

# The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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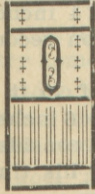
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## THE CAMP FIRE.



NO more around the bivouac fire,  
Where oft before the morrow's fight  
We clasped each other by the hand—  
We pledge anew our vows tonight!

No common ties are those which bind  
Brave hearts and true; who 'mid the  
strife  
Of deadly conflict, struck the blow

For Freedom—dearer far than life,

Shoulder to shoulder marching on  
O'er many a league, with weary tread,  
To meet the foe in murderous ire,  
Where battle raged and fields were red.

On, though the cannon's sulphurous tide  
Swept down the ranks with leaden hail;  
On, with a firm and steady step,  
Though brow was blanched and cheek was  
pale.

Greece had her heroes, Rome her shrines,  
Where noble deeds their lustre shed,  
And we our sacred battlefields  
Crowned with the memory of our dead.

Above their consecrated dust  
We silent bow with tear-dimmed eyes.  
No words can breathe the hallowed thoughts  
That from our grateful hearts arise.

There was the love that yielded all  
For freedom, home and friends most dear—  
A wife's last kiss, her fond embrace,  
And brave words mingled with a tear.

The mother blessed her patriot boy,  
And girded on his trusty sword,  
With trembling hands and faltering lips  
That scarce could frame the parting word.

Ah! there are hearts that still must mourn  
Those dearer than all earth beside;  
A father, husband, brother, son,  
Who came not back, or coming, died.

Upon the victor's lordly brow  
We place the laurel wreath of fame,  
And polished shaft and granite pile  
Reflect the glory of his name.

But for our heroes, brave and true,  
Earth vainly seeks some fitting bays;  
Nor laurel wreath, nor sculptured urn  
Can e'er proclaim their meed of praise.

Above the Nation's banner bright,  
Beyond the stars we nightly see,  
Their names are writ in living light,  
Their deeds shall shine eternally!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The sword within its scabbard rusts.  
The tents are gone, the camp-fire's light  
Fades slowly in the coming dawn—  
Comrades, we part; good night! good night!  
—SARAH J. PETTINOS.

The above poem by our esteemed friend was read at the recent Re-union of the 130th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Carlisle, of which the father of the author was one of the officers. In these troublous times between Japan and Russia, the beautiful sentiment may be taken to heart, and it is to be hoped that before many months conditions represented in the last stanza maybe entirely true.

## CIVILIZING THE INDIAN BY ETHNOLOGY PROCESSES.

I have just read the article in THE RED MAN AND HELPER concerning the leading of the Indian into civilization by Ethnology.

The Ethnologists it seems desire to record the mental and moral progress visible among our aborigines with the view of tracing the mental and moral progress of all mankind and thereby more wisely guide efforts toward future betterment.

I wonder what has been recorded; what improvement has resulted from the watching and recording.

Eventually, it will be necessary to record that the Indian has gone; that once he was in the East; was taken prisoner and moved to the West and remained a prisoner until he died—a victim of the Ethnological watching and recording.

The Anthropological attempts to discover something peculiar in the Indian in order to guide the efforts for his betterment is of no more use practically for the Indian than the bray of a jack ass to move a mountain.

If the great, magnanimous Ethnologists will visit an Indian Agency on a quarterly distribution day and see the six or eight modern white men, like so many pick-pockets, standing on the edge of the chalk line, and watch the ethnological

proceeding of these modern white men picking the checks of the modern United States out of the aborigines' hands in less than two minutes after they have been received; they may see the foolishness of the ethnological line of progress.

If the Ethnologists were to visit an Indian Camp infected with small-pox, would they go back home and send Poor Lo a bath tub and a torch, and watch the evolution of ideas, or would they walk down to the middle of the lane and sit down and watch and wait the decimation or annihilation of the tribe and then make an Ethnological record of an Aboriginal idea, or would they make an Aboriginal Record of an Ethnological idea.

You may examine the Indian microscopically, macroscopically, histologically, pathologically, biologically, chemically, physically, metaphysically, ethnologically, anthropologically and what do you find?—a human being deprived of his liberty and right to civilization and free American citizenship, and kept on exhibition in paint and feathers as so many living curiosities.

You find nothing peculiar in his make-up, but that he is perfectly capable of the same development as any other man, or set of men with equal advantages—and yet that he is a compulsory ward and underling.

We did not attempt to free Cuba by ethnology.

When, in the line of freedom for Cuba, it became necessary to go up San Juan Hill, was there any noting and recording of ethnological processes?

The word was passed along—"Forward! up the Hill!" and the line moved on and up, and soon freedom and independence and intelligent protection and manhood was reached for three millions of people.

Do the leaders of thought who are directing our agricultural advancement wait and watch and record aboriginal processes, and tell you to till the land with an aboriginal forked stick?

Do our leaders of thought in affairs of Honor send messages to the Sultan of Morocco in aboriginal canoes?

It were good for the Indian if the aboriginal, anthropological, ethnological ideas could be compressed and intimately intermixed with the modern Japanese explosive, forced into a cannon and exploded into unaccountable atoms.

Open up the gates!

Let the Indian out into liberty and civilization, and he will soon be absorbed by a philanthropical people, and the business of watching and recording and guiding will be ended, because he will become so intensely developed like our own offspring that he will not be distinguishable.

SUBSCRIBER.

## A CONGRESSMAN ASKED TO BECOME AN INDIAN.

The Chippewas of White Earth have decided, if it is agreeable to Congressman Steenerson, to adopt him as a member of the Chippewa tribe of Minnesota. The ceremony, which will be unique and extraordinary, will take place here during the 14th of June celebration.

Never has a white man ever been adopted by the Chippewa tribe, although this is a common thing among the other tribes, especially those located in the Indian Territory.

The adoption of a white man by the Chippewas is one of the greatest honors they can confer on him.

Mr. Steenerson has been duly notified of the wish of the Chippewas, and it is now up to him to decide whether he will become a red man or not.—[The Tomahawk.

## What Do Our Country Boys Think of This?

A small city boy was much astonished to see the cow milked again in the morning.

"Why," he said, "I thought you emptied her all out last night"

## THE FRIENDS WE MAY HAVE.

Squirrels make very interesting pets, but they cannot be attractive unless they are happy.

If you live where there are squirrels and chipmunks, you will soon discover how friendly they are. I know one family of children who live in a little house in the woods in summer, who have been so kind and tender to the little people of the woods that they come fearlessly to the house.

