

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

STORIES of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts—whatever we
knowledge call.

There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Makes slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write:
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there:
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.
—DANIEL WEBSTER.

MIGHTY BATTLE OF THE DEEP.

The following from the Chicago Chronicle is doubly interesting coming as it does from an interview with Dr. Fox, with whom, accompanied by his charming wife, Col. and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda Pratt and her cousin from New York, took the Alaskan trip, this last summer. They all witnessed the fight.

One of the rarest as well as one of the most thrilling spectacles ever beheld by a human being, says the Chronicle, was witnessed off the coast of Alaska by Dr. and Mrs. L. Webster Fox, of Philadelphia, who have just returned from Alaska.

In a sea lashed by many big fish they saw a thrasher shark and a sword fish attack a whale and in a long and terrific battle slowly back the great cetacean to death.

Not only Dr. and Mrs. Fox, but an entire shipload of passengers were spectators at this combat.

"The fight took place on a Saturday afternoon, August 29, just before we entered Juneau," said Dr. Fox.

"We were on the steamer Cottage City, Captain Wallace, travelling northward through that wonderful inland sea which stretches 1,000 miles from Vancouver to Skagway. At 2 o'clock we were leaving Admiralty Island.

The sheltered sound at this point is the play and feeding ground for countless whales, and on this memorable afternoon we had been running through a school scattered on either hand, blowing and diving and sleeping on the surface.

Some one on board shouted that a thrasher was attacking a whale.

The ship's speed was slackened and as the eager passengers crowded to the rail it gave a list to port.

Man has never witnessed a more fearful conflict than that which occurred in the next half hour.

The thrasher is a most peculiar fish. While it is in shape the counterpart of a shark, its main weapon of offence, instead of its mouth, is its tail, the tips of which are as hard as bone.

Before the startled whale could get into motion the long, black flail-like tail we had seen poise and strike repeated the blow three or four times in quick succession.

The report of every blow came to us across the water as though a man had slapped his thigh with his palm.

Then the whale dived, and it was plainly his intention to sweep the enemy from his hold by a rush.

But neither fish remained under water long.

With a leap like that of a monster brook trout the whale cleared the surface, and for an instant formed a huge arch.

He was free of the water from his head to the tip of his tail.

As he dropped in again he began to squirm and struggle and churn with his tail until the sea seemed to boil for the space of an acre or more.

Notwithstanding that up to this time we had noticed only the whale and the thrasher shark, it quickly became apparent that a third combatant was in the field.

This combatant we soon learned was a sword-fish, the thrasher's inevitable hunting companion.

The sword fish grows to a length of 12

to 15 feet, with a sword 3 or 4 feet long; and small as he is in comparison with the whale, he is capable of doing terrible execution with his weapon. It is an established fact that a large sword fish can ram through eight inches of oak.

When the combat had continued for fifteen minutes the shark accomplished what appeared to be his objective point.

He obtained a grip with his teeth upon the whale's jaw and as he clung there delivered blow after blow upon his monster enemy's quivering side.

The sword fish did not leap fully out of the water as did the other two, but it was plain from the behavior of the whale, when he dived for a respite from the thrasher, that he was being given an uncomfortable time below.

And so the fight raged.

The whale driven from the depths by the sword fish, would leap clear of the water, and then, falling back would dash back and forth until finally the water was dyed red all about.

At each convulsive leap toward the end of the fight, the whale seemed to grow weaker, while the thrasher and the sword fish maintained their strength.

There was only one way for the battle to terminate, and so in the end the whale lay still upon the surface.

He was dead.

When all was over our ship gathered way and proceeded.—[Chicago Chronicle.

Mrs. Pratt said she was in bed resting, but being called, hurriedly dressed, and so witnessed the end of the conflict.

FROM THE REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN SCHOOLS.

The Annual Report of the Superintendent of Indian Schools containing information obtained from personal visits to agencies and schools and from statistics received in the office, has been submitted to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The results are given in tabular form, and show the number of children attending school; the number speaking English; the number self-supporting; the number of girls among the returned students who keep neat homes, and the number of returned students tilling their land, which has largely increased.

The Indian's present condition is compared with that of ten years ago. Tribes that were practically living in idleness then are today working at whatever they can find to do. The good results obtained from placing children with families during a portion of the school year is commented upon, and it is recommended that this system be extended to all schools where conditions are favorable. It is urged that more time be devoted to teaching cooking and other domestic arts, and that the boys receive more instruction in agriculture. It is also urged that teachers pay more attention to the study of the Indian's character; that all attempts at reconstruction of their thoughts should be guided by this knowledge, and that all efforts in education be aimed at teaching self-support in the shortest possible time.

The report says that through the influence of the schools the Indians are slowly but gradually advancing in civilization. The illustrations, which were contributed by the Indian schools, were printed by the Indian student apprentices at Carlisle.

COME IN AND LOOK!

You Will Not Be Expected to Buy!

In the front store-window of a dealer in wines and other intoxicating drinks, I several times noticed during the past winter placards displayed, upon which were lettered the words which form the caption of this article:

"Come in and look! You will not be expected to buy!"

How like in sentiment and accordant in

rhyme, I thought, to the familiar ditty of my childhood:

"Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?"

With no inclination whatever to accept the invitation to enter this death trap I could nevertheless, in imagination, look around upon its brave array of bottles of wine and demijohns of whiskey, its flasks of gin and casks of brewed liquors, and readily picture some scenes, which, although inseparably linked to this traffic, I am sure that the dealer would have been altogether unwilling to have had enacted right there in his presence.

Thus, I could bring before him the young washerwoman, who, with a babe at her breast, and with a second little one just able to walk, beside her, was at work at my house only yesterday.

