

# The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY Dec. 26, '02. JANUARY 2, 1903.

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

## NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

**W**HAT shall I wish thee?  
Treasures of earth?  
Songs in the spring-time,  
Pleasures and mirth?  
Flowers on thy pathway,  
Skies ever clear?  
Would this ensure thee  
A Happy New Year.

What shall I wish thee?  
What can be found,  
Bringing the sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year.

FAITH that increaseth,  
Walking in light;  
HOPE that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright:  
Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear;  
These shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year.

PEACE in the Savior  
Rest at his feet,  
Smile of His countenance  
Radiant and sweet,  
JOY in His presence!  
Christ ever near!  
This will ensure thee  
A Happy New Year

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The above verses are the happy expression of one who had given up her own will to Him of whom it is said in Holy Writ that His name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Looking for the "new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," she learnt through a blessed experience that an earnest and foretaste of these were attainable even in this mutable sphere, through heavenly help and the acceptable offering of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, slain for the salvation of the world.

And thus there came to her, as there will come to every one who turns not aside from the whisperings of Divine grace, that faith, hope, love, peace, rest and joy of which she invitingly sings—a newness of life and a New Year indeed.

The earth and the earthy nature holds no possession that is for a moment comparable to these: Wherefore it is said in order to the discovery and appropriation of the true riches that vanish not—"Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

So, despite the clouds and the storms that appear and may almost overwhelm for a season, they that "seek the Lord and His strength, [that] seek His face continually," behold how "the fields rejoice \* \* the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord."

J. W. L.

FOR RED MAN & HELPER.

## CORRESPONDENT IS NOT HELD.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 15.—In the Court of Criminal Correction to-day, Judge Moore declined to hold as a fugitive from justice William R. Draper, the newspaper correspondent, for whose arrest a warrant was issued Saturday at Wichita, Kan., by the county judge on a charge of criminal libel, preferred by the Philadelphia North American. The judge declined to hear any of the evidence which Judge James Gay Gordon, attorney for the North American, was ready to present, declaring that he would not hold Draper as a fugitive from justice, as the warrant charging libel was issued subsequent to the bringing of the proceedings in St. Louis. S. B. Amidon, law partner of County Attorney I. F. Conly, of Wichita, who refused to issue a warrant Saturday, appeared for Draper. Judge Gordon was assisted by Judge Thomas B. Harvey.

In court at the time were "White Buffalo," the Indian, who was the principal character of an alleged libelous story written by Draper and printed in the Philadelphia North American; E. A. Van Valkenburg, and Emory Foster, editor and Sunday editor, respectively, of that paper, and Lieut. Col. R. H. Pratt, super-

intendent of the Carlisle Indian School.

Judge Gordon, speaking in reference to the court's proceedings, said: "The motion of the Judge to-day merely delays and obstructs our efforts. It will be as temporary in its effect, however, as the action of the county attorney at Wichita, in refusing to give us a warrant. We got the warrant afterward directly from the judge, and we will through other process and other tribunals, yet take Draper back."

The prosecution will not stop until every lawful agency is employed."—[Washington Post.]

## ANOTHER ANSWER TO MAJOR JENSEN.

A few weeks since a special to the New York Times purporting to come from the annual report of Agent Erwin (meaning Jensen) of the Ponca, Otoe and Oakland Reservation, Oklahoma, charged that returned Indian students were worthless and incompetent. It was printed with comments in our paper. Former Carlisle students from Agent Jensen's section were invited to answer these charges. In the issue of the RED MAN for December 5, one of our returned students has a letter resenting what Agent Jensen said. Now comes another student and graduate, Stacy Matlack, a Pawnee of Oklahoma who is employed at Whiterocks, Utah. He says in part:

Indeed it must have been discouraging when you read Major Jensen's report about educated Indians. In reference to educated young Indians being "worthless" it is not true, although there may be some truth in it about the Poncas and Otoes where he is in charge. I met Agent Jensen a few times when he was agent for the Pawnees, and I know he had nothing to do with the educated Indians. He despised them, especially the honest ones, and he had good deal to do with dishonest people—the people who will keep secrets. Agent Jensen was not agent for the benefit or uplifting of the Indians, but was agent for the uplifting of Jensen's family. During his administration as agent, his son-in-law was Superintendent of the Pawnee School and one of his daughters was teacher. His son-in-law died, then Agent Jensen appointed his own son as Superintendent of the school. During that time a Pawnee young lady who had graduated from the high school at Philadelphia was teaching in that school. Agent Jensen abolished her position, but in a few days he had his daughter in the same position which he abolished.

It was the same way with another Pawnee young lady.

In the same report he says that the educated ones make excuses, saying that they have nothing to work with, no teams etc. That is not true. It may be true with the Poncas and Otoes, but it is not true with the Pawnees. He cannot find any educated Pawnee without a team. I have worked hard with my own hands when he was agent and worked with my own team and did not borrow money as he says in order to secure a team. I have hauled many cords of wood and made money without him knowing anything about it. It is true with a few of the Indians that they borrowed money from the banks, and it is a scheme, whether the scheme originated with that agent or not, that the Indians are in debt.

As soon as Major Jensen retired from the office as agent at Pawnee, he established a bank at Perry, Oklahoma.

I have been away from the Pawnee Indians over a year and I am glad to say that there are some Indian agents who believe in uplifting the Indians, and in Indian education."

George was fond of watching the winged creatures of the air, and one day he had an idea. "I know why wasps never sit down, mother," he said; "they have pins in their coat tails, and are afraid to." [Buds of Promise.]

## FROM PASQUALA ANDERSON, CLASS 1900.

One should know Pasquala to fully appreciate her words. Ever faithful, earnest, trustworthy and a helper in all good works at Carlisle, she is the same wherever she goes. She writes, not thinking her letter will be published, but she will not object if assured that we do it for the good of the cause:

TORONA, ARIZONA,  
Dec., 15th 1902.

