OPPORTUNITY.

JOHN J. INGRAM,

MASTERP of human destinies is 1:1.

Fears, love and fortune on my footsteps!

Chias and fields I walk: I penetrate

Dreadful and secret terrors. To Hercul and marvel and puzzle—one man late

—outside. If danger—wake!—fleeing elsewhere—before the "crow's nest" man de-

look-out as upon anything else.

If detects it, the latter gets a reprimand.

Objects when out at sea is in the "crow's

distance and color.

receive more pay than ordinary seamen.

the engine room.

There are usually two men.

These men are known as quartermas-

ones stands at the wheel while the

other is on his own. Usually the quartermaster not steering is outside the pilot house within sound of the wheelman's voice.

Four hours on duty and four hours off when the ship is at

mystery weather a special man is de-

clared to blow the boat's whistle at given

intervals.

The crews assigned to each lifeboat on board examine their boats each night and report that their boats are in good

condition.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO AFTER YOU GRADUATE?

How a boy of Fifteen got his Place.

A number of class 1902 are settled in

their minds as to just what they will do after they graduate.

Others are looking around and thinking;

"What are you going to do?"

will go out, and will others will suc-

ceed on account of their main bearing.

This story from Wellesley, about a certain John is good food for anybody

who is about to start out to find work:

The lawyer took it. It was a short

John has been with him six years, and

in his last admission the boy had not been able to produce

"Do you intend to take the young man

into partnership?" asked a friend, lately

"I do. I could not get along without

John."

And John always says the boy could have

never had such good advice and honest praise.—[Wellesley.

HOW INDIANS ARE OFTEN MISREPREHENDED BY POOR OR WILFULLY BAD INTERPRETERS.

The writer who was in attendance at the recent Mombon Conference where are invited "men and women with earn-

ing hearts and clear brains to discuss the elucidation of different peoples in the best way of doing it" was greatly impressed with the following story told by Miss Mary C. Collins, the veteran

Indian Agent of North Dakota, Illustrative of the way in which interpreters sometimes get the best of the ignorant Indians.

To Miss Mollie Collins stopped at Buffalo to see the Pan-American Exhib:tion: in her own words:

I was much interested in stopping in

Buffalo. I made my way from the gate directly to the Indian show in the Midway, and I reached there just in time to see a chief from Pine Ridge introduced to the great audience there. He was the greatest warrior of the Sioux Nation.

The audience was told that this man was the greatest warrior among the Sioux, that he had killed many people,

and was considered by the Presi-

dent of the United States to be the general of the army as one of the great-

gest generals of the day; that he had been on the warpath and followed up by our

army, which was not able to overtake

him, and had to call for the assistance of another country before he was vanquish-

ed.

And an Indian whom I do not know spoke a speech to the people at the door, and his old man in his own tongue said:

"You whites, we are but one; you are our white people to play before you,

and in the inside of this tent this play the whites should understand if you will tell

others. You will see us ride on our horses. This is all I have to say."

The interpreter said:

"Now, you will want to know what the

old man said. He said that he wished he had been in this late war, that he would have killed more Sioux, and he also said that he was a great man among his own people, and that there was nothing that he could easily do. When I tried to say something about, and that was that he had only his old horse, and was another old red devil on the reservation that had his

(Cries of Shame! Shame!)

The President.—It is a shame, it is not,

that such things should be tolerated.

Was the so-called interpreter a Govern-

ment official?

Miss Collier.—I do not know. I stood within six feet of him and heard the speech. The Congress of Indians as far as I can remember, said Wild West with another name. I tell you this that you may understand how perfectly helpless these people are in the hands of their interpreters, and how important it is that you know your inter-

preters when you see them in Wash-

ington. I have frequently been in a great many conferences where Sioux were

said by the Indian which were translated by the interpreter to mean a very differ-

ent thing. Our Indians are very often misrepresents in this way.

AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.

It is announced that the Rev. Henry G. Guns, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Carthage, and a native of Harrisburg, has accepted the position of financial agent of the Catholic Indian Schools.

The proffer was made him as a result of the deliberations of Archbishops of the United States, recently held at the Catholic University of America.

