

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

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

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

AS THE dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.

A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting,
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is shining;
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next;

Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder the lining;
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text
As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past.

While you take your place in the line of progression
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seemed hurled,
For look! how the light of the New Year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

OUR RED SISTERS.

Major Pratt, the United States army officer who is in charge of the Carlisle Indian School, admits that many of his graduates who return to tribal life fall into Indian ways again. Therefore he is doing all he can to prevent the educated Indians from going back to the reservations.

He tells of an incident he saw at a Western Indian agency. A squaw entered a trader's store, wrapped in a blanket, pointed at a straw hat and asked:

"How muchee?"

"Fifty cents," said the merchant.

"How muchee?" she asked again, pointing at another article. The price was quoted, and was followed by another query of "How muchee?"

Then she suddenly gazed blandly at the merchant and asked mildly:

"Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of such palpably and unmistakable inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your pecuniary profits, as well as be ethically proper? I beg you to consider my suggestion."

She was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.

The above has appeared in The St. Louis Globe Democrat, The Washington Post, Pittsburg Dispatch, San Francisco Star, New York Times, and other papers.

Colonel Pratt never "admitted that many of his graduates fall into Indian ways." He never told the incident alleged, nothing of the kind ever having occurred within his knowledge.

ONCE WHEN AN INDIAN WAR-WHOOP DID GOOD WORK.

Dr. Chamberlain, in his entertaining story of "The Cobra's Den," tells of an experience in India which the reader will scarcely envy.

He says:

It was just one hour before sundown of a cloudy, drizzly afternoon.

I had my double umbrella, black inside and white outside, for fending off both sun and rain, but had closed it over my hand, without clapping it, to go through a narrow opening in the bushes.

I had crossed a little open grass plot of a few rods, and was just entering a narrow foot path through the mountain jungle, that would take me down to the east foot of the mountain where I was to meet my pony.

Suddenly a spotted tiger sprang into the path between the bushes and disputed the passage.

I saw at once what he wanted; only

great hunger impels these tigers to come out during the day; he had eaten no breakfast and wanted missionary meat for supper.

I did not wish him to have it; besides I had an appointment for that evening with the people of three villages and wished to keep it.

He stood in the only path through that dense mountain jungle, glaring at me.

I eyed him equally intently, and, gaining his eyes, held it while I formed my plan.

It is always best, if a scrimmage is to take place, to be the attacking party.

My old grandmother used to teach me that every thing would come in use within seven years, if you only kept it.

When I was a boy, I had gone out among an Indian tribe in Michigan, and learned their war-whoop.

I had kept it for thrice seven years, but it proved trebly serviceable then.

When my plan of attack was formed, springing forward toward the tiger, I raised their war-whoop, and at the same time suddenly opened my double umbrella.

What it was that could so suddenly change a perpendicular dark figure into a circular white object, and at the same time emit such an unearthly yell, the tiger did not know.

He stood his ground, however, until I dashed forward, and, suddenly shutting my umbrella, raised it to strike him over the head.

It seemed instantly to occur to him that I was the more dangerous animal of the two, and that one of us had better run; as I did not, he did.

Springing aside over a bush, into the open ground, he made for the crest of the hill which I had just passed.

WHAT AN INDIAN NEEDS TO KNOW.

Rev. T. L. Riggs, of long experience in the Indian field, has stated what an Indian needs to know, and it is not strange that they are the same things that everybody needs to know.

How does every successful body (not an Indian) come into possession of this knowledge? Then would it not be the most sensible thing to do to give the Indian the same chance? And what could hinder him from learning what he "needs to know?"

Dr. Riggs says an Indian needs to know that he is a man among men; not that he is a man only, but that he is to take his place with other men.

He needs to know how to work under the changed conditions of his life and the ever changing conditions of civilization.

He needs to know the value of time—his own time, that he may use it, and other men's time, that he may not waste it.

He needs to know the meaning of law. He respects personal force; that which compels obedience and avenges injury. Of law as such he has no proper conception; and he is learning this.

An Indian agent recently told me that in every case possible he took his case to the civil courts rather than to attempt to settle them under agency jurisdiction. This is a step in the right direction.

The Indian needs to know that he must work out his own salvation. We may help him to learn how; but then hands off, wherever it can be done with safety.

The Indian needs to know the true God and how "to worship Him in spirit and in truth."

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason, seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately—if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—MARCUS ANTONIUS.

SPONGE FISHING.

When we printers use the sponge to wet the type, and the student to cleanse his slate the Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if the same users of the lifeless animal knows that it is an animal, and where it comes from.

The sponge is an animal and not a vegetable, as some state.

It breathes, eats and when in the water is filled with mucus.

The sponge in its familiar state is only a carcass.

Sponges are known to grow at a depth of 200 feet and live even deeper doubtless.

At the depth of fifty feet they can be forked by an expert fisher, but at a greater depth they must be got by diving. Sponge fishers use a glass by which sponges can be seen growing on the bottom.

The instrument is in the nature of a pail with a glass bottom attached to the bow of the boat.

It is submerged so as to steady the vision, which would otherwise be contorted by the waves.

The water where sponges grow is very clear, and the bottom can be seen at a great depth.

The home of the sponge fishing industry is in Greece and is centuries old.

A large percentage of the Mediterranean sponges comes from the island of Hydra.

Some, however, come from off the coast of Tripoli.

A few sponges come from the far off land of Madagascar.

There are two months in each year when sponge fishing is practically abandoned.

This is in August and September, the hurricane months.

During the other ten months the industry flourishes.

THE INDIANS' CALENDAR.

Some writer on "Indianology" puts out these statements, which may be true:

The moon is the Indians' calendar.

He reckons time by its changes, and long before the whiteman came to America the redman had a pretty clear idea of a month of time.

