

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XIX No. 1. (19-2)

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IN KEEPING WITH SUPT. BROWN'S AND COL. PRATT'S TALKS SATURDAY NIGHT.

LITTLE man with a purpose high,
Do with a will what you have to do;
Heroes are made from such as you;
Admirals, generals, presidents,
Are but creatures of grit and sense—
Work while the world swings through the sky!

Little man with the soul so pure,
No height's too steep for a boy to scale.
No sea's too broad for his ship to sail.
There's nothing too great for a boy to do
So he to self and his God be true—
Work while the round world doth endure!
—[The Advance.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

Suppose for the sake of the analogy our country as it is to-day were to be discovered and taken possession of by a race of human beings from an unknown region, ages in advance of our present civilization and we of necessity by force of their numbers and superiority, became a subject people.

How would we expect,—how would we desire to be treated by our conquerors?

Would we not have a right to look to them for fair dealing first, and later, as the fact of our perennial occupancy of the country became a recognized fact would we not expect them to assimilate us into the body politic by education?

To truly accomplish this great work it would be an imperative necessity for them to know us, to thoroughly appreciate not only our characteristics as a nation but just how far up in the scale of progress we had gone in order to logically bring us up to their standard.

To do this, a true brotherly sympathy alone would serve the purpose, such magnanimity as we would have a right to expect from a superior people. In this way alone, would it be possible to make of an alien race, a truly united people.

Such a course could not fail to win the heart, and with that gained all else must follow.

These ideas may seem to some to be impracticable. Is it true? Is this too much to ask of a people as far ahead of us, as we are in advance of the American Indian?

And yet how is it? Has this state of affairs existed, and if not, need we wonder at the slow progress we have made in civilizing the Red Man in the decades of the distant past?

The key note of the matter is Truth, Justice at all times.

Had this principle been applied from the first, their would today be no Indian Problem.

This brings us to the needs of the present. The Indian is here. For the honor of America, for our love of Truth and Justice, let us treat these red brothers of ours as we would desire to be treated were the case reversed, and we stood where they stand today.

Let us come to them with a genuine interest in them and make them feel it. Give them the best of our civilization and only the best, and endeavor to make it so attractive, so real, so good that they are imperceptibly drawn to a higher plane.

This is not theory, for that grand pioneer of Indian education and life-long friend of the Red Man, Colonel Pratt, has blazed the trail, when all was a trackless waste and for over twenty years has proved beyond a doubt, that it is thoroughly practical; so for the last two decades the advance guard of Indian progress, bearing the stamp of the best civilization, and environment in our country, has been steadily marching from that center of Indian education, to remotest sections of Indian savagery breaking down prejudice and sweeping away the cobwebs of doubt that centuries of unwisdom have woven about the Native American.

This great movement, begun less than a quarter of a century ago, has made possible the other attempts at the education, and assimilation of the Indian.

It is the corner stone of the whole sys-

tem and its worthy founder will, like all great men, be truly appreciated as future generations see the outcome of the system he introduced.

Nor need we strive to eliminate their national characteristics as Indians, but to so modify them that they will work toward the betterment of the race, and the advantage of our country by the acquisition of a desirable class of American citizens.

There pride should be fostered and properly directed, keep from the shoals of vanity and made to serve a good purpose in keeping the race from degradation. It should lead up to ultimate independence in earning a living by honest labor.

Their ambition formerly, to excel in war, and the chase, may easily be turned to war against difficulties, and the universal chase for the almighty dollar, with the laudable desire to accomplish something in the world.

Their artistic and imitative ability should be trained to their own advantage and the pleasure of themselves and others in the production of works of art.

Their endurance and fortitude already developed to a remarkable degree by their primitive life in the past, will be needed all the time to cope with the new order of things, and will be of incalculable advantage in the scramble for a place in our fiercely competitive civilization, but the discipline of difficulties alone will develop that power that will one day place the American Indian, shoulder to shoulder with the Saxon in the forward march of American civilization.

Finally their reverence for that omnipotent being to whom we all bow, their faith in the Great Spirit, as the crowning glory of life is offered the greatest gift in the world—Christianity, which accepted, will furnish the motive power to uplift the race to the highest place among the nations of the earth.

When all is done that a people like ours, the most progressive nation in the world, can do, for the Native American, we may be able to understand the meaning of Longfellow's introduction to Hiawatha when he says:

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple
Who believe in God and Nature
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human.
That in even Savage bosoms,
There are longings, hopings, striving,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened."

SARAH J. PORTER.

SOME TRIALS OF OUR VOCAL INSTRUCTOR, IN LEARNING DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

When you urged me to write soon, you gave no address, and as it is rumored you are to spend part of your vacation in California, it's rather uncertain as to what part of Uncle Samuel's domain you are at present honoring your society, but I feel certain you will never be far from the RED MAN, so I shall send this in his care:

I can scarcely realize that the summer is nearly gone.

The other morning—the first of August—when I went in to waken Esanteuck and Mary, they refused to hear my cheerful greeting, so I changed my tune and wept bitterly.

That at last aroused them and they said:

"Oh, what's the matter?"

I replied: "I've lost something, poor dear July is GONE!"—and then a general wail went up that half of our beautiful vacation had left us.

If only some one would send me to Alaska or Europe or somewhere, I would redeem my promise and write you a letter, but just to stay at home and learn to cook, is scarcely exciting enough for the general public to read with avidity—but I have thought often of our dear girls in the country and wished I might have a chat with them over the cooking stove, and how they would laugh at some of the things I could whisper to them, but which I shall not confide to a cold, unfeeling world.

Mrs. Rorer herself, I am sure never attempted an apple-pie with more assurance than I, and when it was ready for the oven, our small "Esquimeau woman" and little Mary executed a cake walk around the kitchen while I stood with the pie held high in the air, for general admiration.

Then when it was safely landed in the oven, we serenaded it softly all the time it was baking.

Now is it any wonder that that pie walked out beautifully crisp and brown and melted in our mouths?

Our only real failure was in the biscuit line.

I suppose I made them too rich and then I couldn't find the biscuit cutter, so I just shaped them into stars and moons, and that was too much for the dough.

It simply rose up and sat down again and looked so mortified and sad when it came to the table, that we couldn't bear to eat the poor things.

My family and friends are loyal and

true and nobody laughed, only when I left the room to return suddenly I noticed a suspicious moisture in their eyes.

When you get tired of your cuisine come up and starve with us awhile.

Yours domestically

JEANNETTE L. SENSENEY.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.,

August 3rd, 1903.

MISS CUTTER.

In a letter to Colonel Pratt, the teacher of our highest department says in part:

I find my work here, very interesting and feel sure that I can make practical use of what I have learned.

Miss Sipe, under whose direction I am studying, is a teacher in the Washington Normal School and has charge, this year, of the school gardens on the agricultural grounds. She has a very enthusiastic class of children and Dr. Galloway, chief of the Bureau, considers it a very successful experiment.

The plots are worked every Friday, and the boys and girls go home laden with the products.

I inherited my garden from one of the teachers who has gone away on her vacation. It was in a flourishing condition when given me, so that I had lettuce and beans to carry home the first day.

