

The Red Man ^{and} Helper.

THE RED MAN.


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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
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PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

Christmas.

LADNESS comes of kindly graces.
Be the season what it may.
Christmas hearts and Christmas faces
May they greet thee every day.

MEMORIES OF EARLY DAYS IN CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

A pressed daisy that lies before me, attached to a leaf of my scrap book, holds within its petals memories of a day of rare interest at Carlisle Indian School.

Early in the morning of that day, at the old Barracks, where 100 years soldiers had been drilled to fit them to hunt down wild Indians, a group of merry girls of that race were seen down in a meadow, through which flows the Letort Spring, filling their arms with daisies, which they bore to the sitting room in their quarters, and proceeded to draw their stems through the meshes of a large square of burlap, which lay upon the floor.

When no space was left for another daisy, it lay there in the white and gold, a thing of beauty.

And for what was it designed?

Our young Kiowa warrior, Etahdleuh, would that day wed the Kiowa maiden Laura, and on this mat their feet should rest while they took their marriage vows.

It was not the Carlisle idea that the students marry and return to their people, but this was an exceptional case.

Etahdleuh was a spirited young man going out to war among the old Comanche and Kiowa raiders, whom Lieut. Pratt had captured and taken to Fort Sill, and afterwards, by order of Government, transferred to Ft. Marion, Fla.

There through the instructions given the prisoners, a new light burst upon the mental and spiritual vision of the would-be young warrior, which was intensified during some months' stay at Hampton, and afterwards a longer stay at Carlisle; and remembering the darkness in which he left his people, he asked the privilege of returning to tell them the good news of Love and Peace, which filled his vision and satisfied his heart.

While pursuing his studies at Carlisle, he was delegated to go to the territory to conduct a company who would return with him to enter the school.

Among the members was Laura, who had attended a government school among her tribe, but wishing for farther privileges, would go to Carlisle.

Having no legal protector among her people, with great naivete in her maiden simplicity she had said:

Perhaps Etahdleuh will care for me, and accepting the proffered charge he had asked her to become his companion in his labors among their people. So standing on the daisy mat in the chapel that day, in the presence of a large company of students from the different tribes of Indians, they pledged themselves before God to live pure and true lives with each other, till death separated them.

This was a new and vital object lesson for the Indian youths who in their homes knew no other form of marriage than the giving of horses and blankets by those who took their sisters as wives—surely this was a new day to each in his and her march toward a higher life.

At the right of my desk lies a photograph of the first company of Navajos that came to the school, the picture having been taken immediately after their arrival, before changing their dresses. There is but one woman in the group.

Her long bangs hang over her eyebrows and her dress is that of the women of their tribe, she having a Navajo mother.

This dress had been assumed that she might accomplish the object for which she had visited her people. For some years she had been in a private school in New Jersey, being supported there by a

white man, presumably her father. When he died she was transferred to Carlisle Indian School, and as there was no other one of her tribe present, by request of Capt. Pratt, she went to their reservation and induced the company seen in the picture to return with her.

In a photograph at my left, of the School Choir, her figure appears again. Her bangs have disappeared, her hair is nicely arranged around her well formed head, her dress is of the modern civilized style and her face is beaming with pleasure.

Is it that the young Creek gentleman who is stationed back of her a little to the right, has his eyes turned toward her rather than the camera?

This may well be supposed, as a friendly acquaintance is existing between the two young people.

This grew more and more apparent to us all, and so it came to be, that one day, arrayed in a becoming traveling suit, bearing a shower of roses in her arms, our Navajo lady accompanied by a sweet faced Creek maid, walked calmly and deliberately up one of the chapel aisles, and as she neared the rostrum, the Creek gentleman with an attending friend stepped forward to meet her, and joining hands they took upon themselves marriage vows.

After a pleasant reception in the teacher's parlor, they were accompanied to the Herdick, which was to bear them to the train, by a band of friends who showered them with rice, wishing them success in the school among the Navajos whom they were going to teach.

E. G. P.

THE PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL AT ANADARKO, OKLAHOMA.

We recently visited Rev. Mr. Fait's school and found a delightful place, full of promise and bright children, white and Indian, being educated together under favorable auspices and excellent instructors.

In a letter to the Presbyterian, signed S. V. Fait we see that the same conditions in that country, which struck us with awe and consternation, trouble the home worker. Some one has asked, How many Christians are there among the Indians at that Agency and the writer replies:

Possibly there are four or five hundred church members, and many of these I am sure are earnest Christians, but the white man's whisky and his immorality are making it necessary to revise church records.

This was to have been expected.

It was time, however, to open these Indian lands to settlement.

It had to come and we must make the most of it.

We only hope that the demoralization will pass away with the years, and that in the end the Indian will be the gainer for having the white man in his neighborhood.

I am sorry to say that the average Indian here is doing little or nothing to support himself.

There is little need for exertion on his part.

"Gross money," "Government money," with partial rations, make existence possible.

"What should we do for them?"

Throw every able-bodied Indian on his own responsibility.

Make government provision for the old and helpless.

Let the children, as far as possible, be educated in the schools of his township and with his white neighbor.

[The Man-on-the-band-stand would add to this: Induce as many as possible to go as far away from home as possible, and to stay out as long as possible.]

Abolish the saloon.

See that the Indian has equal rights under the law with his white brother.

Establish the church and Sabbath-school among them.

Give them field matrons, who will help the mothers and daughters to build the Christian home; who will teach them to take care of themselves and their children; who will be with them in sickness and in their bereavements.

God only knows how the Indians have sorrowed in the years that have gone.

No one can reach the women in the home like the godly field matron.

[The Man-on-the-band-stand would add here, too; there are widely differing opinions regarding the need for field matrons among the Indians. Some agents hold that their services are not practical; that the fruits of the labor of the field matron are not perceptible, while others feel that there is great need for such workers, if, as Missionary Fait says, they are godly, conscientious women.]

