

# The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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## THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PIPE.

WHEN the White-faced European  
Drove the Red man from his lands—  
Drove him from the broad Atlantic  
To the far Pacific sands—  
The Great Spirit, looking downward,  
Grieved to see his children sad;  
Told them they might leave behind them  
One small thing of all they had.  
Then they quarreled, all; and one said:  
"Let us leave a thing of war—  
Tomahawk,—that they, by fighting,  
May at last exist no more."  
And another said: "Nay, let us  
Leave behind an arrow-head,  
That its point may draw their life-blood  
Till these people are all dead."  
"But, my brothers," cried a third one,  
"Tomahawk and arrow bring  
Death so sudden, swift and painless  
That it loses all its sting;  
Rather let us leave the snake-skin  
That I belt about my waist.  
That a subtle, silent poison  
May destroy them, not with haste.  
Then there came great Asseboyne,  
He, the greatest chief of all,  
From his hut beside Niagara  
Where the thunder-waters fall.  
"Brothers!" cried the aged sachem,  
"Will ye now, about to go,  
Leave but war and hate behind you?  
Will ye treat the white men so?  
Let us answer the Great Spirit,  
Asking not for strife and war,  
But that he shed peace and plenty  
On this land forevermore.  
Now, ye thunder waters, listen!  
And thou, rolling river, hear!  
And, ye rocks and trees, remember!  
Hearken, brothers, now and fear!  
Though the Red man leave his wigwam,  
Passing toward the setting sun,  
Though he take with him his blanket  
And his tomahawk and gun,  
Let him leave behind his peace-pipe  
By the ashes of his home,  
Leaving it alight and burning.  
O'er the land he used to roam."  
The Great Spirit heard the answer,  
And it pleased him there above;  
For he said: "Between the Red man  
And the white men now is love."

MARGARET DOANE GARDINER, in St. Nicholas, July 22 1899. The writer was but 14 years of age. Printed in the RED MAN by request.

## REV. COOLIDGE SPEAKS TO US.

Rev. Sherman Coolidge, of the Northern Arapahoe tribe, Missionary to his people in Wyoming, visited the school last week, and in a meeting of students and faculty spoke substantially as follows:

The last time I was with you, my friends, was about five years ago. You were gathered in the gymnasium, on the occasion of your Commencement.

I had looked forward then with a great deal of anticipation to coming to Carlisle, but did not expect to come quite so soon again as this.

As Colonel Pratt has told you, I am a missionary in the far west among the Northern Arapahoe Indians, the tribe to which I belong. And you know, missionaries in any part of the world do not get salaries that keep them awake thinking about it, for fear somebody will rob them of their wealth; for that reason I did not think I could afford to come east and see Carlisle again; but here I am.

Colonel Pratt has said that I have carried out in my life his idea. That is true. I think it might be said that a brother officer in the United States Army has carried out that idea by taking me in the first place. He took me as a little savage into his home and into his family. Call it the outing system or what you may, General Coolidge and his wife were carrying out the idea of educating and civilizing an individual man, giving him the experiences and chances of a white American boy.

When I was a very small lad, about seven or eight years of age, I was taken away from my people, and it was after a battle.

There are and always have been many people in the United States whose ideas about the Indians and everything that refers to Indians came from the reports of the wars with Indians.

The Indians have their side as well as the white people to this Indian question. The white people did not know how to treat the Indians in the beginning. They thought they had to fight them and the

result was an irrepressible conflict, which has been going on for the last four hundred years.

They tried to exterminate the Indian with the sword; but finally there were Christian men, patriarchs, who said they must take up a different course with the Indians. These few brave friends of the Indians fought and struggled until they saw light ahead.

And laws have been passed by which the Indian can become a citizen of this United States.

The Indian saw that this strange race had a civilization, education, a new religion and a new language to learn, and concluded to struggle with the white people.

The Indians thought, no doubt that they were fighting for their rights, for their country, their tepee homes.

For this reason they struggled against this great tide, this great wave of white people coming toward them all the time.

While the white man has solved the problem of making the Indian self-supporting citizens of the United States, so the Indians have come to the same conclusion in another way, and are becoming like the white people, citizens of this great and grand republic, these United States of America.

When I was taken by Gen. Coolidge (he was then only a first lieutenant and a young man and I was about eight years old) there was plenty of friends of theirs, who were very quick to tell them that I would be a white elephant on their hands.

But they did for me all that they could, they were good to me, always. They had some struggles in bringing me up; they had some funny experiences.

I remember Mrs. Coolidge telling me that the chairs, the sofa, the pictures on the wall, everything in the room was called furniture. So one day I was in the front room and some people came in to call. Mrs. Coolidge was in the back room. I went into the room where she was and told her that some people had come in to call. She asked me "Who?" and I said "Furniture".

They took me to New York City and I played with the white boys on Federal Street, snow-balled with them, spun tops, and all that, and then went to school in that city first.

When I was ready to go West again, there came news across the continent, saying that Gen. Canby and his companions had been massacred by the Modocs among the lava-beds, and the newspapers cried out to exterminate the Indians; but I thought that if the white people understood things better they would not want to wipe the Indians off the face of the earth: that the Indians deserved a better fate than that; and I made up my mind at that time that I would, to the best of my ability, make the white people understand the Indians better.

I have done it and I am still doing it. I have done it from the pulpit; I have lectured, and written in newspapers. Everything I can do in a personal way I do to make the white people understand that the Indian may become a capable man.

When I was a small boy I determined to take the Gospel message to my people. I had learned to write, and I had learned the Gospel story of the love of God; and I made up my mind that I would try to get my people to adopt some of the white man's ways.

I thought then it would be good for them and I still think so. I have told the people of my tribe that they should "Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good"; to take up the good things of Christianity, the good things of civilization, and let the bad ones alone.

I am glad beyond words that so far my tribe has learned that whiskey is not good for them, and that they must let it alone. They have let it alone, and I hope and pray they will continue to let it alone.