The squirrels and chipmunks know that in the stumps about the house they will find food that loving little hands have put there for them.

They know that under the piazza are large bowls of water.

The birds know that hanging in the trees are pails of water as soon as the spring gets low, and a visit to the piazza means a particularly dainty morsel.

A squirrel can be taught to play with a ball or a spool.

The story is told of a pet squirrel who would stop in the midst of a game of romp, and disappear, to return with a couple of nuts, which he would drop down the back of the neck of the lady or little girl who was playing with him.

The family thought that the squirrel did this as a mark of approval, for he never looked for the nuts again.

It is worth while, if only for the amusement afforded, to make friends with the birds, squirrels and chipmunks about our homes in the woods.—[The Outlook.

## THE CHOICE OF A HOUSE CAT.

There are several fine cats among the pets at Carlisle. Miss Hill's "Kitty" is perhaps the most intelligent and playful. "Nansen" explores the most and is loved by everyone. "Filipino" is a fine black cat that stays most of the time at the students' dining-hall and kitchen; he does not like petting but is a wise animal.

Mr. Kensler's store-room cats are friendly and good mousers. This from Inglenook may lead us to study our pets to see if the suggestions are correct:

A good cat—the kind you want to have in the house, if any—will have a round, stubby pug nose, full, fat cheeks and upper lip and a well-developed bump on the top of the head between the ears, betokening good nature.

A sleepy cat that purrs a good deal is apt to be playful and good natured.

By all means to be avoided is a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears.

It must be remembered also that a good mouser is not necessarily a gentle or desirable pet.

Although any good cat will catch mice if she is not over fed, quick, full, expressive eyes generally betoken a good mouser.

The greatest mistake, and probably the most common one in the care of domestic cats is overfeeding, particularly too much meat.

In wild life the cat has exercise which enables her to digest her food.

In the lazy house life the same full feeding leads to stomach trouble and to fits.

## FRESH AIR.

The air is a cordial of incredible value. It is the close confinement indoors that kills, for human beings were not made to live constantly within walls.

Luxurious homes and habits of indolence are responsible to no inconsiderable degree for the ill-health of civilized communities.

Eat out of doors, rest out of doors, if possible, work out of doors, and consider it a high privilege to sleep with windows wide open.

Breathe pure and fresh air, and get all you can of it, for it is food as essential as bread and other articles of daily necessity.—[Presbyterian Banner.

## Would We Make Such a Mistake?

A white school-boy gave the definition, "Elocution is a way they have of killing people in some states."

## A FINE MAGAZINE.

The Pacific Monthly is a handsome publication printed in Portland, Oregon. It is a ten-cent magazine whose June number contains over seventy splendid illustrations. We have been reading its pages for a long time and fully substantiate what it says of itself in the following:

The Pacific Monthly believes in, preaches and practices the doctrine of energy, enthusiasm and optimism. We believe in trying to do our part to cheer up those who need to be reminded of the bright side of life. If a magazine does not have a mission apart from money-making, its publication is a crime against the laws of the universe. Like every one of our readers, we have an ideal for a magazine. This has not been attained by a good deal, but we are making progress toward it and are satisfied (in a sense) for the time being. If not now, we know that eventually we shall produce something that is decidedly worth while, and a long ways off the beaten track. We believe in ourselves, and if you don't now, you will.

(We place this periodical in the Indian girl's reading room where everything of true literary merit is eagerly devoured.)

## The Antidote for Worry.

Of all the senseless, destructive, inexcusable, hopeless and altogether undesirable things in this world, the habit of worrying stands alone and unapproached, says the editor of Pacific Monthly.

Worry has at last received a solar plexus blow.

It has been asserted, if not actually proven, that worry is one of the chief causes of consumption.

Those inclined to indulge themselves in worry and discouragement will do well to remember, therefore, that they are taking a step toward that awful, disheartening, and practically incurable malady.

Cheerfulness is the antidote; and not only for this, but for a thousand other ills to which the flesh is heir.

Cheerfulness—optimism, or what you will—and failure are sworn enemies. Be cheerful.

Look on the bright side of things, and you are already a success inwardly if not outwardly.

The latter will come.

Give it time.

## BEYOND HIM.

"See that colored man wrinkling his brow over the book?"

"Yes; he can't read it at all."

"Just making a bluff that he's educated, eh?"

"O, no; he's educated, but that's a negro dialect story."—[Philadelphia Ledger.

Many an educated Indian has wrinkled his brow in the same way over stories printed in his native tongue, in words-concocted to suit the circumstances. The day of spending years to teach Indians to read and write in their own language has fortunately passed. It has been fully proven that the same amount of effort on English is in the direct line of usefulness and self-help, hence more profitable.

## Book Learning Too Much.

Old Mammy was very proud of the "book larnin'" her little son had acquired at the public schools; but when her dark-skinned prodigy began to find flaws in the language of his fond parent, her pride turned to rebuke:

"Look a-heah, you Gawge! Yo'se pow'ful smaht, I know, but don' you chastise my speech. I won' hab it."

—[Pacific Monthly.

Concert every morning  
At four o'clock, in June,  
And every feathered singer  
Is in the best of tune;  
Not a false note in it;  
Costs you not a thing.  
Wake up, drowsy dreamer,  
And hear the birdies sing.

## 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-BUREAUZIZE THE MAS WE DO OUR INDIANS.

## FROM A REAL ETHNOLOGIST.

The following is from a letter written by one of the most thorough race students we have ever met, one who is really interested in the uplift not only of the Indian but all races, and one who has spent years, summer and winter, in a special study, through living among them, of the Indians and lower races of America:

"I saw in the papers a paragraph which aroused my indignation,—that a committee has recommended the removal of the Indians from Carlisle to Montana. Nothing could be more injurious to the cause of their civilization; nothing could tend to degrade the Indian further than for him to find himself shut off from all larger and more tolerant civilization. You are trying to make an ordinary responsible citizen of him so that he may enjoy the same conditions as the incoming Finn and Armenian. I hope you will be able to influence the societies, which at any rate talk so much on the matter, that to push the Indians back on themselves is simply to prolong the agony and is unfitting him for the place he might occupy amongst us. The reservation stands for sloth and sensuality, and the whole degrading system ought to be broken up. Many of these young fellows you have, regard with great dislike a return to conditions which they have learned to look upon as unfair and abnormal. If the 'talkers' would have two or three smaller schools in good agricultural districts, following your lead, the cause would be furthered. To regard your wards as requiring essentially different careers and treatment from all the others which make up the population shows a lack of study of the individual."

