

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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MARCH.

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.
March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last;
Little white lily-buds dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses,
Snowdrop, and bluebell, and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies
Bending the dewdrops to drink.
—LUCY LARCOM.

THE LAST GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN THE SIOUX AND PAWNEES.

A correspondent to the New York Herald sends to that paper a story of a fierce encounter between the Pawnees and the Sioux, which took place in the summer of 1873, the story being related by John W. Williamson, of Genoa, Neb., who was assistant farmer for the Pawnees at Genoa, in 1872, two years before the removal of the Pawnees to their new reservation in Oklahoma.

The story may be of special interest to many when it is found that the William Burgess referred to is "Father" Burgess, so well known at Carlisle.

The account as related in the Herald is as follows:

In the summer of 1873 the Indians on the reservation at Genoa asked permission to take an old time buffalo hunt. They had given up their right to all the vast buffalo plains of Kansas and Nebraska, and this territory was rapidly filling with settlers.

The old time spirit of savagery always seemed to return to the Indians during the exciting adventures of the chase, and the settlers were never safe from depredations during such a hunt. Accordingly, in granting permission to the Indians to go on the hunt, the government agent, William Burgess, commissioned Mr. Williamson to accompany them in the capacity of trail agent.

The trail agent was expected to restrain the Indians from any lawlessness, but his authority was only advisory, as the various chiefs who accompanied the expeditions selected one of the company as supreme commander from time to time. The authority of this chief became absolute during the time for which he was chosen, and every movement was directed by him.

The start was made from the reservation on July 2, 1873. Mr. Williamson was the only white man in the expedition save one, a Mr. Lester Platt, nephew of Mrs. Alvira G. Platt, who lived among the Pawnees for many years as a missionary. Mr. Platt had just arrived from the East, and, wishing to see some real western life, asked permission to accompany the expedition.

There were six hundred Pawnees in the expedition, including squaws and pa-poses.

The first buffalo seen on this hunt was a lone bull north of Arapahoe, on a small stream called Spring Creek. He was killed and then there was a great feast.

The first surrounding was made eight or ten miles south of Arapaho, and they succeeded in killing all of the herd, to the number of one hundred and fifty or so. Some white men were staking this herd from the south, but on seeing the Indians they took to their horses and fled, doubtless thinking that the Indians were hostile.

Several times in the course of the journey white hunters had come in to the Indian camp with some story calculated to turn the Indians back, told doubtless for the purpose of saving the game for the whites.

On the evening of August 3 some white men came into the camp and told Mr.

Williamson that Sioux Indians had been watching the Pawnee band for several days, and had run their buffalo herd into the region as a decoy.

In the midst of the attack on the buffalo the Sioux intended to attack the Pawnees. After so many attempts to deceive them the Indians were not willing to believe the story, and determined to make the surround of the buffalo early in the next morning as planned.

Mr. Williamson, however, concluded from the manner of the hunters that they were telling the truth, and tried by every means in his power to have the Indians abandon the chase. They already had all the game and pelts they could carry home, and there was no good reason for slaughtering another herd, but the Indians could not resist the pleasure of another chase.

Sky Chief was the leader in supreme command in this chase. He insisted that the white men were lying, and when advised by Mr. Williamson to abandon the chase grew angry and said:

"Buck Skoddy, you are afraid. Many Sioux have I killed and many more will bite the dust if I meet them. No we will make the chase. You shall stay with the women if the Sioux come."

All arguments having proved unavailing, Mr. Williamson started with the hunters. They located the herd about six miles west of where Culbertson now stands, and almost half way between the Republican and Frenchman forks. Three or four miles from camp, stray buffalo were seen coming southeast, as if they were being chased, but no signs of Sioux were seen.

The straggling buffalo were cut out and a few killed. Sky Chief and another Indian took after a bunch which went east, while the rest of the band were strung out over more than half a mile. As the straggling buffalo were chased into the rolling country, the Pawnee forces became badly scattered.

"Presently," says Mr. Williamson, in relating the story, "I saw signs of excitement among the Pawnees up in front, and a young buck came riding toward me. When he came up to where I was he cried out that the Sioux were coming. I rode forward and soon saw a band of Sioux on a rise of ground about a mile and a half northeast of us, holding a council and making the war signs to the Pawnees.

"Terre-re-cocks, a Skeedee chief, was near me and I asked him what he would better do. 'What do you say?' he asked. I suggested that we fall back to a clump of cottonwoods about two miles down the canyon. The Skeedee chief agreed to this, but the Kit-ke-Hawki-i chiefs wanted to fight, and Sky chief was a Kit-ke-Hawki-i.

"In his absence the chiefs of his band tried to assume authority and things were thrown into confusion. A Kit-ke-Hawki chief said there was only a small band and that we could whip them if they came. When we got on higher ground, however, we saw that the hills were fairly black with Sioux, of whom there were probably a thousand. Things looked discouraging.

"They were not prepared to meet such a formidable foe, and some began to weaken. At this point Sun Chief, who was head chief of the whole band of Pawnees, took command, and the discord which had existed was overcome.

"The Sioux were moving rapidly toward our line when Sun Chief asked me to ride out toward them with a white flag, in hopes that the Sioux had a trail agent with them and that he would hold them back when he saw a white man with the Pawnees.

"It was a pretty hard thing for one man to ride out and face a band of one thousand Sioux ready for battle, and I did not like to do it. However, I told the interpreter, who was in citizens' clothes, that if he would go with me we would go to meet the advancing Sioux. We rode to within eighty rods of them and I waved a white handkerchief as a signal to be

the trail agent, if there should happen to be one, but no attention was paid.

"Now the enemy ceased riding in circles and, lying flat on their ponies, made a dash. We wheeled and raced for our lives to the Pawnee position. This opened the battle. The Pawnee brave had gathered on the hills at the brow of the canyon, while the squaws and pack horses were in the canyon below.

"The squaws were chanting a mournful song and danced a slow measure in long lines or half circles, to instill bravery into their warriors. The outnumbered Pawnees could not stand long against the attack of the Sioux. The fight immediately became very close, almost hand to hand, and the Sioux gained a position where they could shoot down into the canyon on the defenseless squaws and children.

