

# The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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## Memories of the Past.

The following poem was set up for last week's issue, and the Man-on-the-bandstand thinks it will serve as a beautiful reminder:

### THANKSGIVING PIE.

Oh, greenly and fair, in the shade of the sun,  
The vine of the gourd and the rich melon run.  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage  
unfold  
With broad leaves all green and with blossoms  
all gold,  
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once  
grew,  
While he waited to see that his warning came  
true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened  
in vain  
For the rush of the whirlwind, and sheets of  
red-rain.

On the banks of the Kenil, the dark Spanish  
maiden  
Comes up with the fruits of the tangled vine  
laden:  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through orange leaves shining, the rich spheres  
of gold;  
But with dearer delight, from his home in the  
North,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks  
forth,  
Where crook-necks are colling and yellow fruit-  
shines  
And the sun of the autumn melts down on his  
vines.

And, Oh, for Thanksgiving Day! From East and  
from West,  
From North and from South, comes the pilgrim  
and guest;

When the gray haired New Englander sees  
'round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored;  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother  
once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl  
smiled before,  
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the  
eye—  
What calls back the past, like a rich pumpkin  
pie?

Oh, fruit, loved by boyhood, the old days recall-  
ing,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown  
nuts were falling!  
What wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark from a candle  
within!  
When we laughed 'round the cornheap, with  
hearts all in tune,  
Our chair, a broad pumpkin—our lantern,  
the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like  
steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for a  
team!

Then thanks for the pumpkin: none sweeter, or  
better  
E'er smoked from an oven, or circled a platter  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more  
fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched over sweeter than  
thine.  
And the prayer—which my mouth is too full to  
express—  
Swells my heart, that thy shadow may never  
grow less;  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened  
below,  
And the fame of thy worth, like a pumpkin-  
vine, grow;  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thine own pumpkin  
pie. —WHITTIER.

### THE INDIAN EXTERMINATOR.

It is Liquor that is Extirminating the Race.

The three great curses of mankind all  
begin with the letter L.

Liquor.

Lust.

Laziness.

Before the distillation of alcoholic  
liquors were invented, men were made  
drunkards by alcohol obtained by  
fermentation. Then it was wine, now  
it is whiskey.

All advancement in the production of  
alcoholic beverages has been as in the  
manufacture of firearms towards greater  
destruction.

It must be some comfort to parents  
whom liquor has destroyed, to know  
that their children are being taught the  
protection of temperance.

It is passing strange that men who  
know as well as they know their names

that liquor has been their ruin, and has  
brought them into prison, will again  
drink the destroying beverage as soon as  
they get a chance.

Two tiny boys were left in a drug store  
for awhile to wait till father came back  
for them.

In the window was one of those glass  
vessels filled with something bright  
which one often sees in such stores.

This one was open, and the boys were  
left alone beside it for a little while.

"It looks so pretty" said, Dick, "I  
want to drink some."

"I do too, when I look at it," said Ted,  
"so I won't look. Come away, Dick,"  
and Ted went to the other part of the  
room.

But Dick kept looking, and by and by  
tasted.

It was bitter and made him sick.  
The pretty color was not worth much.  
The liquid, whatever it was, might be  
called a mocker.

It made believe.

It cheated.

The trouble was that Dick kept  
looking.

He was not wise.

Ted was wise.

He would not look.

Liquor is something that cheats and  
mocks, and the only way to keep from  
being hurt by it is to turn away and not  
even look at it when it gives its bright  
color in the glass.—[Ohio Penitentiary  
News.

In a recent visit among the Indians of  
Oklahoma, the writer was struck with  
horror at the awful destruction of body  
and soul that is going on among those ig-  
norant and helpless natives of the plains.  
We cannot call those people plains Indians  
any more for they are hemmed in on all  
sides by the frontier town, which deals  
out death and destruction to the blanket-  
ed Red Man, as well as to those in civiliz-  
ed garb and long hair. The Indian with  
largest landed estate and most lease and  
annuity money drinks hardest, and the  
native who does not drink every chance  
he gets is quite the exception, but there  
are a few noble specimens who deserve  
great credit for withstanding every tempta-  
tion that the saloon and gambling den  
offers, and they are holding their own by  
the side of the respectable white man in  
building up that new country. The thou-  
sands and thousands of Indians who are  
doomed to a miserable existence and  
early death are in a pitiable state.

With every town the saloon is the first  
business house to get established on a  
sure footing, and the saloons in every  
frontier town out-number the churches  
and solid houses of business ten to one.

### WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE INDIANS?

The children of one Dabney were not  
permitted to attend a white school in  
Richmond, Va., because their grand-  
mother was an Indian. This seems in-  
credible, for the great Virginian John  
Randolph, of Roanoke, boasted of his  
descent from Powhatan. United States  
Senator Matthew Quay has Delaware  
Indian blood in his veins. Colonel Ely  
S. Parker, a fullblood Seneca Indian, an  
educated man, was a member of General  
Grant's staff in 1864-65. A great deal of  
Indian blood is diffused among white  
families of high distinction in this  
country and Canada. Some of the most dis-  
tinguished Scotchmen in the service of  
the Hudson Bay Company had Indian  
wives. Louis Riel, the leader of the re-  
bellion in Manitoba, was a handsome and  
highly intelligent halfbreed. General  
Sam Houston, the victor of San Jacinto,  
married a beautiful woman of the Chero-  
kee tribe, and many Cherokee women  
within the last fifty years have married  
white men of ability, intelligence and  
high character. Marriages between whites  
and Indians have not been uncommon in  
the United States, and in Canada the  
French trappers, voyagers and hunters  
often had Indian wives. To this day the  
French Canadian peasantry not seldom  
marry Indian women.—[Oregonian.

Indians who are refined, educated and  
respectable need not be ashamed of their  
Indian blood, any more than the Irish-  
man, Dutchman or Englishman should

be ashamed of his blood. There are  
many Kings and Queens among all na-  
tions, and in this day and age of advance-  
ment and civilization people are taken  
for what they are and what they do in-  
stead of what their grandfathers were  
or did. Our English ancestors, a few  
hundred years ago, were worse than the  
native American in many ways. They  
were wild tribes living on herbs, and in  
half naked condition, roaming around  
the woods, fighting each other with clubs  
and spears. But the Romans conquered  
Great Britain, introduced schools, built  
roads, bridges, and taught the savage  
Englishman to wash his face, wear  
clothes and work. They have kept it up  
and to day many live in palaces and ride  
in automobiles. The Indians coming in-  
to contact with civilization and inter-  
marrying with the whites are making  
much more rapid strides in education and  
civilization. They deserve credit for it,  
and many of them are worthy of the con-  
fidence, love and respect of the good  
white people of this country.—[The Che-  
mawa American.

