

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

This is the number of your time mark on wrapper refers to
SIXTEENTH YEAR, or Vol. XVI., No. 42. (1642)

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper.
Vol. I, Number Thirty-eight.

THE BOY WE WANT.

MY BOY, do you know the boy we want?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet Spring air.
With the wind of hope in his waving hair.
The Sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, may be;
And just about your years;
Timid as you; but his will is strong.
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth:
The trial that he must bear,
The peril, the ghost that frights him most.
He faces boldly, and, like a ghost,
It vanishes in air.

As wild fowl take, by river and lake,
The sunshine and the rain,
With cheerful, constant hardihood
He meets the bad luck and the good.
The pleasure and the pain.

Though deep and strong his sense of wrong,
Fiery his blood and young,
His spirit is gentle, his heart is great,
He is swift to pardon and slow to hate,
And master of his tongue.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's
Sweet laughter ever rang!
But he is so generous and so frank,
His wildest Wit or his maddest prank
Can never cause a pang.

His own sweet ease, all things that please,
He loves, like any boy;
But fosters a prudent fortitude:
Nor will he squander a future good
To buy a fleeting joy.

Face brown or fair? I little care
Whatever the hue may be,
Or whether his eyes are dark or light:
If his tongue be true and his honor bright.
He is still the boy for me.

Where does he dwell? I cannot tell;
Nor do I know his name.
Or poor, or rich? I don't mind which;
Or learning Latin, or digging ditch,
I love him all the same.

With high, brave heart perform your part.
Be noble and kind as he;
Then, some fair morning, when you pass,
Fresh from glad dreams, before your glass,
His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled? What! you think there's not
A boy like him,—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?
But you have power to make him real,
And clothe him to our eyes.

You have rightly guessed: in each pure breast
Is his abiding-place.
Then let your own true life portray
His beauty, and blossom day by day
With something of his grace.

PROFESSOR BAKELESS IN A SATURDAY NIGHT TALK.

The above poem was read by Professor Bakeless before the student body one evening not long since, and was made so impressive by a talk that preceded it that we are sure our students here will be glad to see the main points in print, and those on farms and others will also be interested.

In his talk the Professor brought out the thought that one should form a habit of reading advertisements, especially those relating to his own line of work. Aside from this the pages of advertisements in the daily paper have always had an interest to me. The needs and wants of the people are here spread out. The unemployed here have an opportunity, though briefly, to tell their special merits as they see them, the employer to state clearly his desires and wants.

"Boy Wanted" often heads a column. Here are some of the requirements usually asked for in a boy. They are such as I should be very desirous of finding in a boy I chose to employ. They are such

qualities as I would have you all, boys and girls, for I speak in a generic sense this evening, cultivate and possess.

Wanted a boy,—CLEAN—without—with-in, mentally, physically; HONEST, no room in the world for any other; REFINED—that illusive quality that all recognize and admire, and yet can hardly adequately define—a quality that all desire, and many do not possess; INDUSTRIOUS,—no room for the lazy, indifferent fellow anywhere, except in the cemetery.

You remember how Beecher once told a young man who was in search of an EASY JOB that the only ones he knew of were to be found in Greenwood.

It was once my privilege, in a distant city, to remain as a guest in a large hotel for a number of days. A boy at work there attracted my attention. Always at his post, always down to every duty with quickness and with a smile. Always obliging and helpful in every way, to every body, Not forward. Gentle in speech and manners. Hands, shoes, and clothing scrupulously neat. Manners and bearings simple, easy, gracious, cordial, eyes clear as the sky on a June day. Face so sunny that one stopped to take another look from sheer pleasure. No cigarette there, eye too clear; no tobacco there, complexion too ruddy and healthful; morals good, because every nerve and muscle responded to his will with ease and grace.

Inquiry showed a record good for three years. Record good at school, at home, and at work. A Christian character; a member of a church, a consistent life, a life of helpfulness.

In the temptations of a life in a large hotel, strength of character withstood the snares and pitfalls lurking there. The old story so often recorded of our great, self-made men—a humble home, crowded out of the nest early, away from a loving father and mother, to earn a living at a salary much smaller than our boys and girls are getting. Taught to live within his means, to spend less than he earned, to think of father, mother, sister and brother rather than himself; and of his employers interest and of the quality of his service rather than his compensation. Honest as he was handsome, accurate in his accounts and business-like, for he had responsibilities. The true gentlemen by determination in the main, by training in part, and to some extent, at least, by instinct.

Inquiry some months later, at the same place, showed that this lad filled the bill of a want advertisement—the very one that you are all anxious to fill.

A keen-eyed business man, sees him, takes his measure, engages him, gives him a chance to rise, to become educated to develop more fully than his early surroundings would permit: and by hard blows, by toil and effort, he has done it, is still doing it, and you will hear of him some day.

The world has a peculiar way of helping such fellows to the top, while you who just know you are fitted to be the Vanderbilts, Carnegies, and McKineys are unrecognized; and while you light a new cigarette, and kill another hour or two over some trashy reading, or in silly, inane gossip and loafing, are also wondering why some old man should have passed you by.

Yes, that BOY WANTED must be studious, too, not with intellect as stagnant as the pool by the roadside. He must grow in his character, his life, his business; he must be true and truthful.

The truthful boy is never a coward. The liar always is.

Little lies, by word, by act, by silence, by subterfuge are just as hurtful as big ones, and are more readily fathomed, and always arouse the contempt of those who measure the situation.

Yes, that boy must be attentive to business, ready to sacrifice himself and his pleasure for the good of his employer. He must have a high sense of duty and must attend to his duty. He must not be ready to drop his work and rush out to see the dog fight or the hand organ concert or the circus parade, however enticing, when duty is imperative. He must be a NOBLE BOY. He will then be a NOBLE MAN.

