

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
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OPTIMISM.



HERE'S ever a fresher strength to come
With the dawning day,
There's ever a brighter hope to shine
O'er our future way,
And always a vision more perfect,
more clear,
Is waiting for us in some coming year.
There's ever a dearer dream to bless
Than has yet come true,
There's ever a richer ship at sea
Than has crossed the blue,
And always a rapture more keen
and deep,
Is waiting for us ere we fall asleep.

There's ever a sweeter rose to bloom
Than the spring hath brought,
There's ever a grander song to rise
Than our ears have caught,
And always a summer more green, some-
where,
Is waiting for us with its promise rare.

There's ever a fairer scene to view
Than the present one,
There are golden milestones we shall pass
Ere the journey's done,
And always a strength beyond failure's tears—
Here's heart for the yoke, and hope for the
years!

ESTHER HOOKER TROWBRIDGE,
in The Presbyterian Banner.

OFF TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Notes From Miss Burgess' Journal.
Saturday, August 8, 1903.

Resting in Chicago among relatives was pleasant. Taking in all the sights possible after arriving at 7:30 A. M. we ended the day in shooting the chutes, looping the loops, knotting the figure 8, exploring the horrors of Katzenjammer castle, excursioning on baby rail-roads with tracks a foot wide and engine so small that the engineer was obliged to sit astride his locomotive to operate it, while the bell rung by a string was the size of a tea bell. Chicago can probably boast of having more amusements for children and giddy people in a small space than any city I have seen. The idea seems to be to furnish breath-taking and heart-lifting sensations. In the looping of the loop passengers in a small car turn a complete somersault standing for a fraction of a second on their heads, and oh, the sensation! It is "so thrilling(?) don't you know" and only costs ten cents. And so with the figure eight. One feels as though he was going to be flung into the street from a high precipice and there are numerous dips in the miniature journey that take your breath, and enough fools to fill the cars every time. Out of curiosity the young lady selling tickets was watched for 20 minutes, and the average number sold was 15 a minute.

It is all right to take some pleasure as we go along through life, but there are laboring people who need their pennies for the necessities of life, and spend dollars every week on these merry-go-rounds and the other mechanical devices operated to amuse. The children cry for "shoot the chutes," they want to go a "widing" on the baby railway and ask for this and that, and must be indulged. They are being falsely educated to extravagance and waste, to the end no doubt that "wilful waste brings woeful want." Such people however never want to hear words of warning, and only when it is too late, and old age, attended with pain and misery for the lack of the money squandered in youthful pastime which gave but momentary pleasure, is upon them, are they, poor creatures, to be helped and pitied.

Chicago is a dirty city. There are beautiful boulevards, shaded streets kept clean and beautified, but in the parts inhabited by those of mediocre means and where the day laborer lives, the filth and litter and the lack of macadamized streets are a disgrace to a city of the name that Chicago bears.

On some streets built up with good looking houses the mud or sand is of a depth to make it very disagreeable going about.

We enjoyed Lincoln Park, and were in time to see the feeding of the sea-lions. A basket of white fish, from six to eight inches long was thrown to the eager crea-

tures by the keeper. They would dive for them, or catch them in their mouths. The largest lion caught his bait like an expert ball man behind the bat, to the amusement of all. The collection of animals is an attractive feature.

We took a number of rides by trolley, cable cars and elevated. Passed twice under the Chicago river through tunnels lighted by electricity. The transit facilities of the Windy City are said to be superior to many places.

The great Electric Elevated Loop (overhead,) surface cable, surface electric, the regular steam rail-ways through subways and tunnels, the three systems at one and the same moment, carry one over the other hundreds of passengers, here, and there, everywhere causing amazement, consternation, confusion in the mind of the beholder.

I never spend even a few hours in a busy, rushing, whirling city, but I'm impressed with the nervous tension on which the city people live. The little drawn faces of the news-boys, who call in piping voices their papers—dirty faced, saucy, ragged urchins they are, some of them possibly our governors, statesmen, editors and noble citizens to be, but most of them destined to die young as the result of poverty stricken conditions. They are bright, intense little fellows from whom the deliberate Indian boys might learn many a lesson in hustling.

Sunday, August 9.

We all went to Friends' meeting on the fifth floor of a building used for school purposes on Van Buren Street.

A small company of not more than thirty gathered there to sit in silence. They expected no preaching, but after a period of the most silent silence I almost ever experienced, "Father" Burgess was moved to address the little company. He spoke upon what constitutes true worship of the Father in Spirit and in Truth, forms and ceremonies having no meaning. He gave an historical review of the making of the Bible—the King James version and the change in certain passages of Scripture which gave a different meaning to the whole, and the importance of being guided by the Divine Light within.

We were all most cordially received. It was Miss Noble's and Lizzie Aiken's

first attendance upon such a meeting, and they were much impressed with the simplicity of form.