Three crops have been harvested, and two weeks ago I planted beans and turnips and set out tomato plants.

It has interested me to find that Miss Sipe's Normal girls have made just the same experiments that my pupils have had during the year.

Dr. Galloway has sent me from one expert to another, so that my work has been varied. Besides the work in gardening, I have been grafting and budding.

One morning, I grafted two dozen lemon trees with mandarin and seedless orange. I have also learned to pot plants in the proper manner.

My walk to the agricultural department is very pleasant, as more than two thirds of the way is through the mall, which has shaded walks. Sometimes I walk home and meet Miss Quinn on the way. When I ride, I often meet Mrs. Thomas.

We have had very good weather except during the first week in July, when it was hot everywhere in the country.

We have a large cool room and our house is very comfortable, as it stands near the end of the street, where there is a triangle on Pennsylvania Avenue and there is quite a large lawn opposite, so that we catch every breeze.

The trolley rides about here are very pleasant, and when my school work is over, I expect to take some of the river trips.



THE SMALLEST GIRL SEATED IS ESANTEUCK, MENTIONED IN MISS SENSENEY'S LETTER—THE GROUP IS AN ESQUIMEAU PARTY FROM ALASKA, AFTER A YEAR AT CARLISLE.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICESTERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A
YEAR IN ADVANCE.ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE:
MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. 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.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

After the usual reading, Col. Pratt introduced Supt. Brown, of the Morris, Minn., Indian School, who said in part:

I thank Col. Pratt for asking me to speak to you, not especially because I am fond of making speeches, for there are a number of things I enjoy better; but because I like to talk to the boys and girls.

I have never been in any place where people listened so well to speakers who tried to instruct or entertain as in the Indian schools I have known, and there is no higher praise than to say they are a good listeners.

I have to-day been on the Battlefield of Gettysburg. I went there to see the place where so many heroes fought for what they believed to be right, and gave up their lives that the cause which they believed in might live.

We do not find it hard to give up our time and our effort for those we know personally, those whom we meet face to face and esteem and love, but we do find it hard to give up our time and our pleasure and our lives perhaps, for a cause. That is what those men did.

The First Minnesota Regiment was sent out to attack a force ten times their own in numbers, without any hope that they could defeat the enemy, and almost every one in the regiment sacrificed his life. Gen. Hancock, who sent them there to stop the on-rush of that great army knew they would be sacrificed.

Why did he do it?

For the salvation of the cause, to hold the enemy in check in that vain attempt; to hold it back even a few minutes—just long enough to let reinforcements come up behind. In five or ten minutes those men gave up their lives for the cause.

We all like to be heroes, but most of us like to choose the time when we will be heroes.

Those men did not have time to choose. It came to them without warning and they laid down their lives. It would be pretty hard to be a hero in that way. That is one thing we must learn—to take opportunity when it comes—the same day, the same instant that it comes.

You will go out to work pretty soon. We have had people from Carlisle and from other schools to work in our school. Some succeed; some do not. Perhaps a few things I will tell you may help you. I am not speaking of other schools or other graduates than those who have worked for me. I find the average—certainly more than half the young people who come to work with me—after they have been at work one or two years, if they fail, fail from this cause:

If I ask them, as I did, not long ago, "How many of you if your debts were paid, would have enough left to provide a decent and suitable casket if you were to die to-morrow?" not half could answer affirmatively. I find this condition is not confined to Indian young people.

Too many people begin at a small salary and expect to save more when they get more. Those who do not begin to save money at the beginning do not save it later. I believe that anyone who gets a cent or a dollar more than he earns is done serious damage. The Indian Office, I understand, has said that Indians shall go through the same tests for the Indian service as are required of others.

Failure to provide against the present and the future is the greatest obstacle between them and success.

We need not grumble because some one gets bigger pay than we. If you think about it, you may see that they have spent many years in preparation, they may have served in minor positions a long while and at lower salaries than yours. Don't worry because some one else has a better salary than you. I have this for a motto, "That the folks

who never do more than they are paid for, never get paid for more than they do."

Business men have told me this, that a business man was struck out by accident never raises the salary of an employee in the hope that he will do better, but when he does better and earns more than he gets, he is given more pay.

I have had an employee come to me and state that if his pay was raised he would be able to do more. What do you think of that? To admit that he was not doing as well as he ought to do, because he was afraid he would not be paid for it.

The more you put into anything the more you can get out of it. If you do not exert yourself you do not get anything out of it for yourself.

Col. Pratt, followed, saying in part:

The taking care of our duties, our work, that which is given us to do, the very best we can, is the surest road to promotion. "Faithful over a few things" surely and always brings ruling over many things. It never fails. It may take time, but patience and the accomplishment of duty alone brings its reward always.

The man who received from his lord the larger amount is somewhat like the boy or girl in school who gets on readily, who is persevering, who never fails in his lessons or work, but who pushes to the extreme of his endurance all the time in whatever he undertakes. Such a one is easily picked out from his associates. There is no trouble about it in any walk of life; no trouble to discover this trait among boys and girls, among men and women, in a great manufacturing establishment, on board a ship among the sailors, in an army of soldiers, in a school, anywhere.

There are those who have committed to their care five talents and are expected to make them ten talents and who do make them ten. The boy who has his lessons always, who has a full knowledge of the recitation that has been given him is of this sort. The boy or girl who has work to do, who is not particular about waiting for the exact time to commence work, but who is there a little before time, who is not ready and particular to quit quickly when the bell rings or who quits several minutes before the bell rings; or if there is anything special to be done stays and finishes it, is the kind who will double his talents and will fill a higher place; but the one who is behind in commencing and ahead in quitting is the one who will never get much farther.

If work is scarce and the force must be cut down, you may depend upon it that the one who is a little behind in commencing and a little before in quitting is the one who will be discharged. The one who is ready a little before time to begin and who is not anxious to quit is the one who will be wanted. There is no mistake about it. It counts in our favor always to be on time and to use the time in full.

The one who makes excuses to quit work three or four times a day, who leaves his work and goes away more than is necessary, coming back reluctantly, is the one picked out to be discharged when there are any to be discharged.

The one with ten talents is the industrious person. The Lord knew when he gave him the ten talents to whom he was giving them. He gave them to the one who would work to the limit, who was not prompt in quitting. To the one who paid a fair attention to business he gave two talents because he had judgment and sense enough to handle a small amount properly; but the fellow who got one talent was the quitter, not the stayer—whose services were not in demand. He was not particularly useful in the world. I suppose he had to go to the poor-house after his talent was taken away and had to be cared for by the community. The one-talent man was that sort of a fellow.

I am going away to be gone six or seven weeks to a far country, and yet not outside of this country or not very far outside and I want to call your attention to this particular lesson because of my going away.

I am very sure that no people in the history of the world ever had better opportunities than some of the Indians have today, in some directions; and among those I count you who belong to this Carlisle school as having the very best of opportunities.

You have here at Carlisle an opportunity to prove yourselves—to establish to yourselves what you yourselves are worth. That is a great thing, for a man to be able to prove to himself what he is worth, for him to take hold of himself

and so handle his affairs so as to demonstrate to himself what he is capable of. I do not believe there are any young people any where in the world who have a better chance to do that than the girls and boys of this Carlisle school.