Before I went to Minneapolis, to the Shattuck military school, I was told by

a priest of the Episcopal Church, who was a missionary and had sent his son there, that the white boys would not have anything to do with him. There had been some seven or eight or nine others, Chippewas and Sioux, who had gone to that school and the boys had turned them the cold shoulder, so they were discouraged and went home.

A Mr. Johnson told me that he was afraid I would have that same sort of treatment.

The first year I did not have any companions; the next year I had some; and the third year I think all were my friends and I was popular.

It was because I had taken my stand; it was because I had not lived on the reservation; and because I had the social and military backing of General and Mrs. Coolidge.

I took all the studies, Latin and Greek.

One man said, "When you get an Indian to studying Latin and Greek, he is getting pretty well civilized." I do not know what he would have said if he had seen me digging into the roots of the Hebrew language. I wanted to show that if the Indian had a chance he could become a good substantial man.

It has been the struggle of my life because I am an Indian to be a respected man, equal to anyone in this United States.

Besides, I had the name, Coolidge, given to me. Gen. Coolidge was to me as a father and as a brother, and his name is one of the respectable names among white people in the United States, and I have guarded that name and kept it from tarnish, shame and disgrace.

People say "What is in a name?" A great deal is in a name.

I believe in what Col. Pratt is trying to show to the United States and to the world. Do you suppose that this school is not known to the world?

I saw the Carlisle team play in New York City, and I had a coat that was buttoned up. It was a black coat and people could not see that I was a clergyman by the collar, and I held my head up, and the ladies thought I was a football player of the team. They began to wave their hands and handkerchiefs at me, and I said to myself, "Go ahead, that's the proper caper." [Applause.]

I felt sorry for the New York team, for everyone all over the field was yelling, "Carlisle, Carlisle, Carlisle."

Of course it made me feel good, but it must have made the other fellows feel pretty bad.

I hope, my friends, that though you may be called Indians [I said, "What's in a name?], I hope you will make it a pride to yourselves, to your fathers, and to your children, that whether you are called an American citizen or an Indian, you will be proud of what you are.

I am glad to see some members of our own tribe here to-night. Last time I was here I was very sorrow to know there were no students here from our Agency. I hope they will continue to come to this school, so that they may take back to the West the good things they learn at this school under the great and good Government of the United States.

## Col. Pratt followed and said in part:

Of course it is a pleasure to me to have before you to night such an example of what ENVIRONMENT will do for any man of any race. Mr. Coolidge has been a great main-stay to his people, and because of the experiences he has had and the uses he has made of what he has gained, his people are very far in advance of what they would have been but for him.

I am sure of that, although I never saw them and have met only a very few of their boys and girls at any time. I have met Mr. Coolidge several times and I know I am making a very sure statement.

There will be in the near future, far wider opportunities for Indians than they

ever have had, and in what they are experiencing now they are having greater and grander opportunities if they could only know how to use them, than they ever had before.

It is a wonderful thing, a great expression, a lofty exemplification of manhood for one man to move out from ignorance as great as that from which Mr. Coolidge came, and such conditions as he was born into and to become what he is. It is a miraculous experience, and it stands for more than we can possibly estimate.

But there are opportunities now for thousands of the young of the Indian race to do even better than he has done. There are opportunities for them to get in to higher places and to make themselves greater men, able to execute more largely than he.

Under the old conditions of ignorance the doors to enlightenment, to education, to a higher and better life, were practically closed. The boy and girl had no option. How could they have an option? How could they have a chance?

There was no educational system, there was no door out from their ignorance, there was no way.

Everything was shut up and it was impossible for them to be anything else than what they saw and heard about them; but now the door out into a higher and a better inspired life is open to the children; and boys and girls may escape from the savagery of ignorance which their parents lived in, and from the evil influences poured upon them at their homes and on their reservation.

And so boys and girls, notwithstanding what confronts you, the opportunities of the boys and girls of the Indian race are now greater than ever before and are increasing, and as you wake up and move out and use them and demonstrate your manhood and womanhood, as you do that there will come an ending of ignorance and savagery, of drunkenness and worthlessness.

I don't blame the Indian when he lives only in the surroundings of his past, and nothing comes to him to show him a better way.

I don't blame him for growing up and being just what his fathers were.

How can I blame him for it? It is to be expected.

If there were no way out from the reservation, from the allotted reservation, if there were no way out for the boys and girls of the Indian race, and they were compelled to live there under the pressure of their ignorance and also under the pressure of the drunkenness and gambling and other vices that the white man has carried to them I could not blame them for growing up drunken and worthless; but there IS a way out, and that way is out into the United States.

That way is beyond the reservation, away from the tribe.

So I say, if the Indian can come out from ignorance and from his past, away from the drunkenness, gambling and worthlessness that surround him at his home, not only from his own people but from the white people, and show himself a man, he will demonstrate that he is a greater man than he would have been had these influences not borne upon him.

The United States is waking up to this, and it is being recognized here and there.

Among the many things I saw that made me glad was a man, who, 20 years ago, came as a boy to this Carlisle School, stayed five years and learned to be a blacksmith; and when he went home he went to work in the shops of a great railroad company.

He has been at work in the same shops for nearly 15 years; day after day, year after year he has worked for that one company.

I asked the men with whom he worked and the Superintendent over him what kind of a man he was, and found, he is a useful man and is respected and believed in.

He earns about \$3.25 a day and has his

Continued on last page.

**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.

**To civilize the Indian get him into civilization, to keep him civilized, let him stay.**

How is an Indian to become a civilized individual man if he has no civilized individual chances?

It would spoil emigrants coming to us from any country in the world to reserve and double bureauize them as we do our Indians.

Naturally, race-school promoters antagonize plans looking to the end of race-ism, which furnish the only market for their race monopolizing efforts.

With the influence of ethnologists and wild west shows out of the way, it would be easy to get Indian men to cut their hair and to dress and begin to look like other men. From looking like other men to acting like them is an easy step, and would soon follow. The trouble is the employments of ethnologists and the business of wild west shows require old-time Indians; hence the howl of opposition to any effort that looks toward really making Indians manly, civilized and useful men.

