

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 28. (18-28)

This is the number your time mark on wrapper refers to

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1903.

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

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY—fortnights two—
Briefest of the months are you.
Of the winter's children last.
Why do you go by so fast?
Is it not a little strange
Once in four years you should change,
That the sun should shine and give
You another day to live?
Maybe this is only done
Since you are the smallest one.
So I make the shortest rhyme
For you, as befits your time;
You're the baby of the year.
And to me you're very dear.
Just because you bring the line.
"Will you be my Valentine?"

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

gruities of the whole concoction. Indeed the spurious Indian may entertain them better than the true.—[The Word Carrier.

LOYAL TO HIS BIRTHPLACE.

Miss Barr is a Prince Edward Islander, and has travelled; so can enjoy the following with the rest of us. There is no place like home to most people and it is well it is so: The story goes that a native of Prince Edward Island had gone forth to see the world. When he reached Boston, had a room engaged at a modest hotel, intending to remain there

HELEN KELLER AND DR. HALE.

When one is discouraged and thinks there is not much use in "my trying to learn anything," it is a good thing to read about Helen Keller,—a girl who is blind and cannot hear a sound.

By hard work and persistency she has accomplished wonderful things. She has become highly educated, and speaks and writes in several languages as well as some learned people who have seen and heard all their lives.

This little story of Helen Keller and Edward Everett Hale is one of those old ones which bears reading often.

It was the craziness of sweet, natural love.

I am an Everett on my mother's side, and she is an Everett on her great-grand mother's side, so we have always called each other cousins.

As soon as she came to Boston it was a pleasure to me to ask her to meet some other little girls of her own age at my house.

As Helen came in with her dear teacher, Miss Sullivan, Miss Sullivan led her to a freestone statue of the god Terminus, which stands at the end of the piazza.

It is an old relic of Egypt.

Helen had then never "seen" any statue, and she felt of this rough, banged-up little god, 2000 years old, and at once, in Miss Sullivan's hand, spelled out the words:

"What an ugly old man."

We brought her into the house and, after a few minutes, I led her to a charming little marble tablet by the Sculptor Bernini, which represents in alto-relievo the Savior and John the Baptist as boys playing.

Helen felt of their faces, and bent over at once and kissed them both. This was the beginning of her delight in sculpture

WHO TELLS THE EXACT TRUTH.

Too many of us are given to using slang and exaggeration. When we tell the exact truth it seems tame. The following colloquy is an illustration, and may show us the grievousness of the fault:

Youthful Jack—Oh, mother, I do love cake! it's aw'ful nice.

Mother (reprovingly,)—You should not say you "love" cake; say "like." Do not say "awful;" say "very." Do not say "nice;" say "good." And by the way, the word "oh" should be omitted. Now, my dear repeat the sentence correctly.

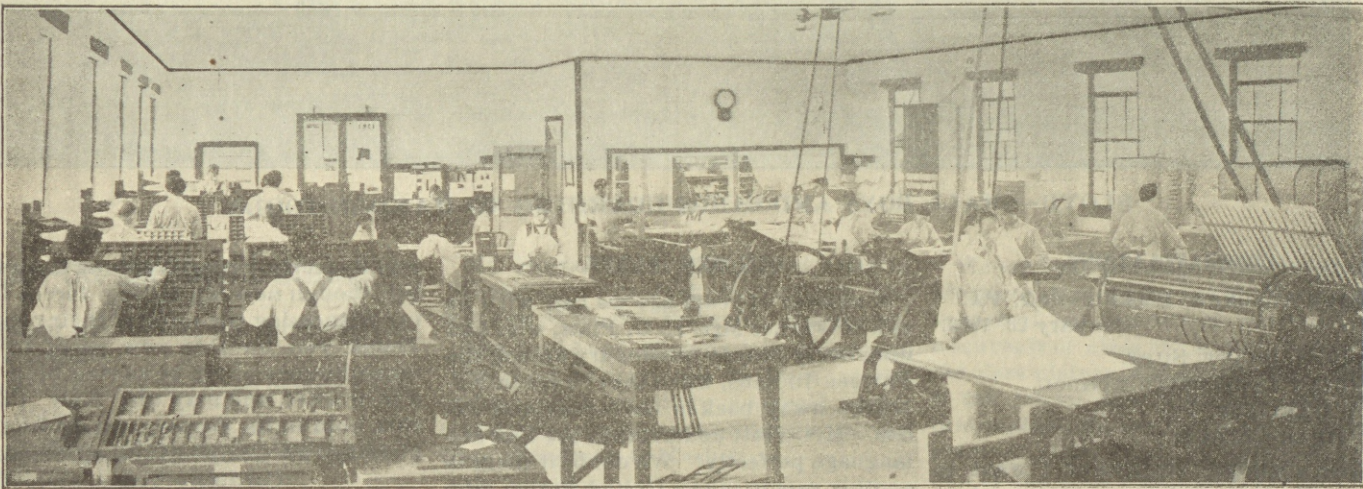
Jack—I like cake. It's very good.

Mother—That's better.

Jack (with an air of disgust)—It sounds as if I was only talking 'bout bread.

Disqualified.

