

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
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WILL IT INTEREST THE AMERICAN INDIAN?

The following letter is self explanatory:
RED MAN & HELPER,
CARLISLE, PENNA.

In reading your paper I have many times wondered why you do not put in each issue some fine bit of heroic literature from one and another of the old primitive peoples—our own ancestors, the Finns, the Germans, the Persians, the East Indians, etc., such imitations as Wm. Norris of our old German and English ancestors, Longfellow of Indian legends and folk lore, etc., a picture from Homer in, say, Bryant's translations, though now days the current is set in favor of prose translations.

There are heroic recitals in the Bible also. In time some would learn to appreciate Browning's Saul:

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste.
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor a sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joy of living! The leaping from rock up to rock.

And the sleep in the dried river channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.

While a true picture of Palestine also a reminder of a dry aroya (arroyo)

The iteration of the Finnish reminds one of Hebrew poetical forms. Is repetition a poetic form with all people at a stage of mental development? We have alliteration cherished in our verse to-day.

Then arose Old Wainamoinen
With his feet upon the island
On the island washed by ocean.
Broad expanse devoid of verdure;
There remained he many summers.
There he lived as many winters.
On the island vast and vacant.
Well considered, long reflected,
Who for him should sow the island.
Who for him the seeds should scatter, etc.
[Creation. . . the dry earth.

When Longfellow heard in Northern Europe these measures he chose them for the songs he had to sing of the Dakotas.

The old Persian lived a life familiar to that just now ceasing on our own plain of horse, and spear, and bow, and lasso, and flint,

And sire and son provoke each other's fate;

And vengeance sleeps not, dies not, with the dead.

All nature fades.
bud and citron ripe and perish all.
And now a tale of sorrow must be told,
A tale of tears,
And thus remembered.

With dawn of day,
Rustum arose and wandering took his way,
Armed for the chase,

He urged his matchless steed through glen and wood,

Flushed with the noble game that met his view,
He starts the wild ass o'er the glistening dew;
And oft exulting sees his quivering dart
Plunge through the glossy skin and pierce the heart
Of sport now tired he seeks the gentle shade,

And with his arrow's point a fire he raised.

He quelled his hunger

Then gentle sleep composed his limbs to rest.
Meanwhile his horse

Ranged o'er the plain
When lo,

a band of horsemen saw,
And round his neck the noose entangling flung
Now all in vain he spurns the smoking ground.

They bear him off.

When Rustum woke he missed his favorite horse,

The tract he hailed and following, onward prest.

I've traced his footsteps to your royal town,
if not from fetter freed
My vengeance shall o'er take the felon deed.
If still within the limits of my reign

The ready herald by the king's command
Convened the chiefs and warriors of the land.

And China wine cups glittered on the board

The dulcet draughts o'er Rustum's senses stole,

A couch was spread well worthy such a guest.

In deep sound sleep the wearied champion lay.

When forth Tahmineh came,

Rustum surprised,
Asked what lovely stranger broke his rest.

With pity hear, Tahmineh is my name.
No curious eye has yet these features seen.

How often have I listened with amaze
To thy great deeds, enamoured of thy praise.

Rakush again to thee shall be restored
And Rustum's heart beat joyous in his breast.

And Rakush safe, by him still valued most:
He called her near

O'er joyed the king the honored suit approves.

the champion
Then mounts, and leaving sire and wife behind.

A wondrous boy Tahmineh's tears suppress.

Broad at the chest and taper round the loins

Hunter and wrestler and so great his speed,
He could o'ertake and hold the swiftest steed

When one recalls that this was written nearly 1000 years ago in a distant land and yet depicts a life familiar to a generation now passing, who were familiar with our own plain life, it seems to me that it gives Indian life another and a truer setting.

Not something stranger and different in kind, but what the white man was at another stage—what each race has been at a certain stage—the argument would naturally be that he had changed and made his conditions of life easier, and as he had done and for the same reason the Indian should do.

Literature and travel are civilizers—it is easy to travel by literature, and with it one can get to scenes that have passed away—see life at its most striking periods.

The old Persian story from which I have quoted most at length was before me when I read the RED MAN & HELPER, and the thought came Why would it not interest the American Indian when it had already pleased many generations of our own people from the days that they too were tent dwellers.

L. TAYLOR.

WATER SUPPLY FOR INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

F. H. Newell, Hydrographer United States Geological Survey Washington, D. C. had this to say in part before the Mohonk Conference last Fall, on the important subject now engaging the attention of Indian workers and the people for whose best interests they are laboring:

The visitor to the arid region expects to find that the Government, in its wise provision for the needs of the Indians, has acquired a most thorough knowledge

of the physical conditions, and has built ideal systems founded upon such knowledge. To his surprise, however, he learns upon visiting the Indian reservations that not only have the Indians been crowded back upon the more arid and less accessible spots, but little or no attention has been paid to providing a permanent water supply for the cultivation of their fields. The traveler learns with amazement that thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in educating the Indians, and in trying to make them int. farmers or stock raisers; while on the other hand, the element of success, the necessary water supply, has been neglected, and even the settled Indians, those who have cultivated their lands by irrigation from time immemorial, have been gradually deprived of the use of their ditches.