In a letter addressed to Thomas Jefferson on the 18th of June, 1812, John Adams says:

Whether serpents' teeth were sown here and sprung up men; whether men and women dropped from the clouds upon this Atlantic Island; whether the Almighty created them here, whether they emigrated from Europe, are questions of no moment to the present or future happiness of man. Neither agriculture, commerce, manufactures, fisheries, science, literature, taste, religion, morals, nor any other good will be promoted, or any evil averted, by any discoveries that can be made in answer to these questions.— [Works of John Adams, Vol. 17, Page 10.]

Mr. Adams was talking of the ethnologists of his day. The influences of ethnological efforts in our day are much more useless and deplorable. If they do anything to raise the Indians above their low and helpless condition into independent usefulness we have failed in a long and wide experience to discover it. Hiring and persuading the Indians to out-Indian themselves is rather their occupation, in our observation.

So far as we can see, the system of treatment under which the Indians are, was established through such recommendations as the following:

In 1815 the United States Indian Agent at Fort Wayne, Indiana, in a letter dated October 1st and addressed to the Honorable William H. Crawford, Secretary of War, said:

"It is much cheaper reducing them (the Indians) by meat and bread than by force of arms; and from the observations I have had the opportunity of making, three or four months full feeding on meat and bread, even without ardent spirits, will bring on disease, and in six or eight months, great mortality. And would it be considered a proper mode of warfare? I believe more Indians might be killed with the expense of one hundred thousand dollars in this way than one million dollars expended in the support of armies to go against them." (See American S. P. Indian Affairs, ii, 34)

The Omniscient law and school of necessity inaugurated in the beginning of the world is no tax upon the body politic, prefers to begin with poverty, operates surely in all ages, produces Rockefellers, Sages, Goulds, ect., who started with nothing and through managing their own affairs add billions to the world's wealth, furnish genial employment, happy homes and like expectations to hundreds of thousands of men, and spread all over the land no end of facilities, conveniences, and luxuries for civilization. What a success!

Lifting the law of necessity from the

Indians, reversing the order and having them begin with wealth managed for them, and restraining their liberty of action and controlling them and their affairs through a constantly changing and therefore irresponsible management, has produced about the most useless and bothersome lot of people in the world's history. What a failure!

If Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Sage, and Mr. Gould had been reserved and managed as the Indians, they would each have been just as much a failure. What the Indians might have become had the law of necessity never been lifted in their case and they been allowed to continue to look out for themselves, no one can predict; but that the results would have been incomparably more beneficial to them and to the nation than under the system that was adopted cannot be disputed.

Trained in the school of necessity under the advantages of today Mr Rockefeller accumulates property several times more valuable than that of all the Indians combined; and by managing his property all through its accumulations he easily prevents encroachments on his rights. On the other hand, the Indian, having his wealth given to him and being fed and cared for by his guardian, naturally ceases effort, and so loses his moral and physical prowess, and is easily robbed of his rights and property.

Every day is a fresh beginning;  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day and begin again.  
—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

**"THE WORLD DO MOVE."**

Indian girls of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society, let us take courage! Women are being recognized as an important factor of the whole, not a separate and distinct part. The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes to see the day when there will be nothing distinctively INDIAN at Worlds' Fairs, or in the world at large. Carlisle's main aim is and has been in that direction all the time. Women, take the lead! Indians follow. It is humiliating to be set apart to be gazed at, talked about and conjectured over. We don't want Indian shows! We don't want women's shows! The best of all people should work together. The Commoner says:

Woman will stand on a positive equality with man at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

A departure from the practice at other previous World's fairs is the absolute absence of discrimination against women. No special classification in exhibits is made for woman's work, and no building is designed exclusively by woman for the use of woman, as at Chicago, but, in all the manifold ramifications of the exposition work, woman participates.

Women will hold places on the juries of awards.

Women sculptors and painters have done some of the finest work on the exposition buildings.

Women have assisted on government, state and other boards in the collection of exhibits and in the exploitation of the exposition.

There are even women concessionaires, and a woman contractor competed with men in the actual physical construction of the exposition.

Under an act of the United States congress, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition commission selected twenty three ladies, representing every section of the United States, as a board of lady managers. "The world do move."

**A WORTHY INDIAN DEAD.**

In our absence from home last September the following letter was received. We are glad to note the life and are sad to record the death of a worthy Indian. Although late, this letter will be of interest to many:

WINNEMUCCA, NEV.

Sept. 18, 1903.

TO REDMAN & HELPER:—

Johnson Sides dead! An Indian of strong points and characters gone! Poor old Johnson Sides, who has been ill for some time and who went to California with a hundred other Piutes a month ago to pick hops has picked his last hop and acted for a go between with Uncle Sam for the last time, for he died yesterday at Pleasanton, Cal.

Johnson Sides was a markable man in many respects, he was possessed of more than ordinary executive ability; nature endowed Sides liberally with native talent. He acted his part of peace maker for his tribe with distinction. He was watchful for his people and did what

he could to keep his boys and girls from partaking too liberally of firewater. His life was devoted to the betterment of his people.

He made several trips to Washington, D. C., in their interest. He is gone now and will be known no more among men forever. He will probably be interred where he died, for he left no wealth. He died away from his native state and the plains he loved so well. Sides was a man who deserved a better fate in the old days than to be obliged to go away to pick hops to keep body and soul together.

Your Truly,  
HENRY SEWELL,

**CALIFORNIA.**

Although Joseph Baker is back from his California trip, these words he expressed in a letter to his teacher are descriptive and interesting. "The scenery I enjoyed most," he says, "was in the mountains between California and Nevada. Sometimes we could look thousands of feet down into the narrow valleys below. The famous Horse-Shoe bend of the Pennsylvania Railroad cannot compare with any of the horse-shoe bends here.

Salt Lake City is a very interesting place. I have taken for the first time a hot-spring bath. The water had a queer smell to it. In Nevada we met some Indians who knew Manuel Bender and his brother. We saw Rose Temple's brother in San Francisco."

Wilson Charles wrote: "It did not seem to me that Christmas was anywhere near while we were in San Francisco. Everything there is so beautiful. The flowers that we saw in Pennsylvania in August are to be seen in California now, while in Pennsylvania there is good skating. I understand that the weather doesn't change here much from winter to summer. To-day it is like summer and so warm we would rather stay in the shade than out in the sun. I have learned much about this country.