There was never the slightest prospect that the Carlisle school would be removed to Helena, the widely circulated Montana squib was only a "sly fox" movement.

**AN INDIAN WHO BELIEVES IN THE CARLISLE IDEA.**

Seward Mott, Apache, of San Carlos, Agency, Arizona, says in a letter dated June 2:

"I am not a graduate of Carlisle School but received my education in accord with General Pratt's ideas.

I appreciate the methods he is pursuing for the Indians. General Pratt generally gives good advice and he cannot be contradicted and denounced. He must be let alone for he cannot relinquish his rights.

The people seem to have no harmony with General Pratt in his ideas of how to overcome the Indian question.

Surely General Pratt will have to educate the white people before they can realize what to do in order to end the Indian problem.

To me his ideas are most sensible for educating and civilizing the Indians. I don't think that General Pratt's scalp will be taken, as he stands in the right place, on higher ground than many Indian educators. He has many friends among various tribes of Indians who will look out for his scalp and will support him."

Edward Rogers, class '97, Carlisle, graduated from the Department of Law, University of Minnesota, on the 2nd instant, and has been admitted to practice.

## WARM SPRING ANNUAL PICNIC.

WARM SPRING INDIAN SCHOOL, OREGON, May 27 1904.

The most unique, and therefore one of the best enjoyed picnics I have attended was that of to-day—Our annual school picnic.

As I am new in the Indian service, things appeared to me in very picturesque and attractive form. By 9-30 A. M. the whole school and the employees were all assembled, prepared for the day's outing. Every description of rig presented itself, and conspicuous among them was a real old-fashioned stage-coach.

The school principal, Mrs. Freund, head of the sewing department, Mrs. Deving, children's cook, myself and eight children in the school hack, drawn by two powerful Government horses led the van. Then followed a number of the Indian youths and maidens, graceful riders, so utterly fearless, a bright group with their blankets, ribbons, and handkerchiefs.

The disciplinarian Mr. Hunt, Miss Briggs the petite matron, Miss Gard, assistant matron were in the stage with the younger boys and girls.

Mr. Glascoe, the farmer, had a merry load of boys, and the great hampers of eatables.

All the older boys and girls rode horse back with their parents, some coming from a great distance to bring them horses.

Even some of the little tots rode, two on a horse, they looked so pretty and independent.

A number of the Indian families came. Mrs. Hayes went with Kalama's, her relatives.

Mr. Hayes the watchman rode out later in the day.

The band wagon was quite festive in its decorations of U. S. flags. The older boys of the school compose the band, and their music was enlivening.

Mr. Peter Kalama, one of the most prominent of the Indians here, was leader of the band.

Clarence Butler, the electrician here, a Carlisle graduate and Henry Miller, school farmer, took parts in the band.

Our Superintendent, Mr. Kirk, rode Mr. Butler's beautiful black horse.

A large party of persons who are camping at Warm Springs eight miles beyond us, were also present, and seemed to fully enjoy the affair.

Arriving at the beautiful spot for camping, which was on a branch of the Die Shutes River, the picnic was soon in "full swing" every one seeming to enter into it joyously.

The children were soon happy with swings and vaulting poles. I saw Mr. Kirk instructing one little girl in skipping, using as a rope a long willow switch. I was charmed with the zeal that our Superintendent showed in entering into the spirit of the day.

He was a child among children for the time. The graceful little matron, Miss Briggs was here, there, and everywhere with thought for every one. The hack returned with a second load before lunch.

Mrs. Gordon, wife of the Presbyterian minister here in charge, his daughter, and sister, Mrs. Bishop, wife of the clerk, and son Perne; Miss Montgomery, field matron, a very charming lady and Miss Dunlap, club-cook.

Dr. Yate we missed very much but he was obliged to go to the sick at some distance, so failed to join our party.

The picnic ground was an ideal spot, facing the creek, filled with birch trees from which I cut some pretty grained strips of bark. I think the other trees were cottonwood, for occasionally the air was filled with a perfect shower of cotton-down; it was as beautiful as a snow-storm. Hedged off from the entrance grounds was a little gem of a meadow surrounded by a fringe of bushes and trees.

The camp fires were lit, and lunch commenced to send forth its savory odors. A bountiful lunch was served to the children. They then separated for their various games and horseback riding, and then we had our repast, which was delicious, as we were well nigh famished, and the bracing air gave us a keen appetite.

After lunch Miss Briggs, Miss Montgomery and myself went down to the creek with the little girls to wade.

On our return, I strolled with Miss Montgomery to the meadow to watch the ball game.

Mr. Kirk and the Principal teacher took part in the game. Mr. Butler, Mr. Kalama and many other Indian

men played a good game. I became deeply interested, and prevailed on Mrs. Bishop to take a snap shot, which proved the best of those she took, the others being too much in the shade. We had supper at five o'clock and returned to the school. And like little Charley Leonard, I felt like rebelling when I was helped from the wagon, the ride was so delightful I wanted to keep right on and on.

It will always be a pleasant remembrance to me, [this, my first Indian picnic. I wish my friends in Washington D. C., and California my adopted state, could have looked in on us today. I know they would have been charmed even as I was.

KINDERGARTNER.

**INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.**

The meeting of the Congress of Indian Educators will be held in St. Louis, June 25 to July 1. The opening session will convene on Saturday June 25, at 9:30 a. m., in the main hall, Hall of Congresses, Administration Building, Exposition Grounds. The other meeting will be held in the United States Indian Building, Exposition Grounds, a short distance from the Administration Building.

All Indian workers who wish to keep abreast of the times will find the model farm conducted by the United States Government, illustrating forestry, rotation of crops, etc., of special interest.

Superintendents will find much valuable help in the Palace of Agriculture (covering 23 acres) where may be seen all of the products coming from the soil, the tools, implements, methods of cultivation, of harvesting, of irrigation and of drainage. The growing crops typifying the agricultural resources of each state will enable teachers from all sections to find the crops of their own locality, cultivated by expert farmers. The exhibit of the agricultural experiment stations of the United States will also be of interest, also the school gardens. The up-to-date public schools in the large cities of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are keenly alive to the importance of teaching agriculture and conducting school gardens.

The Palace of Education, (near the Great Basin and not far from the Lindell Boulevard Entrance) will be the Mecca for teachers. The educational exhibits are systematically arranged, special space being given to elementary, industrial, and agricultural education: the three branches of most importance to Indian teachers. The hall in connection with the Palace of education is equipped with apparatus for stereopticon lectures to be given by the educational experts of the world.

