

# The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1901.

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

## APRIL DAYS.

WHEN April days go dancing  
Along the road to May,  
With here a flower, and there a shower,  
And never a time to stay:

Then brooks are full of little waves,  
That race and chase in glee,  
And all the flooding rivers  
Rush on to find the sea.

Then spring the brave green grasses  
On every hill and plain,  
A mighty host, in field and coast,  
They laugh in sun and rain.

Then morning wakes in melody,  
And mirth finds time to stay,  
When April days go dancing  
Along the road to May.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## TEACHING THE ESKIMOS, IN THE FAR NORTH LAND.

Having several Eskimo children with us, a part of a story of "Life at St. Lawrence Island," as told by Missionary Gamble in the Youth's Companion, citing the great difficulties under which they in that far-away land of darkness have to labor, will be of special interest:

In December, says the account, when the days were at their shortest, the sun showed for barely three hours above the horizon, and was so low in the south that it afforded little warmth. During stormy weather the light was very faint, and the people in their dark houses did not always bestir themselves in the morning. Kannakut and Tummasok usually came to the school-house by ten o'clock; but many of the others would sleep over a day, unless I went to rouse them. They appeared to be dormant, like hibernating animals.

At length, I made a practice of setting off at nine o'clock every morning, with my lantern and school-room bell, to arouse and summon our pupils. I would ring the bell in front of each house till signs of life were shown.

The fact is that these poor children were now going hungry, and that is one reason why they did not like to stir forth in the cold. "Poorga" had followed "poorga" and these snow gales had so packed the ice about St. Lawrence Island that neither seal nor walrus appeared at sea. The hunters could find nothing. Even fishing was impracticable.

While school was in session one day, about twelve o'clock, we heard shouts throughout the village. The men appeared to be hastening to and fro. A great crack had opened in the ice fields, some three miles at sea. The open water was a mile or more in length and several hundred feet wide. In and about the borders of it were many seals, several walruses, and a dead whale, frozen in the ice.

Naturally every hunter of this starving hamlet desired to reach the crack with his harpoon and gun as soon as possible. The first comers were likely to fare best.

The weather was cloudy and the sky very dark, with a rising, sighing wind. When I left the school-house all but the old women and young children had gone away across the ice-fields. I took my own gun and started to follow them. The trail of the hunters was easily discerned in the snow among the hummocks.

I had gone no more than a mile when I met my neighbor, Koogak, his wife and their two boys coming back to the village, loaded down with seal meat. Mrs. Koogak was carrying a most incredible load. When she set the mass down to rest, I attempted to lift it, but could not

raise it from the ice, at which her broad mouth expanded in a tremendous smile.

In addition to her load she was dragging the carcass of a seal after her by a thong.

This family had among them no less than a thousand pounds of seal meat, and their faces were broad with smiles. When an Eskimo has made a good hunt his cup of joy is full, and he takes little thought for the future. "To-morrow is another day," he says.

Koogak, thoughtful for my safety, urged me to go back to the Island, putting up his hand to show me that the wind had changed and was beginning to blow hard. When I started to go on, he set down his load and followed me, still insisting that I should return with them to the land.

The wisdom of Koogak was soon apparent. It perhaps saved my life. We had not reached the island before the most frightful noises issued from the ice all about us. The great hummocks were cracking asunder with frightful crashes that boomed far along the coast. The change of wind was starting the great ice-fields away from the island; and where the hummocks were frozen to the shore there was a fearful rending and grinding. For a few minutes we were in great peril among the splitting floes, but at last jumped to land.

The dusk of a stormy evening had settled on the village, and most of the people were still away on the ice-fields, which were now in motion, near and far, the black water of the exposed sea seething and foaming up in the opening cracks. In the fast gathering darkness we saw men and women at a distance, loaded with seal meat, all hurrying to escape being carried out to sea, for the ice, under pressure of strong wind, was moving away from the shore. The noise was like continuous thunder; and already a driving gale of snow was setting in. It seemed to me that all who had not reached the shore must be crushed or drowned.

The people farthest out, when they saw that the ice-field had left the shore, turned and ran for the cape, a mile farther west. The ice-field was turning and doubling about this headland and remained jammed against it for an hour or more so that all the villagers got ashore there, except five. These were cut off by a great crack, which suddenly appeared between them and the land.

We heard them shouting dolefully, far off in the storm. It was pitiful to think that we could do nothing. The ice was mostly afloat now, and it had grown very dark.

Thinking that the unfortunates might be helped if enabled to keep their bearings on the ice, I lighted my best oil lantern and hoisted it to the top of the flag-staff on the school house. Mrs. Gambell, too, began tolling the large school bell, which was hung on the roof. Heard in the storm of that wild, sad night, the strokes were most melancholy. After a time I begged her to desist; for I believed that she was fatiguing herself needlessly, and that the bell could do no good.

"Oh, but it may cheer them," she said. "And it is all I can do for them!"

After every five minutes she resumed the task and continued it through the long, mournful night. At times I relieved her, but she did most of the ringing, and sat watching our little clock during the intervals of silence.

At daylight nothing could be discerned out at sea, save a waste of stormy water and white ice-cakes. But as the light increased we saw that a large "field" had grounded, three or four miles to the east-

ward; and within an hour Kannakut and three of the others came plodding wearily to the village. They had succeeded in getting a shore at daylight, but were badly frostbitten, and had come near to perishing.

