

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.
SIXTEENTH YEAR, or Vol. XVI, No. 40. (1640)

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
First year, or Vol. I, Number 36

WHATEVER the weather may be," says he
"Whatever the weather may be."
Its the song ye sing an' the smiles ye
wear
That makes the sunshine every where;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee.
Wid the bird in the bush and the bird in the
tree.
"Whatever the weather may be," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be."
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AN OLD TIME MEETING.

Colonel Pratt arrived from Hot Springs, Arkansas, on Friday afternoon, at 4:30.

At 6:45 the student body and officers convened in Assembly Hall instead of holding Literary Societies, the change of order being on account of the hundred boys who were to go to country homes on the following day, Saturday. It would be the only opportunity the Colonel could have of addressing them.

As he entered the hall the cheering and applause were most hearty. On mounting the platform, where we have not seen him for weeks, the applause knew no bounds, and did not cease till he made an attempt to speak.

He then thanked the students for their warm greeting, and announced that the Band would play.

The Band did play and never better. The sound of some timid player or players are almost entirely eliminated. They render difficult and beautiful selections with a more and more delightful every time we have an opportunity to hear them. Some of our force who have always rather borne than enjoyed the loud brass instruments in-doors now express themselves as delighted with the music, toned down with expression as taught by Conductor Ettinger.

After the usual opening exercises, Colonel Pratt expressed his sorrow at not having been able to attend Commencement, but he was glad to be permitted to see these boys before they had left the school for the summer. He felt that he had a special message for them and that he wanted to deliver it in person. He had not come back entirely strong and well, but he was stronger in the same old lines of thought for the welfare of the Indian than he ever was, and he would urge those about to go out to work for themselves, to greater excellence and efficiency.

Having just come from a section of the country in which the negro element predominated he made a striking comparison between the two races, the black and the Indian. These two races were rising together. The one numerically was greater than the other. The black people are having a hard time and are feeling their hardships almost beyond endurance. They feel that they have been forever cast aside, to live separate and apart on account of color and previous servitude. Their outlook is dark. The Colonel had met a number of them in their church at Hot Springs, where he had been invited to speak. They asked many questions.

At Huntsville, amid old familiar scenes of war times, he visited one of their higher schools. The President was a colored man, and the officers and professors were all colored. They told him that their future never looked so dark to them as now. They were willing to give up everything, do anything only so they might get the education and experience necessary to make them strong and able to stand. The only word of comfort he seemed able to give to the President of the institution,

after listening to his tale of discouragement was the familiar Hebrew quotation: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and whom he encouraged to be patient.

From this bit of graphic description the speaker branched out into direct advice to his Indian boys.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

If a man thinks continually of stealing he is apt to become a thief. If he thinks of murder, he will become a murderer. If he thinks only of ease and idleness he is apt to grow into idle ways. If a man keeps thinking along lines of industry, of rising to greater accomplishments and usefulness, and allows such thoughts to grow into his very being, he is apt to become an industrious man useful to himself and the world. So there is a great responsibility on all of us connected with our thinking, and it is important for those boys who go out, to THINK right, for as they think, so will they do.

If a boy thinks: "I will to my duty all summer long, whether the weather should be the best or not;" if he thinks: "I will be a MAN under all circumstances," that boy will come out all right.

One reason the colored people are so much at a disadvantage now is that their former condition, when in slavery, made it so that the white people had to do their thinking for them, and they have not learned yet how to think for themselves. People have no use for others who do not know how to think. "The rights, privileges, liberties, etc., so much talked about will surely come to all people who earn them."

The school at Huntsville is an industrial school. The President showed the Colonel some very good hammers that the boys had made. In speaking before the student body he told those black boys:

"It matters not who he is that makes the best hammer in the world, he who makes the BEST will get the trade. You need not trouble about your place or rights, if you make the BEST things and do the best you will find the place in life that belongs to the man who does the best. The men who make the best things and do the best work are in demand always, it matters not what the color or the race. The man who is the BEST workman will first find work and hold it the longest."

Col. Pratt was introduced to a very black man, and on inquiry he found that he was the best carpenter in the town. The Colonel asked the black man if he found any difficulty in getting work.

"No," replied the black man. "When there is any particular work to be done, they generally want me to do it."

"That," said the Colonel, "is the keynote to success along any line."

He would have us be FOREMOST in our various avocations. Be the BEST plowman, the BEST dairyman, the BEST sweeper, the BEST at housework. No one who is BEST will ever lack employment.

Lack of thought, lack of ability, want of care for others lead us into trouble.

Our boys on farms must learn to think more. When their work for the day is done, some of the boys are apt to want to ride on bicycles away off to some other farm to see "John." Such a boy does not think about the waste of energy and the loss of time which might be spent in reading and improving the mind. It does a person more good to read than it does to hunt up some disgruntled companion to talk over imagined grievances. Many of our troubles are imaginary, and when we

are in the wrong it is more easy to blame the employer than it is to see the wrong in ourselves.

"He that hateth reproof shall die."

Years ago, a Cheyenne boy went out from this school to work for a farmer.

This man with whom the Cheyenne boy lived, had a new horse, a new buggy and a new harness.

The boy was told to hitch the new horse with the new harness to the new buggy. The boy did as he was told except in one thing. When the man went to examine if all were right, he discovered that the boy had put on an old bridle.

