

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1903.

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

BE STRONG.

BE STRONG

*We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.*

*Be strong
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
Nor fold the hands and acquiesce. Oh, for shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name.*

*Be strong
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long:
Faint not—fight on: To-morrow comes the song.'*

Mattie D. Babcock, D.D.



SKATING ON THE CREEK NEAR THE SCHOOL.

DR. EASTMAN EAST.

Monday's Philadelphia Inquirer gives this account of our friend and ex-co-worker, Dr. Eastman, graduate of Dartmouth College and the Boston Medical School; now resident physician of the Crow Creek Indian reservation:

"The Ethical and Religious Life of the American Indian" was the topic of Dr. Charles Eastman's address at the society of Ethical Culture, Twelfth below Chestnut street, yesterday morning

Dr. Eastman, whose tribal name is "Ohyesa," is a Sioux Indian of the Crow Creek agency, South Dakota.

His address yesterday touched upon one side of the Indian that has heretofore been entirely unknown to the general public.

The religion of the red man was his theme, and his strong belief in God, or "The Great Mystery," as God is known to the Indian race.

"The American Indian" said Dr. Eastman, "is the highest example of a moral and physical man.

He is taught the proper path of life from his earliest childhood, not by young teachers or from a gospel, but by his old grandparents.

The Great Mystery is the Indian's religion.

The power of this great unknown is stamped upon the soul of every Indian.

The two greatest aims and ambitions of our lives are, first, to be perfect morally and then to be a physical giant.

"The Indian is a great lover of the

beautiful, such as is presented to him in the lakes, mountains, forests and the many natural beauties of the Western countries.

He thinks that those gifts of nature are next to the Great Mystery, or the Lord.

To be off by himself with the environment of the lakes and mountains is to the Indian the enjoyment of the felicities and satisfaction of being nearer to the Great Mystery."

He will spend a whole day sitting on the cliff of some mountain, silently smoking as he thinks of the Great Mystery."

Has Been Unfairly Pictured.

"The American Indian has been unfairly pictured in the modern fiction and histories. He is pictured as a big, brutal warrior, seeking to murder some one to satisfy his thirst for human blood.

That is a mistaken idea.

The Indian is a lover of peace.

He is a lover of God.

I might say he is more religious than the modern Christian.

The Indian has no week-days; every day is a Sunday to him.

He worships, prays, loves and lives the same every day, while the modern civilized Christian occupies only one day for his religious purposes.

The Indian does very little talking and absolutely no preaching.

He is taught his belief, the Great Mystery, when he is a boy and then by his own family.

Of course, there is the low class of the

red men as well as the high classes, but the average Indian is the example of honor and of moral and physical manhood.

The much-talked-of 'happy hunting ground' is only another product of fiction. The many accounts of the barbarous dances, warfare and the scalping by the Indians is greatly exaggerated.

I have known warriors and brave chieftains who had never shed a drop of human blood in their lives.

The Indian will naturally fight for his rights, like any other man, but his real life is peace and tranquility and to live a strong, good life."

A NEW BAPTIST ORPHANAGE.

Rev. Dr. J. S. Murrow, the veteran Missionary is one of the promoters of a scheme to establish a Baptist Orphanage in the Indian Territory.

The Indian question is in a transition state just now, says Good Work. Even by friends of the red men contrary methods are advocated, so it is hard to tell what is always the proper course.

From tribal ownership of the entire lands change is being made to individual ownership, which makes every Indian the possessor of a piece of property, and this gives unscrupulous speculators a golden opportunity to rob the Indian child of his patrimony.

Doctor Murrow says:

"The lands of the Indian Territory are now being allotted and given to members of the tribes; many do not understand the value of property and are rapidly disposing of their own. Their children will be the sufferers, for landsharks and syndicates will flourish until every desirable acre is gone. Even now white men are seeking to adopt Indian children, a thing unheard of a few years ago, and their aim is nothing less than to secure the child's land and an interest in the tribal funds."

It is the purpose of Doctor Murrow and others to found an orphanage exclusively for the fullblood, or those not more than half-white Indian children. Indians have already pledged sufficient land, but for the necessary improvements they must look to the white man. The organization is incorporated by both white and red men, and it is provided that two thirds of the board of directors shall be members of Baptist churches.

HARDEST THINGS EASIEST.

It is often easier to do a hard thing than an easy one.

An easy thing does not call for the gathering up of one's powers, as a hard one does; and the easy thing is let slip, where the hard one would be taken hold of with energy.

It is the little things requiring attention day by day at one's office desk, or in one's home work, that are likely to be neglected, while the great demands on one's time are met manfully as they come.

A good-hearted servant girl, who showed herself to better advantage than ever in a home where the critical illness of its head demanded work unthought of before, illustrated this truth in her cheerful remark:

"I'm never quite contented in a house until something turns up."

Many a person does best in an emergency.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," but it is not always true that he that is faithful in that which is much is faithful also in that which is least.

—[Sunday School Times.

"A dear old Quaker lady who was asked what gave her such a lovely complexion and what cosmetic she used, replied sweetly: "I used for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; and for the heart, love."

INDIAN WOMEN UPON THE RESERVATION. —DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

The aboriginal life of a country possesses a strong interest for many people; and in the case of the American Indian the mystery which surrounds his origin bestows an added charm.

There is something attractive about the free life of the nomadic red man in forest and prairie, and many are the poems and legends which have been written about this primitive race. But, as with many other things, distance lends enchantment to the view, and the real is not nearly so picturesque as the ideal.

Hiawatha and Logan, Pocahontas and Minnehaha are not representative of their race.

Yet we are far from believing that the only "good Indian is a dead Indian."

There must be a great deal that is good in him, or he would have more vindictively avenged the wrongs inflicted upon him by the white man who robbed him of his wide domains.