The moon goes through four changes in four weeks. From full moon around to full moon again is, therefore nearly one month, or as the Indians called it moon.

After all, the English word "month" means moon, and is derived from that word. But the Indian named his month or moons from the things that most appealed to him—the weather, the plants, the hunt, etc.

Here are the names by which they knew them:

January	The Cold Moon.
February	The Snow Moon.
March	The Green Moon.
April	The Moon of Plants.
May	The Moon of Flowers.
June	The Hot Moon.
July	The Moon of the Deer.
August	The Sturgeon Moon.
September	The Fruit Moon.
October	The Traveling Moon.
November	The Beaver Moon.
December	The Hunting Moon.

All Indian tribes do not have the same name for the same month, however, as it varies according to the occupation or locality of each tribe.

June to some was the Strawberry Moon, August the Ripe Moon, and so on.

BIG ANTS.

"Yes," said Mr. Kidder, narrating his travels, "there are some ants in India that grow to enormous size."

"Oh! they're the white ants, arn't they?" asked Miss Gull.

"No; they are known as the Eleph ants and some of them actually carry men on their backs."

"The idea."

THE BIRTH OF JAPAN.

Following Col. Pratt's talk upon Japan this legend, published by Harper's Magazine is interesting:

The following is the curious legend of the creation as it is told in Japan; Clouds formed the bridge on which once god Yzanaghi and his spouse Yzanuma stood pondering on the riddle of existence, whether the beginning of worlds and the beginning of life lay slumbering in that sea of Chaos. Yzanaghi, apparently more enterprising than philosophically inclined seized his shimmering spear and plunged it into the black and seething flood.

Pulling it up again he discovered seven salt drops on its diamond point which, dropping, condensed and formed the island of Cusokorsima.

Thereupon Yzanaghi and his spouse selected the spot on earth which had thus been created as their permanent dwelling place and peopled it with numerous genii of animal and plant life and spirits of elements and around this "palace of immortality" rose eight other islands—Awadsi, the island of foam; the mountainous Cho, Yamato, blessed with fruit; Yyo, unsurpassed in its beauty; the quinquangular Tsikousi, Sado, rich in copper and gold, Yki, one of the pillars of heaven, and Oko, surrounded by three satellites.

Such was the birth of Japan, of that curious land of Eusiyama, with its amiable population of artists, artisans, its graceful teahouses, its glistening silks, its grotesque dwarf trees, its white cranes and dreamy lotus ponds.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

AN OLD ROMAN PRESCRIPTION FOR CONSUMPTION.—Celsus was a Roman physician who flourished in the third century He was a follower of Hippocrates and wrote various books on medicine. One of his prescriptions is for consumption and, strange enough, it is quite in accord with modern methods in some respects. He says: "As soon as a man finds himself spitting and hacking on rising in the morning he should immediately take possession of a cow and go high up into the mountains and live on the fruit of that cow." Although he knew nothing of the cause of phthisis, he had observed that good living, out-of-door life, lots of sunshine, and an abundance of milk and cream were absolutely essential as prerequisites for treatment.—[Journal of Hygiene.

REAL FREEDOM.

No one is free unless he liberates himself. Laws cannot make you free, money cannot make you free; the freedom must come from within. When you once have a luminous mind, a strong mind, an active mind, then you become morally free, mentally free, intellectually free; then you become able to think of all things, to judge of all things and to live with that infinite world of intelligent beings.

—[BISHOP SPALDING.

When a wrong cannot be forgotten and yet cannot be mended, it is a good thing to try to define it. Measure its exact size. That is sure to make it look smaller.

A. H. K. BOYD.

Religion cannot pass away: be not disturbed. Religion cannot pass away: the smoke of a little straw may hide the stars but the stars are there and will reappear.

CARLYLE.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motives to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The work of the world is done mostly by ordinary ability, while geniuses are waiting for splendid opportunities.

—[The Presbyterian.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
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the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has.

STATUS AND NEEDS OF THE INDIAN.

That paragraph of President Roosevelt's recent message relating to the Indians and the proper course of dealing with them is brief, but it shows a comprehensive grasp of existing problems connected with this department of national administration. It is also sufficiently explicit in regard to certain important and needed reforms in this quarter to make it clear that all the wrongs of the Indians have not yet been righted, as many people imagine, nor all the difficulties and perplexities connected with the fair and just treatment of these "wards of the nation" yet cleared away. In view of the fact that we have been engaged now a hundred years or more in attempts, under government direction, to solve the Indian problem and promote the welfare of the red man, individually and collectively, the progress we have made in these directions have been amazingly slow. If we may not call it, as did Helen Jackson, "a century of dishonor," it is not too much to say that in certain particulars, such as the retention of the tribal system and the free-ration plan, our policy toward the Indians has been marked by a degree of unwisdom and shortsightedness, to use no harsher terms, hardly to be found in any other department of our national administration.

Until the enactment of that wise and beneficent measure known as the Dawes act, in 1887, these "perpetual inhabitants with diminutive rights," as Webster called them were absolutely debarred from American citizenship, and since the provisions of that act went into effect, under which an allotment of land in severalty to an Indian carries with it the rights of citizenship, only about 70,000 Indians out of a total in the United States of about 270,000 have yet availed themselves of it. In fact, one considerable fraction of them, the 5,000 or more Indians still resident on the reservations of New York State, are expressly excepted from the provisions of the Dawes bill, and are thus still shut out from citizenship and practically compelled to maintain in the very center of one of the oldest, most thickly populated and most progressive States of the Union, a little imperium in imperio, perpetuating therein their ancient laws, ceremonies, and heathen customs—a people without a country, in any high and true sense of that term.