"The Pawnee warriors were gradually driven from their position on the hills down into the canyon, which was rapidly being surrounded by the Sioux. I saw that it was a hopeless case for the Pawnees and sent word to the chiefs to make a break down the canyon before the Sioux should get behind us.

"Before the word had had time to reach them, as if by a preconcerted plan, the thongs which bound the packs were loosened or cut and the whole band of Pawnees fled at full speed. The Sioux pursued along the sides of the canyon, shooting down on the struggling fugitives, and many were killed in this way.

"They followed us until we reached the river, into which we plunged, and soon reached the south bank, but many of the Pawnees were killed while crossing. We then started down stream along the side of the river, and in less than three miles met several hundred soldiers marching up stream on the other side.

"The soldiers offered to go with the Indians to the scene of the battle and rescue the meat and their packs, but the Indians would not have it. They said they would not take it if it would be brought to them."

In all about one hundred and fifty Pawnees were killed and those who escaped lost everything they had except a few packs of blankets, which served as saddles for the squaws.

The above story is corroborated by a letter received from Mr. Burgess since starting to set it in type. He says in part:

The remnant of the Pawnees in straggling parties wandered back to the Reservation, some sick, wounded and all crestfallen, and were taken care of as their needs required.

Among the women who suffered, was one who had her arm broken in two places near the wrist, and she suffered for a long time.

The wounded party camped for a time away from their lodges, on the south bank of the Loup, where their necessities were attended to by the Village Matron, Sarah Wright, an elderly lady, and such employees as could assist her; and with food, medicine and other needful things, they frequently had to cross the river, sometimes to wade it, as it was not very deep, but the quicksand bottom was so treacherous as often to be dangerous for teams to cross.

It made a sad time for these poor wounded sufferers and their sympathizing friends.

I sent a person to the field of battle to make investigation there and elsewhere into all the details that could be procured, to have the dead buried and also report the condition of the meat.

I reported the state of affairs to Supt. White, at Omaha, and he directed that the meat that was saved should be sent for and shipped to the agency, by hiring transportation and using the railroad from Plum Creek, and about a dozen Indian wagons hauled the same from Silver Creek station to the agency, and being short of provisions, it was a great relief to the tribe, as the Pawnees were no

rationed, having to depend on the chase and the squaw-corn, beans and other truck they could raise in their little patches.

This was before they had given much attention to farming on their own account, which condition was afterwards materially improved.

Soon after my report, Indian Commissioner Smith was in Omaha on business, and sent for me to meet him at the house of Supt. White.

I gave him a detailed account of the massacre from reliable evidence, and without waiting until he returned to Washington, he wrote immediately and ordered the sum of \$6,000 to be taken from the Sioux ration funds and be placed to the credit of the Pawnees, to make partial reparation for their loss of provisions, although it could not apply for the loss of life.

John Williamson, the Assistant Farmer, who had the charge of the hunting party, and Lester Platt, Jr. who had permission to accompany at his own expense and risk, both lost their horses, but otherwise they were not disturbed.

The one hundred and fifty Pawnees reported to have been killed, by the paper statement. I think must have included the wounded, but not having the official data at hand I do not remember the exact number.

It was an unfortunate affair at best, and cast a deep gloom over the whole tribe, then numbering over 2,000, but now materially reduced from various causes.

The Pawnees were always brave in the fighting days of their Indian battles, and were never afraid of the Sioux in equal numbers, but they became peaceable and had no desire to fight unless in self-defense of life or property.

All the little skirmishes or attacks by their enemies which occurred after their settlement on the Nebraska reservation, were by the renegade or bushwhacker portion of the Sioux tribe, and an amnesty of general peace has since prevailed among them.

It is to be hoped that all the plains and tribal Indians will soon lose all their war-like propensities and their reservation affinities, and come out to be independent, self-supporting and respectable citizens of our common country, to mingle with, and help sustain and support it as the ultimatum of their peace and prosperity.

Most respectfully,
WM. BURGESS
U. S. Indian Agent for the Pawnees
1873 to 1877.

PHILADELPHIA PA.

A CHIPPEWA STENOGRAPHER.

Miss Rosa Bourassa, a Chippewa Indian, is a stenographer in the department of anthropology. Miss Bourassa is the granddaughter of the Chippewa Indian chief, Tawas. Her mother was a full-blooded Indian, educated by the missionaries who visited Michigan in the pioneer days. Her father is half Indian and half French.

Miss Bourassa is a graduate of the Government Indian school of Carlisle and the Metzger College. After graduating she passed the civil service examination, and was appointed teacher in the Carlisle school. She was later transferred to the Indian school at Phenix, Ariz.

Miss Bourassa is tall and erect with a graceful carriage; she is very retiring and speaks but little of her work or herself. Her voice is soft and low with pleasing qualities. She is considered one of the most proficient stenographers with the Exposition.—[St. Louis Post Despatch.

AN INDIAN PRESIDENT.

By the Club Woman we see that a young woman of Indian extraction is President of the new federation of Women's Clubs in Indian Territory. Mrs. Conlan is said to be one of the most cultured and intelligent women of the Territory, and pre-eminently fitted for the honor bestowed upon her.

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 INDIVIDUAL CIVILIZED CHANCES?

IT WOULD ROB THEM OF MANHOOD AND MAKE PAUPERS OF EMIGRANTS COMING TO US FROM ANY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO RESERVATE AND DOUBLE-BURAU-IZE THEM AS WE DO OUR INDIANS.

WASHINGTON GRAYSON.

Washington Grayson, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Grayson of Eufaula, I. T., is a Creek Indian 21 years old, who graduated from West Texas military academy in San Antonio last May, and who has recently been appointed by the department of insular affairs of the war department at Washington, D. C., a lieutenant in the constabulary service of the government in the Philippine islands. He left San Francisco last month aboard the ship *Siberia*, via Honolulu, Hong Kong and other ports, for Manila, his destination. Grayson does not go out to the Orient to seek a home, as do many young men going to a new country, as he leaves one of the pleasantest homes in the Indian Territory, together with a host of admiring friends and loving relatives, with conditions and prospects for his future wealth and usefulness that could scarcely be better.

