

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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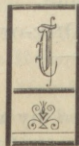
EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 50. (18-50)

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1903.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. III, Number Forty-six

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DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.



HERE'S many a troub'e
Would break like a bubble.
And into the waters of Lethe
depart;
Did we not rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it.
And give it a permanent place in the
heart.

Resolve to be merry.
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us
forget;
And no longer fearful
But happy and cheerful
We feel life has much that's worth
living for yet.
—[Ohio Penitentiary News.]

MONUMENT AT WOUNDED KNEE.

Five thousand Sioux Indians gathered around a little knoll in the lonely valley of the Wounded Knee near Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, S. D., on the apex of which in one huge grave lie buried hundreds of red warriors was the curious sight the few whites who were at the dedication of the "Big Foot" monument saw on May 28.

Patterning after the whites, who called the battle on the Little Big Horn the "Custer massacre," and builded a monument in memoriam to the slain, the Sioux have erected a tall marble shaft to their fathers and brothers who were killed at Wounded Knee and term the battle which occurred at the place the "Big Foot massacre" after the chief under whom they fought.

The little knoll, one hundred feet high, by the side of and overlooking the battlefield, was covered on all sides by gaudily dressed Indians.

The green of the surrounding hills formed a splendid background to the gayly bedecked Indians, who silently watched the monument as piece by piece it reared its head under the hands of the workmen.

A large band of women had pushed themselves nearest to the little iron fence which enclosed the one huge grave, and stood with stolid faces gazing at the mound.

Suddenly, as the last stone of the monument was put in place, up from the battlefield in the distance came a strange, shrill mourning cry. Not an Indian moved a muscle, but the few whites present looked with interest in the direction whence the cry came, and saw an old woman bent with age, dressed in the proverbial blanket slowly emerge from "Bloody Gulch," where so many women and children were killed during the battle, and slowly climb the side of the hill towards the grave. During the ten minutes required for the ancient woman to mount the knoll, her weird cry continued to ring out—the cry of the Dakotas mourning for the dead. Arriving at the apex the mourning woman took her stand at the head of the grave wherein lay her father, husband, brothers and sons, and continued her lament, representing in her person a century of persecution and death of the one time powerful owners of the entire Northwest.

Standing at the foot of the grave, throwing her arms from side to side the old woman shrieked out her weird song.

The surrounding women became excited. Here and there one joined in the song for a moment and then ceased, as though afraid. Then one summoned courage to continue—and another—and still others. And then the whole bunch broke into the most weird, blood-curdling song imaginable. But through the whole awful noises the sobbing of the women could be heard with distinctness.

While the lamentations were at their height, the old wavery broke out from a few braves—but only for a moment.

The lamenting was left to the women, and any resentment against the whites which the memories may have aroused, remained unshown.

Gradually the shrieking of the women subsided into crooning and covering their heads and bodies with their blankets, the

crooning sunk into soft sobbing while the leader of the women cast bright-colored clothes over the grave.

This impromptu exhibition over, the real ceremonies began.

Rev. W. J. Cleveland, chaplain at the agency, stepped forward, and, resting one hand on the monument, delivered a short address on the "God Made of Men One Nation," speaking in the Dakota language.

Then Joe Horn Cloud, prime mover in erecting the monument, stepped out, and, with that eloquence possessed by savage tribes, said:

"Standing by the grave wherein lie my father and my brother, and gazing upon the battlefield where they died, as did many of my people, I have only good feeling towards the whites and hope we will always be friendly."

Fire Lightning, an old chief, said:

"For many, many years I have been friends with the white people; I have helped make the treaty with them; I have never broken that treaty and I wish to end my days a friend to them."

After a prayer in Sioux, all joined in and sang "America" in the Indian language.

After the exercises were finished, the Indians filed past the monument and those who could read English read to the others this inscription:

"This monument is erected by surviving relatives and other Ogallala and Cheyenne River Sioux Indians in memory of the Chief Big Foot Massacre, Dec. 29, 1890, Colonel Forsythe in command of United States troops. Big Foot was a great chief of the Sioux Indians. He often said: 'I will stand in peace till my last day comes.' He did good and brave deeds for the white man and for the red man. Many innocent women and children who knew no wrong, died here."

—[Minneapolis Journal.]

SHALL WOMEN VOTE? THIS MEANS INDIAN WOMEN, TOO.

So many people of this day are discussing whether or not women should vote, it might be well for us to read what Thomas Wentworth Higginson has to say on a subject about which people of intelligence vary so much in opinion.

Let us not form an opinion till we have looked on all sides:

"Woman suffrage should be urged, in my opinion, not from any predictions of

what women will do with their votes after they get them, but on the ground that by all the traditions of our government, by all the precepts of its early founders, by all the axioms which lie at the foundation of our political principles, woman needs the ballot for self-respect and self-protection.

The woman of old times who did not read books of political economy or attend meetings, could retain her self-respect; but the woman of modern times, with every step she takes in the higher education, finds it harder to retain that self-respect while she is in a republican government, and yet not a member of it.

She can study all the books in the political economy alcove of the Bryn Mawr college; she can master them all; she can know more about them perhaps than any man of her acquaintance and yet to put one thing she has learned there in practice by the simple process of dropping a piece of paper into a ballot box—she can no more do than she could put out her slender finger and stop the planet in its course.

Then as to self-education.

We know there have been great improvements in the laws regarding women.

What brought about those improvements?