### HOW THE CHRISTMAS TREE TRADE WAS STARTED.

It is natural for us to take it for grant-  
ed that there have always been Christ-  
mas trees, yet 50 years ago there were few  
in America, save in the homes of foreign-  
ers.

About 30 years ago a number of duck  
hunters cruising along the coast of Maine  
noticed the millions of young balsam firs  
which grew along the shores, and the  
brilliant idea occurred to one member of  
the party that these symmetrical ever-  
greens would make excellent Christmas  
trees, says Country Life in America.

At this time the "abandoned farm" era  
had begun and it looked as if the whole  
state would grow up to firs.

The balsam fir used to be a synonym  
for worthlessness.

Nowadays "Canada balsam" is made  
from this tree, and thousands of vacation  
tourists gather its young twigs for "bal-  
sam pillows."

But the wood has always been useless  
to the lumberman.

Therefore, when the New York yachts-  
men offered to buy a few shiploads of  
young firs, the honest Maine farmers fail-  
ed to see the joke. But when the city  
man opened his purse they fell to with a  
will.

The first venture proved a success and  
others hurried into the business.

Ten years later the whole coast of  
Maine was stripped of firs and the busi-  
ness moved inland.

From this beginning the trade has  
grown until now a million and a half of  
Christmas trees are sold every year in  
New York and New England, of which  
about a million come from Maine alone.

### MULES ARE INTELLIGENT.

After reading the following we will all  
love the poor mule a little more than be-  
fore, perhaps:

An advantage of using mules in travel-  
ing through unsettled countries is that  
you never lose them, says the author of  
"The Great Deserts and the Forests of  
North America."

If they are accidentally stampeded,  
they always return to the wagon and  
leader they are accustomed to; and  
where one goes they all go. They never  
part company under any circumstances.

Their power of scent is extraordinary.  
They will sniff water in the wilderness  
when it is fully ten or fifteen miles dis-  
tant, and travellers in distress for this  
necessary should always let them have  
their heads.

If one or more mules are forcibly de-  
tained from a team, they will seize the first  
opportunity to escape and rejoin their  
companions; unless the team has passed  
through a large town, or in some other

way failed to leave a scent they will fol-  
low and find them with greater certainty  
than would a bloodhound, and over a  
longer distance.

Mules follow a track either by smell or  
sight. That is the conclusion my experi-  
ences have led me to form.

A mule that I once sold because it was  
a great fighter and viciously bit its com-  
panions escaped two days afterward, and  
joined me thirty-three miles from where  
I had left it.

It covered that distance evidently fol-  
lowing my track closely, mostly over  
prairie land but it was seen to pass  
through two small hamlets where I  
had made temporary halts, and was also  
seen at three or four other points.

But when the case is reversed, and two  
mules I had purchased took the first op-  
portunity to trot back more than twenty  
miles over a country, the greater part of  
which they had never before traversed,  
passing through several villages and a  
township, it is pretty certain that they  
must have found their way by sight or  
remembrance of the road, unless we are  
prepared to believe that their powers of  
scent were so great that they could find  
their own particular trace among those of a  
dozen others with whom they had been  
in company, and which must have been  
crossed and recrossed by other animals  
and men.

### HONESTY ALWAYS FIRST.

If you have not honesty in the average  
private citizen or public servant, then all  
else goes for nothing.

The abler a man is, the more dexterous,  
the shrewder, the bolder, why the more  
dangerous he is if he has not the root of  
right living and right thinking in him—  
and that in private life and even more  
in public life.

All other qualities go for nothing or for  
worse than nothing unless honesty under-  
lies them—not only the honesty that  
keeps its skirts technically clear, but the  
honesty that such according to the spirit  
as well as the letter of the life, the honesty  
that is aggressive, the honesty that not  
merely deplores corruption—it is easy  
enough to deplore corruption—but that  
wars against it and tramples it under  
foot.

I ask for that type of honesty.  
I ask for militant honesty, for the  
honesty of the kind that makes those who  
have it discontented with themselves as  
long as they have failed to do everything  
that in them lies to stamp out dishonesty  
wherever it can be found, in high place or  
in low.

And let us not flatter ourselves, we  
who live in countries where the people  
rule that it is possible ultimately for the  
people to cast upon any but themselves  
the responsibilities for the shape the  
government and the social and political  
life of the community assumes.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

### HOW THE HAMPTON INDIANS ARE DOING.

Miss Cora M. Folsom, in charge of the  
records of returned Hampton students,  
reports after recent investigations, that  
it is 25 years ago this month that Captain  
Pratt brought the first Indians to Hamp-  
ton—the prisoners of war from St. Augus-  
tine.

Since that time the school has taught  
938 Indian boys and girls, 673 of whom  
are now living.

These returned students are doing work  
and exerting influences which according  
to our best knowledge we classify as  
following:

Excellent, 141.

Good, 333.

Fair, 149.

Poor, 42.

Bad, 8.

According to this classification, 474 re-  
turned students are entirely satisfactory.  
50 have made poor records.

149 amount to but little either way.  
They are largely the sick and deficient.

## 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  
CARLISLE, PA.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa. as Second class matter.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has.

The REDMAN for a year would make a Christmas present that your friend would remember.

It is a wonder that the papers do not say that the leader of the Boy Desperadoes who planned to dynamite the Chicago jail is a Carlisle graduate.

How is an Indian boy going to learn the way a white man makes his money and builds up a comfortable home if he does not live near and work with and for the white man?

The problem of public school discipline confronts teachers and school boards in all parts of the country. What is the matter? Are white boys and girls growing savageward?

We hope that every Indian debater will read "The Indian Exterminator" first page and discuss first in his own mind, then in the debating society ways and means to stamp out the dreadful curse.

If some of us had to struggle a little more for the education we are receiving, as did the Senior at McPherson College whose story is told last page, we might appreciate more what we are getting.