The Model Indian school located near station, No. 6, Intramural railway, in the Anthropological exhibit section, will afford teachers an opportunity to make comparison of methods of teaching and will undoubtedly give them valuable ideas and suggestions.

Teachers of cooking, matrons, and housekeepers will be interested in the model cooking school, conducted by one of the best cooks in the country, whose recipes and instructions are accepted as authoritative. This school is located in the Palace of Education.

The model dairy situated directly north of the Palace of Agriculture, will include twenty-five of the best milch cows in the world and will furnish many valuable hints and suggestions to visiting superintendents, teachers, matrons and cooks.

Nurses in the service will secure much valuable information that will be helpful to them in their profession in the model hospital, which is to be supplied with a corps of Red Cross nurses. This hospital is situated near the Lindell Boulevard entrance, near the model city.

The above is sent to us for publication by the managers of the Indian summer school.

**Our Samuel.**

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Deon, shoe and harness maker at the school, are happy over the arrival of a boy at their house. Mr. Deon is a full blood Oglala Sioux. He received his education and training at Carlisle.—[Oglala Light.

The happiest people in the world are those who love their work and have more than they can do.—[Christian Register.

**Athletics**

Carlisle defeated Bucknell on the latter's home field last Saturday by the score of 62 to 42 in the fifth annual dual track and field meet between the two institutions. It was an easy victory and could have been made more decisive if the Carlisle team had used its full strength in all the events.

Two Carlisle records were broken by Arthur Sheldon and Frank Jude in the hammer throw and pole vault respectively. The hammer record was 115 ft. 6½ inches held by John Waletsie and Sheldon has now placed it at 116 ft. 4 inches, although that distance only won second place against Bucknell.

Jude raised his own record of 10 ft. 2 inches in the pole vault to 10 ft. 6 inches, which is doing remarkably well considering the fact that he is dividing his time by playing on the baseball team.

Libby succeeded in winning both the hurdle races, and his improvement in these events has been very marked.

James T. Snow also has shown great improvement in his running, as he ran a fast mile and defeated Blackstar in the half-mile. The time in the mile and two-mile races could have been lowered but the Carlisle runners were not pushed in either race and merely jogged the last lap after wearing out their opponents during the first part of the races. Chauncey Charles and Schrimpscher, are developing into good distance runners. Exendine put the shot farther than he ever did before and easily won the high jump.

Although Captian Mt. Pleasant was not feeling well, he won the greatest number of points for Carlisle, scoring two seconds and one first place.

Denny ran a good race in the 220 yds. dash and won second place.

**Summary.**

100 Yards Dash—Won by Pearce, Bucknell; Mt. Pleasant, Indians, second. Time 10 1-5 seconds.

120 Yards Hurdle—Won by Libby, Indians; W. Charles, Indians, second. Time 17 1-5 seconds.

One-mile Run—Won by Blackstar, Indians; Snow, Indians, second. Time 4:52 1-5

440 Yards Dash—Won by Marsh, Bucknell; Mt. Pleasant, Indians, second. Time 52 1-5 seconds.

Two-mile Run—Won by C. Charles, Indians; Schrimpscher, Indians, second. Time 10:52½.

220 Yards Dash—Won by Davis, Bucknell; Denny, Indians, second. Time 24 seconds.

220 Yards Hurdle—Won by Libby, Indians; Comstock, Bucknell, second. Time 29 seconds.

Half-mile Run—Won by Marsh, Bucknell; Snow, Indians, second. Time 2:14

High Jump—Won Exendine, Indians; Davis, Bucknell, second. Height 5 feet 4¼ inches.

Shot Put—Won by Lenhart, Bucknell; Exendine, Indians, second. Distance, 39 feet.

Broad Jump—Won by Mt. Pleasant, Indians; Johnson, Bucknell, second. Distance 21 ft. 7 in.

Hammer Throw—Won by Lenhart, Bucknell; Sheldon, Indians, second. Distance 118 ft. 9 in.

Pole Vault—Won by Jude, Indians; Steinhilper, Bucknell, second. Height 10 feet 6 inches.

The last dual meet will be with State College at the latter's home grounds one week from Monday. Although our team defeated State in the meet here it will not be so easy up there, as State's men have been improving right along, and will have the advantage of their home grounds and a friendly crowd to cheer them to their best efforts.

Our distance men will have a hard man to defeat in Barnes, and our weight men and hurdlers will have to extend themselves.

In the pole vault Saunders defeated Jude in the meet here, but the latter has improved so that he may turn the table in the coming contest.

The boys who will be selected after the State College meet to go to St. Louis for the Olympia Inter-scholastic championship meet will continue in training, and the rest of the team will be disbanded. All the team have trained faithfully and thus far have made a fine record.

The baseball team was defeated at York on Saturday 7 to 1, but did very well to hold the strong Penn Park team to such a low score considering the way the team was patched up. Youngdeer was sick and could not play and Jude and Charles was with the track team. The team starts on the eastern trip next Tuesday to play Harvard and other strong teams, and it is important that they show up well on this trip. With everyone pulling together the season can be rounded up with a very good record.

Carlisle defeated Franklin and Marshall College for the second time this season at Lancaster on Wednesday. The Indians played from the start as though they meant business, and put plenty of life into their playing, and the game never was in doubt. In batting, fielding and running bases the Indians were greatly superior to F. and M.

R—H—E

Carlisle 4 1 0 1 0 0 3 20—11 10 4

F and M 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 0—4 7 7

Batteries Charles and Green, Kilheffer and Brubaker. Umpires Garwood and Warner.

**Man-on-the-band-stand.**

Fourth of July, next  
Overcoat weather again!  
School closes next week.  
To raise strawberries, try a spoon.  
Miss Moul is off on her annual leave.  
Last Saturday was the hottest day of the year.

Miss Pratt returned from Philadelphia on Friday.

Mr. Sherry is the champion croquet player, so far.

Ella Stander spent Sunday at Gettysburg with her country parents.

Caroline Helms came in from her country home to visit for a few days.

John Foster has gone to New York State to engage in business for his summer vacation

Joel Tyndall, class 1889, is still at Tucson, Arizona, and writes a congratulatory letter to General Pratt.

Mr. Weber has been inside of the big boilers this week, cleaning them—shady but somewhat dusty work.