The farmer reproved the boy, and the boy got mad, seized the old bridle, pulled it roughly from the head of the new horse, leaving him to stand alone without bridle and hitched to the new buggy. The horse started, but the farmer on the alert jumped and caught him by the nose, and saved a break-up. Then the man reproved the boy in sharper words than he had done before. The boy did not like it, and ran away from the place.

He was stubbornly blind to the fact that he alone was at fault, and that he deserved the reproof. The boy, as night came on, found himself in a city, and having a little money he went to a hotel, but he was not so smart as he thought he was.

He did not know quite as much as he ought to have known, for when he went to bed, instead of turning off the gas, he blew it out and went to sleep. By-and-by the office man down stairs smelled something, and followed his nose to the door of the Indian boy. He knocked and there was no response, and then he burst the door in and found the boy in a dying condition. He had breathed so much gas that he was nearly dead, and had he not been found just then, he would have been dead in a very few minutes. "He that hateth reproof shall die." The boy did not die but he came very near it.

Col. Pratt hopes there will be no farm failures. If you find the place is a hard one, there is the opportunity to show manhood. Men are not made without tests. The more a man is tested, the greater will be his ability to bear other tests. When difficulties come, even if you are blamed unjustly, stand them anyway, and all will come out right.

The meeting then adjourned to the gymnasium, and a sociable was enjoyed for an hour.

HE HAD TO BE HANGED, BUT WAS IT HIS FAULT?

From an Exchange we clip this pathetic story which is being enacted daily in our boasted land of liberty and promise. The Man-on-the-band-stand wishes that every voter would read and be guided by the truth herein stated:

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court-room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the Judge's question.

Not a whisper was heard and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move. His head was raised, his hands were clinched and the blood rushed into his pale care-worn face. His teeth were firmly set, into his haggard eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said:

"I have. Your Honor, you have asked

me a question, and now I ask, as a last favor, that you will not interrupt my answer till I am through. I stand before this bar convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned home from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect.

"While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in this case for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence. But, may it please the court, I wish to say that I am

Not Alone Responsible for the Murder of My Wife."

This startling statement created a profound sensation. The judge leaned over his desk, and the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators in hazy suppers their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice.

"I repeat, your Honor, that I am not alone guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box and the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, are guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear before his judgment throne, where we shall all be rightly judged,

"If twenty men conspired together for the murder of one person, the law of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole murder, and not for one-twentieth of the crime.

"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town I never would have become a drunkard, and would not be now ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human trap set by the consent of the Government I would have been an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered and my little children—God bless and care for them!—cast out on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State in which I live.

"God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, agonizing appetite for liquor.

"For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and family, were supremely happy.

And our Little Home was A Perfect Paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against re-opening the saloon in our town. The names of half the jury can be found to-day on the petition certifying to the good moral character of these rum-sellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was necessary in our town. The prosecuting attorney in this case was the one who so eloquently pleaded with the court for the license, and the judge who sits on the bench, and who asks me if I have anything to say before sentence of death is passed on me, granted the license."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the heads of those present.

"Think you that the Great Judge will hold me, the poor, weak, helpless victim

THE RED MAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIANThe 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. of 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.

We learn through a letter from Miss Carrie Cornelius, one of our girls employed at the Hoopa Valley School, California, of the death of Mrs. Mary Orr. Mrs. Orr has been a teacher in the Indian service for a long time. Miss Carrie says she died suddenly, and that the Indians have lost a good true friend. "I learned to like her very much since I came here," she says.

General John Eaton, whose picture is given on last page, is a beloved friend of Carlisle and of the Indians. The General nearly always attends our Commencement Exercises, and was present as usual this year, speaking with force on several occasions. General Eaton always has something to say when he speaks, while his gray hairs, and face marked with lines of experience, command the respect and eager attention of all. General Eaton was the First Commissioner of Education of the United States, and the first to hold a like position on the Island of Porto Rico.

WANTED, A MAN.

Never did the world call more loudly for young men with force, energy and purpose, young men trained to do some one thing well, than to-day. Though hundreds of thousands are out of employment, yet never before was it so hard to get a good employee for almost any position as to-day.

Everywhere people are asking where to find a good servant, a polite and efficient clerk, an honest cashier, a good stenographer who can spell and punctuate, and is generally well informed.

Managers and superintendents of great institutions everywhere are hunting for good people to fill all sorts of positions. They tell us that it is almost impossible to find efficient help for any department. There are hundreds of applicants for every vacant place, but they either show signs of dissipation, are rude or gruff in manner, are slouchy or slipshod in dress, are afraid of hard work, lack education or training, or have some fatal defects which bar them out. Even if they are given positions, very few are able to hold them, and so this great army tramps about from store to store, from office to factory, wondering why others succeed and they fail, why others get the positions when they are denied. The head of one large commercial establishment says that the blunders and mistakes of its employees cost \$25,000 a year to correct, notwithstanding his utmost vigilance.—[Lancaster, Ohio, School Journal.

What a chance these times give to the Indians, negroes and the lowly people! All a young Indian or a young negro has to do is to make himself the best in character and the best in ability in any line, to insure his complete recognition and success. The Lancaster School Journal does not put it at all too strongly. Everywhere there is need of better help, and all any Indian boy has to do is to make himself competent in any line of industry, and sterling and true in character, and he can let all anxiety about his future pass away. If he will take good care of his ability and character and see that they are of the very best, his ability and character will take care of him.