It might have been well had this greatly wronged woman stood in his presence, where he too could have seen her weep bitter tears, whilst she told how her husband had broken again his good resolve—had spent all his week's wages for the hateful liquor—had lost an excellent place, and finally, overcome with remorse at his folly, had utterly deserted her and her children.

Had the tears and the woeful tale of this woman made no impression upon the respectable dealer in rum cordials, there might have been brought before him—were it not that she had lately been silenced by drink—another one of whom I had knowledge, who earned a livelihood by washing.

Most faithful and hardworking was she in her sober moments, but constant was her craving for alcohol, and dreadful to hear were her jeerings and imprecations when it mastered her.

Overcome by the habit, she had at last died miserably in the forlorn room of the tenement where she lodged.

The writer, being called to the spot, beheld a loathsome object, such as he hoped never again to see; yet, had he accepted the invitation of the rum-seller to "come in and look" upon those demijohns of whiskey in the warehouse referred to, visions of desolation very like this must have risen to view.

Again: I might have brought—I could bring now—into the presence of this dealer, a terribly besotted and bloated creature, made so by the same maddening poison as is drawn from those casks.

If there should come with him, at the same time, the two elder sons who are following hard in their father's steps to ruin, and the nine other children—which would include the jabbering idiot boy and the baby—and, finally, the mother herself, to tell of her husband's nearly continuous drunken or half-drunken condition, his frequent ravings and foamings when he dashes the scanty furniture about and no one is safe in his presence, his threatenings to kill her with the knife which he uses in his shoe-maker's craft, and of her being driven screaming into the street even at midnight, in the depths of winter and with a single garment upon her, I think perhaps, the owner of the casks and demijohns might be convinced of the reality of the suffering, though he might still make denial of the iniquity of the traffic by which he thrives.

I have here simply spoken of three cases of the drink evil, happening, within a stone's throw of each other, in what is spoken of as one of "the poorer localities" of Philadelphia's inviting suburb of G—.

Almost every one who reads these lines can cite somewhat similar instances; whilst the cases which daily come before our Quarter Sessions Court will furnish many others, of the barrowing details of which the swiftest pen could not take full account.

Yet are we assured that none of these things are unrecorded in "the book of remembrance," none forgotten by Him who heareth the cry of all his creatures.

Would that all who accede to the alluring invitation to "Come in and look," who look acquiescingly "upon the wine

when it is red," would consider the deadly peril of that adder's sting, ("at the last it stingeth like an adder"), which is likely to assail them, remembering that drunkards and the conscious makers of drunkards have no inheritance with those who "may enter in through the gates into the city."

Still, to the tempted, the weary, and the heavy-laden, is ever extended the invitation, with its promise of eternal rest.

"Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

No deception nor double-dealing here.

The word is COME and freely TAKE, for assuredly YOU WILL NOT BE EXPECTED TO BUY.

JOSIAH W. LEADS.
528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

ALASKA'S EXHIBIT.

Mr. Joseph B. Marvin, special agent of the Alaskan exhibit at the World's Fair, is in St. Louis preparing for the participation of that territory in the Exposition. Alaska will erect, on Forsythe Avenue, just west of the palace of Forestry, Fish and Game, a main building 100 feet by 50 feet, two stories high, and connecting with it on either side by a covered passageway smaller buildings of native Indian architecture.

The main building will cost between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

Its main front shows a Greek pediment, supported on four Ionic columns, 35 feet high.

The lower floor of the building is to be in one room, the upper floor being supported by Ionic columns.

This room will be used for Alaska's exhibit.

In the center will be a relief map of the territory, 6 feet by 4 feet, made in Washington, D. C., from data gathered by the Geological Survey.

The map will be colored to show the economic productions of the country, both in agriculture and mineral.

The rest of the room will be taken up with displays of gold, coal, copper, silver, platinum, oil, petroleum, guano, grasses, lumber, and fur. On the second floor will be shown pictures of Alaskan scenery.

The native dwellings will be 50 feet long, of Hydah Indian construction, made in Alaska, and erected at St. Louis by six Indians sent for the purpose.

They will have totem poles, characteristic of Alaska—trees stripped of bark, carrying on their peaks carvings of herons, crows, eagles or other animals emblematic of the tribe to which they belong.

The interior of these dwellings will be furnished in the characteristic Alaskan fashion.

Mr. Marvin has made application for space around the Alaskan installation for a garden showing the flora of the country. He proposes to grow here rhododendrons, gentians and fine evergreens.

—[The World's Fair Bulletin.

THE INDIANS IN POVERTY.

Muskogee, I. T., Dec. 30—Mr. Schoenfelt, Indian agent, stated today that there had never been a winter since he had been in office that the Indians were so poverty stricken as at the present time. This is especially true in the Creek nation. Mr. Schoenfelt says that the only reason he can assign is that the Indians believed they would have plenty of money by realizing on their land and the payment of the loyal Creek claim, and failed to put in as large crops as usual.

This, coupled with the short crop this year, has reduced their supplies to the poverty line even this early in the winter. None of the Indians have realized on their lands, and the loyal Creek claim will not be paid until the hardest part of the winter is passed.—[Anadarko Democrat.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

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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 individual civilized chances?

It would rob them of manhood and make paupers of emigrants coming to us from any country in the world to reserve and double bureaucize them as we do our Indians.

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

Every dollar expended by Government or church in organizing Indians into separate communities in order to keep them away from our other peoples and out of the general system and industries of the country, compels added waste and further expenditure of dozens of other dollars to continue the fathering of such segregations, but the method serves to prolong and parade the Indian problem.

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.