Harvard has disqualified one of her baseball players Orville G. Frantz from all branches of athletics because some eight years ago he received \$12.00 a week for expenses while playing with a team in the West.—[Dickinsonian.



INTERIOR VIEW OF OUR PRINTING OFFICE.

SHOULD HAVE BEGUN SOONER.

Our Government has by mistaken kindness persistently pauperized the Indians for many years. What they have thus endured would have hopelessly enervated almost any race. But now at the last hour the Government policy has been changed toward those Indians that have been drawing rations. Beginning this last summer all rations have been cut off and the Government has offered work instead. The change has proved a surprising success already. The Government work has been mostly road, bridge, and reservoir building on the reservations.

A great deal of the Indian country is worthlessly rough. This is why it was made Indian country! The road improvements on Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations during this last summer are said to have been marvelous! Indeed we may yet be touring the Bad Lands on boulevards like those in the Swiss Alps!

Much of the Indian country is good for cattle raising except for the scarcity of water part of the year. So the Government has set the Indian to work damming valleys to hold back the rain water in great reservoirs. The evaporation from these will probably make more rainfall, hence more vegetation, a better climate, more cattle, more and better people. This work should have commenced thirty years ago instead of last summer.

—[The Word Carrier.

WHO CARES FOR TRUTH ANYWAY?

It is rather discouraging to see how easy it is to make falsehood pass for truth.

Not long since a number of the Advance had a really valuable article on the Black Hills of South Dakota, which was introduced by the remark that "the Indian name of the Hills was 'Pahasapa,' meaning the home of the gods." This bit of misinformation was no doubt highly interesting to many who read it; and they may feel defrauded should they chance to find out that "Pahasapa" has nothing to do with the gods but is neither more nor less than "Black Hills."

Hamlin Garland is an unconscionable sinner along these lines. His Indian history is gotten out of his inkstand. Recently he had an article in McClure's magazine, narrating a thrilling episode in which Sitting Bull figures as second to a fictitious head chief Big Moon. But few of his readers will be troubled with the double fiction nor with the incon-

while he hunted for work.

"Will you register?" asked the clerk, handing him a pen.

"Register?" said the traveler. "What is that?"

"Write your name."

"What for?"

"We are required to keep a record of all our guests."

The man wrote his name and was about to lay down the pen when the clerk added:

"Now the place, if you please."

"What place?"

"The place you come from. Where do you live?"

"I live on the island."

"Well, but what island?"

The other man looked at him in amazement. Then he said with an emphasis that left no doubt of his feelings: "Prince Edward Island, man! What other island is there?"

My intimacy with Helen Keller began the first time I ever saw her, says Dr. Hale in the Outlook.

She was a sweet little girl of seven.

At that time and for many years after, she lived in the charming belief that everybody loves everybody; everybody has always loved her and she did love everybody.

She has always been singularly graceful in movements.

When she was a child this grace showed itself in ways not then restricted by the conventionalities of later life.

She ran across the room and sprang into your arms, really supposing that was the way in which people always greeted each other.

Poor, staid Laura Bridgman, who had been brought up in all the conventionalities of the most rigid New England propriety, used to say that Helen was crazy.



THE SPRING AT OUR FARM.

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.

"The contact of peoples is the best of all education." Everything depends upon the kind of contact. We know by observation that Indians and other races brought into contact with saloons and whiskey become saloon and whiskey people.

NO FOUNDATION TO THE STORY.