One gets a more realistic view of Indian life upon the reservations than elsewhere.

Of course, it loses much in picturesqueness, but the essential characteristics remain. The relations of family life are the same, and it is for this reason that the semi-civilized conditions of Indian life exhibit so little improvement on the state of savagery.

The woman here is as much the slave and "beast of burden" of her lord as she has ever been.

The chief aim of her life is to be a good wife and mother, and the definition she gives to this office is the chief source of her continued degradation.

An intimate knowledge of life on the reservation does not fill one with hope for the upliftment of woman, and, consequently, of family life.

She lives only for the comfort of her tyrannical spouse.

While he fishes and hunts and decks himself in gorgeous attire, she does all the hard labor of the camp, carries wood and water, and cultivates the fields; and when he returns from the chase, or a beef has been killed for food, she assumes the revolting job of dressing the carcass.

A more unlovely sight than several old squaws engaged in such work cannot be imagined.

And all Indian women train their daughters up in the same way.

When a woman does not please her brave he beats her brutally, often lacerating her flesh with blows from an iron quoit which he carries.

She bears all this abuse with true Indian stoicism.

She will not in any way resent it, nor complain to the kind missionaries, who are anxious to befriend and uplift her.

It is for this reason that a better condition of life is impossible.

The Indian buys his wife, and for a comely woman he is willing to pay a good sum.

Some of the Indian girls are very attractive, and take much pride in personal adornment.

Ornaments of elk's teeth are in high favor for ornaments, and are considered a sign of wealth and prestige.

But her good looks are of short duration, and the beauty of her tribe soon degenerates through her hard life into an ugly old woman.—[MISS LELA F. WOODWARD, in The Presbyterian Banner.

Most Costly Pun on Record.

A stage coach full of passengers was held up by robbers in the Indian Territory. Everyone was required to leave the vehicle, and stand with their hands above their heads. A boy among the number laughingly said to the man who was relieving the others of their valuables:

"This is a mighty high-handed piece of business. I'm getting tired."

The robber laughed and did not investigate the little man's garments, where there was \$5,000 hidden away.

—[Little Chronicle.

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.A GOOD ANTIDOTE FOR THE
"WICHITA-LIAR'S" POISON.

LAGUNA, N M, Jan. 11, 1903.

MY DEAR MISS BURGESS;

A marked copy of the RED MAN was sent me a short time ago, with the article from Agent Jenson in, concerning the effects of education, etc. I was much interested in the replies, and this evening I feel that I must write you about our people here, and particularly about your returned students.

I attended a church service at Pahuate to-day.

The missionary is away and the meeting was in charge of the elders of the church.

The majority of the congregation were returned students—well-dressed, wore short hair and had bright interested faces.

One of them, John Uyri, was in charge. He read the scriptures in English, then interpreted it into Laguna.

There was singing, and hearty singing, too, some prayers, several short talks, and I am sure that you and your associates would have been proud of your old pupils, and any one looking on, would have been sure that education did pay, and that Christianity added to it, helped to strengthen and ennoble each character.

I am not sure of all that were there who were formerly at Carlisle, but saw, Laura Thomas, whose husband has recently been elected Governor of the Laguna Villages, John Kawi, William Frank and Chester Paisano, Harry and Howice Seonia and Ben Thomas.

The other ex-students are all doing well. Many of the boys have work on the railroad, some are farming or taking care of their sheep and cattle, and if returned students in other sections are doing as well as those here, certainly education does pay.

I often hear a student say: "I was taught that on some one's farm when I was a student at Carlisle"

The girls are good house keepers, and many of the pupils in the day school are children of your older students.

I could write you more and name many of the ones who love Carlisle, but think this letter is already long enough.

Wishing you and your school success all the time in the future as in the past, I am sincerely yours,

LOUISE HAWORTH PILCHER
Teacher at Laguna

HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver Warden, ex-students, who were married not long since at their home in Oklahoma, are now in Wyoming, at the Arapahoe Sub-Agency. Mrs. Warden, who was Eva Rogers here writes to Miss Ely that she and her husband often talk of their Carlisle friends. They are getting along nicely and are saving money to build a good home on their farms in the south, which are leased at present.

"I am getting more attached to this country as the climate is delightful. These poor Indians have a time to get along. I really don't see how they thrive. Their crops failed this year, hence that brought forth hard times for them. They are 'heap hungry.'"

Last Monday a party of us "Injuns" went up to the Shoshone Agency and to the post to take in the sights, and to bathe in the Sulphur Springs. My! But I did enjoy that even though it was a cold day. Many thanks to you for your best wishes of our welfare. Our love to you. Hope you will treat us with a pleasant surprise by coming down to our country when you come to Kansas.

SERIES OF ACCIDENTS—NARROWLY
ESCAPED WITH LIFE.

Mr. Edwin Smith, wife and baby, who crossed the continent, two weeks ago, to Seattle, Washington, had some exciting experiences. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been living in New York since their marriage after graduation, in 1901 and 1900. The letter to Col. Pratt is in part as follows:

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, Jan. 8, 1903.
DEAR FRIEND:—

We arrived here safely, last Tuesday night. Our journey across the United States is one long to be remembered. It is due to good fortune that our train was not wrecked in Green River, Cascade Mountains.

We are well and happy even though our journey was long and tiresome.

We took a Pullman car at Pittsburg and changed at Chicago, then changed again at St. Paul. We were delayed one hour at Milwaukee. Our train ran over a man. His body was ground to pieces.

After leaving St. Paul, we got acquainted with all the passengers in our car, and we all had a very nice time.

Our journey was very pleasant until we were in the western part of Montana, then the snow was the heaviest of any part of our journey and a freight train was wrecked. Twenty-one cars were smashed to splinters, and two men were killed.