MY DEAR SCHOOL FATHER:

I wonder what my Colonel thinks of me? I know it has been a long time since I wrote to you. I always feel that my letters are of very little importance and therefore not worthy of your time which is so crowded with school duties.

I eagerly wait for the RED MAN AND HELPER and am always delighted to read the accounts of your Saturday evening talks to the student body. The inspiration, determination and courage, which your words bring to my heart are like medicine which soothes the pain and heals the wounds.

Each person in life has his own cares and pains measured to him by the "Divine Hand" for some great purpose, and though at the time we fail to see the good in it, we see it after it is past and are glad that such was our lot, but I need not give you a sermon. You made your beginning in your life's work years ago, and have gone through all kinds of experiences; your hours were not all easy or bright, but see the grand strength that you have gained, and you are now able to stand by your grand purpose of educating Indian children.

Ever holding you for my example, I, too, am willing to bear hard trials. Since I have been in the service I have met many kind friends who are ever ready to help, and I have also met some who are ready to pull one down; the two must of course go together to make up life. At times I find my mind weighed with cares and trials caused by those who are not my friends, then the still small voice brings your saying to me, "that it is good to have enemies for they tell us of our faults."

There is plenty of sunshine, however, and I have spent many happy hours with my school children as well as the old folks.

I enjoy my school work very much, have a nice school room and twenty-five dear little boys and girls to brighten it. They are the joy of my life. They are very bright and eager to learn. I wish you could see them.

I suppose you have heard long before this time that a year ago I was promoted and transferred from Oraibi to this place, but am still among the Hopis, a peace loving people, just as you told me they were. A friend of mine and I have organized a Wednesday evening prayer meeting and the attendance is very good. We have the meeting at one of their villages; we hope to do much good in this way. There are five of us all together, so it is not very lonesome. To be sure I get very home sick for dear old Carlisle, you and my dear teachers. Will try to come and visit the school some day.

Colonel I made you a little Xmas present and hope you will keep it to remember me by. It is small, but the love that goes with it will make it more valuable.

We are preparing for Xmas and hope to have a good time. Am happy over our football boys' success this year.

Wishing you a merry Xmas and a happy New Year.

Your loving school daughter,  
PASQUALA ANDERSON.

## Long Ago, Maybe.

A Marysville schoolma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar. "Now, Johnny," said she, "in what tense do I speak when I say, I am beautiful?" The little fellow answered, quick as a wink, "The past."

## FROM OUR FINNISH FRIEND IN PORTO RICO.

Miss Ericson, who has been teaching in Porto Rico for several years since her departure from our school as Sloyd teacher, sends Christmas greetings to her Carlisle friends. She has been ill, but is again well and enjoys her new work in the Industrial School.

"It is a charming work" she says, "so much easier than the other. I am not tired of Porto Rico yet, but in the Fall when I was ill with malaria so long I felt badly."

She was planning at the time she wrote to spend her Christmas holidays at "Mayaguez, one of the largest and prettiest towns on the Island. The Americans there lead a gay life and there will be lots of celebration, I hear. The cool season is just setting in and it is getting perfectly lovely to be out of doors."

## The Finnish Famine.

It is through Miss Ericson that we have become specially interested in her native land—Finland, and the trials of her people. There seems to be a terrible famine in that country, just now. The English papers tell the story and it is confirmed from Russian sources, says the Outlook for December 27.

Hitherto, fearing the censor, the Russian press had been careful to minimize the extent of the famine.

The condition of affairs in Finland, however, has now become sufficiently known abroad to compel the St. Petersburg papers to give some indication of it.

This early knowledge has been due in great measure to the enterprise of the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London "Times." He reports that in many places the peasants have been forced to sell everything they possessed in order to obtain food; in some cases they are now reduced to living on bread made from the bark of trees.

The St. Petersburg Viedomosti confirms the Times's account of the causes of the famine.

In the North of Finland, it says, the crops of oats and barley were completely ruined by the frosts which followed the almost unprecedentedly cold summer.

To the damage done by these frosts was added that from a succession of great floods which swamped many of the fields before the crops could be brought in.

The Viedomosti published a letter from a school-teacher who stated that in his own village two hundred people had already been reduced to absolute beggary, and three hundred more were living from hand to mouth.

The entire number of persons reported to be destitute and starving in Finland is now rumored to be no less than four hundred thousand.

Pastor Francis, of the Anglo-American Church in St. Petersburg, which has undertaken to feed and clothe the school-children of a number of Finnish parishes, says that conditions there to-day are worse than those of 1867, when a hundred thousand persons died in Finland and whole villages were practically swept out of existence.

The Finns are indeed doubly stricken; it would seem as if their present misery might soften the Czar's heart, and lead him to mitigate the severity of the outrageously oppressive measures recently inaugurated in Finland—measures which have disgraced his reign as much as the Hague Peace Conference has honored it.

## The Skunk in Winter.

Perhaps the funniest of all preparers for winter is the skunk.

His serene highness calmly walks into a woodchuck's burrow, and says to himself,—for he has no friends,—"What's the use of working when you can get some one else to make everything ready for your winter?"

And he calmly takes possession and settles down.—[St. Nicholas.]

## 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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the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it  
some one else has.

## PIONEERING IN THE REAR

A NICE CLASS.—About as nice a class of Indians as ever entered any school, came up from Fort Sill last week. They were all Comanches—16 bright boys and girls—and the first of the tribe to ever go away to any non-reservation school.—[Chilocco Farmer and Stock Grower.

In order to make the foregoing statement stick, it is reiterated in the December issue of the same paper, and at the same time there is a full page illustration called "Educating the Indian,—An illustration," which gives Juanada Parker in what is alleged to be her reservation dress before she entered the Chilocco school, and the second picture gives her as she appeared after she had entered Chilocco. The statements and illustrations are worthy of note only to correct the historian.

With the first party of students for Carlisle in October, 1879, twenty-three years ago, there came three Comanches. In the following year, 1880, there was a large party, and Carlisle has at no time been without Comanche students among its pupils since that date. We have no doubt Haskell could tell pretty nearly the same story. Among the first students at Chilocco were Comanches, and it is possible that pupils from that tribe have been in constant attendance throughout its history.

