich, and gave his son a good education.

When my friend went away we wrote to each other and were warm friends as long as he lived. He had gone through college and had some military training.

When he went into the war he was made captain of his company.

At Chickamauga, his was the color company. The color company carried the regimental colors. There was a sergeant and two corporals to carry the standard. The sergeant bore it right to the front, and if he was shot down, the first corporal took it. If the corporal was shot and the colors dropped, the second corporal picked them up and carried them forward. If all of them were shot, the captain ordered another to take the place. The colors always had to be held up so all the men in the regiment could see them.

In the hottest of the fight the sergeant was shot, and the corporal picked up the colors. He moved forward, and in a very short time he was shot.

As he fell, the colors dropped, and the other corporal picked them up.

He also was shot. Then the captain ordered another man to bear them.

The man hesitated. Three men had been shot. It would not do to hesitate, they had to go forward. My friend raised them himself, and rushing forward called out: "Come on 29th Indiana. Come on!"

His men followed, but he fell, shot with many bullets.

There is a beautiful monument erected on the site of this incident at Chickamauga by the State of Indiana, to commemorate the bravery of these men.

Loyalty to the flag! Loyalty to the country! How great it is! Loyalty to country requires giving our lives in great emergencies, that the country may be saved and live on. Loyalty to our best chances requires that we sacrifice our longings for the license of the reservations and even for a time our longings for home, that we, too, may be saved and live to greater, higher nobler purposes.

If we are loyal to ourselves, we will be loyal to our school, to our colors and to our country.

The student cannot be loyal to himself and desert the school. He is disloyal to himself first when he does that.

Loyalty to all our compacts with each other when they are right and good and true, this is the need.

If you want to reach success, great success, be thoroughly loyal to the interests that are upon you now, and this gives you fullest right to something better.

Be studiously careful that all through life, when you quit one interest you quit it for something BETTER. Then each change will be a promotion, always carrying you higher.

Twenty-five members of the band went to Rehrersburg last Saturday. At Annville, the Lebanon Valley College football team boarded our car. We played two pieces for them and gave our school yell, and they gave their college yell in return. After arriving at Myerstown we had to wait for a wagon to take us to Rehrersburg, which is about nine miles from the station. The long ride was enjoyed by all. The wagon was drawn by a pair of horses and a pair of mules. On account of the weather being stormy we played in the hotels. We were treated well and enjoyed our trip very much —

Announcement cards have been received of the birth of Frances Ernestine Walter, on Sunday, September 28, at Flan-dreau, South Dakota. Her papa and mamma are Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Walter, the former, instructor in the tailoring department and the latter a teacher with us, last year.

A New York Indian Compares our County  
Fair with Erie County.

In a school composition he says:

At the Cumberland County Fair one would naturally expect to see the best that the County is capable of producing. If we may judge from the exhibits of the Carlisle fair, of the progressiveness and enterprising spirit of the farmers of the county I must confess that they are away behind the times.

I saw nothing of any importance in the exhibits, except a few music boxes, pianos and organs, and these we may see any day of the year by going to any music store.

At the Hamburg fair one may see machinery of every description in operation. They have also fruit, flowers, vegetables, and every thing is of the highest order, while horse racing is of secondary importance.

Another comment was to the effect that the county fair held from year to year at Carlisle is always about the same. There does not seem to be very much if any improvement. The chickens and horses were the only animals we saw, besides a few geese and turkeys. The Fancy Work Department contained some very beautiful things. The Domestic Science Department must not be omitted. There were some loaves of bread which lacked only a few inches of being a foot high.

George Welch, class 1900, is at work for the Northern Tissue Paper Mills, at Green Bay. He says his health is fine, weighs 165 pounds and is six feet one inch tall. He now alternates weekly in night and day work. "Every time I look at that fine souvenir of the school, for which I am very thankful, I get as homesick for the school as I did for home when I was there, I was very sorry to hear that Prof. Bakeless had severed his connection with the school. I hope all my friends are getting along well and especially do I hope all the members of class 1900 are doing well. I am very thankful for what Carlisle has done for me, and hope it has helped all other returned students as much. Please give my best regards to teachers, etc."