We were delayed six hours, then after the track was cleared and we ran about twenty miles, our engine was disabled and we had to wait three hours for the next train, which was a west bound freight. We took the freight engine and journeyed on to Spokane, being even then nine hours late.

We began to cross the Cascade Mountains at two in the morning; after two hours' run we were flagged at Lester, Washington, and received orders to stay there until morning.

It was discovered that twenty-two miles of the track was in the bottom of Green River. Had the station master not flagged our train, we would have gone over a bank forty feet high to the bed rocks of the river and not one could have lived to tell the tale.

We were delayed at Lester from Friday night until Tuesday morning. When the high water went down we all started to walk to Palmer Junction, a distance of twenty-two miles. We climbed over rocks, logs and land slides, and rode a short distance on hand cars. We arrived at the Junction at eight o'clock at night. A special train brought us in to Seattle at midnight.

Five sections of the "North Coast Limited" is in the mountains and cannot yet get east or west before the first of February. Men are working night and day at each end of the wrecked road.

After twenty-four hours' delay, we had free board in the dining-car.

We will be at Junction City, several weeks and I want my HELPER sent there.

We are well and happy, and close with best wishes to you all.

Yours Sincerely,
EDWIN A. SMITH.

DR. ELSON'S LECTURE

We never knew a lecturer hold the attention of our students, big and little, as does Dr. Elson, of the University Extension Course now before us these Saturday evenings. Generally the very word lecture has a tired sound to active young people, but the Doctor makes his subject, that of Early American History, thoroughly absorbing. He tells just the things we want most to know and his words are easy and impressive, with no oratorical spread, but straight forward statements of facts, in a way that wastes no time in coming to the point. His Indian audience must give him great satisfaction, in their quiet, intense manner of listening. Indian students as a rule do not care much for fiction. They want to know the facts, and they enjoy history, ancient or modern, for that reason.

From Grand Junction, Colo., Reveille.

We hope that the next addition to the school will be the employment of a teacher of blanket weaving. Such are present expectations.

We have been told that to educate an Indian and send him back to his people is to make a martyr of him. So mote it be. The martyrdom of a man in a good cause is the highest life attainable, and if this is possible to the Indian by any method of education that method is a good one.

"INDIANS' CALENDAR."

DEAR RED MAN AND HELPER:

I have been looking over with much interest the article under the above title in your number of the 9th inst. and conclude that many of your readers will take a like interest in seeing the calendar of the Muskokees or Creeks, who take the sun instead of the moon for the word month, but incorporate it in only three names of months, as will be seen below. They seem to begin their count with December, thus:

December.....The Great Winter.
January.....The Winter's Younger Brother
February.....The Wind Month.
March.....The Little Spring. (Season.)
April.....The Great Spring.
May.....The Mulberry Month.
June.....The Black-berry Month.
July.....The Little Harvest.
August.....The Great Harvest.
Sept.....The Little Chestnut Gathering.
October.....The Great Chestnut Gathering.
November.....The Frost Month.

This definition seems entirely unique for the word is not a compound word, nor is it ever used in composition that I have found, while the name of frost in the Creek is entirely different, so that I think the name for November may have been drawn from some other Indian language.

A. E. W. ROBERTSON.

Mrs. Robertson is one who has devoted an entire life time in missionary work for the Creeks. She is thoroughly conversant with the Creek tongue and has translated the Bible from English into Creek. She is now a woman of ripe years, but devoted as ever to the people for whom she has labored, who in turn hold her in saintly reverence.

How We Suffer for Wilful waste of
Time and Money.

A correspondent to the Native American, from Rosebud Agency South Dakota, speaks thus discouragingly of the Indians in that vicinity:

The snow is about knee deep on the level.

The Indians in my camp are destitute. Money earned for government work on reservoirs, roads and fences was spent as fast as received for living expenses and for "having a time" at the Indian dances.

Much time was spent in festivities when the weather was fine and hay making conditions were good.

There was plenty of hay and Uncle Sam had furnished the implements to put it up; but there were only a few loads stacked.

The grass land was leased to the white man, who cut and hauled it off the reserve while Mr. Lakota sat in the shade and smoked, or pretended to beat work on the reservation line fence.

Now the ponies are starving, and many of them will be dead before Spring.

TAPS WERE BLOWN.

Samuel Deon, whom so many at the school and in the country remember when a student with us, is Harness and Shoemaker at the Oglala Boarding School, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. He seems to think he is getting on very well.

He tells of the death of Charles Bird, who had been issue clerk for a time.

"We all sympathize with his wife and children," says Mr. Deon. "He was one of the very best and faithfulest young men we had of the returned students."

Just 21 years ago he and I went to Carlisle, and when we left we both worked together at the Agency for the Government.

He is missed by many friends but he is better off in his heavenly home. He died January 8th. On Sunday morning we had an impressive service, and then marched to the cemetery to bury our friend.

Ten or twelve Indian police marched with guns, and after they put the body in the ground the police shot three times and taps were blown—"Go to sleep, go to sleep."

Most of the returned Carlisle students are doing well. Many are married and settled down and have homes. I have a little boy going to school now five years old. I hope to visit Carlisle sometime again, and would like to see all my friends in the east."

THE INAUGURAL PARADE.

On Tuesday about 250 of our boys including the Band, in charge of Disciplinarian Thompson, went to Harrisburg and joined in the great parade which formed a part of the inaugural ceremonies installing Governor Pennypacker. Colonel Pratt acted as one of the mounted aids.

The Harrisburg papers have these words to say of the Indian School feature:

The Independent:

The impassive sons of the forest, never so much as quivered a muscle, but with eyes straight to the front, and with military exactness, each carrying a small American flag marched as perfectly as any soldier in the procession.