Our own work is not without encouragement.

Our Indians come to the mission school, knowing that they must do what they can to support themselves, and they come because they chose this school of their own accord.

We are also beginning to draw pupils from the so-called civilized tribes, who do not have access to the Government schools, this class is large and very needy.

We hope for good results in this direction.

The work, as a whole, must necessarily be a long one.

Years of darkness need years of light the evils engendered.

He is rapidly falling away from the old Indian life and from the gods of his fathers.

Will the new life lead him to the true God?

It will, if we have done our part.

S. V. FAIT.

The work as a whole need not necessarily be a long one, as the Missionary remarks. It will take a thousand years with the present methods, but if the young of the generation were induced in large numbers to go out for the knowledge and training which to them means wisdom and courage, the change in appearance would be evident in a surprisingly short period. They do not necessarily need the training of the high school or college or of the professional aspirant, but merely a chance to enter the practical every day life of the average business man.

Those who have been out in civilization and have gone back to Indian ways are not those who were away from the Indian community long enough to see and wish all the benefits of the better life. They merely washed their faces, so to speak, and hurried back, soon to become as soiled and unclean as before. Not so with those who were brave enough to jump in all over. They learned to like the swim, and are capable of holding their heads above water.

Some of these have made mistakes, but there is a noble band of graduates in the West, now working against great odds and who are towers of strength to discouraged workers. They are as "lights in the world, holding forth the word of life" to their people and to their unbelieving white neighbors.

The bee must go OUF from the hive to get the honey.

M O T B S.

TRUTH.

Truth is freedom, and Error is slavery throughout the Universe of God, and Truth and the freedom it confers must prevail at last.

Error may wrestle and combat under countless transformations and at times grow strong and become a devastating storm, but Truth, the celestial fire-bolt of Jupiter, hidden in the clouds breaks from its own bosom to scatter and dissipate its rage and make way for the Standard of Light.

ANON.

A FEW FACTS.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The first saving bank recorded was founded in Hamburg in 1778.

The towers of the Brooklyn Bridge are 200 feet high.

There are over 200,000 miles of railroad in the United States.

Telegraphy was invented by S. F. B. Morse in 1835.

The first suspension bridges in the United States were built between 1796 and 1810.

The kind of needles we now use first came into use in 1515.

The first steel pen was invented in 1830.

The catacombs of Rome are 580 miles long, and contain 6,000,000 bodies.

Charles Goodyear invented vulcanized rubber in 1839.

A vestibuled palace sleeping car cost about \$16,000.

Iron rails were first used in England in 1738.

The first attempt to make a thermometer was at the beginning of the 17th century.

The first effort to produce a typewriter was made in England in 1714.

The Atlantic cable was completed in 1866, and is 2134 miles long.

The game of chess originated in India, 5,000 years ago.

The Chinese are said to have practised the art of engraving more than 1,000 years before Christ.

Cristofali, an Italian, is said to have invented the piano, known, about 1711.

[Sent to the RED MAN by the Vice President of the Pennsylvania Women's Association.]

CURE FOR LOVE.

Recommended to take 12 ounces of Dislike 14 drops of the Quiet of Dishonor, 1 qt. of the Waters of Consideration and a large sprig of Thyme.

Mix and set over the slow fire of Hate.

Sweeten with the Spoon of Melancholy.

Place in the Bottle of your Heart, cork with the cork of a Sound Conscience.

Then let it remain and you will find instant relief and soon be restored to your senses again.

These things can be bought at the House of Understanding next door to Reason, Prudent Street at Village of Contentment.—[By request.]

A father going into his stable one day last week found his little son astride one of the horses, with a slate and pencil in his hand.

"Why Harry," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," was the reply.

"Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father.

"Because," answered the little fellow, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse"—[Our Dumb Animals.]

A little girl had the habit of saying "Ha?" when she did not understand what was said to her. Her aunt told her that, instead, she ought to say, "Beg pardon?" The next day a little playmate said, "Ha?" and little girl No. 1 corrected her; "for auntie says it is not proper to say 'Ha?' You must say, 'Baking-powder!'"—[Congregationalist.]

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practicing with our guns at my country-place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes, but he had to pay for the bull."—[Harper's Weekly.]

Wallace Denny, a Carlisle Indian pupil, who a few years ago worked for W. J. Kirk, is traveling with the Indian football team. Denny helps to rub the players down after practice. The team goes to California after the season is over and Denny expects to go with them.—[Newtown Enterprise.]

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.

Are you uncomfortably cold? There are thousands in pain and deep distress at this very moment for the want of proper clothing. They have no shoes upon their feet and no warm heater to stand by. Let us at least feel sorry for such people and not feel that we have reason to complain when rooms happen to be a little chilly.

If each subscriber would send the RED-MAN as a Christmas present to even one person, what a jump our subscription list would take, and we could get some needed new material. Why, it would spread the circulation 4,000 and would give us a thousand dollars to begin the new year. Haven't you a friend who ought to be kept in touch with Indian affairs? The RED-MAN is not a child's paper but printed for thinking people. If some would send in two or three names it would help balance those who cannot well spare a quarter for the good of the cause of Indian education. We will furnish the paper to five people for a dollar, if all are ordered at the same time.

Instructors Murtoff and Lau of the blacksmith and wagon shop came bravely to the rescue of the printers when the large cylinder press this week began to "kick." With their instruments and good judgment they made some adjustments that set the unruly machine to work again in good spirits. It is funny how even a press will go crooked once in awhile, and the bad humor is apt to come when we want to make the best time, such as before Christmas. All "kickers" however are easily managed with a little tact and patience, and half the time, unruly actions come because those in charge are nervous, over-wrought and out of patience.