The steady labor of women going before legislatures year by year and asking for something they were not willing to give, the ballot; but, as a result of it, to keep the poor creatures quiet, some law was passed removing a restriction.

The old English writer Pepys, according to his diary, after spending a good deal of money for himself finds a little left and buys his wife a new gown, because, he says, "it is fit that the poor wretch should have something to content her."

I have seen many laws passed for the advantage of women and they were generally passed on that principle.

Women have lavished their strength to secure ordinary justice in the form of laws which a single woman inside the state house, armed with the position of member of the legislature and representing a sex who had votes, could have had righted with no effort whatever.

Every man knows the weakness of a disfranchised class of men.

The whole race of women is disfranchised, and they suffer in the same way."

MENTAL HEALTH.

One sign of mental health is serenity of temper and a self-control that enables us to bear with equanimity the petty trials and jars of life, especially those arising from contact with scolding, irascible, irritating persons.

Serenity of mind comes easy to some and hard to others.

It can be taught and learned.

We ought to have teachers who are able to educate us in this department of our natures quite as much as in music or art.

Think of a school or classes for training men and women to hold themselves serenely amid all the trials which beset them.

As it is now, most of our educators urge us on to be ambitious to excel others, and in the end if not careful we lose our mental equipoise and with it health and happiness.

One of the secrets of the mind cure is the help it gives to those who have lost their mental equipoise through worry to throw it off again.

Unburdening themselves, they are once more able to do their work and rejoice.—
[Presbyterian Banner.]

ESKIMO LAMPS.

The origin and range of Eskimo Lamps were discussed recently by Dr. Walter Hough before the Philosophical Society of Washington.

The lamp, he said, is a prerequisite to immigration into high latitudes, and the Eskimos most have had it before they emigrated from their original home which was probably farther south and near the seacoast.

But the form of the lamp becomes more specialized the higher the latitude is.

The lamps of southern Alaska have a wick edge of two inches, while those of Point Barrow and northern Greenland have wick edges of from seventeen to thirty-six inches.

The lamp is employed for melting snow and ice to obtain drinking water, for cooking, lighting, warming, drying clothes, and in the arts.

It is also a social factor, and the sign of the family unit, "each head of a family, the woman—having her lamp."

—[Progress.]



GIRLS' READING ROOM.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

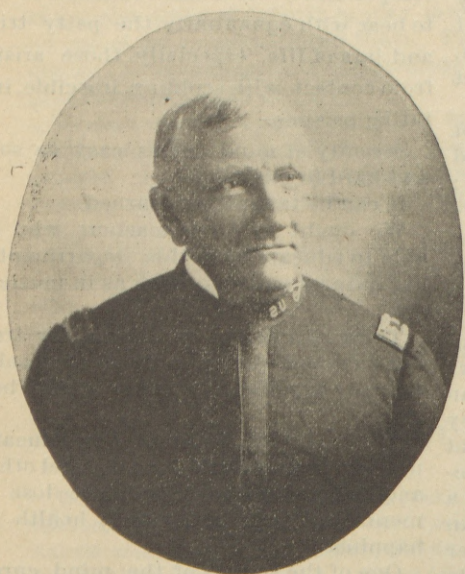
THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

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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.



COLONEL R. H. PRATT, SUPT.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt with their daughter, Miss Richenda, have gone to spend two weeks at Orr's Island, Maine. They will be guests of Mrs. M. S. Wetherill, who has had our girls and boys living in her family at various times, in Philadelphia and at her summer resort in Maine.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE AT BOSTON.

The first big meeting of the National Educational association was that in Huntington hall, Rogers building, Boylston st. where the Indian educational question was discussed. Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was there, and Lieut. Gov. Guild came to greet the audience.

"It is a pleasure and privilege" said Lieut. Gov. Guild "to be permitted to extend the welcome of the commonwealth of Massachusetts to this part of an assemblage of scholars, this particular part which is concerned not merely with the education of a nation, but with the uplifting from savagery of an entire people.

"The problem, which is now peculiarly yours, was once peculiarly the problem of Massachusetts. The four great frescoes which you will see in our statehouse represent two great factors of war, two great factors of peace. The soldier of the American revolution faces the soldier of the civil war and the pilgrim of the Mayflower faces the apostle to the Indians."

Rev Dr. A. E. Winship spoke after the lieutenant governor. He said that Boston had taken a stand for the Indian when it took some courage to stand for him. It was in the days when it was said in other places that the only good Indian was underground.

Miss Gertrude Edmunds of Lowell was next introduced. She said she was interested in the Indian question. She knew what it meant to teach Indians. She was 300 miles from a postoffice and where she had two or three white children and 12 or 15 Indian children. She thought the Indian children in intelligence compared favorably with the white children.

Hon. John T. Prince of the state board of education said that Massachusetts has sent many of her most gifted sons to educate the Indians. He knew that the teachers of the Indians were training them away from the war whoop and from war itself.

Indian Commissioner Jones was not present at the meeting. In his stead, Supt. H. B. Frissell of the Hampton school for Indians was introduced. Mr. Frissell, said that John Elliot was the leader of the effort to educate the Indian and those who are now engaged in the work are followers of his.

One of the missionaries at Little Eagle, S. D., Mrs. Mary C. Collins, next spoke. The people of Boston, she said, had al-

ways stood behind the efforts to educate the Indians.

She had been advised not to settle among the Indians of Sitting Bull's tribe. It was at the time when the Indians were on the war path. The people of the east, she said, had no idea what inducements were held out to the Indians to join the big ghost dance of Sitting Bull. It is not to be wondered, the speaker said, that the Indians were swept away by the chief.