AGAINST THE TRAINING SCHOOLS.

Rev. Duncan, of Metlahkatla fame seems opposed to Indian Training Schools. He recently visited Portland, and gave to the Oregonian his views, which have been published with editorial comment in some of our leading papers. The response to the article by the Chemawa American has some good suggestions and will answer for the present. We may have something further to say later. Father Duncan has been at Carlisle and has recognized the good work done, and we are surprised at the general sweep against education out and away from home environment. The American says:

Father Duncan seems to think that Carlisle, Chemawa and other large Training schools merely make "dudes and book worms out of Indian youth, and that they are utterly worthless when they return to their homes.

He compares these schools with colleges where no industries are taught. He does not seem to know that Indian boys are taught to work on the farm, and, in various shops one half of each day at Carlisle and Chemawa, and that every Indian boy can learn a good useful trade if he possesses the right kind of stuff in him to master it.

The importance of learning to work and mastering a useful trade is emphasized in all Training schools, while at the same time a good literary education is given, along with a knowledge of politeness, and gentlemanly behavior.

For any one to say that the non-reservation schools ruin the Indian youth by inculcating a contempt for work is the greatest misrepresentation conceivable, and displays entire ignorance on the subject or else a whole lot of prejudice.

Several Alaskan boys have learned useful trades in non-reservation schools which enables them to go out in any town in Alaska or the United States and compete with their white brothers and make a good living.

If some boys go home and play the part of dudes and drones, it merely shows that they, like many whites, do not possess the necessary stamina and push to labor and succeed. That class should never be sent to school.

All Indians are not of that type.

Many are worthy of a better education and industrial training, than can be given them in reservation schools.

There are many returned students from the various large non-reservation schools who are just as industrious and successful as Rev. Duncan's Indians.

A Good Teacher Has Left Us.

Mr. Elmer B. Simon, who has been one of our most efficient teachers for two years, has resigned to go into the business establishment of one of his old school friends in Western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Simon's career as a student with us, he having graduated in '96, and as a teacher, was marked with such promise that we bespeak for him abundant success in his new venture. He leaves many friends, and will be specially missed in the school-room, where his pupils were devoted to him, in athletics where he was always enthusiastic, in the Young Men's Christian Association, where he warmly affiliated, and on the Committees of which he was a reliable and conscientious worker.

Mr. Simon has acted wisely in pushing out into the world as a worker—away from Government employ, for there is a tendency to believe that young Indians can succeed only in the leading strings of the Government. He is an energetic, trustworthy young man, with great force of character, doing with his might what his hands find to do. We bespeak for him wherever he is, a true, manly life, many devoted friends and a successful career. The best wishes of his many friends at Carlisle go with him.

FROM FLORIDA.

Mr. H. E. Burgess, who is travelling in Florida, says by private letter:

"The weather is warm and flowers are blooming. The big Tampa Bay Hotel is in a park, but does not come up to Royal Palm or Ponce de Leon, the former for its surroundings and the latter for its Moorish architecture, rocky wall, iron chains for fences and general grandeur of effect. It is nine miles by rail from the port at Tampa to the city. It is rather more like a California town than any of the others I have seen in Florida. It has modern buildings, paved streets, and lively people, indeed quite a rustle of business."

From Palatka he writes:

"Had a grand ride on St. John's River and its links of lakes. The day was fine and the evening moonlight. Jungles of cypress and tall palmettos, alligators, herons and buzzards. De Land was idyllic. Monday was so hot that I caught cold trying to get cool. You ought to hear the mocking birds! They seem to be bursting with exuberance—veritably aggressive in a joyousness that is hypnotic. Such a rain storm! Torrents of waters from the over freighted skies, till the streets ran yellow rivers (colored by the clay).

He thus describes a St. Augustine home in which the family lives with whom he boarded for a few days:

"We live in an old-time house fronting the bay and ocean, like San Diego, Calif. It is the General Worth mansion. It was by mere accident that I got here, and I am absolutely at home. A great doorway, almost an acre, fronts the residence. Violets and peach trees are in bloom. We have artesian water to drink. The sea wall is a stone's throw distant. The wonderful sunshine, when it does shine! The historic old town, tourists galore!"

At Miami, he says:

"We are amongst the wonderfully beautiful coconut palms. All trees sink into insignificance before these tall, gracefully waving beauties of the tropics. They reach up and up and bend and lean and swerve and swish as the breezes toss them, their slender forms surmounted by what seems more like plumage than leaves, and looking like the Date, they are still more soft and green, more fresh and beautiful, defying description—the sight of my life! They festoon the placid waters; they seem to sooth one by their charms.

Such hotels! The Panciama, amidst a forest of coconut Palms and Hybiscus—flaming red bell-like flowers as large as teacups growing in profusion on shrubs fifteen feet high.

Such waters, rivers, and lakes with level shores slightly below the floors of the hotels.

The waters look all alike, even the ocean at Palm Beach did not look oceanic. It was night when I viewed it, and the people, the lights and the still night aglow from a radiant moon straight overhead gave it the far-away effect.