Jobs are lying around thick for such a boy, from the farm, the tannery, and the tailor shop, the canal and the sawmill to the White House. And some of you boys and girls, too, for tonight I use the term boy in a generic sense as I said before,—are among these fortunate ones. You have toiled in the school-room and in the shops and on the farms, and have proven your worth. You possess many of these qualities that shape success, and are striving hard to gain others.

Go on with senses awake and eyes wide open, forming character.

Independence is a great thing to have! The cringing, sneaking, obsequious fellow is not wanted. Little comes by mere chance or luck; long, patient, thoughtful preparation only enables us to seize the hand rail of the car of opportunity when it comes speeding along, swing into the vacant seat, take the brake and become master of the situation, while you, my friends, who enjoy your ease, and your filthy habits, and waste your time in the shop, in the quarters, in the school-room, and on the bleachers of the athletic grounds instead of in the thickest of the game, will only be tumbled into the dust by that same rapidly moving car, to arise choked and blinded, and wondering why others should thus step over you to success—perhaps to fortune and renown.

"In ourselves our fortune lies.
Life is what we make it."

INDIANS ONCE HAD HANDICRAFTS.

"It was well that much which the Indian in his ignorance and barbarism mistakenly cherished was crushed out by his white conquerors; but much that might have been retained for his good as well as ours was lost in the crushing out process.

"When the white man first came among the Indians, the latter had many handicrafts which indicated intelligence, adaptability, art feeling and finger skill quite remarkable in aboriginal people, as ethnologists tell us. The Indian built boats instinctively. Instead of fostering his love for this craft and developing him through it, he was put off on reservations where boat building was unnecessary and impossible, and while he has been pauperized the Canadians have been allowed to build most of the canoes, racing shells and small pleasure boats that float on American lakes and rivers.

"The Indian knew how to dress furs and to work in leather. London and Vienna are the centres of the great fur and leather trades, although most of the skins are sent there from this continent. Under our guidance the Indians were naturally equipped to help us win these industries for our own. But brotherly co-operation with the red man is not thought of even yet.

"Around the shores of Lake Superior the Indians once worked copper, and

further West others wrought in silver. One might tell of other native industries that have disappeared. I have failed to find one—where one still exists—that has not deteriorated since our boasted civilization came in contact with it.

"A remarkable weave, adaptable to many uses of civilization, is to be found in the flat, hempen saddle bag strikingly decorated with fine overstitches of shredded cornhusks, made by the Nez Perce tribe. A missionary recently showed me some little finger bowl doilies that had been embroidered with crude colored cottons by little Indian children. But for the efforts of many missionaries of liberal culture and broad sympathy, few of the native Indian industries would be extant today.

"The curator of the British Museum remarked when he failed to obtain specimens of the world famous work of certain Indian basket makers: 'What can you Americans be thinking of to let such a craft die!'

"The halfbreeds in the East are practically the only young Indians who are at present making baskets."—[Mrs. F. N. Doubleday, in a paper recently read before the New York City Indian Association.

HE LEFT BEFORE HE WAS EDUCATED.

Job Hunterboy, an Apache who was with us as a student several years ago, and is now known as J. W. Hunter, feels that he left school entirely too soon, and is beginning to realize that the education that an Indian gets in the reservation environment only, is not sufficient to equip him for business association with the sharp whites who are coming in all around them.

"The Government ought to understand that he never learn the Indian into the white man's way if he teaching the Indians right in front of Indian tepee. Also myself, nearly become the wildest of Indian, but I trying to hold all that I learn from Carlisle. I got education about one-quarter of it. I can read and write, but I got about three feet long of my hairs, but I am still farming for myself on my own place, I got a house liver like a white man. I am working for Apaches as interpreter, but I don't get no pay for it. The Apaches got a church here at my place. The poor Indians of the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache country are opening to the settlement. They are allotting for the Indians, but the thing that stands before us is that while we are earnestly striving towards civilization our condition is yet that we cannot cope with the white man. The Government should sent the Indians where the red man can be something like a Carlisle educated man. When I was in the Army, Capt. Scott, 7th U. S. Cavalry, changed my name. I send my best compliments you all who knows me."

The Way to Break up the Saloons.

The April number of the Missionary Review of the World gives the news that 455 temperance restaurants have been established in the principal towns, where food and temperance beverages are sold at a little above cost price. These restaurants are popular, and places where intoxicating liquors are sold are being deserted in their favor. One of the finest hotels in Zurich is a temperance hotel and its rooms are full all the year round.

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.The spent dollar is a lost friend—gone
forever."Every man can spend; it is a wise man
who saves."Cleanliness of body fosters purity of
mind and heart.Ready money is a constant and sub-
stantial friend.Heredity is a comforting thing on which
to blame our faults.School jars not being desirable bric-a-
brac, we do not indulge in them.The Bliss Breeze is the catchy name of
a new paper published at Bliss, O. T.

Why is salad like some women?

A great deal depends upon the dressing.