The Patriot:

"Following the young sons of soldiers were serried ranks of Indians. The red men marched ahead like machines. Their alignment was excellent and each Indian marched in step and in time to the music as though he had never known anything else than Hail, Hail, in which most of the bands appeared to delight. The Indians wore dark overcoats and carried short staves bearing flags. Each company was filled and the wards of Uncle Sam won a great many compliments. The Indian School Band was followed by hundreds just to hear its members play."

The Telegraph says:

"Had it been possible for Colonel Pratt to have heard the numerous favorable comments throughout the city he would have been exceedingly gratified. The battalion reached here over the Cumberland Valley railroad at 11 o'clock. There were three companies of 72 members each and the famous Carlisle Indian school band of 52 pieces, under the direction of Professor Wheelock. The Indians marched and looked well, and were applauded all along the route."

ATHLETICS.

The students have been so busy with regular school work and gymnasium practice that there has been no time for the track team to train and no regular practice of the candidates will be started until after Commencement.

It is expected that the track team will be stronger than ever this year and there will be more contests to engage in. Since track and field sports seem more adapted to the Indians than baseball and as it is almost impossible in the limited time for practice to have successful teams in both of these branches of sports, it has been decided that track athletics will have preference over baseball, and all our energies will be devoted to the former.

A meeting of the members of last year's team will soon be held and a captain elected for the coming season. Besides a proposed indoor meet in the gymnasium, the annual cross country run and class meet, there will be dual meets with Bucknell and State College, and the relay races at Philadelphia.

The schedule of contests has not yet been fully arranged and this will be announced later.

Mr. Warner is now engaged in arranging the football schedule for next Fall and the prospects are that there will be several changes from last season. Prospects for a strong football team for next season are good at this time, as there are several big fellows among the new students and the team will not lose many players by graduation.

A baseball game has been arranged with Gettysburg for Decoration Day.

A JOLLY HOME LETTER.

Tell the children I said Hello to all of them, "says Wilbert Jones, in an open letter from his country home to his parents. "It has been over a year since I saw any of you, but, my, it don't seem half that long. Time flies like an arrow. We are going to have guinea pot pie for dinner to-morrow. Wish you were here to help eat it and I wouldn't eat so much. Oh, yes, I forgot I caught a big opossum round the wagon house, by the tail with my hands. Benjamin Rockafellow shipped it to New York for me with his calves and I got 45 cents for it. It weighed seven pounds and a quarter, and brought 50 cents, but the commission man kept 5 cents for selling. I guess somebody had opossum soup for Christmas."

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Busy times!

Snow is going fast.

Cold winds; then Spring breezes.

Mr. Kensler has a new little grandson.

Chemawa is to have a new brick dormitory.

Sleighing was superb last Saturday, but now? Alas!

The athletic field is a pond, since the snow began to melt.

We are expecting a good entertainment from the Invincibles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson entertained a few friends last Friday evening.

Messrs. Beitzel, Kensler and Nori are busy comparing quarterly accounts.

There were several "touch downs" on the icy walks on Wednesday morning.

The icy walks on Wednesday morning were a delight to the small boy who had skates.

The programs last evening were designed and printed by Philip Rabbitt, class '08.

Good skating on the pond, Monday; better swimming on Wednesday, so great was the drop in temperature.

Lafayette Webster writes from Oneida that he has settled down to farming and has worked ever since he went back.

Mrs. Wheelock's sister, Miss Eversman, is lying ill with typhoid fever, in Philadelphia. At this writing she is a little better.

This evening, Col. and Mrs. Pratt are eating dinner at Steelton, with their son Mason and family, to help celebrate the birthday of "Paterfamilias."

To-night, Mr. Wheelock and Mrs. Sherry attend the Invincibles; Miss McIntire and Mrs. Foster; Miss Scales, Mr. Allen and Miss Scales, the Susans

Volume 1, Number 1 of the Golden Star is before us. It is published in British Columbia, and is the paper upon which Arthur Sickles, class 1902, is working.

He who never knew Aaron Burr, knows him now, since Dr. Elson's description, and Alexander Hamilton, in all his greatness is forever established in our memories.

The Seniors and their teacher will always have a pleasant remembrance of the evening when they were so graciously entertained by Miss Wood and the Juniors.

Sarah Awatum has gone to Riverside Calif., from her home. She is known there as Sarah Hayes. She likes it there, but thinks that there is no place like Carlisle.

The visiting committee thoroughly enjoyed the meeting of the Invincibles last Friday evening. The boys were very wide awake and there was much clear thinking.

The Junior boys defeated the Sophomores on Monday evening at basketball, 6 to 5; and Wednesday evening the Junior girls defeated the Sophomore girls by a score 15 to 0.

Let us throw away our old boots if they hurt us and hold us back! Let us put on the comfortable shoes of the highest and best civilization. (See Hampered Inheritance, last page.)

Inspection duties have been divided. Col. Pratt and party take the girls' quarters one Sunday morning and the boys' quarters the next, alternating with Assistant-Superintendent Allen.

What was the matter with the band leader's baton, Saturday night? It flew, but soon was restored to the hand of the Conductor, and the exhilarating music proceeded without perceptible commotion.

A walk down the pike, and leading strings carried Misses Cutter and Smith to our neighbors across the way—Miss Rebecca Henderson, by whom they were warmly welcomed and treated to home-made candy.

Augusta and Violetta Nash have come in shadow from their home in Nebraska to see the Colonel. Others besides their school-father have had the pleasure of looking into their happy faces on the photographs received.

The girls find it as easy to be ready for inspection at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, as 8:30. Inspection at 8 o'clock enables the girls who help in the dining-room to be on time for Sunday School, and every one seems to like the change.

Look out for a cold wave after such balmy days!