Shades of Iniquity! But there are hosts of uglyfolk and mean looking creatures at these places of resort. Nothing on their minds but money and humoring their own fancies! Old and young; lean and fat; ignorant, haughty, wearing mis-fit clothing, all bearing themselves with an air of savage independence. The men simply vegetate in indolence. The Devil is surely at home here. There are bicycles with chairs in front, going to the tune of a dollar an hour, with a fat woman in the chair and a Filipino steering. The Palms waving in the interior of the hotels in the night breeze have a weird effect in the sea of forms and faces. The Palm Groves ablaze with multi-colored lights are very grand, too."

Through a business letter from Pasquala Anderson, class 1900, who is teaching away out in Oraiba, Ariz., we see she misses the REDMAN & HELPER when it fails to reach her. We are glad to know that she misses it, and the M. O. T. B. S. has admonished his clerks to see that it does not occur again, if our fault.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

We do not remember to have heard directly from our soldier boy LeRoy Button, until this week. He belongs to Co. K. 6th Infantry, and his letter is dated June, 24. Through the kindness of Miss Nellie Robertson we are privileged to take a few extracts:

"I send my best regards to my friends and hope they will all do well and succeed. Tell them to study more and more, and not be like a lot of us people who did not take an interest when we had the chance.

I often times feel very sorry, not because I am in the army but for the lack of common sense when at school. I am glad to hear that my class mates are doing their work. I am feeling very fine and in good health, although I had a hard time with malaria at first. Since I have been in the army I have had a little hard luck because my outfit is one of the best fighting regiments in the regular army."

He tells of a number of skirmishes and after one forced march and the fording of rivers under a heavy load and considerable firing from the enemy he says:

"All that time we had nothing to eat. Talk about appetites? We had to wait about an hour and a half after we got through for our bacon, hard-tack and coffee, and I was so tired that I fell asleep as I was sitting, and never woke till retreat at 6 P. M."

Once about 200 of them were in a Bamboo Church during a hard rain storm, and they were surprised by the Insurgents who began to bang away at them. Who was to go out first was the question. They were waiting for orders, but finally concluded not to wait any longer and "broke out like the measles." His description of the free fight that followed is quite graphic. Once he started to run, but got into about four feet of liquid mud. They finally came out all right.

In some of the raids LeRoy did not take part, for he was detailed on special duty to shoe mules.

A Sailor's Letter.

Maxcy A. Osuna, of the United States Ship Yankton, is now in Cuba. They have been expecting to be ordered to South American waters, but have not received such orders yet. If not ordered away their stay in the bays around Cuba will be about three months longer, then Maxcy expects they will be sent to the United States. Everything around that country is dry and there is nothing much to see, but there is a quantity of fruit. "We get it for nothing. All we have to do is to go on a plantation and help ourselves.

We had a good time down here on George Washington's birthday. Our ship was decorated from stem to stern, and at twelve o'clock we fired twenty shots from one of the twenty pounders in memory of George Washington, who is still to be praised as the Father of our Country."

Indian Students at the Bloomsburg Normal.

The first letters from Luzenia Tibbetts and Annie Goyitney, class 1901, who have just entered the Bloomsburg Normal are full of good cheer and bright hopes. They are not fairly started, but are very much pleased with surroundings and with the families of which they are to be a part. Both think they will have time to study, and are full of bright ambitions.

John Miller and Simon Palmer are at the same school, the latter expecting to graduate this year. We hope they may all stay until they are able to carry away the State Normal Diploma.

Died At Home.

We are informed that Robert Strikeaxe brother of Ben Strikeaxe, died of consumption last week at the home of his brother Ben eight miles east of Pawhuska. Robert was a young man who had just returned from Carlisle Indian School, and in his death we lose a promising young man. We extend sympathy to the bereaved parents.

—[The Osage Journal.

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

April showers are here.

Arbor day will soon be on hand.

The cows at the farm are looking well.

The rake and spade are down to business.

Stage coach is a capital after-dinner game.

The campus has received a coat of fertilizer.

Keep your pedal extremities off the verdure!

Miss Wendt has joined the art-needle work class.

March did not go out much like a lion in these parts.

Harry Seonia is Colonel's orderly, and gives good satisfaction.

There was more than one April fool last Monday, hereabouts.

Mr. S. W. Thompson went with the boys as far as Philadelphia last Saturday.

The one who layeth aside his winter underclothing too soon, catcheth cold.

One of the dogs makes a howling success of it when the bugle blows for taps.

The Domestic Science class has been having lessons this week in cooking pars-nips.

Among our visitors on Tuesday was B. F. Schweier, of the Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

Why is Miss Johnston not a pessimist? Because she insists upon taking the best views of things.

Mrs. Steele of Waterbury, Conn., has been a guest of her sister, our Miss Steele, school Librarian.

On Thursday evening Miss Stewart entertained in honor of Miss Nana Pratt and her guest, Miss Eastman.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast did not particularly enjoy the last cold rain storm with its touch of snow.

Mr. Charles A. Burgess stopped off between trains on his way from New York to Chicago on Tuesday evening.

Miss Nana Pratt and Miss Eastman returned to Brooklyn by the 12:06 train Monday morning, (mid-night).

"Nansen" is too fond of birds to suit the Man-on-the-band-stand, and then his taste is for the choicest variety.

Caution! Ye bicycle riders, never fail to ring the bell before you get to the corner, and thus avoid accidents.

On Monday night Mrs. Canfield and Miss Miles entertained in honor of Miss Ferree, whose birthday it was.

Richard Henry Pratt, Jr. would rather sometimes read than play, so fond is he of books of travel and historical stories.