Angeit—poor little Swipes!—while trying to jump across a crack had slipped and fallen in. If he rose at all, he probably came up under the ice.

Almost the first words of those who returned were about the bell which they had heard all night. The lantern they had seen but once or twice, owing to the storm, but the bell had cheered them greatly. To use Kannakut's own words: "It made our hearts strong."

## ACCURACY !!!

### Accuracy is What Tells.

Our Indian students on leaving school want places that pay well. They are no different from the school boys and girls of any class or race, and like others, they sometimes think they can earn more than it is possible for them to get.

An interesting story is told of a young man in a Western railway office.

He was occupying the position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get.

It was honorable and "it paid well" besides being in line of promotion.

How did he get it?

Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer.

The secret was his BEAUTIFUL ACCURACY.

He began as an errand-boy, and did his work ACCURATELY.

His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic.

After awhile he learned to telegraph.

At each step his employer commended his ACCURACY and relied on what he did, because he was just right.

It is thus with every occupation.

The ACCURATE boy is the favored one.

Those who employ men do not wish to be on the lookout, as though they were rogues or fools.

If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

Mr. Tuttle tells the story and makes the comments. The Visitor continues:

The world wants accurate work done in all departments, and for it will pay a good round price; but it offers little to the unskilled and uninformed.

We should resist with all our might the temptation to halfway knowing and halfway doing.

Form the habit of thoroughness in youth, and you have laid the foundation of success for all the future.

See prize offer, 3rd page, about Accuracy.

## HOW CONSUMPTION IS CARRIED FROM ONE PERSON TO ANOTHER.

See what a great Doctor says about kissing and shaking hands, and let us be careful!

For various reasons Consumption carries off many Indians. They do not understand the laws of health, and many

will not do even as well as they know. Dr. J. Howard Taylor is a medical inspector of the Philadelphia Board of Health. In a recent lecture which should be read by everybody in the world, he said he "objected to the practice of kissing—as a sanitarian."

Kissing is most dangerous in cases of tuberculosis.

There is just as much risk in touching the lips of one who has kissed a consumptive patient as in inhaling the atmosphere breathed by the invalid.

It is an easy matter to convey disease germs on the lips of either the sick or well.

The practice of shaking hands with consumptives, too, is dangerous; especially if the patient uses a cloth for expectorations.

The germs cling to the cloth and the hand.

The consumptive sick, as a general rule, are somewhat captious, and they perhaps deem it a hardship if denied these forms of affectionate greeting from relatives and friends. But the mortality in consumption is greater than in almost any other contagious disease. A new civic law is needed to protect the community from danger—that of expectorating in the street cars. Expectorating in the streets is a menace to health."

Words in the above of which the Man-on-the-band-stand would like to have the students tell the meaning of their teachers:—TUBERCULOSIS, EXPECTORATIONS, MORTALITY, CONTAGIOUS.

## TO THE BOYS WHO WANT TO GO TO COLLEGE BUT DO NOT HAVE THE MONEY.

There is a way for such boys, if they are plucky.

Booker T. Washington, who is the head of an educational institution worth its hundreds of dollars is an example of such a boy.

He walked to Hampton, Virginia, that Normal Institute for colored students.

On the way he slept under board walks, or wherever he could find free shelter.

When he entered Hampton he had fifty cents in his pocket, but he knew how to sweep.

He knew how to dust.

He went there determined to get an education.

He had to work hard, but he succeeded.

He says in his book "Up from Slavery:—"As I look over my life I do not recall that I ever became discouraged over anything that I set out to accomplish. I have begun everything with the idea that I could succeed."

THAT is one great secret of Mr. Washington's success.

Then there is another secret to his success. Mr. Washington was always wanting to help others.

After he got through Hampton he used to teach night school at home, and he taught everybody who wanted to learn, whether they could pay him or not.

He taught his pupils how to comb their hair and to keep themselves clean, and to use the tooth brush.

"I have learned," says Mr. Washington, "success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life, as by the the OBSTACLES he has overcome while trying to succeed."

A gentleman who ought to know says that the Omahas will receive an individual payment of \$150 in the near future.

—[Pender Times.

## THE RED MAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE  
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIANThe Mechanical Work on this Paper is  
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Second-class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from the  
Post-Office, for if you have not paid for it  
some one else has.

The fruit growers in Southern California have been hard pressed for help to gather their crops, and large quantities of fruit have gone to waste for want of labor to gather and take care of it. They have paid transportation and wages to laborers who would go there from the East for that purpose.

The Pima Indians, living in Arizona, have lost their crops because the water which they depended upon for irrigation, was stolen from them by white people who settled above them, and their rights thereto were not protected. They have come to such distress that it has been necessary to ask the Government to make an appropriation for their support. There has also been a strong effort to get the Government to appropriate a large sum of money for water storage, but the plan would take several years to be worked out, as the storage would be more than a hundred miles from the Indians, and there is doubt whether, if the scheme were matured, the water could be made to percolate through the white settlements down to the Indian lands.