Dr. Leslie J. Allen, Inspector in the United States Department of Agriculture and Veterinarian of the Oklahoma Sanitary Board, is visiting his brother, Assistant-Superintendent Allen. Both went to Washington on Tuesday.

Joseph Ruiz, leading Clarinetist, was called upon to direct the band, last Saturday evening in the absence of Conductor Wheelock, who was in Philadelphia. Mr. Ruiz assisted with grace and dignity, and the band played well.

The printing office had a pleasant call from Mr. W. T. Wharry, of Barnhart Bros. & Spindlers, Printing Supply House, Chicago. He was escorted through the school rooms and industrial departments by one of the typos—Dock Yukkatanache.

G. W. Frass is in the livery business at Darlington, Oklahoma, and doing well. He was at Carlisle in '95 and '96. The Man-on-the-band-stand always rejoices to hear of any of the ex-students doing well at any kind of honest business.

Grace Bonser left us last week to take a position at Pipestone, Minn. Grace will be missed especially in the clothing room where she was a faithful worker. Her place there has been filled by Eliza John, who promises to be a worthy successor.

Mr. Sherry won the prize of a very pretty ink-stand and leather case, for making the most words out of a given word in a given time at the class reception Wednesday evening. The booby prize was a pocket dictionary to the one who made the least number.

Miss Norton, of Los Angeles, was an interested visitor this week. She with a party of friends is visiting the East for the first time. Miss Norton has been employed in the Round Valley California School for two years and knows Josefa Maria, who came to us a few months ago.

Twin Territories, the Indian Magazine published by an Indian at Muscogee Indian Territory, has come out in its January issue in very attractive shape, and is full of interesting stories and information about the people of that South West country.

Seldom have the incandescent lights failed us in all the years of Mr. Ramsey's superintendency of the works in town, but Sunday night was one of the times, and it was old to witness the rush for candles and fun oil-lamps of days gone by. We were not inconvenienced many minutes.

Last week Miss Wood gave us a talk on Les Miserables by Hugo. We all felt so sorry for Jean Valjean who seemed to gather all the sins of his time into his own life and expiate them in a supreme sacrifice. It was a good picture of an heroic soul, and we shall not forget it. How many will read the book?

Mrs. Day, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Warner, for several weeks, departed for New York on Tuesday. She endeared herself to the hearts of many at Carlisle who were sorry to see her leave. Mrs. Day thinks that Carlisle is a very pleasant place, and that the work we are doing is most interesting.

The Oregonian for January 1st is a handsome edition, profusely illustrated, setting off the attractions of Salem, and among other places of note there is a three-page description of the Chemawa Indian School with Superintendent Potter's portrait, nine or ten other pictures of the people and most prominent buildings, of that institution.

From the Chemawa American we judge that the Cantata performed there on Christmas under Mrs. Campbell's directions was a decided success. The chorus singing was the best heard in their chapel and "Mrs. Campbell deserves every word of praise which Supervisor Chalcraft and Superintendent Potter bestowed upon her."

The girls enjoy the meetings in quarters. Last Sunday evening Miss Forster led the meeting for the large girls. Her subject was Training for Christian work. A number of girls took part, and all felt that the meeting had been a helpful one. Miss Scales conducted the meeting for the little girls and they, too, enjoyed the evening. Both meetings were begun by the lights of other days, as the electric lights failed for a time.

BASKETBALL OUT WEST.

The following clipping was sent to us by ex-student, Chas. W. Buck, of Brownings, Mont.:

Butte, Jan. 1.—The Fort Shaw Indian school girls defeated the St. Patrick school basket ball team to-night in the Auditorium by score of 12 to 10. It was by far the most interesting and stubbornly contested game ever seen here. At no time was there an advantage of more than one basket on either side. The Indians excelled in their throwing from the field, while the Butte girls excelled in team work. They were very evenly matched. C. W. Robinson of Dillon was the umpire and gave perfect satisfaction.

The Indians had plenty of sympathizers with the rooters and the best of feeling prevailed. There was an absence of rough play and the Butte girls accord their opponents all credit for their superior work. The big crowd was very enthusiastic.

The parochial girls met their first defeat in three seasons at the hands of the Indian girls, but they are determined to reverse the verdict when they meet for a return game in Great Falls January 16th.

Mr. Buck was a football player when at Carlisle. After he went home he married one of our girls—Spyna Devereux. Charles is a thrifty, well-to-do business man.

Henry Burd, ex-student is living with them and has the name of being a steady man of affairs and owning a bunch of cattle. He wished he could say as much of all the returned students, some of whom are disappointing.

WHERE ARE THE INDIANS?

What impresses the traveller through the Indian Territory most, is the absence of the Indians. In traveling through, one is whirled half across the Indian Territory before he realizes that he is in the land of the Indian, and then he is so struck with the prosperous and thrifty appearance of the towns and people that he forgets to ask: "Where are the Indians?" The Indians, by act of Congress, have been made full-fledged citizens of the United States and are now expected to take up the "white man's burden," incident to American citizenship. His salvation depends upon how he bears the ordeal.

—[WILL TEARS, in Twin Territories

"WILL BE INDIANS ALL THE TIME."

One of our ex-students at Pine Ridge, writes in disgust that one of his school mates at Carlisle was induced to go off with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

"It is no use to have schools in our country, because we could not be the way of whites as long as Buffalo Bill's W. W. show don't stop, for we will be Indians all the time.

Now there will be one here again about in the Spring and I think Indians will dress Indian and go to that show. White men come after Indians every summer and nothing is done. May just as well stop all schools."

On Wednesday evening, Col. and Mrs. Pratt entertained the graduation class, 48 in number, in their usual hospitable manner, Mrs. Nana Allen, of St. Louis and Miss Pratt assisting in receiving.