The Band will give a concert in Lancaster, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, next Saturday night.

Another grandson for Colonel and Mrs. Pratt has arrived at the home of their daughter Marion, (Mrs. Stevick) at Denver, Colorado.

Yesterday morning at 10:30 the Band played at the funeral of Private Saul Baker, Company G, National Guards Pennsylvania.

Hattie Jemison, Nancy Chubb and Dorothy Davis have been promoted from the darning to the mending class, in the sewing department.

Mrs. Dr. Reed of Dickinson College, and her guest Mrs. Miller, M. D., of Ft. Simcoe, Washington, attended the Sunday afternoon service.

One grain of caution mixed with three grains of common sense taken three times a day and between meals will prevent a cold this weather.

Annie Parnell, 1901, left for her home in Idaho, Wednesday evening. Annie is a sister of Harriet Elder Stewart who at one time was a pupil of Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, of Lewistown, are moving, this week, into a residence nearer Mr. Snyder's place of business, than was their cosy home on the hill.

Miss Mattie Harne, of the sewing department, has been on the sick list for a few days.

To-night Miss Forster and Mrs. Cook visit the Invincibles; Miss Cutter and Miss Hill the Standards; Miss Smith and Miss Stewart the Susans.

Albert Weber has at last grown so near to manhood that he can reach his papa's mail from the box, unlocking the little door and locking it himself.

Rev. Charles F. Wright, an educated Indian of the Chippewa tribe in Minnesota was a guest of the school for a few days. His father was a great chief of those people.

Beautiful day was Monday, and Mr. Haldy opened his heart? (purse) and took his sister and friends to Gettysburg; great was the joy and pleasure thereof. Good, brother!

Miss Gertrude Haldy, sister of our assistant disciplinarian, Mr. Haldy, and Miss Auxer, both of Lancaster, were among the interested visitors in our "Sanctum" one day this week.

The seating for the Band on the bandstand is being arranged with a view to the proper positions of instruments and players to produce the best concert effect. There is science in all things.

The normal children have been learning a new song of the Woodpecker. The song is illustrated and is made interesting in this way. The little boys are improving while little Joe Brown and Joe Ghangrow sing like little larks. That's right boys, don't let the girls beat you.

When the first large parties of boys and girls go to country homes in the Spring the trunks go to the station in hay wagons, so many are there. It always requires two or three extra coaches to accommodate the travellers.

When the large boys started for the train on Saturday morning they had their mascot dog dressed in school-colors, and he led the party, marching on before, much to the amusement of all lookers on. He came back from the station.

The little Normal children become very much attached to the pupil teachers, during the years they are under training. The teachers of the recent graduating class have all been written to by their little model scholars.

We play Albright College, at base-ball to-morrow on our grounds. A lady expressed the hope that they will be all bright, and one thoroughly interested in the success of our team wished in the same breath that ours will be all brighter.

Myron Moses, '01, had a birthday one day this week, and the event was not celebrated by a cake-walk, but an abundance of the delicious viand came to him without walking. He showed his appreciation of the kindness by sharing with his friends.

The starting off of the large party of boys to farms is one of the Spring events. They are full of life and hope, each one, no doubt meaning to do his best. He shows it in his very carriage and sparkle of the eye. Then there are the handshakes and the last good-byes always interesting.

Miss Harris, of New London, Connecticut, is visiting Miss Bowersox, Principal of Model School. Miss Harris is a teacher in the public schools of New London, and is very much interested in our work. She has taken the "Helper" for years, so that many things about the school seem familiar to her.

The Manager and matrons of the girls' department, and the sewing room matron have been busy this week in getting ready the large party of girls who took their leave for the country yesterday. It is the rule that each girl and boy who goes out must be well fitted up in suitable clothing.

Mrs. Bennett's mother who resides in Bucks County, is quite ill, and Mrs. Bennett left for her former home on Wednesday morning, to be absent for a few days. Miss Clara Anthony, of N. College Street, Carlisle, will live at the farm to oversee Mrs. Bennett's work during her absence. Miss Mary Anthony will also be there with her sister.

The Sloyd exhibition for the Pan-American was shipped on Wednesday. The work is in a glass case 20x48 inches, lined with red. The case is 8 inches deep. The handsomest piece of work in the exhibit is the top of a Jardiniere stand carved in relief by George Balenti. This piece has been greatly admired by all who have seen it. A glove box made of cherry, highly polished is a fine piece of work. Then there is a book rack, an envelope case, a stamp box an ink-stand, a key rack and other articles. The whole exhibit reflects credit on the teacher and the little workers of the Sloyd department.

Healy Wolfe has gone to live with the Hilton's for a time. He has charge of their horse, drives some of the family to town, and brings the carriage and horse out to the school, then after school drives back to his country home, about two miles. He will have a half day of school the same as if he lived here, and will have light work to do at his farm home in the evening and morning part of the day. Solomon Webster has been living there, but he now branches out into larger fields. Solomon has made for himself an excellent record as a faithful worker and gentlemanly helper.

The small boys' dog is in danger of losing his position at the school. He does not show respect at all times and occasions. When the boys in their assembly room are gay and full of talk he likes to be there, but let the occasion become at all serious and a talk of an advisory nature is going on, he leaves the room—quietly, 'tis true, but heavily throws himself down by the door in a manner that plainly says—"Such things make me tired." Of course disrespect of this kind cannot be tolerated.