At the close of the religious meeting there was a business meeting, during which the queries were read, and the advices as incorporated in the discipline. The former comprise questions relative to the conduct of Friends, their habits of life, the rearing of their children, the living within their means, etc., all of which were answered in a form to be sent to the next quarterly meeting.

Monday, August 10.

Last night we were led to our sleeper sections by the porter at 10 o'clock.

Our friends went with us to the train and as there was considerable delay, we enjoyed more last words than calculated upon. We are on a special G. A. R. train, and the passengers all are disappointed with the accommodations. Many took tourist sleepers, having been told they were clean, up-to-date and comfortable.

The Santa Fe Company evidently has been put to more of a test in this excursion than they anticipated, for most of the tourist sleepers on this section are old and worn out, and so open-roofed from decay that the first shower came pouring in upon us in great streams, causing confusion and inconvenience to passengers. Baggage and lunch were drowned out and seats were changed. Not a window in car seems to be in order and as for a dressing room there is none, while a chance to wash is illy provided for with cracked bowls of iron—a most miserable "lay-out" for comfort and pleasure in the face of the circulars' promises—that they are almost as good as the Standard Pullmans, with illustrations displaying their fine equipment. "All is not gold that glitters." All that we see written in the form of a promise does not come to pass.

The weather save the "leaky" shower has been fine and cool. Kansas now is beautiful. We are at this writing passing through the corn belt at the rate of 50 miles an hour. The yield of corn this year promises to take the lead in quantity and quality of any like area in the world.

The flooded districts have quite recovered themselves. The very rains that caus-

ed such great devastation will prove the richest blessing to the State. As we passed Lawrence, our eyes followed the horizon for a mile or so till they fell upon Haskell Institute. The buildings show up well from the railroad. At Kansas City Lizzie's eyes wandered as in a dream Oklahoma ward. She even said she would like to go, but the scenery and the society around her soon brought her back to the purpose and pleasures of this trip and she will go home later.

It is fair to say that we were made comfortable by the Pullman people, were taken into a Standard coach and had a fine rest, thanks to the obliging conductor after considerable complaint.

INDIAN FOLK LORE.

How the World was Made.

The earth is a great island, floating in a sea of water and suspended at each of the four cardinal points by a cord, hanging down from the sky vault, which is of solid rock. When the world grows old and worn out, the people will die, and the cords will break and let the earth sink down into the ocean, and all will be water again. The Indians are afraid of this.

When all was water, the animals were above in Galun-la-ti, beyond the arch; but it was very much crowded, and they were wanting more room. They wondered what was below the water, and at last Day-u-ni-si, "Beaver's grand-child," the little water-beetle, offered to go and see if it could learn. It darted in every direction over the surface of the water, but could find no firm place to rest. Then it dived to the bottom and came up with some soft mud, which began to grow and spread on every side until it became the island which we call the earth. It was afterward fastened to the sky with four cords, but no one remembers who did this.

At first the earth was flat and very soft and wet. The animals were anxious to get down, and sent out different birds to see if it was yet dry, but they found no place to alight and came back to Galunla-ti. At last it seemed to be time, and they sent out the buzzard and told him to go and make ready for them. This was

(Continued on the last page.)