Mr. Wm. Paris Chambers, the famous cornetist of N. Y. City, stopped here on his way back to the Metropolis from Newville, on Friday night. He played several selections in Assembly Hall for the students, which were of high order and greatly appreciated. After the entertainment was over, the band met him in their band room. He gave them a practical talk on how to practice and the value of hard and persistent work, demonstrating various points of his talk with his cornet. Mr. Chambers is now in the cornet manufacturing business, and had with him his own make of cornet, and our bandmaster thinks it a model one.

Genus Baird has received word from his cousin Iaban, that William Baird, class 1892, died, at his home, in Oneida, Wisconsin, recently. We remember William as a faithful student. Soon after he arrived at home he went in partnership with his brother Chauncey, a Hampton student, in blacksmithing, and they did a good local business. We are sorry to hear of the loss to his family and to the community of such a worthy young man.

"Over Sea and Land" tells us that the Dakota way of saying "God helps them that helps themselves," is "Tona oiciyap hena wakantanka owicakiye." That sounds well, even to untutored ears, but the important thing is to know they have the inspiring motto.—[The Indian Friend.]

In the Minnesota Daily, published by the University of Minnesota, we frequently see words of commendation regarding the good football work of Edward Rogers, class '97, Carlisle. He plays left end, and is making a good record both as football man and student.

Much praise of the school Band last Monday night has been heard on all sides. Director Wheelock is furnishing good music, with no attempt to strain at the impossible.

## Our Paper.

"I surely do enjoy reading it. I am always glad when it comes."

Mrs. R. F. C. Biltmore.

"It is a welcome visitor. I do like to read it."—Mrs. D. R. H., Middletown.



## Man-on-the-band-stand.

Nekifer's photograph is very striking!  
It was a damp day all around, Saturday!  
The Band played at the Fair on Friday.  
The top of the smoke-stack needs white washing.—

Mrs. Frank has joined her husband at the school.—

The exterior of the hospital is getting a coat of fresh paint.

Miss Roberts and Mr. Davies are able to converse in Welsh.

Lizzie Chubb and Marie McCloud have left for the country.—

Mr. Davies has been elected president of our Sunday School.—

The painters have plenty of shop work during the rainy days.—

Miss Moore's music class has gotten a good start for the year —

Lettie Scott is doing well at home, teaching a day school.—

Capt. Patrick Miguel commands his company like an old officer.

Basket-ball between the four higher rooms will soon commence.—

We all are glad to see the sun once more, after four days' absence.—

Miss Hill treated her girls with some candy last Saturday afternoon.—

The Standard Society has elected Wm. Weshinawatook for their President.—

Mr. Jas. Phillips taught the Bible class in the Y. M. C. A. hall last Sunday.—

How it did rain for a few days! Now, new moon, nice weather, happy hearts!

We did not have any study hour on Thursday night, on account of the Fair.—

We hear from all sides: Miss Weekley is going to make a good matron in charge.

"Dick" Pratt was over from Steelton Saturday, to see the game, but didn't see it.

Mr. George Foulke's solo was appreciated by all who heard him, last Saturday night.—

Miss Ollie Choteau is in from her country home, to spend a few days with friends.—

What interested me most at the fair was the different kind of people and their actions.—

The girls who are assisting Miss Ferree find the training table an excellent place for practice.—

Master Roy Stewart of W. Pomfret Street, was a guest of Miss Paull last Friday evening.

Allen Blackchief was married to Gertie Poodry a short time ago. Allen is well known here.—

The school in body attended the Cumberland County Fair last week, Thursday, in the afternoon.—

It was brought out in the service last Sunday evening that many of our trials are imaginary.