Not only the Indian of to-day is being destroyed by the liquor that he easily obtains in the frontier town, but he is transmitting his weakened blood to the generation that is to follow—a generation of weaklings in body and mind, who will, under present conditions which seem everlasting, be more dependent than the Indian of to day.

We note in a scientific discussion over the characteristics of the American of 250 000 years ago, that the archæologists believe that man may have been in America 15,000 or 20,000 years, but the geologists and palæontologists believe that America has been inhabited all of 250 000 years. A photograph of an Indian as he must have looked 250,000 years ago accompanies the syndicate article. What a pity that we cannot know positively all about it, as it would do so much good in settling the question of how to meet the conditions that confront to-day's Indian, who is fast losing body and soul in his present state.

The Oglala Light recital of the Wyoming trouble comes from the very people who had the settlement of the difficulty and can be relied upon as absolutely true. The miserable falsifiers who take delight in slandering innocent Indians should be brought speedily to justice. The first reports of the disgraceful affair came out in flaming head lines that it was an Indian uprising led by a Carlisle graduate. After reading the facts in the case, is it any wonder that the injured subject feels resentful at the injustice he is made to suffer? But it will ever be thus until the Indian is capable of thinking and acting for himself in all ordinary business affairs, and that time might be here at an early date should all the intelligent influences that are now used to hold him to himself as a peculiar people and out of the world be used to crowd the youth out into the swim of our American life to learn its lessons and grow up in it. Hamlin Garland says: "What the North American Indian needs is merely room to live his own simple, inoffensive life in his own way." What a weakening proposition! And where is there such room in this busy land? The serious question is: Shall he be prepared to meet the issues of life or be kept for years to come a poor dependent people ever to be trod upon and run over by rascals and schemers. If he is to be made a MAN why not encourage all processes that make men? And that to does not come in the encouragement "live his own simple, inoffensive life in his own way."

## THE WYOMING TROUBLE.

So much that is untrue and misleading has gotten into the papers relative to the unfortunate clash at Lightning Creek, Wyoming, Oct. 31, between certain Indians from the Pine Ridge Agency, and the Sheriff and posse of Weston County, Wyo., that we deem it but proper to make the following statement of the facts as gleaned from Indians who were present at the time of the trouble and from others both Indians and white people who visited the scene later and heard the evidence given by members of the Sheriff's party at the trial at Douglas.

Some time in the early part of October, passes were issued by Agent Brennan to two small parties of Indians one headed by Charles Smith, the other by William Brown both intelligent, law-abiding, well-disposed men, the former having creditably filled the position of assistant farmer on the reservation for a number of years, to visit the Black Hills and vicinity for the purpose of gathering berries, roots, herbs, etc.

There were all told only about thirty-five Indians, by far the greater part of them being old men, women and children. Both parties drifted over into Wyoming and, meeting by accident, agreed to go back to the reservation together.

On Oct. 30, while camped together on Dry Cheyenne Creek in Converse County Sheriff Miller of Weston County with a posse of seven men rode up and accosting Smith as the man best able to speak and understand English told him that he had a warrant for the arrest of the Indians for the violation of the game laws of Wyoming, and that they must go with him to New Castle.

Smith denied that either he or any of his party had violated any law and refused to go.

Brown while likewise disclaiming any infraction of law, said he was willing to go if Smith would. Smith however remained firm in his refusal.

The matter was discussed in a quiet and friendly way, and the sheriff's party remained and ate supper which Mrs. Brown prepared for them.

After supper, the Indians broke camp and started on their way home.

The sheriff and posse accompanied them to the point where the road to New Castle branched off, and at this point made another effort to induce the Indians to go with them.

The effort was fruitless, the Indians without further parley continuing on their way.

The sheriff party then took road to New Castle.

The Indians drove some twenty-five miles and went into camp for the night.

Starting early next morning they had gone some forty-five miles and were traveling along Lightning Creek about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when they came to a fence built across the road.

There were about fifteen wagons in the train which were strung along a distance of about half a mile, a boy about eleven years of age driving the extra ponies a short distance in advance of the wagons.

As they approached the fence a little girl ran forward and opened it.

The boy and ponies with two or three wagons had passed through when the Indians discovered ahead of them Sheriff Miller with a posse of thirteen men, all heavily armed.

Here is where the trouble began.

The accounts of the fight as told by the Sheriff's party on one hand and by the Indians on the other differ radically.

The former state that they were stationed just outside of the fence and that as soon as the Indians saw them they began to get out of their wagons and prepare to fight, whereupon the party moved back about fifty yards and took up a position in the bed of the creek which is dry and where they were sheltered by a bank about five or six feet high.

As the Indians came on, the party stepped upon the bank and demanded that they halt and surrender.

The party claim that at this time the Indians began firing from the back part of the train and that then the fight became general.

The firing lasted from three to five minutes, at the end of which time the Indians had all disappeared.

The Indians, however, say that as they were going through the gate, the boy with the ponies and two or three wagons having passed it, the boy suddenly turned his horse and rushed back toward the

wagons, exclaiming "Look out! White men with guns going to shoot!"

They state positively that not only did the Sheriff's party begin the firing, but that they did so without warning.

The boy and the pony he was riding were killed at the first volley, the boy being shot from behind and the top of his head being literally blown off.

The Indians also say that the fire was returned by only two or three men in the fore part of the train and that the balance of the party were so taken by surprise that they attempted no resistance but fled immediately with the women and children leaving their wagons and camp equipage on the field.

Such are the statements made by both parties to the affair.

The result of the fight was that two white men, Sheriff Miller and one deputy, and four Indians were killed outright, and two Indians, an old man and a woman, were wounded.

The woman has since died.

Some days later a party of the Indians who made up the party were apprehended at Edgmont, S. D. and taken back to Wyoming to answer to the charge of murder.

The preliminary hearing was held at Douglas on the 14th, the United States Attorney for the District of Wyoming appearing for the Indians.

After all the evidence for the prosecution had been heard, the justice dismissed the case and released the Indians.

The occurrence was a very unfortunate one and is much to be regretted.

While nothing is to be gained in further agitation of the matter, it is the opinion of many, that the trouble was brought on by imprudent and indiscreet conduct on the part of the Sheriff and might have been averted.