Of course, the answers to prize puzzle
received after Thursday evening were
too late to be counted.Miss Daisy Dixon is pianist, and band
instructor, as well as teacher, at the Ft.
Lapwai school.—[Haskell Leader.Some people worry so much it would be
a good thing to put fret-work all over the
house, just to make the surroundings
consistent.Save! Save a little! The small savings
of pennies and nickles that one can make
without effort or special sacrifice will ac-
cumulate faster than we can imagine.It is said that the pastures netted the
Kaw Indians on their reservation last
year \$6,000. This year they will bring
\$26,000, and all for the good of the "Kaws."We have a number of students in
country homes to thank for kindly aid in
getting RED MAN & HELPER subscribers.
We have received several from them
this week.Louis Mean Bear and Stands Black,
two prominent Ponca Indians, are quite
low with consumption. It is the custom
of the Indians to give presents when they
die, and Louis has bought fifty dollars
worth of calico, blankets, etc., to give
away at the funeral, which no doubt will
be largely attended.—[The Bliss Breeze.We hear through friends at San Fran-
cisco that George and Lilly Ferris, and
Wingate Temple, class 1901, arrived in
the city of the Golden Gate in due time.
They had a day or two to wait for a
boat to take them north to Eureka and
Hoopa Valley, and they put in time at
sightseeing. They made a very good im-
pression upon the people they met. Win-
gate did not go north, but is seeking em-
ployment in Sacramento.Indian children are more tractable
than white; they are more easily con-
trolled than white children. They have
fewer quarrels among themselves than
white children and in many ways are
more obedient than the more favored
race. This virtue, no doubt, is a herit-
age from their ancestors. Their race has
been noted for the observance and loyal-
ty to parental authority and obedience.
—[Indian Advance, Carson City, Nev.OUR APACHE FRIEND WHO IS A VOTING
CITIZEN OF CAMDEN, N. J.Mr. Richard D. Heyl, who has lived
for many years in Camden, having gone
through the great Pennsylvania Locomo-
tive works from the bottom up, making
himself capable of building an engine,
and having been more recently promoted
to a very responsible place in the business
office of the Pennsylvania Railroad,
writes some stirring sentiments well
worth reading.In a private letter to one of our heads
of departments, expressing regrets that
business prevented his attending our
Commencement Exercises, he says:"As an Indian, taught in a Public
School in the heart of a great city, and
not having been a student of Carlisle, af-
ter fair comparison with other so-called
Industrial Schools, Carlisle ranks fore-
most in every particular, from cook to
Big Chief, from the cellar to the attic
and from top to bottom. I sympathize in
every respect with Colonel Pratt's ideas."(Mr. Heyl has visited Carlisle several
times and studied our systems and work.
Those who remember his genial counte-
nance cannot forget his true Indian fea-
tures and splendid dignity and grace char-
acteristic of the NOBLE Redman. Al-
though he never attended our school nor
any other INDIAN school, he is a com-
plete and thorough example of the Car-
lisle idea of making useful and desirable
citizens of our unfortunate Red brethren
by allowing and encouraging them to
grow up among citizens and useful peo-
ple.)The following in part is a letter of greet-
ings toTHE THINKING BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE
INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CAR-
LISLE, PA.What shall I bring to lay upon thy bier,
O Red Man! Thou Indian forever dead!
With what strange garlands shall I crown thy head.
Thou silent One?Carlisle School, like the Nile, pours out
its riches with an overflow to each and
every student. It welcomes you to the
treasures of science and the delights of
learning, to taste the blessings of exist-
ence where we were passing and see the
light of everlasting truth in the transcen-
dent sweetness of domestic life, whether
it be in Pennsylvania or far away Ari-
zona."Do not feed America to the Indians
but feed the Indians to America," is jus-
tice, but, I would have it read—"America
not for the Indians' or America's sake
but America for the world's sake."We do not live in the past but for the
present and the future, in the gospel of
going ON and the dawning of the light.The Indian youths are passing through
a school in which order, obedience and
reverence are learned; where the body is
systematically developed; where ideals
of self-surrender of courage, of manhood
are inculcated.Youths of the forests and cities are
brought together, mingled with others of
higher intellectual antecedents.What a glorious thing human life is
when seen in the light, and how glorious
Man's destiny! I am, Thou art, He is,
seems but a school boy's conjugation,
wherein lies a mysterious meaning. We
behold all around us, one vast Union, in
which no man can labor for himself alone
without laboring at the same time for all
others.The feeling of our dignity and our pow-
er grow strong when we say to our
selves: Our being is not objectless and
in vain, we are a necessary link in this
great chain. All the great, good and
wise among mankind, all the benefactors
of the human race whose names we read
in the world's history and the still greater
numbers of those whose good deeds out-
live their names, all these have labored
for you and for us.The exterminating policy of civilization
has swept nearly every vestige of those
people who have folded and are foldingtheir tents and passing into total obscuri-
ty.

As Whittier tersely says:

"Behind the Red squaws birch canoe,
The steamers smokers and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale,
Above old Indian graves.We are no longer babes of the woods.
Many of us have attained our manhood
and womanhood. Work is what we
need—industry—whether it be farming,
mechanical, scientific or in the profession-
al arts, doing each with all our powers,
our strength and our mind.The Indians must ever cease to be
Bishop Whipple's, "Noblest of all hea-
thens on earth."We have our gifts, however small, and
it is for us to use our talents with credit
and usefulness, and become truly Amer-
ican citizen, ready to grasp the reins of
progress and of GOING ON with the
Star Spangled Banner forever waving its
BLESSINGS over us, the land of the free
and brave.

Sincerely,

R. D. HEYL.

THE INDIAN BAND.

An Admirable Concert at the Y. M. C. A. Hall
On Saturday Night.The United States Industrial School
Band, of Carlisle, closed the Y. M. C. A.'s
jubilee week on Saturday evening by
giving an admirable concert. The au-
dience was very small, but what it lacked
in number it made up in enthusiasm.
Under the direction of Lieutenant J. B.
Ettinger, the band demonstrated that it
is one of the best organizations of its kind
in the State, both the solo and ensemble
work being of a high order. The soloists
were Mr. James R. Wheelock (Oneida),
clarinet, and Mr. Robert Bruce (Sioux),
euphonium. Both gentlemen demon-
strated that they were masters of their
favorite instruments, and they were
heartily encored.—[Lancaster New Era.

The Lancaster Intelligencer says:

"In every way the concert was a sur-
prise and a delight."

In a private letter we get this:

"All who were present at that concert
were much pleased with the work of the
Band."

The Trip to Lancaster.