INTERIOR OF GIRLS' BED ROOM.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE:
MISS M. BURGESS SUPT. PRINTING
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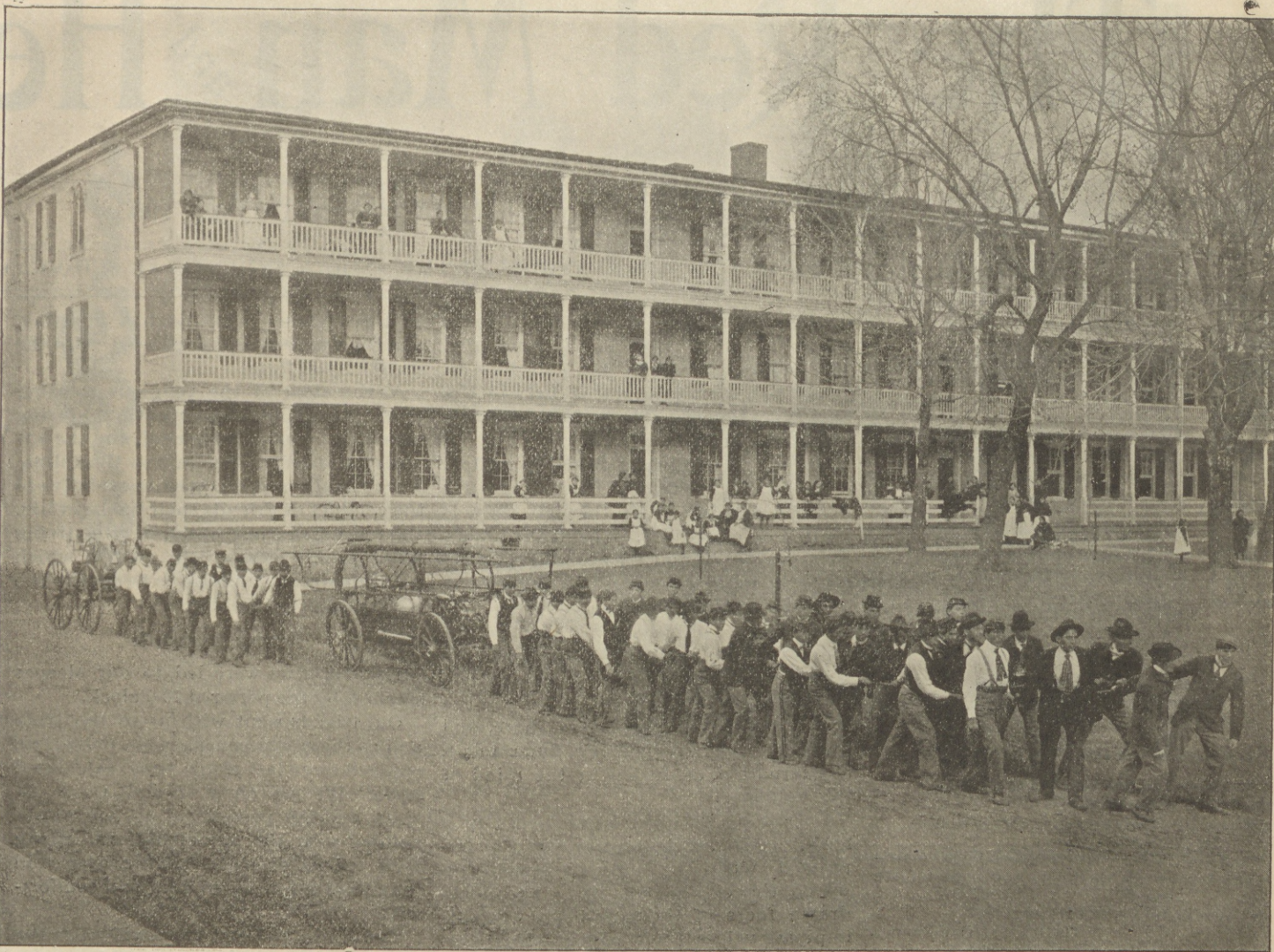
Loyalty, to my mind, is devotion to the cause that claims us. We are surely supposed by our employer, the United States, to be constant to the best interests of the Indian. A proper manifestation of that interest does not lie in the direction of building up imposing edifices as monuments to our self judged greatness. The man who has the courage to refrain from constantly asking for increased appropriations but to use the means already at hand toward bringing a speedy termination to the entire Indian business is the most valuable friend to the race. My friend, if you are seeking glory, leave our fields and go into those more liberally supplied with grand stands. Men and women are wanted in this work who are too keenly alive to the sacredness of the duty before them to lend themselves to any spectacular features demanded by a pleasure seeking public.

Love for the Indian and hatred of all institutions or conditions that encourage race distinction or discrimination for him is the test of loyalty that searches the hearts of all from the Honorable Secretary down through the Indian Office to the humblest employe of the most unpretentious school. You know of the workers in the more remote sections of the field who are ever desirous of transfer to those nearer to the centers of civilization. This desire becomes more pronounced when there is a family of children in the case. No parent worthy of the name will consider for a moment rearing his children to manhood and womanhood on an Indian reservation; nor do most of us believe that we can ourselves long be subjected to the influences that obtain in that environment without impairment. To be equally true to the interests of the Indian we should desire for him the same opportunities that we find are necessary to preserve civilization in our own children fixed as we deem it in ourselves.

Labor to perpetuate the necessity for Indian schools is labor to keep a weak people from becoming strong. The strength of our public school system we all know is not in the superiority of the teacher nearly so much as in the associations. With every lesson learned from the schoolmaster a dozen equally valuable come from the boys and girls whom you met day after day in the classroom and upon the playground. We should speedily place the Indian where he will have the benefit of the associations that make for enlightenment; where he will enter by the shortest route into the full enjoyment of complete civilization. Any influence tending to retard this movement has its inception in the most base disloyalty possible. This is not a young nor virile race. It is doubtless in the late evening of its life, and as Indians it is passing quickly to inevitable extinction. All experience in race development and decay tell us that it cannot be preserved. While it is impossible and shall I say undesirable to preserve the INDIAN it is possible and much to be desired that we save the MAN. As you and I are given places where we may help to accomplish this salvation let us labor to do it with fidelity, enthusiasm, faith and hardest and most important quality of all, unselfishness.

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.

Believe in yourself. That is the way to make other people believe in you and it is the way to become what you want to be. It is the people who have believed thoroughly in themselves and their missions who have made the world believe in them. Napoleon was a great general because it never occurred to him that he could lose. Luther changed the thought of Europe and the history of the world because he believed so thoroughly that he was right that nothing could daunt him. Columbus gained the support of a queen and found a world because his belief in himself inspired confidence in others.



WEST END OF THE GIRLS' QUARTERS AND THE FIRE COMPANY.