How strangely neglectful we have been, to use a mild term, in introducing and establishing among the Indians the most ordinary principles and institutions of Christian civilization may be illustrated by the fact that only within the past year has there been "the faintest attempt on the part of the government to put a stop to polygamy and to recognize, by license for marriage and the proper solemnization of marriage, the meaning and worth of the family as the unit of our Christian social life." We quote here the statement of Dr. Merrill E. Gates, the present efficient and energetic secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, as it appears in a recent article under his name. Chiefly through Dr. Gates' efforts, a system of registration has now been put in operation which will go far toward regulating family relations, preventing litigation, and inducing a purer state of home and family life.

Experience is demonstrating that some of the supposedly excellent and most approved methods of promoting the welfare of the Indians, such as the education of Indian youth in institutions like those at Carlisle and Hampton, are not producing

the most desirable and satisfactory results.

Three Indian tribes have recently petitioned the Nebraska delegation in Congress to urge legislation that shall permit them to send their children to the common schools of that State. That devoted worker and experienced educator, Colonel R. H. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle school, has expressed himself strongly in favor of this change thus doing away ultimately with the existence of the institution which he has so admirably conducted.

As President Roosevelt truly says in his message, all who are instructed with the management of Indian affairs work under "hard conditions." This would be true, in a measure, if the difficulties in the way were only such as would naturally spring from the peculiar status of the Indians themselves, but these are actually the least among the difficulties which have always embarrassed and often nullified every sincere, honest, and unselfish effort toward the uplift and the betterment of the red man. These obstacles have been chiefly the unwise laws and mistaken methods adopted in times past by the national government in Indian administration, the knavery and cupidity of many Indian agents and other white men having relations with the Indians, and the selfish intrigues of spoilsmen and politicians.

These are the potent and malign influences which such disinterested societies as the Indian Rights Association have had to contend with constantly for years, influences which have beset and harassed every Indian commissioner who has tried to do his duty intelligently, and which have offset and negated much of noble educational and missionary work performed among the Indians by the various denominational bodies of the country. These obstructive interests and influences are less potent now, perhaps, than they were years ago, but that they are still at work has been made evident within the past few months by bitter attack made by a United States army officer and Indian agent upon the board of Indian Commissioners and the Indian Rights Association, in which the latter is declared to be an ally of "grafting attorneys whose bent on robbing the Indian of the magnanimous provisions made for them by the act of Congress, June 6th, 1900," whereas the truth of the matter is, as stated by Mr. S. M. Brosius in behalf of the association, that organization acted in this case only "in defense of the principle that an agreement entered into between the United States and an Indian tribe should be held sacred and binding by both parties to the contract," a principle the violation of which, it is hardly necessary to say, has been at the root of nearly all the troubles we have had with the Indians since the discovery of America.

The chief steps yet to be taken in the improvement of the conditions surrounding the Indians are, the gradual breaking up of the tribal system and the allotment of lands in severalty.

Two measures will be brought before Congress at an early date designed to hasten and promote these reform movements. One will be a bill providing for the breaking up of the tribal funds into individual holdings, and another, known as the Vreeland bill, extending the provisions of the Dawes act to the Indians of New York State by making provisions for the purchase of certain titles to their lands and thus removing the obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way of allotting these lands to them in severalty.

This bill is bitterly opposed by a majority of the Indians themselves and by certain interests allied with them, but of its wisdom and desirability there is no question among the unprejudiced friends of these people, and the measure in its main principle, has the hearty indorsement of that representative and highly influential body of men and women known as the Mohonk Indian Conference, of Indian Commissioner Jones, and all of the members of the Board of Indian Commissioners with one exception.

The early enactment of the Vreeland measure will go far toward relieving a situation which, in the opinion of such an earnest friend of the Indian and such an experienced and competent authority as the venerable Bishop Huntington of Central New York, has been a foul blot upon the civilization of the Empire State.

It should be said in conclusion, that such "problems" as actually exist in connection with our Indian wards will not be solved or disappear by reason of the disappearance of the Indians themselves as many imagine.

As a matter of fact, these people are increasing in number despite all the untoward conditions under which they live.

The census of 1890 gave the number of Indians in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, as 249,000; the census of 1900 gives them as 270,000. Careful ethnologists see no reason to suppose that since America was discovered there has ever been a time when the Indians on our territory were materially more in number than they are now.

Our responsibilities, duties, and obligations, therefore, in this matter are not likely to be lessened for many years to come, or until in the process of time and under the operation of wise and enlightened laws, the Indians cease to be "wards" a class apart and distinct from all other peoples within our borders, and are merged in the great body of our citizenship, where they rightfully belong.

L. A. MAYNARD,
in Leslie's Weekly.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

Industrial training makes for skilful hands, clear heads and clean hearts. It is educative in a score of ways that mere conning over text books can not be.

"If a man cannot build a rod of stone-wall true and straight and shapely, without, at the same time, building up in beauty and rectitude his own inner character, how dare man say that he can reach after truth diligently and 'anon find it with joy,' only to become thereby a worse liar; that he can subject his mind to the honest investigation of historic events, and ethical principles only to be made more knavish, dishonest and base thereby."

Everything we do with our might, actuated by the right motive, is educative, enlarging. Impression and expression go hand in hand, action and reaction are the opposing battle lines in the process of development. Hand and head and heart unite to unfold the larger man, the symmetrical soul.

Toiling and moiling in the class room counts for little if the process does not mean a trend upward toward the light, the larger life—Godward. It must be toward right character building or it is wasted effort.

Sensory training and motor training unite as a completed circle of activity. Hand and head, theory and practice, thought and action round out the man, and make the useful citizen. O. H. B.

PRESS NOTICE.

The public press has been kind to the school of late. The Daily Press-Knickerbocker and Albany Morning Express has a half column double headed editorial under the caption "Educating the Indian," which begins and ends in these words:

Persons who are interested in the welfare of the Indians of the United States should secure a catalogue of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., if they would like to learn just what thoughtful kindness and careful education have done for the red wards of the nation.