It is true that considerable sums have been spent in one way or another for irrigating the lands of the Indians, but from casual inspection it will appear that a very small proportion of this money has given any permanent return. Possibly as high as twenty-five per cent of the investment has been of use. Ditches built at large cost have been washed out because of their excessive slope, expensive head works and flumes have been neglected, and pumping plants have dropped into the river. On nearly all sides are evidences of hasty and costly work and imperfect results.

It is not desirable to dwell upon these facts except for the purpose of emphasizing the need of better things. The point to be noted is, that the greater part of the money expended in procuring water supply for agriculture has been wasted. This is not enunciated as a reflection upon any one man, but is an illustration of the fact that under a too highly organized administration every man may perform his function and yet the results be nearly useless. The blame can be safely laid on the "system," as this is an impersonal thing.

The "system" which is responsible for such deplorable conditions is very difficult of description even by one who has had much to do with its workings, and any attempt to characterize it in a few words may fall short of the truth, or be construed as an attack upon individuals. The results are bad not merely in the waste of money which has ensued, but in the effect upon the property of the Indians. It has resulted that small ditches have been built along some streams, and the Indians settled in severalty upon the bottoms. When the remainder of the reservation has been thrown up, the white man, using his better judgment, has taken out a larger canal heading above the Indians, and covering the benches or terraces where the best lands lie. The seepage water from these upper lands working gradually toward the river ultimately sub-irrigates, and finally destroys the lower farms, by making them marshy or bringing up the alkali. In the course of a few years it is seen that the Indians have retained not only the poorest land of their former reservation, but are in a position to be deprived of their water supply. The upper high-line canal might as easily have been built for the Indians, and probably at less expense than the multitude of little ditches on the bottom lands, and the Indians' farms would have had a permanent value.

There is another phase of the subject. Some Indian reservations, though arid, include bodies of land which with water have great value. It is possible by laying out systems of canals, or even by in-

dicating where they should run, that the land can be made to have a value several times as great as that where treated with neglect. If the Indians are considered as owning these lands, and the Government as acting as trustee, it is certainly a breach of trust not to give these lands their greatest value. By dividing them regardless of the water supply, they may have a value of a thousand dollars; but by considering the source of water, and making plans for irrigation, they may be easily worth one hundred thousand.

It has been urged by the advocates of the present system that well-built irrigation works are not needed; that the Indian is not far enough advanced to make proper use of the water, and that, therefore, temporary makeshifts in the matter of a water supply are desirable. This theory is not held, however, in the matter of other improvements, as the Indian is often provided with the latest and best forms of tools and agricultural implements, although he abuses them. In the case of a water supply results are disastrous, in that when temporary expedients are once adopted they become fastened upon the country. Unless efficient systems of irrigation, such as those needed by the white man, are provided, the Indian cannot be expected to make progress as a farmer.

While it is easy to point out the faults and errors of the present system it is difficult to outline some better method without violating cherished traditions. The first thought is to outline a system such that efficiency will be insured by following certain prescribed rules and regulations. If this is done, the question arises, Will not the office degenerate into conditions as bad as those now existing? The more rules and regulations, especially those laid down upon theoretical lines, the more easy it is to waste and fritter away opportunities and accomplish nothing. The bureaus of the Government which are efficient and economical are those having the fewest regulations and in which the responsible chiefs do not hesitate to break an office rule where common sense dictates that prompt or effective action should be taken. In other words, discretion must be vested in such a way that men are held responsible for results rather than for adherence to red tape.

Improvement can be had by following the lines laid down by the experience of great corporations, such as the railroads of the country. In these the chief engineer, for example, is held responsible for certain results, but he is not hampered by clerks in other bureaus reviewing the methods by which these results are accomplished. He is not compelled to go to the general manager of the road for authority to purchase bolts for his bridges, nor does he have his requisitions held up because some clerk in the general manager's office thinks that the bolts should be larger or smaller.

To introduce any reform we must abandon entirely the bureaucratic idea of putting minute checks upon every man, and making the head of the department responsible for each petty detail.

Economy and efficiency cannot be promoted by enacting mere rules and regulations, but by imposing responsibility and giving discretionary action to a competent head of a corps of engineers.

There are now so many checks that spontaneous activity is crushed and attention given so closely to minor matters of detail that the object of the work itself is overlooked.

Better conditions must come, if at all, through the larger comprehension of the object, and the placing of responsibility for results, rather than for executing petty and vexatious instructions. If this lodging of discretion in the hands of a competent engineer is impossible then we can look for no improvement over present methods.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.

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Done by Indian Apprentices.

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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

The next issue, of the REDMAN AND HELPER, (No. 37) will contain information regarding the school that every one interested in our work wants at tongue's end. The following issue (No. 38) will be the COMMENCEMENT NUMBER. Both will be good numbers to send to friends. The Commencement Number will contain the only official account of Commencement week, and will have the class picture. We have ordered a better grade of paper for the Commencement edition, so as to make a good print of the picture. Do you want the Commencement Number? Please order in time? Single copy three cents. Two copies, five cents. FIVE copies, ten cents. Do you also want extra copies of NEXT WEEK'S to go along with the Commencement number? The two issues will tell it all. Terms for No. 37 the same as for the Commencement Number. All who renew or subscribe at regular price—twenty-five cents a year, may on request begin their subscription with No. 37. We will print extra copies of both issues to supply the demand.

News from the Creeks.