Supt. of schools John D. Benedict of Muscogee, I. T. was next called. Mr. Benedict said that Boston was always recognized as the friend of the Indians. It is a mistake, he declared, to suppose that after the Indian gets title to lands in the territories he is protected. Even now, the speaker said, fraud is used to dispossess them.

School inspector J. J. Duncan of Pine Ridge, S. D. said that the best thing he knew to put among the Indians was the day school.

There are more pupils in the day schools to-day than attended all schools in 1870.

Miss Estelle Reel, Supt. of Indian schools, regretted that commissioner Jones was absent. She explained that he was subject to orders as all Indian school teachers were. She invited the audience to see the Indian exhibit.

The meeting was presided over by Supt. H. P. Peairs of Lawrence, Kan. president of the department of Indian education

—[Boston Globe, July 6th.

SECOND SESSION.

Even larger than yesterday was the attendance this morning at the session of the department of Indian education, held in Huntington Hall in the Rogers Building. It was the first session given to the actual business of the convention, and was devoted to the general topic of "Citizenship," which was considered in its various phases by Government Educators from various sections of the country. The session was opened with prayer invoked by Rev. Edward Osborne, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist.

President H. B. Peairs in his annual address to the department told something of what has already been accomplished in the education of the Indian and spoke of the direction in which educators must look in making further efforts.

He was followed by Dr. James H. Canfield, Librarian of Columbia University, Dr. Sheldon Jackson U. S. Government General Agent of Education in Alaska, Wm. H. Peterson, Assistant Superintendent of Chillico, Oklahoma, and Dr. H. B. Frissell, Principal of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Virginia.—[Boston Evening Transcript, July 7th.

Extracts from some of the more important addresses will be published in a future issue of the RED MAN.

FROM BOSTON

Miss Carter, who with others from our school is in attendance upon the National Educational Association and the Indian Institute at Boston, this week, says the weather is cool and pleasant.

The throngs are simply terrible, they sometimes having to wait an hour for their meals at a restaurant.

Miss Reel, Superintendent of Government Indian Schools, gave them a cordial greeting, presenting them with tickets to two concerts.

They were fortunate in getting fine rooms centrally located near the Public Gardens and Commonwealth Avenue.

They have taken a boat ride to Deer Island to visit the prison—72 criminals, 7 of whom were women, going over in the boat with them. The prisoners are very well treated, having no doubt better board than they ever had before.

One tiny baby was born in those surroundings.

The meetings of the Association have been good so far. Edward Everett Hale spoke last Monday. He is getting feeble but is exceedingly interesting.

Dr. Frissell, of Hampton, referred to the Outing so successfully carried on by Colonel Pratt as having been tried by John Elliot.

They were greatly surprised to see Miss Peter standing on the walk as they came out of the Art Museum, on Sunday. Miss Peter did not intend to go to Boston when the main party left here, but changed her mind suddenly, took the next train and arrived before they did.

FROM LONDON.

Through a private letter to Mrs. Wheelock we learn that our Band Conductor, Mr. James Wheelock, has arrived at London with his German Professor, under whom he is studying and who will conduct the Handel Festival, with an orchestra of five hundred pieces and a chorus of 3,500 best voices in England.

Mr. Wheelock was interested in what he saw as they passed through Saxony, Prussia and Holland.

The River Rhine is not much larger, where he saw it, than our Conedogwinet, but is very deep and steamers ply its waters.

He was glad that his ride along this historic river was by day, the hamlets and dells, the palaces and ruins of palaces as well as the beauty of its scenery interesting him greatly.

He saw the monument of Lorely from which the song of Lorely is supposed to have originated. They passed through the City of Koblín, in which is the oldest church in all Europe, and the place where the story of William Tell originated.

The transit from Flushing, Holland to Queensboro, England was a disagreeable one. The channel was rough and the boat small.

Mr. Wheelock's first impression of London is disappointing. The large cities of the United States take the lead in skyscrapers and imposing business houses, and the throngs on the streets are not so great as in our cities.

He is using every opportunity to attend the best concerts and musical treats and has heard some of the best bands. One orchestra concert in Royal Albert Hall he alludes to especially.

His walks in the short time he has been in London have been through Hyde Park, Kensington Garden, both Royal Parks, and he has crossed the historic bridge over the Thames near the House of Parliament, and has seen West Minster Abbey, all of which places most of his friends at Carlisle are familiar with only in their readings.

THE FOURTH.

The Fourth was a pleasant day—no rain and the air cool. Having the finest picnic grounds anywhere around we did not have to seek other places of retreat. Some did take rides to Holly and to Cave Hill but the day, for the most part, was spent quietly at home, save the few crackers and pistols of the small boy (not always the small boy) there was little noise to shock ones nerves.

In the evening the school assembled in front of the Band Stand and heard the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Asst. Supt. Allen, which was listened to with rapt attention. We do not believe those present ever heard more meaning brought out of that historic instrument.

This was followed by a brief address on the part of the reader, after which Col. Pratt spoke eloquently on the Independent man, using as an illustration the instrument just heard.

Miss Richenda led the singing of America by the whole school, and the audience scattered to witness the fire-works, managed by Disciplinarian Thompson and his efficient aid—Wallace Denny. These were much enjoyed.

FORT TOTTEN, NORTH DAKOTA HAS PLEASING EXERCISES.

The closing exercises of the music class of 1903, of the Ft. Totten Indian Industrial School on the 13th inst., was an event long to be remembered by those who were present.