The parlor, library, and dining-room were ired and the guests, consisting of the faculty, and Mr. George Wetherell of Philadelphia. Ping-pong, music, a pencil-card game, chit-chat, and refreshments filled the evening with pleasure most heartily enjoyed.

The carpenters solve problems regarding the number of feet in certain boards and the amount of lumber it will take to build certain things. We wonder if they ever get stuck on such an easy problem as this, as did one or two printers the other day, viz: If it takes Faulkner 17 minutes to sweep the printing office, and Scholder 15 minutes, how long would it take both to sweep it? Try it, ye harnessmakers, ye tinkers, ye blacksmiths, ye sewing-room, dining-room, and laundry girls?

Anna Minthorn who is now at Pendleton, Oregon, says she gets lonesome for Carlisle sometimes when she thinks of the good times she used to have here. "All at once I saw that my dear HELPER had expired and I took a quick breath and wondered why I did not see or know sooner that it was about to expire, so I made up my mind to renew at once." During Christmas they had delightful weather.

The boys say it was a hard march in Harrisburg. The guides were first in the gutter and then on a hillock of snow, but the lines were kept remarkably straight and Mr. Thompson was proud of his boys'

THE JANUARY EXHIBITION.

Scarcely can it be said in the history of the school that there has been a monthly exhibition unattended by Colonel Pratt, if he were on the grounds, but last night he was ill, and a sympathizing disappointment was keenly felt by all. As Mr. Allen was in Washington, Miss Bowersox, Assistant Principal, took charge.

The banner speaker of the evening was Arthur Sheldon, No. 13 school room. He had the dignity, the power, the finish and manliness which captured. His personality entered into the splendid words of Senator Hoar's "Political Freedom" and could the Massachusetts statesman have heard his sentiments spoken with the fire and earnestness that we heard them last night from the lips of an Indian he would have been proud of his noble red brother.

Eunice Terry, No. 6 and Louisa Langier No. 4, were the next best speakers, the former's selection from the Vision of Sir Launfal and speaking with good expression and clearness, and the latter displaying the most natural grace and action in Field's "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat."

Florence Welch, No. 12, was very deliberate and easy and spoke well. Mary Bailey's "Two Little Kittens," (Normal) was sweet and pretty, and although spoken in mild tones, every one listened and heard it all. Her expression was excellent.

Dock Yukkatanache's "Cyrus Field" (No. 11) was given in fine voice, and the speaker understood and entered into the meaning of the splendid and made others feel with him, which is the secret of excellent declamation.

Peter Killbuck's little selection on Duty, No. 10 was nicely spoken and Archie Libby's, "The Song of the Steam," No. 9, although too fast was entertaining. Jessie Johnson who is in Number 3 gave, Alice Cary's "True Nobility," and Willard Johnson from Number 1, did admirably.

"The New Year" by Lapolia Cheago, No. 8, was a pleasing effort as was Reuben Sundown's declamation on Effort, No. 7. Agnes Aiken, No. 2, forgot a little, but finished in good form and Joseph Sheehan, No. 5, who was the first speaker gave Proctor's "Strive, Wait and Pray."

The Band excelled itself last night. The first selection Melmer's Fantastique, Arr. J. R. Wheelock, was played with spirit and finish and was encored, to which the Conductor responded with his own march dedicated to the Class of 1903.

There is a ring and an inspiring "catchiness" about this production which is bound to take. The school songs, Evening Hymn and Neopolitan Boat Song were applauded by the teachers.

The piano solo by Joseph Fly received a round of applause that required an encore. Joseph has the strength, and with careful training and hard work on his part may make a player.

The flickering of the arc lights was somewhat of an annoyance, but Indian like, there was no evidence on the part of the speakers of anything wrong. This is a trait of character that all nervous white people might well emulate.

At the close, Miss Bowersox called attention to the fact that there are always a few in such an audience who are not content after each performance, to make a passing comment to their next neighbors and then get quiet quickly, but consume too many valuable minutes. At such a time there is a good opportunity to exercise self-control. She reminded all of the fact that each speaker who did his or her best would receive the reward merited for having done so, and those who did not do as well as they could would of course suffer consequent loss.

The audience was then dismissed, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thought he had not seen the battalion march out in such good time for a long while. The Band's Soldier March is inspiring, and the students stepped like soldiers, save one company of large boys whose leader started with the wrong foot, which threw the entire company wrong, but the time was perfect.

ANSWERS TO LAST HIDDEN NAMES:—

1. Cutter; 2. Wood; 3. Ely; 4. Pratt; 5. Bowersox; 6. Allen; 7. Newcomer; 8. Senseney; 9. Noble; 10. Gansworth; 11. Thompson; 12. Sherry; 13. Warner; 14. Ferree; 15. Crosbie; 16. Hill; 17. Weekley; 18. Weber; 19. Carter; 20. Scales; 21. Steele; 22. Forster; 23. Davies; 24. Stewart; 25. Robbins; 26. Moore; 27. McIntire.

WINTER'S GIFT

Last night, when winds went roaring by
And rattled all the doors.
Some kindly clouds sailed up the sky
Like ships from other shores
They dropped a blanket on the ground,
'Twas woolly, white and warm,
And all the little naked plants
Were covered from the storm.
The children were remembered, too,
With gifts they all enjoy.
For snowballs by the bushes' fell
For every girl and boy.

AN INDIAN AFTER THE HEART OF MOST PEOPLE.

Mr. John Leslie is an Indian after our own heart.

He is a native of Squaxon Island where his mother still resides.

Johnny has had, therefore, no unusual advantages, but he has always made good use of such advantages as he had.

He was always ambitious to learn, and never was afraid of work.