In a letter of regrets at not being able to attend our Commencement exercises, Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, the veteran missionary of the Creek Indians, gives some interesting items regarding a few of our old students and of the others. She says of Miss Alice, her daughter, who for a time was connected with the clerical force of our school:

You can imagine she is having a very busy year, as United States Supervisor of the Creek Schools comprising nearly sixty Day Schools and ten Boarding Schools. She left for Eufaula before I was up this morning.

Eliza Bell that was, is having an experience with small-pox in the family. So far as I hear of she is an honor to her teachers. I guess Samuel Checote is the best among those of the boys who went to Carlisle.

Robert Stewart proved good help to my daughter Alice at Council last Fall.

Cornelius Carr died suddenly a few months ago, of Erysipelas.

Rachel Checote is married and is now teaching, if plans were carried out.

Lizzie Moore, after two or three years of successful work as matron in the Wealako Boarding School, was married some months ago to Ferdinand Kelly, a "half-breed" as highly esteemed as herself.

He was always highly esteemed, and for some time I have hoped he was a Christian, although he had not united with the Church.

THE TRIP TO WASHINGTON,

It was an early start—half past two in the morning, but once up and ready all was fun and good nature for the first half hour; then naps for the remainder of the way, and we were ready to see and do when we reached the Capital City.

Flags and bunting fluttered in the breeze and waved on every side. Patriotism was not bounded by the line of march laid down for the parade, but bloomed in red, white and blue on every street, with here and there the color of some other nation, showing that the owner still loved his own, though loyal to ours.

Some of us saw a little of the buildings we had heard so much about—the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institute, and the magnificent Congressional Library, which was so far beyond what we had been able to picture to ourselves.

We were proud when told that an Indian had paid the highest tribute to the building. He was stricken with awe and reverently asked:

"Is it the work of man?"

By ten o'clock a great crowd had gathered before the Capitol. It grew and increased—a good natured American crowd—one eye upon the crimson velvet carpet spread from the great doors down to the foot of the many steps, to the pavilion erected for the President, where he should take his oath of office and make his address; the other eye in the mean time content to measure its neighbor, for the people had come from perhaps every State in the Union.

Army blue was plentifully sprinkled among the civilian suits, dashes of yellow and red marking cavalry and artillery.

Until one o'clock the unwearied throng waited, and at last, Mr. McKinley, followed by the Vice-President and Chief Justice Fuller, appeared and was greeted by a swelling roar of enthusiastic shouts and cheers.

Clouds had gathered slowly, and just at this time, the occasional spatters of rain came down in a solid pour, and many hurried off to the seats or windows they had engaged days before, while thousands surged up and down the streets, with or without umbrellas as the case might be, but ever cheerful and bent on seeing the parade "though the skies should fall."

On one of the gigantic stands that had sprung up as by magic on Pennsylvania avenue, from a comfortable seat under cover, we watched the surging masses until the parade began to pass.

The McKinley of to-day was the same dignified, quiet man with the McKinley of yesterday, and smiled and bowed as if he meant the pleasure he seemed to express.

As for Mr. Roosevelt, although he has consented to put on the extinguisher of Vice-Presidency, his light has not gone out, and the people along the route still looked upon him as "Our Teddy."

General Miles and Admiral Dewey received an ovation which was nearly equalled away down the line when General Joe Wheeler appeared.

It began to dawn upon us, as two and three hours passed by, that even thirty-five thousand soldiers are a great many men, and to send wondering thoughts of what a great battle must be like, with these interminable numbers multiplied by two, three and four.

It is impossible to speak of all the companies who marched well or of some who marched ill, or of the striking forces of political clubs or the always thrilling ranks of cadets so full of promise for the future.

Of these last we saw with pride the flutter of handkerchiefs and flags and heard the applause that greeted the Carlisle Indian boys. In spite of their place so far towards the end of the procession and the chilling air which succeeded the showers of early afternoon, the appearance of our boys stirred much enthusiasm in windows and upon balconies, on the grandstands and behind the ropes on the walks.

The parade over, our day in Washington was done. The walk to the station in the gathering dusk gave a glimpse of the

beautiful electrical illuminations which vied with the flags in color and graceful arrangement, and as our train sped away, we disposed ourselves as comfortably as possible to dream of the Ball, with its flowers and lights, and of the concerts to follow in a day-and-a-half of sweet sounds.

There were some tired brains and bodies after it all, but who shall say we are not the better for coming in touch with the nation's heart?

We must think of it, after, as less of a machine and more of a people,
JESSIE W. COOK.

A Musical Treat.

During the past week, Miss Seuseney has given her classes in vocal music, talks upon the life and works of Ethelbert Nevin, one of America's best known composers, who died suddenly a short time ago. On Thursday afternoon and Friday morning these talks were illustrated before the student body at the opening exercises of school, by a musical program.

Misses Seuseney and Moore played a duet—"Country Dance," representing a melody sung by European peasants, and the sound of their wooden shoes as they kept time to the rhythm of the music. This was much enjoyed.

Miss Seuseney then sang in sweet voice a tender little song called, "Oh, That we Two were Maying," the melody of which was written by Nevin when he was a boy of thirteen, as he sauntered home from school, slowly reading Kingsley's pathetic lines. He finished the accompaniment to the song when he had grown to manhood, and it has been sung by most concert singers during the past few years.

Miss Moore followed this with two exquisite instrumental selections from his book of Venetian Sketches, the "Love Song" and "Gondolier's Song."