The Pima Indians are on the railroad not far from Southern California, and the laborers imported to Southern California passed right by the Pima Reservation. With very limited instruction the Pima Indians would serve just as well in gathering and taking care of the fruit crops as laborers imported from such greater distance. But we have yet to hear that those who direct thought on Indian matters in Arizona, have either suggested or considered the relief these opportunities in Southern California might bring to at least some of the Arizona Indians.

Of course every distressed Indian in Arizona can be made to impress Congress in favor of the great irrigation scheme, and the irrigation scheme if completed at Government expense would make certain white men's plantations in the regions to be irrigated, of very much more value.

The Governmental test that should be applied to each Indian School system supported by the public funds, is not what such system is doing to render those educated better than their fellows, as appears by contrasts in their tribes, but what such system is doing to make its pupils capable and courageous enough as individuals to successfully pass out from the tribe into the competitions of life among the whole population, for this only will end the Indian Problem.

The tribal condition for the Indian is to stay or go.

If to go, schools properly located and managed with that end in view, are the greatest influence to equip the individual

with the ability and the disposition to quit the tribe. Common sense and ample experience prove this.

If to stay, schools located and managed with that end in view, are the greatest influence to restrain the development of ability and courage within tribal limits. Here also, experience with overwhelming evidence sustains this fact, always plain to common sense.

## The Country Loses An Honored Woman.

Mrs. Electa A. S. Dawes, died at her home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on the 15th day of this month. She was 79 years old.

Such is the brief notice that comes to us. A lingering illness closed the life of this dear woman whose loving interests have been closely linked with the progressive movements of the century.

She has been conspicuous in philanthropic work, and taken a cordial and lively interest in the political career of her husband—Senator Dawes—whose long and eventful life along lines of noble helpfulness is so familiar to us all.

To the sorrowing husband and daughter, Miss Anna, our deepest sympathy is extended.

PATRICK O'SHEA AT THE BAND CONCERT  
IN LANCASTER.

Faith, its mesilf's a lucky mon iver since yez consented to be Mrs. O'Shea, Biddy, an' didn't a piece o' luck run clane forninst me the day me cousin Mike s in fur me to Lancaster, whin the ould mon was givin' him the house-warmin', an' a nate figger av a wife he's got, too, but she's not holdin' a candle to Biddy O'Shea for all that.

Well, whin I gets aff the thrain, fwhat is it gettin' aff beyant me? Sez I to mesilf—Is it sogers? an' thin cooms the big brrass instruments, an' the little black cases, an' I sez to mesilf, shure, its b'ys an' not grown min thim fellers is, an' by that cooms the big drum, wid a foine large Injun head on it as rale as a live one, an' me moind works back to the day Pat O'Shea first puts his eye on Injuns, an' I gives mesilf a big shlap an' sez I to mesilf, Its me Injun fr'en's from Carlisle! An' me a edgin' up closer 'n was rale p'lite, who sh'd look at me an' grin but the b'y that its mesilf was afraid to shpake to him in the shop to Carlisle, fearin' a scalpin' knife was hid in his pants pocket.

"An' div yez ramimber Pat O'Shea?" sez I.

"Shure," sez he.

"An' where wu'd yez be goin' the night?"

An' he tould me a lot o' letthers av the alphabet, beginnin' at the end and coom-in' back to the first wan, an' me moind was runnin' to onct on thim chaps whats puttin' up foine buildin's in all the towns, an' dhrawn' away all the respectable yoong min from the saloons; but sez I, "Shure I'll be there if it takes a clane half a dollar to git in, or me name's not Patrick O'Shea." fur me cousin's doin's was good to kape on all av the night, he's that open wid his hand.

Did I foind the place? An' to think yez ax a thing loike that! Did I lave 'em out av me sight? vrez moight be axin', an' welcome—far, its mesilf wint wid 'em iverly shtep av the way, an' a foine big place it was intirely, wid rooms a shinin' an' picchers hangin' iverly where.

Its mesilf knows a good thing whin its plain to be seen, so I sits down in wan av thim big aisy chairs, wid the mornin' paper to hand, an' waits till the playin' begins.

Its yersilf knows, Biddy, that its how the quality trates us that shows whin w're rale Americans, an' its fur shtandin' round in corners I looked to see thim b'ys, er lined up along a wall in the dark, fur the purtiest gurrils in town was there to give thim their supper, an' even mesilf ud bin a bit unaisy fur fear the heels av me shoes wasn't shined, or me scalp lock didn't lie down flat if it was methim gurrils was a talkin' to.

An' did they moind it? Faith, ye'd a

shwore thim b'ys had talked to the quality out in their buckskin tents iverly day since they was born. An' wasn't the gurrils afraid av thim? Bless yer purty eyes, not a bit av it! But it was "Misther Buffalo Meat" here an' "Misther Laine Deer" there, an' all a passin' the time av day as slick as ye plaze, an' whin it coom toime to begin the concert, the gurrils was a countin' oop how mony band b'ys aich av thim was inthrojuced to, an' all ready to clap fur thim howiver they'd play.

But 'twas niver fur nothin' the aujience was applaudin' loike mad when the furrst piece was done. Its mesilf's a joodge av good playin' as yer aware yersilf, Biddy, an' me a tindin' all the 'lection meetin's an' processions, an' hearin' Suzy himsilf at the top av all not more'n wan month gone by, so yez knows its the truth that I'm tellin' yez whin I sez thim b'ys coom near to knockin' the shpots aff the besht av the whole b'illin' av bands.