Friends of Dr. Montezuma, S. B. Lingle and wife, of Chicago, were callers on Monday evening.

Victor and Edward Emerson of Ottawa, Canada, were among the callers at our sanctum this week.

Let us make a NOISE when we sing the football song! Get tone and tune, of course, but VOLUME more.

Miss Luckenbach, of Washington, D. C., has a very interesting descriptive article in Sept. 20th Native American.

After seeing what wonderful things dogs and pigeons can be taught to do, we have no chance to say "I can't."

Our neighbors, Judge Henderson and daughter were among the guests at the entertainment last Friday evening.

Kesetta Roosevelt, one of our Apache students who has been living in a country home for years, is with us on a visit.

Dr. Rachel Robbins, of Pittsburg, was a guest for a few days of our Miss Robbins, teacher in number 9 school-room.

Fred Lane sent Miss Ely a box of the finest Chestnuts we ever saw. Miss Ely is in Bucks County, but will appreciate the thoughtfulness, when she learns of it.

Have you noticed improvement in the carriage of our girls, of late, as they march out of Assembly Hall or as they stroll about the grounds? It has been noticed.

The calls at the hospital increased last week, sore throats and head aches resulting from wet feet and sitting or standing in a draft. Fine weather is again here, and all will soon be better.—

Mary Louise Jerome is the smallest girl in Co. "A".—

Capt. Patrick Miguel expects to play quarter back for the Juvenile football team.—

A choir is to be organized among the Catholic students of the school to enable them to sing high Mass.—

Dr. Murdoch Banister, of Ottumwa, Iowa, a cousin of Miss Senseney, has been her guest for a few days.

The work which was done by our Indian carpenters has improved the appearance of the main Normal room.

Marie McCloud left on Monday morning for Moorestown, New Jersey, where she will attend school this winter.—

Master Theron Stevick of Denver, Colorado, a grandchild of Col. and Mrs. Pratt, was a welcome little visitor this week.—

Miss Laird gave the first talk last week in a series on Etiquette. Her subject was dress. Miss Paull followed on table manners.

The different companies of large boys quarters have been reorganized, and many new commissioned officers have been appointed.—

The dog show in the Assembly Hall, Friday evening was certainly interesting. The dogs were well trained and each did his part admirably.—

Lost:—A small gold scarf-pin with two small stones. One stone is red and the other white. Finder will please bring it to the printing office.—

Oliver Exendine has erected a weather vane on the fence west of the school building. At the present time it seems to be doing its work well.—

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Beecher of Manheim, Pa., who were the guests of Manager Baker of the Carlisle Daily Herald, paid the school a visit on Monday.

Miss Rosa Bourassa, '90, has a position in the University Hospital, Philadelphia. She has just recovered from the typhoid fever, and is feeling hopeful and happy.

Nettie Cole who lived with Rebecca Knudsen during the summer at Wells-ville, Pa. has come in on a visit, and will return to the same place for the winter —

Friends from Gettysburg visited E. Alvah Bartlett on Friday; they were very much interested in the work being done here. They admired the beautiful grounds and surroundings.—

Rev. Dr. Calvin W. Mateer, and wife, for nearly forty years missionary in China, of the Presbyterian Board, were visitors yesterday. They were in China all through the Boxer trouble, and are full of thrilling experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Hawkins, of Boston, Mass., Mrs. Harriet Pickard, Delphi, Ind., Mrs. Frank F. Ives, of Richmond, Va., Miss M. P. Middleton, of Germantown, Pa., Miss Sarah M. Livezey, of Philadelphia, Miss Marvin, of Columbus, Ohio, and Mr. M. P. Sherrerd, of Newark, N. J. are guests of Colonel and Mrs. Pratt, as we go to press.

The statement was made in last RED MAN AND HELPER that only two of our girls had finished the Carlisle course before entering for hospital training. We should have said three, as Jennie Wasson, who is in the Chester County hospital, West Chester graduated in 1901. She has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis, and is doing well.