Miss Richenda Pratt favored the audience with "One Spring Morning" and as an encore sang the little "Goodnight Song," taken by Nevin from Robert Louis Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses. These were greatly enjoyed as also was the last number on the program played so sympathetically by Miss Hill. This was Narcissus, perhaps the best known of all of Nevin's compositions.

On the large blackboard, back of the piano the word "Nevin" was written, surrounded by a wreath of his favorite flower—the little Spring blossom, Narcissus, placed there by Miss Forster's deft fingers.

This closed the program, and so the first of a series of Recitals was given, by doing honor to one who will ever be held in tender memory, as the maker of sweet melodies.

The Girls' Society was visited by the gentlemen of the out-going class, and a few others. They rendered a very pleasing program, and there were addresses from the visitors which added to the pleasure of the evening. The few moments most enjoyed, however, were those at the very close when the chairs were moved back out of the way and a stand-up sociable was the order. No time was lost in the mixing of the company, while tongues chattered and merry laughter filled the room.

Mrs. Pratt gave the annual reception to the graduating class on Wednesday night. A few others were invited. Post-office, Silhouettes, Graphophone, music, chit-chat and refreshments made up the evening. The only thing to mar the occasion was the absence of the Colonel, whose name was often mentioned. The company dispersed at a good hour, and another red-letter evening has been recorded in the book of memory of all who participated.

Your friend is not very much interested in the work of Indian education? Send him a Commencement Number! Send ten copies to ten different friends and let them see what is being done by the Government for the uprising Indian. See terms elsewhere.

ATHLETICS.

Basketball will be started after Commencement, and it is hoped that all football men and those who want to play next Fall will take an interest in basketball, as it is good football training.

The football schedule is nearly arranged for next Fall, and it will be an easier schedule than last year. There will be more good practice games early in the season, and the hard games will come further apart.

As soon as the weather permits, the track on the field will be put in shape so that the relay and track candidates can begin work. The track will be given a new layer of cinders and smoothed up, and should be one of the best tracks in the country.

Base-ball practice does not take place very regularly now, but most of its candidates get in a little practice every day, and they are improving. More regular and systematic work will be done after next week.

WHY SAVE MONEY?

"What do you want to save your money for?" asked one of our students of his instructor, who was trying to teach the lesson of saving. "You can't take your money with you when you die," he continued.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thought the reply of the teacher was a good one for all who might have the same thought as the boy.

The teacher replied:

"That is the trouble. If we could die early in life, there would be no need of saving, but I am afraid I shall live. If I live I do not want to be dependent on anybody, and I don't want to go to the poor house. If I save some of my earnings now and invest them well, I will have enough to keep me from suffering.

If your earnings are but five cents a day, two and a half cents of that should be saved.

Put the pennies one side until enough are accumulated to invest in a way that they will grow.

The young person who spends ALL and more too, will always be a cringing dependent. And of what good is he to the world?

Somebody will have to carry him, and how humiliating it is to have to be carried!

How much to be pitied is the man of thirty-one or more who has not money enough to carry himself! One of the worst failings a person can have is to be willing to LEAN on somebody for support.

It may be the Government one leans on, or a friend.

Those who are working for the Government or for their education, as our students are doing, are not leaners in any sense. Each employee is working at his legitimate trade or calling. If they were not working for the Government they would be working for some one, so the workers are not leaners.

The Commoner, Wm. J. Bryan's famous paper published at Lincoln, Nebraska, has found its way to our exchange table after our solicitation. Those students who patronize the reading room tables find papers representing almost every kind of religion and politics. We believe in throwing open all the doors and inviting investigation along all progressive lines of study.

Our neighbor up the valley—The Industrial School News, published at the Scotland Orphan Asylum, suffered by fire one day last week. One of the principal buildings of the school, the Mechanical building, was destroyed. The News saved only its mailing list. They are preparing to build as soon as possible.

Mr. Dean, a graduate of Harvard University visited the school last week, the guest of Mr. Warner. He is interested in educational work and is making a tour of the country before commencing to teach.

Man-on-the-band-stand's Corner.

An apple a day

Sends the doctor away.

Tuesday night was the coldest of the season.

Mr. Standing is in Washington for a day on business.

The class picture photographed by Mr. Choate is a good one.

There will be no lecture before the Literary Societies this year, as formerly.

In this year's graduating class, six of the members are brothers and sisters.

These things that tune our courage higher: Good rest, good food, good cheer, good fire.

Wednesday was the coldest day, and we did not like it, for we were expecting Spring.

Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Charles Craighead, of Craighead, lunched with Miss Paull on Monday.

Robert McArthur has returned to Carlisle, and has his old place in the Band as Bassoon player.

For Commencement Number—Single copy three cents; two copies, five cents; five copies, ten cents.

Mr. Elmer Sherbin, an old school-mate of Mr. Elmer Simon, was his guest on Sunday. Mr. Sherbine is now a law student.

George Ferris has returned to the printing office after being out with the sore hand made by an accident at the press, a few weeks ago.

When we looked out at peep of day on Tuesday morning "the beautiful" had covered mother earth again, and everything was spotless white.

The Crows found their breakfast covered by snow on Tuesday morning, and they went cawing around from tree to tree in quest for something to eat.

Next week's issue should be ordered with the Commencement Number, as it will contain information pertaining to just what is always asked about the school.

Where did that oriole go, poor thing, in the snow storm? Its sweet notes on Monday were heard, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thought Spring had come. But, alas!