Whin the furrst note av music coom to me ears, its back in the war time I was, a lyin' out wid a blanket, an' the bugle makin' that curdlin' sound in the moon-shoine. Its a sound as makes yez cry an' laugh to onct; thin all the others jined in, an' me moind coom back to the concert. At that, him wid the bugle coom in from beyant the stage, an' thim instruments wint at it, furrst low an' gintle-loike, an' thin oop big an' loud, till, shure, I was loike to shtand on me head an' shake me futs in the air to shpake me feelin's.

Ivery b'y av thim was solemn as a joodge; ye'd niver belaved they was the same that was talkin' an' laughin' a few minutes ago.

Me moind was that full av the b'ys it tuck me a bit av a time to get me eye at the leader, an' thin it was longer till I c'd get me eye aff av him, fur he shtood there as nate as Irish lace, wid a bit of a shtick in his hand, an' he'd joost bind over this way, an' dhraw the music towards him soft an' slow, an' thin he'd bind over that way, an' give the shtick a shake, an' bang-bzz-bang 'd coom the other playin', an' be dad, its mesilf c'd tell what was a coomin' to the p'int of that shtick, an' Biddy, its me belafe if I'd had a bugle I c'd a done the same wid thim, tho its niver a bugle or sich loike has been to me lips!

Arrah! Its too long to be tellin' yez all, but there's niver a thing they c'dn't do. Wan big b'y wid a big horn gets out forninst the lave av thim, an' plays by hiself, wid joost a tum, tum, tum coomin' in be shpells to kape him from gettin' shcared. Shure, me tongue c'dn't hould in anny longer, an' I sez to the mon aside me:

"Wouldn't yez be afraid to meet him wid a blanket an' a tommyhok?"

The mon shmil'd quiet loike, and harked a bit to the chune, an' thin sez he:

"Not if I'd heard him play furrst!"

An' its me agreed wid him, too.

Ivery toime they played wance, shure the aujience made thim play twicet, an' but fur the thrain a leavin' when it did they'd niver shtopped wid that.

Did I see thim aff? Faix an' I did, an' whin they was gettin' aboard the thrain an' me a sayin' good-bye as heartry as ould fr'e'ns, it shtuck in me moind; fwhat w'd Wilyum Pinn say c'd he hear the Carlisle Band play, an' set his eye on Patrick O'Shea shakin' hands wid Injuns?

From the Genoa Nebraska Indian  
School.

We see by the Indian News that Mr. Mitchell, (Jonas Mitchell, class '99 Carlisle) will fill the position of Disciplinary temporarily.

That Miss Fisher gave a talk to the school on the evening of Easter Sunday.

That Mr. Upshaw has arrived on a visit from Montana.

That work has begun on the new athletic field.

That their basket ball girls are going to have gymnasium suits.

That their farmers are busy and that the school has organized a second band.

## Athletics.

## Indians, 10; State, 3.

State College was beaten by the Indians last Thursday afternoon by the score of 10 to 3. The weather was cold and windy, and the playing at times listless. Miller pitched winning ball for six innings, after which Hubbar went into the box, and was hit hard. The features of the game were the pitching of Pratt, the fielding and base running of Johnson and the home run hit of Rogers. Score.

Indians..... 1 0 0 0 0 2 4 1 2—10  
State..... 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 0— 3

Home run—Rogers. Two base hit—Pratt. Struck out—Pierce 2. Blackchief 2. Merkel. First base on balls—Off Miller—4; Hubbar, 2; Pratt, 5. Stolen bases—Miller, Johnson, LeRoy, Bradley, Hewitt. Double play—Blackchief and Miller. Left on bases—State, 8; Indians, 7. Passed balls—Pierce, 2; Shelby, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Hubbar, Merkel. Time—2.10 Umpire—Cannon, of Dickinson College.

The Dickinson-Indian game which was to have been played last Saturday was postponed on account of rain, and will be played next Monday.

Our team will go to Mercersburg tomorrow, (Saturday.)

The relay team will compete in the races at Philadelphia Saturday, and although our boys are not particularly fast this year they will no doubt make a creditable showing.

The track has been given another coat of cinders and when settled we will have a very good track.

The Athletic sports and class contests next Wednesday should be interesting, and the various classes should get their athletes at work so as to secure all the points they can. The following is the list of events: 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash, 440 yard dash, ½ mile run, 1 mile run, 2 mile run, 120 yard hurdle, 220 yard hurdle, pole vault, high jump, broad jump, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, and throwing the discus.

Gold medals will be given as first prizes, and bronze medals as second prizes.

In counting points for the class championship, in all events in which graduates win first, second or third place the points will be scored as they would be if the graduates were not in the races.

Lebanon Valley base ball team plays here on Wednesday, the same afternoon as the athletic sports, and the admission to the afternoon's sport will be 25 cents.

NOTES FROM PINE RIDGE AGENCY,  
S. DAK., OGLALA LIGHT.

Heavy losses of horses and cattle on the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations resulted from the March blizzard.

The Pine Ridge schools expect to hold a three-days' Institute in June, and they hope to have Superintendent of Indian Schools, Miss Estelle Reel, with them.

Isabelle Young, one of our ex-students, is filling the position of Assistant Matron in the boys' building.