The headquarters of Father Guns will be the Catholic Indian Mis-

sions in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Guns has now a prominent posi-

tion in the eyes of the country. In him there is a fusion of qualities that are rarely found in any one. His ad-

ministrative ability has proven his capability as an administrator, and academic bias that have given him an important place in the world of serious

thoughts. Those who fell under the claim of his eloquent lectures delivered in this city, will not soon forget them, nor the fascinating personality that they reveal.

The breadth of his scholarship and the brilliancy of his phrasing gives him a unique importance as an interpreter of music.

Father Guns is the only musical

critic in the country who can approach him for subtlety and illuminating power. Father Guns is still a young man; the chief work of his life lies before him; his importance cannot be overestimated. Yet his host of friends and well-wishers trusts the arduous duties that will fall to his lot. The Catholic Indian schools are another scholarly pursuit that have brought him honor.

The Archbishops could not have select-

ed any one better equipped for the delicate task of being the financial agent of the Catholic Indian Schools.—The Church Progress.

AN EXAMPLE.

As a school board inspector once asked a group of children if any of them had seen a recent issue of the "Brooklyn Life.

No answer.

"Well, let me prompt you. An epidem-

ic is anything that spreads. Now, what's an epidemic?" The children all replied a boy promptly.

"Brooklyn Life."

The Red Man and Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

THE RED MAN.

This is the number

SEVENTEENTH YEAR. Or V. XVII. No. 23.

FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1902.

YOU GRADUATE?

The writer who was in attendance at the recent Mombon Conference where are invited "men and women with earn-

ing hearts and clear brains to discuss the elucidation of different peoples in the best way of doing it" was greatly impressed with the following story told by Miss Mary C. Collins, the veteran Indian Agent of North Dakota, Illustrative of the way in which interpreters sometimes get the best of the ignorant Indians.

To Miss Mollie Collins stopped at Buffalo to see the Pan-American Exhibition: in her own words: I was much interested in stopping in Buffalo. I made my way from the gate directly to the Indian show in the Midway, and I reached there just in time to see a chief from Pine Ridge introduced to the great audience there. He was the greatest warrior of the Sioux Nation.

The audience was told that this man was the greatest warrior among the Sioux, that he had killed many people, and was considered by the Presi-
dent of the United States to be the general of the army as one of the great-
gest generals of the day; that he had been on the warpath and followed up by our army, which was not able to overtake him, and had to call for the assistance of another country before he was vanquish-
ed.

And an Indian whom I do not know spoke a speech to the people at the door, and his old man in his own tongue said: You whites, we are but one; you are our white people to play before you, and in the inside of this tent this play the whites should understand if you will tell others. You will see us ride on our horses. This is all I have to say."

The interpreter said: Now, you will want to know what the old man said. He said that he wished he had been in this late war, that he would have killed more Sioux, and he also said that he was a great man among his own people, and that there was nothing that he could easily do. When I tried to say something about, and that was that he had only his old horse, and was another old red devil on the reservation that had his (Cries of Shame! Shame!)

The President.—It is a shame, it is not, that such things should be tolerated. Was the so-called interpreter a Govern-

ment official?

Miss Collier.—I do not know. I stood within six feet of him and heard the speech. The Congress of Indians as far as I can remember, said Wild West with another name. I tell you this that you may understand how perfectly helpless these people are in the hands of their interpreters, and how important it is that you know your inter-

preters when you see them in Wash-

ington. I have frequently been in a great many conferences where Sioux were

said by the Indian which were translated by the interpreter to mean a very differ-

ent thing. Our Indians are very often misrepresents in this way.

AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.

It is announced that the Rev. Henry G. Guns, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Carthage, and a native of Harrisburg, has accepted the appointment of financial agent of the Catholic Indian Schools.

The headquarters of Father Guns will be the Catholic Indian Mis-

sions in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Guns has now a prominent posi-

tion in the eyes of the country. In him there is a fusion of qualities that are rarely found in any one. His ad-

ministrative ability has proven his capability as an administrator, and academic bias that have given him an important place in the world of serious

thoughts. Those who fell under the claim of his eloquent lectures delivered in this city, will not soon forget them, nor the fascinating personality that they reveal.

The breadth of his scholarship and the brilliancy of his phrasing gives him a unique importance as an interpreter of music.