**EX-STUDENT.**

CUBERO, N. M., Jan. 4, 1904.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

I am away out here among my own people as field matron and I like to have you change my address and send it to Cubero, New Mexico. I came here the 8th of Dec. and I think I shall like it very much. All our boys and girls are doing the best they know how. I hear that Col. Pratt was at Albuquerque on Christmas day. I would like to have seen him very much. If I had known that he was any where near I would have gone to see him. Best regards to all the old teachers.

Yours Truly  
JULIA B. DORRIS.

From the Haskell Leader, Lawrence, Kansas.

Miss Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools, arrived last Tuesday and will spend several days visiting the school and planning for the Institute, which is to be held here next summer. She is as genial as ever, so received a warm welcome.

It has been decided to hold the Indian Institute at Haskell this summer. An adjourned session will begin in St. Louis on June 27. Superintendent Peairs hopes to have many Haskell graduates and former pupils here during the Institute. He hopes they will begin now to plan to come and to accompany the others to St. Louis.

Miss Cynthia Webster, who was primary teacher at Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin, until the position was abolished, has gone back to the school as laundress.

**DOES HER HOUSE WORK ON CRUTCHES.**

Elizabeth Greeley Trepania does her best under very unfortunate circumstances. She says in her letter from Wisconsin:

"I cannot go without my weekly letter, for I love to read about the doings of the classmates I used to know and the school that has done so much for me. Although I had the misfortune to lose one of my limbs, I can do all my house work by the aid of crutches.

I have a boy two years old and now says everything. I wish to be remembered to my teachers, also to my school-mates, whom I remember yet too well, for my mind is still with dear Carlisle, while trying to do what is right."

**A MUSICAL TRIUMPH.**

Band Master J. Riley Wheelock Won Fresh Laurels and His Men Never Played Better.

The Carlisle Indian band not only agreeably surprised but greatly delighted two excellent Carlisle audiences on Saturday by giving two of the best concerts heard in the opera house for some time, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening. If the afternoon program was popular, and we believe it was, the evening program was still more popular. Musicians of the audience and many others who know when they hear a strictly first class band, say that the band never played better. Both concerts evidenced very plainly the thorough instruction, training and preparation on the part of the bandmaster, James Riley Wheelock, who won fresh laurels as a conductor, and in the fact that the band has attained a higher standard as a musical organization.

The overture "Fest" was an excellent number, well rendered. In Manuel Bender, the band has a triple tongued cornet soloist, of whom they may be justly proud. He rendered the familiar "Young America Polka" in a manner that won for him the admiration of everybody. He has a bright future. The Intermezzo, "Forget Me Not" and "Famous Minuet," were numbers rendered with admirable expression and the execution of the more intricate parts was indeed remarkable. In the latter number, William Paul showed unusual ability as Oboe soloist.

As in the case with the majority of concerts, the encores perhaps pleased the audience as much as any other part of the program. Director Wheelock gave the audience, familiar and popular marches and when after the rendition of the last number of the first part, the band played a medley, the applause was most vigorous. In this medley, were the familiar strains of "Maryland, My Maryland," and when four slide-trombonists and four cornetists lined up in front of the stage to play it, [with the band accompaniment] one would have supposed the audience was one of Marylanders—it was a great hit and greatly appreciated.

The audience undoubtedly thought that Director Wheelock saved the best until last, of the first part, but the numbers of the second part proved equally meritorious.

"First Heart Throbs," was the first. The excellent time in this number was proof that the Indians understood this feature of music thoroughly.

George Willard, bassoonist, rendered a fine solo in the next number, "Love in Idleness," the band's accompaniment being fine.

Willard Gansworth, now a student of Dickinson Preparatory school, rendered an admirable piccolo solo, "Stella" to the delight of all. The grand selection on "La Traviata," in which were solos for cornet, trombone and baritone, was a very popular number. The program was concluded by an especially fine rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner."

There was not a person in the audience, who was not prouder than ever of the Carlisle Indian Band, and its talented director, and not only Carlisle but this whole country of ours, will be proud of them when they delight the thousands who will attend the St. Louis Exposition this summer. They will take a back seat for no band. As a well known, and excellent Carlisle musician put it after the concert, "The band has learned to play softly and they now play better than ever before; at times their playing was similar to the strains of a pipe organ."

Our hats off once more to the Indian Band.—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel, Jan. 11.]

One of the musical events of the season was the appearance of the Indian School Band, at home, on Saturday.

This musical organization is honored "in its own country" as these concerts proved and Director James Riley Wheelock can feel flattered by the reception accorded his well trained musicians.

They respond readily and are equally good in solo or full concert work.

The program was well selected and demonstrated the range of the band's repertoire. The enthusiastic audiences and numerous encores were sufficient evidence that those Indian musicians have learned the art of playing and of pleasing.—[The Morning Volunteer.]