The Indians of course made a mistake in not going with the Sheriff when he appeared with the warrant, but there is excuse for their course in the fact that other Indians had been recently arrested in Wyoming and confined for considerable periods in jail with out any charge being preferred against them, and with out being given trial, and these Indians knew it. Agent Brennan found one case where a party of Indians had been detained ten days without the shadow of a charge, and it was only when he threatened to bring action against the parties responsible for the outrage that the Indians were released.

The statement of the congressman from Wyoming that the trouble was the result of bad management of the agency affairs, finds no justification among reasonable people familiar with the conditions and circumstances.

Agent Brennan in issuing passes to these Indians to go off the reservation, violated neither law nor precedent, nor did he commit an error of judgment.

The practice of issuing passes to limited numbers of Indians to leave the reservation prevails at all agencies and finds warrant in the regulations prescribed by the government for the conduct of Indian affairs.

It is not true as was stated in several papers that these Indians were absent from the reservation for the purpose of hunting, nor is there any evidence that they were hunting in violation of the laws of Wyoming.

The fact is that they were simply traveling through the state in the same manner that hundreds of the Wyoming and Montana Indians every year come into South Dakota to camp in the Black Hills and to visit their friends on the various reservations.

Such parties are allowed to roam unmolested through the state and are always accorded courteous and kind treatment.

The Indians making up this party have always borne a good reputation at home.

They have at all times been friendly and peaceable and have never shown any disposition to be troublesome.

It will be difficult indeed for those who know them to believe that the Indians were wholly in the wrong.

It is the opinion of many that they would never have refused to submit to arrest had the matter been properly explained to them.—[Oglala Light.

A brief letter from Mr. Leander Gansworth, '96, of Davenport, Iowa, speaks of his work in an interested manner. He is a professional linotype man, and doing well, but has not quite recovered his usual health since a very serious illness and operation in the summer. He is improving, however, and is very hopeful of complete restoration to vigorous health.

## WE CELEBRATED!

Whoever thinks that we do not know how to show our feelings when in high spirits over a victory, should have looked in upon us last Saturday night.

When the shades of night had fallen in blackness over the school, a weird collection of human forms were seen to assemble in front of the large boys' quarters.

Soon the band began to play and the night-robed and blanket-wrapped spectators moved in a mass toward the flag-staff.

Turkey feathers shyly peeped from beneath the folds of some of the blankets and there were horns manifest, such as are seen in pictures of Satan.

The marchers carried colored lights and such a dancing, jumping, tangled-up merry-making crowd was never before seen.

Those in night robes took the lead in a zig-zag dance across the campus.

They had hold of hands and made a worm-fence line covering the entire space—a most unique and amusing spectacle.

And such a racket!

Dynamite fire-crackers, Roman-candles, sky-rockets, megaphones, class-yells, songs and shouts mingled with loud and excellent playing by the band.

On the road back of the dining hall, one of the largest and best put up bonfires we have ever seen burned brilliantly and lighted the grounds in that vicinity as they never before were lighted. This was a grand sight!

The dancers soon circled the fire and some forgot they were in a civilized land, for the tom-tom, and playful war-whoops were heard as the Indians danced in old reservation style.

They appeared a little ashamed of this, however, and did not keep it up long.

But what was the celebration for?

To show the good feelings of the school at the splendid record-breaking season the football team had put up this year.

The heroes arrived from Chicago a little after noon and were met by the band and three-hundred boys who escorted them to quarters. They little dreamed what was coming in the evening but enjoyed the honor. The girls had a quiet hand in it all, and cheered from balconies. The affair lasted less than an hour, then the campus was quiet as a Quaker meeting.

## THE DUNBAR COMPANY.

One of the most entertaining evenings in which all concerned seemed to have a specially good time was enjoyed last Saturday night. The Dunbar Male Quartet and Hand Bell Ringers occupied the platform for nearly two hours, holding the close attention of the people before them. Mr. Harry C. Dunbar, before the closing number, spoke of the pleasure it was to perform in the presence of such an intelligent and appreciative audience. They played skillfully upon the bells many familiar tunes as well as music of a classic order, and the singing was to the entire satisfaction of all. For one of the encores they gave a humorous selection entitled "There was a young lady named Hannah," and as a last verse of a repeated encore, improvised these words to suit the occasion:

There were some men from Carlisle  
Who went west for a tour in style.  
They played some football  
In Chicago this fall,  
And they beat the Northwestern a mile.  
Tra la la la, etc.

This was received with deafening applause. Miss Elma B. Smith gave several excellent impersonations, but none was more enjoyed than the two weeks' old babe. We hope the Dunbar Company will come again sometime.

It does not hurt boys and girls to play in the snow if when through playing they are careful to dry their feet and clothing. To run in the snow bare-footed and then rub the feet with a coarse towel may do a person good, but to sit around in damp shoes and skirts after playing in the snow often kills! If it only killed quickly it would not be so bad, but such neglect makes coughs and colds which grow into slow consumption. Let us remember our motto: "God helps them who help themselves." If we do not take care of ourselves the best we know how, who is to blame if we get sick with a long, dreary, miserable illness? Dry feet inside of shoes, dry skirts, when sitting around and with reasonable care in other ways we will keep well. The happy boy is the well boy! The happy girl is the well girl!

## Man-on-the-band-stand.

Beautiful snow!  
 Christmas work is piling in.  
 Getting ready for Santa Claus!  
 Snow was never made to play in.  
 The snow putteth a stop to football.  
 Miss Stewart has returned from Chicago.  
 Take fellows of your size in a snow-l all scrlmmage.

Mrs. Gallop left Saturday for her home near New York City.

No sooner doth skating become good till the snow spoileth it all.

Mrs. Warner entertained the History Club one evening last week.

Miss Griffin, of the state of Washington is visiting her sister Mrs. Nori.

Mrs. J. C. Bucher, of Boiling Springs with friends called on Tuesday.

Electa Hill has gone back to her Oneida home from Keshena, Wisconsin.

The ground is completely covered. It was a side track from a northwestern storm.

The New York Journal places the Carlisle Indian team as fourth in the list of best college teams.

Miss Steele's guests Mayor and Mrs. Elton, of Waterbury, Connecticut, have returned to their home.

The teachers attended by turns the Cumberland County Teachers' Institute, held in town this week.