The first requisite to success in any calling or in any work is this confidence. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you." The old, and seemingly somewhat exaggerated statements of the Bible have always a strong foundation in psychology.

It is interesting in this connection to recall the observations of a certain psychologist who was experimenting with chickens. His story of a timid chick and how it was trained to bravery points a lesson to the diffident. The chick was so timid that he ran from the least intrusion. If another chick picked at him, he ran. If he was jostled by his brothers in a scramble for food, he withdrew from the scramble out of pure fear. But the psychologist set about teaching him to believe in himself. By enticing the other chickens with food he made them run from the timid chick. Presently the chick began to run after them; and as they ran away when he chased, he believed that they were afraid of him, and courage flamed in his breast. Little by little he got braver and chased harder. He was so set up that he began to attack the others in front as well as in the rear. He was so used to having them run from him that he had forgotten what it was to be afraid. He became a fighter, and in the end the others ran from him in earnest. He was just the same chicken, so far as his physical powers were concerned—that is, the same in relation to the other chicks. Only one thing had changed—now he believed in himself, and the hen-yard was his oyster.

Human beings are not very different from chickens. If you are afraid of the world, the world will misuse you. If you march valiantly forward, it will retreat before you. If you take the word "fail" out of your bright lexicon, you do not fail. It all lies in what you believe you can do.

Believe, then, in yourself. Never fear failure, or hesitate to do a thing because you think you would not succeed. Just gird yourself up and go after what you want, and in nine cases out of ten you will get it.—[Woman's Home Companion.]

It is the sad duty of THE RED MAN & HELPER to announce the death, Monday afternoon of one of our students, Katie Adams from Crow Agency, Montana. Along with the sorrow occasioned by this death is the joy of being able to testify to her admirable character. She was one of the most conscientious Christian girls Carlisle has had, and though she left us while her years were few they were rich in the influence of a beautiful life. The funeral services were held in the Catholic church and the remains interred in the school cemetery.

EXTRACTS FROM PAPERS AND ADDRESSES
AT THE INDIAN INSTITUTE AT BOSTON,
MASS. IN JULY.

Cultivating the Work Spirit Among Indian Pupils.

BY SUPT. AXEL JACOBSON.

The work spirit has gradually been developed in the minds of our white citizens through necessity; all that can possibly be done under our present system of schools is being done to cultivate this spirit among the Indian pupils. It is a wise parent who allows his boy to gain some insight into the management of his financial affairs. If the people in charge of pupils would take enough personal interest in them to talk to them about their work, and keep continually before them the fact that constant effort will make them proficient in the different kinds of work, they would be enabled to make such good use of their proficiency as to add greatly to their material advantages in the ownership of farms, houses, shops, etc. The work spirit can be greatly stimulated by the teacher in the school-room. The move which has been made to establish a small bank accounts among pupils is commendable, and will act as a stimulus to spirit of economy among them.

By Superintendent Peairs, Haskell.

As in the schools of France, certain institutions are devoted to the study of and cultivating of grapes, certain others to the fishing industry, still others to dairying; so it was felt that the Indian youth of certain tribes might with advantage be taught dairying or herding, for instance, and the whole work of the school be made to centre about that industry.

In all those schools undenominational religious work is carried on, and opportunity is given to both Protestants and Catholics to influence the life of the young pupils. In some of the schools there is cordial co-operation between Catholic priests and Protestant clergyman, and it is much to be hoped that this will soon be true of all.

Having to consider the system of schools under which our Indian youths are being educated, let us inquire how far the system has qualified them for citizenship. When one goes to the agencies where returned students live in the greatest numbers, he finds that most of the important positions at the agency,—those of interpreters, clerks, farmer and policeman—are filled by returned students, and that nearly every place in the trades shops, except that of foreman, is filled by boys who have learned more or less of a trade at school. In the boarding schools one or more will usually be found in the classrooms as teachers, and several in industrial positions. Among the same

schools—little Oases in the desert of ignorance—very often an educated Indian and his wife are in charge, doing their best teaching by providing a living object lesson to both children and parents. At several agencies societies have sprung up among the returned students, which hold the leaders together, sustaining the weak. They have proved of political as well as ethical value, supplying the places made vacant in civil affairs by the deposition of the chiefs and the absence of any other guiding power.

The Essential Qualifications of Good Citizenship.

BY DR. JAMES H. CANFIELD.

There are certain qualifications of American citizenship which are generally understood that seem to be permanently necessary. I would put as the first the great underlying characteristic, a sound character. There never was a time in the history of this country when more character was needed than now. In the simpler days, perhaps they might have got on without as much of it; for instance, when a man personally attended to all his business affairs, it was not so necessary that his employees should be men of great character and business intelligence. But now things have reached the point when men can no longer be responsible for the details of their business, and must rely with absolute confidence upon the character of their employees.