The Government not only supports the Indian from generation to generation but it also needlessly supports two bureaus harmoniously working together from age to age to see that each new crop of Indians shall be the kind needing support. There is strong talk of ending the bureau called Indian, and some steps looking to that have been taken. This is right, but the ending of this bureau will necessarily be somewhat slow, because of the numerous ramifications of its material responsibilities. The bureau to do without first and at once is unquestionably the Ethnological, because it is not now and never has been anything but a positive hindrance to Indian civilization. Ethnological domination ended, the Indian bureau can then look at its responsibilities untrammelled by that partnership, and may, therefore, incline to quit organizing and influencing Indians to segregating hindrances.

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. In our observation hiring and persuading the Indians to out-Indian themselves is rather their occupation.

COLONEL PRATT LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

The lesson I would bring to us all tonight, is to have within us such purpose and courage and such force as that we will not lag. Now, here is a valuable idea, one to hold on to: Lagging, getting behind in what we are doing, dropping back in it, not being earnest and pushing all through. It may be we are winding up a portion of our career. Having started out to do a certain thing we have kept on doing well, it may be, for a number of years, until we are getting nearly through in pretty fair shape, and accomplishing what we started out to accomplish.

We near the end of it, and as we near the end we begin to think that perhaps it does not make much difference, it will soon be over now, and we need not strive so hard. We can ease up and get through anyhow.

There's where we make the mistake. It may be the mistake of our lives. If there is anything we ought to do, it is to exert ourselves and finish well what we begin. We should be careful to polish off our work and show that we can do a little better at the end because of the long training.

I once got into a little two-wheeled cart with a covered top, having two men as horses to pull me quite a distance.

There were eleven of us, all having carts alike, and each of the others had only one man to pull. I had two men, because I was so big I felt ashamed to have only one man pull me.

It was twenty-nine miles to the town where we wanted to reach the railroad train and travel quite a distance further to our destination. It was down hill, most of the way, but those men kept us at a trot all the time. It seemed to me that after a while they would certainly break down, but they kept at it, they did not stop or go slower when they came to a hill. About half way we did stop at one place just a few minutes, while these men drank a very small cup of tea and rested. Then they started again and kept on until we reached the town, and then they started out fast just as though they were beginning the trip.

Such energy as they did put into it! It was a race between them. They dashed up to the railroad station, each one trying to get ahead, laid down the shafts, took the blankets off of us, and bowed us out as polite as could be. We gave each of them fifty cents; that was all they wanted. Fifty cents for such a ride!

A man can keep a small family in that country for fifteen cents a day.

These men performed this service for someone nearly every day. They brought eleven of us twenty-nine miles, and not one of them failed to show up at the last with renewed energy. We were just four hours making that trip. Horses could not do better.

We must not forget to endure. Keep it in our mind, for tomorrow, next week, next month, next year, and to the last of our lives.

We are approaching conclusions here in school. Every student has resting upon him something with reference to what I am saying.

We want to get up; we want to get through; we want to go out. If we don't want to get up, get through and go out, we have no business here.

We want to get through with so much credit it will give us a start for the future.

Getting up comes to all of us. We expect to get into the class above. If we do not go higher it will be our fault, and we will feel bad about it.

It will be because we have not made good use of our time; we have used our energy in some other way, and have lost energy in the real work which brought us here.

So I say to any of us who have to stop back—I hope none of us do—it will be because we deserve to be held back.

I hope all who go out will get into a higher place.

We need to make good use of our energy, not only for this time but through all our experiences in life. Keep working at our job clear to the end and always give it a last polish. That will make it tell, and is a great and important thing.

Whenever we undertake to do a job of work, we ought always to do it a little better than we promised. If we agree to work a certain number of hours, we should

not be afraid to work a little longer, begin a little early and not be in a hurry to quit on the minute.

School ourselves to it and show we intend to give full value for the pay we receive.

The fellow who quits too early out west, they call a "quitter," and quitters are a nuisance.

So I say, boys and girls, our lesson is, "Don't lag! Don't drop behind even at the very last!"

As we went into that town, I remember very well those fellows were trying to get ahead of each other.

I could see when they got us out they were jollyng each other about which came out best and had the most life left in him after the long trip.

If we had said to them we want to go ten miles farther, I do not know whether they would have wanted to try it, but I believe they would.

The Japs are not the sort of people to give up. A missionary told me he wanted one day to go to a place sixty miles away.

He said to the jinricksha man, "That is too much for one man to do; if you take me part way, I can find another man who will pull me the rest of the way."

The man said "I will do it all;" and he took that missionary in one of those little wagons 60 miles in one day. Endurance, that don't lag, endurance and determination, that is what these Japs had.

Then there is endurance of the mind, and endurance of principle; in every direction we can think of, there must be endurance to reach success.

The wonderful power is given us to endure! Some people have a great deal to endure, they must endure great labor. They do the same work year after year for many years. It gets to be tiresome and they wish they could have something else to do, but they work on to the end because they have endurance. What a power it is!

Others must endure those who misrepresent them, but they must get on and live it out.

There are people who say things against us even when we have trusted and helped them.

Endurance! What a quality it is!

Boys and girls, we must not lag, we must ENDURE!

I will take up another subject. I don't wish at any time to lose sight of the thing that is most necessary and most important to you, because as your Captain, my duty is to give you the necessary instruction and direction.

I don't want you to forget the main thing.

When we read in the Good Book that "all men are created of one blood to dwell upon the face of the earth," and when we read that "we are all brethren" and that we are "to dwell together in unity," and "be at peace with one another"—when the Good Book says these and other things like them, I believe it means just what it says.

There are other books, but the Bible is the one that says to us these things, and it is the Book that inspired all other good books.

I believe these messages mean just what they say, and if we are created of one flesh and one blood to dwell together in unity, if all these things are true, then we have an inheritance to which we have a right, because it is provided in God's law.