Mrs. Judge Henderson and Miss Rebecca Henderson across the way were callers at ye sanctum on Tuesday.

Isn't "Examples for Young Men," last page directly in the line of Capt. Hobson's eloquent talk, yesterday morning?

It takes but a skit of snow for the boys and girls to make a good sliding place on the smooth, granolithic walk that slopes a little.

We can always see good qualities in a person when we look for them, and even a mule has good qualities, it seems. See first page!

Misses Ely and Burgess dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins at Steelton on Sunday. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt.

The date of the editorial communication in last weeks RED MAN signed Colonel Pratt should have been October instead of December.

Mrs. Beitzel who so ably edited the RED MAN during Miss Burgess' absence has returned to the duties of her cozy home on Teacher Avenue.

Stiya, a thrilling illustrated story of a returned Carlisle girl to her home, would make a neat little Christmas present. Thirty cents; by mail, 37 cents.

Mr. Howard Gansworth is making his annual winter tour among students on farms, in country homes. He makes his headquarters at Newtown, Bucks County.

Johnson Bradley has returned from North Carolina, and brought with him Moses Welch. Mr. Bradley is our fireman. He says there is more snow in North Carolina than here.

A thoughtful snow-baller will never throw toward a building with window-panes exposed, even if the fellow he wants to hit does stand there. Dare him out, and if he isn't a coward he will come out in the open.

Rev. F. W. Merrill and his family, of Oneida, Wisconsin, and Josiah Powlas, class '91, now in attendance upon Milwaukee Medical College, were enthusiastic witnesses of the Northwestern game at Chicago, last Thursday.

We have a William Burgess among the students. He hails from Alaska, and bears "Father" Burgess' name. The wonder is where he got it. We don't believe he is Miss Burgess' brother although she will treat him as such.

Miss Hill has received the sad news by wire of the death of Dr. Katherine M. Crawford, of York, Pa., formerly of Chambersburg. Dr. Crawford is well known here, and the news came like a shock to her friends. She passed away after an operation at the York hospital.

Alice Doxtator reminds us that we placed her wrong in a recent item. She is not at Crow Creek, but is assistant laundress at Crow Agency, Montana. We thank her for the correction. It was stated that she was laundress, and she does not wish credit for a higher position than she holds.

Miss Rose Harris, and Archie Wheelock, former students of Carlisle were married at Rock Hill, South Carolina, a short time since.

The sad news of the death of Josiah Archiquette comes through a letter from Rev. F. W. Merrill. He died under the influence of chloroform preceding an operation. Josiah was one of our good boys, and a band boy. Mr. Merrill says "He has been such a splendid fellow, and one of Carlisle's best representatives."

Years ago when Mr. Walter Gardner was a boy, during one of his summer vacations from school in town he worked in our printing office, and now we see he is married. He has chosen for a life partner an accomplished young lady from the town of Carlisle, and they go to Pittsburg to live where Mr. Gardner is employed as a machinist. The Man-on-the-band-stand congratulates his young friend and wishes the happy couple well.

Perry Tsmawwa has a position in the Albuquerque School, New Mexico, and writes encouragingly of the benefits that the "little education" he received while here has been to him. He is sorry that he gave up before completing the course. He feels that he needs the better preparation more education would have given him. Albuquerque is filling up with Indian boys and girls who are not Mexicans, and they now have 313 children. Perry wishes to be remembered to all his old friends at Carlisle.

Pasquala Anderson, class 1900, who has been a successful teacher at Toreva, Arizona, for several years, spent her vacation at home in California, and had a delightful time driving about and visiting old friends and acquaintances. When she got back to her place of work she was lonely for a time, but hopes to do good work this winter. The Hopis have good crops this year and are happy, "and we are happy with them," she says. Pasquala has a lonely place and the Man-on-the-band-stand reads between the lines of her letter that she would be glad if her friends wrote oftener.

A short time ago when a worthless Winnebago Indian got badly used up in a drunken brawl, he was a Carlisle graduate, later a Sioux Indian was convicted of horse stealing, and he was also a Carlisle graduate, now comes the report that the leader of the band who had trouble in Wyoming last week, was a Carlisle graduate known by the name of Charles Smith at Carlisle. If this thing of heading all war-parties, and horse thieving gangs with Carlisle graduates is to be kept up much longer, Carlisle will have to increase its capacity or work over time in order to supply enough graduates.—[The Flandreau, S. D. Weekly Review.

We have had the pleasure of hearing Captain Richard Pearson Hobson, U. S. N., and shall always remember his earnestness and the splendid sentiment he uttered. About the middle of yesterday morning those in school assembled in chapel. The band was summoned and played, after which Capt. Hobson arose, and in a few moments thrilled the audience with his oratory as he propounded truths that stir thoughtful people everywhere. His key note was that only hard work accomplished excellent results. It was the secret of all success. We must find out how to work, then bring to bear two vital principles. Heredity and environment may have something to do with our success but most of all we are to depend upon individual effort. Each must have the ambition to be the best possible person he can make of himself. Make the most of our body, the most of our mind, the most of our spiritual nature and pull out every particle of that which is ignoble and mean. Then he would have us work for others. Man owes his life to others and all that he has to others, and we should determine to never willingly wrong any other being, but help everybody that it is possible to help, and thus help our country. He paid a high tribute to the bravery and patriotism, of the Spanish soldier and told why it was the Americans were successful when the Spaniards had the best fleet. The Americans were the harder workers and were the better prepared for battle. He spoke of the Carlisle football team as one that made the best college teams anxious for a few days before they were to play them, and he was glad to see the home of such a team, and believed that only a first class institution could turn out men who made the record they had.

## THE GAME WITH NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Spectators at the Carlisle-Northwestern football game at American League ball park, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, yesterday morning were reminded of a band of courageous but fool-hardy pioneers venturing out upon a plain, and there being waylaid and annihilated by a superior force of Indians.

Of course, when the contestants were counted, at intervals of repose, it was seen that there were only as many red men as pale faces, but during most of the play the warriors from Carlisle seemed to be vastly in the majority.

Their playing was so swift, and at the same time so precise, that the men from Northwestern appeared to be outnumbered as well as out maneuvered at almost every point. The score was 28 to 0.

A snow storm that at times became blinding, came almost with the opening of the game, and raw winds blew throughout, which made the 3,000 persons in the grand stand and on the bleachers beat a nearly continuous tattoo with their boot-heels to keep warm.