The Band was royally entertained at
Lancaster by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the
Young Men's Christian Association, long
tables being spread in one of the lecture
rooms of the building and laden with
good substantial food, and delicacies to
suit the most fastidious. The boys were
waited upon by the young ladies of the
Auxiliary, and probably ate more than
they would have under other circumstan-
ces. The Association's Secretary, H. W.
Gibson, spared no pains to make the af-
ternoon and evening pleasurable to all
concerned. The Association building is
a magnificent structure, beautifully fitted
up with all the conveniences of a com-
fortable home. The long corridors, read-
ing rooms, play rooms, gymnasium, spa-
cious parlors, carpeted in rugs and cur-
tained in elegant draperies border on
luxury. The young men of the Band and
Conductor Ettinger will ever remember
the kindness and cordiality shown them.Some of the Band members were es-
corted through the New Era Office when
at Lancaster last Saturday, by one of the
Proprietors, Mr. Warfel. They were
greatly interested in his explanations of
the various processes of newspaper mak-
ing and job printing.Is it not strange that the lowest Italian
can have citizenship here while the na-
tive-born Indian who can read and write
must have an agent over him and be
treated like a serf?—[The Indian's Friend.Mrs. Nation visited Haskell Institute
the other day and gave souvenir buttons
to some of the pupils.

Athletics.

The base-ball season opened here last
Friday with a game between Albright
College and the Indians in which our
boys easily out-classed their opponents
and won by the score of 8 to 3. Pratt and
Bender pitched excellent ball and our
whole team showed up very well. The
tabulated score follows:

INDIANS					ALBRIGHT						
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Miller, 1b	1	1	10	0	0	Brady, 2b	1	2	2	7	3
Johnson, 3b	1	1	2	1	1	Black, ss	0	1	1	5	1
Pierce, c	1	0	6	1	0	S'ffer, lf	0	0	2	0	0
Lay, rf	0	2	0	0	0	Kelcher, c	0	0	1	0	0
Beaver, lf	0	2	0	0	0	K'cht, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Black'f, ss	1	3	1	4	0	D'ley, 1b	0	0	15	0	2
R'gers, 2b	2	1	6	2	2	S'yer, 3b	1	0	2	0	0
Pratt, p	0	0	1	1	0	M'ser, rf	1	0	2	0	0
B'der, cf	2	2	0	2	0	Kemp, p	0	1	0	5	0
J Miller, cf	0	1	1	0	0						
Totals	8	13	27	11	3	Totals	3	4	27	18	6
Indians.....	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	3	1	8
Albright.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-3

On Saturday our team went to Phila-
delphia and were defeated by the Uni-
versity of Pennsylvania team, by the
score of 7 to 1. LeRoy pitched like a vet-
eran, but the rest of the team did not play
as well as they did here the day before,
and made several errors. Several weak
points were noticed in the playing, and
some changes have been made in the
positions of the players which will no
doubt strengthen the team. The follow-
ing is the score:

PENNSYLVANIA					INDIANS																		
	R.	H.	O.	A.		R.	H.	O.	A.														
Collier, 2b	1	2	2	3	0	Miller, 1b	0	0	8	0													
White, ss	0	0	1	3	0	Johns'n 3b	0	0	3	0													
Jones, 1b	1	2	8	0	1	Pierce, c	0	0	9	1													
Gawth'p, cf	2	2	1	0	0	Bender, cf	0	0	0	0													
Newm'n, lf	0	0	0	0	0	Lay, rf	0	0	1	0													
Noble, rf	1	1	3	0	0	Beaver, lf	0	2	1	1													
Brown, 3d	0	0	0	2	0	Black'f ss	0	0	1	1													
Bennett, c	2	1	12	0	0	Rogers, 2b	1	0	1	1													
Leary, p	0	0	0	2	0	LeRoy, p	0	1	0	5													
Totals					7	8	27	10	1	Totals					1	3	24	9	7				
Pennsylvania					2	0	0	0	1	1	Indians					0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1

The score of the State College Indian
game played yesterday will be given
next week.To-morrow the Indians will meet Dick-
inson on Dickinson field, and the game
should be an interesting one.Villa Nova plays here next Thursday,
and this will probably be the strongest
team our boys will meet until the
Princeton game.Mr. Taylor has been coaching the team
all the week and has improved their play-
ing greatly. He thinks our team will
compare well with the majority of
college nines.As the result of trials last Monday the
following men were chosen as the most
promising candidates for the relay team,
and were sent to the training table:Preston Pohoxicut, Wallace Denny,
Charles Cusick, George Field, John Kim-
ble, Joel Cornelius and Frank Beaver.The rest of the track team candidates
will continue to train for their various
events, and ten more men will be put at
the training table next Monday.On May 1st, our annual Spring track
and field meet will be held.Medals will be given as first and second
prizes in each of the 14 events, and instead
of there being class relay races the class
athletic championship will be decided by
the number of points scored in all the
events. Firsts will count 5, seconds 3, and
thirds 1; and the class scoring the greatest
number of points will be awarded a suit-
able banner.

Returned Students.

Among the Winnebago items in the
Pender, Nebraska, Times, we catch these
notes about returned pupils, which show
that they still live and have a being:Frank Mott has a fine new guitar, and
to say, that he loves to pan away the
lonely hours in the evening in his little
old log cabin in the lane, playing on the
instrument and singing of the sweet days
gone by, is putting it lightly.Harvey Warner was up from Omaha
Agency, Monday."He that in youth sows the habit of
saving shillings will at maturity reap a
golden harvest."

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

Budding trees and singing birds!
Johnson Owl has gone to Wilmington to work in a foundry.

Richard Hendricks is working in a bakery in Dillsburg.

The tree between the girls' quarters and bandstand is swarming full of bees.

"Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the purse full."

Mrs. Standing's window full of beautiful flowers attracts the admiration of all passers-by.

The squib on Habit, last page we have printed before, but it is worth repeating several times.

There are a few budding signs that golf may be played this year by some of our people.

Ernest Peters and Maggie Trombly were married recently in the West, so we hear authoritatively.