The annual election of officers for the Sabbath School, was held last Sunday morning with the following result:

Mr. Davies—Superintendent.

Miss Forster—Assistant Superintendent;

Emma Skye—Secretary and Treasurer; Lydia Wheelock—Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

Elizabeth LaPraire came in from the country where she has been living. Her time at Carlisle expired a year ago. She is going to her home in Minnesota sometime this week. She will be greatly missed as she is a good girl and a good worker. But we wish her success in what ever she may undertake to do after she gets home.—

Reuben Scholder, who enlisted in the United States Army from here three years ago, was honorably discharged in Washington last week. He visited the school for a short time, and left for his home in South Dakota, on Tuesday. He was well received at the school, and the students honor him for sticking to his duties till discharged honorably. He has had a big experience.—

Louisa Thomas, the baby of the girls' quarters, was taken to the dentist by Amy Dolphus. When she saw the instruments, she ran out in the streets, crying.—

On Sunday evening Col. Pratt as a conclusion to Mr. Davies, and others' allusions to Paul, told of his visit last Spring to Malta, and the scene of Paul's shipwreck.

For the Invincibles to-night, Misses Moore and Moul, are detailed to visit; Misses Senseney and Newcomer, the Standards; Messrs. Davies and Thompson, the Susans.

Mr. Phillip's remark on Sunday evening was taking and to the point. Bunyon and Milton were presented in forceful description as examples of cheerfulness amid adversity.

The Grace Warren who was mentioned in last week's HELPER as having married a white man is not the graduate of 1902, but was here several years ago, and returned to her home in Washington.—

A pleasant word of greeting comes through a private letter from an old student, Nicholas Ruleau, who has always done well, (so we hear from various sources) ever since he went home, years ago.

Mrs. Fred G. Moore, of Perry, Oklahoma, is a guest of her sister Miss Moore, instructor in instrumental music. Mrs. Moore's home is only 30 miles from where Mrs. Given took up her abode with her sons, after leaving Carlisle.

That was a hearty yell last Saturday night given in response to Mr. Warner's suggestion that the school have a pronounced yell of its own. We have it now, and we will be heard surely after this, when occasion calls for it.

The election of officers in the senior class Thursday was as follows:— Pres., Lillian Cornelius; Vice President, Sophia Warren; Rec. Secretary, Maud Snyder; Correspondent Secretary, Amy Dolphus; Treasurer, Mable Greely; Critic, Earney Wilbur.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Indiana County this State were callers on Monday evening and present at the anniversary exercises. Mr. Simpson for 9 years was instructor in the Sitka, Alaska, Indian School, and was much pleased at meeting our Alaskan students.

The little prayer-meeting, held every morning in one of the girls' rooms, is doing a great deal of good; it has especially influenced many of the small girls, making them more serious and attentive. At this meeting there is no difficulty in finding volunteers to lead the next one.—

J. B. Ortega, ex-student, enlisted in the Army Oct. 3, 1899, and we learn by letter from him that his time has expired, and he expects to go to his home, in Warner, California. We have heard nothing but good of Ortega, and honor him for his pluck in sticking to it, through some trying experiences.

Alfred Venne has been elected president of the Junior class, '04, Walter Mathews, Vice-president, Anna Parker, Secretary, Wm. Jolly, Reporter, Arthur Sheldon, Critic, Jos. Trempe, Boys' Treasurer, Minnie Nick, Girls' Treasurer. Committees on Colors, Program, and Constitution were appointed.

The following officers have been elected in the Standard Literary Society: President, Wm. Weshinawatok; Vice-Pres. Frank Yarlot; Recording-Secretary, Geo. Pradt; Corresponding Secretary, Salem Moses; Critic, Henry Tatiyope; Reporter, John Londroche; Sergeant-at-arm, Geo. Hogan; Manager of music, Jos. Ruiz.