This helped to reduce somewhat the enthusiasm of the multitude, which was often unable to see the playing, but through snow and in the teeth of the coldest blasts the Indians fought their way to overwhelming victory.

The score is fairly eloquent of the game. Not at any period did Northwestern have much opportunity to make a goal. Had their opponents been armed with tomahawks and scalping knives the players of the Evanston school hardly would have been more on the defensive throughout.

In team work, individual action and general all-round plays Coach Warner's copper-faced men showed their white brothers the lead.

Their rapidity first amazed, then discouraged, and finally completely disheartened their adversaries, while the yells of approbation from wearers of the purple among the spectators grew fainter and fainter as their hopes were buried in the snows of the ball park.

While now and then a redskin "bit the dust," or rather was trampled in the flakes none was forced to retire for more than a few minutes.

Little gore was shed on the side of the Methodists, although Colton, left half back, sustained a broken nose and a wrenched ankle in the first half, and had to quit for the day.

"These fellows must have the real thing in the way of mascots," said a Northwestern rooster, as touchdown followed touchdown with almost mathematical precision. "I wonder what it is. I'll ask 'em," and he ran up to the bench where the reserve forces of braves sat, wrapped in the red blankets furnished by the Interior Department, watching the struggle.

The reply was not in accents untutored nor in monosyllabic grunts, as might have been expected, nor was it, as was anticipated, in the affirmative. The red man looked round, shook his head and said:

"We have no mascot. The indications are that we shall not require any."

Neither did nature's noblemen seem to mind the cheering, which was not all for the Northwestern team.

There was a group of Oneida Indians from Wisconsin, and some Winnebagoes, from Nebraska, all in citizen's clothes, among the lookers-on, and the sisters of Captain Johnson of the Carlisle team, who lives in Evanston, were present with a number of friends, and these waved the Carlisle colors on the ends of canes. But the red men compelled cheers at times from the adherents of the big Methodist school by their masterful playing.

The Indians in their game with Northwestern presented a style of attack at once fast and bewildering, just the kind to prove formidable to a slower or heavier team.

The spectators in the grand stand had as much difficulty in following the ball as did Captain Fleager and his men. Exclamations of wonder and admiration were heard on all sides at the machine-like precision and swiftness with which the red men went through their evolutions.—[Chicago Record Herald

Cunning, a bagful of tricks, and superior agility on a slippery field aided the Carlisle team in administering an overwhelming defeat to Northwestern university at the American League baseball park yesterday morning. The redskins triumphed by the score of 28 to 0.

The shifty, speedy, and light-footed

red men should receive no stint of praise. They played clever, varied, and clean football, and it was lightning fast—too fast for Northwestern by far.

In a word, the game was nothing more nor less than a red man's march. Up and down the field, at the instigation of the alert little captain and quarter back, Johnson, the gridiron braves ran and dodged, hurdled and crawled, leaped and rolled, until the Evanston men were weary of trying to stop their progress.

The few times that Northwestern had the ball they showed their inferiority by slipping, fumbling, or falling over red-skin players. Northwestern gained comparatively few yards in all the game by carrying the ball. In kicking they almost held their own, although Charles at times outpunted Colton and McCann, and there was nothing to counterbalance little Johnson's neat goal from the fifteen-yard line.

The Indians made most of their gains by deceptive methods, yet they frequently won good distances by straight and cross line plunges and end runs. Fake passes, delayed passes, fake interference, and wing shifts were the ruses oftenest used by the Carlisle men to advance the ball.

Four touchdowns and a place kick from the fifteen yard line made up the Indians' total score. Three touchdowns were made in the first half and in the second the fourth and the field goal were added.

Northwestern had little opportunity to score. Rarely did the Purple players threaten the Carlisle goal, most of the play being in Methodist territory, except when exchanges of punts shuttled the ball from one side of midfield to the other. Northwestern was generally fighting its opponents away from its own goal.

Little Johnson was easily the most brilliant player on the field. He ran his team in a masterful way, carried the ball for good gains, and finally climaxed his performance by shooting the ball between the posts for a place kick.

Charles and Sheldon, the half backs, Williams, the full back, not to omit Schuchuck, the Eskimo center from the Aleutian islands, played amazingly clever games.—[Inter-Ocean.

The line up:

| Northwestern.               | Positions. | Carlisle.          |
|-----------------------------|------------|--------------------|
| Peckmann.....               | .....      | Kennedy, Jude      |
| Kafer.....                  | .....      | Bowen              |
| Scott.....                  | .....      | Dillon             |
| Carlson, Prickett.....      | .....      | Schuchuck          |
| Bell.....                   | .....      | Lubo               |
| Allen.....                  | .....      | Exendine           |
| Weinberger, Williamson..... | .....      | Flores             |
| McCann.....                 | .....      | Johnson            |
| Colton, Reuber.....         | .....      | Sheldon            |
| Reuber, Blair.....          | .....      | Hendricks, Charles |
| Fleager.....                | .....      | Williams           |

Touchdowns—Williams (2), Sheldon, Charles.  
 Place Kick—Johnson. Goals—Johnson 3. Referee  
 E. Wrenn. Umpire—Darby. Head Linesman—  
 Birkland. Time of Halves—35 and 20 minutes.

One lament from Northwestern took the form of verse. It was turned out by a student and follows:

HIAWATHA AT CARLISLE.

Should you ask me whence the story,  
 Whence these sorrows and bewailings,  
 With the odors of the pigskin,  
 With the memory of the ball field  
 And the fiendish yells of redskins,  
 With the rushing of great forces,  
 With their frequent repetition  
 And their wild reverberations  
 As of thunder in the mountains—  
 I should answer, I should tell you,  
 From the bleachers and the grand stand,  
 From the Great Lakes of the Northland,  
 From the land of the Northwestern,  
 From the land more blue than Purple,  
 From the faculty and freshmen.  
 When the "prexy" Edmund J. James,  
 Wrings his hands in vain deploring;  
 Through the far-resounding Northwest,  
 Throughout Evanston, the peerless,  
 Rings that cry of exultation.  
 And there cometh many echoes,  
 Echoes of the same wild crying  
 Of the braves of Carlisle College,  
 Through the Far East to the Far West,  
 Crying "Ha ha! Merry ha ha!"