Of the Carlisle evening papers the volunteer was ahead of the Herald and Sentinel in their Inaugural Parade news. The Man-on-the-band-stand likes business enterprise.

The trusses for the Commencement platform, which will be erected on Wednesday after the gymnastic exercises, are already piled in the alley way at the south of the gymnasium.

Miss Eunice Peter, of Chicago, sister to our Miss Peter, is the Commencement guest of the latter. The two attended the inaugural parade, visiting relatives in Washington at the same time.

Miss Forster's King's Daughters' Circle and Miss Bowersox's Bible Band had a joint social meeting on Tuesday evening after study hour. It was the last meeting for a number of the Senior girls.

Those doughnuts that John Bakeless carried in a little basket to some friends on the grounds, so satisfied the tasters of the eaters that they could but wish his name had been bake more, instead of Bakeless.

Hon. Charles F. Heselbarth and daughter, and friends, of Pittsburg, were among the callers on Wednesday. Hon. Heselbarth is the representative from the 8th Legislative District, Allegheny County, to the State Legislature.

Mr. William Elmer, of Carlisle, graduate of the Royal German Conservatory of Art who frescoed our Assembly Hall so beautifully some two years since, has now painted an Indian head on the head of the new bass-drum. That the painting is the work of a master artist, every one can see. The portrait is of Chief Wolfrobe of the Cheyennes, and is a striking picture of a typical Indian.

George Muscoe, class 1900, is still at Parkersburg, West Virginia.

Mrs. Anson Low and daughter, of Ellensburg, Washington, visited the school this week.

Professor Bakeless gave a very earnest talk last Saturday night, a part of which with the poem he read, will be given in a future number.

What is the difference between the robins in Oregon and those of Pennsylvania? The latter are troubled with too many b's, according to the Chemawa American.

Tonight, Mr. Beitzel and Mr. Thompson will visit the Invincibles, Miss Burgess and Miss Carter, the Standards, Miss Robbins and Miss Jones, the Susans.

Mr. Richard Bentley, Agent for the Kickapoo Indians, stopped off on his way West from Washington. He was much pleased with the great improvement of the Kickapoo children. He took John Mohawk home with him.

Miss Cutter speaks with pride of the present graduating class, there not having been one in the class the whole year through, who had to be disciplined. A word to the wise was sufficient, and they have been an earnest, faithful set of students.

Sarah Kirk, Kickapoo, died of quick consumption on Tuesday, and was interred in the school burying ground. The death of a school-mate casts a gloom over our little community. Sarah was an agreeable girl, and one beloved by many who mourn her loss.

Printers, Healy Wolfe, Thomas Griffin, and Eugene Tibbetts will be the authorized agents for the RED MAN & HELPER, Commencement week, to take orders for Numbers 37 and 38, and to take regular subscriptions. Order through them, or at the desk in the printing office or by letter.

The Band gave the following selections on Saturday night before and after Professor Bakeless' remarks:

1. Fra Diavolo, (Overture). Encore—Toreador's Song—Carmen. 2. "Providence"—Sacred. Encore—Quartet from "Rigoletto", Verdi. 3. Aubade—Masset.

Order the Commencement Number in time. No. 37, the issue of the week before, also is a good number to order with it, as it will answer many questions about the school, while the Commencement number will give all the Commencement news—the only official account. For terms see elsewhere.

Valuable information may be gained by reading the address of F. N. Newell on the "Water Supply for the Indian Reservations," first page. The article gives the situation in the briefest form we have seen, and those wishing an intelligent view of this comprehensive subject will read the views of Hydrographer Newell, of the United States Geological Survey.

Have you noticed that the Pueblo girls and young women are the straightest students we have? The Man-on-the-band-stand accounts for it in that they are accustomed in their home life to carrying water jars on their heads. If you want to grow erect, try carrying on the head a few minutes each day, a book of some weight. It is an excellent thing to do. Heads up and shoulders back, and we shall not be half so likely to get that dread disease—consumption. The stoopy fellows and girls are the ones who catch the "ingrowing cough."

The next issue of our paper will answer many questions about the school that all should know how to answer. Extra copies may be had at the rate of single copies three cents, two copies five cents and five copies for a dime. COMMENCEMENT NUMBER. Number 38, the week following, will be the Commencement Number, which will contain the names of visitors from a distance, the graduating essays, speeches of distinguished visitors, and the class picture. Do you wish extra copies of COMMENCEMENT NUMBER? Terms the same as for next week's edition. The two weeks, Nos. 37 and 38, will tell it all, and should go together. One of each edition five cents for the two. Order soon. Postage stamps acceptable.

The class 1903 gave a formal entertainment in the girls' society room on Wednesday night, program comprising music, orations, declamations and class prophecy. Every one who took part did his best, and the several numbers were well carried out.

Col. Pratt, who is in the Army and Navy Hospital, Arkansas, writes that the severe pain from which he has suffered this winter has about left him, but he is now feeling very weak, which is the usual experience at the end of the first two week's treatment. From now on he is encouraged to expect that he will realize the benefits of the hot baths.

Mr. Standing, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. Walter, Miss Dutton, Robbings and Peter took advantage of the chance to go to see the Inaugural Parade on the 4th, and claim to have had the best kind of a time. Some went a day or two in advance. Mrs. Cook stopped with Mrs. Butler. They saw a number of old Carlisle's, who sent greetings to their former co-workers.