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

It was a wet snow.  
 Another cold wave!  
 Eggs are going up, up!  
 Sleighting might be better.  
 Col. Pratt is in Philadelphia.  
 The Athletic field is clothed in white.  
 To keep too quiet is the sign of stupidity.  
 Hobart Cook returned to Wayne, last week.  
 Re-seating at teacher's club table this week.  
 These are anxious days for the graduating class.  
 Applications for summer workers are coming in fast.  
 Skating again, and enjoyed as much as if the ice were better.  
 "Idleness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it."  
 Some are under the weather with bad arms from vaccination.  
 The football banquet to take place next week is being talked about.  
 The football men are down to studies and every-day plain table fare.  
 Job work, and a plenty of it just now on the printing office job hook.  
 Quite a big snow Wednesday and skating has been relegated to the rear.  
 Not long before Commencement, Date in February to be announced later.  
 The scraping and varnishing of the interior of the school building, is now completed.  
 We have printers who can set so much type in an hour that it takes two hours to correct it.  
 Thomas Griffin, '03, on the Harrisburg Patriot, attended the Band concert last Saturday.  
 Is your instructor in the shop strict? You could not give him a better recommendation.  
 Wm. Jennings Bryan says that farming is one of the surest and most remunerative occupations.  
 More snow and more Pneumonia if we don't watch and dry our feet after being out in the snow.  
 If your paper is damaged in any way and you want a good one to keep on file don't hesitate to send for another copy.  
 Raymond Meat, ex-pupil, at Kingfisher, O.T. in his letter renewing, says he is getting on well and is happy all the time.  
 Now we have an enigma not so easy, and yet it is very easy. We have a whole box of pictures left for the persons who get it.  
 We see by Talks and Thoughts that Inspector Chas. F. Nesler and Supervisor Chalcraft have been recent visitors at Hampton.  
 Printers Joseph Baker and Frank Jude have been going to school all day to make up for a few days of lost time on the California trip.  
 Messrs. Scott and Nonnast are the professional chess players with us, and have challenged Misses Wood and Ely for a game.  
 Mr. Benson, the Carlisle representative of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. left some handsome Calendars at the school.  
 When the football boys were in the Sierra Nevada Mountains on their way to California, they claim they surely were "up in the air."  
 The pleasantest things in all the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—[Bovee.  
 The learner who asks intelligent, thoughtful questions makes much faster progress than the keep-quiet-dull-sleepy-dont-care individual.  
 Disciplinarian Thompson has been superintending the cleaning out of our three big cisterns, and sending the surplus water over the ice.  
 A number of the girls chaperoned by Miss Sadie Robertson, attended the concert given by our Band at the Opera House on Saturday evening.—  
 To-night Miss Paul and Mrs. Foster will visit the Invincibles; Miss Scales and Mrs. Munch the Standards; Messrs Wheelock and Scott the Susans.  
 People who come here for genuine Indian-made baskets and bead-work go away disappointed. We are too busily employed with more profitable duties.

The bad colds are getting better.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Warner arrived from California yesterday.  
 George Willard's "Love in Idleness" by Mack Beth, as he plays it on his Bassoon is very taking.  
 The Freshmen are putting forth their best efforts on a class entertainment, as it will be their last.—  
 You are to get NO HELP from person or dictionary in writing out the "Orange offer." That is taken for granted.  
 The wagon-making department is making a wagonette for the Ft. Sill Indian School, Oklahoma, and the harness-makers have an order from the same school.  
 Again Instructor Murtoff of the Blacksmith shop kindly helped the printers over a bridge this week. Our presses get a little obstreperous in cold weather.  
 Louisa Rogers, class '02, who is a Senior at Bloomsburg Normal says she is getting along well, but is too busy in this her last year to write to her many friends very often.—  
 "You must be pleased to find that from year to year the public comes nearer to appreciating the importance of your Outing work."—[Frances C. Sparhawk, in a business letter.  
 Miss Bryant had to divide one California orange among nine of her pupils who claimed they never had tasted a California orange, and she desired to satisfy their wishes.—  
 Frances Halftown was the recipient of a beautiful handkerchief bag made of orange and blue beads, by her friend Mrs. Jane Miller, who was Jane Marie when she was here.—  
 Misses Ely's and Wood's Osteopathic treatment for which they go to Harrisburg once a week is benefiting them greatly. Mr. Bietzel has also received benefit in the same way.  
 The great secret of success at Carlisle is that we are too busy to get lonely and unhappy, and that without being pushed too hard. Are you unhappy? Then you haven't enough to do. Ask for more work!  
 Let the Seniors, Juniors and Commercial students and all try writing the passage on last page for which an orange is offered. The M. O. T. B. S. hopes that he will have to give out a bushel of oranges.  
 The first dressmaking class, under Mrs. White and Miss Goodyear, have the making of the graduating dresses. The dresses are being made as rapidly as possible, as time is very short before commencement.—  
 Left-guard Charles Dillon sent to the girls' quarters a box of oranges which he brought from California, to be given to his classmates from No. 9. They all appreciate his kindness in remembering them.—  
 We are sure that those who read Elizabeth Greeley's letter will take courage, and if we think we have trials, remember that we have our limbs and many other blessings in gratitude for which we should do our best.  
 The large girls' prayer meeting last Sunday evening was led by Frances Halftown, who gave an excellent talk. Many of the girls took part, among them were Rose Nelson and Ayche Sarcino, whose talks were helpful.—  
 Not so hard to get down to plain study-hour after the Crary lectures, as we thought. We like our evening study hour, and when interrupted it is a loss in our studies, but, if a gain in other directions, is profitable withal.  
 Adelia Janese and Savannah Beck who have been living with Miss Edge at Downingtown, have returned to the school for a few weeks, Miss Edge having gone to the West Indies for a time. They will go back when Miss Edge returns.—  
 Isaac Gould has grown so fast in his country home that his clothes are too small for him. "My Christmas presents this Christmas," he says, were—a Bible, pair of slippers, pair cuff buttons, pair gloves, knife, and a nice big mouth organ. Forest de Billy goes to the same school with him.  
 A postal card from Miguel de J. Martinez, who left for Puerto Rico last week, informs us of his safe arrival at New York and of the successful preparation for his trip south. His closing words are; "I wish to be remembered to all my friends at Carlisle, before leaving this prosperous country."—