The spacious new assembly hall was elaborately decorated in red and white—the class colors. The stage was especially pretty. Here the color scheme was further carried out in cut flowers, potted plants and masses of bunting.

The Fort Totten Band, under the efficient leadership of Mr. G. W. Bent, furnished two excellent numbers.

Praise is also due Mrs. C. L. Davis and Miss Inez Palmer, pianist, for their assistance in making the program a success. Unfortunately both Mr. Davis, Supt., and Mrs. C. L. Davis, Head Matron, were absent on account of Mrs. Davis' illness.

Miss M. Thomas, who has so assiduously labored towards bringing her class to the front, may justly feel proud of the encomiums elicited by her class.

AN OBSERVER.

GOOD EAT.

The students have occasion to remember the Fourth of July with great pleasure.

We had quite a banquet for dinner and supper.

For dinner, we had new potatoes (bought), meat, gravy, cabbage, milk and ice cream (Yum Yum). And for supper, tea, butter-milk, butter, bread, ham-sandwiches and water melon.

All meals were nicely prepared and there was plenty.

We are under great obligations to Miss Ferree for the well prepared and great variety of meals served during the Fourth of July and all of June.

ONE-OF-'EM.

PASSED.

Mrs. Beitzel was informed by a friend, in Harrisburg that she expected to come to Carlisle, on a little visit. Not arriving when expected, Mrs. Beitzel went to Harrisburg, passing her friend on the way to Carlisle. On arriving at Harrisburg and learning that her friend was in Carlisle, Mrs. Beitzel started back passing her friend on the way to Harrisburg. This reminds us of the story of the farmer who went to a large hotel where his wife was stopping.

He took the elevator up to the seventh story and when he got there found that his wife had gone down to meet him.

He went down at once passing his wife on the way up. When he arrived on the first floor, they told him his wife had just gone up. He started up immediately, but passed his wife on the way down. They kept up this passing each other for a number of minutes.

Students who have severed connection with the school within the last ten days, mostly to go to their homes, their time having expired: Sosipatra Suvoroff, Ella King, Minnie Kane, Electa C. Hill, Mary T. Smith, Marian Powlas, Edith Thomas, Eliza Honiyoust, Eliz. Webster, Laura Masta, Clara Schingler, Cora Schingler, Emma Dextator, Lillian Brown, Lottie Bisonette, Lizzie Martin, Laura Ammon, Healy Wolfe, Henry Bently, Henry Shimbone, John Seminole, Alfred Blackbird, Agnes Lovejoy, Annie Escacerga, Nannie Sturm, Madaline Acton, Lillian Archiquette, Nina Tallchief, Jennie Printup, Nora Printup, Hattie Acklin, Josephine Jacquez, Sara N. Jacquez, Mollie Welsh, Mabel Navadokieh, Andrew Jackson, Charles Steeprock, Spencer King, Abram Garlow, John Cornelius, Albert Jonas, Clinton George, Alvin Printup, John Williams, Chas. Powlas, Henry Sampson, Levi Snow, Ainsley Dowdy, Juan Ruiz, Manuel Ruiz, Juan Norris, John Robbins, Frank Dutton, Peter Chatfield, Harry Shongo, Wm. Schenandore, John Thompson, Jos. Luna, Stephen Parish, Thomas Gardner, Preston Pohoxicut, Daniel Tarbell, Charles Billings, Noah Skye, Lewis Jackson, Lewis Javine, Frank Gardner, Freeman Johnson.

Miss Peter wrote a postal to Melbourne Burgess thanking him for service rendered at the station when she was about starting off, and said that when she got to Boston a little boy offered his aid from the street car to her boarding place, and gave her much information on the way. He remarked that there would be "lots of old maids in the city next week" and that his aunt was coming, insinuating that she too was an old maid, but he would be glad to see her. Miss Peter said there were a great many little boys appointed by the city to guide and direct strangers.

Father Ganss and a visiting Priest were callers on Wednesday. Father Ganss attended the Catholic Indian Conference held recently in North Dakota where there were several thousand Indians gathered. He says in all that number he did not see a Christian Indian with long hair. They have made wonderful progress in the past few years and times are looking upward. A better spirit for Carlisle is growing, and the educated Indian is the progressive man among them.

Since our last issue, the following have left for their vacation, and most of whom are taking in the National Educational Association and Indian Institute at Boston: Misses Bowersox, Hill, Carter, Barr, Bryant, Vietch, Scales, Peter and Mrs. Canfield.

Goliath Bigjim and his baker boys are turning out splendid bread in the absence of Mr. Snyder, the instructor.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Mary Bailey's father came to see her on the Fourth.

Printer Paul Segui is working in the clothing room for a change.

A little girl says that a philosopher is a man who rides a philosopede.

Mr. Colegrove made a business trip for the school to Oil City, this week.

Ella Sturm, 1901, is changing from Los Angeles to Canon Diablo, Arizona.

Mrs. Foster is helping Miss Moul in the small boys' quarters this month.

Where are our vacation teachers that they do not feel called upon to drop a line for the RED MAN?

Miss Butcher and Miss Shepherd, of Carlisle, were callers on Miss Ely on Wednesday evening.

We are glad to have a London story, last page, to remind us of our co-worker now in that great city.

Superintendent Spray of the Cherokee School, N. C., stopped off on his way to Boston, bringing three students.

Don't let us pine away because so many of our friends have gone away. It is all the more necessary for us to SPRUCE UP.