ENVOY.

All day long rove Warner's brave ones,  
 Through our melancholy precincts,  
 E'n in shadows of Rest Cottage,  
 In these bleak, chill days of Autumn—  
 Of this ne'er yet equalled Autumn—  
 Crying "Ha ha! Merry ha ha!"

The Philadelphia North American places Johnson as quarter-back for the All-American team, and Glen S. Warner as the man most deserving the distinction of coach for the same. Regarding Johnson the writer of the North American article says: "For quarter-back there is no question about the superiority of Johnson the Carlisle Indian quarter-back and captain. He is a good field general, can run the ball well and has not an equal in handling punts." Johnson's face appears among the other faces of the All-American stars.

## BY REQUEST.

The following to the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune is printed in our columns by request of a friend of Indian young men:

## EXAMPLES FOR YOUNG MEN.

There are situations in life when inactivity is ruin.

What would Oliver Goldsmith have done when want "like an armed man" was pressing him on every side if he had given up?

He would have sunk out of sight and never have had an opportunity of revealing to the world what great thoughts were struggling for utterance.

He resolved to try, and the ballads he wrote prepared him for something better, and prepared the public to accept in after years the larger productions of his pen.

William Wilberforce had great purpose, but if he had been easily discouraged the decision of his physician, who told him that he had not a fortnight to live, and a letter from John Wesley of a most dependent tone would have induced him to leave his work unaccomplished.

When Benjamin Franklin's father took him around to carpenters and masons and other mechanics in order to find out what work he would choose for life, that father little dreamed the boy would "stand before-kings" and the boy himself had little encouragement until his "Inclination for books determined his father to make him a printer."

He tried to rise to an honorable position and succeeded.

But suppose he had ceased his efforts, the name of Franklin would not to-day be any more illustrious than thousands of other names.

Thomas Carlyle, said he "began to feel a capacity for work, but heard no voice calling for just the kind of work I felt capable of doing."

Suppose he had said, "I will do no work except such as I think suits me."

The first call came, as he tells us, from the Edinburgh Encyclopædia.

It was not what he would have selected. But he took it and it opened other doors for him.

It was a turning point in his life, and if he had not taken it probably his name would not be enrolled among the great names of literature. He tried for an honorable place and found it.

That was an important hour in the life of Pasteur when, full of his work, he was heard to say one night, as he left his employment.

"Ah! seven hours to wait before I can go back to the laboratory."

That devotion to his calling enabled him to say in after years, "Happy is he who bears within himself a god, an ideal of beauty, and who obeys it," and led Huxley to say of his discoveries, "Their gains would be sufficient to make good the war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs paid by France to Germany."

If he had not stuck to his laboratory and continued to work, even harder than the commonest man in his employ, his name would not have become illustrious.

The young men of this age and country have more to encourage them than any of these I have mentioned, for while they have the wisdom of these men on the printed page, they have conditions all around them to awaken thought and prospects before them to make them hope for great results from all their work.

The young men of to-day have the wisdom of the past laid down at their feet, the activity of the present to arouse them, and prospects of the future to fill them with hope. The poet says:

Pitch thy prospects high.  
Who almeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than if he meant a tree.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 10, 1903. R. H. W.

## A BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION.

While in the struggle ourselves to obtain an education, it may give us courage to see what others have to go through in order to win out. A Senior at McPherson College writes for the Inglenook:

I do not consider my experiences exceptional or any difficulties unduly severe, but they may be typical of what many a young fellow is experiencing and must still experience if he is to get through college.

Could I have seen the end from the beginning I am not sure that I would have the courage to "wade in," but now that the deepest is passed through, and I am coming out on the other side of my eight

years of college life, I do not wish that the pool had been shallower or the surface more smooth. During the first few years of my work in college, I was able to attend only the winter terms. I could not be spared from the farm. But I kept urging and working. I husked corn, then went to school till spring. It was my desire to teach school. One winter an uncle let me use some money to go to school. Then I taught a term and paid it back. I was twenty when I taught that first term of country school. But I could not bear to be out of college even to teach. I felt so keenly the need for more preparation.

I spent the summer on the farm and entered school again in the fall. I was determined to do something that would enable me to spend more months in school than farm work. I began to canvass, first books then stereoscopic views. I have never thought I was a natural born canvasser, but I stuck to it summer after summer and won some measure of success in the view business. I found it an opportunity to learn some things one can't learn in books. I began canvassing close home, then went to Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Washington in successive summers. I should not consider a college course complete without some experience at canvassing.

So much for the time out of school. But it isn't what one earns but what he spends that determines how far his money will go. With all my work even in my canvassing for the first two or three years I never came back to college with enough money to take me through the year. I was obliged to live alone in some rented room and board myself or to join a small club and keep "bachelor's hall." Thanks to my mother I had some taste about keeping a room clean and also considerable experience about cooking. So the housekeeping went smoothly enough on the whole.

This was a means of considerable saving of my means, as we seldom spent over fifty or seventy cents per week for board. I remember distinctly one term when I was unusually short of money. I was alone. I spaded garden, milked a cow and cared for a horse for a family near the college. But I scarcely earned enough sometimes to buy necessary food; I measured out my rations with considerable care. For instance I did not permit myself to eat more than seven prunes at a meal.

One day I found myself without food enough for the next meal and not more than a penny or two in my pocket. A new experience came into my life. It wasn't so pleasant, but I would not have that experience and the feeling that came to me taken out of my life for a gold mine. I don't know just what I would do now in such a case, but then I remember I knelt down and commended myself to the care of Him whom I had learned to trust. Then I went to my classes and forgot that when noon came I would have no dinner. When noon came, I went to my room and found that some friend (to this day I do not know who it was) unknowingly answered and supplied my needs at a time much appreciated by me. That term I lived on thirty-five cents per week.

One winter I swept the halls in the dormitory. Every Monday I helped a kind-hearted neighbor lady to wash and so saved laundry bills.

I cannot draw the curtain over this bit of experience without expressing my sincere thanks for the kindly assistance and hearty good will and sympathy shown me by my teachers and friends during the whole of my career in college.

If they ever feel repaid for their kindness it will be in the assurance that their regard and concern for my welfare and their manifest interest in my life has always been a source of inspiration to me that helped me over many a hard place.