Col. R. H. Pratt, superintendent of the school at Carlisle, has devoted the best years of his life to a work which has changed many savage children into intelligent, well educated, self-supporting young men and women.

Since the year 1879, the Carlisle Industrial School under its faithful superintendent, has sent hundreds of Indian boys and girls into the world, well equipped to compete with the whites in professional and business pursuits. To-day, a number of the graduates of this most excellent institution are honored residents in various communities in different parts of the country.

It is hoped that the good work will continue for many years, and that the government will be generous in its contributions for modern buildings and appliances.

Whether or not a man succeeds in life sometimes depends whether he spurs himself or spares himself.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

FROM FORT TOTTEN.

Superintendent Davis at the beginning of the present school term announced that he wanted to have the Industrial Departments of the school, some time during the year to give an exhibit of their work.

On the evening of December 27th the first of the industrial exhibits was given by the Dressmaking Department.

The exhibit was given in the new Assembly Hall recently completed.

On large frames was found the display consisting of dresses, coats (girls), aprons, pillows (fancy), drawn work, pointed lace, hoods, lace, rugs, log-cabin quilt, lounging robe of crazy work, cushions, hemstitched napkins, handkerchiefs, table-cloth and dresser scarf.

The work was done by girls whose ages range from 11 to 18 years and was pronounced by those acquainted in this line of work as excellent. Very few of our white sisters of comparative ages could have equalled the work.

Aside from this display was a literary program given by members of this department assisted by a few of the boys.

The first was a scene, entitled "Five Minutes in the Sewing-room." After this a play was given "Aunt Jerusha's Quilting."

This was well rendered and the participants did themselves credit.

To Miss Effie Lugenbeel, the instructor in this department, falls the honor and credit for the success of the exhibit.

AT THE VANDERBILTS.

Junaluska Standingdeer writes from Cherokee, N. C.: "Christmas was quite noisy around Ashville, because everybody had firecrackers to burn." The First Regiment Band to which I belong went to Mr. George Vanderbilt's house and played during the afternoon. You ought to have been there, because everything was just grand. The band sat in one corner of the splendid hall while around us were some three hundred farm hands who had come there for their yearly Christmas presents. After some playing by the band there came the giving away of the presents by Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt. I certainly enjoyed my trip that time.

Mr. Collins Gone.

The friends of Mr. John Collins were shocked to learn of his death, at his home in Philadelphia. Mr. Collins was a great friend of the Indian and frequently visited Carlisle. We shall miss his kindly face.

He was born in New York in 1814. All his ancestors were members of the Religious Society of Friends.

His grandfather, Isaac Collins, was a printer of Colonial money and various publications, having received the royal appointment as printer to His Majesty George III, in 1770.

During a long life of physical and intellectual activity Mr. Collins's interest in public affairs was keen until within a few days of his death.

As an artist and poet he will be remembered by those who knew him best and by many school children, whom it was his delight to visit in their schools.

He was an active worker in temperance and every cause for the betterment of mankind, and spent much time among prisoners and the afflicted.

Mr. Forney Dead.

Isaac Monroe Forney, a well known and highly respected citizen residing on A St. died last Monday evening, after a week's illness with typhoid pneumonia, age 44. The news of his death was learned with deep regret by all who knew him. The deceased was an excellent citizen and a kind and loving husband and father.

He was a member of Allison M. E. Church, Odd Fellows, Junior Mechanics and Modern Woodmen lodges. By occupation he was a fireman, and held a responsible position at the Indian School for about five years. He also fired at the Carlisle Electric Light Works for several years, and of late had been employed at the Steelton works.

He removed here from the country 19 years ago. A wife and one son, Harry, survive, besides his mother, at New Kingston, and eight brothers and sisters.

—[Carlisle Daily Herald

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbor, and let every new year find you a better man.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Snow, and more of it!
A "whooping" cold wave.
Jingle! Jingle! Sleigh-bells!
Mrs. Pratt is in Philadelphia for a day.
The new figure in the calisthenic drill is beautiful.

Miss Elnora Jamison has gone back to Lansdowne.

Who can find teachers' names in the Enigma, this week?

The Sophomores beat the Bachelors at basketball last night.

Sallie Santiago left for her home at Anadarko, Okla., last night.

Bread-making lessons are now the order of the cooking classes.

Thomas Griffin, '03, designed and printed the programs for to-night.

United States Indian School Supervisor House is with us. Carlisle is in his district.

On Wednesday, Mr. Miller attended the funeral of his grandmother at Fayetteville, Pa.

Miss Jean Richards, of Pomfret St. was a guest of Miss Pratt's on Wednesday night.

The Standards will give their annual entertainment this evening, hence no society detail.

Mrs. Munch left Tuesday morning to continue her visits to the girls who are in the country.

Oh! No! That is not a suggestive wink that the electric light gives every night at ten o'clock.

Misses Louise Rogers and Lillian Brown returned to Bloomsburg on Monday after a pleasant vacation.

The floor of the "cage" has been covered with fresh saw-dust and is in good condition for athletic practice.

Miss Ely is up and around again after a siege with her back, which suddenly laid her low one day last week.

Tinning-Instructor Sprow has made a fine aquarium for No. 9, for which the teacher and pupils are grateful.

People who don't shut out-doors in winter should take up their residence in a saw-mill which has no doors.

At the opening exercises of school, yesterday Mrs. Foster gave a most interesting talk on Pilgrim's Progress.

The Union Register, Mount Gilead, Ohio, has a column on its editorial page, about the White Buffalo affair, and our school.

"Baby" Pratt at Steelton has about recovered from pneumonia, and Sarah Pierre has returned to her duties at the school.