The man is out of place who has no true perspective and has no power of adjustment. Intelligence and industry go hand in hand. The idle man has no place in this country. The successful one must be largely and wisely unselfish. He must have such breath of vision that he regards his relations to the community with the same concern that he regards his own private concerns. He must be willing to share public responsibility. No individual rises in the world without assuming responsibilities. We have no special class that is making civilization for us. Good citizenship demands that we all join in.

Word comes to the RED MAN AND HELPER that the charges preferred against Supt. Chas. E. Burton of the Kean's Canon School, Arizona, by representatives of the Sequoia League have been demonstrated to be without foundation and Mr. Burton is completely exonerated. It is understood that a retraction will be made through the columns of "Out West."

Joseph Washington and Spencer Williams of the tinning department fixed spouting on the large boys quarters and Mr. Allen's house this week without any assistance from their instructor Mr. Sprow. It is gratifying to note the growing desire among the boys of the various shops to do things unaided by the instructors. We are growing in this respect and much credit is due to the shop superintendents,

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Mr. Allen spent Friday in Washington.

Mrs. Mason Pratt and children are spending a few days at the school.

Mr. Johnson Bradley spent Saturday at Steelton looking over the steel works there.

Mr. Thompson spent Wednesday afternoon in Harrisburg on business connected with the school.

Out of the 16 new boys in the small boys quarters only one has shown any sign of home sickness.

Solomon Spring of Basom, N. Y. arrived Tuesday morning with eight pupils. He returned the same day to Buffalo.

Messrs. Baird and Wheelock attended the Newville-Lindner base-ball game at Newville last Saturday afternoon.

Joseph Sanders, Rock Hill, South Carolina, arrived Saturday and will attend school here during the coming year.

Two boys, Bert Tussie and Theo. Pinkie, arrived from the Shebits Reservation, Utah, last Friday, and were entered as students.

Mrs. Canfield is off on her annual leave. Mrs. Lininger is in charge of the sewing-room during Mrs. Canfield's absence.

A telegram from Colonel Pratt informed us that they were all well at the time of sailing from San Francisco for Alaska.

A letter from Sophia Warren '03, says she is quite happy with her work as teacher at the Vermillion Lake School, Tower, Minn.

Nellie Lillard came in with Louise Cornelius from Ocean City on Tuesday. Louise is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism.

Joseph Ruiz '03, writes from Las Cruces, New Mexico, informs us that he is at home, but is contemplating coming East again in the near future.

Fitzhugh Lee Smith and Spencer Williams are working in the band room this week. All the music is being put in order for the band's use this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nori spent Sunday at Mt. Gretna. Mrs. Nori stayed over in Harrisburg on Monday with her brother Thomas Griffin, who is employed in one of the printing offices there.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Miss MoRoss, Mr. Pringle, and John Foster, spent Monday at Gettysburg. The day was splendid and the trip was much enjoyed by all.

According to all accounts our former Band Master, Mr. Dennison Wheelock, now leading the Haskell Band, is having quite a successful season with his band, traveling in Colorado and other western states.

Miss Ferree, teacher in domestic science department, returned from her annual leave on Monday. She claims to have gained a few pounds in weight, showing that she has had a profitable vacation.

The wagon makers under Mr. Lau are working fast and hard on the six Concord wagons ordered for Kiowa Agency, Oklahoma. They hope to get them out soon. An order for a buggy is also in for Devil's Lake, N. Dak.

William Paul, 1902, writes from Philadelphia that he is "in business." We are glad to learn that he is slowly working himself up to a good paying position with H. O. Wilbur and Sons, Chocolate and Cocoa manufacturers.

The carpenters are busy making new benches for their shop. They hope to have the benches in place by the time the country boys come in. The carpentering department will then be in a better shape to give its apprentices more efficient instruction than heretofore.

Mr. Robert M. Pringle, Supervisor of Engineering in the Indian Service, visited us from Friday until Monday night. He spent Saturday in looking over our water, drainage and heating equipment. Monday he was a member of a party that drove over the Gettysburg battlefield.

Wallace Denny received a letter from "Pop" Warner last week. Mr. Warner has visited some of the New York Indian reservations and seen several of his old football players. When he wrote he was anticipating a trip to Canada with Mr. Goodyear, from Carlisle, on a little fishing expedition. Mr. Warner will return to Carlisle first of September in time to begin with the foot-ball work.

We are informed through a friend of Miss Paull that she has been trying her hand in the kitchen and at general household work. After ten months of school room work we can imagine how at home Miss Paull felt in the culinary department of her home life and can almost imagine seeing her burning the bread or upsetting the coffee pot on the stove. Just so she does not burn herself "say we all of us."

In a letter from Yellowstone Park Colonel Pratt says that the regulations protecting the game have brought deer, elk, bears and all the other animals into most friendly relations with visitors. Deer graze within sight of the hotel porch and last evening his entire party went back of the hotel to the garbage dump and watched three large bears and two cubs get their rations. The smaller animals play along the road and one can stop near to look at them without a sign of fear.