James Compton, who was at the point of death with double pneumonia, is out of the hospital.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Dorcas, from Lisbon, Iowa, visited the school. They are spending a few days with friends in Mechanicsburg and Harrisburg.  
 Our fire-engine—"Uncle Sam"—has had his arms full, in pumping hundreds of gallons of water from the three big cisterns. They will be cleaned and filled with fine winter water to be enjoyed next summer.  
 The RED MAN editor must find 2000 words a day to fill the columns of our paper. We would like them to be newsy and interesting words. If you have a bit of thoroughly RELIABLE news, kindly let us have it!  
 Thos. Saul printed a neat report for Mr. Miller, the Annual Report of the First Presbyterian Sabbath School of which Mr. Miller is Secretary and Treasurer. There were several pages of tabular work which required patience and skill to set.  
 Who will get an orange? The Man-on-the-band stand hopes that he will have to buy a wagon load to satisfy the demands of pupils who will write correctly the certain passage 4th page. If every student of our 1083 succeeds we will have an orange treat.  
 The following officers for the Young Woman's Christian Association were elected last Tuesday evening to serve for 1904: President Sarah Williams; Vice-President, Elizabeth Walker; Secretary, Blanche Lay; Treasurer, Margaret Martin; Pianists Pearl Hartley, Lydia Wheelock.  
 Remember those students taking part in the orange offer, (see last page) must submit their copy to their respective teachers. Any ex-student on the grounds may take a hand, and the Man-on-the-band-stand will take the testimony of Miss Steele as to the accuracy of their copy.  
 The views of the Crary lectures continued interesting to the last, the illustrated song adding greatly to the pleasure of each evening. The girls who favored us, sang sweetly, and in the dark their sympathetic voices touched the hearts of all. The lectures have been a great treat, and the lessons gained will ever be helpful as we revert to the pleasant week.  
 Bessie Gotholda, ex-student now in California, writes asking for change of address and says she saw the football game between Sherman and Carlisle, on New Year's day and was "very proud to say she was a Carlisle Indian." She waved the Carlisle flag and wore the colors—old-gold and red. The game was a clean one, and Sherman played better than was expected. She hopes to see another game.  
 Casper Alford who is at Hammon, O.T. says by letter: Christmas is over and I have had a fine time shooting prairie chickens and quails. As my wife left me to visit friends in Kirksville, Mo., I had to do something to employ my time. My luck was good as usual in Christmas presents. We got knives, spoons, forks, rocking chairs, towels and various kinds of household goods, yes, and that makes me think, I'm going to build a nice home soon and 'Fall in' as Mr. Thompson used to say, and till the soil.  
 The Sentinel and Volunteer did not overdraw their descriptions of the Band concerts given in the Opera House last Saturday. No raggedness or discord marred the harmony of the music. The difficult selections were played in a finished and artistic manner, Conductor Wheelock having his men beautifully in hand. The program was marked by a pleasing variety, and Mr. Wheelock's reading of La Traviata by Verdi was particularly happy, with excellent effect of light and shade.  
 The North American, in a humorous illustration of "What a nice Santa would give some well known sporting men" had in the list—More Indians for Connie Mack. For the benefit of our readers who are not acquainted with Connie Mack be it said he is the manager of the Athletics, a baseball association which made a reputation for itself last summer. Chas. Bender, formerly a Carlisle student, was one of the popular pitchers of this club, making an enviable record, and unlike many professional athletes does not go to pieces with fast living and bad habits. He is a steady worker in town at Conlyn's Jewelry Store.

"Please don't let me miss a copy as I am anxious for all of them," is the way an Ohio subscriber puts it and adds:  
 "Tis a dear little friend that comes our way,  
 With its clean, little cheerful face,  
 It has come so long that it now must stay;  
 In our home it has found a place,  
 'Tis a bright little star 'mongst the trials and cares.  
 'Tis a "Helper" in deed as in name,  
 Its a friend to the Indian boys and girls,  
 To their white brothers all the same.  
 The reading-room in the gymnasium has just been scraped and varnished, which work requires patience and skill. The school-building was a long tedious piece of work, and the painters deserve credit for the "stick" they manifested.  
 Mrs. Farwell, nee Mary Wolf, class 1900, writes from Crow Agency, Montana, and speaks of her sister, formerly our Susie Farwell, and herself entertaining 24 guests at Christmas dinner. Her brother Mark Wolf, class 1896, who is employed at the Agency, has a little son of whom they are proud.  
 The series of lectures given by Mr. and Mrs. Crary with the stereopticon views, which we had last week, were interesting and instructive to all. Of special interest to the Junior class were the views of Switzerland, Scotland and the House of Parliament in England, because they come in line with the subjects they are studying.—  
 Meibourne Burgess, who lives in Philadelphia, received for a Christmas present American Boy, and in his letter of thanks says: "I was asking Papa a few weeks before if he would get it for me, and he said the RED MAN AND HELPER would be the best, and I thought so too. THE RED MAN AND HELPER is the nicest little paper I ever read. There is not a paper that can beat it by any means. We have a club and a library, and I take the RED MAN AND HELPER around there and we all read them. If the fellows don't read it they don't know what they are missing. Hurrah for Carlisle and for its work!"  
 We have additional evidence of the fact that Indian apprentices can be taught to do things well, in the expressions of approval of our wagons, carriages and buggies that have been coming in recently. These expressions are in response to a request from our office for any words of commendation or criticism, especially criticism from those who have used our conveyances in the last few years. The greatest care is being taken to put only the best of material and labor in our vehicles, and it is gratifying to note that our patrons have much more to say of praise than criticism. It is not necessary any more to make the high, heavy and unsightly conveyances that were called for in the days when there were no road making and bridges, in some sections out west, and we are therefore better able to conform to the lines of beauty.  
 When a man talks constantly of his overwork, it is a fair inference that he has not learned how to work. The world's real workers do not complain of overwork, for they are not overworked. They have learned how to use their time. They have learned how to do the next thing that is needed without waiting to find time for it. For one man who is really overworked, nine hundred and ninety-nine men think they are, while they are simply proclaiming their incompetency by talking about it. We all have the same number of hours in a day and night, and that is time enough to do all that God has for us to do.—[Sunday School Times.  
 The Man-on-the-band-stand overheard a teacher saying to a pupil who wastes paper and pencils, and is not careful with any kind of tools or material; "Why I'm AFRAID to waste anything."  
 "Afraid! What you afraid of?"  
 "I'm afraid I shall suffer want, sometime, for I never knew it to fail, that 'Wilful waste brings woeful want!' Want may come to me when I get old, if I waste little things now while young."  
 The Indian boy looked serious as though he had never looked so far ahead. Strings, wrapping paper, clothing, everything we handle should be handled with care, so as not to waste a penny's worth.  
 Just so with our TIME. If we waste it while young, we shall be in WANT of time when we get older to do the things we desire then to accomplish, and we shall be weakened in intellect because we wasted our time in youth.  
 Hard play is not wasting time: relaxation and rest when needed is not wasting time, but sitting around thinking nothing, doing nothing, lazily and idly killing a few minutes here and a few minutes there, when we might be reading or exercising is a wicked waste of time, and we are sure to suffer for it before we die.