Some of our boys did as queer things in the early days of the Outing System as did the boy in the calf story. (Last page.)

Martha Enos is doing clerical work at Miss Ida Swallow's desk in Miss Ely's office, and is faithful and efficient in her service.

Mr. Johnson, of the Sac and Fox Agency Oklahoma, brought us seven pupils, on his way to attend the Educational Convention in Boston.

Blanche Lay sends three subscriptions for the RED MAN thereby showing an interested spirit in the welfare of the school and its official organ.

On Thursday of last week Supt. Wilson of Ft. Berthold, North Dakota, brought ten fine boys and girls to enter Carlisle. He left the next day for Boston.

Flora Jamison has gone to her home from Buffalo, as the lady with whom she lived has left the city for her health. Flora hopes to return in the Fall.

Printers Emiliano Padin and Elias Charles have gone to the shore to work for the summer, Charles to take charge of boats and Padin to be head bell-boy.

Lizzie Aiken, Ethel Bryant and Pearl Hartley, students, and Lizzette Roubideau, class 1903, a student of the Carlisle Commercial College, are in Boston this week, with Miss Hill as chaperon.

From a change of address asked, it would seem that Theodora Davis has taken upon herself the name of Theodora Maggrah. Wonder if some one has adopted her.

Mr. Faber again has the contract for laying granolithic walks—from the storehouse to the teachers' quarters and from the large boys' quarters to the shops.

The small boys have organized a baseball club called the "Washington Fans." Robert Keokuk is the captain. They have played six games so far and have not lost a game.

We are sure that the boy was right when he replied to the question. How many days are there in a year? 365 and a Fourth. We had the Fourth here in full force last week.

What may be thought of a person, who, when he knows something that might interest the readers of our school paper, is too indifferent to give the item to the Man-on-the-band-stand?

Miss Sarah J. Porter, teacher at Anadarko, Oklahoma, arrived on Monday with students, and left the next morning for Boston. Miss Porter will pay us a visit on her way west.

One girl writes from the country "The mercury is 106. It would have been hotter if the thermometer had been longer." Another says "If another girl is not sent here she wont miss anything."

John Ortego who received honorable discharge from the Army and who has been to the Philippines and in other far-away lands is with us again, having come with Mrs. Babbitt, of California, on her way to Boston.

Mr and Mrs. Crosbie have returned to their post of duty as managers of dining-hall and kitchen. Mr. Crosbie who was in a run-down condition at the close of his year's work, has been greatly benefited by the rest and change.

Esther Allen and her new little friend from Philadelphia have great times playing together, but Esther thinks there is nobody quite so nice as Frances Mellor, unless it be Baby Wheelock.

Mr. Gansworth is making his rounds among the boys on farms, and Miss Weekly has started on her summer's tour among the girls. There are now 643 boys and girls in country homes.

Jemima Schanandore says she had a delightful time on the Fourth at her country home. The family took her with them to see the fire-works in the evening, which she enjoyed very much.

The American Printer for July has an illustrated article about our printery and general work, complimenting us for work done under difficulties hard to overcome. It is one of the best trade magazines published, and we feel honored for the notice.

By The Tomahawk, White Earth, Minnesota, we see that Samuel Townsend and wife left for Winnepeg last Tuesday on their leave of absence, and from there will go to Duluth and the Great Lakes, and that Miss Madge Nason returned to her home at Deer River, last Tuesday.

Master Melbourne Burgess treated his printer friends on Wednesday evening, on the advent of the arrival of a new little brother in Philadelphia. He seems to be enjoying life at the school, is making friends among the Indian boys and girls, and can already take visitors around.

Mrs F. G. Mellor and daughters Miss Vivian and Baby Frances of Trenton, N. J., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nori. It was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mellor that Mr. Nori lived for a time and there is where he was married this spring. Baby Frances is the admiration of everybody.

A large number of the children in Pawhuska have the whooping cough. Those that have not got it or have not had it stand a very good chance of catching it now. It is not in a very severe form. We have not heard of any of the victims being seriously sick.—[Osage Journal

The storm last Friday was fearful for a time in its electrical capers. The bleachers on the Athletic Field were struck but no damage was done. The bolts were uncomfortably close, and from the constant ringing of the telephones one might have thought that the heavens were full of hello-girls eager for responses, but no one ventured.

When one of our old girls writes that she has taken so-and-so to be her husband, that he is a fine man, etc., we are anxious to know who it is. Kindly give your old name next time. We refer just now to one Mrs. Harry Azul, of Sacaton, Arizona, who married very recently. She says Nellie Orme, now Mrs. Goodwin lives in Tucson, and is recovering from a siege of illness.

Miss Kast of Mechanicsburg, a friend of William Carrefell, our one-armed student of several years ago—visited the school with friends, on Tuesday. She spoke of William's frequent visits to their home, and the pleasure it was to them to give him the change he seemed to enjoy.

Miss Wood writes from Boston that the N. E. A., the Indian Institute and the Harvard Course she is taking keeps her time fully employed, but she is enjoying it greatly. She is with the Carlisle contingent at present, but when they leave she will take up her abode in Cambridge, nearer her summer school work.

A school inspector asked as an arithmetic test: "If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry and should take half the pie for myself, what would there be left?" There was profound study among the boys, till finally a lad held up his hand. "Well my lad, speak up loud so all shall hear." "The plate!" shouted the boy.