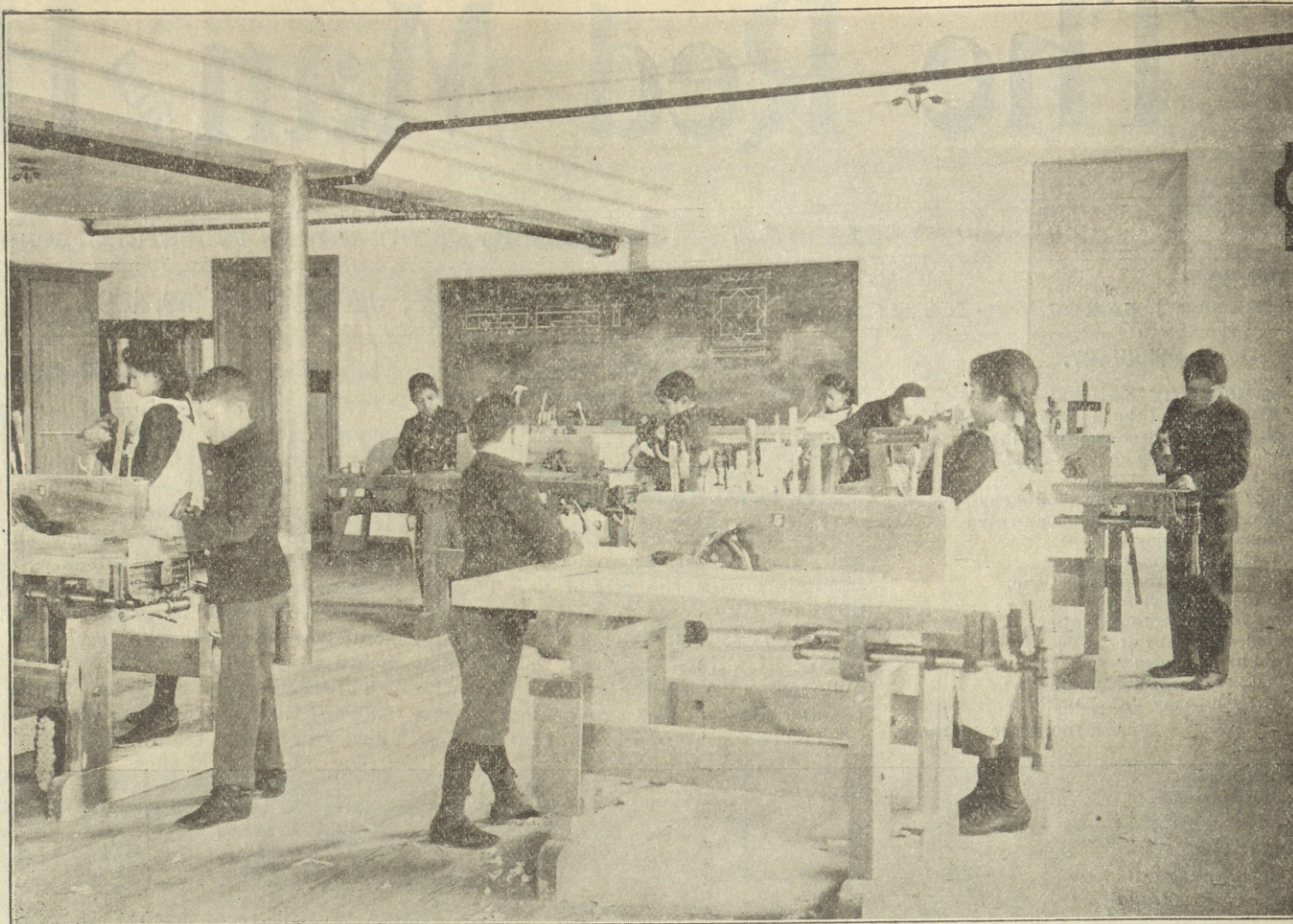
Lovers of good, clean football will be glad to learn that the Carlisle Indian School will continue to be represented on the gridiron by an eleven. They will doubtless prove to be as strong a drawing card in the future as they have in the past. They are easily the most popular team outside the Big Four.—[Boston Herald.

An article was recently printed in a Chicago paper purporting to be an interview with Dr. Montezuma and Dr. Eastman who were formerly connected with the Carlisle School. The story was republished in several eastern papers and was to the effect that Col. Pratt, our superintendent, was not in favor of strenuous college athletics, and that in the future the Carlisle Indian team would not cut much of a figure in the football world.

There was no foundation for the story whatever, since Col. Pratt has never been opposed to college athletics, and the only fact that could possibly have given rise to the story is that our superintendent has never been in favor of hunting up big fellows and inducing them to come to Carlisle simply to strengthen our athletic teams, but insists that our teams be made up of bona fide students who come to Carlisle in the ordinary way for the purpose of getting an education.

The Boston Herald, among other papers which investigated the facts, printed an article denying the Chicago story and setting forth the facts, and the above editorial from the same paper reflects the sentiment of those who have witnessed the Indian contests with our leading College and University teams.

There appears to be no reason whatever why the Carlisle Indian School should not be represented in the future by as strong athletic teams as in the past; in fact the prospects for the future are very bright.



SLOYD—SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS LEARNING TO HANDLE TOOLS.

CONGRATULATIONS.

STATE ARSENAL, HARRISBURG, PA.
January 23, 1903.

Col. R. H. PRATT, SUPT.
INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
CARLISLE, PA,
MY DEAR COLONEL:

From a military standpoint I want to personally congratulate you on the splendid showing of your boys in the Inaugural Parade. It certainly must be a source of great satisfaction to you. They appeared to great advantage and made a splendid showing. Your band was also very fine. I have heard nothing but the warmest kind of praise for their splendid general appearance and conduct while in Harrisburg.

I do this personally knowing the vast amount of work there must be in connection with an organization of that kind.

With kindest regards, believe me to be,
Yours very respectfully,
W. S. RICHARDSON.
LT. COL. & DIVISION Q. M., N. G. P.

Ad Sense, of Chicago, has this to say of unprincipled news gatherers like the "Wichita Liar:"

Yellow journalism thrives on the muck and filth emanating from unprincipled news gatherers, some of whom would sell their own souls for checks from publishers, and yellow journalism will continue to be a blot on the world of literature until publishers of such papers will take stern measures to suppress libelers and home wreckers. With such suppression, yellow journalism will be a thing of the past.

OUR MRS. PLATT.

A number of years ago we had with us as a co-worker Mrs. E. G. Platt, who had been many years a missionary among the Pawnee Indians, when they were in Nebraska, away back in the forties, and fifties. Mrs. Platt understands the Pawnee language perfectly. We doubt if there is another person in the United States who speaks it better or who could interpret the true meaning of the Pawnee tongue as well as can our friend "A-te-ka" or "Spuck-spot" as the Indians of her own age loved to call her on account of her hair being sandy.