Some students are like the hour glass, the more time you give them the less sand they seem to have.

We are sorry to say that our printery is not as some we read about—so quiet that one can hear the clock gain time.

Miss Amy Roberts, of Norristown, who has been a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt for a few days has returned to Wilson College.

It will be observed that quite a number of our graduates' and ex-students' names appear again in the list of the Appointments in the Indian Service, last page.

Miss Miles and Miss Peter to-night at the Incubibles; Miss Paull and Miss Robertson, the Standards; Mr. Odell and Mr. Miller the Susans.

Mary Guyamma thinks she has a lovely country home in Montgomery county. At a birthday party of one of the daughters of the household recently they had an enjoyable time.

Miss Sarah and Master Dick Pratt of Steelton have come to stay a few days with us. We know now why Dick went home. Of course he did not want to be enjoying all these nice times alone.

One of our teachers, Mrs. Walters, won the prize of a sloyd article by getting the most correct answers to the Indian Tribe puzzle. We wish to thank the many who took a hearty interest in the puzzle, and will try to hunt up as good a one for some other time.

If your employer is inclined to grumble at your work, the way to get ahead of him is to do the work so well that he cannot possibly find anything to grumble about. When a grumbling employer keeps still the one who does the work may feel pretty well satisfied that he is doing right.

A new and handsome card case graces Cashier Miller's desk. The history of the students will be placed on cards made for the purpose and arranged in the card-catalogue plan for easy reference. The card system will do away with the handling of heavy books, and will have all needful data in a nut-shell, and easy of access.

There is an EYE out on the boy who dares to stone the birds. It is the school eye. Of the more than half-thousand present there are not a dozen little boys or big boys either, probably, who would treat our little pets so cruelly, but if there is one, let us give him a lesson he will remember.

Miss Louise Rogers, a Senior, has gone to Bloomsburg to enter the State Normal school. Miss Eva Rogers, also a Senior and no relation to Miss Louise has entered the Perkiomen Seminary, at Pottsville, Pa. They are brave girls to strike out to earn most of their own expenses through a higher school than this, and from there out into broader lines of usefulness. The Normal Department at this school in which they have been taking lessons, is sorry to lose them, but to the girls it means better preparation for life. We do not retain our pupils when there are larger opportunities beyond Carlisle.

Of our old and constant friends none is more faithful than the RED MAN AND HELPER. We are pleased with a recent number illustrating its home.—[Regina, Assa, Progress.

The Easter Number of the Great Falls Leader, Montana, was gorgeous in a cover with bright pictures. The Leader is one of the most readable and interesting papers that come to our office.

April 6th Native American, published at Phoenix, Arizona, says: Miss Luckenbach returned yesterday from her trip to the Pacific Coast and the Rocky Mountains, looking much improved by the rest from office work.

In the items from Ft. Apache school, to the same paper we see: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dagenett arrived from Indian Territory Sunday. Mr. Dagenett received the appointment of issue clerk at this Agency. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dagenett are graduates of Carlisle School, Mr. Dagenett being one of Miss Patterson's little boys at that place a few years ago. (Miss Patterson is now the Superintendent of the Ft. Apache school.)

Albert Screamer is changing his country home. He has so much enjoyed his home at Mr. Vails, Quakertown, that he dislikes to leave it, but he hopes to like his new home and to get acquainted with a new lot of people in the neighborhood to which he is going, and may make friends among them.

Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston of Washington, has finished her work here for a few weeks. She will have more views to take in June, perhaps. Miss Johnston was sent here by the Bureau of Education, and took the pictures to be exhibited at the Pan-American, to show in part the educational work that is being done by the United States Government for the Indians in one of its largest training schools.

Cards announcing the marriage of Eva Anita Johnson, class, '89, to Mr. Ross Clark Preston, on Thursday April 11th, have been received. At home, Pawhuska, Oklahoma. The happy two have the congratulations and best wishes of a large number of friends in and about Carlisle. We are not acquainted with Mr. Preston, but are able to inform him, if he does not know it already, that he has secured a handsome and accomplished wife.

One of the most interesting features of the week has been the taking of movable pictures by artists sent here by the Bureau of Education. Our boys in marching order as they appeared in the inaugural parade will be shown on canvas at the Pan-American. Then there were gymnastic classes and athletics in various forms taken. The artists told us that it cost a hundred dollars a minute to run the machine while the picture was being taken. It required about half a minute for each picture, each film used costing about fifty dollars.

Mr. Walters, although not a betting character, was willing to risk a small amount that the Indians would make three runs in the "first half" in last Friday's game with Albright. Last season's football excitement evidently lingers in his mind, for we do not play baseball by halves. This reminds us of a young lady, (graduate of Carlisle) who witnessed the football game with Pennsylvania last season. Some one said something about the first half being nearly through, and she asked how many halves there were.

Stupid and Lazy.

Ten chances to one the driver of one of our wagons will never hear that rattle in his wagon till the wagon breaks down, like some drivers who never look up the track to see if a train is coming till they get fairly on the track. It is just such lack of watchfulness and care that marks the difference between a poor, sleepy, thoughtless, headless workman, and the man of thrift and business. The thoughtful man is always looking out for possible accidents to his machine, and the very first unusual rattle he hears he makes it right. HIS machine is always in order, and he rarely loses time by big breakdowns.

FRIDAY AN EXCEPTIONAL DAY.

In the first place last Friday was a holiday for the school, on account of its being Arbor Day.

The purposes of Arbor Day are plainly set forth in the Governor's able proclamation, printed last page.

Appropriate exercises were held in Assembly Hall, at nine o'clock, A. M. The Band played as an opening piece, Selection from Meyerbeer's Huguenots, and every one was thrilled with the excellence of the rendition.

Those who declaimed or recited were George Pratt, Mary Kadashan, Ella Romero and several members of the Senior class in gems of thought and information on "Trees in Prose and Poetry."