A certain boy remarked that Wallace Denny had been promoted to the office of an "Adjective"; this caused another boy to wonder what kind of an adjective Wallace Denny would make. They both meant adjutant instead of adjective.—

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks he is an adjective of the superlative order.

Mr. Reising and Mr. Davies were visitors at the "Susans" last meeting. Mr. Reising gave the girls some very good advice; he spoke of the advantages the girls had and how important it is to know how to express yourself in as few words as possible in any public gathering. The debate was not as well prepared as it might have been.—

Monday morning, Mr. Sprow was busy making solder to be used in the tin-shop. He estimates the amount of solder, used in repairing, roofing and spouting this summer to be 250 pounds.—

## TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF CARLISLE.

Twenty-three years ago, on the 6th of October, 1879, the first Indian boys and girls arrived from Dakota, and the Carlisle Indian School became a fact.

On last Monday evening, a meeting was held in Assembly Hall to commemorate the event.

A musical program was carried out, in which Miss Moore, Miss Senseney, Mr. Davies, the band, school and choir took active part. Addresses were made by Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Howard Gansworth and Colonel Pratt, the purport of which will be given in a future issue. Miss Burgess and Miss Cutter were called upon for remarks, and they responded briefly. Miss Cutter said in part, which we print this week as bearing upon Mr. Warner's address, in another column:

"I heartily endorse all that has been said here to-night about loyalty, and what Mr. Warner said about school spirit on Saturday night. It inspired me and made me wonder whether these boys and girls know just what that means. Mr. Warner said 'Let us make heroes of the football boys.' I would like to add to that. I say make heroes of the brave boys and girls who go out into the country to earn their living during the summer, and are successful. Sometimes the boys and girls find it hard to stand for the right, and haven't strength of character enough to obey the rules of the school. Col. Pratt wants them to give up their tobacco. He wants them to learn to work. Let us make heroes of those who try to live right; to learn all they can, and to be good men and women!"

The evening was one to inspire loyalty to our school, and was interesting throughout.

### A PARTY OF TEN.

Alfred Venne arrived on Sunday from Walhalla, N. Dak., with a nice party of ten pupils. The names are: Joseph Lafrombois, John Larocque, Roger Venne, Maggie Venne, Virginia Larocque, Elizabeth Larocque, Frances Larocque, Almira Jerome, Mary Louise Jerome and Mary Lodaucour.

They are bright boys and girls and have come here to make use of all the good opportunities which the Carlisle School offers its pupils.

In an interview with Alfred we learn that on his trip to North Dakota with Asst. Supt. Allen, in a little over fifty hours' ride in a north westerly direction they found themselves looking over vast prairie lands, covered with shocks of wheat, oats, barley and flax, just as far as the eye could see.

"And instead of looking upon meadows and lawns of green grass we were looking upon yellow and brown frost-bitten grass," said Alfred "and we also found that the leaves on the trees were of various colors which made a beautiful autumn picture.

The first place we visited was the Devil's Lake reservation, on which is the Ft. Totten Indian School.

At this place I felt very much at home and enjoyed my short visit.

We immediately set to work and told the Indians what we were there for, and got a party of six pupils:—Patrick Kennedy, John Lanois, Willie Irish, Joseph Two Hearts, Edward Two Hearts and Louisa Longer.

I escorted them east as far as St. Paul, and then returned to my home in Walhalla.

Mr. Allen made a short visit to Turtle Mountain Reservation, after which he joined me in my home country, where we got another party of pupils whose names have already been given.

I had a very pleasant visit, though there was a good deal of hard work in it. It is a well stated fact that no pleasure comes except through hard work. I was glad to start back for Carlisle after a couple weeks' leave.

What one hears most in Dakota these days is the whistle from threshing machines, the humming tones of the separators and people's talk about crops and the thousands of bushels of wheat they thresh daily.

The northwest is all right to develop a strong physical body, but no better than Carlisle, with its various athletic sports and fine gymnasium; but Carlisle is the place to get an education."