Mrs. Platt was greatly loved by the Pawnees, for whom she gave the best years of her life, at a time when it was perilous to live on the frontier. She was always fond of her work at Carlisle, but circumstances were such that she concluded to retire from active service. She is now advanced in years, and her letter of regret at not being able to attend our coming Commencement exercises, will be read with interest by many of our subscribers:

OBERLIN, OHIO, Jan. 27, 1903.

R. H. PRATT, Lt. Col. U. S. A.
CARLISLE, PA.

DEAR SIR:

As I sit in the autumnal shades of life, waiting for my change to come, and look out upon the activities of those who still are strong to labor, it is very pleasant to have the yearly acknowledgment that I

was formerly counted among their number, though now my failing forces forbid my witnessing the proof of their progress. Thank you for this new proof of your remembrance of me as having been once a co-worker, and may this New Year of 1903, hold in its keeping many and rich blessings for Carlisle Indian School.
Cordially Yours, etc.

The Kind of Appreciation that Goes to the Heart.

Clarence Butler, class '98, who is in the Indian Service at Warm Springs, Oregon, writes an appreciative letter to his former industrial instructor at Carlisle, Mr. Webster, in which he says:

"It seems but yesterday since I was working under you, those times when we were all hard at work and yet so jolly. I well remember you and your boys going to work as if they were going to play.

I see by the reports you have made some great improvements in the steam system. I wish I could have been there to assist you and to gain some more points from you. I have worked under a number of mechanics since I left Carlisle, but I never had matters explained to me so well as you did. I tell you I am mighty thankful for the instructions and lessons received from you.

My first year out I had a hard row of stumps to dig. Had it not been for the knowledge I received at Carlisle I would probably be on the range yet, with a double row of hard stumps to dig; as it is I am getting on nicely and like my work."

A letter has been received from Junaluski Standingdeer, ex-student of Carlisle. He says that he expects to work in Asheville, N. C. again soon at a salary of \$12.50 a week. He has three different jobs. He is doing light work in a hotel, playing tuba with the First Regiment Band of North Carolina, and trombone in an Orchestra. The following is his item for the paper: Married: Mr. John Mumblehead, of Almond, N. C., to Miss Tawny Owl, of Cherokee, on the eleventh of Jan. 1903. It will be remembered that Mrs. Mumblehead was a student at Carlisle, for some eight years. Mr. Mumblehead is a farmer by occupation.—

Supt. H. W. Spray of the Cherokee, N. C. school comes to the front this week with a dollar, for four copies of the REDMAN & HELPER. Supt. Spray was of us for a brief period, before which for many years he was Superintendent of the Cherokee school and since which he has been in the same position. He is almost a Cherokee, so long has he identified himself with their interests.

Mr. Lester Bishop, father of Frank Bishop, and Mr. Elias Johnson, grandfather of Nellis Johnson, both of the New York Reservation visited the school on the way to their home from Washington this week.



DRESS-MAKING SECTION OF THE SEWING ROOM.

OUR PRINTING OFFICE.

Having the plates, we give space this week to several views of the printing-office, thinking it might be of interest to our readers to see what sort of a printery the REDMAN AND HELPER comes from.

We doubt if there is another printing-office in the country with a larger, more airy and better lighted room than we have for composing room, press, job and mailing departments, all in one.

Our force consists of thirty boys and girls half of whom work each half day. They are learning in addition to setting type and press work, most essential business habits, in every line of ordinary labor.

Everything learned in a printing office is good for a person to know whether he does or does not follow for a business the printers' trade, after he leaves school.