Of course there are good brothers and bad brothers. In every family there are some that are counted black sheep, others through higher principles are counted white sheep; but after all, we are to be at one with each other and to help each other along. And what I wish us all to think of now is that we must put ourselves in the way to be helped along.

Some people get off in a corner away from everybody, away from all help, and stay there. They don't want to be helped, and so the world passes them by, and they bequeath the same character to their children, and so it goes on for generations.

Others who are born to no better conditions get out of the corner and up, and see the world as it is, and realize the way of righteousness, their relations to all the others as God intended, and through contact and energy and learning, they become a perfectly acceptable part of the great family.

I think it a duty upon us all to do that, even though we be advised to do the other way.

It is of the greatest importance that we

become individual, that we be able to stand alone, to attend to all our own affairs, because when we learn how to look after our own affairs we can do it better than anyone can do it for us.

While we are here and have such a good chance we ought to learn to do this.

It is our right to loose our indenture as Indians and to become members of the great American family. We can't lose the color of our eyes or hair, but aside from these things that come to us in our physical being, we can lose all the rest and be 10,000 times more valuable to ourselves and the world for losing them.

I had a letter from a man in Chicago. He is a writer of theatre plays. He says he is writing a play in which the hero is to be an educated Carlisle Indian.

He is going to put it before the world, and he thinks it is going to help the Indians.

He wanted me to tell him what Indian traits there remains in the Indian who is educated, the traits that he cannot get rid of.

His Indian is to marry a white woman and a French woman at that, so he wants me to tell him some things that will help him to work out his play. Now I told him just what I have said to you.

I cited him to a few of our Carlisle alumni.

I said if you want to know the truth, go and talk to them and see what you can find in them of old Indian ways.

Our strength, our power, I am very sure everything that is to help us, rests upon our moving out into the world as individuals, losing every single attribute we have as Indians.

Let all go, never think of them, and take up in their place just as much of the best American civilization as we can.

Get into the highest and the best of this great civilization and stay there!

Get into it and then go ahead in it. Get our rights in it!

Help push and lift in it!

Don't lag at any time!

If we want to win out, score the most work and the best conduct!

That will end our problem.

Know for ourselves and be no slave to any influence that will dictate to us about our property, our place, our affairs, our duty!

Realize our duty ourselves and perform it clear through to the end, and when we are winding up, even in death, be heroic to the last!

That is our place, our right.

We can't move forward by going back!

That is a good motto! Let us think about it! Is it true or is it false?

Thousands of boys and girls have gone out from this Carlisle School and tried to get up by going back to the reservations. Did they succeed and continue to grow as they would by remaining in civilization?

We can't do it, it is impossible. But we can get up by keeping on upward; by continuing to go up we CAN GET UP.

If by coming to this Carlisle School from places of ignorance and savagery we have bettered our condition, and got up to what we are now, is not that proof that we can keep on going upward?

The bother of the whole Indian service is right there—trying to lift the Indians up by holding them down, that is what the United States has been trying to do for 200 years.

The Government has been at it, the missionaries have been at it, every one that has had a chance at us seem to think of our people as tribes to be held together.

There are in this room nearly eight hundred of us from eighty tribes, growing up to manhood and womanhood.

Let us forget our past!

We need not forget father, mother, sister, brother, for we will help them most by helping ourselves most. They need not keep us back! In just the proportion we become strong and useful will we be able to help them.

I think I told you, once my employer used to urge me to make twelve dozen tin cups in a day, and I tried and tried and kept on trying, and finally I said something that indicated I had doubt that anybody could do it.

He was a man over fifty and he said:

"I will show you, that it can be done."

So he set about it and made twelve dozen very handsome tin cups in one day. I had no further argument, but I thought if you can do it I can. So when we had a new lot to make I began to find the minutes it would take to make the handles, the bottoms, the sides, how many minutes to do the shaping, the

soldering, etc. until I had the time for each down in figures before me.

I tried again, and did not do it that time, but gained a little in each portion of the work and finally I could make twelve dozen tin cups in a day, and I felt happy as everyone does who accomplishes what he tries to.

I hope we will remember what I have said, for I came this evening, wanting to say something that we all would hold on to forever.

Sometimes it happens we have to feel our way along. Armies have to do that. They do not know just where the enemy is, just what its disposition is, nor what its strength, so they send out a few men, who have shown by their courage, intelligence and energy that they can perform this work, to find the position of the enemy and learn what their movements are likely to be; and when they find out they report back to the army.

It is a great distinction to be chosen that way to find out the situation. We are doing that here at Carlisle for all the Indians, and they are waiting for a report. What shall our report be?

We come from almost all the tribes in these great United States. Most of us have been in school, elsewhere, particularly on the reservations, and we know the influences surrounding us at our homes.

The people at home will want to know from us all about our opportunities and experiences here, as compared with what they are at home.

Are our school privileges better here than there?

Are our opportunities for training in industries and such occupations as we desire to follow, better here than there?

Are our religious privileges better and broader here than there, and are the people we come in contact with here more friendly and helpful to us than those we met on our reservation?

When we go out from Carlisle, as we do, one here and one there, to live among white people, do we find friendliness and helpfulness among those we live with and come in contact with, better than we did at home?

Are the opportunities we have to go to school with white children and so learn what they know by actually being with them, better here or where we came from?

Are we better protected against bad and wrong things here than there?

Are our chances for getting up and becoming equal to the white people in intelligence and usefulness, and so ending our particular problem better here than there.

In fact, what are the reasons in favor or against our Carlisle training as compared with the opportunities we had in other schools and our homes, either reservation or non-reservation?