Juanada Parker who is so speedily rescued from Indianism by Chilocco was a pupil at Carlisle six years and six months, returning to her reservation in July, 1901, having reached the sixth grade.

That any good purpose is to be served by such misstatements and misrepresentations will hardly be admitted anywhere.

## RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 1902.

EDITOR RED MAN AND HELPER:

In the December 5th issue of the RED MAN AND HELPER is an article with the caption

"Keep Them Indians."

The caption (your own) expresses the spirit of the editorial reproduced from the St. Louis Globe Democrat with an implied and just disapproval.

The initial sentence is,—“Our Government is distressingly businesslike” in its refusal to allow an Indian exhibit at the coming World's Fair in the city of St. Louis.

What would the editor of that paper say of a proposition to have an exhibit of some of the foreign elements among us who are as great a curiosity in some particulars as the Digger Indians and farther from true civilization than said Indian tribe?

The poor Indian has no Indian government behind him to resent the insult, hence the bravery (?) of the Globe's proposition.

An editor who can see no more worth nor possibilities in his fellowman, the Indian, than he sees in the fast disappearing American bison ought to be sent for a term of years to the Carlisle Indian Industrial School where he would be taught that, “God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth;” and where he might find

it necessary to brush up his ideas of the mission of the American Republic in relation to the educationally, socially and religiously needy classes in our highly favored land.

A nation as well as an individual enters the arena of human life and affairs with or for a purpose infinitely higher than the seeming conceptions of the editor of the Globe Democrat. I would suggest to my friend Colonel Pratt the propriety of selecting one of the graduates (perhaps a Sophomore would do) of his school to make an address at the St. Louis Fair on this topic: American Journalism and Twentieth Century Progress. Yours in the interest of fellowmen,  
J. H. LEIPER.

## KEEP IT IN MIND!

Here is a sound philosophy that the teacher of the Red Man's children wants to keep in mind in every stage of his work:

“For Indian youths the process of education is not so much an addition to his previous stock of knowledge as a reconstruction of it. With senses sharpened and faculties trained in one way of living, he must begin again and learn to adapt himself to a new environment.”

“The intellect bases its work on sense perception. Hence the impossibility of transmitting knowledge from one mind to another by means of mere words.”

Structures of knowledge like structures of stone refuse to rest secure on airy foundations.

A teacher from the northern section of our land undertook to teach a child from the Southwest with a limited range of observation and a meager command of English, something about a little animal thoroughly familiar to dwellers in the northern woods.

The results were meager and unsatisfactory.

The teacher decided the child was stupid, until she realized that the child had not the mental furnishings to interpret her well-planned, but poorly presented data.

She was broad enough to see herself as the stupid one, and by picture and illustrations prepare the child for the lesson.

Interest revived, the child was spared the infliction of punishment for STUBBORNNESS, the standing scapegoat of many a teacher's blindness in her dealings with the Indian child.

We must widen the experience of little “Lo,” help him to see more of the big world, and the white man's command of the forces of nature.

How absurd to attempt to do this from the printed pages of a white child's primer, in environment of a reservation home. “Fools to believe all that the prophets have spoken.”

For three hundred years have savagery and civilization confronted each other like mighty walls, and the fortress of savagery remains unbroken except where the defenders of the system have been inveigled into the camp of the white man and been allowed to taste of his better and stronger ways.

And the theories of experts, the toiling of enthusiasts, the chicanery of those who must maintain their jobs have not mended conditions in the Indian's home land.

He is kept only an Indian in feeling and in fact. A gap of two thousand years remains between his ideals and those of his white neighbor.

“The way to resume is to resume” said the great Treasurer of the United States, Spinner.

The way to end this “vexing problem” is to end it—by teaching him to work, to be a man, capable of self-support, and then abandon him—not in the mesquit bushes or alkali plains where a white man scorns to live, but anywhere in Uncle Sam's broad domain—to starve if he will—but he won't.

An Indian can hustle if he must, and hunger is a stimulus that nerves his right arm when opportunity is his, and the agency issue is an impossibility.

Our law makers at Washington during all these years, and indiscriminate unthinking charity in our civilized centers, are responsible for many of the processes that have pauperized the Red Man on the reservation, the white man in the slums. We are wise, no doubt, but deeper diving will bring up great pearls of truth from the great unexplored ocean.

If our method fails, it is not ours to lament failure, but it is our privilege to

up and at it again, with new device, based on sound principles.

Words are symbols of knowledge. They stand for things. The mind must receive and interpret them ere they become a source of power.

“Education is life,” and the Indian as well as the white child must “participate in the social consciousness of our race,” or he must remain a stranded wreck, dropping piecemeal in wind and weather.

O. H. B.

## SUPT. POTTER LOYAL TO OLD CARLISLE.

Supt. Potter writing from Chicago enroute home states that he greatly enjoyed his visit to Carlisle, Washington and Ontario, and hopes that some good to Chemawa may result therefrom. Speaking of the Carlisle school he says, “Old Carlisle is head and shoulders above all our other schools in many ways. It goes in for the substantial not the ornamental in all that it does, a lesson to its younger ambitious brothers in the West.

It has now over 1000 pupils and parties of recruits are still coming without solicitation.

No time is wasted or lost at Carlisle. Employees and pupils inspired and led by their great and worthy Superintendent, Col. R. H. Pratt, labor without ceasing. One of their principal mottoes is “Labor conquers all things.” This is the key note of Carlisle's continued success.

The plain mammoth buildings, comfortable but not extravagantly furnished, the most spacious grounds, and the well kept and managed farms all present an appearance of solidity, good management and success that is most inspiring, gratifying and worthy of emulation.

Every school in the country has much to thank old Carlisle for, and should show its appreciation in the right way.

The splendid opportunity for the Carlisle pupils to get into the homes of the best people of the land, the descendants of William Penn, where they are taught practical agriculture, house keeping, and are civilized and Christianized by those good kind people, is one which no other school can offer to the same extent.