Miss Mary Hilton, of Carlisle, was out calling upon friends, on Thursday. She expects to make her home in Bethlehem, for a time.

Frank MtPleasant, our star 440 yd. dasher, has returned from his home in New York, where he went last summer on his vacation.

Miss Hill gave her December detail of small boys a taffy pull, on Friday night, and the young gentlemen appreciated the treat very much.

Did you notice the face of our Band Director James Riley Wheelock among the notables which graced the top of one of the pages in last Success?

What we call cold breezes are gentle Spring zephyrs compared with the blizzards and frigid winds suffered in some parts of the west this week.

The University Extension lecture last Saturday night, by Dr. Elson, was again enjoyed. As "Dr." Denny says: "He certainly is a fine lecturer."

Basket ball games are progressing. The best teams are getting the game down to a science, under the direction of Disciplinarian Thompson.

The Normalites are studying the different forms of water, and the snow storm yesterday came just in time for an illustration, said a pupil teacher.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thought it was cold, but on looking at the mercury found it was only 10° above zero, and immediately some of his extra wrappings came off.

Carpenter Gardner is very glad to be relieved of the ringing of the shop bell, which he has done so faithfully for many many years, and he says he gets more work done.

The shout does not go up any more regarding the call for work—"Bell ring?" But they do say—"Whistle blow?" Why not ask in straight English—"Has the whistle blown?"

Archie Wheelock, the janitor for the school building gave his school-room sweepers, 28 in all, a little treat last week. Every boy who tries to do right has a good friend in Archie.

We hear through Miss Hilton that Myron Moses, 1901, who went to California for his health, feels as well as he ever did and is quite happy in his work and surroundings at Perris.

On Thursday and Friday of last week Miss Laird gave a valuable study of Hamlet, at the opening exercises of school. She told the story of the play and made it very interesting.

THE RED MAN & HELPER office has a rival. Master Albert Weber has established a small plant all his own, and is turning out some creditable work in the card line, all gilded over.

The friends of Mrs. Cooke, of Riverside, Calif., were pleased with Souvenir postals containing New Year's greetings. The cards were beautifully decorated with poppies, the emblem of the Golden Gate State.

Assistant Principal Miss Bowersox, received a beautiful pair of moccasins and a purse, as a New Year's gift from Wm. Howlingwolf. William was her pupil when she taught in No. 2. He is now at his home in Oklahoma.

William Scholder, Lieutenant of Small Boys' Company, has entered the printing office, and goes at the preliminary work such as sweeping, and cleaning of rollers, with a willingness and care that bespeaks the making of a good hand.

The path shovellers deserve a good word for being early in their work. It is a hard and trying duty to get up before light to shovel paths, that the multitudes may pass to and fro on "dry land," but it pays when sickness is considered.

The Band was given complimentary tickets to the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, at the Opera House in town on Tuesday afternoon, by Colonel Pratt. A number of our faculty attended and pronounced it one of the finest musical events in years.

It has been decided to hold this year's Commencement Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the 10th, 11th and 12th of February. Dr. Josiah Strong, author of "Our Country" will deliver the Tuesday evening's lecture. Invitations will be issued in due time.

When the line of boys are on the two upper balconies, shaking blankets, the roar and concussion is something more than a passing breeze, and the red and black of the line as the bed coverings are spread upon the railing to air, lend a pleasing color to the scene.

Through the skill of doctor and nurse another very serious case of pneumonia has been pulled through. Dr. Diven and Miss Barr know not how to give up when a bona fide pneumonia case is on their hands. Isaiah Schanandore will get well, and one night last week it was thought he could not live till morning.

A letter from former printer James Miller, who is now working in a lumber camp, at Hitchcock, Michigan, says he gets from \$26 to \$32 a month. He is 5 ft., 10 in. tall and weighs 160 pounds. He enjoys reading the school paper, and was glad to learn that the football team did so well. He sends best regards to his Carlisle friends.

Mrs. I. Waugh, of the Presbyterian Home, Philadelphia has been a faithful subscriber and reader of the RED MAN AND HELPER, for years. She is 88 years of age and still keeps up her interest, sending us a club every year. "As death has claimed many of the first subscribers" her list is getting smaller, but she is still "deeply interested in the Indian and in the Carlisle school. Sorry our Government has been so slow to realize their great need."

Laura Parker, (daughter of Quanah,) who is in a bank in Oklahoma, says they had a regular country Christmas at Indianahoma, and as most of the people there are Southerners they had the shooting of fire crackers. The exchange of presents consisted in sheep, cats and other things. She often thinks of the good times at Carlisle, and knows her friends here had a good time Christmas. She enjoys the horse-back rides, the hunting, and the freedom of western life.

Mr Fred Smith of Oneida, Wisconsin, succeeds Mr. Dennison Wheelock as disciplinarian at Flandreau, South Dakota —[The Indian Leader.

Mr. Wheelock graduated from Carlisle in 1890, and Mr. Smith 1902. The former is now at Haskell, as a Band leader.

The largest automobile in the world is a harvester, in California, which goes three and a half miles per hour, reaps a swath thirty-six feet wide, and threshes and puts up the grain as it goes. It is sixty feet long and thirty wide, and uses oil for fuel.

Let us have another song by the school quartet—Monroe Coulon, Alfred Venne, Wilson Charles and Henry Tatiyopi, who sang so sweetly the Sunday night that Colonel Pratt led the services, Christmas week. Mr. Davies was complimented for the training given and the young gentlemen were graciously thanked by the leader.

The prayer meeting in Girls' Quarters Sunday evening was led by Miss Newcomer. The subject was: "How to get a Fresh Start." She presented it clearly, and many girls added helpful suggestions. Before the meeting closed Miss Bowersox presented the aim and object of the Young Women's Christian Association, to the girls, and they organized an association on Tuesday evening.