I mean that you have a chance to prove yourselves both in gaining knowledge, and in gaining qualities of industry of various sorts; you have the chance to prove to yourself just what you can do. You can find out whether your mind is quick and clear and whether it has a grip on things and can hold on, and if it has not these qualities you can cultivate them until it has. So far as gaining a knowledge of books is concerned you have here many opportunities to prove what you are capable of in that direction.

You can prove to yourself whether it is possible to step up higher, and prove it not only to yourself but to all with whom you come in contact, whether they belong to this school or not. Learn what your character is, what your disposition is, whether it is what it ought to be or not, and whether you have it in yourself to overcome, should you find you have qualities you ought not to have.

If you young men and women of this school will do your best in every line in which you are placed and are as careful to use your time in the school-room and elsewhere as you ought to, I am sure that all that goes to make up the best things of life will be yours. You have all the chance to accomplish this you need ask for, and if you grow careless and discontented and idle, and run away, you will be a failure. In other words, I am sure you can prove that you are worth ten talents and can add ten talents; that you are worth five talents and can add five talents ten or twenty. You can make the twenty into forty and increase the forty into eighty and so on until you have reached the very highest limit.

I do not care that it is a hard thing for a boy or girl in the start. I don't care that it is a hard thing for them to get their lessons or to do their work in the start; you should hold yourselves to your lessons. I don't care if you have difficulties to contend against; but I do care and I count it of the greatest possible importance that you have a purpose, the disposition which says "I will not down," "I will up," "I will not ignorance," "I will knowledge," "I will not laziness," "I will industry," "I will not carelessness," "I will skill."

The WILL is at the bottom of the whole thing. In the mind and heart of a boy or a girl the will reigns. In spite of difficulties a boy or girl can become useful and even great if the WILL is there, but without that, whether intention is good or not, failure is inevitable, is bound to come.

I shall think of you every day. I shall not get rid of thinking of you because I am away, not only of those who are here at the school, but of those in the country, and it will hurt me just as much when I hear that a boy has demonstrated he is a coward, that he had no will, and ran away—it will hurt me just as much as if I were here. And it will make me just as glad though I be nearer to the north pole than to you, when I hear that every one is doing his best.

We have marched a great way to get to this "Gettysburg." Twenty-four years the army has been moving on. In the beginning I had an interpreter; but he could not understand all the languages the Indians spoke and could not reach all the pupils. Now I use pretty big words if they happen to cross my mind, and I realize that most of you understand them.

In the beginning there was very little usefulness among the boys and girls, but now the school has grown until it is demonstrated that the Indian boys and girls are useful.

The white people come to me and ask for help. Between the first of July last and the last day of June 1903, we had 2335 requests for boys and girls from this Carlisle School to go out and work for wages.

Had it not been demonstrated that they had value and earned their wages they would not have been asked for. That stands to your credit. That shows other people there is worth in the Indians. I might stop right there and let it rest at that.

I have no doubt the results of this year will bring still larger demands. Never since the second year of the school have I had to ask for places for the boys and girls. The places have asked for them.

That is a great victory, greater than was won on the Gettysburg battlefield, and it was no accident. It was worked for, proved by labor, by experience, by Will, and established.

But some great things are accomplished by accident. It may be the time will come when there will be among the Indians those who are lifted up because they have been brought to notice by some little accomplishment. I will tell you an incident of the war that I heard day before yesterday while in Washington.

It was in the railroad office where I was looking after transportation for one of our number and I met a man who fought on Confederate side. He was a jolly good fellow and I saw in a moment about what he was and where he was in the war. He was with John Morgan.

I said, "Then you and I fought each other."

He said, "Yes" and then we went on to walk over those old times.

I was in several engagements against Morgan, and said:

"Do you remember about Gallatin?"

"Yes," then I told my story, it was about one of the horses of the commander on our side that ran over into the Confederate lines and was made a prisoner. This reminded him of an experience.

"I was only about eighteen years old when the war began," he said "and at the time of this incident I had been made a lieutenant on the staff of General Morgan. We went up into Kentucky and moved on toward the Union lines. Through the mist in the early morning we saw some camps. General Morgan said to me:

"Go down and find out how many troops there are."

It was the first duty of that sort I had had and I was excited. My heart came up into my throat and I was afraid, but I pushed on towards the camps. As soon as the Union men saw me they opened fire. I wheeled my horse and he was struck in the neck with a bullet. He was so frightened I could not manage him and he rushed up toward the Union lines. I saw I could not help it, so I gave him the reins and went at it with all my might. They shot at me several times but missed me. They seemed quite surprised at my coming right in among them. I got through to the other side of the camp, but did not go back that way. I circled around and got back to General Morgan. A worse scared fellow you never saw. Before I reached General Morgan I gained control of myself, and rode up to the General and said:

"General, there's a whole brigade there, sir."

Morgan had been watching me and he said:

"My boy, I didn't mean to send you right into that camp and count them in that way. I meant you to get close to them. Now I will make you a major."

That is how I got to be a major. Gen. Morgan made a mistake. He did not give the promotion to the right fellow. He ought to have given it to the horse."

I am going off to see some of the great things of the earth—Yellowstone Park again, those wonderful hot springs, geysers that throw the water up two hundred feet or more in the air every little while, the walls and the lakes of Yellowstone. Then up to Alaska, to see more of that country. I am going through that beautiful inland waterway where the mountains rise up out of the water, mountains so steep that men cannot climb them at places. Snow will be in sight most of the time, I will see the Muir Glacier, not the largest glacier in the world, but very large, a river of ice 1,000 feet deep, just about three miles across to the front of the glacier, a river of ice flowing down the side of the mountain and breaking off in pieces that make icebergs which the ships moving about in the water must avoid.

I expect to see more of the people in Alaska than ever before.

I leave you here and expect when I come back to be able to say to all of you; "Well done."

A few words of interest from one of our former students now at home and married at Sitka, Alaska, complaining of not receiving the "Helper" says:—"THE RED MAN is always welcomed in our home, Mr. Fitzgerald and I enjoy reading it, for it is always interesting and it reminds me of Carlisle."

"The little paper is a great teacher of good things and full of interest."—[C. G. O., Cambridge, Mass.]



BOYS IN COUNTRY HOMES.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

One more month and then school begins.

Mr. Warner's new address is Springfield, New York.

Mrs. Beitzel spent several days visiting in Harrisburg this week.

Mr. Oakley Pierce of Iroquois, N. Y. visited the school last week.

The inside of the students' dining room is having a fresh coat of paint.

Mr. E. A. Lau, wagon maker returned on Saturday from his month's vacation.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Brown visited the Battlefield at Gettysburg on Saturday.

Mr. Beitzel was in charge in the absence of Col. Pratt and Asst. Supt. Allen.

Mr. E. G. Sprow, Supt. of the tinning department is back from his annual leave.

Mr. Kensler has again shown his goodness by treating the shops to some apples.