These are the things we should think deeply and earnestly about and should then tell our people the TRUTH.

They have a right to know all about it, so that if it is best, they too may move out into the wider and better chances, and so each of them also end their own problem.

AN INDIAN CURIO.

Ethnologists and those interested in the Indian and his curious performances, herewith have their attention especially called to the fact that Thomas L. Sloan, an Omaha Indian of Pender, Nebraska, was admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court, Washington, D. C., on the 18th of this month.

Mr. Sloan accomplished this eminence quite entirely through going away from his tribe for his education. It is safe to say that had he remained with his tribe and at the behest of so-called ethnological science, participated freely in the Omaha dance, one of the most celebrated and spectacular among the Indians, Mr. Sloan instead of having high opportunity granted on his own merit would now be an incumbrance on the body politic.

INDIAN NAMES.

No wonder the Indians are willing to have some of their names changed. Here are three names we heard on our recent western trip:

Many-tail-feathers - coming-over-the-hill.

Birdie-kills-across-the-way.

The-cow-that-goes-up-the-coulee-and-looks-at-the-spotted-calf-in-the-gully.

David Kaphokokoakimakeweonah has been appointed postmaster of Koekia, Hawaiian Islands. This is but another illustration of the Administration's preference for men of letters in official positions.—[Washington Post.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

It was "pretty slip," now it is pretty wet!

It is reported the Shawnees are dying of measles.

Miss Peter spent a day with her cousin in Washington, D. C.

Carl Yukanina and Luis de Jesus have entered the printing force.

Mr. Nonnast and his tailors are busy making the graduating suits.—

The Seniors gave their last class entertainment last evening.—

How many stars in our flag? Refreshen your memory by reading elsewhere.

Mrs. Warner thinks the most of California is too dusty and dry to be agreeable.

Enigma solvers may still have a choice of the few old and interesting pictures.

Solomon Webster, accompanied Miss Hilton and Myron Moses as far as Harrisburg.

Emma Sky, class 1904, has passed a successful Civil Service examination for clerk.

Some one has sent 3 cents for a picture, but gave no name. We are waiting further orders.

The particulars of the football banquet, which took place last evening will be given next week.

Miss Richenda Pratt is in Lockhaven, in attendance upon the wedding of her friend Miss Hipple.

The Juniors Varsity football team of the small boys' quarters have had their photograph taken.—

If we would move as fast as the people in the moving pictures, we might accomplish something.

Miss Flora Laird is at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Miss Daisy is teaching public school in Des Moines.

A run-away mule took the athletic track on Saturday, and for a time had things pretty much his own way.

Arthur Pratt, 1901, has signed to play ball next summer with Greene's all professional Indian team of Nebraska.—

Last Sunday, Alice Denomie, Marian Sebastian and Margaret Cadotte gave a dinner in their room to a few invited guests.—

Some who like to read about what is going on in the far east, are anxiously waiting to see what the final result will be.—

Celia Baronovich, one of the girls that came lately from Alaska, is very much pleased with the school and she is making rapid progress.—

A surprise party was given to Elizabeth Walker, Jeanette Pocatello and Pearl Hartly, one evening this week by Rose Tempie, in quarters

At a recent rehearsal of "William Tell" for the coming Band concerts, Conductor Wheelock told the story of William Tell to the members of the Band.—

Last Sunday's prayer meeting at the large boys' quarters was led by Wm. Mt. Pleasant, president of the Y. M. C. A. The subject was well discussed.

Messrs. Scott and Wheelock visit the Invincibles to-night; Miss Paul and Mrs. Foster, the Standards, and Mrs. Munch and Miss Scales the Susans.

The Senior Pupil Teachers are studying the book called: Talks on Pedagogics by Francis Parker. They like to study with Miss Scales, for she is so thorough.—

A very interesting question was debated on last Friday evening in the girls' society. The girls who won in the debate were Bettie Welch and Zoraida Valdezete —

Sunday morning as Albert Exendine was coming home from Sunday school, his hat blew off into the creek. This caused him to fish awhile, and on Sunday, too.—

Country school sleighing parties generally take in the Indian school. Some of them may wonder why we don't know more, while we wonder why some of them don't know more.

The normal pupils and teachers especially regret the loss of Wade Ayres. His bright little face was always an inspiration and his cheerful disposition brought sunshine to those discouraged.—

Navajoe blankets of fine grade and design, have come from Pasquala Anderson, 1900, who is among the Moquis in the South West. She secured them for friends who desired the genuine article.

Mary Barada, 1900, is at Crow Agency Mont., and enjoys her work. The Government school is full of students who are doing well. Frank Yarlot has married the assistant cook. The students and employees enjoyed the visit of Miss Reel, as "she was so pleasant."

A party given by Mrs. Beitzel to the Sunday School teachers, was one of the enjoyable features of the week. In a Bible game Miss Bowersox won first prize. Miss Cutter stood next. The artistic rooms of ye artistic hostess are always a charm, and this night more so.

Wade Ayers, Catawba, of South Carolina, was laid to rest last Sunday. He was a boy of lovable disposition and with a keen sense of justice and right. After vaccination he took cold in his arm, which with serious complications ended his life. Memorial services will be held on Sunday.

In the items that came from the school rooms this week, there were a score or more which alluded to Mrs. Pratt's talk last Sunday evening before the girls. They showed heartfelt appreciation in favorable comment, saying that the talk was very interesting and impressive, and full of helpful lessons.

A trip through the study hour rooms is always inspiring and makes the Man-on-the-band-stand wish he was young again. No such comfortable desks, no steam heat, no electric light, no such cheerful rooms, no such helps when he was young. The order was excellent, and every one down to hard study, the other evening.