He is perhaps the only member of the five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory whose worth and fitness has been recognized by the government by such an appointment, and his friends and countrymen are proud of the distinction conferred upon one of their members.

—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The father of the young man above mentioned closes a letter of appreciation of our paper, in these words:

"It seems to me that what little of civilization the Creeks have has been acquired, it might justly be said despite the methods and efforts of the civilizers." Referring to the paper, he says: "I am delighted with the calm dignity and excellent good sense of some of the articles in the RED MAN AND HELPER on the Indian problem which it seems never downs."

The selection of this young Creek Indian over many thousands of competent young white men of the States should be encouraging to his brothers and fellow countrymen here in the Carlisle school.

HE HAS VISITED CARLISLE.

General Pleasant Porter has recently been re-elected principal chief of the Creek nation. The *Kansas City Journal* says of this distinguished Creek statesman:

General Porter received his early education in the Presbyterian mission at Talahassas.

Work congenial to him presented itself shortly afterward and for several years he devoted himself to the rehabilitating and building up of the Creek schools that had suffered severely during the internecine strife.

Again in 1882, Chief Porter was compelled to take up arms, this time to settle a dispute between his own people.

As general of the Creek national army he ended the war speedily and for all time, and succeeded at the same time in establishing himself more firmly in the affection and esteem of his people, who, in 1899, elected him their chief.

As leader of his people, General Porter has ruled with wisdom and judgment.

EDUCATED INDIANS WED IN PHILADELPHIA.

When Mary Bruce, class 1902, was a student with us, her brother Mr. Louis Bruce, then attending the Pennsylvania University, occasionally visited her. We remember his kindly face and gentlemanly bearing very well and are pleased to see a press notice of his marriage to Miss Nellie L. Rooks, a Sioux maiden, who was assistant matron of the Lincoln Institution. The press article has this to say of the young couple:

The young couple represent the highest type of Indian development. The bridegroom, a full-blooded Mohawk, will next month be graduated from the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was graduated from the Boys' High School several years ago, and was the crack pitcher on the baseball team. At that time and in this capacity he was without a peer in amateur baseball circles. He afterward did professional work on Canadian teams. The bride, who is about twenty-two years of age, is the assistant matron at the Lincoln Institution, on Eleventh Street, where both received their early training.

Mrs. John Bellangee Cox, the founder of the Lincoln Institution, is reported to have said:

"Louis Bruce and Nellie Rooks came to the institution when they were children. They were studious, apt and energetic. Their conduct from the first day they came to us was exemplary in the highest degree. They cannot but succeed, and I do not know of any who deserve success more than they do. We are proud of them."

A DEVOTED INDIAN TEACHER DEAD.

Miss Mary L. Barnes, for nearly 40 years a faithful and devoted teacher among the Indians has passed to her long home. The following from an *El Reno* paper gives the particulars:

Word has been received of the death of Miss Mary L. Barnes who has been a faithful and efficient worker in the Indian service for forty years. For many years Miss Barnes has been connected with the Cheyenne schools at Darlington. She has many friends in and near El Reno who will deeply regret her death.

Miss Barnes had been failing in health for sometime but was so devoted to her work among the Indian girls that it was with great difficulty that she was persuaded a few months ago to give up her beloved work.

She went to the home of her sister Mrs. Faucett in Neosho, Mo., where she died on the night of December 17th 1903. Her remains were taken to her old home in Blairsville, Pa., where they were interred in the beautiful cemetery in that place.

Miss Barnes was a devoted Christian, having been a consistent member of the Presbyterian church for many years. Her long life of usefulness and unselfish labor for the advancement of others has done much to advance the Kingdom of the Master, whom she lovingly served. "She has rested from her labors and her works do follow her."

The deceased was well known to Miss Burgess, who on going to Pawnee Agency, Nebraska, in 1873, found Miss Barnes employed, then an old worker. The Pawnees loved her and she was ever ready with gifts of mercy and wise counsel for their benefit. From Pawnee she went to the Omahas and from there south to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Last Fall when in Darlington, the writer after many years of separation, called upon her lifetime friend, to find her in very feeble health, but unwilling to give up.

BROADER CITIZENSHIP.

We can endorse the sentiments of the orators at the Indian School commencement, so far as they call for citizenship for the Indians and the Esquimaux. Either the Constitution is a lie or it is true, "all men are born free and equal," or else the American shibboleth is a mere figure of speech; the privilege of citizenship should be extended to all, or else restricted within a very narrow circle.

The issue is coming, must soon be met and the policy of the government on this vital point should be clearly defined. At present there are race discriminations that are a great strain upon the Constitution.—[*American Volunteer*, Carlisle.

Mr. Warner's Reception.

Two thousand Cornell students gave Glenn S. Warner of Carlisle, a rousing welcome at Ithaca this week. When their new coach appeared it is said they cheered wildly for a few minutes. Cornell believes they have found their Courtney in football, in Mr. Warner. Carlisle will be very sorry to see him leave.

—[*The Evening Sentinel*.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The following is the schedule of contests arranged for the track team for the coming season:

March 26, Annual cross country race for company championship.
April 23, Relay races at Philadelphia.
" 29, Annual class contests.
May 14, Dual meet State College here.
" 21, " " Swarthmore College at Swarthmore.
June 4, Dual meet Bucknell at Lewisburg.
June 13, Dual meet State College at State College.

The cross country run will be over the same course as last year and the same rules will apply except that instead of allowing only ten starters from each company anyone can enter the race who wishes, but the first ten of each company to finish will be the only ones to score points.

A gold watch will be given as first prize, a six dollar sweater second prize, a fine pair of running shoes third prize, a football fourth prize, Jersey fifth prize and a base ball sixth prize.

The prospects for the track team are very bright and we should have a stronger team than ever this spring, although the team has lost some good men in Phillips, Hummingbird and Apachose. There are excellent chances for new men to secure places on the team in the long distance events and in the hurdle races, shot-put and high-jump.

The relay team is this year put into a faster class, and we will have to compete against John Hopkins, State College, Bucknell, Dickinson, University of Virginia and others, but there is material for a good fast team, and the Carlisle quartette should stand an excellent chance of again bringing home the gold watches and banner.