It is said that a man in Virginia, named Hawkes, does not know what car to take, when traveling by rail. Having negro blood in his veins, he is forbidden by law to ride in the white man's coach, and being of very light complexion, he is sometimes ejected from the negro's car. He has sued railroad companies for damages, but can get no redress.

Miss Carlota Matienzo of San Juan, Porto Rico, was Miss Weekley's guest for several days last week. She was very much interested in the work done by the pupils, and promised to return in the summer bringing her father with her. Miss Matienzo with her brother and sisters came to Media, Pa, several months ago to perfect themselves in English and to learn the American way of doing things.

Colonel Pratt has gone to Wilmington, to speak to an audience on the Indian Question. His address is one of a course of lectures arranged by the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. Mr. Howard Gansworth class '94, of Carlisle, and 1901 of Princeton, Mr. Richard Hyle, of Camden, an Apache educated in the public schools of Camden and in the Pennsylvania Railroad's great shops, also speak.

In writing letters of inquiry about the time to which your subscription is paid or in sending renewals kindly give the name to whom the paper is addressed. We may spend time looking through our cards and galleys for Jane Ann Jones when the name sent us at the time the person subscribed was Mrs. Alfred Jones. By the time the mailing clerk looks through a pile of Joneses two inches high two or three times and writes a card of inquiry as to whether Jane Ann is the same as Mrs. Alfred we can't blame him if he gets a trifle out of patience.

Livia Martinez writes from Beverly, N. J.: "As I want to get through the school here next year I am taking two classes in one year, and that makes twelve lessons to study every night, and they are not easy ones. I am having Spelling, U. S. History, English History, Algebra, Higher Arithmetic, Geometry, Rhetoric, Bookkeeping, Civics and Physics. Now you can see why it is that I do not write very often. I am not having as much fun this winter as I had last, because my studies are harder, and I have to put all my spare time on them."

The friends of Miss Estaine Depeltquestangue, are rejoiced to see her again at meals after several weeks' illness with slow fever in our hospital. Miss Estaine spent her vacation in nursing Mr. Miller's brother, who was ill with typhoid at his home in Oakville, and she seemed to thrive under the new occupation, returning with increased weight and in excellent spirits. Soon after close application to desk work, however, she became ill. As a token of appreciation of her faithful service and skill, Mr. Miller and his brother Mr. Daniel of Philadelphia, and two in Iowa, with a sister in Newville, presented her with a beautiful gold watch, of finest make and movement. This gift was a great surprise and the recipient was almost overcome with joy.

THE JUNIOR'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The girl's society hall was the scene of another literary symposium on Wednesday evening, when the Juniors gave an entertainment, the last that class of 1904 will hold before becoming Seniors.

It was a dignified and almost serious company of young people bent upon doing their best to give their guests and themselves a profitable and pleasureable hour.

The President, Alfred Venne, occupied the chair, with Anna Parker at his side as Secretary.

After the opening song by the class, the secretary called the roll, to which each member responded with an original sentiment.

The President's address was full of good thought and encouragement for the class.

Rose Nelson, Rose LaForge and Minnie Nick sang a selection and Walter Mathews declaimed in good form, while George Belenti orated in a dignified manner that pleased his hearers.

The piano duet by Caroline Helms and Lydia Wheelock was sparkling with melody and showed good training.

The Class Prophecy, always an interesting feature, was made specially so by the writer—William Jollie. He did not soar to the unreachable, and the situations portrayed were very amusing.

Rose Nelson played a mandolin solo and Minnie Nick read a good essay.

A double quartet, Hanks Markistum, Wm. Jollie, Daniel Eagle, Alfred Venne, Goliath Bigjim, Chitoski Nick, Salem Moses and Truman Duxtator was well rendered.

The guests were called upon to speak, Miss Burgess, Miss Ferree, and Miss Swallow responding briefly. The President in calling for remarks from the class teacher—Miss Wood, was complimentary and appreciative. She addressed her class well chosen words which were received with marked respect and attention. A closing song and the gathering dispersed.

Mr. Hudelson.

Many here remember Mr. Hudelson, who was a teacher with us a few years since. In a letter just received from Washington, D. C. he says cheerfully:

"All is quiet along the Potomac, and by the assistance of a kind Providence we are keeping comfortably warm. The countenance of my Dear Little Vista was made very bright at Christmas tide by measles and other kind remembrances. We are all right now. The Man-on-the-band-stand has my best wishes for the New Year. I was pleased to see Mr. Thompson and the boys on Thanksgiving Day."

Anna Lewis, class '02, who is at Sacaton, Arizona, writes on January 1st, she "attended the Teachers' Institute the first of this week, which was held at Phoenix. I visited Nellie Valenzuela and we had water melon to eat. I presume it is just fine skating now. How many times I have wished myself back to Carlisle. Christmas Day I wore a thin lawn waist while had I been in the East I would have sought the thick woolen waist, then perhaps a wrap would have made me more comfortable. I am not so well; perhaps it is the trip I took from here to Phoenix. Phoenix is about 45 miles from here."

George Bearsarms was suffering with a tubercular abscess of the abdominal cavity, and was taken to Philadelphia to be operated upon. His condition was such that the operation was not successful. He was a most patient sufferer, as Miss Barr says, a pleasure to wait upon, notwithstanding the offensiveness of his disease, for he was so willing and anxious to do everything advised. He was buried with impressive Catholic ceremonies, at the school, yesterday, Rev. Father Deering, of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, officiating. Five sisters were in attendance.

Miss Susan D. Huntington, of Connecticut, was an interested visitor last week. She is in charge of the practice department of the Normal School at Rio Piedras, Porto Rico, and will return to San Juan in February. Miss Huntington was particularly interested in the Art Department of the school being anxious to know how the Porto Rican pupils are developing in that direction, and how they compare with the Indian.