The great Carlisle Outing System originated by Col. Pratt years ago, is Carlisle's fortress of strength, and is doing more toward making Indian boys and girls into good, useful self-supporting men and women than can hardly be accomplished elsewhere.

[Chemawa American, Oregon.

## A TREAT.

One of the bright holiday treats was an evening with Rogers and Grilley—Mr. Rogers, harpist, Mr. Grilley, entertainer. The harp used by Mr. Rogers is one of the finest ever made, costing a great sum of money and made in Chicago, there being none of foreign manufacture equal to it in Mr. Rogers' estimation.

He carries it in a padded case higher than a tall man, and the case has springs on all sides to prevent jarring if handled roughly. The tones from this harp are most exquisite, and the performer upon its strings is of the highest artistic order. His selections were repeatedly encored.

Mr. Grilley never fails to entertain, and he always works as though he enjoys his Indian audience. From seriousness to mirth, and back from levity to gravity his hearers are moved at the will of the artist. The numbers most enjoyed from the harp were “Triumphal March,” Godefroid; “Winter,” Thomas; “Southern Medley,” Rogers; “Annie Laurie,” and “Old Kentucky Home.” Mr. Grilley's Selection from Drummond; his own composition—“Back Home; and Dunbar's—“Speak up Ike an' 'spress yo'self,” as well as all he rendered brought enthusiastic applause. Messrs. Rogers and Grilley say they appear before no audience that they enjoy more than the Carlisle School people, and we surely have few entertainments that capture us so completely.

OUR SOLDIER BOY, HARRISON  
PRINTUP.

Mr. Campbell while he was at Vancouver last Saturday, saw one of his old Carlisle boys, Harrison Printup, who is a member of the 17th Infantry Regimental Band, now located at Vancouver Barracks. Harrison looked very well, and is reported as being an excellent member of the band, and his conduct above reproach. He enlisted in the army at the opening of the Philippine War, and was sent to the Philippines, and is now connected with the Band as stated above.  
—[Chemawa American, Oregon.

## Published Under Difficulties

The Northern Light, Wrangell, Alaska, has appeared in new dress. The little paper says of itself: For nearly two years The Northern Light has been printed about 1000 miles from where it is published. This has necessitated long and vexatious days. Often times the printer has disappointed the editors, and has taken from a month to six weeks to print the paper, when it should have been done in less than a week. This has caused the paper to appear at very irregular intervals. It is now possible to have the paper printed where edited. The form, in which this issue appears, is possibly not as attractive as the magazine form, but the advantage of having the paper appear regularly will more than compensate for this change of form.

## Our Jobbing Department.

The jobbing department of the printing office in 1902 took a start not before noticed. We have observed that beginning printers enjoyed plain case-work or press-work more than work which taxes the inventive powers, calling out originality of thought, imagination and designing. Our equipment is meager, but we are gradually gaining in new material. It requires more ingenuity and skill to turn out good work where material is not the best than where everything is up-to-date and of the highest order. We believe that the lessons our students have been receiving in mechanical drawing under the art teacher is beginning to tell in all lines of work.

## Our Neighbor's Dog.

“Mike” the well known dog of our neighbor Mr. John Wetzel, Esq., has departed this life. Mike was a ferocious bull-dog. His likes and dislikes were very strong, and he had many friends, but some who were not so friendly to him.

## Died.

On Nov. 23rd., at Columbia. Mrs. Mary Rue, nee Beaulieu, who at one time attended the Carlisle Industrial school. Shortly after her return from school, she was married to Archie Rue a prosperous young farmer and who with a baby girl are left to mourn her death. The heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends are blended with the deep sorrow of the bereaved parents, husband and motherless child.—[The Chippewa Herald.

## At the Chippewa Agency.

The government building, near the village, formerly occupied as a school and assembly hall, is being thoroughly overhauled and fitted for an Old Folks' Home. It is proposed to have the building ready for the reception of inmates by the first of the year. The building will accommodate about fifty inmates.

Supt. Davis expects to run the attendance of the school up to 100 and keep it there this year. With a little firmness and work by the police force it can be done.—[Chippewa Herald.

Miss Teresa Waukechon of Lansdowne, Pa., gave a party to some of her friends on December 27, from three to six o'clock. Some of the invited guests were Priscilla Williams and Rose McFarland from Swarthmore, Margaret Melotte from Wyncote, Sara Corban and Livinia Elm from Lansdowne. The evening was pleasantly passed in playing games and music. Miss Teresa makes a very dignified hostess.—

## Have we Improved.

Wonder if the shop reports this month will show improvement in industry, care of tools, proficiency, neatness! Conduct we have no fear of. Care of tools is our greatest obstacle

A new arrival was asked to what church he belonged. “No church!” “To which church do you wish to go?” “What have you?” “Well, there are Catholics, Episcopaleans, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., in our school. “Which is the easiest?” he asked eagerly.

Hicks predicted that January would enter in the midst of unsettled, threatening weather, with rain and snow striking many localities. Yesterday was beautiful and balmy here.  
Poor Hicks!

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

1903

Skating under difficulties.

Nineteen hundred and THREE!

The days have begun to grow longer.

The sun has faced about, and is coming north.

The class picture of 1903 was taken yesterday.

Several students visited country friends during the holidays.

James Phillips, law student, is visiting friends at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, of Steelton, ate Christmas dinner with us.

It was a white Christmas—too white, as a light snow spoiled the ice.

The Athletic field is taking a rest, under its white blanket of snow.

Frances Halftown is the captain of the Junior girls' basket-ball team.—

Miss Barr spent a day in Philadelphia, this week, on business for the school.

Some of the boys from country homes visited the school on Christmas week.—

After a few days' rest the Juniors have decided to take a brace for their last year.—

The Invincibles have decided to give an entertainment the latter part of January.—

Morris Dan has returned from his country home and entered the Freshmen class.—

Our Christmas tree was larger than any which the most of us had ever seen before.—

Mr. Nonnast, the tailor instructor, is now busy with his boys making suits for the graduates.—

Several of our stay-at-homes during the holiday vacation entertained guests from a distance.