The Commencement order of exercises are these:

WEDNESDAY 12:30 to 1:30 P. M., outdoor Band Concert.

1:30 to 4:30 P. M., Gymnastics, Drill, inspection of Industries.

7:30 P. M. Addresses and Music.

THURSDAY, 9 to 11 A. M. Inspection of Schools.

Commencement Exercises, at 2 P. M.

The story of the ant experience written by one of our pupils and printed elsewhere has in it a useful lesson. Destroy the ant hill a thousand times and its tiny inhabitants will yet promptly begin its rebuilding. So, while a grain of strength remains to us we should labor on toward our betterment, proving ourselves more persevering than the ant, says the Sunday School Times.

Who should step in Sunday night but Mr. Charles Dagenett, of Indian Territory. He had come from Washington, and went back with the parading party the same night. Yesterday he came again, on his way west. He has the appointment of issue clerk at Ft. Apache, Arizona, and will go there shortly. He is looking remarkably well, and says that his wife, Esther, is also very well.

The Washington paraders are to be complimented on the quietness of their return on Tuesday morning about two o'clock. There were those in their rooms along the line of March from the entrance gate to quarters, who never knew of the arrival of the host, until looking out at dawn of day saw the tracks that none but a young army could have made in the snow, which assured them of the safe arrival of the party. Mr. Thompson was in charge.

The Porto Rican's enjoy good coffee, but no one here can make quite as good coffee as they can for themselves. Packages of the grain have been sent them by friends, and it is considered quite a compliment to be invited to take a small drink of the black beverage. Our coffee to them must be very much like the woman who made it so weak for her boarders that it had to be set on a chair to rest. Still, we are not complaining, for the nerves of coffee drinkers suffer, and we do not want to become a nervous race.

The inaugural parade marchers were a sleepy lot of young men on Tuesday. But they worked away like good fellows—a little more quiet perhaps, than usual, but uncomplainingly did they perform their duties. It was more difficult for some to keep awake in school than in any other place. Monday was a long day. The battalion breakfasted at two o'clock in the morning and took the train at 2:30. They returned at 2:30 the next morning. They "soldiered it" somewhat on the train, sleeping in uncomfortable positions, but some have not learned how to "soldier." It was Napoleon who could sleep even when the enemy was approaching. It is recorded that upon one occasion he asked how long before the enemy would reach his line. "Twenty minutes," was the reply. "Then I will sleep twenty minutes," said he, and he did. Self-mastery is what is needed to keep in good condition through hard trials.

SENIOR CLASS, 1901.

John C. Baine, Sioux, N. D., Frank L. Beaver, Winnebago, Neb., Samuel J. Brown, Sioux, Minn., Henrietta Coates, Oneida, N. Y., Elnora Denny, Seneca, I. T., George W. Elmer, Clallam, Calif., Alberta L. Gansworth, Tuscarora, N. Y., Willard N. Gansworth, Tuscarora, N. Y., Anna Goyitney, Pueblo, N. M., Julia A. Johnson, Osage, Okla. Terr., James E. Johnson, Stockbridge, Wis., Pearl L. LaChapelle, Sioux, Minn., Joseph A. LaChapelle, Sioux, Minn., Donald McIntosh, Apache, Ariz., Estelle L. Mishler, Chipewewa, Wis., Myron M. Moses, Seneca, N. Y., Edwin L. Moore, Saxe & Fox, Okla. Terr., Augusta M. Nash, Winnebago, Neb., Herman A. Niles, Stockbridge, Wis., Anna M. Parnell, Nez Perces, Idaho, Jesse G. Palmer, Sioux, N. D., Mattie E. Palmer, Stockbridge, Wis., Simon E. Parker, Cayuga, N. Y., Nellie H. Peters, Stockbridge, Wis., Alice E. Powlas, Oneida, Wis., John C. Powlas, Oneida, Wis., Arthur W. Pratt, Sioux, S. D., Edgar H. Rickard, Tuscarora, N. Y., Edwin A. Smith, Clallam, Wash., Alonzo Spiechle, Apache, Ariz., Ella Swallow, Caddo, Okla., Ida Swallow, Sioux, S. D., Antonio Tapia, Pueblo, N. M., Wingate Temple, Klamath, Calif., Luzenia E. Tibbetts, Chipewewa, Minn., Eugene J. Warren, Chipewewa, Minn., Jennie D. Warren, Coos, Oregon., Edward J. Willing, Clallam, Wash.

Mr. Odell's Class.

The students of the different class rooms sometimes take it upon themselves, with permission of the teacher, to get up entertainments of a literary nature. What was said to be one of the best of this series of entertainments was given during the study hour period one evening last week by Mr. Odell's class.

The school adjourned to the Assembly Hall, where was found a platform tastefully decorated for the occasion, with flowers and two battle-ships carved by Walter Bigfire.

A few guests were invited in, and the program was carried out with promptness.

The girls' quartette sang by Minnie Nick, Polly Tutikoff, Lydia Wheelock and Frances Hultiford, Lydia Wheelock and Frances Hultiford was a surprise to some of the musical critics present, their voices blending sweetly.

Nellie Lillard displayed elocutionary powers that were more than surprising. She rendered a selection at the beginning of which the act was to call to memory some past event, and she did it so naturally that some thought she really had forgotten, which is the highest compliment that could be paid her. There were dialogues and music all of excellent merit, and the entire program was gotten up by the pupils themselves, which reflects credit upon their ability and scholastic training.