The article first page signed E. G. P. is by Mrs. Platt, who for years was one of us and who before that had been a missionary among the Indians for forty years. Her "Memories of Early Days" will call to mind, with some who are still here, the very scenes she describes.

Mrs. Pratt, Miss Cutter, Miss Ely, and Miss Burgess took tea in Oklahoma a few weeks ago, with Laura, now Mrs. Pedrick. A better meal, and presided over with more womanly grace is rarely partaken of. We feasted on quail and other delicious delicacies, all of which were served in courses. Mrs. Pedrick is Field Matron, and drives a beautiful team of creams in her visitations among the Indian women in their homes. She is a prominent character in that section for her good works and able accomplishments in many ways.

It is stated that about twenty sales of inherited lands at Yankton Agency have just been approved by the Interior Department, and that thirty thousand dollars will in a few days be paid over to the Indians. This means thirty thousand dollars worth of cash business in the neighboring towns within the next two weeks, for the Indian has not yet learned how to save money.—[The Weekly Review.

This is exactly what it means, and the Weekly Review portrays to the world the weakest characteristic of the Indian. Our red brethren will always be pointed at in derision and scorn until Flandreaus Haskells, Genoas; Chemawas, Carlisles and the like bring them out from their communal homes in numbers so large that the trained individual may be pointed at by the business world as a success. But Indian schools cannot make of the individual this business success, they can only coax him out and give him a start, and then they should push him further into the swim, for him to sink if he cannot paddle his own way to a safe landing place in a business community.

DON'T BE ANNOYED.

DEAR RED MAN:

In common with every friend and well wisher of the Indians, I am pained to see the frequent references in the newspapers of the country to "troubles among the Indians" in which there appears to really be no ground for complaint, or, if there is, it should be visited upon the whites. It is one of those unpleasant and cruel things which cannot be regulated, and it strikes me that if the Indians are patient and go ahead as law-abiding people, showing their worth by their lives every day in whatever place they may be found, that it will be but a short time before this wrong to them will right itself.

It should be known to all readers that there are many people in this country who are making their living by selling sensational articles to newspapers. They are known as "special fiends," and they are to be found in almost every city and town in the whole country. They are paid "space rates" for good stories, or what some of the newspapers call "good stories." The more sensational they are the better rates the special fiends get for their work, and in this manner it is often the case that the most outlandish and untruthful yarns appear in newspapers. Let me give you an instance:

A few weeks ago there was published in many of the eastern papers a story of this nature which laid the scene in a little town in Iowa. It told about the appearance of a wonderful prehistoric monster—a great bird that emitted strange cries and out of whose eyes dazzling lights flashed. It had been seen, so the story ran, by a doctor, and it was described in nearly a column as one of the most wonderful and terrible creatures that ever appeared on the face of the earth. I wrote to the postmaster of the town named and asked what there was about it, and he replied that the whole story was made up by a special writer in Des Moines, Iowa, and that no such thing ever appeared in that place. He further said that he had received scores of letters from all parts of the country making inquiries as to the same thing.

Now my advice to the Indians and the friends of the Indians is not to let these reports annoy you. Denounce them firmly whenever they appear, and take legal measures if they become libelous in any individual particular. Go right along and live these lies down by good performances and superior conduct. All over the country there are thinking men and women who are giving the "Indian Problem" better study and attention than they have ever done before. Many respectable newspapers are lifting their voices in protest to this despicable practice which I have outlined, and in the end—which is not far away—they will prevail over these "yellow" publications which seize every opportunity, (or make an opportunity when one is wanting) to say something that shall make their readers shudder over the alleged crimes of the Indians. I know that it is hard to attempt to bear this wrong with patience and forbearance, but it seems to me that it is the only thing to do. W. W. CANFIELD. UTICA, N. Y.

NO MORE BOOZE.

The Northern Pacific Railway company has served notice upon its employes that after January 1, next, the use of intoxicating liquors by its train men is absolutely prohibited at all times. Heretofore drinking has only been forbidden while men were on duty; but the new rule makes the use of intoxicating liquor at any time sufficient cause for dismissal. At first glance this order may seem to be unnecessarily strict, for many will argue that the trainman's time when not on duty is his own to spend as he pleases, so long as he is sober and attentive while on duty—to require anything more than this is held to be an infringement upon personal liberty.

But when the responsibilities of the trainmen are considered and it is remembered that the midnight carousal unfits a man for work the next day it is not strange that such an order has been issued.

The lives of fellow trainmen and passengers depends upon the faithful performance of even the simplest duty by every brakeman, conductor, engineer and fireman, and anything which impairs the ability of such trainmen should be strictly excluded.

Besides lending greater security to the

lives of trainmen and passengers, this order, if enforced, will be of great benefit to the men themselves, for while dissipation is the forerunner of want and suffering, sobriety is always the companion of thrift and contentment. The moderate drinker is apt to contend that the company has no right to object to his taking an occasional drink when off duty but where is the company to draw the line?

And how is it to distinguish between the moderate drinker and the man who drinks to excess?

As this is impossible, the only safe rule is to forbid all drinking, and this the company has wisely done, and if other large employers would pursue the same course the cause of temperance would be considerably strengthened and human misery and suffering would be diminished in proportion.

Intemperance is no more common among railroad men than it is among those who follow other vocations and perhaps less so, but it is more noticeable, because it unfits them for the responsible duties which they must perform, and for this reason a higher standard is required of railroad men.—[The Great Falls Montana, Daily Leader.

If only something could be done to stir up the pride of the Indians who drink. The number of drinking Indians is not small, and it is increasing all the time. Debaters, Agitate! Agitate! Agitate! What can we do about it? Must we look on, helplessly, and see our people going down, down down to destruction?

WILL THEY?

A Fallsington friend writes at the close of a business letter:

"I enjoyed the Pennsylvania-Indian game very much and was more than glad to see your boys win, which they certainly did on their merit. They played clean football from start to finish and Pennsylvania was simply outclassed by the untutored red man."