The baseball schedule is about completed and will probably be announced next week.

FROM OREGON FRIENDS

From a private letter from Mrs. Campbell, Chemawa, Oregon, we get this news:

Donald is still on the Press in Spokane, and gives satisfaction to the point of having his salary raised. He likes his work, which is the secret of any one having an advance in salary.

Herbert has been in the Insurance business in Portland, but has just accepted a very good position with a contractor and is at present at Ft. Hall. He has been offered flattering positions as Professor of Latin, Greek and Mathematics in popular academies in Portland, but prefers the place he has accepted. It is his intention to take a post graduate course and he is working his own way through such a course.

Mrs. Campbell says there are many opportunities in that country for young men of ability and true worth.

Her sons are graduates of Stanford University and the University of Oregon. Irene is teaching music. Mr and Mrs. Campbell will have been married twenty-five years on the 26th of this month, and they expect to celebrate their silver wedding. They are hoping to be with us on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first arrival of Indian students, October 6, this coming Fall.

THE POET WHITTIER.

At a meeting of the Newtown Friends' Association, held in the Friends' Meeting House, Newtown, Bucks County, March 2nd, William Burgess, of Millville, Pa., made an address on the poet Whittier, giving a complete account of Whittier's beautiful life. For many years Mr. Burgess was actively engaged in reform work, first in the anti-slavery society, and then in the temperance movement. During this time he frequently met the poet and came constantly under the wide-spread influence which he yielded through the pen.

Mr. Burgess is over 81 years of age, yet he delivered his lecture with clearness and vigor. He has a fine memory, proof of which was afforded his hearers in his' ening to his recitation of a number of Whittier's poems.—[*Doylestown Daily Intelligencer*, March 3d.

Loafing Ground.

F. B. R. in the *Word Carrier* speaks of the Indian Reservation, as "one of those loafing grounds that the Indian Department has so successfully maintained."

ROGERS IS CHOSEN HEAD COACH.

Mr. Edward Rogers, Carlisle '97, and Minnesota 1904, has been engaged to take the position of athletic director, which Mr. Warner resigned to accept a position at Cornell. He will have charge of the management, coaching and training of all the outdoor athletic teams, and his duties will commence the first of September. Hewill be assisted during the football season by Bemus Pierce, one of our famous old football stars who has made such a good record as a coach at the University of Buffalo and at Sherman Institute, Calif.

Mr. Rogers has a great record as an athlete and especially as a football player. He played on the Carlisle team for several years and captained the team in 1900. He was also a prominent member of the Carlisle baseball and track teams.

He entered the law school of the University of Minnesota in 1901 and played on the football team of that University for three years, captaining the team during the past season when Minnesota tied Michigan for the championship of the west. He was considered by the critics as one of the best ends in the west for the past three years.

His long experience in all branches of sport both here and at Minnesota, his University training and the fact that he is a graduate of Carlisle and therefore understands the Indians and the requirements of the position he assumes, make him peculiarly fitted for the work he has to do, and we bespeak for him a large measure of success in maintaining and raising the standard of our athletic teams.

In selecting Mr. Rogers as athletic director and Mr. Pierce to assist in coaching the football team Carlisle inaugurates the graduate coaching system which is in vogue at nearly all the large Universities, and Carlisle will be entitled to all the glory for the victories our team achieves under the leadership and instruction of these former Carlisle students. The *Minnesota Daily* says this of Mr. Rogers:

Edward Rogers, known East and West as one of the greatest end rushes that ever donned moleskins, will coach Carlisle next year.

"Ed" has been negotiating with the Carlisle management for several weeks and yesterday received a final offer, with instructions to telegraph if he wished to accept, and after consulting Dr. Williams and other friends, our late captain decided to accept the proposition and wired an answer to that effect.

Immediately after the Michigan game last fall, Rogers visited at Chicago and conferred with a representative from Carlisle. At that time he was offered the position of first assistant to Glenn Warner, who was then coach of Carlisle and had turned out winning teams for four successive years. But before Christmas Warner was offered great inducements to go to Cornell and he finally did so. Our "Ed" was then offered his position, that of overseer of all outdoor athletics and head coach of the various teams.

All arrangements having been made the contract will be drawn up and Rogers will probably journey to his old school in his new capacity, early in the fall.

For the present he will continue his law studies at Minnesota and will graduate in the Spring.

ROGER'S RECORD.

Born in Minnesota.
Played seven years at Carlisle.
Captain of Carlisle foot ball team in 1900.
Came to Minnesota in 1901.
Played left end, 1901-1902-1903.
Captain Varsity team, 1903.
All Western end, 1901-1902-1903.
Head Coach Carlisle School, 1904.

A BRAVE INDIAN GIRL.

We want that you should know of the brave act of Nancy Barker, writes Mrs. C. Arthur Green, Nancy's country mother.

"Last Thursday evening after Mr. Griest, myself and our man had left home our barn was seen to be burning, there was no one here except Nancy and the lady who was staying with her. They were both badly frightened but Nancy very courageously rushed to the horse stable and loosened the horses, one horse stationed itself inside the door which prevented the others from escaping. By some means Nancy made it move on and the remainder of the horses were also saved, aside from six cows nothing other than these horses was saved; 15 cows and 12 hogs were burned. We appreciate this act of Nancy's very greatly and thought it was worthy of mentioning to you."

A SIOUX LEGEND.

The following by Hobart Cook, in the Blue and White, published by the St. Luke's School, Wayne, Pa., is of special interest, coming as it does from a school boy so well known among us. Hobart gives a different version of the Legend from what has ever before been published, and may have secured it first hand from the Dakotas last summer when on a visit there.

One day a party of Oglala Sioux set out on the war path against the Cree nation, at that time very hostile to the Sioux. The party consisted of the five bravest warriors of the tribe. One was called The Pod, on account of his lightness and slender form; another was named The Straw, because he lived in a straw wigwam; the third, The Hot Coal, because he seemed to be on fire inside; the fourth, The Stone, because he was unable to swim, and being rather heavy, once, when he fell overboard from a boat, narrowly escaped drowning; the fifth and last warrior, The Turtle, the chief of the tribe, was so named because of his swimming and diving powers.