The Boarding school hopes to add to the corps of employees this year a manual training teacher.

"Buffalo" seems to be the rage.

The editor believes that the real and imaginary wrongs of the Indian in times past are dead issues and unworthy of the consideration of the people who do things.

He also believes that the pupils who waste or carelessly destroy property should be required to replace the property by purchase with money which they have earned, and that the school should provide the opportunity for the earning of the money.

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

Clearing off!

The athletic field is soft.

Tennis in the athletic cage!

We are having a late Spring.

Coughs and colds are getting better.

Yes, this is good weather—for the grass.

It will be observed that Patrick O'Shea is a writer.

Professor Bakeless' yard is being leveled off and sodded.

The only loafer entitled to respect around here is the baker.

There is one thing about our shoemakers, they are not too good to "last."

Bessie Peters, sister of Nellie Peters, class 1901, has arrived to enter as a pupil.

There are several with us at present who can make their left hand their write hand.

The article that is usually under a cloud has been manifest most of the week—the umbrella.

Outing Agent, S. W. Thompson made a business trip to Pittsburg for the school this week.

LeRoy, Pratt and Bender will compare with pitchers in any of the colleges, says Mr. Taylor.

Baby Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Thompson, has been quite ill, but is better.

Commander Hall, retired Naval officer, whose home is in Lowell, Mass., is a guest of Colonel Pratt.

A number of our students and teachers attended the Sunday School Convention held in town last week.

There can't be much sociability in our choir as the singers are apt to be only chants acquaintances.

On Saturday, Mrs. Rumsport returned from Huntingdon, where she went to attend the funeral of a sister's husband.

Miss Carter's class and others are studying toads' eggs this week, and the students are very much interested in the lessons.

One of the "done up" pianos of fine tone, has been placed in the teachers' parlor, and many a half-hour sing after dinner is enjoyed.

Colonel Pratt returned yesterday from Chicago, where he has been for about two weeks on business connected with the Indian service.

Marion Lambert entered the Junior class. She arrived from the State of Washington a couple of weeks since. She is a sister of Cynthia.

Mrs. Brown has returned from a business trip to Washington. She there saw Miss Quinn and others, and enjoyed her stay of a day or two, very much.

Miss Paull and Miss Robertson attend the Invincibles to-night, Mr. Miller and Mr. Odell the Standards, Miss Miles and Miss Peter, the Susans.

Miss Forster provided beautiful little radishes for her class in art to reproduce, but the class thought it was a Spring treat, and ate them with thanks.

On Saturday, Mr. Taylor departed for his home in Buffalo, leaving what the baseball boys feel to be very valuable lessons for them to practice in their future playing.

A talk was given on the British Naval Stations in the Atlantic Ocean and the West Indian possessions, this week, by Professor Bakeless. Mrs. Cook, last week, gave a very interesting account of the British in India.

Two boys from Porto Rico arrived this week. One is a young man who speaks no English. He rooms with Myron Moses who is glad of the opportunity to exchange English for Spanish, in some of their efforts at conversation.

Last Monday a box containing several pieces of fancy work was sent by the King's Daughters of our school to Jamaica, L. I., to be sold at a fair to be held there this week for the benefit of the Jamaica Hospital. The girls responded heartily to the appeal for articles, and took evident pleasure in giving.

If all our boys and girls tried as hard to master the English language as do our Porto Rican pupils, teaching would be a constant "ice cream carnival" with some of the exhilaration of the "Merry go round" as a special attachment.

Mr. Alfred D. Jameson, Superintendent of the district schools of the Alleghany Reservation, N. Y. arrived Wednesday morning with three girls and two boys to enter as students. Mr. Jameson is himself an educated Indian and represents the progressive element of that section.

Several large boxes of magazines and one cast came from some friend this week, just who, we are not prepared to say, as no letter accompanied them. We are very grateful, however. Material of this kind is most helpful in our reference work.

While all around us—in the West, and East and North and South, blizzards and snows and floods and cyclones have been raging, we suffered only the small inconvenience of a drizzling rain, and yet some complain of the climate. We wish such pessimists could have a dose of "climate" that would give them something to complain about.

Disciplinarian Plank of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, was among the visitors of the week. From the leading questions he asked and what he was able to answer about Haskell we judge that he is a useful plank in that school's platform. Mr. Plank met a number of Haskellites here among teachers and students, and the talks and little visitations were enjoyed by all concerned.

In a series of basket-ball games between the four upper classes, first the Seniors beat the Juniors 2-0. The Sophomores and Freshmen tied their first game, and in their attempt to play that off they tied again. Next the Sophomores defeated the Seniors 10-2; then the Juniors defeated the Freshmen 6-2; next Freshmen defeated the Seniors 1-0; and last the Juniors defeated the Sophomores 2-1. Other games have been played between teams not in the upper classes.

Who should drop in upon us last Saturday but Vincent Natilsh, (class '99,) who has been spending two or three months in Arizona for his health? He has gained in weight, and is returning to New York City to take a position on the elevated road there. He left here the same day for his place of business. Vincent is one of those "good-for-nothing" Apaches that Delegate Smith used to talk of in Congress.