Even at this late date some still say:

"You can't make anything out of an Indian. As soon as they go back from Carlisle they will return to their old ways and their blankets."

As I looked on that crowd of bright, fine looking girls and manly sturdy boys I asked myself the question:

"Will THESE boys and girls go back to their homes and return to their old ways?"

My answer came:

"No, never."

You certainly are doing a noble work.

Many weeks have passed since we laid one of our number to rest in the school grave-yard, but on last Monday, Helen Frates, one of the girls from Alaska, who has been with us for six years, was borne by loving hands to her last resting place. Helen has always been delicate and for the past two or three years has been a patient sufferer from an affliction which finally ended in tuberculosis of the lungs. All through her stay at the hospital she was especially sweet and helpful and considerate of others. She always feared that Miss Barr would not get enough rest and would chide fretful patients who called unnecessarily. Helen had an amiable disposition, was a good Christian girl and was loved by all. She was an orphan, but there are friends here and at a distance who will mourn her loss.

"I cannot willingly give up your paper—too much interested in the Indians as a people and in our obligations to them. God help us to fully do our duty by them," are the words of a good Baltimore friend. The Man-on-the-band-stand would call the attention of thinking people to the fact that our duty to-day is heavier than ever, as now the Indians have to battle with conditions never before known to them—evil conditions carried to them by the white man.

Thomas Blackbear, Porcupine, South Dakota, class '94, in a business letter says that he and his wife are getting on well, and he will never forget the grand old Carlisle school. "I always thank Colonel Pratt for what he has done for me and for the Indians," he says. Thomas did what he could with others to settle the trouble there relating to the Wyoming affair, and all is quiet now. He sends kind regards to his friends here.

THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION.

One of the most interesting anniversaries to which the country is now looking forward will occur on May 13, 1907, when the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the first English settlers in this country will be observed at Jamestown, Virginia.

The Jamestown Exposition Company has been organized, with General Fitzhugh Lee as President, and has outlined plans which include a naval and marine exhibition in Hampton roads, with the greatest assemblage of monitors, battle-ships, armed cruisers, gunboats, and other war vessels of every kind which has ever been made, the foreign navies as well as the United States navy being represented.

It is proposed to rebuild a considerable portion of Jamestown as it was in colonial days, in order that visitors may see, on the spot where English civilization was born in this country, a reproduction of that civilization as it appeared to the men who founded it three hundred years ago.

Indian villages will be built in the neighborhood, and employees will be dressed in colonial costumes.

The site for the Exposition, which is to embrace three hundred and thirty acres of ground at Sewall's Point, Norfolk County, Virginia, on Hampton Roads, will soon be marked by the erection of the Exposition buildings; and the company has purchased outright the land upon which the Exposition is to be held, for the purpose of affording additional security for stockholders.

The Exposition will be international in its scope, and its features will be chiefly historical, industrial, and naval.

The enterprise will be conducted largely under the direction of Virginians, but it belongs to the whole country, and in its success the whole country will take a deep interest.—[The Outlook.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION.

Hardly any event would add more interest to the coming celebration of the settlement of Jamestown Island than the removal of the remains of Pocahontas from their resting place in Gravesend, England, to the spot where she first met the white men and over which her ancestors ruled.

Her story stands as the one strange and vivid romance of the early colonial life. There were, indeed, other romances as thrilling but none were touched with the peculiar and fascinating coloring evolved by the sudden contact of two distinct races on the unhappy island of Jamestown. No doubt at the request of the State of Virginia, the British Government would cordially assist in removing the remains of her whom one of the English sovereigns regarded as the daughter of a king. However, it is quite doubtful whether these remains can be found. Pocahontas died in Gravesend in 1617, and she was buried in the chancel of the church which was afterwards destroyed by fire, and there is no monument or sign indicating the exact spot where her body lies.

An event, only less interesting, would be the removal of the remains of Captain John Smith from England to the land over which he ruled as governor for a short period. The marvelous skill with which he surveyed in a shallop the waterways of the state, and constructed rude maps of them which are authentic to-day; the political and economic wisdom displayed in his history of Virginia, and the record of the early days of colonial life, which, but for his intelligence and industry, would now be unknown—all of these considerations prompt us to suggest that the State of Virginia should respectfully request the British government to aid in securing a removal of his remains which now lie in Saint Sepulchre's parish, London, to the spot where he once ruled and admirably served in shaping "the beginnings of a nation."—[Southern Workman.

Last week, Miss Bryant gave a bright and interesting chapel talk on the rather formidable sounding subject of the life of Ludwig van Beethoven. The strange story of this "Shakespeare of Music," as some one has called him, was briefly and clearly outlined; and the children were given a little idea of the general style of the great composer by some well chosen selections from the beautiful "Moonlight Sonata" which Miss Bryant played for them at the conclusion of her talk.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Keep cool!
Kindly shut that door!
Please close it softly!
Six more days, then Merry Christmas.
Button up your coat!—If you don't wear a vest.

Miss Ely is getting over a slight attack of lumbago.

Skating is at its height, for pleasure and good ice.

Mr. George Foulke has been a little under the weather.

Liquid air was discussed in the Senior room, last week.—

Miss Newcomer spent a day with friends at Shippensburg.

The dress-makers have begun the graduating dresses for the class of 1904.—

Mr. Gardner and Mr. Herr have improved the looks of the carpenter shop.

Emma Strong spent Saturday and Sunday at her country home at Craighead.—

The large girls' prayer meeting in quarters was led by Elizabeth Knudsen.—

Such a time as we are having to get ready for Christmas, individually, we mean!

Alfred Venne has gone to New York State on business connected with the school.