Miss Sarah Pratt and brother Richard H. Pratt, both of Steelton, are guests at the school at present.

The band played well at the sociable and at mid-night, on the Bandstand, to usher out the dying year.

Miss Cutter who spent her holiday vacation in Washington, met with a number of old Carlislens.

Elizabeth Knudsen, Maud Snyder and Alice Doxtator sang a beautiful trio in chapel last Sunday morning.—

The boys poured water over the ice on the north pond, Thursday evening, to insure smooth skating the first freeze-up.

Mr. O. C. Zing, formerly disciplinarian at Grand Junction Colo., is now at Holyoke, Colo., in General Merchandise business.

Juanliski Standingdeer, who is work-at Ashville, N. C., spent his Thanksgiving Day at his father's home, at Cherokee.—

Mr. Chas. H. Carns, instructor in painting, invited his fifteen boys to dinner on Friday. We enjoyed ourselves very much.—

Maria Santaella and Maria Castro from the Bloomsburg Normal School spent their Christmas vacation at the school.—

James Johnson, student of Dickinson College, Captain and assistant in small boys' quarters, spent his holiday vacation in Chicago.

The Juniors presented their teacher Miss Wood with nine volumes of Robert Browning's works. She was very much pleased with them.—

Our tin department has improved during the past year. This is because the boys take interest under such a tinsmith, as Mr. E. G. Sprow.—

Mr. Howard Gansworth, outing agent, is nearly through with his winter visitations to boys in country homes, and came in to spend the holidays.

Of all the presents distributed on Christmas, William Jollie thinks he received the best, which was an oyster sandwich from the band leader.—

Some boys and girls may talk fast and loud but when they come to debate or talk before any audience they cannot speak out and express themselves.—

Charles Bender has left town and gone to Williams' Mills. He says by letter—"Have come to the country for a change but it seems that I cannot do without your little paper, no matter what change takes place."

Mr. Cecilio T. Reyes, of Porto Rico, in attendance upon the West Chester Normal, this State, was a guest of his brother Antonio, for a few days last week.

So many hardly know what to do with themselves when the drive ceases for a day or two, as during holiday week. Think of the books one ought to read!

The holiday vacationers have returned and the big educational mill began on Monday to grind, the teachers looking the better for their few days' change and rest.

Lillian Felix and Elizabeth Williams spent their Christmas holidays with Mrs. Rumsport at her home in Huntingdon, and report having had a very pleasant time.

Christmas service was held in the morning about nine o'clock, Rev. Dufferfer officiating. The Band played and the singing by the choir and whole school was excellent.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smith, classes 1901 and 1900 respectively, and their little baby daughter, were here last Monday night, and left for their new home at Seattle, Washington.

The shooting out of the old year began early in the evening on Wednesday, by town sportsmen, who seemed all too anxious to bid good-bye to the old and to welcome the new year.

Alexander Pratt, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, has been quite ill with pneumonia, but is improving at this writing. Our competent Sarah Pierre is his nurse.

Misses Weekley and Robbins entertained the Seniors, New Years' night, in the girls' society hall. A new and pleasing feature was a lettered card game, the cards printed in class colors.

Christmas could not have been enjoyed more than it was this year. Having the tree in the gymnasium on Christmas eve was a splendid idea, as it gave every one a most enjoyable evening.—

After a few practice games of basket-ball the Senior and Sophomore boys at this writing are tie. The Junior girls beat the Seniors. The Freshmen boys won from the Juniors, last night.

Mr. Sherry and Miss Paul start the new year as visiting committee for the Invincibles to-night. Misses Peter and Robertson for the Standards; Misses Senseney and Steele the Susans.

Levi Webster, printer, and George Seneca spent a very happy holiday week with friends in Philadelphia, and desire to thank Mrs. R. G. Singleton for her kind invitation and "warm hospitality" extended to them.

Vaughn Washburn received a box of edibles, consisting of roast chicken, duck, cake and candy from his home, as a Christmas present. He feasted his friends on them nearly every day, till the box was empty.—

Class 1903, about to graduate, presented their teacher Miss Cutter with a fine dictionary holder. There were other presents from classes to teachers and teachers to classes, showing a beautiful spirit of fellowship all along the line.

The second lecture by Henry W. Elson, A. M., Ph. D., on the University Extension course, last Saturday night was again highly appreciated. His subject was "Washington and his Cabinet" and the lecture was followed by questions from a few.

Mr. Kensler was the recipient of a fine graphophone from the teachers' club, as a token of appreciation of his labors in providing the table so bountifully. He is the one who goes to early market for the club, and lays in all the good things he can find.

It seems as though Santa Claus has really sent an emissary from very near his natural home—the north pole, when a little Alaskan girl from Pt. Barrow, the most northern point on our continent, knocks at a teacher's door to hand in a pretty present.

Mrs. Matilda Jamison Scholder, of Riverside, California, sent orange blossoms across the continent to her old friend Miss Carter, and it was literally a sweet Christmas gift, for the blossoms were odoriferous with fragrance when the package was opened.

It was Mr. Sherry's turn last Monday to give the news to the morning division and he responded very promptly notwithstanding the fact that he arrived from St. Louis at 2 o'clock that morning. It is good to see one prepared with his lesson even though he has had a vacation.—

We learn through Miss Dora Shaffner, of Carlisle, that her sister Mrs. Ruth Shaffner-Etnier is about to start to California, to spend the winter, for her health.

Thomas Mooney, 1902, now in Montana, says he is so anxious to get the news that he can't get the wrapper off too soon. He was specially interested in the football news, during the season.

Colonel Pratt's Christmas present to the student-body was a trip to Japan. The stereopticon views are so excellent, and the electric lantern so fine that one felt at the close of the descriptive talk as though he really had taken a hasty ride by automobile through the little country, so fascinating and picturesque.