At the Band concert last week on the band stand one encore was "Mr. Thomas Cat," in which the players imitate the mewling and spitting of cats. Wha-cheka the club pet, thought at first there was a real party of friends met together, and so she started out to join the lively company, but on finding nothing but band boys she turned and left in disgust, while the Band proceeded with more classical music.

The boys who have aided Carpenter Gardner in getting out the roots of a few large trees recently taken down, certainly have had the opportunity for practical ideas regarding such necessary work. The loading of the great roots, one at a time, on an improvised wagon-bed made of beams suspended from the axles by chains, a tongue at the rear of the wagon and one at the front end made it very easy to move the ponderous weights. In all such work there are lessons to be gained by the observing student.

Disciplinarian Thompson attended, this week, the Twelfth Convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education, held in New York City. There were interesting discussions from some of the most eminent men in the country, and at one session Mr. Thompson availed himself of the opportunity to speak for the Carlisle half-day system, as being advantageous to the health and mental growth of students. This question is agitating the minds of educators, at present, and the Convention manifested much interest in the Carlisle methods.

**Pure English Sounds.**

A part of the time of the Teachers' Meetings has been taken up in the study of phonics. A strenuous effort is being made all along the line to purify the English sounds. The Seniors and Juniors are expected to help the battle for pure articulation and enunciation, by getting perfect English sounds only. The t's and d's, the p's and b's the s's and z's and the th's, will no longer be tolerated as an indiscriminate mixture, for want of a little patient effort. Some of the vowel sounds, also, are badly uttered even by those in the upper grades, and very earnest and persevering effort will have to be begun at once, if they pass. The queerest part is, that some who speak the most easily understood English and laugh at the others are the ones who are most faulty in their vowel sounds.

**The Invincibles Held a Good Meeting.**

The question under discussion by the Invincibles at their meeting last Friday was the pros and cons of Expansion. The debate showed considerable general reading on both sides, not only by those appointed on the debate, but by the members individually, many of whom took part in the discussion when it was open for all. Commendable interest was also shown in the readiness of members to fill gaps in the program caused by those who were absent for band, choir or other reasons. Addresses by the newly elected officers were well received.

**Class 1903.**

The Juniors have formally organized as the Class of 1903, and within a few days its fifty-four members may be recognized by their badges of purple and white, the chosen colors. The class constitution expresses in its preamble earnest purpose and high ideals. The class motto "Not at the Summit but on the Way" is suggestive of future struggles upward.

The following officers were elected: President, Earney Wilbur; Vice-President, Oscar Davis; Recording Secretary, Amy Dolphus; Corresponding Secretary, Frank Bishop; Treasurers, John Kimble and Lillian Brown; Critics, Frank Yarlot and Lillian Cornelius.

**Indian Wit.**

Peter Rouillard—Say, George! Keep your eyes open to-day.

Geo. Peake—What for?

Peter Rouillard—So you can see.

One of the finest sets of harness we ever turned out was sent to Buffalo this week for the Pan-American. The hand work was the admiration of all who examined it. The harness is trimmed in Whitehouse Silver plate, and in the trade is worth \$200. Seven boys representing six different tribes did the stitching and other work, and instructor Zeigler is justly proud of his apprentices. The principal work of the harness shop is making heavy work-harness for the use of the Government at the Indian Agencies in the West, for which the school receives regular contract prices.

It will be remembered that "The Middle Five" is a story about Indian Boys at School, and written by an Indian in a very happy style; published by Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston. Publishers price \$1.25. By ordering through us the book may be had for a dollar. By mail \$1.08. The colored frontispiece from a painting by Angel DeCora, a Winnebago girl of considerable repute as an artist, makes the little book valuable in itself. The picture represents a real homesick little Indian boy dressed in his buckskin, and the school boy by his side trying to comfort him.

Miss Sarah Smith, '97, who on account of poor health left her position here as librarian a few months since to go west, writes from West DePere, Wisconsin, where she has been residing in the family of Mr. Dennison Wheelock, that she is very much better and hopes to re-enter the Indian service soon.

**AN ORANGE TREAT.****Accuracy!**

What does it mean?

This is such an important word for us who are in training for business that the Man-on-the-band-stand is glad to give a reward for the study of the word.

First, read the story about Accuracy on first page!

Now, take the word ACCURACY and build other words out of it.

To the school room No. 11, whose pupils will before next Friday morning build the most words out of the word Accuracy the Man-on-the-band-stand will give an orange treat—one orange for each student who tries, and two for the teacher. The idea is for all in the room to work and study together in building up the list.

Only English words will be counted.

A word will be counted but once, it matters not how many meanings it has.

The Judges will be Messrs Jas. Wheelock, Myron Moses and Samuel Miller. Lists to be handed in not later than Thursday evening after study hour.

**Our Eva.**

The Osage Journal says:

Mr. Preston and Miss Johnson, two employees of the government school were united in marriage Thursday evening of last week at the school in the presence of a large number of friends by Rev. Cummins of the M. E. church.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston are two of the most popular employees on the hill, and their uniting in marriage calls forth the hearty approval of all who know them, and their future is marked with happiness and prosperity, so think their many friends.

(Miss Johnson graduated from Carlisle in '89.)

