

# The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

This is the number of your time mark on wrapper refers to

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1903.

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

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 26. (18-26)

JANUARY.

JANUARY, bleak and drear.  
First arrival of the year.  
Named for Janus,—Janus who,  
Fable says, has faces two;  
Pray, is that the reason why  
Yours is such a fickle sky?  
First you smile, and to us bring  
Dreams of the returning spring  
Then, without a sign, you frown.  
And the snowflakes hurry down,  
Making all the landscape white,  
Just as if it blanched with fright.  
You obey no word or law:  
Now you freeze, and then you thaw.  
Teasing all the brooks that run  
With the hope of constant sun.  
Chaining all their feet at last  
Firm in icy fetters fast.  
Month of all months most contrary,  
Sweet and bitter January!

## Lecture by Lt.-Col. Pratt Before the Wilmington, Del. Young Men's Christian Association, Jan. 8, 1903.

On the Indian question the country is full of doubting Thomases, and there are large and aggressive forces at work to increase the doubt. Thomas said he would believe when he saw, and was then permitted to see and forced to believe.

Thinking there might be those to hear me to-night of this sort, I have brought two illustrations. It would be practicable to assemble here in a few hours and present before you two hundred Indian youth of both sexes from many tribes living in the homes of our best people within eighty miles of your city, and just now attending the public and other schools, which will make of them as they do the children of our own race, men and women equal to the demands of our best citizenship; and this way of helping Indians has been going on twenty-three years in this very same locality.

Sixteen years ago I received this letter from the army comrade who had served on the frontier.

U. S. RECRUITING RENDEZVOUS,  
125 MARKET ST., CAMDEN, N. J.,  
January 11, 1887.

CAPTAIN R. H. PRATT,  
10th CAVALRY, U. S. ARMY,  
SUPT. INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE.

SIR:—

Sometime ago I spoke to you in reference to sending my Indian boy "Dick" to Carlisle for the purpose of teaching him a trade. He is now about 16 years old, has been attending school for 10 years and is advanced as far as the 1st Division at the Grammar School. He is a bright boy and has had the advantage of training and association of my home. His habits are good and health excellent. He seems to fancy carpenter work and tools and I believe with a little teaching he would become an expert as well as a useful mechanic.

I would like very much, if you can so arrange, to have him finish his education at Carlisle as a carpenter and believe you will have no hesitancy in accepting him as an inmate of your school.

I think you know the history of this boy without my repeating it now. He has been under my charge since 1874, and has been reared and taught as one of the family.

Let me hear from you when convenient.  
Very respectfully, Your ob't. servt.,  
C. H. HEYL,  
1st Lieut. 23rd Infantry.

To that I replied as follows:

CARLISLE, PA. Jan., 3, 1887.

FIRST LT. C. H. HEYL,  
23rd INFANTRY.

SIR:—

It will be easy to get Department consent, and I will be glad to take your Indian, and I will, if after this letter you think it best. His ten years' training outside of Indian life, but by your account, advanced him so that he would be good leaven in our great mass of unleaven, but would it be best for him?

My convictions are all against congregating Indians in any form in schools or reservations, and as I can I disperse them from here. Over a hundred of our pupils are now out in white schools and in white families. No Indian school can do for

them what this does, in the way of fitting them in capacity and courage to meet the issues of civilized life.

With the qualities your boy has acquired, it seems to me you might easily apprentice him to a good carpenter, where his surroundings will continue to be above him and so he be compelled to climb. If he comes here the chances are that nine out of ten of his associates will be below him, and that will unavoidably have its effect to hinder his gain. Besides this our carpenter instruction, while quite as good as it can be made in school, is more or less theoretical, and lacks the range of regular business, and therefore does not at all compare with the training of regular shops.

Having said this much, I leave it to you to send your boy here or not. If you send him we shall of course do all we can to improve him in the lines you desire.

Respectfully yours,

R. H. PRATT

Capt. and Supt.

The boy was not sent to Carlisle to learn to be a carpenter. Instead he was apprenticed in the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Camden, to a machinist. I introduce to you "Dick," in other words Mr. Richard Heyl, a reputable citizen of the city of Camden, New Jersey, who was captured by my army friend in the operations of our troops in Arizona, who is a genuine full-blooded Apache, that tribe to which the people of Arizona and their representative in Congress so entirely deny the common rights of humanity. This representative told Congress, "We can no more civilize the Apache than we can his food, the rattlesnake." (See Congressional Record.)

### Mr. Heyl's Speech.

I take pleasure in coming before you this evening and I appreciate the position in which I am placed.

Although not a member of the Young Men's Christian Association I take great interest in its Athletic lines. But that isn't "Injun."

To make a long story short I will say that my education and experience has been in accord with Col. Pratt's ideas.

The training which his students are receiving I, too, have had, but environments free from Indianisms, away from reservations and government control.

Environment is the whole secret in a nutshell, having been born a savage little papoose, brought east; since then the public school has done the rest away from reservations, where energy is lost, where intellect is shattered and where the wheel of progress is choked by fads and isms. In my mind treaty rights and tribal habitation have been the influences retarding poor Lo's progress. It is said that drudgery is a blessing, but drudgery out there is hell, and you'll not see me go out there without a fire extinguisher.

Let the Indians work like the Poles, Hungarians and Italians, whose votes are wanted by some politicians, even if they don't know the Constitution of the United States, much less write their own names.

The American people don't bother the foreigners; why not let the Indians follow their path.

The Government runs no elevator to lift Indians or any class of people into places of influence. Every Indian must work his way up by the force of his own effort and intelligent thought.

I am sorry to say that some Indians accomplish little because they are too procrastinating.

Schools do not save men, they only furnish opportunities for individual force.

John B. Gough said it was the hand of Joel Stratton that saved him. It is the hand of Colonel Pratt that is saving the Indians; he is a man with a hand to help and to hold; and just as soon as such organizations as the Indian Rights Association and others close their doors, go way back and sit down, then the Indian will realize that he must fulfil his own destiny. Chase him out of the sounding cave of echoing isms to wrestle with present problems, to follow the same road as the Hungarians, Poles and Italians who do not require a hundred years to become

assimilated with our body politic, and the Indian, too, will become a good citizen.