Blake Whitebear of the U. S. S. Buffalo is visiting the school on a two weeks' furlough.—

Seniors. Let us remember Capt. Hobson's message, the secret of success is "Hard Work."—

Mrs. Cook has started on her visitations among the girls by taking those nearest at hand first.

Miss Peter spent a part of Tuesday in Harrisburg. She probably had a secret meeting with Santa Claus.

Let us put one united mind on the footballers to-morrow in Salt Lake. Everybody WILL our boys to win.

Miss Hill has been elected advisory committee for the Susans in the place of Mr. Reising who has resigned.

The Susans are to have a new banner before the Society gives their annual entertainment to the school.—

Disciplinarian Thompson spent Tuesday in Harrisburg attending Federal court in the settling of liquor cases.

Mr. and Mrs. Nori are spending Mr. Nori's vacation with friends at Trenton. Mrs. Nori's sister, Miss Griffin, is with them.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt are expected home before long, but we do not know the day they will come in upon us from the west.

He who reads directions hurriedly and does not follow them closely can not expect to remain long in the employ of a good business man.

The girls enjoyed their holiday shopping last Saturday. Some came home with large packages showing that Christmas is almost here.—

We learn through a letter that Bertha Jameson '03 is at home in New York helping her mother, and wishes to be remembered to all her friends.—

We had an evening with the Hedden Moving Pictures on Wednesday, and have not had an entertainment for a long time that was more enjoyed.

Why cut the corners now any more than in summer? Those of us who are too tired to go around are wearing ugly paths across certain corners of the parade.

The paper printed by the Scotland Orphan School gives quite an interesting account of the game between their team and the Junior Varsity of the small boys' quarters.—

Basket-ball teams are being organized in the various upper classes. Hobson said "organization" brings the best results in anything, so look out for the best organization.—

Geo. H. Pradt, '03, writes from New Mexico that he is well. He wishes for all of his Carlisle friends success and reminds the Standards to "hold em down and stay on top."

Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of schools, with her clerk, Mr. Garber, is with us. We are printing the half-tone illustrations for her Annual Report which will be out shortly. There are 22,000 impressions to make, and we feel honored to be trusted with the responsible work.

This has been a cold week!
Osteopathy is being tried by a few.
Half-tone plate work takes patience!
Any kind of nice work takes patience!
The pond is an attractive spot these days.

Mr. Gansworth is still in Bucks County among the boys.

He who can follow directions to the letter is the man that is wanted in a first class business house.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt having recently been to Alaska makes the description of Alaska, first page, all the more interesting to us.

No prettier sight anywhere than our pond full of merry skaters in their gaily colored sweaters and knit caps with flying tassels!

The three Bible classes held on Sunday afternoons in the Y. M. C. A. hall are increasing in number as well as in interest. We are studying the life of Christ according to the book of St. Mark.—

Walter Camp, the authority on football says in his All-American team notes that Johnson is the best handler of the ball on the grid-iron to-day, and places him as quarter-back for the All-American team.

If we fall on the ice, how long do we remain down for some one to pick us up? If we make a mistake and fall down in a figurative sense, is it not just as wise for us to gather ourselves up as soon as possible and take a new start?

The band played again very acceptably last Saturday night before the lecture. D Company marched out the best, then B, then E, first Division, then E, 2nd Division, then A, then C. Of the girls, C and D, marched equally well, then B then A.

Mr. John B. Bratton, representing the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company was the first to bring us a 1904 calendar. It is the Puritan Statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of the founders of Springfield, and is a fine picture. We thank Mr. Bratton.

"We thought we would let the paper drop, but have concluded we would lose too much valuable information about the school and pupils," says a Harleton, friend. See? A good Christmas present to a friend who ought to be gaining information about the UPRISING Indian.

"I prize your paper highly and would not be without it for much more than it costs. It gives the closest contact with the Redman for the money expended of any publication known to me. I am glad to see the enigmas resumed," says a Plainfield, Connecticut friend, and we thank her.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hood, old and worthy ex-students from Indian Territory are now in the Government service at Yainax, Oregon. They are over a hundred miles from the railroad and seem lost, Charles says, to the civilized world. They are uncertain as to how long they will remain.

When we pick up a daily paper we frequently read about coal strikes and labor strikes; Now if the air which the Seniors are discussing were harnessed up and made to work, maybe there would be no more strikes. We would read about the compressed air engine doing all the work in place of the strikers.—

To-night, instead of societies, we have Dr. Henry W. Elson, the last of the University Extension course. To-morrow evening the Societies will meet, and Mr. Allen and some one in Mr. Nori's place will attend the Invincibles; Misses Cutter and Hill the Standards and Misses Bryant and Weekley the Susans.

Mr. Paul A. Walter, who was instructor in tailoring at our school before Mr. Nonnast, is now at Genoa, Nebraska. In writing to Mr. Wheelock, he says he has been there but a few days, but likes it very much. He has become acquainted with Miss Fisher and knows a number of the employees. Mrs. Walter and baby are both well, but are not with him at present, although it is his intention to have them join him soon.

Miss Senseney, instrumental instructor, had charge of the opening exercises yesterday, when she gave a short sketch of the life of Mendelssohn. Pearl Hartley played one of his songs without words, Mr. Davies and Miss Senseney sang a duet, Miss Hill playing the accompaniment and Miss Stewart sang a solo from the Oratorio "Elijah," a rich musicale all in twenty minutes and most heartily enjoyed.

MORE OF CAPTAIN HOBSON.

Miss Peter, who heard Captain Hobson's talk given before the morning division of students in Assembly Hall last week, took closer notes than our regular reporter. In nearly these words he said:

There are two principles I am going to leave with you this morning. One is that we should organize our forces and efforts. Every man and every woman very naturally wants to do great things. The question is to find out how.

The two principles I will name I think will include all our activities, for individuals as well as for the nation.