Because one knows the principles of adding and subtracting, multiplying and dividing is no reason he can perform accurately the simplest work in abstract numbers. It is astonishing how some of the boys and girls of the highest departments blunder in the simplest number work. "Oh I can do THAT?" But come to find out the one who thinks he could do it is the very one to make the most imbecile blunder. Satisfied with "any old answer?" The students who are not careful to always get the right results in their easy problems are the ones who are going to find it hard when they leave school to get employment where accurate work is demanded. There is no better time nor place for us to practice accuracy than just now and just here, in our school and shop work.

On Monday after noon a party was given by Misses Louisa Rogers and Violetta Nash in honor of Miss Augusta Bowersox. The invited guests were Misses Bowersox, Amy Dolphus, Pearl LaChapelle, Pliga Nash, Florence Welch, Abbie Dextator and Mrs. Bakeless. The afternoon was spent in playing games. Supper was served in a most dainty style. A beautiful vase was presented to Miss A. Nash. The young ladies were not sorry that they stayed home from the Washington trip for they had such a delightful time.

BISHOP WHIPPLE'S STORIES OF THE INDIANS NEVER GROW OLD.

His "Life Story" abounds in anecdotes of the most amusing kind. The account given of all tribes with which the Bishop came in contact shows them to be most amenable to reason, but far more susceptible to kindly influences.

The Indians, to whom we are likely to deny any sense of humor, have a keen knowledge and love for fun.

One agent who was sent out to them was a Colonel in the militia when he was at home, and he thought he would take advantage of the fact.

So he arrayed himself in his full regimentals and called a grand council of braves.

When all were assembled he arose and informed them that one reason why the great father had been put to so much trouble by his red children in days gone by was because there had been sent to warriors men of peace, who shuddered at the sound of war.

So the great father, who knew his business, had said:

"I will send this man, who is a great warrior, to my red children, who are warriors, and they will hear his words."

He sat down, much impressed with his own speech.

An old chief followed.

Looking the colonel of militia over, from head to foot, he remarked, simply:

"Since I was a small boy I have heard that the white men had great warriors. I have always wanted to see one. I have looked upon one, and now I am ready to die."

Even Keener

was the reasoning of Wabasha, a chief whom the Bishop chided for taking part in a scalp dance. He listened patiently, then said:

"White man go to war with his own brother; kills more men than Wabasha can count all his life. Great Spirit look down and says:

'Good white man; he has my book; I have good home for him by and by.'

Dakota has no Great Spirit's book; He goes to war, kills one man, has a foolish scalp dance. Great Spirit very angry. Wabasha dosen't believe it."

Of the Same Sort

is an account of Capt. Jack, the chief of the Modocs, who gave the country a bad quarter of an hour and was executed for it.

A clergyman waited upon the tough old chieftain to offer consolation.

He ended up a long exhortation by saying:

"And if you repent of your wickedness in fighting good white men the Great Spirit will permit you to go to Heaven."

With all the politeness in the world Capt. Jack inquired:

"Do you think you will go to that place?"

"Certainly," said the minister; "If I should die to-day I would be there before night."

Quick as a flash came the answer: "If you will take my place and be hanged to-morrow I will give you forty ponies."

The offer was not taken, and the clergyman sought Heaven by a less direct route.

DRINK DID IT ALL.

All who followed in the newspapers the accounts of the Bosschietter case, telling of a young girl in Paterson, N. J. who was murdered by four men, cannot fail to read a temperance sermon in the dreadful story.

The poor girl who was murdered, lies in her grave.

In a worse grave—a living grave, the State's prison, the four men who committed the horrible crime are behind the bars of justice, and are sentenced to remain there at hard labor for many years.

In their prison life the men will be deprived of alcohol, three of them for twenty years, one of them for ten years.

Temperance will be forced upon them.

Had they chosen a temperate life of their own accord, not one of them would have known prison life.

The crime would not have been committed.

Drink made murderers of these four men.

And, sad as it is to say, drink was the indirect cause of the unhappy young woman's death.

The poison that killed her was in one of the drinks accepted at the invitation of her murderers.

Drink made the four men murderers and drink made the woman a victim.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH ANTS.

The nest was on a large board about two feet by four, or some smaller. The board must have been there for some time, as it was covered with earth about six inches deep.

On this was the nest or mound of the ants. While I was looking at it a thought came to me to have some fun or at least to learn a little about the ants.

So I raised the board very slowly on one end so as not to have the dirt slip off and placed it on a block. When both ends were up on the blocks, I scraped away the grass and dirt so as to have it smooth and nice under the board.

Then I left it to see if the ants would find their way back to the nest. I staid away all the morning; in the afternoon I went back and to my surprise the ants were traveling back and forth in all directions to the nest. That evening I waited until I thought they were all back in their home or nest.

Then I found an old washstand sink which was three feet square. This I placed under the board and block so it stood right in the center of the sink.

In the sink I poured water until it was about half an inch deep, then I was sure they would not get over on the other side.

The next morning I did not go over to see them, or I forgot them for four days.

On the fifth day I went back, and to my surprise the ants had a little bridge made of dirt, grass, sticks and lint that happened to be on the board, and were traveling back and forth with little pieces of food, I suppose.

After I found that they had a bridge, I placed another obstruction which was hard to get over, and this was a little piece of chip, which I covered over with pine pitch. I left this for half a day.