**From William Paisano.**

A very interesting letter has been received from our long-time-ago pupil William Paisano, who has been married for several years and has a son here at school. Their home is in Laguna, New Mexico. Many have seen the contrast picture of three Pueblo children as they arrived at Carlisle, and a few years after. The Mary Perry of that group became the wife of William Paisano. In the letter he speaks of building them a house and doing the carpenter work himself. He keeps a store between times. He has planted fruit trees, and hopes to have plenty. His wife, Mary, sends regards to her Carlisle friends, especially to Miss Richenda Pratt, whom she used to nurse and love when she (Miss Richenda) was a wee child.

Charles Foster in the country says he reads the REDMAN & HELPER and thinks it one of his friends. "I like to read it after I have done a hard day's work," he says, "No matter how tired I am, I always read my paper before I go to bed, and it gives me a happy feeling."

Dollie Wheelock '99, was married last Sunday to Isaac Doxtator, by Rev. Merrill the Episcopalian Missionary at Oneida, Wisconsin. Dollie has a host of friends at Carlisle and in this country round about, who will wish her all the happiness in the world.

Edward Oga is at Ft. Snelling, one of the most desirable posts in the Army. He has been made Corporal, and goes to school twice a week. He is happy to say that he is enjoying himself soldiering, and tries to apply his knowledge obtained at Carlisle.

Guy Brown arrived Tuesday from Brown Valley and has been assisting in The Footprints office this week.—[Footprints, Wheaton, Minn.]

Guy is one of class 1901.

We see by the Washburn County Register, Wisconsin, that one of our ex-students, John Lonestar ran on the Independent ticket for supervisor, at a late election.

## THE GIRLS' BELOVED MASCOT.

The girls' dog lay at full length in the girls' sitting room, after all the occupants of the house had retired for the night, save the lady in charge, who in her usual ten o'clock rounds with lantern to see if all is right, came upon the brute thus stretched for his night's rest.

She stopped and gazed at the creature.

"You seem very comfortable, but this cannot be," she may have soliloquized there alone in the dead hours of the night, with faint glimmers of light from the lantern casting scary shadows all around her.

"Get up, old fellow! We shall have to turn you out."

The dog did not stir.

"Get up!" she repeated, and added to her entreaty a gentle press of the foot. Still the dog did not move.

"That is strange," thought the disturber of his peace. "Come!" And she placed her hand under his head. She lifted it, but the head fell lifelessly to the floor with a shocking thud.

Then she gave him a hard push, but the form fell heavily back to its first position, while the truth slowly dawned upon her that the dog was dead.

"What shall I do with him? I cannot have a dead dog in the house all night, besides it will create confusion for the girls in the morning to discover the lifeless body of their pet."

The lady in charge flew down to her room, hastily threw on her wraps and made her way to the quarters of the disciplinarian.

"I have a dead dog in our quarters. May two of your boys come and carry the carcass out?" asked the lady sadly.

"Certainly?" and two young men were at once aroused from their slumbers.

They hastily dressed and repaired to the girls' quarters to pay the last sad rites to the remains of a respected member of the girls' household.

They mounted the steps in stately tread, but at the entrance to the hall they were greeted by a menacing growl. The dog, dead or alive, ghost or real, was performing his duty as the protector of the girls from intruders of the opposite sex.

The growl ended in a fierce bark which said, Thus far and no farther.

The dead dog had come to life, and the young gentlemen returned to their quarters, while the lady in charge is still laughing over the joke perpetrated by the mascot of her domain.

## GOV. BRADY AND CITIZENSHIP FOR THE INDIAN.

Gov. Brady has suggested to the Indian that he prepare himself for citizenship, and petition congress for the rights of a citizen. At this, some of the people of Alaska seem to have taken great alarm. If the Indian wishes to sail a boat of over five tons, is there any reason why he should not be allowed to do so? If he discovers a mine, should he not be allowed to locate it, and hold it in his own name? If he sells a piece of land that he and his ancestors have lived upon since the memory of man, runs not to the contrary, should he not be able to give a perfect title? Should he not have all the rights of a citizen in a business way? If a saloon is established next door to him, should he not have a right to say whether it should remain there or not?

It is a very ancient superstition which says, that the man who does not wear the same color of skin as I do, shall not have the same rights as I, simply because of the color. Gov. Brady is right. The Indians should have the rights of citizens.

—[The Northern Light.

## OLD CUSTOMS IN ALASKA.

The question is sometimes asked, to what extent have the old customs among the natives been done away with in Alaska. As has always been said in these columns, there is a strong tendency for our natives to try to go the old way and the new way at the same time. This

has been the experience of every people which has made a change in its faith. Gradually and surely the old is giving way to the new. In Fort Wrangel, last year, there was only one Indian dance, and during the past winter, when ordinarily there would have been seven or eight, there were none. The feasts, which formerly were for the dead, have lost almost except with a certain few, their old time significance. They are now simply dinners given in honor of the departed. Of the seven feasts that were held, only three were even a little old-fashioned, as the Indians speak of them. One of these, a white lady attended, and she expected to see scenes that were strange and sights that were uncanny. Lo and behold, she said, as I entered, I saw them all sitting around a table like white people, and Shakes (chief) was praying. At that feast, Shakes was called upon to stand in the old way, which if he had done, he would have received a number of blankets as pay. He refused, and gave as a reason that he was a Christian. The old is passing away as far as the natives are concerned.—[The Northern Light.