IT WAS JUST A SMALL ACT OF KINDNESS.

"Go away from there, you beggar, you have no right to be looking at our flowers," shouted a little fellow from the garden.

A boy, who was pale, dirty and ragged, was leaning against the fence, admiring the splendid show of roses and tulips within.

His face reddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly, when a little girl sprang out from the arbor near and looking at both said to her brother "How could you speak so, Herbert? I'm sure his looking at the flowers doesn't hurt us."

And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger she added:

"Little boy, I'll give you some flowers if you'll wait a moment," and she gathered a bouquet and handed it through the fence.

His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence the girl had grown to a woman.

One bright afternoon as she was walking with her husband in the garden she observed a young man in workman's dress leaning over the fence, and looking attentively at her and the flowers.

Turning to her husband, she said:

"It does me good to see people admiring the garden. I'll give that young man some of the flowers."

And approaching him, she said: "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment into her face, and then said, in a voice tremulous with feeling:

"Twelve years ago I stood here a ragged little beggar boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers, and your pleasant words made a new boy of me—aye, and they made a man of me, too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in my dark hours of life; and now thank God, though that boy is still a humble, hard working man, he is an honest and grateful one."

Tears stood in the eyes of the lady as, turned to her husband, she said:

"God put it into my young heart to do that little act of kindness, and see how great a reward it has brought!"—[Free Church of Scotland Monthly.

HUMAN VOLCANOES.

The behavior of Mont Pelee shocked the world.

It had been pronounced extinct and should have stayed extinct.

Why it broke loose again is what the scientists are now trying to explain. Their theories are varying, and for the simple reason that they know but little about it, the guessing takes a wide range. What is going on in the depths of a mountain is not easily discovered.

But appalling as has been the eruption of Mont Pelee and mysterious as are its causes, it must be confessed that its aspects are rather human.

Human nature is decidedly volcanic, and its eruptions are as shockingly indifferent to life and welfare as the storm of fire and death with which St. Pierre was overwhelmed.

We must also confess, if we are frank with ourselves, that each individual is somewhat of a volcano. One of the brightest things that Disraeli ever said was his remark, that, as he gazed at Gladstone's first cabinet seated on that opposite bench, after the great leader's brilliant series of reforms, they seemed to him like a row of extinct volcanoes. We sometimes think of ourselves as extinct volcanoes after we have put down a troublesome temper or other passion, but at the first provocation we find that the old fire was only slumbering.

The number of extinct volcanoes which begin the day of the new year is largely diminished as the hours or days go by. And the majority of us learn that pretty nearly our whole life is a play around the mouth of a crater.

From most of us Mont Pelee is a large distance away, and the smoke and ashes with which it blackens the day and the glare with which it reddens the night are no cause for alarm, but the human volcano is one of which we may well stand in awe.—[J. A. A., in Union Signal.

If a man's mouth were as large in proportion as the mouth of a fly, he would have to have a head four feet in diameter to accommodate his lips and teeth.

THE EAGLE'S EYE.

The Eagle is a great bird with the Indians, and our students may appreciate the following:

We sometimes hear the expression, "an eye like the eagle's," but few of us have had an opportunity of knowing what this is like.

The glimpses we have of the degraded fowls imprisoned in the zoological gardens are not such as to impress us with the grandeur of our national emblem in any respect.

Crossing a Dakota pasture, near night, this fall, two boys came upon a large bird lying helpless. It had apparently been paralyzed by a charge of shot in the back from some hunter's gun, and did not struggle.

It had the true eagle's bill and mottled plumage, brown and snowy white.

The sweep of its beautiful, powerful wings was not less than six feet.

It proved to be a rare specimen of the fish hawk, belonging with the lesser native eagles.

The eyes were worth going far to see.

One would expect them to be fierce and angry but there was no sign of either feeling.

Neither was there any sign of fear, though the bird once so strong lay helpless, but the great yellow orbs shone with courage and dignity.

It must have lain for many hours in the pasture, and we supposed that morning would find the beautiful eyes closed in death.

There were no signs of suffering, so we left it to Nature.

But morning showed the same unflinching courage, the same calm dignity, though that the end was near might be guessed by an occasional flinching of the eyes.

I remember the lines in Robert Browning's "Incident of the French Camp."

When Napoleon sees that the lad who brought the message of victory is wounded, Browning says:

"The chief's eyes flashed; but presently softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes."

Napoleon is said to have had the eye of the eagle. I did not wonder at his power over men, even his jailors on the lonely island of St. Helena.

The bird is still with the taxidermist, who agrees for five dollars to preserve and mount it properly.

But to imitate those matchless eyes is beyond the power of his art, though he says, "It would not cost so much, but for the eyes."

I must pay one dollar for any that will do to use at all for that bird."—[Every Other Sunday.

Character at a Glance.

The high cheek bones of our Brethren in Red may mean something to their credit, if their force be turned in the right direction:

An insignificant nose means an insignificant man. An open mouth is a sure sign of an empty head (keep yours closed).

A projecting upper lip shows malignity and avarice. Pointed noses generally belong to meddlesome people. Large eyes in a small face betoken maliciousness.

A retreating chin is always bad; it shows lack of resolution. A projecting under lip indicates ostentation, self-conceit and folly. Fine hair generally betokens native good taste and intelligence.

A dimple in the chin is pretty, but indicates weak mental organization. High cheek bones always indicate great force of character in some direction. Fullness of the temples is supposed to show powers of mathematical calculation.

A small mouth, with nose and nostrils also small, shows indecision and cowardice. Half shut eyes show natural shrewdness, together with lack of sincerity. Slow moving eyes are always found in the heads of persons of prudence and ability.—[London Answers.