In the afternoon I came again, the ants were working on both sides carrying dirt and leaving it over the pitch; and they had about a quarter of an inch to cover. After they had it all covered they seemed to have a council between them to see who would go over first.

Finally one of them on the other side came and seemed to be very careful when it stepped, and at about three fourths of the way it gave a little jump over the nest.

Then those that were on the nest side began carrying some more dirt until they were sure to have it safe before they would cross it again.

There is a great deal more to tell about them, but it was too cruel for me to do it perhaps, so I guess I shall not tell it at present.

No. 12 PUPIL,
EDITH MILLER.

THAT TYPEWRITER.

Those of our students and others who are taking their first lessons on the typewriter will appreciate the following:

I have a new typewriter,
And it is my delight
To patter on gaily
And write and write and write
It aidds mE in my laborrs
When I'm in workiNG vein*
It makeS A GREAt improvEmenT½)
I write So verY pLain.
It oPerates sosw!Ftly*
that when yOu find you're sTUck ;))
and CannoT fInD the lett4er
Just6jab—and trust to luck6*(?
It's Easy—VERy eaSY—
To opeRAte it then ; ; ; ?\$6&½o
Now where on earth's that colon?
x x x x x x
Give me my ink and pen!

HOW TO AVOID THE HABIT OF BEING IRRITABLE.

The Pittsburg Observer gives these sensible suggestions:

When you feel yourself getting irritable let things go a bit.

Give yourself a holiday for an hour or so. If the day is bright go out and take a walk.

It will not be time wasted.

Call on your cheeriest friend.

You needn't spend half a day with her, of course, but a few minutes' chat will take you out of yourself.

Make the walk or the ride long and the call short.

Out-of-door exercise is the very best antidote for the tendency to be snappy and to feel abused, which is a part of irritability.

If you care for reading, keep a book of interesting short stories handy, and when you feel so crowded with work you know you'll never get it done, sit in your easiest chair and read one.

It won't be laziness.

Probably you'll get the work done more quickly than if you had dragged along.

A glass of hot milk and a cracker will help to bring tranquility.

So will a cheerful cup of tea, but tea must be drunk very moderately by the woman who is growing irritable.

Too much tea will make your nerves jangle worse than ever.

All this may sound pretty difficult, but for a woman to grow irritable means so much unhappiness, not only for herself but for everybody near her, that it's worth a great effort to avoid getting into that condition, and a still greater one if you have already allowed yourself to grow irritable.

WASHINGTON IS A POPULAR NAME.

The City of Washington, named after the Father of our country, has attracted the attention of peoples and nations, this week, through its great inaugural parade.

Not counting the national capital, says the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," there are forty-four towns and cities bearing the name of Washington.

No doubt more communities would have thus honored the memory of the father of his country but for the prohibition of the postoffice department of more than one postoffice of the same name in a State.

There is in nearly every State a county called Washington.

But the most popular use of the name has come to light in the pension bureau.

In certain parts of the country a rushing business is being done by attorneys in applications for pensions on behalf of colored soldiers who served during the civil war.

The attention of the bureau has been called to one regiment in which, according to the rolls, twenty-eight colored George Washingtons served.

A single company shows a membership of thirteen George Washingtons by the applications filed.

THE LITTLE COFFIN NAILS.

Cigarettes have been given the name of coffin nails, because they lead to death, and the boys who smoke them are named Young-men-who-paint-their-finger-nails-yellow.

It is a noticeable fact that the finger nails of cigarette smokers become a sickly yellow and their faces grow thin and wan, while their eyes get hollow with deep circles under them.

It is said by physicians that the lungs of cigarette smokers grow blue.

These little life-destroyers are also called "Dreams," but the country is at last waking from a fearful dream to discover before it is too late that we are growing weak young men, small of body and incapable as to brains, and that something vigorous must be done and that quickly, to save our nation.

Montana is falling into line beautifully, and if what is known as the Murray Bill, now pending in the State legislature, becomes a law, absolute prohibition of the sale or of giving away cigarettes in that State will follow.

The pertinent sections of the Bill are as follows:

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to manufacture, buy, sell, give or furnish to anyone cigarettes, cigarette paper or cigarette wrapper in the state of Montana.

Sec. 2. Any person or persons violating any provision or provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars; or shall be imprisoned not less than one month nor more than one year.

Sec. 4. This act shall be liberally construed to the end that its object shall be enforced.

The Century in a Nutshell.

This century received from its predecessors the horse; we bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive and the automobile.

We received the goose quill and bequeath the typewriter.

We received the scythe and bequeath the mowing machine.

We received the hand printing press; we bequeath the cylinder press.

We received the painted canvas; we bequeath lithography, photography and color photography.

We received the hand loom; we bequeath the cotton and woolen factory.

We received the tallow dip; we bequeath the electric lamp.

We received the galvanic battery; we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the flint lock; we bequeath the Maxims.

We received the sailing ship; we bequeath the steamship.

We received the beacon signal fire; we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.
My 9, 3, 12, 14, cooks put in pie-crust.
My 5, 4, 2, a soldier carries.
My 7, 6, 1, 2 is what liquor leads to.
My 10, 15, 8, 12 is a delicious fruit.
My 11, 5, 4, 15 is a chilly disease.
My 9, 13, 14 is a boy.
Nearly all in the large boys' quarters were glad when my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 was over.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Spring.

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