After having proceeded a little way on their journey a wind sprang up, snatched The Pod and blew him over the tree tops to be seen no more. The other warriors bemoaned his fate, but, as nothing more could be done for him, continued sadly on their way.

A little farther on they came to a wide and deep stream over which there were no means of crossing. They thought for a long time, but hit upon no way to cross. Finally, The Straw stood up and said, "I will throw myself across the stream to make a bridge for you." He did so, and all but one crossed safely. But just as the last one, which was The Stone, was in the middle, there was a loud crack and The Straw floated away in two pieces down the stream. The Stone, as soon as he heard the crack, made a leap for the shore, but he fell far short, and sank with a great splash, to be seen no more.

Already three of the party were gone. The remaining two proceeded bravely on through the forest. When they were near the enemy's camp, a great rain storm came up. At the first downpour, The Turtle heard a hissing sound, such as is heard when water is poured over a fire. He turned around and saw The Hot Coal lying dead on the ground with steam rising from his body. His life had been put out by the rain.

The storm had now passed and the enemy came out of their tepees, and, perceiving The Turtle, rushed at him with all their arms. He made a brave fight, but, after having slain a great number, was captured unwounded.

The Crees took him before the council, to determine what death he should die. Death by fire was first proposed, but, on hearing this, The Turtle immediately begged them to put him to death by fire, "for," he said, "he loved fire and lived in it." They all thought fire could not kill him since he lived in it, so death by starvation was proposed. At once The Turtle begged them to put him to death in that manner because he never ate anything anyway, so he would like best to die in that manner. They then proposed that he be carried on to a cliff and thrown down into the lake. Upon hearing this he began to cry and to beg them not to throw him in the water, "for," he said, "he would surely drown."

They laughed, however, and carried him to the top of the cliff, and, after taunting him in many ways, threw him far out into the lake.

As soon as he was under water he swam and swam until about a hundred yards from the shore. Then he came to the surface and waved his hand tauntingly at the astonished Crees, who had believed him to be drowned. He reached the other shore safely, and, after journeying the rest of the day, reaching his camp loaded with glory and honor.

HOW OUR PICTURES ARE MADE.

The pictures which appear from time to time in our columns are called half-tone engravings. To some there is a mystery connected with the reproduction of the photograph, and the following from the Whittier Magazine may throw some light on the subject, and be of general interest:

The photograph desired to be made into a half-tone cut such as appear on these pages, is first re-photographed through a mesh, which leaves many fine lines across the surface of the negative.

These meshes are very costly, being

composed of French plate glass and the lines cut diagonally across the surface with a diamond cutter.

Then two pieces of the glass that have been cut are placed face-to-face, which from small diamonds or squares when held to the light.

Through these two pieces of glass the photograph is then taken by the engraver, producing the mesh-effect, which is essential to the use of chemicals employed in the process.

Then the negative is placed over a piece of sensitized copper or zinc about the size of the desired engraving.

Over the surface of the metal is placed a chemical solution which hardens when exposed to the rays of the sun.

Upon this plate through the transparent parts of the negative the light hardens the solution into the image of the exposure, while the opaque, which is impervious to the rays of light, remains perfectly smooth.

After this operation has been completed, the plate is removed from the frame in which it has been placed, and dipped in hot water, which washes off that part of the chemical that has not been hardened.

By this time the picture is well defined, and the plate is placed in a hot fire, which burns the image on the copper or zinc plate, producing a very hard enameled surface.

It is then placed in a solution which dissolves that part of the copper not protected by the enamel coating (or in other words eats out the image made by the light through the transparent lines of the negative) and gradually cuts the lines to a depth that will permit of making impressions or print on paper, thus producing a fac simile of the photograph in relief on a copper plate.

This modern discovery is of great value in the printing world and now plays a prominent part in the newspapers of to-day.

The modern newspaper is not complete without an artist, or several of them, and is considered just as important as the writers, and when any event or person is to be described, the camera is brought into play and does its part in telling the story.

It takes but a few hours to reproduce a photograph upon the newspaper cuts.

The meshes used are graded according to the quality of paper and ink to be used, those for regular newspaper work requiring about sixty lines to a square inch, while the pictures in this magazine are made from much finer meshes, 133 lines to a square inch.

A small mesh 6x9 inches costs \$50, but they are used many times, and unless broken are very serviceable.

These half-tone productions are not very expensive, costing only about 15 cents per square inch.

ALLOTMENTS TO FREEDMEN

A Washington correspondent makes this statement to the general press:

The United States Court of Claims has handed down a decision in the case of the Chickasaw Nation vs. the United States, which is of great importance to the Chickasaw people as it will add over \$1,000,000 to the value of the money that will be divided with them in the final settlement of their affairs. The Choctaws adopted their freedmen, and the allotment of Choctaw and Chickasaw lands to Choctaw freedmen will be at the expense of the Choctaw people, because of their adoption of the slaves after the civil war.

The Chickasaws, however, did not do this, and the allotment of forty acres to each Chickasaw freedmen which was made by the United States government, the Chickasaws claimed, was unlawfully taken from the Chickasaw lands and suit was filed to recover the value of the lands allotted from the Chickasaw Nation, to both Chickasaw and Choctaw freedmen.

There are now enrolled 4500 freedmen for allotment in the Chickasaw Nation. There are about 1500 more entitled to enrollment in the Nation, which will make a total of about 6000 to be enrolled and to finally receive allotments. Each of these will receive 40 acres of average allottable land, amounting to \$30 each. Large numbers of Choctaw freedmen have also taken allotments on Chickasaw lands, and these lands must be paid for by the United States government, so that the appraised value of the land that will be allotted to them will far exceed \$1,000,000.

The Denison Daily Herald, Texas, adds: If things keep on coming the way of the Indian he will have to hire a book-keeper to count his money when it is paid to him at the final settlement of his affairs.

LET US PASTE THIS ON OUR LOOKING GLASSES AND READ EVERY DAY.

These things, says Success, we will do if we are WELL BRED.

We will be kind.

We will not use slang.

We will try to make others happy.

We will not be shy or self-conscious.

We will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.

We will never forget the respect due to age.