Loretta Ferguson, who taught school here for a while in '95, recently died in St. Paul.—



## SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Before Col. Pratt began his address on Saturday night, Coach Warner gave a little talk on school and college spirit which was much appreciated. He said in part: "School spirit, or college spirit as it is called at the various colleges and universities, is that spirit which teaches us to place the interests of our school or college above the interests of self, and makes us regard the interests of our school as our own interest. I want to speak of this with special reference to Athletics.

You will find at various colleges and universities that the students meet in the evenings at some place on the campus and listen to speeches, practice their yells and sing college songs, and in this way have a general good time. Thus they are drawn closer together and are made to feel that they are all one large family working together, not simply for their own personal interests but for the glory of the institution to which they belong.

It does not seem to me that here at Carlisle we have as much of this school spirit as we ought. We have the dormitory system here and are thrown together more than the students of most institutions, and there should be a better spirit of good fellowship, a greater interest in each other's welfare and above all, greater loyalty to our school and to the athletic teams which represent the school.

I have often heard students, who were spectators out on the athletic field, laugh at and make fun of fellows who were loyal enough to go out and try to build up strong athletic teams and who were perhaps a little awkward at the start. That is not showing the proper spirit; instead of making sport of the young men who try for the team they should encourage them in every way. Make heroes of your athletes so that it will be considered a great honor to be a member of one of the teams,—something to be striven for and thus, by this spirit of strife, you will raise the standard of your athletic teams.

If you see a player make a good play let him know that you appreciate his work by giving him a yell or applause of some kind. If Capt. Williams makes a good punt and he hears you give three cheers for Williams, it makes him feel like punting even harder next time; he feels that you are with him and that he is working, not simply for personal interests, but for you and for the school.

I have noticed that this fall we seem to have a better spirit here than for several years. Everyone seems to feel that our football team has got to wipe out some of the defeats of last year. We have not so many big men as they have at most of the universities, but if our determined spirit keeps up the way it has so far, we will have a team that we can all be proud of.

When the first and second teams played to-day we all thought the first team would win easily, but the second team had a loyal band of rooters on the east side of the field, and their yells and cheers put such a spirit into the players on the second team that the first team could not handle them and the result was a tie. This illustrates the fact that no matter how strong or how talented we are we cannot succeed by half-hearted effort. We must have the proper spirit.

There is another lesson we can learn from the game to-day. The players on the first team seemed to be finding fault with each other a great deal, there was discord there, and this illustrates the old saying that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." In the family, in the school and in everything where people are working together there must be harmony to accomplish the best results. A football team divided against itself cannot win.

Let's pull together, and put Carlisle to the front, not only in athletics but in everything.

## AN EDITOR SHOULD KNOW IT ALL.

"Papa, is Jupiter inhabited?"

"I don't know," was the truthful answer.

Presently he was interrupted again.

"Papa, is there any sea-serpent?"

"I do not know, my son."

The little fellow was manifestly cast down, but presently rallied and again approached the great source of information.

"Papa, what does the North Pole look like?"

But alas, again the George Washington answer:

"I don't know, my son."

At last, in desperation, he said, with withering emphasis:

"How did you get to be an editor?"

## THE LAST AND ONLY CONDITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF RED MAN & HELPER.  
The period of exclusiveness is past and the field lies ready for the reaper.

In a short time Indian Territory must become a State, and when it comes under the flag, in fact as in name and sentiment and the star joins the bright blue field, Omega, as far as Statehood is concerned, will have been written.

Oklahoma, in ten short years was transformed from a howling wilderness into the most productive section tributary to the market centers of the great west.

What Oklahoma has accomplished will be excelled by Indian Territory, for its natural resources are superior.

From Massachusetts to Indian Territory, we trace our ancestors and in silence say: ALPHA and OMEGA.

There is still a great drawback to the Indians,—the question of land. I believe in "finding is keeping." In my mind the keeping of surplus lands is not only a detriment to progress and civilization, but is unprofitable as well.