COLONEL PRATT:

Mr. Heyl is not a Carlisle product, but he is a good representative of the Carlisle idea. He has had the privilege of becoming an American citizen under the common-sense surroundings and influences of American citizens, which is the only natural way. His foster friends, Colonel Heyl and family, who took the trouble to give him his opportunities, would tell you that throughout his whole life under their care and since, now covering twenty-nine years, Richard was very like civilized boys and has become a thoroughly civilized man. He had to be instructed the same as white boys and possibly there might have been the same disciplinary measures, but no more of these than is required among the best of our Anglo-Saxon race in raising our own children.

### Another Sample.

My next sample is of Carlisle. His education had been well advanced at his home before he came. He caught quickly and intelligently the Carlisle idea, and when he had finished Carlisle, hungered for higher equipment. He went to Dickinson College in the town of Carlisle and continued to live with us at the school. Then came a desire to graduate from one of our greatest universities. He did manual labor to help cover his expenses, passed four years at Princeton, and graduated creditably with the same class in which he entered.

After graduating he accepted an invitation to help me at Carlisle. The authorities in charge of the Government exhibit at the Pan-American in Buffalo applied for an Indian to take charge of and explain the Indian exhibit. Mr. Gansworth was available and went. Instead of keeping him a month as arranged, the authorities found him so useful that they begged for and were allowed to keep him through to the close of the Exposition.

He returned to Carlisle as assistant-disciplinarian, then taught for a time, and when I was looking for some one to take charge of what we call the Outing, under which system we now have 150 to 175 boys out every winter on farms working for their board and attending public school, and in the summer four hundred at regular farm work, I gave the place to him because he had been an outing subject himself and had had experiences which made him especially valuable. He had the interests of the Indians at heart and was entirely capable of meeting the issues of any difficult cases that might come up.

Mr. Gansworth belongs to that tribe of Indians which gave to this Government not very long ago historical General Ely Parker, during the war a trusted aid of Gen. Grant's and afterward when Grant was President, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Later he became engineer of the city of New York, which position he filled until his recent death.

One peculiarity of General Parker's when Commissioner, as told me by old employees in the Indian Office, was to decide all business coming before him on the day it was presented. General Parker was educated away from his tribe, and sought employment and remained away from his tribe else he had never been Brigadier-General in the Army, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and engineer of New York City.

Mr. Gansworth, a Seneca, is from one of those incongruous Indian reservations in the great State of New York which are just as effective at keeping the Indians worthless as the western and other reservations.

### Mr. Gansworth Speaks.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

An Indian who was trying to find the way back to his tepee suddenly came upon a white man's cabin.

The white man accosted him saying:

"Hello, there! What's the matter? Indian lost?"

"No!" came the quick reply, "Indian he no lost, wigwam he lost."

I suppose it is in somewhat the same manner that our friend Mr. Heyl feels; he does not feel lost in a civilized community; he feels as much at home there as the best of you do. The thing that is lost in his case is the savage Apache Indian; the man remains.

The savage, war-like spirit, the superstition, the aversion to civilization that have characterized the Apaches in the past are not to be found in him. We know him as a good honest American citizen. The traditions of the great American people have become a part and parcel of his character; its civilization is his; its mode of living has become his way of living.

Not so long ago while at dinner in a hotel I met a man who, judging from his conversation, was a master workman or foreman in the iron works.

He had worked at three different shops, and at every place he worked beside an Indian. One of these Indians was our friend Mr. Heyl.

"Remark'd he a mighty fine little fellow," remarked the man.

This man seemed to be surprised that an Indian would or could do such work. He seemed to be surprised that an Indian would care to leave his tribe and enter the great race of competition; and, ladies and gentlemen, I find this spirit of surprise all over.

Soon after the Carlisle School was established, Col. Pratt inaugurated what is known as the Outing System. Pupils are placed in desirable homes, where they do general farm work or general house work, and receive pay for their services, according to the general wage rate holding in the locality. And it was my privilege the past summer to visit the boys in their homes. It was there that I saw that a great many people were really surprised at what the Indian could do—surprised because the Indians are industrious, because they are so nice and polite; surprised because they could hold their own in school; surprised because they felt at home among white people.

It is surprising to me how much educating the American public needs along these lines.

The Carlisle Outing System has not only educated the Indians themselves but has taught the people that under proper environment the Indian may become a very desirable element in our midst.

COLONEL PRATT: Official statistics tell us there are 270,000 Indians in the United States proper, omitting Alaska. This is about the population of the city of Washington. I venture to say that never in the history of the world has there been a people which caused another people so much trouble and expense through so long a series of years.

The present Commissioner of Indian Affairs very recently declared that the Indians in one way and another had cost the United States a billion dollars. What the cost has been in human life it would be difficult even to conjecture. They have been driven from their homes to reservations, some of them from reservation to reservation, and there imprisoned under guard. The driving and guarding has cost us many thousands of the lives of our people, but more Indian lives have been taken by us because we had the best and most destructive equipments.

Have we at any time, in any sense, given him a fair chance in dealing with this red man or in the telling of our intercourse with him?

Read any of our American histories either general or for the special instruction of our youth and what is the opinion of the Indian to be formed from such reading?

Recently a historian asked me to read and comment upon a chapter on Indians he proposed in a history of the United States he is writing. Let me quote: "We have read of the Indian wars of Colonial days—of the horrible massacres,

the inhuman tortures; of the bands of hideous warriors who roamed over hills and valleys, seeking out the peaceful abode of the industrious pioneer, who with his devoted wife and loving children, had sought to make a home in the wilderness—of these painted fiends dashing with dreadful yells upon the harmless family, braining the astonished husband and father with the tomahawk before the eyes of the wife and children; stopping the shrieks of the fond wife only by striking her down also, to die quivering in her husband's blood; seizing the terrified children and carrying them away into hopeless and life-long captivity. We have all heard the baleful story; and it is not fiction; it is the truth, and was enacted hundreds of times.

The Indian often tortured his captive. He would flay him alive, cut out his tongue, or burn him to death over a slow fire. And he would gloat with the joy of a fiend over the dying agonies of his foe. For this no excuse or palliation can be offered.

The most hopeless feature in connection with the Indian Problem is that the race seems incapable of civilization. Most wild animals are capable of taming and training; but there are some exceptions. So it is with man.