We will not boast of your achievements.

We will think of others before we think of ourselves.

We will be scrupulous in our regard for the right of others.

We will not measure our civility by people's bank accounts.

We will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.

In conversation we will not be argumentative or contradictory.

We will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncracies of others.

We will not bore people by constantly talking of ourselves and our affairs.

We will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if we can help it.

We will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.

We will be as agreeable to our social inferiors as to our equals and superiors.

We will not sulk or feel neglected if others receive more attention than we do.

We will not have two sets of manners; one for "company" and one for home use.

We will never remind a cripple of his deformity, or probe the sore spots of a sensitive soul.

We will not gulp down your soup so audibly that we be heard across the room nor sop up the sauce in your plate with bits of bread.

We will let a refined manner and superior intelligence show that we have traveled, instead of constantly talking of the different countries we have visited.

We will not attract attention by either our loud talk or laughter, or show our egotism by trying to absorb conversation.

RIDICULOUS INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

An adult primary pupil came to school one day and then run away. The pressure of that one day was more than his infantile mind could endure.

But a few weeks afterward he wrote to our correspondence school department asking for some very erudite information.

His letter was in Indian language. He can not write English except to copy it out of a book, nor read it except in first reader grade.

But his letter runs as follows: (translated) I do not exactly understand 1st. (and then he copies the following English) "In nothing that he ever wrote does John Bunyan's masterful genius flash forth more clearly than when in Holy War he places that old churl, Mr. Prejudice with sixty deaf men under him, as warder of eargate—" 2d. "Noting that even Emanuel may say can reach Mansoul while Prejudice and his deaf men keep that gate," etc. etc. 6th. "I have not met with this truth in my favorite authors."

It is impossible to conceive of the fellow ever having any favorite authors outside of a first reader book.

It became the duty of the correspondence school teacher to write to the said adult infant that if he would come to school and work faithfully for at least six years he might be able to understand the sentences he had quoted.

And here is a letter from another adult primary fellow.

He is a great pious fraud.

He is one of the many Indian young men who have been carried about the country on beds of ease at public expense to many government schools and never learned anything.

He at last succeeded in imposing himself on a mission school because he very reverentially claimed that he wanted to study the Bible.

At last he is back on one of those loafing grounds that the Indian Department has so successfully maintained, that is, the Indian Reservation.

And this much schooled and little learned adult primary writes a long letter in the Indian language the burden of which is to inquire how far it is to the moon!

Would that the government could make a reservation for him and his kind over there! —[F. B. R., in Word Carrier.

OKLAHOMA,

The peculiarity of the country lies in the fact of the tremendous rapidity with which it has been settled. It has been literally an over night business.

In one of the cities, near the center of the country under consideration, one day there was a cornfield and the next a city of thousands of people, literally the very next day.

In less than a score of years thereafter there is a solidly-built city which would be a credit to any part of the world.

People in the East are so accustomed to seeing a gradual growth that they look for nothing but the steady, slow accretion in an overflow population.

What comes out of the barrel, may be represented by the small, steady stream from the spigot.

In Oklahoma the barrel head was knocked in and the whole thing up-ended.

Of course, you will find old people in Oklahoma the same as elsewhere, and people die there and stay dead just the same as they do where you now live, but the average population is full of vitality and on the move all the time.

Let there be no mistaking this country for the stupid man's place or the idle

—[The Inglenook.

"NO GOOD"

Pawhuska, the town at Osage Agency, Indian Territory, burns natural gas. According to the Osage correspondent of the Indian Herald.

Just before the gas began to be used in Pawhuska, one of the Osage braves visited Bartlesville and got his first glimpse of a gas fire. All he could see in the stove was a pile of red hot bricks, through crevices of which the blue flames were curling. He said nothing, but before starting home he went to the yard and bought a lot of bricks and hauled them home. He burned up six boxes of matches and all the dry wood his wife had cut, trying to get the bricks to burn and finally hauled them back to Bartlesville and told the yard man they were "no good."

ENIGMA—WHO?

At the Alumni Sociable three weeks ago this game was played, and we are sure that our readers, especially those knowing the people whose names are hidden in the puzzle will enjoy trying their luck at guessing. Only the initials of the people are given, and the full name is to be guessed. The first name for instance, is R. H. Pratt; who else?

1. Redmen's Heartiest Partisan,
2. Figures Many Points
3. A Manly Victor
4. Patient, Matronly Character
5. Adjusts Bones
6. Assortment Keeper
7. The Artistic Bugler
8. Captained Very Worthily
9. He Enjoys Gallivanting
10. Jabbers Excellent Poetry
11. Such a Jovial Nature
12. Ever Active & Able
13. Dutiful, Trusty Example
14. Just a Lovely Singer
15. A Captain Selected
16. Will Give Training
17. Elegant, Amiable, Charitable
18. Always Serenely Earnest
19. Right Lovely Native
20. Will Blow Music
21. Manages Well
22. Jolly, Rocklicking Wag
23. Kind & Sympathetic Benefactress.
24. Great Scientific Wonder.
25. Especially Worthy.
26. Cares for ELEGIBLE Women.
27. Wisely Handles Money.
28. Goes Faithfully.
29. Must Salve Bruises.
30. Mostly Business
31. Seldom Loses Manners.
32. Altogether Pleasing.
33. Athletic Lion.
34. Catcher for Athletic Baseball.
35. A Loyal Partner
36. Every Girl's Helper.
37. Frequently Gives Parties.

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

Man-on-the-band-stand.

The floods here have subsided.

March on to April, double quick!

Don't let the Spring Fever strike us too soon.

The first robin has put in an appearance, bringing hope and joy.

Thomas M. Walker '02, is now studying law in the University of Minnesota.—

Miss Ely's Trenton brother, Mr. Seth Ely is very ill with serious complications.

The Susquehanna has fallen, we hope not to rise again, as goes the Standard song.

What is the first thing we plant at Carlisle in the Spring? Answer in next week's Enigma.

Eugene Tibbitts writes that he is working in a lumber camp near Ball Club, Minnesota.—

Many of the small boys have signed to go to the country with the first party the last of this month.—

Miss Thayer, who was a guest of Miss Pratt for several days, has gone to visit friends in Harrisburg.