Mr. and Mrs. Atwood of Lebanon, Pa., visited the school with Mr. Mertz on Monday.

Printer Phineas Wheelock writes from Lake Mohonk that he is having a fine vacation.

Mr. Baird after enjoying his annual leave is again in his old place in the printing office.

Asst. Supt. Allen and Mr. Brown spent several days in Washington, D. C. this week.

Football is calling the attention of our boys when the weather is not quite nice for base ball.

Nana Brown, one of our students, left for her home at Springfield, South Dakota, Thursday evening.

Paul Segui won the prize this week, making the least number of mistakes in the printing office.

Mr. Gansworth made a trip to New York State on business for the school and returned on Tuesday.

Miss Roberts has returned from her vacation and is now in charge of the Small Boys' Quarters.

Marion Brown writes from her country home in good spirit. She is enjoying her place and is in good health.

The first line-up of the season was on Tuesday evening. Nikefer's line bucking was the feature of the game.

Miss Ida Swallow is again at her desk after spending several weeks of vacation visiting relatives in the west.

Mrs. E. L. Diamant, of Philadelphia, and her grandson Francis Diamant, were guests at the school this week.

Little Isabel Wheelock was our dignified visitor in the "Sanctum" on Wednesday, when she came up with her mamma and papa.

Polly Tutikoff has gone to Steelton to live with Mrs. Hawkins, while Mollie Welch returns to the school for a little rest.

Large boys, small boys and girls are now accommodated on one side of the dining hall, while the other side is being painted.

Miguel de J. Martinez has graduated from the Carlisle Commercial College. He expects to fill a position in Philadelphia in the fall.

Dahnola Jessan, ex-student and a printer while at Carlisle, writes to the Man-on-the-band-stand giving change in address.

Mrs. Stier, daughters Kitty and Isabel of Altoona, and Miss Josephine Hann of Carlisle, with Mr. Harris, were interested visitors on Saturday.

During the absence of The Man-on-the-band-stand, Mr. Wheelock will occupy the editor's chair. He is an old printer and no doubt will feel at home.

John Foster, son of Mrs. Foster, a teacher in our academic department, has joined the printing force, and is taking great interest in the work.

Master John Hager Randolph of Lynchburg, Va., with his mamma and aunt Miss Rebecca Henderson, were interested visitors at the school on Monday.

Patrick Miguel would make a pretty good waiter. He shares out very satisfactorily when he comes around with the apples. We would like to see him often.

Mrs. Rumsport, cook for the teachers club, is back from a few weeks vacation. She is looking well. The teachers and others are glad to have her back.

Miss Anna C. Young of Carlisle, gave a birthday party on Monday at the Mansion House. Little Esther Allen was one of the guests. They sang kindergarten songs and had a fine time.

George Hogan and Joseph Washington, are working at the tin-smithing trade in town. George has been badly sun burnt, but otherwise likes the work as does Joseph.

James Dickson, who was appointed Captain of the small boys last spring, came in from the country not very long ago, and left for his home at Ft. Lapwai, Idaho, Friday evening.

Miss Charlotte Geisdorff, class '03, who has been attending Carlisle Commercial College is assisting Miss DePeltquestangue in the office during the absence of the cashier, Mr. Miller, who is on his annual leave.

Chas. A. Bender, a graduate of the class of '02, who is now playing professional ball in Philadelphia, made a short call at the school on Monday evening. His many friends greeted him on his short visit.

In a letter from Frances Ghangrow we find that she has been given a nice country home, and wishes to be remembered to all her friends.

Salem Moses, Miguel Martinez, Henry Campbell and Richard Nejo left for the shore on Tuesday morning. These will make up the twenty-two employed at Beacon-by-the-Sea.

Miss Burgess gave her printers a little advice along with something to satisfy their sweet tooth, for which they are all very thankful to her. They appreciate the interest she takes in them.

Miss Annie Parker will have charge of the teachers' dining room during the absence of Miss Noble who is on her vacation. Miss Noble left Thursday for California. We wish her a pleasant trip.

A very interesting game of baseball was played on Monday evening between the Washington Fans, and All-Giants. The grass was wet and made the game less interesting than it otherwise would have been.

In a postal from Sara Pierre to Miss Barr we note that she is enjoying her trip. She says:—"I enjoy travelling through the south, and like it for the many beautiful pastures and flowers that are seen."

Clarinda Charles '03, writes from her place in New York to friends at Carlisle that she is getting along well. Her instructions at Carlisle has been a great help to her in many ways.

Elsie Schanandore writes and sends in two subscriptions to the Man-on-the-band-stand. She writes from her country home and says, she is living with Elizabeth Baird. They are living in West Chester, and are both enjoying their summer home.

Jonas Jackson one of our printers who went home for this summer writes to Col. Pratt that he has reached his destination. He enjoyed the trip, and thinks that travelling is a great educator. He also states that the race trouble is not yet settled. On his way home he boarded a car, which was for colored people and in a little while the conductor told him to get off. Jonas says that he is well.

Colonel, Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda left Monday morning for an extended absence in the northwest. They expect to spend some days in Yellowstone Park and then go on to Seattle, sailing on the 15th on the steamer "Cottage City" for Alaska. Their route takes them to Juneau, Sitka, Wrangel, Ketchikan and other points in south eastern Alaska. Dr. and Mrs. Fox of Philadelphia joined them in Harrisburg. Miss Dow, from Jamestown, N. Y. is also one of the party.

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Mr. Weber's wife made a delicious cake, and placed thirty five candles around it. Mr. Weber was thirty five on Tuesday. We wish to join Mrs. Weber in wishing her husband many happy returns of the day. He invited his boys to partake of his cake.

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GIRLS IN COUNTRY HOMES.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICESTERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A
YEAR IN ADVANCE.ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE:
MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. 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.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

After the usual reading, Col. Pratt in-
troduced Supt. Brown, of the Morris,
Minn., Indian School, who said in part:I thank Col. Pratt for asking me to
speak to you, not especially because I
am fond of making speeches, for there
are a number of things I enjoy better;
but because I like to talk to the boys and
girls.I have never been in any place where
people listened so well to speakers who
tried to instruct or entertain as in the
Indian schools I have known, and there
is no higher praise than to say they are a
good listeners.I have to-day been on the Battlefield of
Gettysburg. I went there to see the
place where so many heroes fought for
what they believed to be right, and gave
up their lives that the cause which they
believed in might live.We do not find it hard to give up our
time and our effort for those we know
personally, those whom we meet face to
face and esteem and love, but we do find
it hard to give up our time and our plea-
sure and our lives perhaps, for a cause.
That is what those men did.The First Minnesota Regiment was
sent out to attack a force ten times their
own in numbers, without any hope that
they could defeat the enemy, and almost
every one in the regiment sacrificed his
life. Gen. Hancock, who sent them there
to stop the on-rush of that great army
knew they would be sacrificed.

Why did he do it?