Their learning the use of firearms and of the horse has greatly changed their mode of life, but has not brought them civilization. Their centuries of contact with the most enlightened race of the earth has profited them nothing,—not because they have lacked opportunity, not because they were crowded from their original homes, not even because of a want of native intelligence, but because they have fought against the arts of civilized life and resisted it to the death. Ages of contact with civilization has produced no perceptible aspiration to improve his own condition, to make his a world-force, or to elevate it above the state of barbarism. The Indian's contact with the white man has in the main proved a curse to him rather than a blessing; for he has absorbed the vices without the virtues of an enlightened people.

Such is the American Indian to-day; such he was three hundred years ago. What will his future be?

#### Selections by Our Own Students.

On reading this and knowing the similar assertions in our school histories I was interested to learn the impressions such histories made on our Indian girls and boys in the higher classes, and asked them to furnish me some extracts from their school histories in regard to Indians that they object to and give me their objections. I was soon provided with a large collection. Let me read you several:

A Pueblo boy gives the following:

"The Indians were unsurpassed for cruelty. It was their cherished custom to put captives to death with lingering tortures."—(John Fiske. Litt. D., L. L. D., Instructor in Medieval History and Lecturer on Philosophy, Harvard University)

The historian was mistaken in his idea that the Indians were unsurpassed in cruelty. For example, take the Apaches, the most savage of the Indians, and the Pueblos, the most peaceable. These two tribes were in constant wars with each other in the early days. Many stories have been told me by the old Pueblos about their battles with the Apaches.

There were several men of my tribe who could speak both Apache and Navajo. These men were once captives and were held for ransom. They all said they were well treated.

When the Pueblos had any captives they were well taken care of. John Fiske got his idea that the Indians were cruel because they treated the white man so; but the red man learned to torture his prisoners from his talented Christian brother—the Anglo-Saxon. As a rule the Indians are not cruel. Look up the Dark Ages in English history, the ancient days of Rome, etc., and compare their cruelties. Remember, the latter are supposed to be civilized.

It was very seldom that the Indians burned anybody. In the daily papers we often read where a negro has been burned at the stake. Is it barbarous and fiendish for the Indians to burn people and not fiendish for the white people to do the same thing? Why don't historians record the bad deeds the savage white people do?

Is it according to God's laws and teachings that a superior race should do and teach all manner of vices and crimes to an inferior race?

The Indians are just as good as the white people. When at home I live near the station and there is gambling and drinking going on there by the few white men employed by the Railroad Company. I used to go with other Indian boys to

watch these games. When my father found that out he made some rules for me to follow. I was to chop wood the first two hours every morning; the next two hours to bring my mother water if any was needed, etc. After dinner I could go hunting and fishing. He bought me a fishing outfit and a gun so that I should stay away from those gambling and swearing white people from whom the young Indians get their ideas of evil ways. The men that teach the Indians these things call the attention of the other white people to these bad Indians. How dare historians bring the Indians before the world as bad men when they have been put in ruts of degradation by the Anglo-Saxon?

Here is another by a Sisseton Sioux girl from South Dakota. She quotes from Eggleston's History, Page 87.

"The Indian did not hesitate to resort to treachery to entrap his foes. He would profess friendship in order to disarm an enemy. He gloried in ingenious tricks, such as the wearing of snow shoes with the hind part before, so as to make an enemy believe that he had gone in an opposite direction. He would sometimes imitate the cry of the wild turkey, and so tempt a white hunter into the woods that he might destroy him. An Indian scout would dress himself up with twigs so as to look like a bush. Many of these things the white man learned to practice also."

And then remarks:

"I don't see why the Indians are called treacherous when they do ingenious tricks to catch their enemy. In time of war it is considered very great to surprise the enemy. Look at Washington, who surprised the Hessians on Christmas Eve. Still the Indians are called treacherous, and many of the things the Indians did the white people learned to practice. Then why don't the white people call white people treacherous?"

A Santee Sioux girl from Nebraska:

Eggleston's History, page 369. The Sioux Massacre in Minnesota, 1862. The history says:

"In the summer of 1862 the eastern bands of the Sioux nation fell suddenly upon the defenseless settlements of Minnesota and killed nearly five hundred people."

"My grandfather, Standing Soldier, who is now dead, often spoke about this 'massacre' as historians have called it, and he was a member of the band known as the Santees.

All during the winter of 1861-2, my people were suffering from cold and starvation. My grandfather was one of the delegates sent to Washington to appeal to the President. They met with no success, and finding they had no means to get along with, grew desperate. Who would not under such circumstances?

My mother, who was then only nine years old, often told me how they suffered. I know if the whites had gained that victory they would have called it a battle, but being worsted it is a 'massacre.'

Another thing, the officials in Washington had made a treaty with the Santees, and when the Sioux asked for help it was refused. The white people did not keep their promise and naturally that made the Indians think that all the settlers were like them and it made them suspicious."

A Chippewa girl from Minnesota. From Wilbur F. Gordy's History, page 77.

"The statement made by Mr. Gordy that 'the Indian is cruel to his enemy and often tortured and burned him alive, is not true of the Indian alone, for the same can be said of all peoples or races of the world. Take the Romans:—Cruelty to their slaves, captives and enemies seemed to be their aim, and considering their inferiors as brutes was nothing to them. Even now, you cannot find a nation more cruel than the Turks and there is no excuse for their cruelty because they have been surrounded by civilized nations and their constant contact with civilized people ought to calm their treacherous natures. Similar examples can be given of other races, and the above statement made by Mr. Gordy is not true of the Indian alone, for many other nations surpass the Indian race in their cruelty to their enemies."

A Chippewa boy from Minnesota quotes:—

"The Indian was treacherous and revengeful and cruel beyond description. Much as he loved war (and war was his chief occupation) the fair and open fight had no charm for him. To his mind it was madness to take the scalp of an enemy at the risk of his own, when he might waylay him in a bush or shoot him with an arrow from behind a tree. He was never so happy as when at the dead of night he roused his sleepless victims with an unearthly yell and massacred them by the light of their burning home. \* \* \* \* \* Courage

and fortitude he possessed in the highest degree; yet with his bravery were associated all the vices, all the dark and crooked ways which are the resort of the cowardly and the weak"—(JOHN BACH MCMASTER, University of Pennsylvania in History published in 1897, Page 69.

He comments:—

"As a friend the Indian was a friend indeed and as an enemy he was of the bitterest sort. The whites made him their enemy, therefore he appears treacherous. He did not appear that way to William Penn and his people.