Father Guns is the only musical

critic in the country who can approach him for subtlety and illuminating power. Father Guns is still a young man; the chief work of his life lies before him; his importance cannot be overestimated. Yet his host of friends and well-wishers trusts the arduous duties that will fall to his lot. The Catholic Indian schools are another scholarly pursuit that have brought him honor.

The Archbishops could not have select-

ed any one better equipped for the delicate task of being the financial agent of the Catholic Indian Schools.—The Church Progress.

AN EXAMPLE.

As a school board inspector once asked a group of children if any of them had seen a recent issue of the "Brooklyn Life.

No answer.

"Well, let me prompt you. An epidem-

ic is anything that spreads. Now, what's an epidemic?" The children all replied a boy promptly.

"Brooklyn Life."
Is the Indian a problem? The Indian IS a problem. Why is the Indian a problem? Because the Indian is in a PEN. Who PUTS the Indian in a pen? The Government put the Indian in a pen, many, many years ago. Now the Government, put the Indian in the pen, again! The Government put him in a pen so he could have his day in court. Can the Indian learn to take care of himself while he is in the pen? No, he can not. The Indian can NOT learn to take care of himself while he is in the pen. The Indian can live next to people, he can live next to industrious people, he can live next to industrious people, he can learn how to take care of himself! The Indian could learn to take care of himself if he should go out of the pen. The Indian could learn how to take care of himself if he should go out of the pen. The Indian could learn how to take care of himself if he should go out of the pen. IS THE RED MAN AND HELPER—FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1902.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER—FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1902.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER—FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1902.
Man-on-the-band-stand.

Miss Elly's new word—Bob-up-i-tive.

The trolley reaps a harvest when there is skating on the creek.

The pupils are making the best use of their opportunities.

The Sophomores are reviewing the early history of the United States.

Rudeness is a mark of ignorance and ill breeding. Gentleness and courtesy are the handmaids of civilization.

Societies to-night: Misses McIntyre and Newcomer, "Twinebiles; Miss F. Laird and Miss Davis, "A Prince and a Pauper; Mr. Wheeler and Miss Schneider, "Susans."

Although our dear school-father does not resemble a corn-cob his name does resemble a corn-cob and that our old friend Col. Pratt? Because it has a kernel attached to it.—'04

No one enjoys seeing the boys and girls having a good time on the ice more than Mr. Pratt. He is often heard to say: "It makes me feel skat­ing."

Nellie Orne, who went to her home in Arizona, is very ill. Nellie has many friends here who sympathize with her, and the city she will soon regain her usual health.

While they have skates in the tin shop we have strawberries and our fire sticks we might join forces and have a pleasing good meal.

One of the Sophomores thought that Col. Pratt was going to dismiss the boys during the Christmas recess. Mr. Pratt said he had been thinking of this, but left he gave the band boys an interesting talk on the "Principles of a band boy's compositions."

He has since returned.

An uncle of Congressman Curtis, of Hopkins County, arrived in town, Monday, and when he got there, he said, that he was sorry that he had no skates.

Band Master Ettinger has gone away for a few days on business. We hope he will soon return. We wonder what the Susans are doing. The new president of the Susans is equal to the situation and holds mat­ting on Friday night. The new president is Versallia Allen who had gone that far with his prospects.

Mr. Antonio Lubo writes from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., saying that he is getting along nicely, although he still has to sit a few days longer. He will be remembered to all his friends at Car­lisle.

The Standard Society did not have a meeting up to their usual STANDARD SCHEDULE.

The programme was poorly attended. There was a small attendance and a lack of preparation on the part of the speakers.

Mr. Antonio Lubo writes from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., saying that he is getting along nicely, although he still has to sit a few days longer. He will be remembered to all his friends at Car­lisle.

The Standard Society did not have a meeting up to their usual STANDARD SCHEDULE.

The programme was poorly attended. There was a small attendance and a lack of preparation on the part of the speakers.

Mr. Antonio Lubo writes from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., saying that he is getting along nicely, although he still has to sit a few days longer. He will be remembered to all his friends at Car­lisle.

It is astonishing what long strides the small boy takes when his skates are under his arm, the ice, before him, and he is not afraid to play the clown callath "Ice!" but the word bearath not its usual signification.

The Sophomores of the school gave a little entertainment on Thursday even­ing, in their own room. The song "My Old Kentucky Home," rendered by the quartet—K. Wheelock, J. Vavages, C. Kennedy and Reuben Sundown, was well received.