Mrs. Campbell, of the Chemawa Indian School, Oregon, writes a cheerful letter saying they have survived another Commencement, which appeared to be a success in every way. The family are delightfully well, and they are having fine weather. Assistant Commissioner Tonner was expected for a day. Mrs. Campbell has charge of the outing pupils this summer and expects to be very busy.

Laura Masta is pleased to inform us by letter that she arrived safely at home, Inlet, New York. She was met by her father in Jersey City. She finds her sisters well, but her mother has been very sick. She is having a nice time with her two little sisters. She lives at a beautiful spot on the lake on which she goes boating, but she does not have as much fun as she used to have at Carlisle. She misses her Carlisle friends very much.

"Mr. Linton had a cow sale," says Willard Johnson in a letter from his home in Newtown, "and I bought twenty-five cents of peanuts and I sold for fifty cents, and I put them in a pint paper bags and they went like hotcakes, then I came back to the house and put the basket under the table and I ran out again and put my hat and stand it on my head like a high tone man and then jingle my money. I am real well and happy." It is the small boy's first outing.

On the first page of this issue there is an article about the Wounded Knee Massacre, which all remember to have occurred some years ago in South Dakota. It was as much a massacre as has been any killing of whites by the Indians in all history. We are glad the monument erected there is to have on it the words "Big Foot Massacre" showing that whites massacred Indians. The writer has been over that ground, knows the Sioux Indians and is acquainted with the speaker of the day. Rev. Cleveland.

Miss Jackson's many friends are always glad to get a word from her. She is at Stanley Hall, Minneapolis, engaged in teaching. Through a private letter we learn that the REDMAN is a welcome weekly visitor. She often feels that she would like to step in for an hour or two some day to see us all. She has learned that Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver Warden, ex-students of Carlisle, have been very ill at their home in the west. Miss Jackson expects to spend her vacation in a French family where good French is spoken all the time. She has gained flesh and is well.

Victor Johnson and Tiffany Bender, the delegates from our Young Men's Christian Association to the Northfield Summer School, having spent a fortnight there and returned this week full of inspiration. Victor promises a full account of the trip next week. He says they had five hours a day of study, and for amusements enjoyed baseball, swimming in the Connecticut, mountain climbing, etc. Northfield is about a mile south of the boundary line between Vermont and New Hampshire, both of which States he set foot in while there.

Mr. James Phillips, who is at Atlantic City, at the close of a letter asking for a change of address says: "I heard from the boys at The Beacon, some time ago, and they said they had no guests in their hotel at that time, and that they had taken a vow not to shave until some showed up. It would not matter so much for my chum, Hastings Robertson, but it would be shameful for little Willie Gansworth to have his face covered with a long flowing beard. I hope this hot wave has brought them many arrivals so they may not have to carry their spinage too long. The weather is fine here."

We often get orders for visiting cards "for the novelty of having a card printed by an Indian apprentice." We don't print for the novelty, but do first class work on cards. We do it for the training there is in turning out a neat pay job to bonafide customers. Twenty-five cards, ten cents. By mail 12 cents. Unless ordered otherwise we use Old English for ladies and Engraver's Roman for gentleman. Five cents extra for each additional line.

A postal from Miss Hill at Boston says they are working very hard. They met Professor Bakeless and the girls. Pearl and Ethel have been a little "shaky" on the water, and a trip they made to Plymouth by boat was not repeated on the return. They have theatre and opera in the evenings. The hospitality offered by the Bostonese to guests at the Convention is gracious and bountiful.

Domestic Science teacher, Miss Ferree, has gone on her vacation, a part of which she will spend in a summer school at Chautauqua. Miss Ferree has had a very hard place to fill in the absence of the Dining-room matron and cook, but succeeded admirably, and has become popular among the students as a good manager of the departments mentioned.



IN THE CARPENTER SHOP.

A FEW HINTS TO OUR FARMER BOYS, TAKEN FROM THE JULY FARM JOURNAL.

Give a horse all the water he will drink, but let him have it often, a little at a time. Don't withhold until he is famished and then let him fill up. There is danger in that. Use sense.

The cross woman with no teeth has a soft snap.

Don't let the reaper and binder rattle to pieces.

Beware of sitting in a draft when your clothes are damp. Keep moving about and they will soon dry.

Some who did not think as they spoke used to call the farmer all kinds of hard names. He never was worthy of them, and the folks who once called him "hayseed," "mossback" and other things equally unjust now know that he was not. They envy him to-day, for they see that he really is a king in his little realm: a kindly, largehearted monarch, full of resources and bound to win his way in the face of every obstacle.

Somewhere there will be a crown for the farmer who never gets blue, but keeps cheery no matter which way the wind blows.

You can't always tell how to doctor up a broken-down wagon by looking at its tongue.

He who makes a practice of deceiving others is often the worst fooled fellow in the crowd.

DEAD YET SPEAKING.

Dead men win many battles. America has been often led to victory by Washington since he died.

The words, the example and influence of Lincoln decide in questions and struggles which we face to-day.

In our own lives there is some one whose memory enables us to win a struggle against temptation, to continue in a battle against a wrong.

And our dead self, our dead past, rises often to make a decision or settle a conflict that the present requires.

In an old English ballad the poet sings of the way in which youth moulds age, and the past decides the present:

"I saw a dead man win a fight,
I think that man was I."

What we have been helps us or hinders us in what we are or in what we want to be.

Let us watch then what enters into our past, for it may be always present.

It may be present after we are passed away from earth.