A cheery letter from Rev. Edward Marsden, whom we used to call plain Edward when he was a college and law student in Ohio, and came to visit us, speaks of getting along nicely with his missionary work among his people, the natives of Alaska. He promises a letter shortly for the RED MAN AND HELPER.

Mr. Emeran White's name in a recent issue of this paper was given as Emerson, by mistake. Mr. White is Bede White's father, and he is night watchman at Standing Rock, North Dakota. He is an educated Indian full of good talk on right lines. He appeared to be much pleased with Carlisle and the progress of his son.

Last Friday was the regular election evening for the Standard Society and the following officers were chosen: President Arthur Sheldon; Vice-President, Victor Johnson; Recording-Secretary, Tiffany Bender; Corresponding-Secretary, Chiltoski Nick; Critic, Hastings Robertson; Assistant-Critic, Bert Jacquez, Editor, George Balenti, Sergeant-at-Arms, Eli Beardsley.

The arc lights went out with the departure of the old year. It was fortunate that there was one large incandescent light in the gymnasium, else the New Year's Eve sociable would have had to come to an end. Not that the young people objected to the dark, but they could see to walk better, don't you know, in the grand promenade on the "merry-ground," as some wag has named the running gallery.

A Catholic Christmas entertainment was given in the Opera House, Carlisle, Pa., last Monday evening, by the young people of St. Patrick's Church including the Catholic students of our school. Ramon Lopez, Paul Segui and Antonio Reyes printed the programs for the occasion. The entertainment was well attended, and was a success in every particular, the Porto Rican and Indian students acting well their parts, fully satisfying the good Sisters who were unsparing in their efforts to train them well.

Nancy Wheelock, who is in the Worcester, Mass., hospital is now on night duty, she says in the men's surgical ward. Some nights she is very busy and some has little to do. She has to be ready to attend to the accidents that come in at night. Some nights there are three or four cases. She seems to enjoy the excitement of that kind of work. Nights when there is little doing she frequently spends some time in the maternity ward, with the wee babies. Nancy is increasing in weight and is happy that she passed a satisfactory examination.

The dinner tables on Christmas Day both at the students' dining hall and that of the teachers' club were again laden with good things (and so soon after Thanksgiving) owing to Mr. Kensler's skill as a provider. Both dining rooms were prettily decorated in green. The club tables were set in the form of a cross, and everything was served in up-to-date style. Mrs. Rumsport being absent, Miss Noble had much to do, but through her timely management and the faithful attentions of her girls, everything passed off beautifully. Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie were untiring in their efforts to make the students' tables attractive.

Jason Betzinez writes from Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, saying that he still thinks of his schoolmates and friends at Carlisle. He says he has not gone back to the old Indian ways and he is living "as well as the other poor people" about him. He thinks it not well for people to talk too much about themselves, but he is very thankful for the little education received at Carlisle. "It is a little, yet I make use of it day after day." Jason is still working at the blacksmith trade learned here and is trying to do as well as he knows. He wishes to be remembered to his friends, mentioning several by name.

FOUND.—A gold pen. Owner may have same by applying to

COLONEL PRATT.

The Christmas number of the Oglala Light, published at the Pine Ridge Agency South Dakota school, is gay and festive in appearance and chuck full of interesting reading matter. With it came a calendar, printed in red and green, and border of holly, with portrait of grand old Red Cloud, chief of the Oglalas.

In the preparation of such splendid dinners as was served at the teachers' club on Christmas, the girls have the best kind of opportunity to learn to set up a fine table. There is no theory about such work. To be directed by experts of long experience in the culinary art, such as Miss Noble and Mrs. Rumsport, means a great deal to a growing girl.

Lilian St. Cyr, class 1902, is in Kansas, with Ella Romero who is ill. Lilian has remained out of school this winter on account of her own health. She says she is enjoying her freedom from school duties, but has not given up the idea of taking a higher course. She reads considerably, takes music lessons, and has recently united with the Church.

It is a law of nature that an organ which is put to no useful purposes soon degenerates, and in time may even disappear altogether. If your right arm was never used it would in time not only grow weaker, but shrink away. Size, strength, capacity, grow by use. This is a law of the body, and there is a similar law of mind and will and spirit.—[Boys and Girls.

Apache Printer Donald McIntosh, who graduated in 1901, has been quiet for some time, but having lost track of our paper while, as he says, knocking about in the wilds of the Southwest hunting Gila monsters and rattlesnakes, he wants the news and now appears to be settled at Ft. Grant, Arizona. He no doubt refers to the assertion made by Delegate Smith, of Arizona, in Congress, that you can no more civilize an Apache than you can the rattlesnakes upon which he feeds, or words to that effect.

The holiday number of the Riverside Press, California, is a gorgeous affair. Riverside is boomed in its columns, and of course its new Indian School, Sherman Institute, is boomed with it, and in true sensational style. An illustrated article showing Indians in the wild war bonnet and feathers, (pretty hard things to scare up we apprehend now in that section of the country), a panoramic view of the buildings, portraits of the incoming and outgoing Superintendents, and column after column of reading matter telling of the scheme and the beautiful buildings, fill the page.

A jolly letter from one of our good girls who went home not long ago, and has since been employed at the home school, (whose name it may be best not to give in this connection) says of another girl who has arrived as an employee of the same school: Blank Blank is here and it makes my heart swell ever so high to see how she takes hold and goes ahead. May every Carlisle student strive earnestly to live right so when people say "Who is he?" "Who is she?" we may hold our heads up and answer: "She is my school mate from Carlisle." I am so glad to see some one from Carlisle besides the dear little paper.

A Christmas Tree sociable was held in the gymnasium on Christmas eve. We doubt if there was a prettier tree in the land than ours, which stood near the center of the spacious room. It was trimmed with brilliant decorations and tinsels, and lighted with colored incandescents. In the first place the tree was a shapely one, and there was ample room for it to stand full height with crowning star at extreme top. Carpenter Gardner and his boys, Messrs. Allen and Thompson and several of the teachers did themselves proud in arranging the trimmings and gifts. Every student in the school received a bountiful bag of candy and nuts and a present besides. Those whom Santa Claus remembered with more than one present, were given them in quarters, so that all were served alike at the tree. Old Santa was present in the hall to see that all went off properly, and he delighted all hearts with his queer antics and funny speech.