It was not the Indian's delight to massacre and kill. He was being oppressed, aye, driven from his home, and this was the only way he knew of resistance and protection."

#### All Anglo-Saxon Quotations.

These quotations are from school histories in common use through the country. They were all written by members of the great Anglo-Saxon race for the instruction of the children of their own and the other races.

In addition to these permanent historical records, in these times we are contending with a syndicate of newspaper fabricators. During the past few years many purely fictitious articles have been written about educated Indians, accusing them of committing crimes and behavior most ridiculous. More than twenty of these articles have been pointed at Carlisle, in not one of which was there a word of truth. Generally no such students ever attended the school, and in almost every case no murder or wrong had been committed.

If an Indian does wrong anywhere it is likely to be alleged he is a Carlisle graduate.

Within a week, an Indian, probably with some Buffalo Bill show, struck an ex-policeman with a tomahawk in Memphis, Tenn., and the account telegraphed over the country alleged that the Indian, Creeping Bear, was a graduate of Carlisle. I have a careful record of every student ever at Carlisle. No Creeping Bear ever attended the school. I immediately telegraphed the Chief of Police, stating that fact and asked telegraphic reply. He telegraphed back that the Indian stated his name at Carlisle was Joe Yellow Man and he was at the school only six months. No Joe Yellow Man ever attended Carlisle. I telegraphed again to the Chief and asked further information, but have received none.

Just now the Philadelphia North American is prosecuting a western correspondent of that paper who wrote a whole cloth fabrication about White Buffalo, one of our earlier students, charging that he was in jail and had confessed to having murdered, separately, three white girls at the agency. No such white girls ever lived at the Agency, nobody had been murdered, and White Buffalo for eighteen years, ever since his return from Carlisle, has been a reputable Indian, having a large farm, living a peaceable life, sending his children to school, and taking an intelligent interest in the affairs of the community about him.

Equity is to be reached by a knowledge of both sides and an impartial comparison. Have any of our historians before writing, judicially sought to know the Indian's side? Full knowledge and just comparison alone will give to us righteousness.

I am an army man, having served through the War of the Rebellion and since through Indian campaigns. Approaching the enemy by stealth and overcoming him by surprise is strategy. In civilized warfare it often results in capture of the enemy, but in Indian war where commands were remote from any support, the fighting inevitably meant practical destruction to one or the other, and it oftenest resulted in the Indian's going down to death en masse.

In civilized war, when we are about to attack a force in a village or town, sometimes—not always—notice and time is given for the non-combatants—women, children and the aged—to get out of the way of danger. But did you ever hear of a case where American forces, militia, volunteer or regular, in attacking an Indian village gave any such warning or allowed any such privilege of escape for the women and children? I never did. It was always a surprise if possible and usually a slaughter.

I do not intend to disparage the acts of particular commanders, I only desire to illustrate the truth as I see it. Individuals who have participated in these

things have only been the creatures of circumstances, conditions and customs.

I was adjutant to a command of regular troops at the time temporarily occupying a fortified camp within sixty-five miles of the place where the incident I am about to relate occurred, and the command I speak of, two days after the event, came into our camp. The following is from a description by the commanding officer of that command of an attack he made with his troops upon an Indian village thirty-four years ago last month. He relates very graphically how he found the Indian camp at two o'clock at night by following a trail, his friendly scouts having first discovered it and brought him word; how between that and morning he disposed his troops on four sides of that camp. It was not large. It was in a small valley entirely surrounded by hills so that it was easy for him to accomplish his purpose. The troops were so arranged that at a given signal they could all move forward from every side at the same moment and reach the village at the same time. He had a mounted band. As a signal for the advance he ordered that the band should play "Garry Owen." Here is the commander's own account:

"Quickly turning to the band leader I directed him to give us 'Garry Owen.' At once the rollicking notes of that familiar marching and fighting air sounded forth through the valley, and in a moment were re-echoed back from the opposite sides by the loud and continued cheers of the men of the other detachments, who, true to their orders, were there and in readiness to pounce upon the Indians the moment the attack began. In this manner the 'Battle of the Washita' commenced. The bugles sounded the charge and the entire command dashed rapidly into the village. The Indians were caught napping; but realizing at once the danger of their situation, they quickly overcame their first surprise, and in an instant seized their rifles, bows and arrows, and sprang behind the nearest trees, while some leaped into the stream, nearly waist deep, and using the bank as a rifle-pit, began a vigorous and determined defence.

Mingled with the exultant cheers of my men could be heard the defiant war-whoop of the warriors, who from the first fought with a desperation which no race could surpass. Actual possession of the village and its lodges was ours within a few moments after the charge was made, but this was an empty victory unless we could vanquish the late occupants who were then pouring in a rapid and well directed fire from their stations behind trees and banks. At the first onset a considerable number of Indians rushed from the village in the direction from which Elliot's party had attacked. Some broke through the lines, while others came in contact with the mounted troopers, and were killed or captured.

Before engaging in the fight orders had been given to prevent the killing of any but the fighting strength of the village; but in a struggle of this character it is impossible at all times to discriminate, particularly when, in a hand-to-hand conflict, such as the one the troops were then engaged in, the squaws are as dangerous adversaries as the warriors, while Indian boys between ten and fifteen years of age were found as expert and determined in the use of the pistol and bow and arrow as the older warriors."

Only women and children who remained quiet in their tipis and a few men who ran away during the fight were saved. It was a complete surprise and practically all the fighting force of the Indians was destroyed. That affair appears in history as the "Battle of the Washita"; yet it was carnage on our part by men armed by the Government and sent out for that purpose, accomplished by stealthy approach and complete surprise. If the history of it were written by an Indian he would reverse the account and characterize it in most graphic terms as a massacre.

Eight years later the same commander in charge of a well armed force attempted in broad daylight to perform the same feat on a camp of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians on the Little Big Horn, and he together with most of his command was destroyed. That affair goes into history as the "Battle of the Little Big Horn."

Strange, isn't it, when we kill the other fellow it is a battle; when the other fellow kills us it is a massacre!

Neither Custer nor his officers, all of whom I knew and had served with, were responsible; rather we should blame the inhumanity of a system and custom which had grown up and come to govern us in our conquest of the continent.