And if I can never repay them in person, it has ever been my desire to show my gratitude by living to help others who need it.

## DESERVED THE JOB.

A Chicago firm advertised for a boy. On a postal card came this appeal:

"Mister: I want the job. mi folks aint rich and I got to rassle. It does bete all how hard times is. im fourteen I can do chores and look well in store cles. I want a good job in your ofis let me in!"

He got the job and his employers say he can "rassle" well.—[Junior Baptist Union.

## A PARTIAL RESUME.

"Minne-Wa-Kah, Kah; Wa, We Da-Ko-Tab, Teb Ya-Pi! Indians! Indians!"

The Carlisle Indian team, has fairly outplayed and outwitted every eleven this season. The old cry that the Indians have weight, but are dull and heavy, must be reversed, as they are the lightest team of any importance on the gridiron. The average is 164 pounds, exactly twenty pounds less to a man than the Harvard or Princeton eleven, and fifteen pounds less than Pennsylvania.

The season has been marked by good headwork, clever tricks, and the entire team playing as one man. With the exception of Captain Johnson who is always a wonder, there are no stars among the redskins, each doing his best for an all-round good game.

The Eskimo center, Nekeifer Shut-chuk, is the most unique feature on the gridiron. He hails from the frozen North, where his only sport was chasing the polar bear. His face is round and ruddy, but his small, beadlike eyes lose their twinkle and his jolly grin becomes set and fierce when in a game. He talks little, but uses the sign language, accompanied by grunts and emphatic nods of his head. He is light for the position, but is strong and built close to the ground.

The Eskimo is good-natured and is a general favorite wherever he goes. He believes in a clean game and no slugging. In a recent contest he collided with his opponent, giving the fellow a terrific knock on the head. He was promptly sworn at, but though stinging from the blow himself, he went on with the game, only stopping long enough to shout:

"I no like swear words. You wait after game. Gee, I hit hard!"

Glen S. Warner, or 'Pop Warner,' as he is familiarly and affectionately known, is conceded to be one of the best coaches in the east. Taking, as he does, the rawest of raw material, he evolved an eleven that by its skillful tricks and brilliant team work outplays most of the colleges.

Warner is handicapped by lack of material, having dozens of men to select from, while other coaches have hundreds of eligible candidates.

At Harvard the score stood 11 to 0 in favor of the Indians until fifteen minutes before the end, when Harvard put in fresh men of huge proportions, while the Indians had no substitutes who could fill the places of the regular team, and were weakened by the long struggle with Harvard's heavy team, so that in the last few seconds Harvard scored and won by a hair's breadth only.

At Princeton the redskins played in a drenching rain, with mud so thick on the field that it was impossible for a team so light to gain any ground whatever.

Another handicap to the redmen is the fact that they always have to travel long distances and play on unfamiliar fields. —[Chicago Tribune.

## A MODERN SCHOOL OF SAVAGERY.

Under the above caption the Denver Republican in quoting Mr. F. Opper, well known as a cartoonist who voices a vigorous protest against the literature that encourages animal slaughter, mentioning with disfavor Outdoor Life says:

It is believed that the sporting magazines like Outdoor Life are not doing real harm. In general these magazines appeal to real sportsman, who limit their desire to slaughter, or who at least try to observe game laws. Mr. Opper might find a much wider field, however, if he protested against the so-called "nature" books which are being written for the delectation of young readers.

This season at least three of these books have been published—"The Magic Forest" by Stewart Edward White, "Two Little Savages" by Earnest Thompson Seton, and "Trapper Jim" by Edwin Sandys.

These books teach boys how to slaughter wild game by means of traps and firearms.

They are supposed to show how much better it is to live like a savage than like a civilized man.

They will undo the work of all the humane societies if their teaching is allowed to spread.

They are ten times worse than any sporting magazine when it comes to encouraging the "killing instinct," for they appeal to the boys instead of to grown men.

Mr. Opper should "get after" Mr. White and Mr. Seton and the other authors of the "near to nature" school if he wishes to do a real service to the kindred of the wild.

## FROM PONCA.

One of the interesting schools visited in Oklahoma recently was the Ponca Boarding School, which we found in excellent running order. The Principal Mr. Dankewardt was up to date in his ideas of a well ordered school, and we are pleased to take the following items from the Indian Herald relative to that place.

Our principal, Mr. Dankewardt, has fitted up a reading room for the pupils. Magazines, books and papers collected from various sources, furnish much enjoyment for the larger boys and girls who meet there under the supervision of the teachers after work hours are over.

We have been taking our Autumn walks and studying nature in fields and woods. "October's bright, blue weather" gave us beautifully tinted leaves, golden-brown cat-tails, scarlet green-brier, while of persimmons, pecans and walnuts we gathered not a few. The children found the home of Chipperee, the squirrel in every hollow-tree, while not a creeping, crawling thing escaped their notice. Their love for the woods and all pertaining thereto shows us their wish to be "Near to Nature's heart."

We have recently had the pleasure of a visit from Col. and Mrs. R. H. Pratt and Miss M. Burgess of Carlisle. They were accompanied by Mrs. Given, now of Ponca City, but formerly matron at Carlisle. Col. Pratt seemed pleased with our school and evinced a warm interest in all Indians.

## A SYMPOSIUM.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the flue.

"Get good pull with the ring," said the Door-bell.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the Lathe.

—[The Jewish Criterion

## Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters, and when read in order they make what the average Indian boy now-a-days at the Carlisle school is often found doing when he has a moment to himself.

My 9, 8, 7, 6 is the number required to make a baseball team.

My 3, 4, 12 is what Noah built.

My 14, 3, 1, 14, 15 is the part of our being that the Thanksgiving dinner satisfied the very best.

My 10, 13, 11, 5 is to catch ones breath.

My 2, 15, 7, 16 is what we will probably have for Christmas dinner instead of turkey.

Who answers the above Enigma may have a choice of a lot of photographs of old-time students which we are parting with at a loss, as they are not salable on account of being faded, some soiled or out of date. If we forward by mail, the receiver must pay the postage. Any person at the school may have his or her choice by calling at the printing-office sanctum. Some of these photographs are very interesting reminders of old students and of days gone by, and are of all sizes from card to 12x16.

## SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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

Address all business correspondence to Miss M. Burgess Supt. of Printing Indian School, Carlisle.