Miss Speer, who has recently taken charge of the students' dining hall is very much liked by the boys and girls.—

Lapolia Cheago writes from the country that she enjoys going to school although she has quite a distance to walk.—

We are sorry to learn of the severe illness of Mr. Mason Pratt, of Steelton. He is suffering the agonies of inflammatory rheumatism.

The officers of the Standard Literary Society attended the debate in town, between the Reed Society and the Gamma Epsilon Society.—

Juanada Parker, an ex-student, now at Lawton, Oklahoma, has taken up shorthand and type-writing and enjoys her studies very much.—

Last Saturday evening Miss Bowersox gave an interesting talk on animals, there were stereopticon views of the animals she was speaking of.—

In a run through the school-room our reporter finds as hard, earnest steady work on the part of the pupils and teachers as before Commencement.

Spring surely is here, and now is the time to take special care not to catch cold. Which travels the faster—heat or cold? Heat because you can catch cold.

A number of the student items we can't use because the person's mentioned are not given an abiding place. State where the subject of your item is.

Misses Burgess and Swallow visit the Invincibles to-night; Miss Roberts and Mr. Rising the Standards, Messrs. Gansworth and Thompson, the Susans.

Mrs. Cook ran in for Sunday and flew again. She is now completing the outing arrangements for the first party of girls to go to country homes in a few weeks.

Miss Eckert, who is manager of the Catholic choir in town is arranging some special selections for an event which will take place during the month of May.—

Miss Joanna Speer, and Miss Hattie M. McDowell, of Umatilla, Oregon, have joined our corps of workers, the former as dining-room matron, the latter as teacher.

Word comes from Gimbel Bros. Phila., that the band is pleasing them so much they wish them another week, and wish at this time to engage them for next year.

The Basket Ball game played between the Senior and Junior girls was enjoyed very much by the onlookers last Thursday evening. The Juniors won in the contest.—

Those who try the puzzle, last page, and get a dozen or more answers right may still have a choice of a few old pictures. By mail, postage must accompany the answers.

We see by our Indian school exchanges that Chemawa, Oregon, is happy because of new job type and proof press, and that Chilocco, Oklahoma, has been having a siege of measles.

The talk given on Animals, by Miss Bowersox last Saturday night was specially enjoyed, which fact was made manifest by the favorable comments it provoked from the student body.

The Nez Perce boys and girls were made happy this week through their friends at home, Miss Mazie Crawford, who sent them some pressed Buttercups, grown in Idaho so early this season.

The Band is giving excellent satisfaction at Gimble's judging from comment unsolicited. The boys are under the supervision of Mr. Colegrove who helps them in their studies between times.

On Tuesday evening there was played in the school gymnasium one of the most interesting basket ball games of the season, between the Sophomore and Senior boys, the score being 18 to 4 in favor of the Sophomores.

A pleasant letter from Mrs. Bingham, Mount Morris, N. Y. shows that after an enjoyable visit here with her sister, Miss Scales, she arrived home safely, but she wants more of Carlisle, and so sends for certain information.

William MtPleasant and James Dickson, who attended the Jubilee State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Scranton, Pa. gave interesting talks of what they learned at the convention, to the young men last Sunday evening.—

Tozaburo Kudo, A. M., Ph. D. of Tokio Japan, and a recent graduate of Yale, talked to us Sunday evening of last week very acceptably. It was his second appearance, and he will always be a very welcome speaker, before our student body.

Among the graduates who have gone home is Charles Williams of football notoriety. The team will feel the loss of so valuable a man, and his friends at the school will also miss him greatly. Charles is a tower of strength wherever he goes.

Wallace Bruce Amsbary and Wagner Ladies Quartette gave us a delightful evening on Tuesday. The singing of Misses Porter, Blackburn, Johnson and Tinker charmed the audience, while Mr. Amsbary as entertainer brought great applause with his impersonations.

Malcom W. Odell of the Indian school at Toledo, Iowa, is to be the new superintendent at the Oglala Boarding School. Mr. Odell has been in the service a number of years, part of the time at Carlisle, and comes highly recommended.

—[Oglala Light.

Number 4, volume 1, of Mountain Echoes published at the Fort Hall Indian School, has appeared on our editorial desk, the first we have seen. From general appearance it bids fair of taking first rank among the school publications in the service, as a readable, newsy sheet.

Miss Barr made a flying trip to Chicago, with Sallie Santiago who is ill, and desired to go home. At Chicago the patient fell into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wells who were on their way from Oneida, Wisconsin, to their home in Oklahoma. Sallie will find a home with them till she improves.

How fortunate we are to have splendid, clear, cistern water to drink, when that which comes through the hydrants is so foul with mud. We have many things to be thankful for at our school if we would look at the miseries many are suffering, through flood, fire and other unfortunate conditions.

Miss N. Ruth Seneca, of the class of 1897, of the Carlisle Indian School, spent yesterday in this city, after having attended the Indian School commencement before leaving for Philadelphia, where she is employed as trained nurse at the Medico-Chirurgical hospital.—[Harrisburg Patriot, Feb. 20,

Along with other news crowded out last issue, was that of the destructive fire at Methvin Institute, a mission school for Indians, at Anadarko, Oklahoma reported in the Anadarko Democrat. The stable was destroyed and it was by great effort the firemen kept the flames from spreading. Total loss \$700.

Miss Lelia E. Patridge, editor of "Parker's Talks on Training" and author of "Quincy Methods," is spending a few days at the school giving the teachers instruction in methods. Miss Patridge is a specialist in teaching reading, and has already given suggestions that will be of great benefit in this most difficult subject for teachers in the Indian service.

Our new cook is Mr. Eugene Estoppey of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in Switzerland and speaks French fluently. At the Standard society last Friday evening he sang the Marseilles Hymn, in French and gave the boys encouraging words of commendation. Mr. Estoppey finds his Indian associates to be young ladies and gentlemen. The absence of profanity and ungentlemanly conduct is such a pleasing contrast to the conduct of the average city youth, that he remarked upon it with enthusiasm.