Miss Hill returned Tuesday evening from a varied and delightful vacation. Her last week was spent at Clifton, Massachusetts, a very beautiful village on the north shore, adjacent to the quaint old town of Marblehead. The surf bathing was excellent, and the summer residences and hotels are very large and beautifully situated. Hedges of Japanese roses, (a large single rose shading from white to a deep pink and having seed vessels the size and color of a small tomato) immense banks of hydrangeas and other shrubs, seem to thrive on the invigorating sea-air.

Supt. Wilson of Fort Berthold, North Dakota, who has been visiting his old homestead in the New England States is stopping with us a few days on his way back to Dakota. He has had considerable experience in Indian work and says that he is in harmony with the non-reservation schools. Supt. Wilson brought with him in June ten of his most reliable students. His illustrated lecture on Indian life in Grand Canyon, Arizona, on Wednesday evening, in our chapel was very much enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of hearing him and seeing the views on the screen.

Onon-gwatgo.

Onon-gwatgo, the last chief of the Oneidas, now known as the Rev. Cornelious Hill, was the first celebrant of the Holy Communion among the Oneidas by one of their own number in their own language.

The services were conducted in the presence of Bishop Grafton and a thousand people at the Oneida Mission, which is the oldest of the Episcopal Church missions among the Indians, having been begun as early as 1702.

FROM MISS SMITH.

In a letter written on the steamer "Sevona" Miss Smith says:—I have thought of you all so often and wished you might enjoy with me the balmy breezes of the lakes. Our trip has been most delightful—the weather perfect. Lake Superior was as placid as a pond all the way up and back. The steamer Sevona left Buffalo at eight o'clock Wednesday evening and we reached Duluth eight o'clock Sunday—just ninety-six hours of ride.

In going up we passed all the rivers at night, but made up for it on the homeward trip by passing them in the day time. In Lake Superior one is struck by the roundness of the horizon. No wonder Columbus made up his mind that the world was round. The St. Mary's River is one of the most interesting rivers I have ever seen. All along its banks are dotted with summer cottages, with little towns and fields stretching away in the distance.

Senator Hanna has a delightful summer home just outside of Sault Ste. Mary. It is also dotted with little islands some large and some small—just large enough to support a lighthouse. Trees grow in profusion on them making a beautiful picture in its setting of blue water. We are just now passing through the St. Clair River and I would rather look than write, but I want to mail this at Detroit where there is a marine postal service.

A fine large steel freight steamer just passed, and a little tug is trying to keep up with us. Lake Huron is the most beautiful lake of all to me—the water is an emerald green and it has so many thickly wooded islands in it.

The air this morning is so exhilarating that one delights in breathing. A large Canadian boat has just gone by—they have fine ones—another sail boat. This is a queer letter but never mind.

Duluth is a large city, and has some magnificent buildings in it. The high school is the best and largest I ever saw. It has a museum, library, manual training department, and laboratory. Its parks are most interesting being left in their natural state. I visited old friends while there and went to the theatre.

Birch trees and evergreens grow here in great profusion—birch seems to predominate. The largest saw mills in the country are up here. A characteristic inhabitant is the so called "lumber Jack" who appears on the streets dressed in short light trousers, woolen shirt, thick shoes with great long nails in them, and broad brimmed hat. They mostly work in the lumber woods in winter and go to the wheat fields of Dakota in the summer. The city is on a bluff, ten or fifteen miles long, by one half or three-quarters of a mile wide. We are billed for Cleveland, but we may go to Erie direct—will reach Cleveland tomorrow morning early.

THE INDIAN EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS FAIR.

The preliminaries of the Indian Exhibit to be held at St. Louis next year are progressing as rapidly and satisfactorily as human proneness to procrastination will permit. Nearly 500 letters regarding it have been written, covering the field pretty thoroughly. Responses have come, some quickly, cordially, comprehensively; some tardily, full of doubts and uncertainty, the authors nibbling diletante-ly.

Without a doubt our exhibit will be fully as interesting as any at the Great Fair. It will be novel. Our students will work certain hours each day at their trades. Manual training, including drafting, sloyd and cabinet work, wagon and carriage making, harness and shoe making, tailoring and printing for the boys; complete sewing and cooking departments for the girls will be maintained. It is the purpose to keep 100 students employed. This work will be public in a building designed for the purpose. The plans for this building are about ready. It will be 50 by 200 feet. Booths will be arranged for the workers, the old Indians on one side—Navajos weaving blankets and silver smithing, Moquis and Pimas making their artistic pottery, Crows tanning deer, bear and other hides, making moccasins, etc., therefrom, Sioux making beaded and Pipestone articles, Chippewas at work on their canoes, etc., etc. On the other side—there will be a wide, double passage-way running the length of the building through the center—our students employed at their more modern trades.

The students' departments will be allotted to the various schools for preparation. Haskell will take domestic art, including all branches of sewing, dressmaking and millinery. Genoa takes harness making. Chilocco will have charge of the departments of printing and domestic science. Work for other schools has not been fully settled.

There will be a first-class brass band and a fine orchestra.