## Two Styles of Writing.

The following from an old scrap book is not only interesting as a contrast between the plain and flowery style of writing, but may be of benefit to our students as a language study:

## PLAIN STYLE.

There was a great fire.

## FLOWERY STYLE.

There was a disastrous conflagration.

## PLAIN.

The fire was gotten under control.

## FLOWERY.

The progress of the devouring element was arrested.

A great crowd came to see it.

A vast concourse was assembled to witness.

House burned.

Edifice consumed.

The fire spread.

The conflagration extended its devastating career.

Man fell.

Individual was precipitated.

The frightened animal.

The infuriated beast.

Sent for the doctor.

Called into requisition the services of the family physician.

The mayor of the city in a short speech welcomed.

The chief magistrate of the metropolis, in well chosen and eloquent language, frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the surging multitude, officially tendered the hospitalities.

I shall say a few words.

I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations.

A bystander advised.

One of those omnipresent characters, who, as it in pursuance of some previous arrangements, are certain to be encountered in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured the suggestion.

He died.

He breathed his last; he passed out of existence; his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, winged its way to eternity, and shook off the burden of earth.

## PENN'S REMEDY.

The following incident from an Exchange is not a new story but is never old:

William Penn once advised a man to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors.

"Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.

"Yes," answered Penn. "It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

"Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me."

"Well, my friend," said the great Quaker, "when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it, before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

The toper was so pleased with the plain advice, says the narrator, that he followed it.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT AND INFORMATION.

Christianity, if it means anything,—means sixteen ounces to the pound, three feet to the yard,—a just weight and a just measure. It means honesty in all dealings, purity in all conversation, a charity as broad as the race, unflinching integrity, sympathy, humanity to man and loyalty to God.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

Genius is not inspired. Inspiration is perspiration.—EDISON.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

For every one boy or man who is entitled to be called an originator there are ten thousand who must be known as imitators, says American Boy.

When you have once won the confidence of those with whom you are thrown in contact, defeats of manner, circumstances and even defeats of character, which do not impair essential truthfulness, will be overlooked.—ALFRED C. BARNES.

If a cobbler by trade, I'll make it my pride  
The best of all cobblers to be;  
And if only a tinker, no tinker on earth  
Shall mend an old kettle like me.

There is nothing in which people more betray their character than in what they find to laugh at.—GOETHE.

Ask advice of your equals, help of your superiors.

Dr. Holbrook in Phrenological Journal says: If you must eat candy and drink ice-cream soda, do so in moderation and soon after meals—never on an empty stomach.

He who helps a boy to become a strong and good man makes a contribution to the first class to the welfare of the nation.

—[Christian Register.

To put knowledge in the place of ignorance, happiness in the place of misery, justice in the place of wrong, love in the place of hate, harmony in the place of jargon,—is not this to create a new world?

—CHARLES G. AMES.

The medical faculty of the University of Heidelberg has made an interesting report on the effect of the incandescent light, whether gas or electric, upon the eyes. They decided that the incandescent light is not harmful, and specially recommend electricity for lighting halls and places of entertainment.

## HOW TO CURE A COUGH

Read what the Scientific American says about avoiding coughing. It is in the line of Colonel Pratt's talk not long since, and is well worth considering.

A physician who is connected with an institution in which there are many children, says:

There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. For some time I have been fully assured of this fact I determined for one minute at least to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in a hospital of the institution.

By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them simply to hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from the disease.

Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body: so long as it is done the wound will not heal.

Let a person when tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process.

The nitrogen which is thus confined acts as an anodyne to the mucus membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal.

## Of a Lighter Vein.

A little child spoken of in motherhood, wants to know why we don't get muddy when we drink, if it is true that we are made of dust.

The shoemaker did not like it when his advertisement read, If you want to have a fit wear his shoes.

"How delightfully your dear daughter plays Wagner."

I'm afraid you've made a mistake; that's the servant-girl downstairs working the clothes-wringer.

"Now, Willie," asked the teacher of a small pupil, "what are the principal uses of the bones in the human body?"

"They are used principally to hang meat in," replied the youthful student.

"Tommy," said the teacher to a pupil in the juvenile class, "what is syntax?"

"I guess it must be a tax on whiskey," replied Tommy.—Chicago News.

## 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. Won, 10 to 3.  
" 20, Dickinson, on Dickinson Field. No game.  
" 25, Villa Nova at Carlisle.  
" 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 our 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.

## Twisted Trades and Occupations.

Below is a list of the trades and occupations that a boy or girl may choose when he or she enters our school. It may prove of interest to some to try to make out the twisted spelling:

Eertaernp	Msrhekeao
Irptrne	Shraeknaerms
Kbrea	Trinen
Bhltaiemsk	Wgaigkoanmm
Rtaoli	Gganirdne
Gfnaimr	Khroouwes
Gnoioik	Gwnahsi
Ginriok	Gtynipteirw

## Conundrums to be Answered Next Week.

1. What is it that will go down a stovepipe down, and up a stovepipe down, but will not go up a stovepipe up, or down a stovepipe up?
2. What is that which never asks any questions and yet requires a great many answers?
3. When is money damp?
4. What is the best thing out?
5. What is the cause of a cold and pays the doctor?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Spring rains.

## TERMS AND SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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Miss M. BURGESS, Supt. of Printing,  
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