I need not add illustrations, but will

say that for every atrocious act of the Indians against the whites there is at least one no less atrocious act by whites against the Indians, and the whites were oftenest the aggressors. It is "a poor rule that will not work both ways."

If it is admissible for a civilized people to kill and scalp Indians it is just as admissible for uncivilized people to kill and scalp whites.

In the early days the French instigated the Indians against the English and the English sent them against the French. During the Revolutionary War the mother country did not hesitate to hire and use Indians against the Colonists.

In 1764 the Governor of Pennsylvania by proclamation offered bounties for the scalps or capture of hostile Indians as follows:

For every male above 10 years, captured, \$150.00.

For every male above 10 years, scalped, being killed, \$134.00.

For every female or male under 10 years, captured, \$130.00.

For every female above 10 years, scalped, being killed, \$50.00.

(See Gordon's History of Pennsylvania, page 483.)

In 1760 South Carolina appropriated the sum of three thousand five hundred pounds "to pay for the scalps of Cherokee Indians."—Statutes of South Carolina, Vol. IV-128.

Other colonies did the same thing, so that scalping has the sanction of law.

Our histories allege, as we have seen that "contact with our civilization has not civilized the Indian."

Has there been any real contact with our civilization by the Indians?

Has he not always met our warring elements and been driven away and held aloof from real contact with civilization?

Has he not rather always met the savagery of our civilization?

Is he to day privileged to really contact our civilization?

We have created numerous reservations for him upon which he is forced or hired to remain under the care of a frequently changing, and therefore ignorant and not specially interested, management, and it has been inevitable that there should come into the Indian mind an enmity against a civilization that could be so unkind.

No prisoner loves those who imprison him; yet all our Indians to-day are prisoners upon their reservations. They cannot go off without the consent of the agent and his remote superiors in Washington. There are only a few weak influences at work which invite them out into the opportunities of civilization.

Almost all the influences inaugurated and carried forward even now by both Church and State say to the Indian: "You are to remain together as tribes; you are not to attempt to become individual and of us; you are inferior and it is not our intention or desire that you should become in any way equal."

The United States became a separate people and Government, and has reached its greatness under the declaration that "All men are created free and equal with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Note, it says "All men."

Tacitus said "The human mind is so constituted as to make us hate those whom we have wronged."

No better illustration of this great truth is needed than our treatment and estimate of the Indian. In a feeble way and to a limited number we are opening the door into civilization, but it is only partially open even to these. No invitation to come and live with us, such as we send to every foreigner, ever goes to the Indian.

Unfortunately for the Indian and for the country, he has been placed in the keeping of a Bureau.

Not long ago the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs stated that the Indians would be better off if there had never been an Indian Bureau, and he was right.

What a calamity to the negro and to the country was averted when the Freedman's Bureau was broken up.

And what a calamity it would be to the country and to the non-English-speaking foreigners emigrating to our shores if for each a Bureau and a reservation system had been instituted, through the chicanery of which they would have to grope their way into American citizenship.

It is claimed by the historians that the

Indian has had opportunities of contact with the white race and with our civilization. The claim is false and unutterably cruel, for the reason that the alleged contact blinds the knowledge of both our people and the Indian on the subject and leads them to think it is true. The contact the Indian actually receives at his reservation home is mostly the moral depravity of the depraved of our own race, the omnipresent frontier saloon with its insidious enticements to use it as a balm for his misery, and of those whose greatest interest in him is to absorb that which has been given to him or conceded to be his by the Government, through duplicity and the use of their superior knowledge and his deplorable ignorance.

What opportunities do the members of the Chinese Empire community in the city of San Francisco have for contacting American systems, influences and civilization?

What privileges for such contact do members of the Italian community in Philadelphia have where thirty-five thousand are congregated into a little Italy in the heart of that city occupying whole squares together?

When will they become acquainted with America and its institutions and purposes?

Are not rather the Chinese and the Italian nations nursed and perpetuated in these communities?

Over in Berks County, Pennsylvania, there is a community of Germans where great-grand-fathers, grand-fathers, fathers and sons, born in and living always in the United States, are yet unable to speak the English language because their settlement is a veritable little Germany. The conditions and results are the same in the Chinese and Italian communities mentioned.

The children in these German, Chinese, and Italian settlements are not to be blamed if they grow up to speak only the language of their parents and imbibe from their parents the customs and habits of and even a love for the Fatherland. If these things are so with the civilized and enlightened peoples, thus for contact, so much more favorably segregated, when may we look for the end of the Indianism of the Indians whom we force to segregate so much more remote from all observation and contact with the best of our civilization?

What has happened to Mr. Heyl and to Mr. Gansworth by actual association happens to every foreigner placed under like conditions. The great Governor and Senator from Minnesota, Knute Nelson, is a Norwegian and was well advanced in boyhood when he came to this country. Had he located and continued in any of the somewhat dense Norwegian communities to be found in the northwest he would never have become a member of the United States House of Representatives, Governor of Minnesota, nor United States Senator. Actual contact with America made him thoroughly and most practically and honorably a great American.

Unfortunately, our Indian Bureau, being in control, turns every device suggested into channels that will perpetuate itself. Our Indian school system instead of being utilized to lead the young of the Indians out into broad opportunities and contact and into the public schools of the nation is rather made to hold and bind the Indians together at their homes on their reservations and in tribes.

The little that has been done in the way of getting young Indians out from the tribes and into the national life and the public schools has been only negatively helped and never suggested by the Bureau.

We are spending vast sums of money for Indian education, but almost all of it only to educate the Indians to remain Indians and tribes. After while when the reckoning will come those who have the right will want to know why with all this expenditure and what seems to them great privilege of school opportunity the Indians are not educated men and women of worth among us, and then it will be discovered they have had no privileges in proper schools and that the main part of the system was a sham only calculated to hold them to tribalism, while the Indian Bureau and its co-laborer, the Bureau of Ethnology, will declare that the Indians are not capable of our civilization.

We need to kill those influences of any and every sort which stand in the way of giving the Indians full privilege to meet

and compete with us whether that influence be the Bureau, reservation, school, or church.

In my judgment the Church which will not help the Indians out into good industrious American life is not going to do very much toward helping him into heaven; and a so-called public school system among the Indians is not a public school system at all, but only a blind to hinder, for the greatest principle of the public school, that of association and equal opportunity to compete, is entirely absent.