Our students will give many concerts, musical, literary and dramatic. Athletics will not be ignored, and if any white teams, base ball, foot ball or basket ball wants to try conclusions with our students, they will be accommodated.

There will be no "wild west" features. Old Indians are being selected for their character and their skill and genius in the native arts and industries. We will prove the falsity of the saying, "There is no good Indian but a dead one."

The old Indians will construct, of material brought with them, homes after the native design, and with the environment. These will be located back of the Industrial building.

The students will have comfortable and commodious quarters in Cupples Hall. The employes detailed for work at the school will be provided with quarters in this building also.—[Chilocco Farmer.]



THE REDMAN AND HELPER OFFICE.

(Continued from the first page.)

the great buzzard, the father of all buzzards we see now. He flew all over the earth, low down near the ground, and it was still soft. When he reached the Cherokee country he was very tired, and his wings began to flap and strike the ground, and wherever they struck the earth there was a valley, and where they turned up again there was a mountain. When the animals above saw this, they were afraid that the whole world would be mountains, so they called him back, but the Cherokee country remains full of mountains to this day.

When the earth was dry and the animals came down, it was still dark, so they got the sun and set it in a track to go every day across the island from East to West, just over-head. It was too hot this way, and Tsiska-gili, the Red Crawfish, had his shell scorched a bright red, so that his meat was spoiled; and the Cherokees do not eat it. The conjurers put the sun another hand-breadth higher in the sky, but it was still too hot. They raised it another time, and another, until it was seven hand-breadths high and just under the sky arch. Then it was right and they left it so. This is why the conjurers call the highest place Gulkwa-gine Di-galun-latiyun, "the seventh height" because it is seven hand-breadths above the earth. Every day the sun goes along under this arch, and returns at night on the upper side to the starting point.

There is another world under this, and it is like ours in everything—animals, plants and people—save that the seasons are different. The streams that come down from the mountains are the trails by which we reach this under world, and the springs at their heads are the doorways by which we enter it, but to do this, one must fast and go to water and have one of the underground people for a guide. We know that the seasons in the underworld are different from ours because the water in the springs is always warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the outer air.

When the animals and plants were first made—we do not know by whom—they were told to watch and keep awake for seven nights, just as young men now fast and keep awake when they pray to their medicine. They tried to do this, and nearly all were awake through the first night, but the next night several dropped off to sleep, and the third night others were asleep, and then others, until, on the seventh night, of all the animals only the wolf, the panther, and one or two more were awake. To these were given the power to see and to go about in the dark, and to make prey of the birds and animals which must sleep at night. Of the trees, only the cedar, the pine, the spruce, the holly and the laurel were awake to the end, and to them it was given to be green always and to be greatest for medicine; but to the others it was said: "Because you have not endured to the end, you shall lose your hair every winter."—[Ex.

(From "Myths of the Cherokees," in Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.)

FROM THE INDIAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

The Indian's Vigil.

The Indian with native blood in his veins is slow to learn the doctrine of angelic administration. His white brethren are seemingly anxious to ascertain why, and unacquainted with the philosophy of history, call his indifference a superstition.

At this time in the history of the Indian's shifting one should be driven to see, without the least effort, why the native American would have little trust in the providence of the "All Father." His pillow of carnation blossoms, soft as eider down, seems destined to grow ultimately into a pillow of stone. The old times long since hallowed by sacred memory, so dear and precious to the lives of the original American are slowly but surely vanishing, and at some time in the future no eye can behold their beauty or heart be charmed by their joyful prevalence; like many other things sacred to the "Red Man," they will die and be associated with the cemetery of the past, yet their memory to him will always be as sweet as that of a flower, and if he remains stubbornly obstinate at their going he may be able to cause the fragrance of their memory to bless with gladdened hearts a few lingering spirits that remain



MISS HILL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT HAS RETURNED FROM HER VACATION

behind and are loath to revel in old sports.

The Indian, aside from some race peculiarities, is not unlike any other race of mankind, unless, perchance, it be in his praise. His great confidence in his adopted brother has been so hampered and betrayed that he thinks the same spirit rules and governs in all the realms of his connection. It is as if the Indian was introduced to prominent visitors who have to do with business in all its relation. Here is the lawyer,—the Indian's friend (?) and here is the merchant—the Indian's confidant; and here is the preacher, who shows unto the Indian the ways of the "All Father" and tells the Indian of things he has not seen. He talks of all things incomprehensible and mysterious, of the beautiful angels, the golden street, the sweet music and the fruitful trees, till in vexation the Indian says "white man know heap; him been up yonder where these be, him ought to stay."

From the impressions that have been made upon the Indian's mind, one would conclude that with the bad there should also be the good. This is not saying that there has been no good impression made on the Indian's mind of Fatherly care, but is meant to convey the thought that when the Indian's only chance to learn the kindness of the "All Father" has been from the life of his white neighbor, time has convinced him that hesitancy is virtue.