General Pratt has gone to Philadelphia to be present at the Dedicatory Ceremonies of the Pennsylvania University.

The Indian teacher busieth herself in some of her leisure moments these days in filling out application blanks for her annual leave.

A small case full of surgical instruments was found on our bleachers last week. The owner may have the same by applying to Miss Roberts.

Sophia American Horse writes from her home at Pine Ridge, S. D., to Miss Sky that she intends to visit the World's Fair at St. Louis, before long.

Mr. Campbell says that Lottie Horne, Carlisle, '98, now Mrs. Cochran, wife of Chemawa's newly appointed disciplinarian, has one of the dearest baby girls he ever saw, and she is the pet of the school.

The stand-up shears for the grass edges save the back but not the arm, says the boy who uses them. They are an ingenious device. Perhaps he can invent a better.

Goliath Bigjim and Johnson Bradley, with some lady friends and Miss Scales as chaperon went for a boat ride on the beautiful Conedogwinet, last Friday evening.

The open-air band concert last Saturday evening was most unusual and interesting. The thunder peels extended the roll of the drum into one grand reverberation of heavenly sounds.

Our former music teacher, Mrs. Annie Moore Allison, writes from Holton, Kansas, where she lives, that she is remarkably well this summer, which all are pleased to learn.

On Monday, Grand Army visitors were many on account of a celebration at Gettysburg which brought the soldiers from all over the State. Many of them stopped off to see the Indian school.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton Carey, an old school-mate of Miss Ely's, with Mrs. Clara Carey and Mr. Clarence Carey, who is attending Dickinson College, all of Bucks County, were callers on Miss Ely.

Assistant-Superintendent Campbell, of the Chemawa, Oregon, Indian School came in upon us on Wednesday for a brief call. He is looking well and received a hearty hand-shake from everybody.

Richard Henry Pratt, Jr. is office boy for his father, Mr. Mason D. Pratt, in Harrisburg. Miss Robbins met master Dick on the street, and she thought he had grown about an inch since taking upon himself such grave responsibilities.

On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Warner and Miss Senseney went to Lancaster to attend the Franklin & Marshall-Indian game. The Indians thus far this season have played twenty games. They have won 10 and lost 10—'alf and 'alf, as it were.

Programs for the Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the New Jersey Training School, for feeble Minded Girls and Boys, Vineland, have been received by which we see that that noble institution is thriving and doing good work, for a class of unfortunates deserving aid.

Mr. J. L. Adams, wife and friends, all of Bradford, Pa., made an early call at the school on Monday. They were on their way to Gettysburg, and stopped off to renew traveling acquaintances with Miss Burgess and Miss Noble, who met them on their way to California last summer.

**THE TALK HEARD BY THE BOYS LAST SUNDAY NIGHT.**

The service in the Y. M. C. A. Hall last Sunday evening was led by Mr. Howard Gansworth. His talk to the boys was listened to with marked attention as are all the earnest talks to the Indians by an educated member of their own race, and we are sure that our boys and girls in the country will be glad to read what Mr. Gansworth had to say. His subject, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting," brought out these salient points:

It is a characteristic of youth to be constantly testing its strength. You see it in the little fellow trying to outrun his playmate. You see it in boys jumping to see who can jump the farthest. You find it in the school-room where a youngster tries to outshine the rest in scholarship.

In our literary societies we find those who want to stand first in debating. And this same spirit follows us on through our whole life. We are constantly trying to outdo our neighbors.

We are always testing our strength, with the view of beating out some one else.

It is a great thing, this desire for leadership. It brings out the strongest in us. And by causing us to be constantly measuring ourselves, rating ourselves, and comparing ourselves with our neighbors, we are brought to some kind of a knowledge of what stuff we are made of; what our ability is; and under what environment we can best exercise that ability.

Every man should know his own power. That knowledge in itself is power. But no over-estimated idea of one's power is going to buoy him up in time of need. For whether we know our power or not some one else does.

It does not take long for people to find out what we really are.

Abraham Lincoln used to say: "You can fool all the people sometime, you can fool some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Many of you will soon be going home. Some are to go to the country. In either case you are going to test your strength and ability outside the narrow circle of Carlisle.

New conditions will surround you and you will be taxed to your uttermost.

You'll have to prove that your own estimate of yourself is well founded.

You may have been quite a man here. Perhaps you are counted a good musician, a fleet runner, a skilled workman, or an excellent scholar. But you'll have to prove that, and you may not be able to.

The world for which you have been preparing may have been the small one of your own immediate surroundings. You may have been satisfied to measure yourself up to the standards of the people of this small world of yours. In a larger world and with a larger people in it you fall short. You are found wanting. You can't cope with men, and conditions baffle you.

And so the thought that I want to emphasize tonight is this: THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES, AND ART FOUND WANTING.

It is found in the 27th verse of the 5th chapter of Daniel.

Let me illustrate by two or three examples what we mean by this.

Here's a fellow who has been here five years. He has worked in the carpenter shop perhaps, and has been content to work along in an indifferent way. Satisfied was he to put in his time carrying boards, pulling nails, and doing some odd jobs around the shop. He never had enough interest in his work to learn the fundamentals of the trade, much less the more difficult parts of it. He goes home. He sees an opening for a carpenter. He asks for the job. He tells the prospective employer that he has worked at the trade five years at the Government school at Carlisle, and oh, yes, of course, he knew all about it.

He secures the job. He works awhile and does as well as he can. But soon some one has weighed him in a balance and found him wanting. He loses the job because of incompetence.

Here is another fellow. In school he has done fairly well. He stood well in arithmetic, pretty well in history, geography, and the other studies. But he was weak in English and he knew it, but didn't try to remedy the defect. He goes home. He hears that a young man of ordinary education is wanted for a posi-

tion. He applies for the place and gets it. It doesn't take long though before people find out that he can't write a simple English sentence, nor speak correctly. Another man who knew less arithmetic, less geography, and less of other things but who could speak and write correct English soon replaces him. This fellow, too, was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

An old saying is that a chain is as weak as its weakest link. Often the world applies this principle in judging a man's worth. Your weakest and not your strongest points are often the criterion by which the world is going to judge you. And you won't be given a chance to explain your failure. The world takes no excuses—not even a good excuse.

**NEW BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.**

Bryant's New Library of Poetry and Songs; with his Review of Poets and Poetry from the Time of Chaucer.

This collection of poems is so extensive that it is necessarily a book of reference. It represents over seven hundred authors, of every literature, and all periods. It contains complete indexes of authors, titles, and first lines.