It would have been absolutely impossible to make Mr. Heyl a good citizen for Camden and a competent Pennsylvania Railroad machinist on the Apache reservation, even though he had been given ten times as many years.

I will give you a guide or two. I read years ago, "The contact of peoples is the best of all education," and all its twenty-three years Carlisle has used this simple recipe: "To civilize the Indian get him into civilization; to keep him so, let him stay."

#### THE STRESS OF THE FINLANDERS.

The account of the terrible famine now prevailing over a considerable portion of Finland, brings to mind the tale of the destitution which prevailed in the coast-towns of that country following their bombardment by the allied squadron of British and French war vessels during the Crimean War, forty-eight years ago.

The story of the relief that followed is interestingly told by Elihu Burritt, in his essay on "The Mission of Great Sufferings."

Joseph Sturge, a well-to-do and philanthropic corn merchant, of Birmingham, England, who had actively interested himself to prevent the breaking out of a war which English statesmen later admitted to have been both a blunder and a crime, at once when the fighting was over, proceeded to the Gulf of Bothnia, carrying some ten thousand pounds sterling, his own money and that of others, for the purchase of supplies to relieve the war-wasted and starving Finlanders.

But let Burritt tell the story in his own graphic language:

"Before many months had elapsed, after the bloody conflict had ended, the proud, serene face of Joseph Sturge, lighted by God's love as brightly as the moon at its full is lighted from the sun, was seen shining in the darkened homes of the Finland fishermen.

Not a word of their language could he speak, not a word of his could they; and only a common sailor, who knew a little of both, stood between them in this communion; but they understood the language of his heart, and he the language of theirs, with but little verbal interpretation.

For days and weeks this good Quaker Samaritan went around among the ruins his countrymen had made along the Bothnian coast, binding up the wounds they had set a bleeding, soothing them with healing drops of the Samaritan's oil, and, with purse larger than his Christian prototypes, making the widow's heart to sing for joy at his coming, and little orphans to look up into his broad, serene, and beaming face, and wonder if it were not the very face of the great Father come down from above, or if it did not much resemble it in brightness and goodness. And some of the youngest, in their half baby thoughts, guessed timidly that he was the living Bible, walking about under a broad brimmed hat, and that the paper Bibles that came just before the awful cannons appeared that blew their parent's homes to pieces, were all dead books, or had no good life in them, or the ships would not have set their houses on fire and blown their chapels down as they did.

Poor children! They often step out wildly with their first thoughts just as they do with their feet. Thus, good Joseph Sturge walked about in the fishing villages and hamlets of Finland, plucking out the thorns from memories that were beginning to fester against his country, and leaving in their stead the germs of a better remembrance."

The heartening, Christian incident above narrated is also beautifully told in that poem of Whittier's called "The Conquest of Finland." A generation ago it was a favorite piece for recitation in the families and schools of the Friends, and would now again, be pertinent and timely to rehearse in these later days when

thousands of the Finnish families, not merely on the Bothnian coast, but far in the interior, are suffering greatly because of the blight that came upon their crops of oats and barley.

"And so to Finland's sorrow  
The sweet amend is made,  
As if the healing hand of Christ  
Upon her wounds were laid."

JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

We are requested to say that there is a fund being raised by the Christian Herald, 92 Bible House, New York City, for the suffering Finlanders. Contributions should be addressed "Finnish Famine Fund," care of address above given.

#### THAT TERRIBLE MESCAL BEAN.

The editor of the Osage Journal thus tells in part of the habit of many Indians in the Southwest. He said he would have published before a description of how the bean is eaten and its results to the Indian, "but every time we would start it, we would become disgusted with ourselves and stop; for the idea of a part of the government under which we are controlled, allowing such practice among a people they are the guardians of, is ridiculous in the extreme.

This bean is eaten by a majority of full-blood Osages. The men and women both eat it. So do some of the young ones. They eat it so that they can see Christ.

The medicine booth often seen by the editor as well as many other people upon the reservation, is made of pine and as much in the shape of a funnel as is possible to make it. It is about twenty feet high. Inside of this is a chair where sits the medicine man who keeps the bean.

In another part of the building is a little side show, it consists of a tent where the grand old medicine man takes the weary one for a sweat bath.

Before entering this tent the weary one must first divest of all clothing; and he takes them in and sits them down around a pile of heated rocks which he throws water on causing a steam to rise and the victim to sweat.

In a big brass kettle is hot water which the victim drinks, causing vomiting and otherwise making the Indian pure.

As a general rule he takes one through at a time. After eating of the bean for a couple of days they are lined up with their faces toward the rising sun, and as the sun rises the victims are asked if they see Christ.

The Indians have seen him riding a mule and in many other ways.

Old men and young men, women and maidens all take part in the performance.

Before the bean gets in its full effect upon the victim two days and as many nights have past.

Then the victim sleeps for a day and night, during which time he dreams of beautiful things as well as claiming to see Christ.

No power it would seem can wake them while they are under the influence of this bean.

When they awaken they are in an extremely nervous state and the smallest thing to happen causes them to fly into a fury and often times take their vengeance out on human as well as dumb brutes.

After this they go down to the river and jump in and take a swim.

The Indians who do not eat it are pronounced by the medicine man as devils."

#### WHAT WILL BE THE VALUE TO ETHNOLOGICAL RESEARCH.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind has not as yet grappled with all the wonders of modern invention, has a novel experience in store.

He is to be asked to talk into the phonograph, the authorities of Yale University having concluded to use its share of the Carnegie fund for special scientific inquiry by taking records of the voices of the various Indian tribes in the distant West.

Just what value to ethnological research is to be gained from turning widely divergent dialects of the noble redskin into the hopper that is to embalm them for the instruction of future generations, is a question that the layman may be pardoned for his inability to solve.

It is to be hoped however, that the gutturals of the Flatheads, the Oglalas, the Uncapapas, the Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, for instance, may not smash the talking machines.

Or that, on the other hand, the preservation of the Jargons, of the Mandans, the Modocs, the Arapahoes, the Kickapoos or the Yarquias, may fail to bring grief to descendants who are being rapidly developed into English speaking citizens at such excellent institutions as Colonel Pratt's Carlisle school.—[Harrisburg Patriot.

**Man-on-the-band-stand.**

B. u. y. c.

Miss Rumsport, of Wilkes Barre, is visiting her mother at the school.