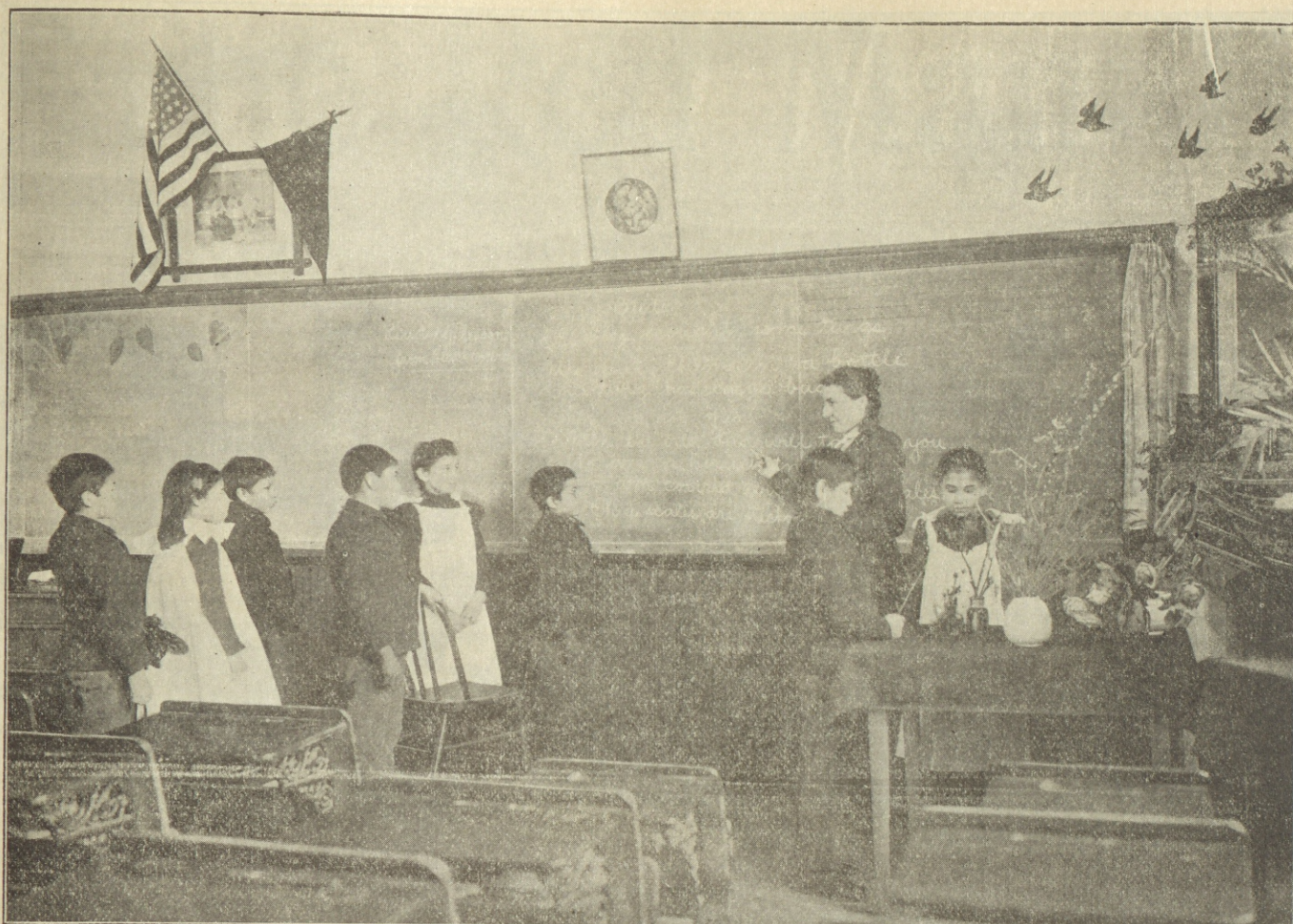
If a printer can set a clean galley of type, he can be recommended to make an accurate copy of anything. If he can take hundreds of subscriptions and put them neatly and accurately upon cards, and place them in their proper routes on the galleys he is well fitted for clerical work in any kind of an office that requires speed and accuracy.

We have one Babcock cylinder press, and four job presses, from eight to half-medium, and our power is electricity. We have scores of fonts of job-type besides hundreds of pounds of Brevier in which the REDMAN is set, and other faces of body type; then there are paper cutters, cabinets, imposing stones, and all that go to make up a fair country printing office. We have grown to these proportions from a ten-dollar toy press, and one case of nonpareil type in 1879, and have given practical business training to hundreds of boys and girls.

Nellis Johnson was hurt last week as he was entering the cage. A boy who was practicing at throwing the shot—a heavy iron, let it pass from his hands just as Nellis opened the door. The iron struck the boy in the head and he fell senseless. He was taken to the hospital, and treated. It seemed for a time as though his entire side would be paralyzed, but at this writing he is much improved. He talks and laughs and is able to move his arm. Nellis is one of the boys at our school who has many friends, for he always does as near right as he can in the school-room and at his work; and he is a fair boy at play. Many are the wishes that he will soon get well, and his case is now very hopeful.

The Juniors are studying the different Bills that are being discussed in Congress, and find them very interesting.—

"We are so much interested and pleased with the HELPER; apart from the news of the school, every article shows such good care, and every word is well worth reading."—Willow Grove subscriber.



THE NORMAL ROOM.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

No paper next week! A Souvenir program instead!

Miss Steele had a birthday party on Saturday night.

The student body is eating bread manufactured by "Bigjim & Co."—

Ramon Lopez is in the hospital with a cold and is making himself very useful as Miss Barr's helper.

Antonio Reyes, one of our Porto Rican printers, feeds the Babcock Cylinder press like a professional.

Master Paul Bowersox, of Middleburg, is visiting his aunt Miss Bowersox, Assistant Principal.

Mr. Sherry is having quite a serious time with a heavy cold bordering on Pneumonia. He is confined to his bed.

On Friday evening Misses Barr and Pierre entertained a number of the Seniors, and a happy evening was the result.

Mrs. Munch brought Alice Doctor in from the country. She is ill but not seriously, and no doubt will soon be out of the hospital.

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

At one table in the students' dining-room there are four students bearing the names of notable Bible characters—Jesus, Solomon, Jude, Moses.

About one hundred of our boys and girls were confirmed at the Catholic Church in town last Sunday by the Right Reverend J. W. Shanahan, of Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. Elmer E. Snyder, of Lewistown, who when she was a teacher with us, a few years since, was known as Miss Cochran, is visiting Miss Carter and others at the school.

The school was entertained last evening by Mr. French, of Jamestown, New York, who has a variety of accomplishments. There are very few sounds he cannot imitate.

If one smart Indian girl can sew by hand three programs in one minute, how long will it take 10 smart Indian girls to sew 9,000 programs—the number we are printing for Commencement. Normal class, answer.

Another good lecture from Dr. Elson last Saturday night, and we are sorry there will be no more. The entire student body and faculty with one voice will echo this sentiment, and we shall hope to have the Doctor lecture to us again, soon.