Story of the Bible, by C. Foster.

Story of the Chosen People, by, H. A. Guerber.

Story of the Romans, by H. A. Guerber.

Great American Industries, 3v. by W. F. Rocheleau.

V. 1, Coal, Petroleum, Iron, Marble, Slate, Gold, and Silver, Copper and Zinc.

V. 2, Products of the soil.

V. 3, Manufactures.

Boy's Book of Inventions, by R. S. Baker. Contents: Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea; Liquid Air; Telegraphing without wires; Modern Motor Vehicle; X-Ray Photographing; Tailless Kites; Story of the Phonograph; Modern Sky-scraper; Through the air.

Boy Life of Napoleon, by Mme Foa, translated from the French.

Customs and Fashions in Old New England, by Mrs. A. M. Earle.

"The social side of Puritan life."

First Christmas Tree, by Henry Van Dyke.

"Christmas in 722; The Mission of St. Boniface of Germany and diffusion of Christianity through heathen Europe."

Kidnapped, by R. L. Stevenson.

Ben Hur by Lew Wallace. 2 copies.

**MEMORIAL DAY AT ANADARKO.**

We learn through Mr. Mark Penoi, class 1896, Carlisle, now clerk at the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, that at the Riverside Indian school, Anadarko Oklahoma, Memorial day was celebrated in a way that all enjoyed. The 30th was one of the prettiest days of the season.

During the morning all the employees and students worked as usual until eleven o'clock, when the bell rang for the recall of men and boys who were working in the field. At 3 o'clock the school gathered in the chapel. After singing a few songs, Superintendent Bunton gave a brief talk to the children explaining to them how Decoration Day originated.

This was the first Memorial day for the children of this school, and they were much interested, seeming to grasp the real meaning of it. At 3:30 the boys and girls formed in ranks and marched from the school ground to the cemetery with the band at its lead.

The cemetery is up on the high hill overlooking the beautiful Washita Valley and the town of Anadarko.

Before reaching the cemetery the children broke ranks in order to gather some wild flowers, and within fifteen minutes, every child and employee had a handful of the prettiest wild flowers that grow in Oklahoma.

Reaching the cemetery the school gathered under the shady oak trees for exercises. First, the band played several National pieces, then came songs by the school and recitations by some of the girls. The program was well rendered. The children then formed in single file in order to decorate the graves without confusion. When the command to march was given the children marched to the school grounds in perfect order, and this ended the day. All declared they had a most delightful time.

Mrs. Cook has two snake skins in her room on the first floor of the teachers' quarters. Last week when we had several rainy days those skins absorbed enough moisture to drop water—a phenomenon which excited the interest of a number of our people. Why did they do it?

**HONORABLE MENTION.**

BLOOMSBURG, PA., June 2, 1904.

GENERAL R. H. PRATT,

CARLISLE, PA.

MY DEAR SIR:

As this is my last report I shall have the pleasure of forwarding you for Anna Goyituey and Luzena Tibbetts, I feel that it is a fitting opportunity to express to you my high appreciation of your work and my complete sympathy with your Indian policy, as well as the high regard and affection in which I hold these two dear girls.

Had your work borne no other fruit than is evidenced in the character of these two girls, it would have been well worth while. Their high courage in the face of discouraging circumstances, their self-control, their faithful devotion to me and my interests are worthy the imitation, not only of the ambitions of their own race, but of mine as well.

I am glad to have known such girls, and they take with them my heartiest good wishes for their future.

May long years be yours in which to continue your noble work.

Very sincerely yours,

ALMA SAGER WELSH.

These Indian graduates of Carlisle will take the State Normal School Diploma, on the 29th of this month, when the Bloomsburg commencement will be held.

Dickinson College Commencement this week has brought numerous visitors to our school. On Wednesday the Academic Department closed to permit the Faculty, Seniors and Juniors to attend the exercises at the college. All were greatly pleased with the graduating orations, and our students feel that they have something to emulate. Rain interfered with some of the outdoor evening entertainments. President's and Mrs. Reed's reception on Wednesday night was fully attended. The Indian school is glad to neighbor with such an eminent college as good old Dickinson.

The Band is playing very enjoyable music. Lt. Lamar goes on the principle, if the best musicians leave us, play the best with what we have. A few instruments well played together in beautiful harmony give more pleasure than fifty pieces, several of which make rasping discord in inaccurate notes. We shake hands with Lt. Lamar in this. He is sparing no pains with the individual, and we are having good music.

We learn through a letter to Miss Senseney that Miss Stewart and her companions who sailed for Europe two weeks ago, have arrived, and they had a remarkably pleasant voyage. After landing at Queenstown, they took a coach tour through Ireland and they are probably in Scotland at this time. Their visit to England will be left for their return trip. Miss Stewart is in the best of spirits and is enjoying excellent health.

Miss Paul gave a very pleasant party to her girls last Tuesday evening. Those present were Martha Day, Melinda Cayuga, Elvira Velez, Savannah Beck and Agnes Goedker. A very pleasant evening was spent by playing flinch and pit, followed by large dishes of delicious, strawberries and other refreshments. All played very well, but Agnes Goedker was said to have been the champion player of pit that evening.

Asenoth Bishop, who graduated this year, has been working in Buffalo since she went home, and intends taking a vacation of a few weeks at Irving, N. Y. She thinks she was fortunate in finding such a good place, so soon after leaving school, and she is very thankful for the good health that is hers. Another thing she is thankful for is the HELPER, which she directs to be sent to Irving while she is there.

Our long-time friend Rev. Dr. J. A. Lippincott, of Philadelphia and his brother Rev. Dr. B. C. Lippincott of New Jersey, who were in attendance upon the Dickinson College Commencement Exercises were guests of General and Mrs. Pratt for a part of the week. Dr. B. C. Lippincott graduated at Dickinson in 1858.

Ethel Mikecoba in the country has received a letter from Emily Perdesophy, saying that she was married about a year ago. She wishes to be remembered to the General and to all her friends at Carlisle. She is happy and often thinks of her old school days with pleasure.

## STORY OF CHIEF JOSEPH.

Having promised a life sketch of this so-called greatest living Indian in the United States, we reprint the best story we have seen, which was written by Nan Byxbee, as special correspondence to the Newspaper Enterprise Association and the Great Falls Daily Leader:

LEWISTOWN, IDA., May 30—In a modest little tepee on the peaceful banks of the Nespillem river, which flows through the Colville reservation, the greatest American Indian now living sits and smokes his pipe in silence.