For the salvation of the cause, to hold
the enemy in check in that vain attempt;
to hold it back even a few minutes—just
long enough to let reinforcements come
up behind. In five or ten minutes those
men gave up their lives for the cause.We all like to be heroes, but most of us
like to choose the time when we will be
heroes.Those men did not have time to choose.
It came to them without warning and
they laid down their lives. It would be
pretty hard to be a hero in that way.
That is one thing we must learn—to take
opportunity when it comes—the same
day, the same instant that it comes.You will go out to work pretty soon.
We have had people from Carlisle and
from other schools to work in our school.
Some succeed; some do not. Perhaps a
few things I will tell you may help you.
I am not speaking of other schools or
other graduates than those who have
worked for me. I find the average—cer-
tainly more than half the young people
who come to work with me—after they
have been at work one or two years, if
they fail, fail from this cause:If I ask them, as I did, not long ago,
“How many of you if your debts were
paid, would have enough left to provide
a decent and suitable casket if you were
to die to-morrow?” not half could answer
affirmatively. I find this condition is
not confined to Indian young people.Too many people begin at a small sala-
ry and expect to save more when they
get more. Those who do not begin to
save money at the beginning do not save
it later. I believe that anyone who gets
a cent or a dollar more than he earns is
done serious damage. The Indian Office,
I understand, has said that Indians shall
go through the same tests for the Indian
service as are required of others.Failure to provide against the present
and the future is the greatest obstacle be-
tween them and success.We need not grumble because some
one gets bigger pay than we. If you
think about it, you may see that they
have spent many years in preparation,
they may have served in minor positions
a long while and at lower salaries than
yours. Don't worry because some one
else has a better salary than you. I
have this for a motto, “That the folkswho never do more than they are paid for,
never get paid for more than they do.”Business men have told me this, that a
business man was struck out by accident
never raises the salary of an employee in
the hope that he will do better, but when
he does better and earns more than he
gets, he is given more pay.I have had an employee come to me and
state that if his pay was raised he would
be able to do more. What do you think
of that? To admit that he was not doing
as well as he ought to do, because he was
afraid he would not be paid for it.The more you put into anything the
more you can get out of it. If you do not
exert yourself you do not get anything
out of it for yourself.

Col. Pratt, followed, saying in part:

The taking care of our duties, our work,
that which is given us to do, the very best
we can, is the surest road to promotion.
“Faithful over a few things” surely and
always brings ruling over many things.
It never fails. It may take time, but pa-
tience and the accomplishment of duty
alone brings its reward always.The man who received from his lord
the larger amount is somewhat like the
boy or girl in school who gets on
readily, who is persevering, who never
fails in his lessons or work, but who
pushes to the extreme of his endurance
all the time in whatever he undertakes.
Such a one is easily picked out from his
associates. There is no trouble about it
in any walk of life; no trouble to dis-
cover this trait among boys and girls,
among men and women, in a great manu-
facturing establishment, on board a ship
among the sailors, in an army of soldiers,
in a school, anywhere.There are those who have committed to
their care five talents and are expected to
make them ten talents and who do
make them ten. The boy who has his
lessons always, who has a full knowledge
of the recitation that has been given him
is of this sort. The boy or girl who has
work to do, who is not particular about
waiting for the exact time to commence
work, but who is there a little before
time, who is not ready and particular to
quit quickly when the bell rings or who
quits several minutes before the bell
rings; or if there is anything special
to be done stays and finishes it, is the
kind who will double his talents and will
fill a higher place; but the one who is be-
hind in commencing and ahead in quit-
ting is the one who will never get much
farther.If work is scarce and the force must be
cut down, you may depend upon it that
the one who is a little behind in com-
mencing and a little before in quitting is
the one who will be discharged. The one
who is ready a little before time to begin
and who is not anxious to quit is the one
who will be wanted. There is no mistake
about it. It counts in our favor always to
be on time and to use the time in full.The one who makes excuses to quit work
three or four times a day, who leaves his
work and goes away more than is neces-
sary, coming back reluctantly, is the one
picked out to be discharged when there
are any to be discharged.The one with ten talents is the indus-
trious person. The Lord knew when he
gave him the ten talents to whom he was
giving them. He gave them to the one
who would work to the limit, who was not
prompt in quitting. To the one who paid
a fair attention to business he gave two
talents because he had judgment and
sense enough to handle a small amount
properly; but the fellow who got one tal-
ent was the quitter, not the stayer—
whose services were not in demand. He
was not particularly useful in the world.
I suppose he had to go to the poor-house
after his talent was taken away and had
to be cared for by the community. The
one-talent man was that sort of a fellow.I am going away to be gone six or seven
weeks to a far country, and yet not out-
side of this country or not very far outside
and I want to call your attention to this
particular lesson because of my going
away.I am very sure that no people in the
history of the world ever had better op-
portunities than some of the Indians
have today, in some directions; and
among those I count you who belong to
this Carlisle school as having the very
best of opportunities.You have here at Carlisle an opportu-
nity to prove yourselves—to establish to
yourselves what you yourselves are
worth. That is a great thing, for a man to
be able to prove to himself what he is
worth, for him to take hold of himselfand so handle his affairs so as to demon-
strate to himself what he is capable of.
I do not believe there are any young people
any where in the world who have a bet-
ter chance to do that than the girls and
boys of this Carlisle school.I mean that you have a chance to prove
yourselves both in gaining knowledge, and
in gaining qualities of industry of various
sorts; you have the chance to prove to
yourself just what you can do. You can
find out whether your mind is quick
and clear and whether it has a grip on
things and can hold on, and if it has not
these qualities you can cultivate them
until it has. So far as gaining a know-
ledge of books is concerned you have
here many opportunities to prove what
you are capable of in that direction.You can prove to yourself whether it is
possible to step up higher, and prove it
not only to yourself but to all with whom
you come in contact, whether they be-
long to this school or not. Learn what
your character is, what your disposition is,
whether it is what it ought to be or not,
and whether you have it in yourself to
overcome, should you find you have quali-
ties you ought not to have.If you young men and women of this
school will do your best in every line in
which you are placed and are as careful
to use your time in the school-room and
elsewhere as you ought to, I am sure
that all that goes to make up the best
things of life will be yours. You have
all the chance to accomplish this you
need ask for, and if you grow careless and
discontented and idle, and run away, you
will be a failure. In other words, I am
sure you can prove that you are worth
ten talents and can add ten talents; that
you are worth five talents and can add
five talents ten or twenty. You can make
the twenty into forty and increase the
forty into eighty and so on until you have
reached the very highest limit.I do not care that it is a hard thing for
a boy or girl in the start. I don't
care that it is a hard thing for them
to get their lessons or to do their work in
the start; you should hold yourselves to
your lessons. I don't care if you have
difficulties to contend against; but I do
care and I count it of the greatest possible
importance that you have a purpose, the
disposition which says “I will not down,”
“I will up,” “I will not ignorance,” “I
will knowledge,” “I will not laziness,”
“I will industry,” “I will not careless-
ness,” “I will skill.”The WILL is at the bottom of the
whole thing. In the mind and heart of a
boy or a girl the will reigns. In spite of
difficulties a boy or girl can become use-
ful and even great if the WILL is there,
but without that, whether intention is
good or not, failure is inevitable, is
bound to come.I shall think of you every day. I shall
not get rid of thinking of you because I
am away, not only of those who are here
at the school, but of those in the country,
and it will hurt me just as much when I
hear that a boy has demonstrated he is
a coward, that he had no will, and ran
away—it will hurt me just as much as if
I were here. And it will make me just
as glad though I be nearer to the north
pole than to you, when I hear that every
one is doing his best.We have marched a great way to get to
this “Gettysburg.” Twenty-four years
the army has been moving on. In the
beginning I had an interpreter; but he
could not understand all the languages
the Indians spoke and could not reach all
the pupils. Now I use pretty big words
if they happen to cross my mind, and I
realize that most of you understand
them.In the beginning there was very little
usefulness among the boys and girls, but
now the school has grown until it is de-
monstrated that the Indian boys and
girls are useful.The white people come to me and ask
for help. Between the first of July
last and the last day of June 1903, we had
2335 requests for boys and girls from this
Carlisle School to go out and work for
wages.Had it not been demonstrated that
they had value and earned their wages
they would not have been asked for.
That stands to your credit. That shows
other people there is worth in the Indians.
I might stop right there and let it rest at
that.I have no doubt the results of this year
will bring still larger demands. Never
since the second year of the school have
I had to ask for places for the boys and
girls. The places have asked for them.That is a great victory, greater than
was won on the Gettysburg battlefield,
and it was no accident. It was worked
for, proved by labor, by experience, by
Will, and established.But some great things are accomplished
by accident. It may be the time will
come when there will be among the In-
dians those who are lifted up because
they have been brought to notice by some
little accomplishment. I will tell you an
incident of the war that I heard of be-
fore yesterday while in Washington.It was in the railroad office where I was
looking after transportation for one of
our number and I met a man who fought
on Confederate side. He was a jolly good
fellow and I saw in a moment about what
he was and where he was in the war. He
was with John Morgan.I said, “Then you and I fought each
other.”He said, “Yes” and then we went on to
walk over those old times.I was in several engagements against
Morgan, and said:

“Do you remember about Gallatin?”

“Yes,” then I told my story. It was
about one of the horses of the commander
on our side that ran over into the Confed-
erate lines and was made a prisoner. This
reminded him of an experience.“I was only about eighteen years old
when the war began,” he said “and at the
time of this incident I had been made a
lieutenant on the staff of General Mor-
gan. We went up into Kentucky and
moved on toward the Union lines. Through
the mist in the early morning we saw
some camps. General Morgan said to me:“Go down and find out how many troops
there are.”It was the first duty of that sort I had
had and I was excited. My heart came
up into my throat and I was afraid, but I
pushed on towards the camps. As soon
as the Union men saw me they opened fire.
I wheeled my horse and he was struck in
the neck with a bullet. He was so fright-
ened I could not manage him and he
rushed up toward the Union lines. I saw
I could not help it, so I gave him the
reins and went at it with all my might.
They shot at me several times but missed
me. They seemed quite surprised at my
coming right in among them. I got
through to the other side of the camp,
but did not go back that way. I circled
around and got back to General Morgan.
A worse scared fellow you never saw. Be-
fore I reached General Morgan I gained
control of myself, and rode up to the
General and said:“General, there's a whole brigade there,
sir.”Morgan had been watching me and he
said:“My boy, I didn't mean to send you
right into that camp and count them in
that way. I meant you to get close to
them. Now I will make you a major.”That is how I got to be a major. Gen.
Morgan made a mistake. He did not
give the promotion to the right fellow.
He ought to have given it to the horse.”I am going off to see some of the great
things of the earth—Yellowstone Park
again, those wonderful hot springs, gey-
sers that throw the water up two hundred
feet or more in the air every little while,
the walls and the lakes of Yellowstone.
Then up to Alaska, to see more of that
country. I am going through that beau-
tiful inland waterway where the moun-
tains rise up out of the water, mountains
so steep that men cannot climb them at
places. Snow will be in sight most of the
time, I will see the Muir Glacier, not
the largest glacier in the world, but very
large, a river of ice 1,000 feet deep, just
about three miles across to the front of
the glacier, a river of ice flowing down
the side of the mountain and breaking off
in pieces that make icebergs which the
ships moving about in the water must
avoid.I expect to see more of the people in
Alaska than ever before.I leave you here and expect when I
come back to be able to say to all of you;
“Well done.”A few words of interest from one of our
former students now at home and married
at Sitka, Alaska, complaining of not re-
ceiving the “Helper” says:—“THE RED
MAN is always welcomed in our home.
Mr. Fitzgerald and I enjoy reading it, for
it is always interesting and it reminds me
of Carlisle.”“The little paper is a great teacher of
good things and full of interest.”—[C. G.
O., Cambridge, Mass.]



BOYS IN COUNTRY HOMES.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

One more month and then school begins.

Mr. Warner's new address is Springville, New York.

Mrs. Beitzel spent several days visiting in Harrisburg this week.

Mr. Oakley Pierce of Iroquois, N. Y. visited the school last week.

The inside of the students' dining room is having a fresh coat of paint.

Mr. E. A. Lau, wagon maker returned on Saturday from his month's vacation.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Brown visited the Battlefield at Gettysburg on Saturday.

Mr. Beitzel was in charge in the absence of Col. Pratt and Asst. Supt. Allen.

Mr. E. G. Sprow, Supt. of the tinning department is back from his annual leave.

Mr. Kensler has again shown his goodness by treating the shops to some apples.

Mr. and Mrs. Atwood of Lebanon, Pa., visited the school with Mr. Mertz on Monday.

Printer Phineas Wheelock writes from Lake Mohonk that he is having a fine vacation.

Mr. Baird after enjoying his annual leave is again in his old place in the printing office.

Asst. Supt. Allen and Mr. Brown spent several days in Washington, D. C. this week.

Football is calling the attention of our boys when the weather is not quite nice for base ball.

Nana Brown, one of our students, left for her home at Springfield, South Dakota, Thursday evening.

Paul Segui won the prize this week, making the least number of mistakes in the printing office.

Mr. Gansworth made a trip to New York State on business for the school and returned on Tuesday.

Miss Roberts has returned from her vacation and is now in charge of the Small Boys' Quarters.

Marion Brown writes from her country home in good spirit. She is enjoying her place and is in good health.

The first line-up of the season was on Tuesday evening. Nikefer's line bucking was the feature of the game.

Miss Ida Swallow is again at her desk after spending several weeks of vacation visiting relatives in the west.

Mrs. E. L. Diamant, of Philadelphia, and her grandson Francis Diamant, were guests at the school this week.

Little Isabel Wheelock was our dignified visitor in the "Sanctum" on Wednesday, when she came up with her mamma and papa.

Polly Tutikoff has gone to Steelton to live with Mrs. Hawkins, while Mollie Welch returns to the school for a little rest.

Large boys, small boys and girls are now accommodated on one side of the dining hall, while the other side is being painted.

Miguel de J. Martinez has graduated from the Carlisle Commercial College. He expects to fill a position in Philadelphia in the fall.

Dahnola Jessan, ex-student and a printer while at Carlisle, writes to the Man-on-the-band-stand giving change in address.