Mrs. Walton, Lottie Hilton's country mother of Berwyn, has sent a number of Easter remembrances to friends at the school. A curious coincidence it was that bought Mrs. Walton and Lottie together. The former when on a visit to the school brought a small sloyd article which was marked Lottie Hilton, and when on application for one of our girls Lottie was sent her, she remembered the name on the article. They are very close friends.

Yesterday Miss Jackson escorted the girls as far as Philadelphia on their way to their outing homes. Most of them were to be met at Broad Street and at the Reading terminal. It makes an interesting moment after the train arrives for the country mothers to find their Indian daughters. It is all done by system, however, and is soon over, but the general traveler who happens to be in the station at the time is often greatly entertained.

The teachers' parlor has had an addition of two original paintings—one is a large picture in oil, of two great lions, by Mr. Warner, and it hangs over the couch in the cosy corner. The other is a water-color by Miss Forster. This is a picture of the guard house and the field of corn opposite with shocks tied after cutting. It has been greatly admired.

A farm patron spoke thus mildly by letter regarding one of the Indian boys who had not learned to harness a horse: "Our little nag is a bit particular as to where the crupper is put, and repelled exceedingly upon one occasion when the Indian boy attempted to adjust it where the bit ought to go."

Superintendent Potter of the Chemawa Salem, Oregon, Indian School, has invited President McKinley to visit that institution on his trip to the Pacific coast this Spring.

H. E. Wilson, of East Canterbury, New Hampshire, sends for extra copies of the Commencement number, and expresses a deep interest in our work.

Chemawa's prospects for a good base-ball team are excellent, and an interesting season is anticipated.

ATHLETICS.

The first baseball game of the season will be played on our field tomorrow Saturday with Albright College. Many of the candidates for the team will probably be given a chance to get in the game, and Pratt and LeRoy will probably each pitch part of the game.

Trials were had for candidates for the track and relay teams on Saturday March 24 which showed up some very good runners. The results were as follows:

75 yards dash—First race: Frank Beaver, first; James Johnson, second; Jos. Trempe, third.

75 yards dash—second race: Wallace Denny, first; Abram T. Bow, 2nd; Geo. Field, 3rd.

75 yards, high hurdle race—first heat. Ed. Rogers, 1st; Jas. Johnson, 2nd.

Second heat: Johnson Bradley, 1st; G. Baird, 2nd.

Third heat: Thomas Walker, 1st; W. Charles, 2nd.

Final heat: James Johnson, 1st; J. Bradley, 2nd; T. Walker, 3rd.

Quarter mile run, first race: P. Pohositcut, 1st; J. Kimble, 2nd.

Second race: J. Cornelius, 1st; G. Field, 2nd.

One mile run: J. Hummingbird, 1st; Wm. White, 2nd; E. Metoxen 3rd; R. Hill, 4th.

Running broad Jump: Beaver, 1st; Charles, 2nd; Blackchief, 3rd.

The track men are now at work regularly on the track, and although the boys are new at this kind of sport those who train regularly will develop into good athletes.

Ben Walker and John Waletsi are fast learning the knack of throwing the 16-pound hammer, and Wm. Baine and Waletsi and Hawley Pierce will with practice, make good shot putters.

Besides the relay races at Philadelphia on the 27th, we are to have four dual meets in track and field sports, as follows: Dickinson, on their field, May 7th; Mercersburg, on our field, May 18th; State College on our field, May 27th; and Bucknell, date not yet decided.

Last Saturday the baseball boys divided themselves up into two teams and played the first practice game of the season. The Wildthrowers defeated the Windhammers, 8 to 1.

More Pictures.

Miss Johnston has returned from Washington and is again here and there in all places of interest about our school pointing her artistic camera at objects and situations. She is getting up a set of pictures that excels anything we have ever had before. We find in looking over a copy of Pen and Brush of a year or more ago the following paragraph:

To Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston belongs the honor of being the first American to photograph Admiral Dewey after his triumph at Manila, she having traveled from this country expressly to intercept him at Naples, where she was made much of on board the Olympia. But Miss Johnston's artistic abilities are as great as her capabilities for progressiveness as is shown by her contributions to the salon. Her profile of Miss Marlowe is thoroughly artistic, and her "Critic," a young girl in Grecian draperies seated before a painters easel is a remarkably pleasing bit of work.

"Stiya," is the name of a story of a returned Carlisle Indian girl to her home, and the difficulties she had to encounter in living a correct life. It is illustrated with pictures of Indian scenes. Price 50 cents, post paid.

WHEN YOU RENEW please always state that your subscription is a **renewal**. Otherwise we might get your name on the galley twice. If you do not get your paper regularly or promptly please notify us. We will supply missing numbers free if requested in time. For clubs of five or more, liberal reduction is made. For a renewal or new subscription we send post paid our old Souvenir, containing 60 views of the school, FREE. The new Souvenir, 25 cents cash; 30 cents by mail.

of your traffic, alone responsible for the murder of my wife?

"Nay! I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition have murdered one, but you have wilfully and deliberately murdered your thousands, and the murder mills are to-day in operation with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, the bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husband and father to the prison or the gallows and drives the countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.

"This infernal traffic is legalized and protected by parties which you sustain by your ballots.

"You legalize the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer and you are guilty with me."