We never heard the school, under the direction of Miss Senseney, sing "Field and Dell," more beautifully. The song of "The Woodpecker" by the little Model School pupils was cute, and the Juniors who sat in the usual place for the choir rendered in good voice and harmony "Spring is Here." A class of No. 7 sang a Wood Song, and Pliga Nash played a very pretty piano solo. Colonel Pratt spoke earnestly for a few moments, and the Band closed the program with a selection "The Dying Poet,"—Gottschalk.

The classes here separated and went to various places on the campus and planted trees, the kinds of trees predominating being the American Linden, Plain Sugar Maple, Norway Maple, Horse Chestnut, etc., Mr. Standing explaining how they should be planted.

The exercises by each class were interesting in themselves. Some of the trees were given striking names. One was called Aguinaldo, and one Mrs. Nation. That surely will be anti-saloon.

A sugar maple was named Indiana, in honor of Colonel Pratt's home when he was a boy and loved to drink the sap from the trees, as told by himself in his talk before the student body.

There were unusual ceremonies in the planting of the office tree, Mr. Beitzel, taking conspicuous part. The Man-on-the-band-stand glanced that way just as he was beating graceful time with a stake, to the song that was being sung for the occasion.

The Sophomores placed in the earth near their tree a bottle containing the name of the class. They also threw in all their bad habits to act as a fertilizer. A speech by the class president, Joseph Trempe, a declamation by Bert Jaquez, quotations from a number of the members and an Arbor Day song made an interesting program around this tree.

Miss Johnston photographed several of the groups.

The afternoon was spent in watching the moving-picture men, the ball game and the evening in listening to a Band concert on the Band stand. The day was cloudless and perfect in every respect, and will not soon be forgotten as one of profit and pleasure out of the usual line.

Miss Daisy Dixon.

Miss Daisy Dixon, of Haskell, Kansas, who has recently accepted a position as teacher at Fort Lapwai, but who when a small girl was with us, living with her father and mother, the former then our resident physician, writes:

"I find myself so far West that I must have something from the far East to keep me balanced. Enclosed find twenty-five cents for which please send the RED MAN AND HELPER. I hear Carlisle spoken of very often among the Nez Perce Indians, you know several of their children have gone there to school.

I am getting my first taste of life among the real Indians, and it is, to say the least, very interesting from a sociological point of view. Cause and effect are shown up with almost startling clearness in a place of this kind. I am glad at any rate to have the experience. Hoping to hear regularly from Carlisle through the paper, I am, etc."

"The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

A RECENT VISITOR DEEPLY IMPRESSED.

One of the special correspondents here during Commencement week states at the beginning of a long article her impressions in these words:

A thousand Indians drawn up in military array, one of the most peaceful and reassuring sights that can be imagined!

In the perspective the long, blue line of the Cumberland mountains in the background one of the most fertile and beautiful valleys in the world, and in the foreground the clustered buildings that form the famous Indian School at Carlisle, Pa.

As one gazes at these tall, straight, broad-shouldered boys in their trim uniforms, and at the bright faced, smiling girls in their neatly-fitting, dark blue dresses, how far away seem the wigwams the war dances, the blankets, the painted faces—all that we associate in mind with the Indians of the United States.

On the Western plains are the remnants of the dark and dying past: at Carlisle the promise of the new century, the seeds of regeneration of this unfortunate race.

Paul T.

Paul Teenah, who spent a few weeks with us while on a sick leave from his Troop, has arrived safely in Cuba. They immediately placed him in a quarantine tent, he says, and it is quite lonely for him. We don't know why they should do so unless it is the order for all new arrivals off ship-board. Everything looks the same as before he left. The weather is hot and dry, and he hardly knows what to do with himself. As he wrote the evening after arrival he will probably have more to tell in his next letter. His friends at Carlisle and elsewhere are always glad to hear from him.

We can imagine Paul to be a steady, quiet, faithful, soldier, and have never heard anything to the contrary. He enjoyed his stay here and his friends were glad he could be with us.

Is it Wrong to Dance?

The above question is frequently asked and each one will have to answer for himself, but it does not require the profoundest knowledge of sanitary laws to condemn as wrong the dancing that so many Indians on reservations indulge in badly ventilated and overcrowded lodges. This practice is known to aggravate and produce lung trouble, called consumption. It is just as true of the kind of coarse, rude country dancing taught the Indians by their white brethren and which so fascinates the young people that some dance night after night and all night, as it is true of the so-called wild dances. So let us decide for ourselves, taking all things into consideration whether or not dancing is wrong.

Editorial Vigilance.

Every article that goes into the RED-MAN & HELPER is read several times over in manuscript or clipping before it goes into the hands of the compositor, and after the copy is set in type it is read two or three times over before it goes on the galley. In proof, it is read twice in galley form by the regular proof-reader, and two or three times in page form by the same, so that it gets six or seven careful readings. Even then errors creep out. We cannot equal the Ladies' Home Journal, however, in the number of times proofs are read. They claim that each article is read fifteen or twenty times after leaving the author's hands, before it reaches the public eye.

They Are Good Singers.

One of the most impressive services held in Carlisle on the Sabbath day is at the Indian School in the afternoon. To hear about 700 Indians sing, "It is Well With My Soul," as was heard yesterday, is a great inspiration, especially to those who love singing.—[Monday Evening's Carlisle Sentinel.

No, we do not ring two bells for dinner, we simply ring one bell twice.

GOVERNOR STONE'S ARBOR DAY PROCLAMATION.

The rapid devastation of our forests has long since brought us to a realization of the danger to which such a course must lead. In the absence of prompt action, the growing demands of our industries would have soon stripped the mountains and plains of their wooded areas. Already the depletion of forests has influenced our climate and produced a marked effect upon the flow of the streams and rivers of the State.