Clothed in that native dignity which remains only to the great when greatness is gone, Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce tribe, once wild roamers of the beautiful Idaho valley, now lives a pensioner on the nation and sits, and smokes, and says nothing.

There is that in his personality which marks him for a man among men, with a deep love for his own people and a wide generosity for his enemies—one whose great talents and energies have been baffled only by the sweep of destiny.

Before him even the most impudent tourist stands, abashed, rebuked by a presence that silences trivialities. In the face of the brave old Indian chieftain there is written resignation without embitterment, sorrow without rebellion, and a dignified submission to the great inevitable.

It has been so with Chief Joseph since that day twenty-seven years ago when, after a wonderfully conducted retreat before Gen. O. O. Howard, of 1,400 miles through the Rocky mountains and toward the Canadian border with the men, women and children of his tribe in a vain effort to escape three detachments of United States soldiers, he sorrowfully surrendered his gun and quiver of arrows to Generals Howard and Miles with the characteristic words:

"From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

But Chief Joseph is not yet a man without hope. It is his dearest desire to be buried in the valley of Wallowa, the home of his fathers, and many are the visits he has paid to Washington to plead with the federal authorities for the return of Wallowa valley to him and his tribe.

He has made many friends among the army officers and congressmen, and his petitions have been heard with respect and kindness by more than one president.

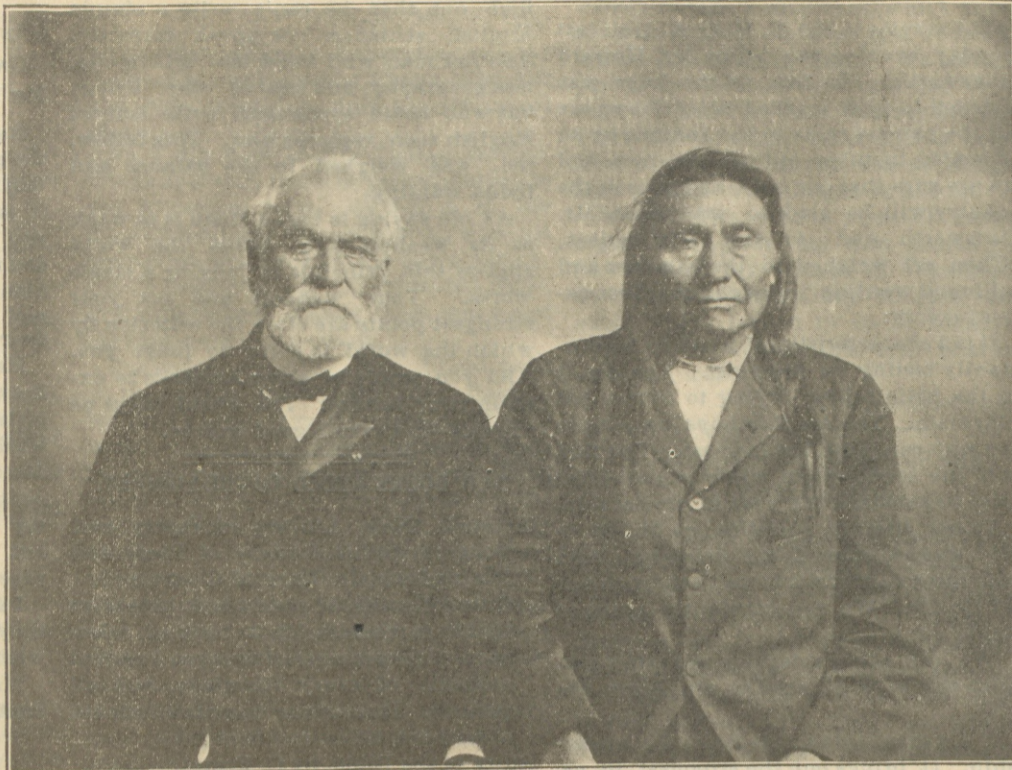
Chief Joseph goes to Washington every season, and he hopes, as his influence grows, to bring about the return of the beautiful Wallowa valley for himself and the few remnants of his tribe now living along the river on the Colville reservation. It is generally conceded that an injustice was done the Nez Perces by the United States government. The trouble that drove this peaceful band of Indians from their Idaho home was of long standing, and many who have studied the case believe that it was the white man and not the Indian who was to blame for the war that followed.

Isaac I. Stevens, first governor of Washington, made the first treaty with the Nez Perces in June, 1855. This treaty was approved by all the Nez Perce chiefs, including Chief Joseph's father, old chief Joseph. By its terms it granted the Nez Perces an enormous reservation, and the generous limits were given in consideration of the splendid treatment accorded the early pioneers by the tribe.

The Nez Perces had the reputation of being the best and most honorable Indians in America, having remained friendly and amicable since their discovery by the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805.

Even when the white settlers began to crowd into the beautiful valleys conceded by the treaty and to encroach upon the rights as well as the lands of the Nez Perces, the Indians showed no ugly spirit and made no resistance.

New treaties were made with factions of the tribe, and the limits of the reservation were gradually moved back until nearly all the best land was assimilated, but when the government pressed for still other treaties, by which to secure the home valleys of the chieftains there were four who refused to give up their homes, old chief Joseph leading the protest, and Looking Glass, White Bird and Too-hut-



CHIEF JOSEPH, GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

hul-sote standing with him. They became known as the "Non-treaty Nez Perces." Old Joseph finally died, leaving his two sons, Ollicut and Joseph, who became chiefs in his place.

Gen. O. O. Howard, in command of the department of Columbia, endeavored to round up the Indians and bring them into the limits of the revised reservation.

Then there was trouble. Chief Joseph a true son of his father, and wishing to keep peace with the white brothers, counseled for peace and sought to restrain the young hot-heads of the tribe who were rebellious.

But they were continually goaded by the encroachments and even indignities of the white settlers, and soon they had committed deeds that brought them under the ban of the federal law. The spark had been ignited and the flames of war were soon raging. Young Chief Joseph reluctantly followed his people on the war path.

Since it was begun he did his best to bring them through it.

And Chief Joseph's best, it is generally conceded, proved to be something remarkable.

"Buffalo Bill" Cody, in speaking of the wonderful generalship exercised by Chief Joseph, declares him to be the greatest Indian America has ever produced.

And Col. Charles A. Coolidge, now of the retired list of the United States army, compared him to Xenophon.