The Indian has something that the white man wants and will get in some way, and the means that are too frequently resorted to in the quest of them are other things but good moral teachers, and from the means employed, the Indian learns his well-earned lesson, and is made to reject the doctrine that some Great Spirit helps all good men to trade well.

A while ago there was a merchant hungry for trade and he would select his customers from among the trustful traders. The episode runs like this: The Indian living on the farm would come to town to trade. The white man was all ready for that and lost no opportunity in outlining what the red brother needed; it was soon after the distribution of annuity funds when money was rather plentiful, so the merchant offered to trade everything from a red handkerchief to a saddle. After a vain effort to convince the Indian that he needed any of these things, the Indian drew a picture of what he thought to be the difference between them. He said "when Indian come in town he speaks to white man and invites him to go out home and white man goes, Indian takes him to big pasture and show him cattle and horses and then he drives white man back to the house and goes in and he sits down to dinner with Indian, and Indian has plenty of good things to eat and white man is welcome. After dinner they go out to the farm and big water-melons are cut and white man eats with a satisfied welcome, talking of he fine stock and beautiful fields. Then

the Indian drives white man back to the town and the first thing white man says to Indian 'come in and trade.' All the time Indian had white man in his home he never said 'trade' a single time; everything was free, but as soon as white man got Indian in town he want to trade and then Indian loses confidence and tells white man he acts like rascal."

The Indian will soon have made his last trade and with the best wishes of all concerned will pass over to his "happy hunting ground and log hut" to dream of the many injustices heaped upon him by his astute white neighbors. It matters not with the full blooded Indian whether Indian Territory is always to be his home or not, for his day and generation is but little more than passing memory. He can hunt, fish and dream as well whether he believes in the sincerity and honesty of his neighbor or not, and if he makes the mistake of interpreting providence from the wrong view point it will be overlooked and charged to another beside the good Indian. May it be said of him when his life play is ended and the black curtains have descended, that he, unfettered and unconfined, shall be a free spirit. Think as lovingly as you can of him and say as you may truly say, "this dead player, living, loved his part, and acted it as nobly as he could."

J. B. ASKEW, (Choctaw)
in Twin Territories.

THE BOY OF TWENTY.

If there is ever a time when patience and forbearance are needed, it is with the boy of twenty, says Good Housekeeping. When a precocious youth grows to manhood, graduates, and is turned out in the world to find his place, his parents expect to see him climb to the top of the ladder at once, and are disappointed to see him go aimlessly from one thing to another, or worse yet, spend his time in idleness. Then the parents usually come to the front and try to fit this square peg into a round hole and fail.

Parents are inclined to push too fast; they try to make the children walk before they creep. We are so anxious that our children should rise to eminence that we do not realize the necessity of fitting them for a place before they occupy it. Some minds develop more slowly than others, and patience must have its perfect work.

Many of the men of today who have made remarkable strides upward are the children of parents who were so busy striving to care for their families on small wages that they had no time to find a place for the boys, but pushed them, like birds, out of the nest, saying: "The world is wide; find a place and make a nest for yourself with your own endeavors."

Parents are too much afraid to do this. Unless a boy has self-confidence in large measure he is slow in getting away from the home nest. In such cases, all we can do is, "Let patience have its perfect work."—[Pacific Monthly.

INDIAN EDITS DAILY PAPER.

There has been launched at Eufaula, I. T., the first issue of the first daily paper ever printed or published by an Indian.

The editor of the paper, the Indian Journal, is Alex Posey, known as the "Creek Bard," a member of the Creek tribe of Indians, who already has achieved distinction in the newspaper field as editor, poet, and humorist. He is one of the prominent men of the Creek nation, and took an active part in the convention, held at Eufaula recently, called for the purpose of formulating an Indian plan for statehood.

Although known as the "Creek Bard," Posey is only half Creek, as his father was a Scotch trader, an early settler in the Indian country. He was born August 23, 1873, and was educated at Bacon University, Muscogee, I. T., graduating therefrom seven years ago. After leaving school he engaged in educational work, and was successively superintendent of public instruction for the Creek nation and superintendent of the Eufaula Creek high school.—[Advance.

Will Pick Hops.

A Nevada paper says the crops of alfalfa have been harvested and the hay hands are returning to Wadsworth with their wages. More than 1,000 Piute are expected there soon on their way to the California hop fields.

Enigma.

I am composed of thirty letters, and I am the name of a famous institution of learning.

- My 1, 13, 20 is a domestic animal.
- My 2, 5, 21 is necessary to live.
- My 3, 23, 20 is a troublesome animal.
- My 4, 8, 14, 20 is a season of fasting.
- My 7, 12, 16, 8 is often formed in school exercise.
- My 9, 11, 22, 28, 20 is not bright.
- My 15, 26, 8 cold weather brings.
- My 17, 29, 24, 30 is a tog.
- My 27, 29, 25, 8 is used in conveying water.
- My 19, 20, 13, 14, 11 is what all should do for the right.
- My 6, 18, 10 is what we are glad to see after a storm.—[SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—
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