The Band will play at the Lyceum Theatre, Harrisburg, next Wednesday matinee and evening, this evening at Shippensburg, and at Chambersburg later. Conductor Wheelock is bringing forth music that not only charms the "savage" ear, but delights the most cultivated taste. Music hath charms to soothe the savage ear? Yes, and the savage (?) hath cultivated charms to soothe the cultured ear.

Genus E. Baird, employee; Caroline Helms, Mary Pratt, Vina Woodworth, Seniors; Hattie Miller, Stella Blythe, Anna George, Mary Kadashan, Rose Temple, Dora Reinken, Juniors, and Katharine Dyakanoff, Sophomore, spelled correctly the words in last week's orange contest. Good! The Man-on-the-band-stand was afraid he would have all the oranges to eat, and is delighted to find we have some good spellers among the students.

Joseph Baker is doing good work at the case since his all-day school to make up lost lessons, when on the California trip. Joseph is counted on as one of the mainstays of next year's team. He is a quiet worker, and accomplishes what he sets out to do. He is a quiet player and generally succeeds. The people who make the most "blow" do not always make the most show, in real merit. Joe plays when he plays and works when he works.

Myron Moses, who returned east from California a few weeks since, where he went for his health, has now gone to his home in New York State, after a short stop with us. He was accompanied by Miss Mary G. Hilton of Carlisle, in whose home on the farm Myron lived for a time. Word from the travellers states that at the end of the railroad and six miles from Myron's home they are snow bound. They are pleasantly situated at the town hotel and Myron seems no worse for the trip, having had a good night on the sleeper. Myron has a host of friends here who rejoiced over his improved condition after his return, and now hope for his complete restoration to health.

Later: Miss Hilton has returned and says that Myron has gone to an Erie hospital, and she left him happy and hopeful.

Jude came back to the case, on Wednesday after a period of all-day school since the California trip. It is needless to say that he was warmly welcomed by the printers. As on the football field, his intelligence, quick motion and good judgment count more than weight, so in the printing office, intelligence, attention to directions and speed in execution sometimes count for more than actual knowledge of the trade. Intelligence in our work! Intelligence in our play! Intelligence in our every motion! This is what makes a person wanted. Then when we add to intelligence the SKILL that comes through training and patient practice we are ready to work with the people of the world, who make things GO, and we can help PUSH. The world wants PUSHERS.

ALL FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

The following from the World's Fair Bulletin shows how rapid has been the change from what was once the heart of the Indian country, to a civilization that helps World's Fairs.

The Territories and Island possessions of the United States will figure conspicuously in the social features at the St. Louis Exposition. At the Columbian Exposition a decade ago, the territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma combined and erected one building costing \$11,000. Within the brief period that has elapsed since then the development of the territories has been so great and so rapid that each has its own separate building here.

The Oklahoma building cost \$16,000. Arizona spent \$3,500 on its building, and New Mexico about \$5,000.

The Oklahoma Legislature appropriated \$60,000, and the Legislatures of New Mexico and Arizona \$30,000 each, a total of \$120,000, or more than ten times the sum expended on their joint buildings at Chicago.

In addition to the money appropriated by their Legislative bodies, each of these territories has raised considerable money by subscription and donations of money and exhibits have been made to their commissions.

Indian Territory which was not represented at Chicago, has an edifice more pretentious than many of the State buildings.

It was erected at a cost of \$16,000, exclusive of furnishings, and will be the scene of one of the most brilliant receptions and other social functions that will be held during the Exposition.

The commission decided at the beginning to make the exhibit one that would illustrate the present conditions that obtain in the Territory and to show its resources and possibilities rather than to exploit its past history.

INDIAN BAND CONCERT.

Conductor James R. Wheelock, of the Carlisle Indian Band, deserves great commendation for the excellence of the two concerts last Saturday in the Opera House. There were about fifty pieces in the band, and the music was fine. There were matinee and evening programs, and the Opera House was well filled for each. Applause was elicited at times, as Sousa says of the French, in the midst of a piece, and when, a la Sousa, five cornets and four sliding trombones came to the front, and accompanied by the whole band, played "Noble Dickinsonia," the house rocked with storms of applause, and it is needless to say that the hymn was repeated. The Band will soon leave for St. Louis to be present at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and it is very safe to say that they will be very successful.—[The Dickinsonian.

Miss Fisher was the steward of the mess club during the month of December.

The program for holidays was: Get up—Breakfast—Work—Dinner—Grab Skates and skate all afternoon—Supper—Gymnasium—Bed.—[Indian News.

Miss Rosa Bourassa, of Saganing, Mich., a half-blood Chippewa Indian, has been added to the stenographic force of Prof. McGee, Chief of Anthropology.

—[World's Fair Bulletin.
Miss Bourassa graduated at Carlisle in 1890.

In our weekly chapel talks, Mrs. Foster gave us a glimpse into the life and work of James Lane Allen. She told us in a very effective way, the story of the Flute and the Violin. Mr. Sherry took a hard, dry subject and made it interesting and practical. He told about Emerson and his teachings. This closed the series of talks on American literature. The teachers deserve commendation for the many hours of time and research taken from their leisure to prepare these talks, so that they may be interesting and helpful to our students.

Pres. Hyde says: "To interpret good literature so that it comes home to the boys and girls, so that they see reflected in it the image of their own better selves, so that they carry with them its inspiration through all their after lives,—this is the duty and privilege of the public school. It is not of so much consequence what a boy knows when he leaves school, as what he loves."

OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

AWAY out in the country,
Far from the city's roar,
Where the fields are wide and open
And it's miles to any store,

There is a wonderful contentment
That makes glad the farmer's lot;
There's a world of peace and quiet
That the city man has not.