Pennsylvania stands in the front rank of the States that realize the great importance of the forestry movement.

The legislature has endeavored to enlist our citizens in the work of repairing the injury already done and has authorized the setting aside of special days upon which trees and shrubs are to be systematically planted.

Forested Reservations have been established and the Department of forestry recently created now has full charge of the State Reservations which are to be increased by purchase and cultivation.

It is the duty of every one to aid in this beneficent work which affects not only the State at large, but by protecting, improving and beautifying our highways, parks, school grounds and homes reaches each individual in the commonwealth.

Natural forces alone are not sufficient to do the work of restoring trees which have been removed by humane agency. We must co-operate with nature in order to secure the greatest beauty about our homes and to perpetuate the prosperity of our State.

In order that our citizens, both young and old, may have an opportunity to continue to contribute their share to this successful and beneficial work,

I, William A. Stone, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with law, do hereby designate and proclaim Friday, the Twelfth day of April, A. D. 1901, to be observed as Arbor days throughout the Commonwealth.

Two days are set apart for the observance of this custom. Inasmuch as the climate conditions may render one of these days more favorable for the purpose intended than the other, the selection is left with the citizens or the various sections of the Commonwealth.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State at the City of Harrisburg, the Twenty-ninth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and twenty-fifth.

By the Governor,
WILLIAM A. STONE
W. W. GRIEST,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

MEDICINAL USES OF COLD WATER. I am beginning to think that cold water is more beneficial than drugs," a friend said to me recently, "When I am sleepless, as I frequently am, I wet a cloth with cold water and hold it alternately at the back of my neck, the pit of my stomach, on my wrists, and across my forehead. This lowers my temperature and leaves me so refreshed that I am usually sure of falling asleep very soon after the application. For constipation, I know of no better remedy than a couple of glasses of cold water taken upon retiring, and also the first thing in the morning. Rheumatism is also said to flee from a persistent deluging of the system with this simple fluid. A gallon of water should be taken daily, two gallons in the morning, before breakfast, and the other two between meals during the day. Of course this quantity cannot be taken at first, but must be attained to gradually. Neither must it be bolted down as one gulps a glass of soda, but taken slowly, with intervals of rest.

"A chronic case came to my notice recently. The lady had been afflicted for a number of years, her finger joints were crooked and swollen, and she had been a great sufferer. Her physician prescribed

a gallon of water daily. She explicitly followed the directions given her, until now she tells me she has been entirely free from pain for several years, and her fingers have attained nearly their original shape. Another patient was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism in four weeks, by simple drinking cold water, and carefully regulating her diet, which consisted mostly in abstaining from sweets, and red blooded meat, beef in particular.

Rheumatism, constipation and sleeplessness are three formidable foes. If nature's beverage can successfully grapple with them is it not well to avoid drugs, and to cleanse the system with pure water, free to all, and unfailing in its supply?

An excellent gargle for sore throat is listerine and water, in the proportion of one-third listerine to two-thirds water. It is very pleasant to the taste, purifies the breath, and is a good disinfectant. Often troublesome irritation will attack the throat, caused sometimes by a deranged stomach, often the forerunner of a serious cold. The listerine gargle, if taken in season, will prevent the cold from materializing to any great extent. It is an antiseptic which is largely used by the medical fraternity—Mrs. Helen M. Richardson, in *New York Observer*.

APPOINTMENTS IN INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE FOR MARCH, 1901.

Classified Service.

Nettie Everett, Laundress, Vermillion Lake, Minnesota; Kate Jones, Laundress, Santee, Nebraska; Cora A. Truax, Laundress, Pottawatomie, Kans.; Emma L. Dickinson, Assistant Matron, Carson, Nevada; Wilhelmina Brandherm, Assistant Matron, Rice Station, Arizona; Daisy M. Keller, Assistant Matron, Yakima, Washington; Laura B. Norton, Teacher, Round Valley, California; Englebert Erickson, Tailor, Mount Pleasant, Michigan; Emma C. Troutman, Assistant Matron, Fort Lapwai, Idaho; Agnes Barbee, Seamstress, Colville, Washington; Cora M. Bassett, Teacher, Fort Hall, Idaho; Isabel Percy, Assistant Matron, Yainax, Oregon; Timothy J. Sullivan, Tailor, Fort Peck, Montana; Daisy Dixon, Teacher, Fort Lapwai, Idaho; Minnie G. Braithwaite, Assistant Teacher, Blue Canyon, Arizona; Mildred C. Wear, Laundress and Cook, Blue Canyon, Arizona; Chas. L. Glessner, Farmer, Pierre, South Dakota; Joseph Fliesser, Tailor, Chilocco, Oklahoma; Oscar E. Olson, Farmer, Pipestone, Minnesota.

Indians.

Martin D. Archiquette, Industrial Teacher, Green Bay, Wisconsin; Lucy A. Guthrie, Assistant Matron, Omaha, Nebraska; Louis Misher, Laborer, Hayward, Wisconsin; Florence Wade, Assistant Matron, Morris, Minnesota; Ada Rice Cook and Laundress, Flathead, Montana; Charles Knorr, Disciplinary, Fort Peck, Montana; Tirzah Trask, Assistant Matron, Silletz, Oregon; Jerry Holliquill, Farmer, Warm Springs, Oregon; Lizzie Steele, Cook, Rapid City, South Dakota; George Matokokipapi, Nightwatchman, Standing Rock, North Dakota; Hugh James, Industrial Teacher, Leech Lake, Minnesota.