Continued from first page.

home and his family in the little city where he works.

What ONE can do all can do.

I saw many other instances, some of which I will talk to you about later.

You will find in next week's HELPER, this: "To civilize the Indian, get him into civilization, to keep him civilized let him stay."

Look at Mr. Coolidge; he proves it.

He has stated he was a little savage but now he is a missionary to his people; not only that, but when the people in these eastern states who are educated civilized and refined, learn that he is in the East, they want him to come and talk to them. They want to see and hear him.

He is passing through Carlisle on a mission of this sort, to talk in our neighboring town of Chambersburg. He also is going to talk in Ohio on his way home. Suppose we had a thousand civilized Indian men through the country, standing up for their race and proving what they may become by their actions, louder than by their words, would not the Indian question in the minds of the people all over the land vanish like the dew in the morning.

Why could we not have a thousand doing that?

Whose fault is it?

"To civilize an Indian get him into civilization, to keep him civilized, let him stay." That will do it. I don't mean COMPEL, I mean LET him stay.

Every once in a while Mr. Coolidge will tell you he has to come back and associate again with civilized people. He is pulled down by his Indian surroundings.

He comes East, gets renewed and then goes back again and helps his people; so I don't say, "Compel him to stay," but "Let him stay" and become an American.

Frank Hudson is a principal clerk in a bank in Pittsburg. He was a little Indian when he came here years ago. Frank does more to give the people in the city of Pittsburg right conceptions of the Indian than all the Indian Right's Associations ever organized in the country.

I want Mr. Coolidge to know where we stand because I want him to think it over, and after a while perhaps he will get along further and say to Indians every where: "My advice to you is to get out into the United States and make yourselves useful." That is your only safety.

He is a missionary working among his people under great disadvantages. I know all about it; but I want to say to him that the disadvantages under which he is now laboring and has labored in the past will be nothing compared with those under which he will labor when the Government allots the lands of his people and then leases their lands for them and passes the money over to the Indians, and the money brings among them whiskey sellers, gamblers and other vile influences. Then will come to his Indians the greatest trials of their lives.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH SPELLING AND PUNCTUATION WORTH HARD CASH.

##### Can our Seniors and Juniors do Better?

The following from Minneapolis Journal has in it the good sense we all need. Can we write the passage in question as it ought to be written?

Let our Seniors try it!

Let our Juniors try it!

Let our Commercial College boys try it!

Let us ALL try it!

The Man-on-the-band-stand has not the time to read your answers, but to the Indian boy or girl at our school who can write the paragraphs below with all the words spelled correctly, and will bring the written testimony of his teacher saying he has done so, may have the biggest Florida orange to be found in Carlisle:

It is a fact that business men in England take much more pains with the correctness of their correspondence than Americans do; and we know how literary Boston has jibed at the slangy and ungrammatical West.

But, the information that Marshall Field and Co. offer their employees \$1 for every error of English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house, and that Alexander H. Revell has had a little book on English prepared for his salesman, is an indication that a spirit of reform is at work.

In a different way our own high-class houses put a premium on good English by paying the stenographer who can spell, punctuate, and write grammatically \$18

to \$25 a week, while the ordinary stenographer gets only \$6 or \$8; and they say that the \$18 and \$25 a week positions often remain unfilled for want of a good English letter writer to take them.

The salesman who says "I seen," "I done," and "He don't" is kept in the background when high-class customers are about.

Everybody knows how social standing and business competency are judged every day by the appearance and grammatical correctness of a letter, whether the writer is a society woman or a young man applying for a position.

But we do not make a systematic effort to raise our standard. Our schools put too little emphasis on elementary English, too much on higher and theoretical studies.

Shorthand schools are eager to turn out graduates in forty days, without so much as a review drill on spelling, regardless of the fact that nine-tenths of the students cannot hope for a good position, whatever their shorthand speed till they brush up on their English.

If we did not learn the mastery of our own language in school, there is every reason why we should commence our study now at home.

Even the best of people get rusty. We forget what good English is.

We can maintain our standard only by constant study. And nothing will bring such immediate and certain returns, large salary, or increased social or business prestige as study of elementary, practical, everyday English.

The following passage is correct in every way, except that the spelling of the words does not correspond to the meaning required.

Write the passage out as it ought to be written:

Know won kneads weight two bee toll-ed thee weigh too dew sew.

The rite suite little buoy, the son of a great kernel, with a rough around his neck, fine up the rode as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at a blew house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown rows from his lips

The made who heard the belle was about to pair a pare, butt she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her guessed wood knot weight. Butt when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her ayes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer! Why dew yew lye hear? Are you dyeing?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint." She bear hymn in her arms, and hurried two a rheum where he mite bee quiet gave him bread and meat, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his neck scarf, rapped him up warm, and gave him a suite drachm.

The examination in spelling quoted above was given as a prize competition by St. Nicholas many years ago.

Of course the competitors had the benefit of the suggestion of parents and friend. We have not the file at hand, but the gentleman who hands us the material says his memory is that out of nine thousand replies received by the magazine, only one was absolutely correct in every detail, and only a hundred or so were substantially correct.

Can Minneapolis children do better?

—[Minneapolis Journal.

#### IS OUR LIFE PROPERLY ORDERED?

For those of us who make new resolutions at the beginning of the year this let of editorial from the Christian Register is good reading matter to make us think.

When at the beginning of a new year one needs to pull himself up and make a new set of resolutions for the control of his conduct during the year to follow, we have a sure indication that life during the past year has not been properly ordered.

When one lives as he ought to live, the necessary repairs are made day by day.

Such a one does not, when he stops to think about it, find everything at loose ends, and feel the need of quick reformation.

A few simple principles are the guides of good conduct in a rational life, and these are confirmed and enforced by daily experience and the yearly review of events.

Happy he who can stick to the original resolutions which are the constitution and by-laws of his existence.