Mrs. Stier, daughters Kitty and Isabel of Altoona, and Miss Josephine Hann of Carlisle, with Mr. Harris, were interested visitors on Saturday.

During the absence of The Man-on-the-band-stand, Mr. Wheelock will occupy the editor's chair. He is an old printer and no doubt will feel at home.

John Foster, son of Mrs. Foster, a teacher in our academic department, has joined the printing force, and is taking great interest in the work.

Master John Hager Randolph of Lynchburg, Va., with his mamma and aunt Miss Rebecca Henderson, were interested visitors at the school on Monday.

Patrick Miguel would make a pretty good waiter. He shares out very satisfactorily when he comes around with the apples. We would like to see him often.

Mrs. Rumsport, cook for the teachers club, is back from a few weeks vacation. She is looking well. The teachers and others are glad to have her back.

Miss Anna C. Young of Carlisle, gave a birthday party on Monday at the Mansion House. Little Esther Allen was one of the guests. They sang kindergarten songs and had a fine time.

George Hogan and Joseph Washington, are working at the tin-smithing trade in town. George has been badly sun burnt, but otherwise likes the work as does Joseph.

James Dickson, who was appointed Captain of the small boys last spring, came in from the country not very long ago, and left for his home at Ft. Lapwai, Idaho, Friday evening.

Miss Charlotte Geisdorff, class '03, who has been attending Carlisle Commercial College is assisting Miss DePeltquestangue in the office during the absence of the cashier, Mr. Miller, who is on his annual leave.

Chas. A. Bender, a graduate of the class of '02, who is now playing professional ball in Philadelphia, made a short call at the school on Monday evening. His many friends greeted him on his short visit.

In a letter from Frances Ghangrow we find that she has been given a nice country home, and wishes to be remembered to all her friends.

Salem Moses, Miguel Martinez, Henry Campbell and Richard Nejo left for the shore on Tuesday morning. These will make up the twenty-two employed at Beacon-by-the-Sea.

Miss Burgess gave her printers a little advice along with something to satisfy their sweet tooth, for which they are all very thankful to her. They appreciate the interest she takes in them.

Miss Annie Parker will have charge of the teachers' dining room during the absence of Miss Noble who is on her vacation. Miss Noble left Thursday for California. We wish her a pleasant trip.

A very interesting game of baseball was played on Monday evening between the Washington Fans, and All-Giants. The grass was wet and made the game less interesting than it otherwise would have been.

In a postal from Sara Pierre to Miss Barr we note that she is enjoying her trip. She says:—"I enjoy travelling through the south, and like it for the many beautiful pastures and flowers that are seen."

Clarinda Charles '03, writes from her place in New York to friends at Carlisle that she is getting along well. Her instructions at Carlisle has been a great help to her in many ways.

Elsie Schanandore writes and sends in two subscriptions to the Man-on-the-band-stand. She writes from her country home and says, she is living with Elizabeth Baird. They are living in West Chester, and are both enjoying their summer home.

Jonas Jackson one of our printers who went home for this summer writes to Col. Pratt that he has reached his destination. He enjoyed the trip, and thinks that travelling is a great educator. He also states that the race trouble is not yet settled. On his way home he boarded a car, which was for colored people and in a little while the conductor told him to get off. Jonas says that he is well.

Colonel, Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda left Monday morning for an extended absence in the northwest. They expect to spend some days in Yellowstone Park and then go on to Seattle, sailing on the 15th on the steamer "Cottage City" for Alaska. Their route takes them to Juneau, Sitka, Wrangel, Ketchikan and other points in south eastern Alaska. Dr. and Mrs. Fox of Philadelphia joined them in Harrisburg. Miss Dow, from Jamestown, N. Y. is also one of the party.

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Miss Smith writes from Chautauqua N. Y. that she is enjoying her summer work there very much. She is taking physical culture and nature study and is kept quite busy. She was anticipating a trip up the lakes with friends when she wrote.

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Misses Burgess, Noble and Lizzie Aiken and Prof. Wm. Burgess left Thursday morning for the Pacific Coast. The ladies will attend the Indian Institute at Newport and Prof. Burgess the National G. A. R. encampment in San Francisco.

The local page this week is almost entirely the work of student printers. They have been all over the institution pencil and pad in hand interviewing everyone who showed symptoms of having an item.

Rev W. C. Kingsbury arrived with 27 pupils from the St. Regis Reservation, New York, this morning. Nine girls and eighteen boys.

Mr. Reising writes to have his address changed to Palmyra, Indiana.



GIRLS IN COUNTRY HOMES.

REINDEER IN ALASKA.

It will be remembered that our friend Dr. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education in Alaska, started the reindeer enterprise, several years ago. As Col. Pratt and family have gone to Alaska, (not so far north, however, as the reindeer-herding) the following clipping seems the more interesting:

A newspaper correspondent, writing from Dutch Harbor, Alaska, asserts that reindeer-herding bids fair to become almost as successful an industry in northern and western Alaska as it is in Lapland. It is hoped that the native population of Alaska will yet rely on this means of subsistence as universally as do the Lapps, to whom the reindeer supply food, clothing and sole means of transportation.

Most of the herds in Alaska are thriving and multiplying. Reports from the reindeer stations are most encouraging, and it is generally admitted that the project has passed the experimental stage.

The Eskimos at Cape Prince of Wales have become expert drivers and herders. A missionary at that place, named Lopp, has a herd of more than five hundred reindeer, which have multiplied from a small number brought over from Siberia by the government. The station is situated four or five miles from the cape, behind the mountains which overlook Bering Sea.

Here there are eight Eskimo boys, from fifteen to twenty-three years old who have been trained for the last three or four years to care for the herd. Mr. Lopp himself took his first lessons from Laplanders, brought over to show men on the Alaskan side how to herd deer and make them thrive. These Eskimo boys have set at rest all doubts regarding the adaptability of the Alaskan natives for this work.

"Lopp's boys," as they are called by the whalers and government officers who visit the cape during the summer season, are as intelligent as any natives that can be found in Alaska. They occupy their time while watching the herd in carving very skilful representations of native scenes, using wood and walrus ivory for the purpose.

The famous herd of Artisarlook, or Charley as he was known to white men in Alaska, is still located at Point Rodney. Artisarlook died last summer, but Mary, his widow, cares for the deer, which now number several hundred. Here also, the native boys have learned how to herd the animals, and some deer have been broken to sledges.

The reindeer does not travel fast, seven miles an hour being the swiftest. In Alaska owing to the roughness of the region, the driver generally finds it safest to walk, or rather run, behind sledge. While being driven the animal is a curious combination of timidity and stubbornness. Harsh treatment will frighten it so that it runs beyond control, upsetting the load, breaking harness, and leaving the driver in a state of hopeless anger. The deer is guided by a single rope or strap hitched to its head, and a skilful driver knows that a gentle pull on this rope in the direction he wishes the deer to take is better than a hard pull. A more vigorous suggestion might be resented by the deer, and his stubbornness would probably lead him to take the opposite direction or to stop altogether and refuse to go on.