Let us see in what we do the threefold significance—in that we do it, in that it will always be done, in that it will always be alive and doing—[S. S. Times.

A LONDON STORY.

A pleasing little incident is related in the Ram's Horn, showing the winning power of politeness even when displayed along the homelier walks of life.

A young lady, in hastily turning the corner of a street in London, accidentally ran with great force against a ragged beggar boy and nearly knocked him over.

Stopping as soon as she could and retracing her steps, she said, very kindly, "I beg your pardon, my little fellow, I am very sorry that I ran against you."

The boy was wholly amazed, he looked at the lady one moment, and then, taking off his tattered cap, made a graceful bow and said, as his face lit up with a smile:

'You hev my parding, miss, and ye're welcome to it. And say, the next time you run ag'in me, you kin knock me clean down, and I won't say a word.

After the lady had passed on, the boy said to a companion:

"I say, Jim, it's fine to have somebody asking yer parding, ain't it?"—[Watchword.

FOR OUR BROOKLYN LOT OWNERS.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was asked by the teacher. "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?"

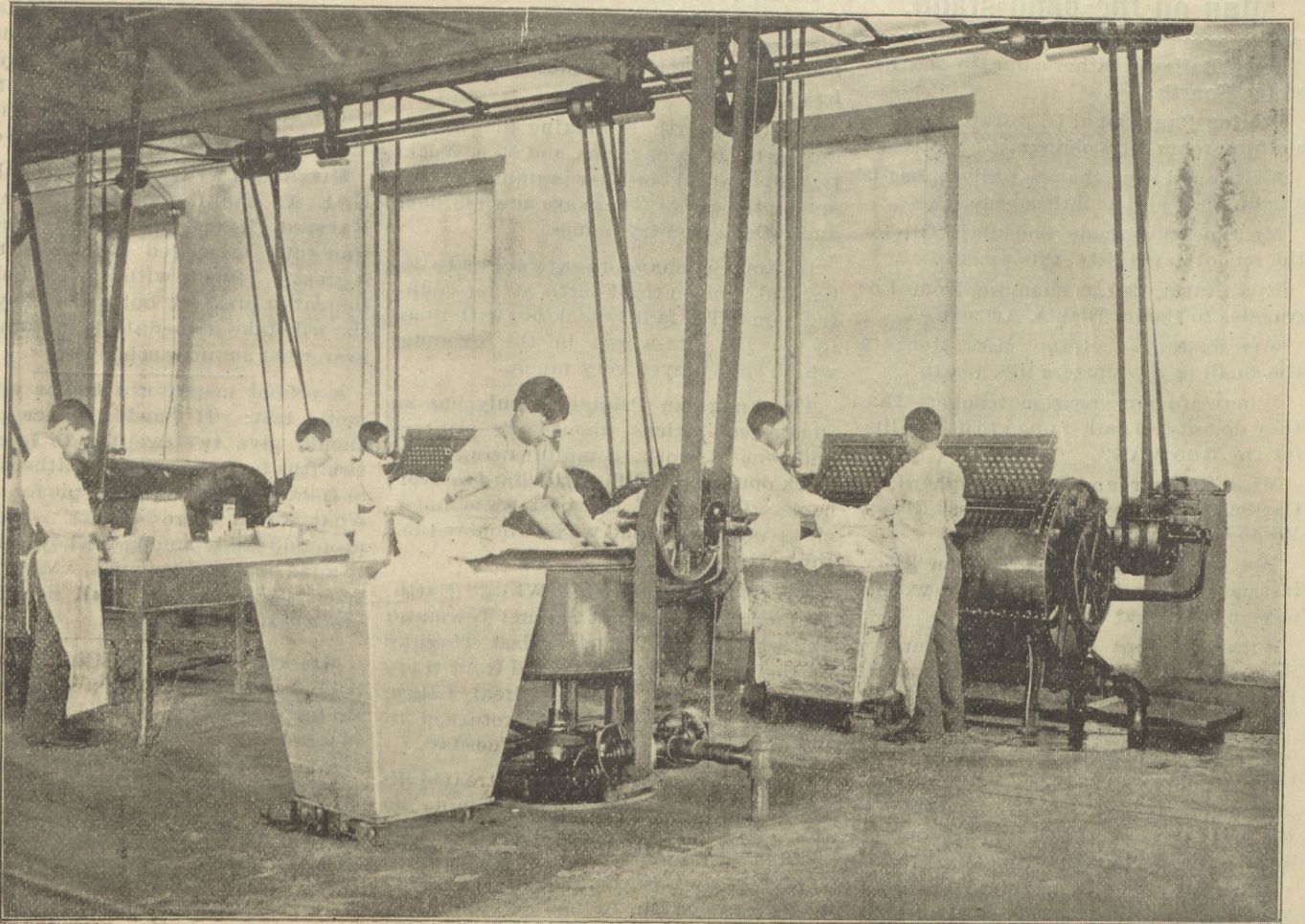
The pupils tried to think, and after a while a boy raised his hand.

"I know," said he.

"Well, what are they?" asked the teacher.

"Why," said the fat boy with a triumphant look, "on the south side you see the sea, and on the north side you hear the sound," —[New York Times.

George Washington was the father of his country, but Pennsylvania is the "Pa." of States.



BOYS DOING LAUNDRY WORK.

MISFIT IN NAMES.

You must not think that turkeys first came from Turkey, for they are natives of America.

And the Turkish bath originated in Russia.

Nor must you think camel's hair brushes are made from the hair of the hump-backed quadruped.