## THE NEW YEAR.

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year,  
 "Now, what is that singular noise I hear?"  
 As if all the paper in all the world  
 Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."  
 "Oh, that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise  
 Of my children, both girls and boys,  
 A-turning over their leaves so new,  
 And all to do honor, New Year, to you."  
 —[Over Sea and Land,

INDIANS THEMSELVES TAKING THE  
RIGHT STEP FORWARD.

The Minneapolis Journal learns through its Omaha correspondent that the Indians in Nebraska and Omaha have become radically opposed to the Indian schools, and they have petitioned members of congress to help them get a ruling from the Indian office to permit them to send their children to the regular district schools that they may receive training along with white children.

If this is done, it will necessitate the abandonment of the Indian schools. The arguments presented by the Indian chieftains are that their children do not acquire the proper spirit of civilization when kept by themselves. The very fact that they are kept by themselves, they argue, makes them feel that they are not equal to the white children, and gives them the idea for life that it is presumptuous on their part to attempt to compete with the whites. This seems to go to prove the error of the Indian Rights association.

## All Honor to the Indians.

The Minneapolis Times says of the project:

If the Indians of the Santee and Omaha reservation in Nebraska had petitioned for the admission of their children to the regular district schools, all honor to the Indians. They state in support of the request that Indian children are likely to become civilized more rapidly if they are permitted to mingle with the whites in the days of their childhood. They believe their children will be inspired with a higher ambition and better fitted to make a successful struggle for a livelihood. This may not be quite in line with the theory of the Indian Rights association, but if it means that the Indians are becoming impressed with the idea that the best thing for a man, whether he be red, white or black, is to go out into the world and work for a living, there is that much gained.

The Way Some of us Felt After our  
Christmas Dinner.

A little girl sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at the unfinished part of her dinner.

"What's the matter, Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look so mournful."  
 "That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mor'n'ful."

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.

## What is There For a Speller to do?

If an S and an I and an O and a U,  
 With an X at the end, spell Su,  
 And an E and a Y and an E spell I,  
 Pray what is a speller to do?  
 Then, if also an S and I and G  
 And H E D spell side,  
 There is nothing much left for a speller to do,  
 But go and commit slouxeysighed.

## Heartaches Hindered.

A great many mistakes and a great many heartaches would not be suffered if people, when listening, would listen so as to hear just what was said, and when repeating would repeat in the language used. Nothing burns deeper than words, and we can not be too careful in the use of them.—[Reveille, Grand Junction, Colo.

## Words Interminably Long.

It is said that the Cheyenne language has been reduced to printed form by a scholarly Mennonite missionary, the Rev. R. Petters. Only English letters are used, but some of the words are of such interminable length and their pronunciation so difficult that none but a master of languages could hope to read them aloud. Rev. Petters has written a grammar and compiled a dictionary of the Cheyenne tongue.—[Twin Territories.

## The Best Part of a Chicken.

Some of our flock might truthfully sing this same song:

I like the wing, I like the neck,  
 I like the first, also the second  
 Joint, and I the bird like from  
 The giblets to the luscious drum-  
 Stick, and the stuffing and the skin  
 That lingers on my gravied grin,  
 But when I've sung my little lay  
 Of this thing I'm very free to say,  
 That all the Turk from back to breast  
 The cranberry sauce I like the best.

—[Buffalo Evening Times.

## OLD CUSTOMS SHOULD BE DISCOURAGED.

It appears that some of the Indians at Auk Village, Alaska, gave an old-fashioned dance not long since for the entertainment of Judge Brown and other guests of honor.

Auk Village is the suburbs of Juneau, and Judge Brown is judge of the district court of Alaska.

It was reported that after the dance, Judge Brown made a speech in which he told the Indians how much he appreciated what they had done.

The editor of the Northern Light takes the affair as an illustration of the ignorance among a large majority of the best thinking people in Alaska concerning Indian life and what is best for the Indian.

It is admitted, says the Northern Light, that if the Indian should adopt the white man's dance and the vices that some white men have, that they had better by far hold to their old customs.

But we claim that there is a better way. It is possible for the Indian to come in contact with the white man and learn the best of his civilization. And there is no greater bar to this than to encourage him in the old-fashioned customs.

There ancient dances were to some extent theatricals which were used to keep alive the memories of the old legends. And let it be remembered that these legends are not simply good stories to those who take part in these dances, but that the things that are acted out are actually believed to be a part of history and so to encourage these old dances, is to keep alive a reign of unreason in the Indian's mind, and this is a curse to any people.

Then further, these old dances were to some extent at least a religious act and this further keeps alive a reign of superstition.

It is for these reasons and many others that we believe that Judge Brown and all others like him whom we know have the best interest of the Indian at heart should discourage all old-fashioned customs among the Indians.

## HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

A friend has sent us these texts from Alice Caldwell Hegan's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," as "Helps to High Living, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks them good on which to start the first week of the New Year.

## SUNDAY.

The sun and Sunday of her philosophy lay in keeping the dust off her rose-colored spectacles.

## MONDAY.

I believe in gittin' at much good outen life as you kin—not that I ever set out to look fer happiness; seems like the folks that does that never finds it.

## TUESDAY.

It may be experience of suffering makes one especially tender to the heart-aches of others.

## WEDNESDAY.

Somehow I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else.

## THURSDAY.

Why do you suppose it takes him so long to bring it? I declare that boy would be a good one to send after trouble!

## FRIDAY.

I just do the best I kin where the good Lord put me at, an' it looks like I got a happy feelin' in me 'most all the time.

## SATURDAY.

When I don't like folks I try to do somethin' nice for 'em. Seems like that's the only way I kin weed out my meanness.