The whole number of domesticated deer in Alaska is now a little more than three thousand. The food and clothing furnished by reindeer are not to be despised even by white people. The meat was brought over in considerable quantities from Siberia last summer to the mining camps, and commanded a higher price than refrigerated beef from the Pacific coast.

The outfit of a miner in Alaska is not complete without one or more reindeer coats or parkies. A parkie made of deer-skin, and weighing no more than two pounds, keeps a man warmer than the heaviest woolen overcoat, and the lightness is a very strong point in its favor.

THE WHITE MAN NEVER SLEEPS.

The Washington correspondent of the Kansas City Journal under date of July 29, says:

G. L. Truitt, an official of the Frisco system, in an interview talked interestingly of the Indian Territory. He said: "The unprecedented rush of settlers to Indian Territory is continuing. The Frisco system in the last month has book-

ed up more than 400 families who will move in the near future, taking up land in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations under a three year lease preparatory to the opening of the entire Territory which consists of 11,000,000 acres of as fine farming land as there is in the Mississippi or Red river valley.

"Under the law of March 4, 1902, the Green River, Choctaw, Chickasaw and other nations are privileged to lease their allotments of land to the white settlers, and the latter have practically leased about one third of the Territory in order to secure the choice homestead lands in anticipation of the opening in 1906.

"Those on the ground avoid the grand scramble and retain the leased lands under the recently enacted homestead law governing the opening of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Indian Land to public settlement."

Mr. Truitt, who has recently made a trip through the Indian Territory, stated that the easterner has no conception of the richness of the farming land in that country. Without fertilizer or enriching process of any kind, the land he says, is capable of producing just twice the crops that can be produced on a highly fertilized farm in the east.

A GOOD WAY TO KEEP THEM INDIAN.

Durant, July 24.—Advices from Tulsa are to the effect that, a squad of fullblood Osage blanket Indians, about fifty in number, are enroute to this place from the Osage nation to attend the reunion of the Indian Territory Confederate Veterans to be held here on August 6, 7 and 8. They will come on their own ponies in full Indian garb, and will appear in parade and sing war songs in their native tongue. They will also take an active part in the green corn dances and Indian ball game, which will be conducted by fifty fullblood Choctaws.—[The Indian Journal.

ENTERPRISING CHOCTAWS.

A despatch to the Indian Journal, dated July 24, says:

At the rate the Mississippi Choctaws are coming into this country to take their allotments there will be little left for the Chickasaws when they get through. At Duncan yesterday there were sixteen families of fullblood Choctaws, just arrived from Mississippi, who came to select their allotments from the rich, fertile Chickasaw prairies surrounding the place. All of them had money and they stated that just as soon as they had made their selections they would improve the land sufficiently to hold it.

WHO SAYS INDIANS WILL NOT WORK?

The Indian Journal is fed to the press by an Indian woman. Says that paper:

Every copy of the weekly—1,260—we are sending out to our readers each week is fed into the press by a fullblood Indian woman Mrs. Betty Scott, whose husband turns the press.

She does not speak English, but her

deficiency in this respect is amply atoned for by her native good sense.

Every week she accompanies her husband to the Journal office and feeds the press while he turns.

When the paper is off they both pitch in and help fold.

She folds neater than the latest improved folder and he turns better than a cranky gasoline engine.

WE HAVE HEARD THE SAME KIND.

At the request of the new pastor, who was a bit old-fashioned, the church choir soprano sang a solo:

"Fro-o-o-m Gr-r-ee-ee-ee-nla-a-and's i-icy mou-ou-ou-ountains,
Fr-r-o-o-m In-n-di-a-a's co-o-ral stra-a-and,
Whe-e-e-re A-a-a-fric's su-u-u-unny fou-ou-ou-ountains.
Ro-o-o-oll dow-ow-ow-own the-e-e-ir go-o-ol-den sa-a-a-and,"

etc.
"I wanted to hear that hymn sung once again, brethren," said the pastor, "before it is dropped out of the hymn-book. I am, sorry, though, that the icy mountains caused our sister's voice to shiver so. For our morning lesson, we will read the fourteenth chapter of the gospel according to John."—[Chicago Tribune.

BROOM INDUSTRY.

MUSKOGEE I. T., July 23.—There was organized in this city tonight a company that will build and operate a broom factory at Indian university, a Baptist mission school for Indians, located near this city. The object of the factory is to teach the Indian children a trade and to furnish them work by which the poor may be able to pay their way through school. The factory will have a capacity sufficient to employ all the 200 students who want to work. It is believed that the plan will enable many poor Indians to go to the school and that the factory will be a paying institution. It is the first time an industrial department has been attempted in an Indian school in the Indian territory.—Guthrie Leader, Okla.

GONE TO NORTH DAKOTA.

Oscar Davis, who has been living here since he graduated from the Carlisle school this year, and who occasionally worked in the Tomahawk office as a printer since his return from school, left this morning for Lisbon, N. D., where he will join his mother, Mrs. Maggrab, wife of Rev. J. A. Maggrab who lives there. Oscar is a steady, reliable young man and our best wishes for his further success go with him.—The Tomahawk.

STILL DANCING.

The Ponca Indians are the guests of the Osages this week. They have held several big dances and Thursday afternoon of this week held their annual smoke.

FOR SUN DANCE.—Two thousand Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians are camped west of Watonga for their annual sun dance.—[Osage Journal.



THE LITTLE GIRL SEATED IS ESANTEUCK AS SHE ARRIVED AT CARLISLE. THEY ARE THE SAME ESQUIMEAU CHILDREN IN PICTURE 1ST PAGE.

A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM.

I wonder how I'd like it,
And I wonder who I'd be,
Supposing I was somebody else
And somebody else was me!

I wonder—I just wonder,
What boy I'd like to be,
Supposing I didn't like him
When I found that he was me!

WILL NOT BE ABOLISHED.

Rev. J. A. Gilfillian, one of the most faithful friends of the Indians in this state, and who is now a resident of Washington, D. C., informs us that he recently called on Commissioner Jones in behalf of the continuation of the Government boarding schools at Wild Rice River and Pine Point, and was informed by the latter that it was not the intention of the government to abolish either of these schools.

Everyone who is interested in the education of the Indians, besides the Indians will be glad to learn that none of the educational facilities of this reservation will be cut out for this year at least. —[The Tomahawk.

TEMPERANCE TESTIMONIES.

Alcohol nowadays is responsible for more ravages than pestilence, famine, or war.—Gladstone.

Alcohol gives neither health nor strength, nor warmth nor happiness. It does nothing but harm.—Tolstoi.

Alcohol is no more a digester than an appetizer. In whatever shape it presents itself it is a poison.—Fransisque Sarcey.

"Do you know what that man is drinking from the glass which shakes so in his trembling hand? He is drinking the tears and the blood and the life of his wife and children."

ENIGMA.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 9, 3, 12, 5 is a good direction for uneducated Indians to go to learn.

My 4, 6, 7, 8 is what Indians love to learn to do.

My 2, 10, 1, 12 nearly all river Indians handle with skill.

My 11, 2, 3, 1 is what waves do.

My whole is what our boys and girls are longing to have to eat, and will have plenty of as soon as it grows big enough.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Business enterprise.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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