Away out in the country,
With the fowl and lowing kine,
You don't have to scratch your hair out
To get money all the time.

You eat sausages and buckwheats
And thank the Lord for what you've got—
A clear conscience and full stomach,
Which lots of city men have not.

—[Baltimore World.

WHAT IS WRITTEN TO ENGLAND
ABOUT INDIANS.

A correspondent to "The Referee" published in London, a marked copy of which was sent to us, has this to say:

A few days ago I was reading something about the "Custer Massacre" that gave me pause.

Suddenly was formed the thought, "Why massacre?"

There is nothing so savage, as there is nothing so cruel, as the ruthless might of civilization. To know the history of this country is to wonder if the future will not produce a red man who will write it from the standpoint of his race.

In forty years of freedom the negro race has furnished more than one man of marked literary ability. The Indian has not known slavery. All his troubles may be traced to his love of freedom. Efforts to enslave him have been ridiculously futile. For centuries he has fought against steadily increasing numbers and he has always rendered a good account of himself. Tecumseh, Black Hawk, Osceola were Indians who live to-day in the white man's history as heroes, in spite of countless efforts to depict them as blood-thirsty savages.

Sitting Bull has been belittled in a variety of ways, yet his bucks made a long and gallant struggle against the most experienced Indian fighters in the United States Army.

There are several Indian schools in the country. The principal school is at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. That school has a baseball team and a football team.

In both of these games the Indian boys can hold their own against white boys, and in football they often come out on top. But physical culture was not in the mental curriculum of those who founded the school. It is about the last thing that an Indian needs. Heredity compels him to cultivate physical prowess.

The school will not have fulfilled its chief object until it has turned out an Indian who will compete with the white man in the field of letters.

I can imagine no finer goal than lies at the end of life's pathway for this Indian of the future.

The history of his race is a long succession of battle, murder, and sudden death, and it will be for him to tell a wondrous story from the point of view of the original possessors of the soil.

His history will be as full, doubtless, of massacres as the white man's tale, but it may be that the responsibility will be shifted and that battles will be described as massacres and massacres as battles.

He may give another title to the "Battle" of wounded knee, the memory of which is not many years old. In this case the Indians had surrendered. They were surrounded by American regulars, who were disarming them when a shot was fired.

An Indian who had not understood that he was to give up his greatest treasure, his means of livelihood—that is to say, his gun—resisted.

Suddenly the soldiers began firing at a common center.

They killed nearly all the Indians—all who had been disarmed—and some of their own fellows.

The Indian women and children ran. The soldiers chased them and killed them until too tired to follow and kill. The Indian of the future might call this a massacre. The white historian has described it as the Battle of Wounded Knee.

General Custer and his troops corralled several bands of Sioux in an advantageous spot on the Little Big Horn.

It was a surprise for the Indians, but they had to fight or be wiped out.

They had their women and children with them, too. They fought and they

killed Custer and such of his men as did not escape by flight, and these were very few. This battle is called in the white man's history "The Custer Massacre," and it caused a thrill of horror to permeate the country from Maine to California. In Indian lore this may be one of the most glorious victories ever gained by the red men over the white.

A GOOD POSITION DEMANDS A
GOOD EDUCATION.

Those who will graduate in a few weeks, to pass out from our school, will have a fair BEGINNING to an education.

Many men of wonderful natural endowments, says Success, are dwarfed and hampered in their life work because of their lack of education.

How often do we see bright minds in responsible positions, serving on boards of directors, as trustees of great business houses or banking institutions, men who control the affairs of railroads and manufacturing, who have good judgment and great natural ability, but who are so stunted and cramped in their lack of early development that life does not yield them one tenth of what it might had their intellectual and esthetic possibilities been unfolded in youth.

In social life, on public platforms, in debate, in higher fields of the world's work, enjoyment and progress they are constantly baffled, embarrassed and handicapped by the limitations of ignorance.

Again, thousands of young men and women are working today in inferior positions because of their lack of mental culture.

Conscious of dormant powers which they cannot get control of many of them fret and chafe under the restraint imposed upon them by their own ignorance.

They are in the position of the Chinese and other non-progressive people who have great mineral, agricultural and other natural resources, which, however do not yield them a hundredth part of their value because they do not know how to utilize them.

In the very midst of potential wealth and vast possibilities those people live in poverty and degradation, just as an uneducated man or woman who has never developed his or her mental wealth, is doomed to perpetual ignorance and its consequences.

STRAIGHT AS AN INDIAN

is becoming a misnomer, as there are many young Indians of to day who do not carry their bodies erect.

This from Dietetic Gazette may help us to think:—

There are many things in the lives of women which tend to develop a carriage of the body anything but upright.

If a girl has any pride in being upright in body as well as in morals, she can, even if she has an occupation which tends to make her crooked, do much herself to prevent it.

In the first place, carefully cultivate the sense which tells her when she is standing straight and when she is not.

By paying attention to this muscular sense it becomes in time very acute.

By neglecting it the sense becomes dull—is paralyzed.

Cultivate it daily or several times a day by assuming the upright attitude.

Stand before the glass and see when you are straight, or get a friend to tell you, and then put yourself in this attitude whenever you stand or walk, or sit at any labor in which you are engaged.

If you have only to walk across the room, do it in an upright attitude.

If you have only to stand and converse with a friend in the street, on the road, at a party, get yourself so accustomed to the upright attitude that you will feel uncomfortable in any other.

In time an upright habit will be established, and constant attention to it will not be required.

SPITTING DANGEROUS.

The spitting habit is declared by the Health Department of New York to be responsible for the menacing increase of pneumonia. There were 100 more cases last week than in the corresponding week in 1903. New York has followed Harrisburg's example and has begun to enforce its spitting ordinance. The fact that where these ordinances exist they are practically a dead letter, is responsible for the continuance of a disgusting unsanitary habit.—[Harrisburg Patriot.