They are mostly of the bushy hair from squirrels' tails.

German silver not only is not silver at all, but it was invented in China, centuries ago, and it is an alloy of some of the inferior metals.

Porpoise hide is not made from porpoises at all.

People get it from the white whale.

Jerusalem artichokes are not natives of Jerusalem, but are a kind of sunflower. The French call them "girasole"—flower turned to the sun—and girasole became corrupted into Jerusalem.

Cork legs are not made from cork, and they did not come from Cork; the willow-tree usually furnishes material for them. Cleopatra's Needle, that wonderful obelisk of Egypt, was made one thousand years before Cleopatra was born, and really had nothing to do with her.

Irish stew is an English dish, and turtle soup seldom has any turtle soup in it.

Prussian blue, the beautiful color, is not a special product of Prussia, but of England. And so you see our names are often "misfits."

THE CITY BOY ON A FARM.

A farmer named Smith, living near Marvinville, hired a city boy to help him around the farm during the summer.

One morning he told the boy to go and salt the calf.

The boy took a quart of salt and rubbed it all over the calf, working it into the hair.

A lot of colts scented the salt and hunted the calf up.

They licked all the hair off the poor calf's back.

The farmer tried to catch the calf to wash it, but the calf, thinking he wanted to lick, too, ran through a hole in the fence and disappeared down the road.

The boy now stands up when he eats his pie.

Moral: Never be afraid to ask questions.—[Kansas City Star.

A GOOD TEST OF CHARACTER.

Our attitude toward the misfortunes of others is a good test of character. Are we amused and pleasantly glad that we have had no such misfortune? Do we say inwardly, "Serves him right for being so careless?" Or do we forget ourselves altogether, and never think of comparison, while we ask ourselves practically, "Can I do anything to help?"

—[Alaskan Missionary Herald.

ITEMS FROM THE INDIAN HERALD.

FROM FORT APACHE BOARDING SCHOOL, WHITERIVER, ARIZ.

The Military at Ft. Apache furnishes about three fourths of the market for the Indians of this agency; last year they received \$31,000, from the sale of hay, corn, barley and wood.

Agent Crouse returned from visiting the large Indian schools at Hampton, Va., Carlisle, Penna., Haskell, Kan., and Chilocco, Okla., and he reports that he secured several new notions concerning the management of Indian schools.

FROM OGALALA BOARDING SCHOOL, PINE RIDGE, S. DAK.

The dedication of the monument erected at Wounded Knee battle-field, to the memory of the Indians who fell in that unfortunate battle, occurred Thursday May twenty eight. A number of boarding school people witnessed the ceremony.

FROM ROSEBUD AGENCY, S. DAK.

Indians are doing more work per day, and better work, on the roads than last year. Each man now furnishes his own shovel which is a step in the right direction. Last year men worked by details which required each man to work but about two hours per day usually. The Indian office conferred the greatest blessing upon the Indian, within its power, when it required him to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. No backward step should be taken.

THINGS WE KNOW.

We notice that the making of baskets and bead work is being taught in many of the Indian schools and in fact in a great number of white schools. In our opinion this is wasted energy. We can not conceive of any permanent good that this work will do Indian or white pupils. Of course it is nice for exhibition. It makes school employees happy to have some one who knows nothing about preparing a child for life work, say, how nice, how cute, or how awfully pretty, but what good does it do the child? The aim of the school should be to prepare the child for its life work and at the same time see that it develops into a good citizen. We do not believe that there is one child in 5,000 that will earn his living making baskets or bead work. The time wasted in this play might better be spent in teaching the child something that will be useful to it when it becomes a man or woman. JOHN.

Young man, whatever you do, skip the wild oats.

The woodcutter can't be a vegetarian, for he lives on chops.

NEW SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

A special dispatch to the Sioux City Journal Tuesday says:

C. P. Matthewson, Indian agent at the Omaha and Winnebago reservation, was to-day appointed bonded school superintendent of the Indian schools upon the reservation.

The last congress failed to appropriate money to pay the salary of an agent upon the Omaha and Winnebago reservation, and the appointment of Mr. Matthewson to-day is following out a policy which has been generally adopted in similar instances of appointing the Indian agent "bonded school superintendent," or in other words, giving him something "equally as good" as an Indian agency in point of salary, but couching the title in different words, and in reality giving him something a great deal better in that his office is taken out of the realms of politics and he is placed in the classified civil service, and cannot be removed, except for misconduct.

Mr. Matthewson was to-day notified of his appointment as bonded superintendent and requested to prepare and forward his bond as soon as may be practicable.

During the time consumed in qualifying for his position a special agent of the Indian bureau will administer the affairs of the Omaha and Winnebago Indian reservation—[The Pender Times.

WHAT MAKES US.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned.

It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

It is not a few faint wishes, but a lifelong struggle, that makes us valiant.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.
My 8, 7, 9 is what a polite boy does when he meets a lady, as he tips his hat.
My 3, 10, 5 is what our "Nansen" is.
My 1, 4, 6, 8 is what proud little girls are.
My 12, 2, 11 is to tell.
My whole is what sometimes get tiresome to school-loving students at Carlisle.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Fourth.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expiration.—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. Kindly watch these numbers and renew a week or two ahead so as to insure against loss of copies. WHEN YOU RENEW please always state that your subscription is a renewal. If you do not get your paper regularly or promptly please notify us. We will supply missing numbers free if requested in time. Address all business correspondence to Miss M. BURGESS Supt. of Printing Indian School, Carlisle.