Do not attempt to follow an order until you know you have heard it aright, and understand it. We know of a girl who knew an order exactly as it was given her, but when she thought, that she heard it right, she did not do it.

A little bird has told us that Edward Rodgers who is attending school at the University of Minnesota may surprise Carlisle any day.

The Invincible Society was glad to see Victoria Johnson is helping to cover the roof of the back porch of the student's building.

In her Sunday head, with tin.

The weather prophets prognosticated clouds on Sunday night, and the greatest

The winds were so strong that they seem to, and while we have no right to let our tempers get the best of us, it is often hard to hold them in check.

This affair should be a lesson to us all. Only wisdom and prudence tell us that we should keep hands off, if we have no power over others even if one does one bit us. S. is Porto Rican.

Do not attempt to follow an order until you know you have heard it aright, and understand it. We know of a girl who knew an order exactly as it was given her, but when she thought, that she heard it right, she did not do it.

A little bird has told us that Edward Rodgers who is attending school at the University of Minnesota may surprise Carlisle any day.

The Invincible Society was glad to see Victoria Johnson is helping to cover the roof of the back porch of the student's building.

In her Sunday head, with tin.

The weather prophets prognosticated clouds on Sunday night, and the greatest

The winds were so strong that they seem to, and while we have no right to let our tempers get the best of us, it is often hard to hold them in check.

This affair should be a lesson to us all. Only wisdom and prudence tell us that we should keep hands off, if we have no power over others even if one does one bit us. S. is Porto Rican.

The visiting committee to the Susans has decided tonight that no one is excused to move in this week, on Tuesday afternoon. They were guests of Miss Miles College street were guests of Miss Miles who is recuperating her pennies to buy a pair of skates.

Miss Wallace Denny who is recuperating his pennies to buy a pair of skates.

The blacksmith and woodwork depart­ment are having a meeting at 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday evening.

The whole world seems to, and while we have no right to let our tempers get the best of us, it is often hard to hold them in check.

The South Dakota Society did not have a meeting up to their usual STANDARD SCHEDULE. Their programme was poorly attended.

The programme was poorly attended. There was a small attendance and a lack of preparation on the part of the speakers.

Mr. Antonio Lubo writes from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., saying that he is getting along nicely, although he still has to sit a few days longer. He will be remembered to all his friends at Car­lisle.

It is astonishing what long strides the small boy takes when his skates are under his arm, the ice, before him, and he is not afraid to play the clown callath "Ice!" but the word bearath not its usual signification.

The Sophomores of the school gave a little entertainment on Thursday even­ing, in their own room. The song "My Old Kentucky Home," rendered by the quartet—K. Wheelock, J. Vavages, C. Kennedy and Reuben Sundown, was well received.

Do not attempt to follow an order until you know you have heard it aright, and understand it. We know of a girl who knew an order exactly as it was given her, but when she thought, that she heard it right, she did not do it.

A little bird has told us that Edward Rodgers who is attending school at the University of Minnesota may surprise Carlisle any day.
An article in January Good Work, written by Florence Bedloe Corriff as a result of her recent visit among the Indians in the recently opened Kiowa and Comanche reservation as could have been portrayed twenty years ago. We have witnessed the same things in other tribes, which go to show, as the writer says, "that the boasted civilization of the twentieth century has done more to further the advancement of these wild tribes consists in playing a game, and she has lost!

One poor old creature is wringing her hands, now she can feel the stinging lash upon her back, and thither they swarm in droves to get their precious shares of holy water and brine.

Their long, beeng hunting knives gleam in the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice. Could those to whom the care of the nation's emmssion in a dear behold these ignorant, savage women engage in their bloody work, I venture the assertion that the cry of the beaten would ring in their ears with a newer and more per-emptory note of appeal.

May God put it into the hearts of all the cultured Indian women through- out our land's to take up this avowed and noble task as performed by the poor slaves of a grumpy energy worthy of a better cause.

The soldiers listen to her lamentation with many solemn blankness and guttural exclamations; but pity is a trait unknown among the Indian red-skins, so the group move on to seek other objects of interest and leave the poor square alone with her trouble.

Besides, the officials of the Government are preparing to issue the quarterly beef supply of skins, and as all the other objects of interest are provided for, the case is left to the Indian redskins.