The leasing of land is the best way to self-support.

We must cast aside the idols and the legends of the past and take up the promised land, and put our shoulders under the white man's burden as our own.

We may recount the treachery of both red man and white man, but the time is here when there must be something DOING, leaving all treaty rights in the past with pictures of cruelties and the dark injustices forever in oblivion.

Now, if those interested in the Indians as Indians, would only "go away back and sit down," cease this "Injun Tom Foolery," may be "Poor Lo" would realize that he must work or become subject for the alms house in the near future.

Some Indians remind me of the yeast cake without the flour, and vice versa; when they have undergone the chemical process that throwing together brings, the mixture begins to rise into a better condition; some Indians lack grit, self-confidence and push, hence, like old yeast cakes remain useless.

Dame Nature seems to be in league with the Fates; this ultimatum seems to be the last or only condition which is left for the Indians to follow, and why not let it be our object to have it a GLO-RIOUS ending of our race?

R. D. H., Apache.

## FINE INDIAN SPECIMENS.

FORT MEADE, FLA.,  
Oct. 2, 1902.

ED. REDMAN AND HELPER:

Perhaps a majority of your readers are not aware that away down on the lower Peninsula of Florida lives nearly 400 genuine full-blooded Seminole Indians, with not one among them with one drop of blood of the Caucasian race coursing his veins, and Col. Pratt asserted when here about 25 years ago, as fine specimens of physical manhood as ever graced the wilds of the American continent.

Those Indians are all self-reliant and self-supporting, with hogs, horses and chickens, good land on which they grow corn, rice, pumpkins, beans and potatoes, with access to plenty of game—deer, turkeys and fish, with otters, alligators, plume-birds, the latter three, the pelts of which bring them all the cash they need, a commodity that the Florida Seminoles are never without.

Those Indians are the remnant of one of those which now constitute the five civilized tribes in Indian Territory.

That renowned old chief, Coacoochee, or Wild Cat, went to Arkansas with his band, together with a small remnant of the Miccasookies in 1842.

Billie Bowlegs went in 1858 and was reported assassinated by a sub-chief, John Jumper; whether true or not we do not know.

If any of the readers of the REDMAN AND HELPER has any authentic information as to the facts or death of those two old chiefs we would appreciate being informed, of when, where, and how they died,  
Respectfully,  
GEO. W. HENDRY.

The Scotch have a story of a little lad who was desperately ill, but who, for all his mother's pleading, refused to take his medicine. The mother finally gave up.

"Oh, my boy will die, my boy will die!" she sobbed. "He will not take the stuff that would save him."

But presently piped up a voice from the bed.

"Don't cry, mother," it said. "Father'll be home soon, and he'll make me take it."

## INDIANS AT A CIRCUS.

The Indians seem destined to be treated to all the accompaniments of the white man's civilization,

We have not yet heard whether the hand organ and performing monkey have begun to make the rounds of the reservations, but, according to the New York Tribune the Ponca reservation has been visited by a circus.

The advance advertising placards were said to have affected the Indian boy quite as much as they usually do his white brother, and doubtless when the great day arrived there were as many grown people who had to go "to please the children" as among whites.

It is said the Indian "got his money's worth," saw all the sights that were going, and did not hesitate to ask questions.

He stalked into the ring to detect any false motion in the sword throwers, and a fleet footed athlete tried to run races with the chariot riders.

The menagerie proved a great source of wonder, and the elephants and kangaroos frightened them.

The performances of the ventriloquist, however, was the climax.

It is said that throwing the voice is a power attributed only to the dead by the Indians, and therefore all the Indians except those educated away from home hurriedly left the tent.

The after effect on the small boy were the same there as elsewhere, and the broncos have since been put through strange antics by daring riders.

## WHAT THE SPIDER TOLD.

"I was spinning a web on a rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep.

Her thread knotted, and her needle broke and her eyes were full of tears.