One relates to things that pertain to ourselves; the other principle pertains to others.

I believe the first principle is properly stated thus:

A man is a wonderful creature. He has wonderful capacities for development. Of course environment and circumstances stand for a good deal, but I believe if every man and every woman would say:

"I will develop myself into the strongest, most vigorous, most intellectual, most sympathetic being I can, so I can think intelligently, logically, synthetically; I will develop spiritually as well as intellectually; I will reach down deep into the recesses of my heart and pull up everything mean and ignoble like weeds and rubbish, leaving no briars in my heart; I will make of myself a finished man or woman in physique, in mind, in spirit," he would be following out the principle I have in my mind, and would be preparing himself for great usefulness to his country.

2nd. If a man looks around he finds he is not alone in the world. He will find there are thousands of other human beings going the same path he is on today. The second principle involves the feeling that I will never willingly and unnecessarily harm any human being. On the contrary I will help every human being it is in my power to help.

It takes hard work to succeed. You think it is strange that the American fleet so easily destroyed the Spanish fleet. The Spanish ships were fitted out with good machinery. Every vessel had a speed of 20 knots an hour but they ran only at 17 knots. Our battle ships had a speed of only 16 knots, but they moved at 20 knots when necessary. You have often heard it intimated that the Spaniards were not good fighters. You must never reflect upon Spanish character in that way. The Spaniards died like the noble men they were. You will never hear an army officer say they were not good fighters or were cowards.

Every man died at his post, scalded, strangled or burnt to death.

When I was in prison at Moro, Admiral Cervera came to visit me. And when I got out of prison and came north I found that he was in prison at Annapolis. After his kind and courteous attention to me I felt that I should call to see him.

In our talk tears came into his eyes, as he began some reminiscences of the events that were so shortly past. He began himself to talk about the last great battle. I had just come from the scene, and I knew the condition of the Spanish fleet.

During the battle the heat upon their boats was most intense. When we boarded there was not a space as big as the palm of your hand that had not been swept by fire and was still burning to the touch. Even an insect could not have lived on that ship that day.

"The first shot that came in," he said "caught our fire main. The second shot set us on fire. It swept through and over the ship from end to end."

I said, "Had you cut out your wood-work?"

"No," he said, "I thought of doing that, and when we got to Cape Verde Islands I applied for permission to do that, but it was not given."

We did not apply to the Navy Department to do that. We cut and sawed and removed the handsome woodwork and everything that could catch and spread fire. The portions we could not get out we covered with tin and sheet iron, anything we could get hold of so as to protect the ship.

My young friends, there is where the battle was won long before it was fought—by paying the price in indefatigable hard work. There's where all our American victories are to be won.

There's where YOUR victories are to be won, there's where MY victories are

to be won,—by indefatigable, unremitting hard work.

Study each individual member of your family, each friend, each associate. Let each resolve that I will be a fine, vigorous, useful citizen and work where I can work best. Let us have all our American citizens stand for honesty, efficiency, loyalty, and honor.

Let us, as citizens work in the spirit that America shall never do anything dishonorable. She will protect the helpless people in South America, in the Philippines, and will go to the rescue of the helpless hordes of China and in all parts of the earth.

Let us resolve we will make ourselves the best specimens of men and women, be useful in the world and be the best type of American citizenship.

Make America's life count for the very maximum of useful service to mankind.

I shall remember most pleasantly my visit to this institution and assure you that my best wishes are with you as a whole and for each individual.

It surely seems true that mishaps never come single-handed. A lamp was placed underneath the disc of one of our job presses to warm the ink while the press was in motion, so that the illustration work in process of printing would come out well. The pressman, an apprentice of less than six months' experience, but the best man we had for the very special work to be done, did not notice the lamp. He had learned to feed well and to watch a good many corners, but had not been told about the danger of overheating. The consequence is that the new rollers suddenly melted and there is a delay of several days in waiting for new ones, and this all because several people did not THINK. The pressman who ruined those rollers will never make such a mistake again, no matter where he works. HE has learned to think, and although the lesson was an expensive and an annoying one to somebody, if it proves of value to him, it should not be considered a great loss. What we are learning at Carlisle, through our work in country homes and in our duties at school, more than to become specially proficient in any trade is to THINK. The Man-on-the-band-stand does not believe there is any difference between the Indian and other races when race alone is considered, except in the opportunities the individuals of one race have had above another to learn to THINK, and learning to think can be gained only through the little, homely, trying, sometimes bitter every-day experiences that come to boys and girls who work with busy, honest, thrifty people, interested in their behalf.

The talk by Dr. Henry M. Elson, A. M. of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching last Saturday night was next to the last of six lectures entitled "Between the two wars," and again was listened to with splendid attention. He gave a brief review of the political parties in America; the fall of the Whig party; its place in history, and its two great leaders Clay and Webster. Although this party was unfortunate its memory is preserved by the abiding fame of these great leaders. He spoke of the administration of Pierce and his popularity through the want of ability. Stephen A. Douglas and his Kansas-Nebraska Bill upon which he spoke all night, was told about. The Bill passed in the morning, but the people had not been consulted, and it was a mistake; his popularity was snuffed out and resentment was deepened by the Dred-Scott decision; but Douglas redeems himself. The last lecture in the course comes to-night.

Our footballers departed for Salt Lake City on Monday evening accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Warner and "Doctor" Denney, the rubber. They will play the University of Utah on the 19th at Salt Lake City, and the Reliance Athletic Association, at San Francisco, on Christmas. On New Year's Day they will meet the Sherman Institute team at Los Angeles, who have been pronounced the champions of the Pacific. We wish for the team the strongest success, and may they be benefited greatly by the splendid opportunity to learn from travel. Coming as it does near the holiday vacation they lose but a few days of school. The team expects to visit Sherman at Riverside for a few days.

It is a good plan to return what we borrow, if we expect to be favored again.

MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING.

Each member of the winning team
Was greeted as a hero.
Royal game it was. The score
Was 28 to 0.

The Midway athletes were outclassed
Yet stubbornly they fought.
They bucked their hardest, but the score
Was 28 to 0.

The rural rooster's yell, "by hen!
It's time they're doin' su'thin'!"
It wasn't any use. The score
Was 28 to 0.

'Twas all in vain they bucked and charged,
They fit, and fit, and fit.
They couldn't do a thing. The score
Was 28 to 0.

—[Chicago Tribune,
on the Northwestern-Indian game.

ALASKA.

We have had native Alaskan Missionaries [with us a few weeks—Rev. and Mrs. Edward Marsden and little adopted daughter Marietta. Rev. Marsden received his college education at Marietta, Ohio, and then took a post course in medicine and law. He is thoroughly equipped for the noble work he is doing among his people, and the Presbyterian Board who employs him has one who is exceedingly interested for the welfare of his race and one who does conscientious work.

Rev. and Mrs. Marsden and daughter departed for their Northern home among the icebergs, on Friday evening. They will stop at a few places on the way. In this connection, some thoughts from a traveller to that country, so extensive in domain and rich in resources, will be apropos.

Winthrop Packard in the Boston Transcript makes these comments:

The strip of Alaskan Territory that the Canadians were so eager to get now belongs to the United States for all time.

Whatever we think of their anger at losing it we cannot blame them for wishing it their own, for it contains gold, probably much gold, vast tracts of timber and valuable furs and fisheries.

Moreover, it is a country capable of great development in other ways, and the waterways which lead up to it, now practically all under our control, are the most beautiful in the world.

From Seattle to Juneau is about a thousand miles, and the entire trip by steamer is along these inland waterways.

The route lies around and between islands. Through a labyrinth of channels some of which are scarcely a quarter mile wide, yet so deep that no ship can anchor in them.

A vessel can graze the cliffs at either side and yet have under her keel waters of wonderful clearness and half a hundred fathoms deep. Right from the water spring the mountains a thousand to eight thousand feet high, while behind them, inland and seaward, on the larger islands, are peaks that top the timber line and lift crowns white with perpetual snow.

Some of the Norwegian fiords approach them in beauty, but are far behind them in sublime grandeur.

Alaskan waters begin at Dixon's entrance when half the trip from Seattle has been covered. Here, in latitude 54. 40 north, you find the Portland canal, so-called, in reality a waterway of much magnificence, running forty miles inland through timber clad mountains that rise abruptly.

It has a splendid depth of water, and, as the commission has decided that this belongs to Canada, it will give her an ample channel to the Pacific for the trade which will in future years come to Port Simpson, at its head, the terminus of the projected Grand Trunk Canadian Pacific Railway.

As you go north from this place you enter between the Alexander Islands and the main land.

Everywhere you find the same marvelous scenery in description of which volumes have been written that can yet not do justice to the reality.

The mighty hills on either side are scarred by frequent paths of avalanches, and the melting snows of the white peaks tumble from the cliffs in cascades that sprinkle rainbow spray upon the passing steamer.

On the left are islands in a chain 300 miles long and over a thousand in number.

Some of them are as large as the State of Massachusetts, and most of them are practically unexplored by the white man.

That they are rich in mineral wealth

is already proved by the miners who have touched here and there on their shores.

I have tramped for a day in the fascinating fastnesses of one of the smallest of them,

The only route was by deer and bear paths.

All else was such a tangle of riotous growth as one does not hear of outside of the jungles of India.

Fallen tree trunks interlaced in inextricable confusion, through which sprang the standing growth of fir and hemlock.

The even tempered moist climate accounts for the luxurious growth of conifers. The swamps were tangles of cottonwood, elder, virburnums and alder.

These are dwarfed in the main and snarled with smaller growth of vaccinium ribes and the thorny Echinopanax Horridum, a peculiarly devilish stinging brier.

Under foot the mucky soil is covered with a heavy moss in which the traveler sinks to the knee and which is wet the year round,

When these forests are cleared by pioneers the sun will be let in on a wonderfully productive virgin soil which will bear enormous crops.

The climate is such that anything that can be grown north of Chesapeake Bay on the Atlantic coast should thrive in this new land of the West.

CONUNDRUMS TO PUT US IN GOOD CHEER FOR CHRISTMAS.

What does a cat have that no other animal has?

Kittens.

What is the difference between a bankrupt and a feather-bed?

One is hard up and the other is soft down.

Which animal travels with the most and which with the least luggage?

The elephant the most, because he never travels without his trunk. The fox and the cock the least, because they have only one brush and comb between them.

Why is an old man like a dog's tail?

Because they are both in firm.

What is the most afflicted part of a house?

The window, because it is full of panes (pains); and who has not seen more than one window blind?

Why is Westminster Abbey like a fire-place?

It contains the ashes of the grate (great).

Why is a beehive like a bad potato?

A beehive is a bee-holder, a beholder is a spectator, and a specked 'tater is a bad 'tater.

If a farmer can raise 250 bushels of corn in dry weather, what can he raise in wet weather?

An umbrella.

What is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are week (weak) days.

How can you divide fourteen apples equally between nine boys if four of the apples are very small?

By making them into sauce. If the man on the front of an ice-cart weighs 139 pounds, what does the man on the back weigh?

The ice.

DON'T FLICKER!

High standards are often, perhaps of tenest, found in lowly places.

An old darkey in the south, who proudly called himself "The Drummer's friend" and who lived to make himself useful to travelers passing through his city, was telling with honest satisfaction of the confidence that had been placed in him by a commercial traveler.

"He opened up his cases of samples in his hotel room," he said, "and he put me in charge of 'em, and he said to me:

'Now, don't you let anybody come in here or touch a thing while I'm out.'