A teacher was trying to interest his class in foreign matters, and asked: "Does any one know how to make a Maltese cross?"

"Surely," said the smallest boy.

"Tell us how," said the teacher.

"Step on her tail."

FROM MRS. FANNIE HARRIS BANNISTER,  
CLASS 1900.

Mrs. Bannister lives in St. Louis and addresses her letter to the Man-on-the-band-stand, as follows:

DEAR M. O. T. B. S.—

Enclosed please find amount for subscription to the RED MAN & HELPER, a paper I have LONGED for these many moons.

I am now married and living in St. Louis. Our own home is in Kansas City, but we intend living here as my husband's business keeps him here the greater part of the time.

What have I done since leaving dear old Carlisle?

Oh! It seems that I have tried many things and I can assure you that my four years in Carlisle helped me or rather enabled me to secure several positions: one in the Indian Service in which place I was not satisfied, because I felt so dependent on old Uncle Sam whom I wanted to show that I could help myself. I left teaching, went to Kansas City, attended business college in the morning and worked in an office in the afternoon. I was very rapidly advancing when I had to return home on account of sickness. Having lost both mother and sister within six months I had to do something for the rest of the family.

Well the last thing I did was to enter the great school of matrimony in which I am indeed very happy. I have told my husband so much about Carlisle and the great work being done there that he has become very much interested, so much indeed that he has promised me a visit there.

I received very nice letters from my brother David who is there. He seems so contented and happy that I look forward to his monthly letters with pleasure. No doubt you are all getting ready for Christmas? How I would love to be there, however I can only send my wishes for a very "Merry Christmas" with much happiness.

Now Miss Burgess I close with love for thee. Remember me to dear Colonel and all my friends, and bear in mind that this letter is for you. (As she did not say for you ONLY we take the liberty to print for the benefit of the many friends of the writer.)  
 Yours Sincerely, etc.

A GOOD NEW YEAR STARTER IF OUT  
OF EMPLOYMENT.

## How To Obtain Employment.

Spend eight hours each day looking for work. If you had a position, you would expect to work that many hours, at least. Be neat in your dress, finger-nails clean, smooth-shaven.

Remove your hat as you approach to make your request.

Wear but little, if any jewelry. Fumes of tobacco or liquor on your breath will usually be fatal to your request.

Expect to find work at every place you apply.

Never get discouraged, or, if you do, be careful not to show it in your face.

Never plead poverty or necessity. Stand on your merits.

Carry a smiling face. Never advance your piety as an argument for being hired.

## How to Retain Employment.

Be prompt in your attendance to business hours.

Try to see how much you can do and how well you can do it, regardless of your wages.

Be courteous to every one at all times. Keep yourself posted up to date in your business. Knowledge is power.

Tend strictly to business during business hours.

Never leave one situation until you are sure of another.—[Men of Dayton.

## Supper for the Dead.

The Senecas proposed to hold for their ancient custom and give a supper for their dead chief Jerry Crow. After a prominent member of the tribe is dead and buried a supper is prepared, and everything indicates a festival, but it turns out to be a silent affair, and the supper is prepared and left for the deceased. This affair is treated with solemnity by the Senecas and is carried out as a mark of respect for the dead.  
 —[Osage Journal.

EVIL THOUGHTS—THEIR SOURCE  
AND CURE.

Who is responsible for our thoughts? Much of our thinking is not of our deliberate choice.

Often we find ourselves perplexed or disturbed by thoughts that we would fain be rid of.

Thoughts not in the line of our actions or desires come in to draw us away from thoughts to which we would gladly give ourselves, or by which we would help others.

How comes this?

The poet says:

"We do not make our thoughts: they grow in us  
 Like grain in wood; the growth is of the skies,  
 Which are of nature: nature is of God."

But many of the thoughts that most annoy us are evidently not from God or from the skies.

They seem to have come from below, rather than from above; they are rather from God's enemies than from God.

But, however they come to us, how are we to be rid of them?

That is to us the practical and important question.

An old diviner said of evil thoughts that come unbidden and undesired:

"Although I cannot prevent birds of evil omen flying about my head, I can keep them from building nests in my hair."

The best way to be rid of evil thoughts is to welcome and enjoy good thoughts, and to have the mind so full of them that there is no room for the other kind.  
 —[S. S. Times.

## OUR CATALOGUE.

Young People's Weekly has this to say of the latest catalogue published by the school and printed in New York State:

The twenty-third Annual Catalogue of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School is far more attractive and interesting than the catalogue of the average educational institution. A few pages of the book are devoted to brief statements of the history and purpose of the school, and to an outline of the course of training, but it consists chiefly of full-face pictures of the pupils as they appear in every phase of student life. We are shown the grounds and buildings, the various departments where trades are taught, the printing office and the farm. We get glimpses of students in the class-room, the gymnasium, the library, or busy with the practical activities which are to fit them for useful citizenship. Of the ninety-three illustrations, there is not one which is not interesting and suggestive, and the school authorities have judged rightly that no amount of verbal explanation could give the public as clear an idea of what they are doing as is conveyed by these reproductions from photographs.

Laugh, and merrily while you can,  
 Laugh, little maiden; laugh, little man;  
 Laugh at the joke that's played on you,  
 Laugh o'er the work you have to do;  
 'Twill lessen the task at least one-half,—  
 But never at one's misfortune laugh.  
 —[Farm Journal.

## Enigma.

An interested friend in the Indian sends this enigma of 5 letters, which 12345 spells what some of our students may do in school in 1903.

My 3, 5, 2, 1, 4 is something a farmer does.

My 1, 2, 3, 5, 4 is something a cook does.

My 1, 5, 2, 3, 4 a cook uses.

My 4, 1, 5, 2, 3 a soldier used to use.

My 2, 1, 5, 3, 4 we never should become.

My 4, 1, 2, 3, 5 is what most people desire to be.

My 1, 3, 2, 4, 5 is a kind of quartz.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—

Good Skating

## SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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

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

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 Miss M. BURGESS Supt. of Printing  
 Indian School, Carlisle.