"I can't do it," she cried: "I can't! I can't!"

"Then the mother came and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread, and tried to fasten it to a branch the wind blew suddenly and tore it quite away.

This happened several times, but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it, and spun other shining threads to join it.

Then the mother smiled.

"What a patient spider!" she said.

The little girl smiled too, and took up her work again.

For more than an hour she sewed steadily, and I, to encourage her, worked quite as hard.

And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web from the rose vine to the golden-rod, and a square of beautiful patchwork on the doorstep.—[Babyland.

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH PROGRESS, GIVES ELEVEN REASONS WHY WE SHOULD NOT SWEAR.

Swearing makes God your enemy.

Swearing makes good men avoid you.

Swearing brings down upon yourself the curse which you pronounce upon another.

Swearing shuts you out from the kingdom of heaven.

Swearing drives away the Holy Spirit of God from your heart.

Swearing makes the devil your friend.

Swearing makes bad men seek your company.

Swearing hardens your heart.

Swearing increases the number of your sins.

Swearing opens to you the door of the bottomless pit

Let me ask you what good does swearing do you? None.

What harm does it do you? It destroys your soul. Bless and curse not. Jesus came to bless mankind. Do you wish to undo all that he did for you?

## TRIBULATIONS.

A missionary writes for the Home Mission Monthly stating some of the tribulations that those in the "Gospel Wagon" traveling in the Indian Territory meets with, viz:

Heat, rains, bad roads, mosquitoes, chiggers, fleas and ticks, ants in the provisions, inquisitive boys who searched the food box, a cow which ate up the leather cover of the bicyclist's saddle. These are but a few."

"I could not do without the dear little paper," says a Harrisburg subscriber.

## A SHORTHAND LETTER.

Here is a copy of a letter recently sent out by one of Mr. Birch's pupils. As will be seen the pupils was but recently introduced to the ditto mark, and its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him. He found occasion to turn his knowledge to good account while writing home this week:

Dear Father:

I hope you are well.

" " mother is "

" " sister " "

" " Dick " "

" " grandmother is well.

" wish you were here.

" " mother was "

" " sister was "

" " Dick " "

" " grandmother was here.

" " you would send me some

money. Your affectionate son,

TOM.

## STRONG DRINK DOING ITS WORK.

From Annie Gesis Pierce.

Mrs. Pierce, who graduated in 1899 and married Bemus Pierce, ex-student, writes from their New York State home:

"I do not see how I found it possible to be without the paper so long. It is not because I have lost interest for the school, I am always anxious to hear news about dear old Carlisle and its people.

Last fall I was out in Minnesota visiting my folks. I saw a great many of the Carlisle students. Quite a number of them were doing well, but would do still better if they were out of the reservation.

Strong drink is doing its work with both the old and young generation of the Indians.

When I saw how much drinking was going on, while they were, or after they received their annuities, how I wished there were dozens of Carlisle Indian Schools, and every one of the young Indians was in it."

Gentleman: "Permit me, Miss Simberly, de extreme felicity of presenting my seat."

Miss S.: "Thanks, kindly, sir, but don't deprive yourself."

"No depravity, ma'am, no depravity at all, I assure you."

## Our Football Schedule.

Sept. 20, Lebanon Valley College at Carlisle.

Won 48 to 0.

" 27, Gettysburg at Carlisle.

Won 25 to 0.

Oct. 4, Dickinson on our field.

No game.

" 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.

## Small Boys' Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters and spell what many a little Carlisle Indian boy asks for in quarters on Sunday mornings before inspection.

My 9, 8 7 is that in which the small boy takes a bath.

12, 2 is sometimes the reply of the small boy when Miss Carter asks him if he has taken a bath.

My 7, 5, 4 3 is what nearly every small boy likes to play.

My 1, 11, 10 is what the small boy sleeps on.

My 1, 5, 6 is what the small boy likes to ride in.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.—Football Posters.

## SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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

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