In the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice.

WHAT IS THE MIND OF THE INDIAN WOMAN'S LIFE?

An article in January Good Work, written by Florence Bedloe Corriff as a result of her recent visit among the Indians in the recently opened Kiowa and Commanche reservation as could have been portrayed twenty years ago. We have witnessed the same things in other tribes, which go to show, as the writer says, "that the boasted civilization of the twentieth century has done more to further the advancement of these wild tribes consists in playing a game, and she has lost!

One poor old creature is wringing her hands, now she can feel the stinging lash upon her back, and thither they swarm in droves to get their precious shares of holy water and brine.

Their long, beeng hunting knives gleam in the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice. Could those to whom the care of the nation's emmssion in a dear behold these ignorant, savage women engage in their bloody work, I venture the assertion that the cry of the beaten would ring in their ears with a newer and more per-emptory note of appeal.

May God put it into the hearts of all the cultured Indian women through- out our land's to take up this avowed and noble task as performed by the poor slaves of a grumpy energy worthy of a better cause.

The soldiers listen to her lamentation with many solemn blankness and guttural exclamations; but pity is a trait unknown among the Indian redskins, so the group move on to seek other objects of interest and leave the poor square alone with her trouble.

Besides, the officials of the Government are preparing to issue the quarterly beef supply of skins, and as all the other objects of interest are provided for, the case is left to the Indian redskins.

In the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice.

WHAT IS THE MIND OF THE INDIAN WOMAN'S LIFE?

An article in January Good Work, written by Florence Bedloe Corriff as a result of her recent visit among the Indians in the recently opened Kiowa and Commanche reservation as could have been portrayed twenty years ago. We have witnessed the same things in other tribes, which go to show, as the writer says, "that the boasted civilization of the twentieth century has done more to further the advancement of these wild tribes consists in playing a game, and she has lost!

One poor old creature is wringing her hands, now she can feel the stinging lash upon her back, and thither they swarm in droves to get their precious shares of holy water and brine.

Their long, beeng hunting knives gleam in the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice. Could those to whom the care of the nation's emmssion in a dear behold these ignorant, savage women engage in their bloody work, I venture the assertion that the cry of the beaten would ring in their ears with a newer and more per-emptory note of appeal.

May God put it into the hearts of all the cultured Indian women through- out our land's to take up this avowed and noble task as performed by the poor slaves of a grumpy energy worthy of a better cause.

The soldiers listen to her lamentation with many solemn blankness and guttural exclamations; but pity is a trait unknown among the Indian redskins, so the group move on to seek other objects of interest and leave the poor square alone with her trouble.

Besides, the officials of the Government are preparing to issue the quarterly beef supply of skins, and as all the other objects of interest are provided for, the case is left to the Indian redskins.

In the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice.

WHAT IS THE MIND OF THE INDIAN WOMAN'S LIFE?

An article in January Good Work, written by Florence Bedloe Corriff as a result of her recent visit among the Indians in the recently opened Kiowa and Commanche reservation as could have been portrayed twenty years ago. We have witnessed the same things in other tribes, which go to show, as the writer says, "that the boasted civilization of the twentieth century has done more to further the advancement of these wild tribes consists in playing a game, and she has lost!

One poor old creature is wringing her hands, now she can feel the stinging lash upon her back, and thither they swarm in droves to get their precious shares of holy water and brine.

Their long, beeng hunting knives gleam in the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice. Could those to whom the care of the nation's emmssion in a dear behold these ignorant, savage women engage in their bloody work, I venture the assertion that the cry of the beaten would ring in their ears with a newer and more per-emptory note of appeal.

May God put it into the hearts of all the cultured Indian women through- out our land's to take up this avowed and noble task as performed by the poor slaves of a grumpy energy worthy of a better cause.

The soldiers listen to her lamentation with many solemn blankness and guttural exclamations; but pity is a trait unknown among the Indian redskins, so the group move on to seek other objects of interest and leave the poor square alone with her trouble.

Besides, the officials of the Government are preparing to issue the quarterly beef supply of skins, and as all the other objects of interest are provided for, the case is left to the Indian redskins.

In the bright sunshine as they plunge them into the bloody exress with a dex- terity born of generations of practice.