The Sophomores might answer this for the little boys: If Felix can sweep his school-room in 8 minutes, and William Bradey can sweep the same room in 9 minutes, how long would it take both to sweep the same school-room, both working at the same time? Ask Janitor Wheelock.

Mr. Howard Gansworth spent a day in Washington this week, on business, and met two of his old Princeton classmates.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dennison Wheelock are grieved to learn of the sudden death of their youngest child. Our former Band leader recently moved from Flandreau to Haskell.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen's party last Friday night in honor of their visiting brother, Dr. Allen, of Oklahoma, was another one of those choice soirees that ye host and hostess know just how to handle.

By recent letter to Mrs. Canfield we learn that Miss McArthur, who was with us two years ago and was transferred to the Sac and Fox School, in Iowa, has since been transferred to Talklai, Arizona.

Dr. Diven says he has colds to burn, so many have them just now at the hospital, but we have had so little sickness this winter that a few colds should not count.

The teachers who bring their pupil around to visit the shops, and the band hall when the band is practicing are always welcome.—

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson gave a party last evening in honor of Miss Mabel Craft, a visiting sister. When was there ever experienced more enjoyment and rest in a brief period? If it were not for these small times of relaxation mingled with pleasurable games and sociability we would become fossilized instead of civilized.

We are busy printing Commencement programs this week, and shall send one to each of our subscribers next week, as a souvenir of class '03; and as it contains the class picture, and gives some history of the school and important statistical information, we are furnishing this program of eight pages, in class colors, in lieu of the REDMAN AND HELPER. We are printing nine thousand of them, requiring fifty-four thousand impressions, and each program to be sewed by hand. This for a city job office would be a small task, but for our apprentices we call it a pretty big piece of work.

Henry Gordon lost his leg by railroad accident, six months ago, in New York, before he came to Carlisle. He has been walking on crutches, but is now seen with but one crutch and with a natural looking false leg, purchased in Washington. When he gets accustomed to the new member, he will be able to walk quite naturally without crutch or cane, and Henry is very hopeful and happy.

Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of United States Indian Schools, spent Sunday and a day or two with us this week. Miss Reel's head-quarters are in Washington, D. C. She has recently published a report of her department of Government service, which is illustrated with half-tone pictures of various industries taught, and makes interesting reading matter for those wishing information regarding Indian School work.



LEARNING TO SET TYPE.

THE RIGHT KIND OF EXERCISE.

The woman who has "no time for relaxation and systematic exercise" is precisely the woman who most needs to take it.

Rest, exercise, diet, amusement and work are of equal importance in the vast scheme of living if one would live sanely—that is, healthfully.

The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is perfectly true, and that all play and no work has the same effect is equally correct.

It is the wise adjustment of the proportion of each that makes for health.

"I get all the exercise I need in going about my household duties," many women assert, but that is the greatest mistake possible.

Under ordinary circumstances a few sets of muscles are called into activity, and the mind at the same time is fully occupied.

For physical exercise to be helpful the mind should be at rest.

A walk of twenty minutes' duration in the open air is an absolute daily necessity, and should be at a reasonably brisk pace.

Deep breathing should be practiced on these walks until it becomes a fixed habit.

A good plan is to inhale slowly while taking seven steps, then exhale during seven.

The mental application soon ceases to be necessary, and the walker almost unconsciously breathes in this way.

Deep breathing is helpful in cases of insomnia also.

The average woman takes too little care of her health until she loses it, and then she takes too much care of it with tonics and nostrums.

She drinks two or three cupfuls of strong coffee for breakfast, eats meat three times a day, takes cakes and ices ad infinitum, and by the time she is 30, or earlier, has established a chronic dyspepsia that is guaranteed to last until her death. There are many more illnesses from overeating than from overworking.—[Public Ledger.

EDUCATED ONLY ON THE RESERVATION.

The following letter is self explanatory:

ANADARKO, OKLA. Jan. 22nd, 1903.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER:

DEAR EDITOR:

A friend of mine who is a returned student of your school has favored me by having the HELPER sent to me this year.

Enjoy reading it very much though I have never attended Carlisle school. Nor any Gov. school. But enjoy reading your little paper as much as if had been one of your student's. I were educated in the Indian Missions School, and have never gone out of our nation or off the reservations to school's.

To-day I can witness the result of that Philosophy by which Indians have been civilized by missions and Gov. school's by which peoples have been made to em-

brace the doctrines of Christians or Christianity in the land where we were born.

Enclosed you find my oration which I hope may help or cause some of our dear boys and girls to reflect back on passed ages, and prepare for ages which is to come.

Most sincerley yours,

MISS MAYES.

Assist matron, Riverside School, Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Not having space for the full oration, we quote as follows:

"We live an extrodinary age, every where are visible to the achievement of human entellect.

The restless throbbing energy of the race is still wrestling with mystiours secrets of nature, science and art, religion philosphy, and expressions of human soul, are made effiience of civilization.

The skeptisism of man, the conflictious forces of nature, are detied even yet to delve deeper theory of life and bring to light It. hidden truths the march is, and must be forever onward."

They Want to Run Away from Civilization.