THE BOILER MAN AND HIS INTERESTING PLACE OF WORK.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was surprised to find Engineer Weber firing the big boilers at the steam plant last Friday, when he took a peep over into that source of winter comfort.

"Yes, I have been firing for two weeks," said Mr. Snyder has been on the sick list."

"My! What an immense place this is to take care of! So many little wheels within wheels, valves over valves and under valves, water gauges, dampers and tiny pumps! It is quite bewildering. How do you manage to keep things so bright and shining?" asked the Man-on-the-band-stand as he threw his eyes around the spacious cellar and loft, in one.

The building stands as high as an ordinary two-story structure above ground, but on entering the door at ground-level one lands on a little balcony from which he looks down into the excavation with its four tremendous boilers. At the north side there is an exit over an inclined plane.

In answer to the last question, Mr. Weber said that there were three boys each half day detailed to assist the fireman.

"What do they do?"

"Stop a moment and see! That boy who is wheeling coal by the wheelbarrow-load, brings it from the main heap in the store house a few feet away. He keeps this pile supplied from which I shovel into the furnaces.

"I see," said the Man-on-the-band-stand as he watched the boy dumping a load, "and it cannot be the most agreeable work under the sun."

"Perhaps not the most pleasant, but the work is not at all hard on the boy," replied Mr. Weber.

The fact is, Mr. Weber is an expert boiler maker, and has gone through all the stages that a complete course in a first class boiler-making establishment requires, from wheeling coal to the highest notch for a mechanic to reach in the boiler-manufacturing line. He labored faithfully day after day, for years, until he became a valued hand. Mr. Weber knows what hard work is, and he had to smile a bit when the Man-on-the-band-stand suggested that the Indian boy might be working pretty hard.

"The fellows who keep this heap supplied each have only two or three hours a day of wheeling," continued Mr. Weber. "If he works steadily and with a determination to get done, it is quite possible for him to finish the task in time to get a lesson in the shape of a talk on boilers and firing, to take a bath and good rest before the dinner bell rings."

"Is that so?" inquired the old gentleman. "I am pleased to know this. It is a sort of premium on activity. How about the other boys?"

"Observe, they are dusting and shining the brasses. The morning detail has these two boilers and this half of the house to keep in order, while the afternoon boys have the other two boilers and half of the house, and they have the same chance to hurry and get a share of the instructions."

"With what do you clean the brasses?"

"We use the common soot from the boilers."

"And the iron part?"

"We rub that with oily waste. The white doors are gone over with lime every Saturday. Then these same boys have the ashes to wheel out and the floor to keep clean in front of the boilers."

"Do the boys ever learn to fire?"

"They can learn, but a great deal of judgment and skill is necessary to fire just right."

"It looks easy enough."

"That may be," replied Mr. Weber.

"Any one could learn to shovel the coal in, but that is not all. One has to know when to coal; he must know the philosophy of steam; he must understand the dampers and water mechanism. It is a very responsible position. There are dangers connected with it, and a vast amount of waste follows when not managed with judgment."

"Why is it so necessary to watch the draughts?"

"Because a man who does not understand this part of firing will burn three times the amount of coal that a good fireman will burn! There is a great difference in firemen on that point alone.

"How much coal do the four boilers require in a year?"

We should have two thousand tons to heat the twenty large buildings and supply the steam for cooking and laundry purposes. We heat about 4,000,000,000 cubic feet of surface, and when we run in full blast, with the most economical firing in zero weather, it takes ten pounds of coal an hour for each square foot of grate surface," replied Mr. Weber.

"How large are the grates?"

"They each contain 40 square feet."

"Ah, I see, and as there are four boilers, each having a grate surface of forty square feet, it would take but little figuring to calculate how many days of 24 hours each, 2000 tons would last, and this would make a good problem for some students in the middle grades to solve. I thank you, Mr. Weber for your kind information. I see, that to make a good and trusted fireman it not only takes training, but a man must have a CONSCIENCE that will not permit DESTRUCTION in the matter of waste, and only SUCH a man is worth the salary he gets. Good-day."

THE BONE GHOST—AN INDIAN MYTH.

In olden times the Indians were very fond of telling myths and would gather around the camp-fire in the evenings.

The Indians had a suspicion that if these myths were told during the daytime or in summer, they would find toads and snakes in their beds. So these stories or myths are told during the winter-time only, and every child is requested to be present and be attentive to the speaker, so that in the future they would also be able to tell these same stories to their children and grand-children.

The story which was told to me when I was a little girl is entitled, "The Bone Ghost."

A young man was going on the war path and had traveled all day, so when night came, he made a fire and ate his supper, smoked his pipe, then rolled himself in his blanket to dream of his enemies.

But he was disturbed on hearing some one crying. The voice was like that of a female. He paid no attention to it whatever. She came closer and closer to the young man and lifted up one of his feet.

This ghost wore a skin dress with a fringe. A buffalo robe was fastened around her waist. She had on a necklace of very large beads and her leggings were covered with porcupine quills.

She took him by one foot, raised it very slowly. Then she took a rusty knife from her belt. When the young man found out,

what she was about to do, he jumped up, took his gun which was by his side and shot her.

The young man lay down and tried to sleep again, but did not succeed. The next morning when he first woke up, what should he see but a burial scaffold close by. Then he knew that the ghost must have come from the scaffold. He decided to pass another night in these lonely woods, thinking he wouldn't be disturbed any more so long as he had shot the ghost.