We learn with sorrow of the death of Hubbel Bighorse, at Colony, Oklahoma, February 7th. Hubbel was one of our early students, and when we saw him in Oklahoma this summer was seemingly hearty and well. We learned none of the particulars. It was little Richenda Davis who wrote her first letter to the Man-on-the-band-stand relative to her subscription, and at the close, gave the sad news. Many here remember Richenda when she was a babe in arms and her father was the efficient dairyman at our school. The family now live at Colony, and there are several of them, all nice, good-looking, healthy, quiet, well-behaved children. Both Richard and Nannie, his wife, were old time Carlisle students.

If you have an extra paper hand it to a friend and it may do good. A stranger in Iowa writes: "Your very interesting and instructive paper accidentally fell into my hands, and I am so pleased with it I want more, so send twenty-five cents." See? That is the way to help the cause along and at the same time help to increase our list. Let us keep in mind that the Indian himself is NOT a problem, but to educate the WHITE people into thinking that the Indian is the same as other people if given the same chances is THE problem; so help us give the REDMAN AND HELPER a wide circulation. A dollar on such a missionary errand may do untold good.

After the Commencement rush in Col. Pratt's office work, Miss Peter, the Colonel's private secretary, needed rest, and found a quiet resort in the home of the Misses Anthony on College street, where she has been enjoying complete quiet for a week. She has returned looking well and ready for her regular work.

Dickinson College held its annual banquet last Friday night at Assembly Hall, in the Opera House. Ex-Captain Johnson, of our team, was in attendance and reports a fine time. President Reed was toast-master, and a number of the graduates and captains of different teams were present.

Our office is in receipt of the Annual Report of the United States Indian Inspector for the Indian Territory, together with the reports of the Indian Agent in charge of the Union Agency and the Superintendent and Supervisors of schools in that territory, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, compliments of Benj. S. Coppock, School Supervisor for the Cherokee Nation. It is full of interesting data and a valuable book of reference.

The small boys have established a Literary Society unto themselves, under the name of S. B. S. C., and have elected for President; William Scholder; Vice President, Fernando Gonzalez; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Sampson; Critic and Reporter, Fernando Vasquez. They hope to give an entertainment to the small boys and if successful may appear before the student body.

A pleasant letter from Junaluska Standingdeer, '04, speaks of his safe arrival at home, in Cherokee N. C., his pleasure of meeting old friends and the prospect of helping his father do the spring plowing. He has received an offer to play at concerts in Asheville. His cold is better and taking all in all he is in good spirits.

EYES WERE DIMMED.

A Wilkes-Barre paper in describing James Dickson's address before the Y. M. C. A. Convention, at Scranton, recently says:

A full-blooded young Indian arose in a seat well toward the front of the church and walked erectly to the platform, amid uproarious applause. His face wore the expression of stoical reserve, so characteristic of his race, but his voice trembled a bit as he spoke slowly, in really excellent English.

The young man was so terribly in earnest that many eyes were dimmed as he left the stage.

For a Short time a Carlisle Teacher.

The Tama Democrat has this to say in reference to Supt. Malcom W. Odell's transfer:

The change will necessitate Mr. Odell's removal from Toledo. He has made many friends while here who will be sorry to lose him from the community, but who join the Democrat in wishing him and his good wife the best success in their new position at Pine Ridge.

Mr. Trevellick is spoken of as an able man. He will need to toil both early and late to keep up the page set by his predecessor.

THE STANDARD ENTERTAINMENT.

Space last week forbade more than a passing notice of the excellent entertainment given by the Standard Literary Society, as their annual offering for 1904.

There were a number of unique and excellent numbers on the program, the opening march for one being different from anything ever seen here before.

As the orchestra struck up a four-four air, the Standard members, led by James Dickson carrying the banner bearing the motto En Avant, entered at the side door.

They marched by twos and were joined by strips of cloth draped over the shoulders, on one side black and orange on the other—the society colors.

The space for marching was limited, but by the skill of the leader they managed to show their colors first one side then the other, and finally stopped directly in front of the audience. There they rendered heartily and well and in splendid unison the society song, the words and music of which were composed by society members.

The President, William Paul, followed with his Prologue, then came George Willard's Declamation, and Willard Gansworth's Flute solo, the latter rendered in an artistic manner, which would have done credit to any organization.

Louis Paul read the Panorama, the Society's paper, and then followed the play of the evening, "Scenes from The Merchant of Venice."

Hastings Robertson made a dignified Duke; William Paul, a fine Portia; Alfred Venne, an admirable Shylock; Jas. Parsons, a sympathetic Antonio; Salem Moses, a grand Bassanio; Victor Johnson, a courteous Gratiano; Dock Yukatanache, a good Salario; Phineas Wheelock a handsome Salarino; Raacel Ortega, a popular Nerrissa; Bert Jacquez a "high-toned" Launcelot; and Patrick Kennedy, a fair Gobbo, considering he substituted on only a few hours' notice. The Owl was one of the hits of the evening.

The acting of all was good, and would compare well with amateurs anywhere. When it is known against what formidable odds we as a school work in presenting a play of classic order, the success of it is the more commendable. The Standards are up to the Standard, and we congratulate them.

ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM A VALUABLE SOURCE.

"Having had experience with Indians in their most degraded and undeveloped state over fifty years ago in California, I had formed the idea that as well try to develop a beast to citizenship as an Indian, but having closely followed their course and advancement as shown by the HELPER am satisfied an apology is their cue from me, and I freely say that Colonel Pratt's boys and girls (when we consider the obstacles they have to overcome) are outstripping the average white boys and girls. Why! I see your boys can play smart football and be GENTLEMEN, which I had begun to think impossible."

JOHN HOUGHTON, Maline.

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

We miss the friendly horn toots or our next door neighbors, while they are in Philadelphia. The anvil chorus that comes up from the blacksmith shop is the only consolation we get in the music line, while at work.

Another evidence that our paper does missionary work among white people is the statements made by Mr. John Houghton, above.

Floods but a day or two ago, now in places we have dust. Where did all the water go?

Esanetuck who has been very ill with Pneumonia is getting better.

The country-home fever is beginning to take hold.

Basket-ball practice is the pleasure of the hour.

The stored-up bicycles are getting restless.

No one very ill now at our hospital.