Years ago he attended the boarding school on the Chehalis reservation; later he came to Puyallup and, in time, accepted an offer of transfer to the large school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

At Carlisle he studied hard and soon completed the regular course; and in addition thereto studied photography, becoming quite proficient in that art.

Upon his return home and not finding a suitable opening for photography, he went to work industriously at whatever he could find to do.

He finally hired as deck hand on one of the Puget Sound steamers.

From deck hand he became a fireman; as fireman, he assisted the engineer some, and eventually took up the study of steam-engineering.

On August 29, he went to Seattle and was duly examined by the U. S. Board of Examiners and licensed as a "first assistant engineer of steam vessels," with special permit to serve as engineer of the "City of Shelton."

In this capacity his wages are \$75 per month with board and lodging.

Next year he will be examined again and receive license as engineer. Johnny is a thoroughly honorable and trustworthy man.

He has acquired none of those habits that ruin so many of our Indian young men.

His success shows what an Indian boy can do who has the right stuff in him.

[Puget Sound Indian Guide.

John Leslie graduated from Carlisle in 1896.

IS IT FAIR?

Whether our Indian girls ever become voters or not; or whether they wish to become voters or not, it will do them no harm to read the words of Mary S. Anthony, sister of the illustrious Susan B. Anthony. It is said that the latter makes a protest every year when the time for paying taxes comes round. The protest is said to be Susan's but as she lives with her sister, who is owner of the property where the sisters reside, the letter is signed by the sister Mary S.

This year's communication as printed in the Pittsburg Observer runs as follows:

DEAR SIR: Not a man in the State, ever so poor, ever so ignorant, ever so drunk, ever so debased in any form, outside of prison doors, who is or is not a taxpayer, but is welcomed and urged to cast his ballot toward the making of laws as suit him best. Every woman in the State, be she ever so intelligent, ever so sober, ever so moral, ever so large a taxpayer, is denied that right.

I pay the inclosed county tax, \$16.36 for 1902, "under protest." Please so record it. Very truly yours,

MARY S. ANTHONY.

The Dog that is Best at Barking.

The dog that spends most of its time barking is not the dog that finds a ready purchaser. In fact it is hard to give him away. It is pretty well understood that the dog which is best at barking is not good for much else. And there is a striking resemblance between dogs and people in this respect. The boys who are all the time telling big stories about what they have done or what they are going to do, cannot be expected to amount to much beside. You will never need a very large account book to keep track of all that is accomplished by a braggart.—[The Young people's Weekly.

BACKWARD GLANCE OF THE INDIANS.

Charles Gibson, the native Creek writer for the Indian Journal, Eufaula, Indian Territory, takes a few glances backward to "ye olden" times.

He says in part:

Only about five white men landed here with the Creeks in 1832 and '34. Not one white woman.

The Creek was petted [and pampered and told that he was the only pebble on the beach, or words to that effect.

* * * * *

In those days, the Creek had wild honey on his bill of fare. The larruping stuff of to-day was unknown to him.

He enjoyed eating many kinds of wild meat buffalo, bear, elk, deer, turkey, etc. As for bread he had ussa tulka and turkey breast. On his semi-civilized bill of fare of to-day, we find corn bread and Arbuckle's roasted coffee.

Years ago any old Indian could count his cattle by the hundred, also his fuzzy headed ponies.

It was a pleasure for the Indian to live then because making a living was easy.

To find bacon, and plenty of it, in his smoke house was as common as it is to find him without bacon to-day.

He had meat-hanging in his larder from one year to another, or until the skippers rendered it useless.

He had corn in his crib three years old and as long thereafter as the weevils and rats would let it remain.

In those days the Indian expressed his happiness at dawn by jumping up from his buffalo hide and running out into the open air and whooping especially if it was a frosty morning; then by diving to the bottom of the first hole of water and taking a cold bath; then by filling his mouth full of water and holding it until he reached his tepee when he would spit it out on the centerpole of his tepee to keep off tooth ache and preserve his teeth.

* * * * *

In those days no matter how sick a Creek got, a medicine man of his own clan would not doctor him. Only the sick man's in-ka-pa-yer could administer to him. In-ka-pa-yer means distant clan.

In those days it was as scandalous a thing as an Indian could do to take to wife a woman of his own clan. In fact, it was not done.

In those days the young Indian paid particular attention to the advice of the old heads of the clan. When on the war path the members of the clan stayed close together and never separated except in death. The scalping was left mostly to the women.

At the scalp dance only stout and healthy women were allowed to participate, for the dance was regarded as a hard undertaking and would make a weakly woman sick and undermine her health.

* * * * *

In those days the Creeks buried their money and other treasures near their homes, not knowing what else to do with them.

No doubt but that to-day there are thousands and thousands of Uncle Sam's gold and silver buried in Alabama and the Creek nation.

Not only the Creek tribe, but all the other tribes of the Territory used to bury their treasures.

Many a rich old Indian has died without being able to discover the place where he secreted his riches.

Right here let us say that the Creeks did not bury money with the dead. They were far too superstitious for that.

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

The Agricultural Department sent one of its expert gardeners to the White house to care for the rosebushes. While he was busy trimming them, a man in a slouch hat, with a short coat buttoned close up to his neck, approached the gardener and offered some suggestions.

"You are cutting those bushes too closely. There'll not be any flowers on them this year," said the stranger.

"That so?" asked the workman, as he continued snipping off the twigs; "well, I have been trimming rosebushes for thirty years, and if you knew as much about this job as I do you might be doing it yourself."

The other man turned on his heel and walked into the White House, where he entered the president's private room, sat down at the president's desk, and went to work at his own job.—[Young People.

THE INDIAN'S PLACE.