A FREE LESSON IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if Miss Ferree will agree with this from the Kansas Farmer and Stockman. It may be just what our girls who expect to become home-makers would like to read:

Wastes in the kitchen are due to ignorance, forgetfulness and to live mainly for show.

There is an excessive waste of soap, borax and washing powder in almost every home.

Hot water is the best cleanser and purifier.

Have the water boiling hot and use freely.

Kerosene will do wonders in cleaning the bottoms of pans and kettles and polishing glass, and is cheaper than soap.

It is well to look at the waste of wood.

When baking do your ironing, and when you have your stove hot utilize the heat in the oven.

Friday is set apart now in many homes as wash day, the suds being used to mop with, and can be made use of in washing buckets, pans, scoops, etc. thus again saving soap.

When the baking is done on Saturday for Sunday the ironing should be in progress.

Food is wasted by being improperly cooked and the cook's ignorance of how then to convert the improperly cooked product into one which is palatable and nutritious.

Take for example a good student in domestic science. She can take a burnt or under-cooked loaf of bread and convert it into innumerable uses.

Have a stone jar to put all leavings of grease in.

This may be only accumulated by the tablespoonful yet within a month's time the lard can will be fuller than usual.

Keep an account and see how much time you waste every day.

Just figure up the numerous times you went into the pantry when if you had thought, one trip would have accomplished all the work.

There is no wastes in the kitchen because the term kitchen is not the correct term for any apartment where wastes are allowed.

HOW MANY STARS?

The first flag of the United States, as most of the Instructor readers know, consisting of thirteen stripes, with thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on a blue field, was adopted by Congress in 1777. In 1795, after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky to the Union, the flag by order of Congress had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. It was this form of the flag which was used at Fort McHenry, and which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-spangled Banner," our national anthem.

It was soon seen, however, that, if a new stripe was to be added for each new State, the flag would soon be unwieldy. So in 1818, when five more States had been admitted, Congress passed a resolution to the effect that thereafter the flag should have only thirteen stripes, representing the thirteen original States, and twenty stars, for the Union as it then was; and, further, that one new star should be added for each new State admitted. At the present time there are forty-five stars in the flag; and if the wishes of Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico are granted, and those Territories receive the privileges of Statehood, there will soon be three more.—[Youth's Instructor.

ALWAYS SOMETHING TO DO.

The Man-on-the-band stand wonders if our boys on farms co-incide with this from the Journal of Agriculture:

There is small excuse for being idle on a farm.

No matter how bad the weather, the good manager will always find something for his hands and himself to do in the barn, the shed or the shop, and every farm should have a shop.

There will be harness to oil, or ladders to mend, or axes to grind, or saws to sharpen, or a dozen and one things to do to have tools and utensils ready for bright days.

A VAIN man's motto is:

"Win gold and wear it."

A generous man's motto is:

"Win gold and share it."

A spendthrift's motto is:

"Win gold and lose it."

A wise man's motto is:

"Win gold and use it."

A CREEK CUSTOM.

The curious custom of ever keeping a fire burning is not generally known. This bit of history comes from the pen of a Creek Indian, Chas. Gibson, in the Indian Journal, and he should be in a position to know Creek customs, without any ethnological guess work, or the hiring of returned students to do as told in order to carry out some old theory:

With the beginning of the new year the secret visit of the chief medicine man of the Creeks will be made to see that the tribal fires in the Indian towns are kept burning according to tradition. From time as old as Creek history, it has been a custom among the full blood Creeks to keep medicine fire burning constantly in each Indian town. When the Creeks migrated from Alabama to Indian Territory in 1838, this sacred fire was brought with them.

Then as now, official fire keepers were appointed by the tribe, whose special duty it was to see that this fire was kept alive constantly.

On the long march from Alabama, day and night, this fire was never allowed to die out. The fire was kept then for both practical use and belief that if it once went out dire misfortune would befall the tribe.

The first Indian town established in Indian territory was Alabama, named for the old home. In Alabama, the tribal fire was built and the permanent home of the Creeks established.

Since that time there have been established forty-four Indian towns that still exist.

From this central fire embers were taken to start a town fire in each town as it was established.

As soon as a new town was established an official fire keeper was chosen whose duty it was to see that the fire was kept constantly in his house.

This was a great honor for an Indian, and if he was unfaithful the punishment was banishment from the tribe.

In winter as well as the hottest days of summer, the fire was kept alive.

Once a year there was a secret visit of certain medicine men to these towns to investigate the faithfulness of the fire keeper.

An unfavorable report meant banishment of the keeper and the hatred of every member of the tribe.

In the full blood districts the Indian town fires are maintained to this day.

An Indian town is not a town in American sense, but may be merely a grove where the clans meet upon call of the leaders to discuss matters of interest and vote thereon.

An Indian is not allowed a voice in the councils of any other than his own rightful town or district.

There is a town chief for each town whose influence is great among his tribesmen.

Thomas A. Edison was once asked by a lady if he were a total abstainer from drink. When told that he was she asked: "May I inquire what made you so?"

And replied:

"I think it was because I always felt that I had a better use for my head."

Comment upon his answer is hardly necessary.—[The Inglenook.

ENIGMA.

I am made of 6 letters.
My 5, 4, 3, 3, 1, 5 is an important part of a boat.

My 3, 6, 2 is where lions live.
My 3, 6, 1, 5 is an animal loved by hunters.

My 5, 6, 2, 3 is to tear.
My whole is the loudest word Col. Pratt spoke, last Saturday evening.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Katchekan.

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