"Xenophon could do no more than he" said Col. Coolidge, in an interview. "Chief Joseph did not lead 10,000 Greeks, but he did lead 400 men, women and children over 1,400 miles of far rougher than Xenophon ever saw, and he was opposed along his memorable march by three armies greater than his own."

When the news of Chief Joseph's march before the pursuing troops spread over the country through the newspapers, a panic of horror seized the settlers of the northwest, and people everywhere were prepared to hear stories of scalplings, cruelty and torture. But the settlers need not have feared, for the Indians did not seek to fight.

Although numerous battles were fought, the Indians committed no outrages, and for the first time in American history adopted humane methods.

It was the guiding spirit of Chief Joseph that restrained the savage blood of the young warriors, and it was he who led his people through the beautiful Bitter Root valley, in Montana, after their hard march through the Rockies, quietly and without disturbance, trading with the settlers and paying for what they got.

Chief Joseph told those whom he met that he and his people did not wish war, but wanted only to pass through to the Buffalo country, where they would make their new homes.

But the modern war element of the telegraph was against the Nez Perces, and new armies were hurled against the little band marching so heroically through the rough wilds of the trail to the Canadian border.

A fierce battle took place when General Gibbons fell upon the Nez Perces in the

Big Hole canyon one morning at dawn. The unexpected skill and generalship of the Indians, however, repulsed the attacking party, and Chief Joseph and his 400 men, women and children were soon again on the trail, making their way northward as far as the Bear Paw mountains. Here, at last by a series of rapid and skillful maneuvers, General Nelson A. Miles and his troops came upon the band and trapped them.

Only a few days more and Joseph would have had his people beyond the Canadian border.

The story of the Indian warrior's surrender is one of the most dramatic in American history, and is eloquent of the pathos that attaches to a strong and courageous race inevitably destroyed by the merciless march of civilization.

In the attack General Miles' men killed Joseph's brother, Ollicut.

The little band was completely surrounded and further resistance was useless. The Indians sent the white flag and Chief Joseph asked a personal conference with General Miles, who responded and promised fair treatment to the Nez Perces.

Sorrowfully the Indian chief handed over his gun, and taking from his shoulder a quiver of Indian arrows he surrendered these also. Then pointing to the sun in his great grief and hopeless resignation, Chief Joseph spoke:

"From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever," the famous promise which he has kept with unbroken faith for twenty-seven years.

Another expression which must persistently sound in the ears of those who try to justify the treatment that the Nez Perce Indians received at the hands of the United States government, is that of Chief Joseph when he explained to the "Great Father," President McKinley, the wrong done his people and their resentment of it. These are his words:

"A man wants to buy my horses, I say I no sell. He goes to my neighbor and says: 'Joseph has fine horses, and I want them, but Joseph will not sell.' And my neighbor says:

'I will sell them to you.' So he comes back to me and says: 'Joseph, I have bought your horses.'"

This is the viewpoint of the splendid old chief who did not sign away his lands, and there are few who try to refute the justice of his plea.

For eight years after the outbreak the Nez Perce Indians were practically held prisoners on the reservation, but the promise of Chief Joseph made to General Miles has come to be regarded as a sacred obligation, guaranteeing the peace and good faith of the Nez Perces, so they are left to roam at will over the Colville lands.

Chief Joseph has kept his promise inviolate, and for the dearest wish of his heart, the recovery of the Wallowa valley for himself and his people, he pleads not with his gun and poisoned arrows, but with his lips to the powers at Washington.

It is not probable that he will accomplish his ambition, but the brave old Indian has a right to his hope, since this is all that is left him, except his pipe, in his little tepee on the peaceful banks of the river Nespillem,

## THE IMPORTANT COMMA.

A short time ago a business man posted in his shop window a notice which read as follows, "Boy wanted about fourteen years." A lad of that age came into the office and stated that he had read the notice.

"Well, do you think you would like to have the position, my boy?" asked the merchant, gazing patronizingly over the rims of his spectacles at the unabashed youth.

"Yes," came the prompt answer, "I want the job; but I don't know that I can promise to keep it for the full fourteen years."

Then the merchant remembered that he had left out a comma on his sign, but he told the boy he might have the position.

—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

March 30, Franklin & Marshall, at Carlisle. Won 7 to 5

April 2, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Cancelled on account of wet field.

April 9, Albright College, at Carlisle. Won 20 to 0

" 15, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle. Won 5 to 2.

" 19, Villanova, at Carlisle.

" 23, Lebanon Valley College, at Annville. Lost 3 to 2.

April 30, Harrisburg A. C., at Harrisburg. Lost 23 to 7

May 4, Gettysburg, at Carlisle.

Won 8 to 7 10 innings

" 7, Wilmington at Wilmington

Lost 7 to 2

" 10, Wyoming Seminary, at Carlisle.

Won 3 to 2.

" 11, Lindner A. C. at Carlisle

Lost 9 to 8. 10 innings

" 12, Lindner A. C. at Carlisle

Lost 9 to 4.

" 14, Millersville Normal, at Millersville.

Won 9 to 2.

" 16, Williamsport A. C., at Williamsport.

Lost 8 to 6.

May 17, Williamsport A. C., at Williamsport.

Lost 14 to 4.

May 23, Lindner A. C., at Carlisle.

Lost 8 to 7

" 28, Chambersburg A. C. at Chambersburg.

Won 9 to 8

" 30, Gettysburg (2 games) at Gettysburg.

1st Lost 4 to 2; 2nd Won 5 to 1.

" 31, Bucknell, at Carlisle.

Lost 5 to 2

June 4, Penn Park A. C., at York.

Lost 7 to 1

" 8, Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster.

" 11, Albright at Myerstown.

" 11, Lebanon A. C., at Lebanon.

" 15, Harvard, at Cambridge.

" 16, Fordham College, at Fordham, N. Y.

" 17, Seton Hall, at South Orange, N. J.

" 18, Lafayette, at Easton.

" 22, Bucknell at Lewisburg

## What Time Was It?

A man met three beggars one day. To the first he gave ten cents, to the second he gave seven cents, and to the third, eight cents. What time was it? A quarter to three.

## ENIGMA.

I am made of 9 letters:  
My 3, 6, 5, 8, 4, make up more than half of the world's population.  
My 9, 2, 7, is the kind of air that is not the most wholesome to breathe.  
My 1, 6, is what some people call Indians.

My all makes more continuous music just now at Carlisle, than any other instrument.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: On a holiday.

## 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 parentheses 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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