A white boy baby has come to live with Dairyman and Mrs. Gray at the near farm.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Charles Edward Latimer Steele, of Geneva, N. Y., stole in upon his sister, who is our librarian.

The largest calendars the school has on its walls the various departments are from the Rock Island Railroad system.

Insurance Agent, Chas. F. Humrich handed around some very pretty calendars this week for which the recipients were grateful.

Miss McIntire and Mrs. Forster visit the Invincibles to-night; Miss Scales and Mr. Allen, the Standards; Mr. Wheelock and Mrs. Sherry the Susans

The instructor of printing at Rainsford Island, Boston Harbor, Mr. George F. Clark, has sent a prettily designed motto, appropriate to hang up in a printing office. Thanks!

On Tuesday evening Miss Pratt entertained a small company of her town friends in honor of Miss Marie Hepburn, of West Chester. The party took a sleigh-ride by beautiful moonlight, in the early evening.

Mrs. Cook in a private letter to Lizzie Martin says that at Riverside, California, as she sits and writes, she has both windows open and the sun is shining in a cloudless sky. Verbenas and sweet pease are in bloom under her windows.

Dr. Elson's lecture last Saturday evening was another treat, after which the Band played the students out with a new march, Director Wheelock's own composition, which is very taking. It is called "Class 1903 March" and the out-going class feels honored.

The school is glad that the town trolley cars are again running. During the scarcity of coal the company was obliged to curtail, and only the Mechanicsburg cars came out to the school, giving us but an hour and a half service. We hope now to have the twenty-minute service again.

Mrs. Sue Coe and daughter Miss Franc of Palo Alto, California were guests of Miss Ely over Sunday. They were very interesting people, having travelled much. Their last trip was to the City of Mexico, and they were returning to the Pacific Coast via Vera Cruz, Havana, New York City, Kansas and Colorado.

If one is thoroughly ashamed of his mistakes he will try hard not to make any, but some young people pass a mistake off lightly as though it did not matter much. Such people become hopeless cases, while the one who is ashamed and tries to do better next time is in a growing state, and will likely succeed in life.

The following officers were elected for the newly organized Young Women's Christian Association: President, Rosalie Nelson; Vice-President, Rose La Forge; Corresponding-Secretary, Josephine Ramone; Recording-Secretary, Ayche Saracino; Treasurer, Delphina Jacques. The girls are quite enthusiastic. The association already has forty active members and fifteen associate members.

Last evening the Juniors tendered a reception to the Seniors, the party taking place in the teachers' parlor and the two rooms on the opposite side of the hall. Few guests were invited outside of the members of the two classes and their teachers, probably a hundred in all. The rooms were decorated in class colors, and the game cards of Famous Men and Women were hand-painted and printed in Junior Orange-and-Blue and Senior Purple-and-White. Even the cake and ice cream partook of the same colors, Miss Noble tinging the layers of the cake with huckle-berry juice to get the purple effect and the ice-cream was served in blue paper dishes. There were two prizes given, Aseoth Bishop winning the first for working out the most names of the Famous Men and Women. This was a good sized picture of Colonel Pratt in a pretty frame. The booby prize was a bottle of perfume. The teachers, Miss Cutter of the Seniors and Miss Wood of the Juniors were ever manifest in their efforts to keep things lively that all should enjoy themselves, and they did. There was music, singing by Maud E. Snyder, playing by the orchestra and a general good time for two hours, when the company dispersed, the Juniors wishing the out-going class Godspeed, and the class of '03, wishing the in-going Seniors the best year of their school life.

**THE STANDARD ENTERTAINMENT.**

We were carried above the common things of life last Friday evening when the Standard Debating Society gave such an entertainment as few thought them capable of producing.

After the opening address by the President of the society—Arthur Sheldon, which was gracefully done, and a selection by the society quartette, beautifully rendered, Tiffany Bender declaimed a classic with splendid oratorical effect.

Then the play of the evening—Scenes from Julius Cæsar, came. Act III, Scenes I and II and Act V, Scene V, were enacted, taking in the Assassination of Cæsar, the Orations of Brutus and Antony and the Suicide of Brutus.

William Weshinawatok made a grand Cæsar. We have scarcely ever seen a Marcus Antonius (by Frank Beaver) excelled by an amateur performer. Oscar Davis took his part of Marcus Brutus most effectively. George Pradt was an excellent Cassius, and the others, Commodore Doxtator as Trebonius, Walter Mathews as Decius Brutus, Arthur Sheldon as Metellus, John Londroche as Popilius, Martin Costa as Cinna, Joseph Ruiz as Messala, Victor Johnson as Cæsar Octavius, Phineas Wheelock and Samuel Brushell as servants to Antony and Brutus, Dock Yukkatanache, George Hogan, Nicholas Pena and Salem Moses as citizens, all did their parts in a superior manner.

The interpretation of this wonderful play was fine, and while above the heads of some of the audience there were none present who did not enjoy the impressive orations and the acting as a whole.

What surprised the educated element of the audience greatly was the delicate manner in which the most feeling portions of the scenes were presented, and the play of intelligence on the faces of the citizens as Antony and Brutus addressed them.

It is safe to say that most of the actors at some time in their lives could not speak a word of English, which made the interpretation all the more wonderful. In a recent French play given by Yale, the papers commented upon the fluency with which the actors spoke a foreign tongue. Our young men were in the same situation, in that they were speaking a foreign tongue, and not once did a single speaker hesitate, or fail to give the finest shade of meaning found in this most classic English.

The costumes of the players, gotten up from the simplest materials, were gracefully draped upon their forms in imitation of the Roman style of the day represented. The helmets and swords the shields and all the necessary paraphernalia that goes with such a presentation showed originality of thought.

The young men have to thank Mr. Sprualds for the helmets and others for small aids, but the school has to thank the Standards for depending almost entirely upon their own resources for the delightful evening.

No small part of the enjoyment came from the music rendered by Hastings Robertson, who gave a very fine Violin Solo, and Willard Gansworth a Flute Solo.

An oration by William Washinawatok was well received, and the Society Song, in which all went to the platform and sang in true college spirit, words composed by their own members, closed the program. It was a great evening, and the Invincibles, who give their annual entertainment in a few weeks will have to work hard to do better; but we will wait.