Sinning and repentance are luxuries, which, too frequently indulged in, destroy the moral sense, reduce the power of the will, and finally make good resolutions to be of value only as they represent lost ideals and wasted opportunities.

#### HONOR TO AN ABORIGINE WOMAN.

It is not necessary to wax sentimental over the Indian in order to accord to him a certain recognition that is his due. While the early immigrants to this country suffered cruelties from the savages, they also received many benefits from them, and it is high time to acknowledge it in permanent form.

The Pilgrim society of New Bedford, Mass., proposes to take the initiative in erecting a monument to Squanto, the friendly Indian who brought aid to the pilgrims in their time of greatest extremity. It was Squanto who showed the pilgrims the wealth of fish that burrowed and wintered in and about Plymouth harbor, and it was he who taught them how to plant their corn. The pilgrims were strong in faith and well posted on future salvation, but it was Squanto who gave them some idea how to keep soul and body together from day to day.

It is but grateful to the memory of Squanto that at this late period a monument should be erected to his memory by the descendants of those to whom he was a ministering angel.

Another proposition of a similar character comes from the far west. The names of Lewis and Clark are known and honored by all who appreciate the resources of the great northwest, but next to Thomas Jefferson, who planned the expedition for these heroes, recognition should be given to Sacajawea, the only woman who accompanied them. She was their guide and interpreter. She protected them when threatened by hostile Indians. She procured for them food and horses when they were destitute of both, and saved their valuable papers at the risk of her own life.

An association was formed some time ago for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of Sacajawea, and the plan now is to erect a statue temporarily on the Lewis and Clark centennial grounds and later give it a permanent place in one of the parks of St. Louis.

—[Chicago Chronicle.

#### GHOST MUSIC.

One of the most interesting phenomena is to be observed in the bad lands of Arizona. Out in the midst of an alkali plain there is a desolate formation of rock covering only about an acre in extent, and from these rocks, or rather from beneath them, there issue sounds of music as though an organ was playing, and the strains are echoed from every direction.

The place has never been excavated or fully explored, and the theory of scientists is that there is a peculiar formation of stalactites in a cave there with an opening somewhere through which the wind plays upon these stalactites, producing the music.

The Indians claim, however, that a cathedral was at one time built upon this place, and that there was a bad priest placed in charge of the cathedral, who abducted Indian women and children.

One night the ground opened during a violent storm and the earth closed in over the top of this cathedral.

The Indians believe that the music which comes from the ground proceeds from the ghosts of those who were interred at the time of the earthquake.

—[Denver Republican.

#### GOD'S INSTANT WORKINGS.

God works fast sometimes, faster than the eye or thought of man can follow.

His is the deliberation of the ages, the day that is like a thousand years, but his also is the speed of the light, the thousand years that are like one day.

We have seen a skilled artist, with one swift, sure sweep of the chalk or brush, change the whole cast and character of a countenance; we have seen the wise teacher or mother, by one suggestion, change the whole attitude and behavior of a fretting child.

Even so God can touch a human heart into a new life in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye.

It may not be that he always does so, but it may well be that he sometimes does so.

No sudden turning, no instant change, no spiritual love at first sight, is an impossibility to his grace.

It is true that we must often wait patiently for the salvation of the Lord, but it is also true that we sometimes, like the seer of old, hear the divine voice saying, "Behold, I come quickly."—[Sunday School Times.

#### CHRISTMAS FOR THE BOYS WHO ARE UNDER PUNISHMENT.

Not far from Carlisle, is the Huntingdon Reformatory. In that institution there are hundreds of boys who have committed some crime and are held there for punishment.

The Man-on-the-band-stand feels sorry for them, and when he read in the Reformatory Record about the good dinner that was served the inmates his heart rejoiced. They had an entertainment in the evening, but the day was spent in their cells.

With the exception of those engaged in the necessary work about the institution, says the Record the inmates spent the day in their cells, where they received the weekly tract, prepared by the General Superintendent, which was filled with poetic and prose selections appropriate to the season, and through the kindness of the Chaplain, they were also provided with religious literature, so that there was plenty of food for the mind.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

How did Henry the Eighth differ from other men as a suitor? He married his wives and axed them afterwards.

What is highest and nicest when the head is off? A pillow.

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill, and spite of all, yet standeth still? The road.

Why did a lady name her pet rooster Robinson? Because it crew so.

Why is a rheumatic man like a window? He has catches in the sides and a frame full of pains.

Why can a man's nose never be longer than eleven inches? Because if it were twelve it would be a foot.

What letter must a friend bid you search for when he praises the weather? Find A.

What three letters are your foes? Your N, M, E's.

What letters must one select to enjoy repose? He must take his E's.

#### We all Felt as Though we Knew her.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland will have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire nation in their sudden bereavement by the death of their eldest daughter, Ruth. It seems only a very short time ago when "Baby Ruth" was the most talked of child in America, and a peculiar interest has always been felt in her not only because of the fact that she was the pet of the Executive Mansion, while her father was Chief Magistrate of the nation, but because of the beautiful exemplification of the ideal American wife and mother by Mrs. Cleveland. This child in a very few years, would have been a woman and her untimely death will be felt as a personal bereavement by millions of Americans.

—[Harrisburg Patriot.

#### ENIGMA.

A few more pictures left. Try the following and get one, in accordance with the directions of last week:

I am made of 9 letters.

My 1st is in cake but never in pie.

" 2nd " bake " " " fry.

" 3rd " bat " " " ball.

" 4th " cat " " " squall.

" 5th " hip " " " leg.

" 6th " whip " " " beg.

" 7th " Kate " " " Mary.

" 8th " late " " " hurry.

" 9th " north, whence came a new word.

To our school which is now quite frequently heard.

It's a by-word in fact made by "smart" Indian boys.

Now guess if you can, and that without noise.

#### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:

1. Watermelon; 2. Pie; 3. Cake; 4. Peanut; 5. Banana; 6. Apple; 7. Grape; 8. Meat; 9. Peaches; 10. Bread; 11. Butter; 12. Gravy; 13. Oranges; 14. Candy; 15. Raisins; 16. Turnips; 17. Onion.

#### 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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