The Windber Journal has an interesting sketch of our school written by D. Lloyd Claycomb, a Dickinson College student, which he closes in these words:

Some people murmur and condemn this institution, as being a farce. Now I wish to say that I have closely observed the plan and works of the school for three years and I find it to be surprisingly great in its purposes and doing a wonderful work.

Some say, "Well, they go back to their tribe and put on their war-paint and feathers after they leave the school and that is the end of it."

I say that is a radical misconception. If they go back to their tribe they go to teach and lead others to see through the darkness of savagery and in the clear light of day.

A far greater per cent of American boys and girls who have been heirs of ease and luxury and who graduated from colleges, have laid away their talents, than have the boys and girls who have come from wigwams and have graduated from the Carlisle Indian School.

Thus instead of seeing the once red man of the forest, we see intelligent men who have thrust aside paint and feathers and are becoming citizens, and instead of the wigwam, on the banks of a sunny stream we see beautiful homes blessed with peace and joy. The spring from which the red man once drank is dried up, his cabin is in the dust, his lights are going out upon the shores, and the forests that once rang with the savage yell are being cut down and are expanding into mighty highways of trade and traffic.

The Indian's place is in the school room, the shop, the office and in all trades and professions of usefulness.

This is what Carlisle Indian School is doing for the Indian.

HAMPERED BY INHERITANCE

A writer in The Young Friends' Review who signs himself "Grumbler," gives a picture with a moral to it, which might be applied to the Indian and his fate:

A certain young man inherited from his grandfather an elegant pair of boots.

They didn't fit him and no one else of his age wore boots.

But they were peculiar and he thought they gave him a desirable distinction, and so he walked painfully when he was obliged to go and went as little as possible.

He sought relief in corn-plasters; he took a tonic, in the hope that with an improvement in general health he might be better able to endure the discomfort of his tight boots; he tried Osteopathy and then both Mental and Christian Science, although he didn't pretend to know the difference between the two.

The Doctor and the Healer all meant well and hoped they might happen to get him relief, but the case was refractory.

The Grumbler happened to meet the young man and, hearing the story of his trouble, advised him to throw away his boots and get into a comfortable pair of shoes, even if they didn't make him look so distinguished, and to make a few cuts in the stiff leather to ease his aching joints while the cobbler was making something that would fit him.

But the young man went away sorrowful because he was very much attached to his boots and couldn't bear to discard them or to disfigure them.

* * * * *

The Young-man-of-the-tight-boots turned up again the other day. He was walking briskly, with a smile in his eye, whistling a tune.

"Oh," said he, when the Grumbler inquired about his boots, "all that doctoring didn't hurt me—I think on the whole it did me good—I got no relief from the boots till I took your advice and had a new pair made.

The cobbler made them to fit my feet and not my grandfather's feet

There's nothing that feels so good as the pain you haven't got. I'm a new man."

Eat too Much?

Tom Chaskti and a number of the Indians, on the Oak Lake reserve have brought a threshing outfit.

Mr. Chaskti has 3,000 bushels of his own and has hired white men to man his outfit.

On being asked why he did not employ Indians, he said:

"No good, no good, eat too much."

—[Winnipeg Free Press

THE USE OF PENNIES.

The Rev. M. J. Duffy, assistant priest of St. Michael's Catholic church in Ninth street, Jersey City, read the annual financial statement for 1902 at mass last Sunday morning, showing that \$42,545.06 had been contributed by the parishoners.

He called attention to the great number of pennies found in the collections and said:

"Pennies are generally put to three uses. They are thrown at organ grinders, dropped into slot machines and put in collection baskets, thus placing the church in the same class as organ grinders and slot machines.

If you cannot afford to contribute more than a penny, you need the money more than the church and are robbing yourself by giving."—[Pittsburg Observer.

Million Dollar "tenchures."

"Yaas, sah. De t'ing what dis eah country needs is more prisons, sah—more prisons."

"Why, Uncle Ned, there are plenty of prisons. Every State has its penitentiary and—"

"Oh, yaas, sah. I knows about de PENNY tenchures. Dey's penny tenchures enough, but de penny tenchures is chock full of penny rascals, an' de thousand-dollar rascals caint git in, sah. What dis eah country needs is some million-dollar tenchures, and it needs 'em mighty bad."—[Kansas City Journal.

The Indian that falls in line with progressive movements and manifests a cooperative disposition will not fail of recognition in the councils of his white brethren. But the pull-back Indian, as well as the unregenerate white man, will not survive the sentiments and traditions which have been outgrown.

—[Indian Journal.

A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was.

"A cricket, dear," replied the mother. "Well," remarked the little lady "he ought to get himself oiled".

"Why, Willie," said John, "what makes your hair so red?"

"Oh, I just had scarlet fever and it settled in my head."—[Little Chronicle.

Sunday School Teacher:—Now can any one tell me who made the Milkyway?

Tommy:—It was the cow that jumped over the moon.

ENIGMA—MORE HIDDEN NAMES.

As quite an interest was taken in the last hidden name puzzle, we will give more names of our workers on the grounds.

Dan! O! Rise early.
How do you spell zealous? "Be it" z-e-l-o-u-s?

Isn't her cape terribly ragged?
What a Nero! Bert's on his trail.
Shall we catch Paul? Let him go!
Come away from that chasm, it hath danger in its pit.

My dear Dofu! Sterilized milk is the best.

What's the matter with that football? Air did it.

Mr. Rei, sing for me please.
A small dog may chew heel; Ock! Don't I know it?

Did you see Caleb arrive?
He awakens Lerida when he is sleepy.
When he comes, wall, O, wall, do thou fall!

Let me go, Sam: I'll erase his work.
Col. Grover came last night.

Don't if you make a printers pi, err, ere you are caught.

Reuben, net the fish.
I can show Mag rays of light.
Let the Shushar land in New York.
Mr. Kimu, ulsters are fashionable again.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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