Among the changes in employees at various Indian agencies authorized by the Indian Office during the month of March, 1901, appear the following:

Takes Himself, Laborer, Crow, Mont., in place of Pretty Paint; Joseph Nimrod, Stableman, Yankton, S. D., in place of John Feather; Frank Dumaree, Asst. Carpenter, Standing Rock, N. D., in place of William Hawk; Jim Coopooce, Judge, Lemhi, Ore., in place of Jack Crouse; Sibley Fly, Asst. Blacksmith, Standing Rock, N. D., in place of Peter Bearboy; John Findley, Laborer, Colville, Wash., in place of Alex Flett; Anna Findley, Interpreter, Colville, Wash.; Jacob Jones, Blacksmith, Kiowa, Okla., in place of Edgar Halfmoon; George Iron Heart, Laborer, Pine Ridge, S. D., in place of Henry S. Soldier, Junior; Leo Walker, Asst. Blacksmith, Sac and Fox, Okla., in place of Walter Ka-kague; Ben

Shaffer, Laborer, Osage, Okla., in place of Jake Copland; John Garreau, Laborer, Cheyenne River, S. D., in place of Penn Garfield; Allen Hill, Asst. Butcher, Cheyenne and Arapaho, Okla., in place of Noble Prentiss; Raymond Dawson, Addl. Farmer, Cheyenne and Arapaho, Okla.; Nick Cadotte, Asst. Farmer, Standing Rock, N. D., in place of John Whitesell; Frank Wells, Asst. Blacksmith, Standing Rock, N. D., in place of Luke Bearpaw; Little Sioux, Harness-maker, Ft. Berthold, N. D., Jesse D. Mason; Wallace Weaver, Interpreter, Leech Lake, Minn., in place of Francis Leong; Charles E. Dagenett, Issue Clerk, Ft. Apache, Ariz. in place of Oscar H. Keller.

The Perris School.

Our venerable friend, Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. whom we so frequently meet and enjoy at Lake Mohonk, is now so-journing in California, and recently visited the Perris Indian School. In his weekly article for the Evangelist he says:

One of the most pleasant—and profitable days was occupied by a delightful excursion which our ever attentive friend, Mr. A. K. Smiley, gave us—in a four-horse turnout, to the Indian Schools near Perris, and under the shadow of the San Jacinto Mountains.

The drive out and back covered fifty-five miles. As Mr. Smiley has been so long one of the United States Commissioners for the oversight of the aborigines and the annual Indian Conference at Lake Mohonk is so important a function, he was able to have the pupils of the schools go through all their drills and exercises for the benefit of our party. If any one has any doubts as to what the red man is capable of, let him pay a visit to the Perris school. That is the region which is the scene of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's celebrated story of *Romona*—for which all good Indians will bless her memory.

Burdette Thinks the Lesson is Simple.

These hurrying days, these busy times of ours, are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love, and gold for kisses.

Some day, when our hungry souls will seek for bread, our selfish god will give us a stone.

Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem.

It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read.

You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the theorists.

It is not on your book-shelves; but in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blindest may read—a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson.

And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world would be better and happier.

An Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to overcome Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes the composition was read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:—

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up: all of which go to show that, if you want to get rid of a habit, you must throw it off altogether."

Just so in Arizona.

"Was it hot in Manila?" the returned soldier was asked.

"Was it hot? They had to put the hens in ice chests to prevent their laying hard boiled eggs."

She Wore Glasses.

Little Charlie—(at supper)—Grandma do your glasses make things look bigger?

Grandma—Yes deary, Why?

Charlie—Oh! I only thought if they did may be you'd take 'em off while you're cutting the cake.

According to the *Wamego Times*, a church fair "is a function where a man spends more money than he can afford, for things he does not want, to please people he does not like, for the benefit of the heathen, who are better off left alone."

Would Not Read.

Mrs. Meddergrass.—Well, if I was them Boers I'd just go without readin' before I'd do it.

Mr. Meddergrass.—Do what?

Why, the paper says they have been takin' a lot of British magazines.

"I wonder if it's true the smokers in colleges are the most backward in their studies."

"If it is, it's only a proof weeds are of no more value in the field of education than in other fields."—[Exchange.]

Baseball Schedule for the Season.

April 12, Albright at Carlisle. Won. 8 to 3.
" 13, University of Pennsylvania, at Phila.
Lost 7 to 1.
April 18, State College, at Carlisle.
" 20, Dickinson, on Dickinson Field.
" 27, Mercersburg, at Mercersburg.
May 1, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle.
" 4, Columbia, at New York City.
" 8, Gettysburg, at Carlisle.
" 11, Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
" 15, Susquehanna, at Carlisle.
" 18, Mercersburg, at Carlisle.
" 23, Washington & Jefferson, at Carlisle.
" 30, Dickinson on myer Field.
June 1, Albright, at Myerstown.
" 5, Princeton, at Princeton.
" 6, Fordham, at New York.
" 8, Cornell, at Buffalo.
" 12, Yale, at New Haven.
" 15, Harvard, at Cambridge.
" 19, Bucknell, at Lewisburg.
" 20, Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg.
" 21, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 2, 4, 10, 11 are sometimes used in dressing.

My 8, 9, 7 we breathe to live.

My 6, 3, 4, 5, 1 is the way a monkey laughs.

My whole is something that is causing the grass to laugh.

Answer to Last Week's Indian Tribes Puzzle.

1. Blackfeet. 2. Crow. 3. Ottawa. 4. Miami. 5. Mohawk. 6. Seminole. 7. Creeks. 8. Seneca. 9. Osage. (There was an error in this. Bware should have read hedge.) 10. Delaware. 11. Pawnee. 12. Sac and Fox. 13. Pueblo. 14. Shawnee. 15. Arapahoe. 16. Cheyenne. 17. Modoc. 18. Wyandotte. 19. Kiowa. 20. Apache. 21. Chippewa. 22. Chickasaw. 23. Comanches. 24. Flathead. 25. Cherokee. 26. Otee. 27. Kato. 28. Tuscarora. 29. Sioux. 30. Stockbridge. 31. Hoopa Valley. 32. Papago. 33. Digger. 34. Sheepeater.

TERMS AND SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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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.

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