From the Indians' Friend.

Aside from all the personal benefits the football team receives from the game, think what an object lesson it gives to the country of what Indians may be and do. Success to it.

It is good for an Indian child to attend a white school, but better yet to outdo the rest. A Carlisle "outing" girl, in a New Jersey home, in a recent spelling match was the last on the floor, while all the boys and girls applauded.

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

The intuition and sense of locality of the horse are well known, and are found invaluable at critical times, as illustrated in the following account of an actual occurrence sent to the Little Chronicle:

My great grand-father lived in Vermont in the days when, if one wished to go to Boston, the journey could best be made on horseback. One spring, just as the ice had cleared from the rivers, he was returning home from that noted place on his favorite horse. It was pitch dark when he reached the river below where his farm lay. He crossed where the bridge had always been, arriving home after all the household had retired and did not disturb them. The next morning his wife asked him how he crossed the river.

"On the bridge, of course," was the reply.

"Why, you are crazy! The bridge went down stream when the ice went out," exclaimed she.

"I don't believe it and I shan't until I see for myself," said the worthy man starting up.

He went directly to the river, and there spanning the stream, was one rather narrow plank beneath which a torrent of muddy water poured. His plucky horse had in the inky darkness crossed on that single plank.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND SUCH BIG WORDS.

He was a stranger, cycling through the highly intellectual city of Oxford. You could tell it from the cautious manner with which he picked his way down the principal street.

It was evening. A gentleman approached the cyclist.

"Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its function."

"Sir?"

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"Really, I don't quite—"

"The effulgence of your radiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow, I—"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandescer have been discontinued."

Just then an unsophisticated little news-boy shouted across the way:

"Hey, mister, your lamp is out!"

—[Tid-Bits.

There are Others.

"I can't understand about this wireless telegraphy," said Mrs. Wunder.

"Why, it's plain as day," said Mr. Wunder. "They just send the messages through the air, instead of over wires."

"I know that," said she, "but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"

—[Baltimore American.

Right He Was.

A member of a Sunday School was one day asking some children questions on Bible knowledge:

"Where does the word 'holy' first occur in the Bible?"

The children could not answer for a minute or so, till a sharp urchin stood up and said:

"Please, sir, on the cover."

Where does it Come From?

"Where does the electricity come from that lights our house?" asked the teacher.

"It comes from the wall," answered the little girl who resided in an apartment house. "The janitor goes and unbuttons it."

Nothing is small which helps you along the line of your career, which broadens your horizon, which deepens your experience, which makes you more efficient in the great work of life. No matter how trivial any duty may seem, if it adds in the slightest way to your efficiency, it ceases to be trivial. O. S. MARDEN.

Some men are so lazy that they will devote an hour to praying for something they could obtain with five minutes' labor.

In the Grand canyon of Colorado a man's voice has been heard over a distance of eighteen miles.

Absence of occupation is not rest;

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

COWPER.

NEW YEAR'S RECIPE.

Take about eight quarts of unselfishness and unadulterated charity; mix briskly with a liberal supply of generosity, kindness and forbearing love. Simmer gently over a slow fire of forgiveness, good-will and good-fellowship. Put in a dash of cheerfulness and a plenteous sprinkling of smiles, and serve piping hot with your New Year's dinner.

This recipe is sure to bring about a Happy New Year, which all are so anxious to spend. Make use of it, serve frequently and it will surely prove a good cure against sadness and melancholy.

Creeks Rent Their Capitol.

One of the last acts of Creek council before adjourning was renting the tribal capitol building to the United States for court purposes. The rent is said to be \$1,000 a year. It was built in 1876, costing \$75,000. It will be offered for sale at \$60,000, possession to be given in 1906 when the tribal government is abolished. —[Osage Journal.

We try to create civilization by law. Law is of no value or service except as it represents moral sentiment and moral conviction behind and beneath it.

R. S. SORRS.

"I wish you had broken the news more gently," sighed the editor, as the office boy pied the first page by dropping the form down a flight of stairs.

Stumbling-Blocks

Life's road is rough, beset with rocks.
We prove our worth who onward press.
Regarding, each, his "stumbling-blocks"
As stuff wherein to build Success.
—[JULIA M. LIPPMANN.

The boy who wastes his time in school
Will live to call himself a fool.
Now is the time to study, boys,
The school-room's not the place for toys.
Knowledge is power, 'tis wisely said,
So take your books and fill your head.
Great and good men as a rule
Studied hard when boys in school.

Enigma.

Hunt for the names of some of our faculty hidden in the following lines:

1. She was hurt with a saw called a crosscut, terribly.
2. Throw a stone at the cow? O! Odell how could you?
3. Do you see her cape lying on the floor?
4. Last Apr. at the shore there were many people
5. Under the bowers, oxen sleep.
6. Let us all engage in good works.
7. When you see any thing new, come right in.
8. Do you eat sensen? Eyes say so.
9. There is no blemish in it.
10. James Morgan's worth is great.
11. He gave him "thomps" on the head.
12. He is a good usher, Rye said so.
13. It does no good to warn Ernest.
14. Take Shaffer Reed this book?
15. Let us all attend the LaCros bien-nial.
16. Is Sarah ill?
17. Are they coming this week? Ley said so?
18. Don't get caught in a web; Error might result.
19. When she went into the car, terror struck her.
20. Mr. Printer, stand by the disc, a lesson is to be taught.
21. It went to waste eleven times and did no harm.
22. What for? Sternly asked the teacher.
23. Ada vies with his neighbor.
24. Make haste! War testeth the courage.
25. It is too bad to rob bins of apples.
26. "Moo!" Responded the cow.
27. Is M. C. in? Tired of waiting I am.

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