He made a bright fire and was sitting near by when all of a sudden he heard some one whistling.

Thinking it was some weary traveler he called to him and thought how nice it would be to have company.

When the man approached nearer, the young man saw that he was nothing but bones with a white sheet on.

He treated him to some of his "wasna" and offered him his pipe to smoke.

The ghost wanted to wrestle with the young man, telling him if he defeated him he would overcome all his enemies and steal all their ponies. So he thought there was a chance for him yet to defeat his enemies, and he wanted to try it.

They wrestled nearly all night, and when they came closer to the fire the ghost would get weaker, but as soon as they went out in the dark it would be just the opposite.

At last the young man succeeded in knocking him down into the fire; so after that when he went to war he always conquered his enemies. That is why the Indians have such a strong belief in ghosts.

AMY E. DOLPHUS,
No. 12 school room.

Criminals are not Born.

The following interview with Judge Tuthill, Chicago, brings out plain truths from an eminent authority, and are worthy of notice by all who have the care of children and are responsible for their welfare, says Watchword.

"How are the born criminals, Judge, the degenerates?"

"The what? Born criminals? There are no born criminals. If I believed that I should lose my faith in God. Society makes criminals; environment and education make criminals, but they are not born so."

"Do you believe, then, that your children, if the environment were the same, would commit the same offenses as these children who daily appear before you?"

"I don't think so: I know it."

An Education Pays.

Russell Sage in giving advice to young people said:

Don't be in a hurry to get away from your school books. The cares and responsibilities of business life will come soon enough."

It would be well if boys were to ponder over this advice. For often young people are anxious to leave school before their education is completed in order to have a greater amount of freedom.

A boy with a good education has always a better chance to succeed than one who has but little knowledge.

One who leaves school too soon always regrets it when he is old enough to know the proper value of things.—[EMERSON.

To be Restored.

That biggest, homeliest, and noblest of American wild animals, the moose, is to be restored to his former home in the Adirondacks. He has such friends as Vice-Pres. Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, Dr. Seward Webb, and others, to assist in the changing of pasturage and to prevent his being shot for a man.—[Everywhere.

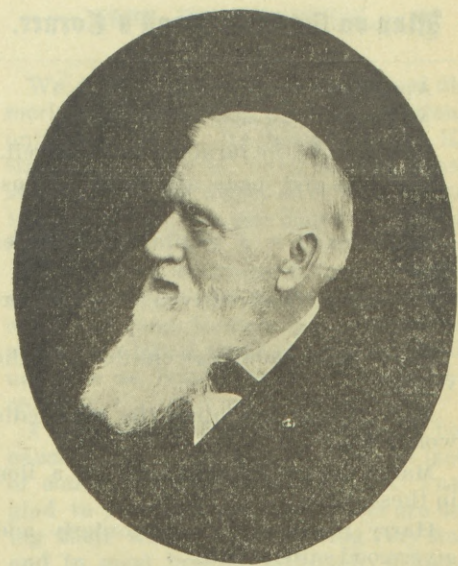
Too Expensive.

She—Have you any strawberries?
Dealer—Yes'm, here they are, \$1.50 per box.

She—Goodness! They are miserable looking, and so green.

Dealer—I know, ma'am, but there ain't no Philadelphia in it, and it does you any harm.—[Philadelphia Press.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: An enigma.



GENERAL JOHN EATON.

PUZZLE—INDIAN TRIBES.

Instead of an Enigma this week, we think our readers will be interested in playing the game brought out at the Alumni sociable the other night. To the one giving the most correct answers we will send some pretty little story article, made by one of our small boy or girls. We have added to the original list of tribes, so those who took part the other night may also work for the prize. Write the name of the Indian tribe meant, opposite each number, and return to RED MAN & HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

1. A darkey's pedal appendages.
2. A triumphant rooster.
3. A Canadian city.
4. A river in Ohio.
5. Missouri abbreviated and a large bird.
6. One half and a slight eminence.
7. Small streams.
8. A Roman philosopher.
9. A kind of badge and a vowel.
10. A State.
11. To deposit in pledge and a vowel.
12. A large cloth bag and an animal.
13. A city in Colorado or Mexico.
14. An exclamation and a part of the body.
15. A knock at the door and a garden implement.
16. Bashful and a letter.
17. A man with a Scythe cutting a common weed.
18. Y and .
19. K and a State.
20. One of the alphabet and a product of the mending basket.
21. A man chopping a log.
22. A young chicken and carpenter's tool.
23. Abbreviation for company, a man and a cheese.
24. A low level piece of land and a part of the body.
25. A piece of furniture, a vowel and a coral island.
26. All exclamation and a corn carrier.
27. The call of a bird.
28. That from which ivory is made and a poetical name for dawn.
29. A girl's name.
30. Something produced on a ranch and a river roadway.
31. A round toy and a low and level land between hills and mountains.
32. A command to one's father to absent himself.
33. One who works in the ground with a pickaxe and shovel.
34. A mutton devourer.

TERMS AND SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER is a weekly paper of four pages. Its subscription price is Twenty-five cents a year, payable in advance.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for the REDMAN & HELPER, when sent by mail should be made by Post Office Money Order, or by registered letter, to insure safety in transmission, but two-cent stamps in small amounts are acceptable; and silver quarters.

Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis REPRESENT the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

Kindly watch these numbers and renew a week or two ahead so as to insure against loss of copies.

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