Judging from the enthusiastic manner in which the full-blood Osages are talking of emigrating to Mexico some time during this year one is lead to believe that it is possible that before snow falls next winter the Indians will have taken up their

blankets, rolled up their wigwams and left for the South.

Many of the Indians who would go to Mexico came to the reservation from up in Kansas, and distinctly remember how the deer, wolves and snakes would scramble out of their way as they wended their way here.

They are told possums grow as large as Newfoundland dogs down in Mexico; they are told of many things that can be found there that are dear to the hearts of all Indians, and they seem to want to go to the country that produces the mescal bean, the cigarette fiend and the most treacherous people on earth.

—[Osage Journal.

ANOTHER MESCAL BEAN VICTIM.

Again the Angel of Peace has descended down from heaven and after hovering over our domain for a short while alighted at the medicine camp on Hominy creek and claimed Joe Che-she-wal-la as a victim.

The Angel of Peace did not expect to arrive so soon, as Joe was an extra strong and robust young man, but even his strong constitution could not hold against the mescal bean he began eating a short time ago.

For the past few months Joe has devoted most all of his time at the camps.

He left his wife and children sometime ago so that he could spend all of his time

at Medicine camp should he so desire.

The bean and nothing else has caused his death and it is to be deplored.

Every day one can see examples of the effect of the mescal bean upon those who eat it.

Young men who but a short time ago were strong and bright are now dull, stupid and weakly and are close on to the verge of the grave.

It is certainly sad that this habit is allowed, and it would take such a small effort, to abolish the camps.

What the powers that be can mean by allowing the camps to exist is a mystery to us.

We hope to see steps taken to abolish these camps before any more deaths occur.—[Osage Journal.

Claude:—"I feel like an Indian to-night.

Close:—"Then don't camp on my trail any longer, please.

Factionous passenger:—How often, conductor, does your trolley-car kill a man?

Conductor (tartly):—Only once.

Teacher:—"Name an animal that has claws, but one we think is very nice."

Voice from the tail of the class:—"I "Santa Claus!"

When people complain, it is often a sign that they do not make as much effort to succeed as they should.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.
My 12, 2, 9 is a very common name for a boy.
My 4, 10, 6 is what all our boys will become if they live long enough.
My 1, 8, 11, 12 is not worth more than a penny.
My 7, 2, 3, 5, 12 is a stranger in the sky sometimes.
All my letters spell what most Carlisle workers are talking about just now, more than any other one thing.

LAST WEEK'S HIDDEN NAMES IN ORDER:—Nori; Beltzel; Peter; Robertson; Paull; Smith; Foster; Laird; Reising; Wheelock; Barr; Kensler; Swallow; Miller; Colegrove; Pierre; Bennett; Gray; Harlan; Moul.

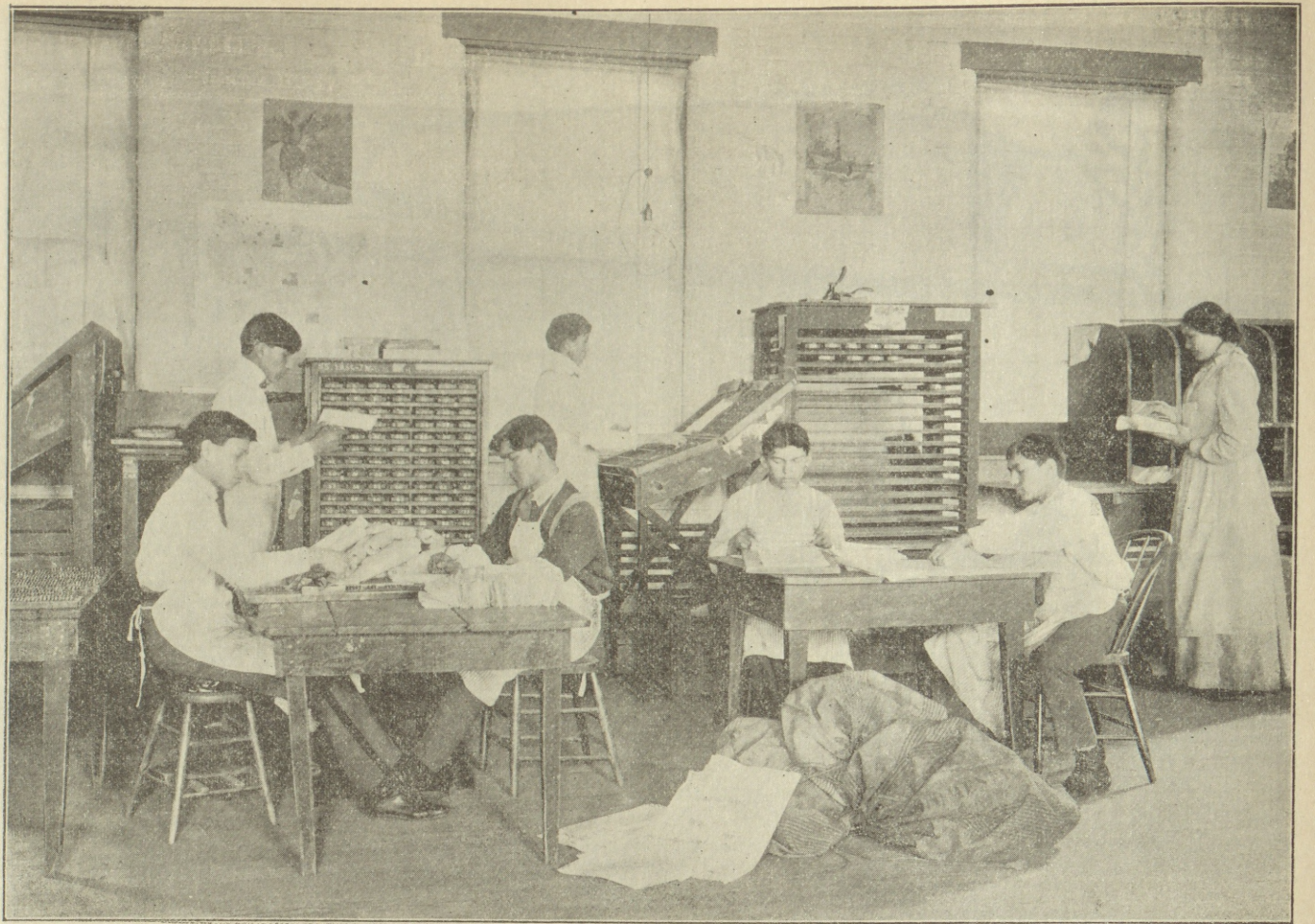
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Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other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