There was more than two thousand dollars worth of goods in those cases, and he opened 'em right up and left 'em with me. And," said the old fellow very seriously, "if I'd a' flickered, I'd a' lost my rep."

Oh! for men and women to take every situation in life in that same spirit! For the "rep" goes when we "flicker," whether we think so or not.—[Exchange.

Other Boys Throw Towards Buildings.

During a snowball fight on State Street Thursday afternoon, between Newtown and George School boys, a large pane of glass in Sacks' shop window was struck and shattered by one of the balls.—[Newtown Enterprise.

THE GOOD LAGUNAS.

Rev. John Mordy, Missionary among the Indians of the Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico, writes of his work and conditions there, to a friend. We visited the the Lagunas last summer and met Mr. Morley.

In the few moments we were with him he spoke encouragingly of the general outlook, and we gladly give space to a part of his letter, which was published in the Dallas, Pa. Post:

The Laguna Indians originated in a number of small tribes coming together and forming an alliance for mutual protection, just as the thirteen American colonies did about the same time to protect themselves from foreign enemies.

They are now about 1,300 in number and are increasing.

One great drawback which every small tribe of people must encounter is the fact that they are compelled to marry near relatives, and consanguineous births mean disease—physical, mental and moral.

This accounts for the sore eyes and running sores, which refuse to be healed.

The plan of allowing Indians to huddle together on reservations ruins them in every way. The large schools, such as Carlisle, Haskell and others, are helping to remedy the evil by bringing young people together from different tribes.

The country is barren and must remain barren until artesian wells are sunk or artificial lakes are created, where the water can be stored up for the dry season.

The Laguna Indians are the most industrious people I have ever seen.

You may get up while the stars are still shining and you will find men out at their work; and if you remain out in the evening until the stars have reappeared you will still find toilers who have not quit work.

There is not a beggar in the whole tribe, and when a tramp comes to our door we know that he is a modern American.

There is not an orphan in the tribe, for as soon as children are left without father and mother the nearest of kin never fails to take the children to their homes and to their hearts.

They get no rations from the government, but the schools are kept up by the government. There are also a number of officials kept among them by the government, such as a farmer, field matrons, as well as school teachers.

I am the only missionary working among this tribe, and am sustained partly by the people themselves and partly by the Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church.

I have one hundred church members, and not one among them uses either tobacco or intoxicants in any form.

Not one of them gambles or takes any part in heathen feasts.

They can every one of them pray in the prayer meeting and they all attend unless hindered by some cause for which the elder will excuse them.

We never dream of locking our door at night, nor even shutting it in warm weather, for we have no dread of anybody stealing, unless there be American tramps in the neighborhood.

We may sleep outside with the starry heavens for a canopy and realize no more need of protection than they do in heaven.

In spite of the barrenness of the country, the Christians are fast getting comfortable, for it is hard to keep people poor who have no vices.

Most of the heathen people are very poor and suffer much from the cold in winter, for in this high altitude you cannot imagine how cold the nights are.

During a cold spell last winter my attention was specially called to a man who had been very hateful and disagreeable with me. He had tried several times to pick a quarrel with me, but it takes two to make a quarrel and I refused to be the second party.

Well, I had a coat, a good warm coat which had been worn by a pious man who had trained it to go regularly to church and prayer meeting. One very cold afternoon I met him shivering in the wind and gave him the coat, insisting on his wearing it home.

As he went away I could not help wondering whether the statement would hold true. "Train up a coat in the way it should go and when it gets old it will not depart from it."

When the bell rang for prayer meeting the fellow had the coat on his back and

every thread of that faithful old coat, seemed to possess a sort of electric power, and to pull him towards the prayer meeting.

He sprang to his feet and ran outside to listen to the bell, but the coat would not stop.

Onward he sped and in a few minutes the coat landed him on a seat beside the preacher in front of the people.

No electric belt ever cured so many diseases as that faithful old coat, and the moral of the story is that if among your acquaintances there are pious people who have coats or clothing of any kind which has been well trained to go to church and prayer meeting, I would be greatly obliged if they would send me a barrel or two, but if they have been worn too long after they are unfit for church they may lose the charm. Every object which our government seeks, in the millions of money which they are paying out to uplift the Indian, is secured as soon as they are christianized.

In three years I had never seen nor heard of a Christian Indian, smoking, chewing tobacco or taking intoxicants in any form; I had never heard of an instance of theft or gambling; I had never heard of one instance of a man who failed to pay his debts or showed a pauper disposition to get some thing for nothing.

Our people are building a church and were assured they could get help from the mission Board at New York by asking it, but they refused to do so for fear the Eastern people might think them beggars.

When they went out to make the adobes or bricks, made by drying square lumps of mud in the sun, the Indian Governor wanted to call out all his people to help but the Christians refused his generous offer on the ground that many of the men were profane swearers and they could not have any swearing over the adobes of which the temple of the Lord was to be built.

Some of the heathen who have given up their bad habits offered to help and their service was thankfully accepted.

No finer sense of honor nor truer form of friendship can be found in all America than I have seen among our Christian Laguna Indians.

JOHN MORDY.

The Christmas Tree: "It is strange that children are so green as to believe in the existence of a Santa Claus."

The Christmas Candle (sputteringly): "But they are not evergreen,"—December Women's Home Companion.

Enigma.

I am made of 5 letters.

My 4, 3, 1 nobody likes and yet we continually do; but if we could say my 1, 2, with positiveness, we would not do my 4, 3, 1.

My 4, 5, 5, is what if we would do we would not be so blind.

My whole is what comes with our Herdic coach, goes with it, is of no use what ever to it and yet the coach cannot go without it.

The person solving the above Enigma correctly 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. By mail 3 cents, which must be enclosed in letter. We cannot take 3 cents from bank. 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.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Pot Pie Day.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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

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