Do we know our own history? Now is the time to freshen up our minds on little points about our school that all visitors wish to know. When was it started? How many students? How many out? How many tribes represented? What do we teach? What do the students do when they leave school? Where does the money come from? Is it the Indians' own money or does it come from taxation of the hard-working people? And many more. The wide-awake students and new employees will become versed in all these things before Commencement, so as to give intelligent answers. The last catalogue and back reports give such information, and they are well worth studying.

The cold wave has passed on. Let it sail, on and on!

**HIAWATHA IN SONG AND STORY.**

Frederick R. Burton, of Yonkers, N. Y., Instructor in the Theory and History of Music, and the author-composer of "Hiawatha, the Musical Indian Play," gave us an hour of delightful instruction and amusement last evening.

Mr. Burton has discovered and put into notes many Ojibway songs, some of which he presented in the true Indian style with tom-tom, and the same with English translations and harmonizations using the pianoforte for the accompaniments, and we doubt if he was ever greeted with more appreciative and responsive listeners to his unique and fascinating presentation, than he met at the Carlisle Indian School.

The lecture was mainly a graphic description of the drama called "Hiawatha or Nanabozho," performed on the shore of Lake Huron. This aboriginal drama, originated by Mr. L. O. Armstrong and perfected by Mr. Burton is the legendary history of the Ojibways that Longfellow incorporated in his immortal poem, the drama having had the special commendation of Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the great poet; and it is due to her encouragement and direct request that the production of the play is made an annual feature of Indian life in the Great Lake region.

Through Mr. Burton's word picture we could see as upon a screen the audience seated on logs or other rude seats a short distance from the shore, and the stage, a small island, with picturesque rock on one side, the home of the Dakotas. The water, the natural forest, the sun-set and the natives in picturesque dress moving about in canoes and on land among the trees were all in view.

Mr. Burton is convinced through his research in the field of Indian tradition, poetry and art that the Ojibways have attained the highest musical development to be found among the North American Indians. He is himself an Indian by adoption and has taken advantage of his exceptional opportunities to study the musical system of the Ojibways. He has reduced it to notes, and to please the civilized ear has made harmonized arrangements of it which bid fair to become classic. The melodies as he produces them are very beautiful; and that he had the original production down to a fine point of perfection was attested by the enthusiastic applause of his Indian audience, many of whom were Ojibways and old enough to know what genuine Indian singing is. It struck home to the Indian heart, and Mr. Burton was charmed with his audience last night. He felt a responsive chord of sympathy, and he spoke with much feeling and earnestness of his desire to perfect and to perpetuate the only real American melody. Mr. Burton complimented the singing by our students, especially that of the choir.

**THE INDIAN RIGHT'S ASSOCIATION BELIEVES.**

Mr. S. M. Brosius, Agent of the Indian Right's Association, Washington, D. C., remarks as follows upon articles that appeared in the RED MAN AND HELPER which we copied from the Minneapolis Journal and Times, and to which we gave full credit:

January 12, 1903.

EDITOR RED MAN AND HELPER:

In your issue of January 2, 1903, under the caption "Indians themselves taking the right step forward", you state that the Indians of the Omaha and Santee reservations are petitioning to be allowed to send their children to the district schools, and close with the statement that "This seems to go to prove the error of the Indian Right's Association."

The fact is that the cardinal object and belief of the Indian Right's Association is and always has been, that to civilize the Indians the reservations and tribal lands should be broken up and the Indians given the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. Discard special privileges as rapidly as possible, they tend only to enervate the Indians and enlarge the opportunity to plunder the red man, equally with the white man, be accorded the fullest opportunity to patronize the public schools of the country?

S. M. BROSIUS.

"The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything."  
—Theodore Roosevelt.

**COULD NOT TELL A LIE IN HIS HOUSE.**

A story is told of a gentleman who visited President Lincoln, and was in the habit of making promises more freely than he kept them.

In order to induce one of Mr. Lincoln's boys to sit on his lap, the gentleman offered him a charm which he wore on his watch-chain.

The boy climbed into his lap. Finally the gentleman rose to go, when Mr. Lincoln said to him:

"Are you not going to keep your promise to my boy?"

"What promise?" asked the visitor.

"You said you would give him that charm."

"Oh I could not," said the visitor. "It is not only valuable, but I prize it as an heirloom."

"Give it to him," said Mr. Lincoln, sternly. "I should not want him to know that I entertained one who had no regard for his word."

The gentleman colored, undid the charm, handed it to the boy, and went away with a lesson which he was not likely to forget, and which others may profit by learning.

**Bad Language Cannot be Sent Through the Mail.**

It is not as generally known as it ought to be that the United States mail cannot be used for carrying vile, lewd, obscene or lascivious writing and pictures.

Pennock L. Valentine of West Grove, Pennsylvania, wrote a letter containing lewd, obscene and lascivious messages to one of our Indian girls.

The letter came into the possession of Colonel Pratt, who had Valentine arrested and brought before the United States court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. Valentine acknowledged his guilt and was sentenced to pay the cost amounting to \$46.60 and to be imprisoned and confined at hard labor in the Philadelphia County prison for the term of thirty days.

He was so confined from December 10th, 1902 to January 10th, 1903, and then paid the costs and was liberated.

**Basketball.**

Some intensely interesting games of basketball have been played this week.

The Sophomores and Freshmen came together on Monday evening, the former winning by the score of 4 to 3. The Sophomore players are Captain Wilson Charles, Joel Cornelius, Wallace Denny, Randolph Hill, and Thomas Gardner.

The Seniors won from the Freshmen on Tuesday evening.

The girl Seniors beat the Juniors on Wednesday evening.

The school sang a new song, composed by Mr. Glen S. Warner, last Saturday night, beginning with "Nestling, 'neath Carlisle; We ne'er can pay our debt to you, Old Carlisle, our fair Carlisle;" and concluding with the sentiment "Remember thee, we'll never fail, and so on, to the tune of "Maryland! My Maryland!" It was sung with spirit and was a surprise to Colonel who seemed to enjoy it very much.

Several beautiful calendars from William Hazlett, class '95, Oklahoma, have been received, and will be given in prizes to the printers who take the best care of their tools for the month of January. Mr. Hazlett expects to come to Commencement, when the winners of the prizes will have an opportunity to thank him in person. The calendars advertise the Caddo County Bank, of which William is the Vice-President.

**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 ADVANCE.

Address all Correspondence: Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing, Carlisle, Pa.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second class matter.

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