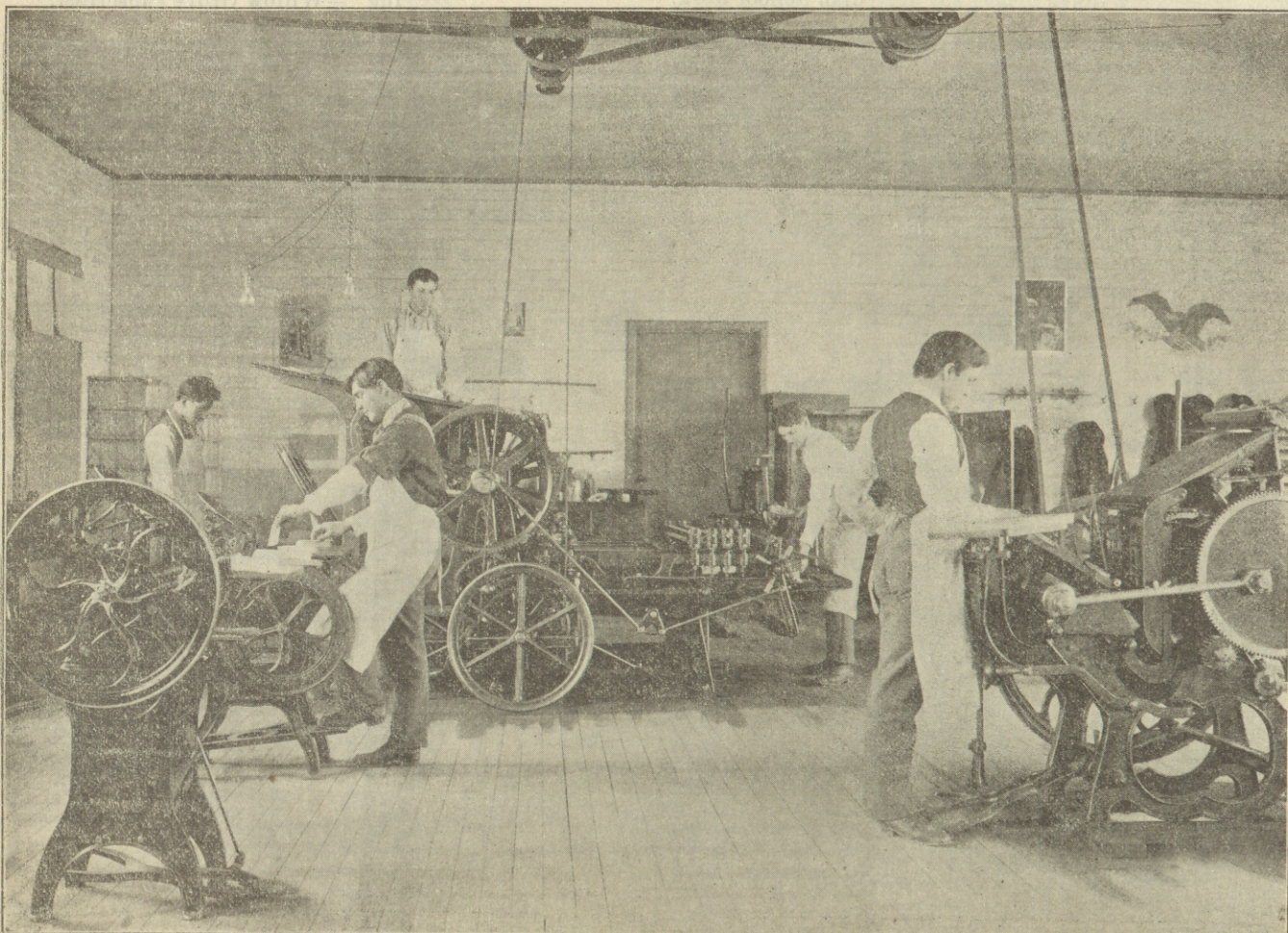
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