

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN. This is the number your time mark on wrapper refers to
SIXTEENTH YEAR, or Vol. XVI, No. 45. (1645)

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper.
Vol. I, Number Forty-one.

WISHING.

DO you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do;
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true,
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thought be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.
Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it ere you give.
Do you wish the world were happier?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—[Youth's Companion.]

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN?" NOT NOW— PROGRESS OF THE RED MAN OF AMERICA.

An American Indian may yet be president of the United States.

The new congress is expected to admit to full citizenship the Indians of the five civilized tribes—the Cherokees, Choctaws Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles.

As native-born Americans they will then be eligible to the highest office in the United States.

Nor would the ability be lacking. The Indian has proved himself capable of great things.

An Indian sits in Congress.

The Red Man is increasing in numbers; it is estimated that there are as many Indians in the United States as there were when Columbus discovered America, living not as savages, but as civilized, industrious men.

The latest census shows the number of Indians in the United States to be 331,000 more than the population of Montana, New Mexico or Utah.

The Sioux tribe, once among the fiercest Indians of the West and at whose door is laid the Custer massacre of 1876, has over 20,000 members in South Dakota, and they are increasing.

Among the Sioux the teepee has given way to the log-hut and farm-house.

The war dance is a relic of the past except at celebrations when a feasting dance is indulged in.

The war song has given place to religious hymns.

The 4,000 Yankton Indians and the Indians of the Crow Creek and Lower Brule reservations follow the same industry, that of stock-raising.

Young Indians are industrious students and more Indian children are attending school than ever before. They seem never to forget what they learn.

Gen. Ely S. Parker, a full-blooded Iroquois, serving as secretary on Grant's staff, drew up the terms of the final surrender of Lee at Appomattox. General Parker studied law, but was refused admittance to the bar in New York, because it was claimed he was not a citizen. He turned to civil engineering, and when the war broke out he enlisted and rose to a brevet brigadier-general.

Gen. Juarez, the George Washington of and first President of Mexico, born of Indian parents in Oaxaca in 1806, became Governor of his native state in 1847-1852. Exiled by Santa Anna in 1853, he returned two years later and in 1857 was elected president of the Supreme court. In 1858 he assumed the executive, but was

compelled to retire to Vera Cruz. In 1861 he was elected President for four years. When Maximilian came to Mexico, Juarez proved himself a military hero; he drove the Frenchmen from the capital in 1867 and at his command Maximilian was shot.

In the field of literature stand Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, and Dr. Eastman, the Indian husband of Elaine Goodale. Among American historians is an Indian representative in La Fleche. Tall Beaver, Indian stumped the West and Southwest for Bryan in the last campaign.

There is \$33,317,955 in the United States Treasury to the credit of Indian tribes, drawing interest at 4 and 5 per cent, making an annual income of \$1,646,485. The Indians of Indian Territory hold lands worth about \$40,000,000. The land of the Maine Indians is worth \$5,000,000.

Indian Millionaires are not lacking either. Dr. Oronbyathekha is President of an insurance company with a reserve of \$3,500,000. Big Buffalo is worth a million or close to the mark. And there are many Indians with property valued at from 100,000 to 500,000.—[New York World.]

A SIOUX FOLKLORE TALE.

One clear September evening the writer sat beside the dying embers of a camp fire, in company with a party of Sioux Indians.

Story after story was told by the Indian men, whiling away the hours late into the night.

Most of these tales had related to the training of the warriors in the old days, but presently the moon, just past the full, hung above the line of distant bluffs, and brought a low laugh from Birdhead, and he began:—

Many summers ago these plains were the home of countless field mice.

The Great Spirit grew tired of keeping the moon at its proper size, and he gave it in charge to the field mice. All day they were busy with their homes. They carefully lined the holes they had chosen with the blades of buffalo grass, they collected juicy roots, and some seeds which they were wont to store away. All night they kept watch in turn, of the moon. Each night they saw it grow larger and rounder, till at last it was perfectly round. They knew if it was allowed to grow larger harm would come to the moon and earth, so that night they would rush away, faster than the swift going shadows on a day of clouds, away and away to the edge of the world they sped, climbed quickly up the sky until they reached the moon, then, all at once, they fell to, nibbling at the moon, until after many nights' work they had eaten it all up.

Back to the earth they came again, and again busied themselves with their earthly duties, watching at night how the moon grew, and how it gradually mended its nibbled edge, and became smooth and round, until the time came for them once more to eat the moon.

As Birdhead ended the story he looked up with a smile, and said, "Now that the field mice are long ago gone from the prairies, I am wondering who eats up the Moon!"

J. W. C.

On one of the Indian reservations in the state of New York there is a toy factory that employs several hundred Indians all the year around. The toys manufactured here are being shipped all over the world.—[Newville Times.]

AN INDIAN STUDENT'S COMPOSITION ON MOUNTAIN AND PRAIRIE LIFE.

He had been a few months in the Army.

Seven years ago last November, Troop L. of the Eighth Cavalry, crossed the Yellowstone river in the state of Montana, by order of the headquarters of the United States Army, for the purpose of killing just as many antelopes and deer as we could possibly kill.

We made our headway toward the Silver Mountains.

On our way to the mountains we killed quite a number of antelopes. The antelopes are found on the plains.

We traveled in the wild-like country for many days, and we used nothing but alkaline water until we reached the Mussel Shell river.

The country was so barren and wild it was not fit to make a settlement. This is said to be the home of wild cattle, antelopes, prairie chickens, Jack rabbits, prairie dogs, coyotes, wolves, panthers, deer, wild cats, and perhaps a few grizzly or brown bears.

The Troop was mixed with white soldiers and Indian soldiers; there were thirty five Indians and twenty white soldiers.

I never did have much time to go out hunting, for by a bad luck I was selected by the officers to look after their horses and meals; for this reason I was obliged to be along side of the wagons.

We were about reaching the foot of the mountains, when we struck our hardest luck, while on the way across the level, swampy-like plains, two teamsters drove into the alkali bed. There we worked all the afternoon, no dinner or any sign of having any dinner or supper.

The boys were getting to be a little contrary about work, so our commander declared that we should not have anything to eat until we got the wagons.

First we had to work real hard and quick to get the mules out. I tried so hard to help pull the wagons out that I left my heavy boots in the mud; this made every body laugh. Lieutenant helped me to pull my boots out of the mud.

Several days after we reached the river and mountains.

Five hours were given to me to hunt, and three boxes of cartridges, each box contained twenty cartridges.

I took the youngest Indian soldier with me, who was younger than I was, and a sharp shooter too.

Everybody was making fun of us when we started off towards the mountains; we told the soldiers that we were on a rabbit hunt, because we had no idea of finding a deer or any large animal.

I warned my partner to let me know if he noticed a bear, so we could start back for help.

We reached the mountains within a short time, and found a kind of rock bank full of holes.

As we always liked to play hide and seek or play bears, we pulled our belts off and put our carbines away.

We both had heavy boots and spurs, for we were never permitted to leave our boots or spurs when we were out in the field. We also took our boots off and then we played bears.

After having a good time we did not walk a distance of fifty yards before we found the deer. I fired the first shot, and wounded one; we were so excited we could not take a careful aim.

My partner was certainly a fast runner and long winded; for that reason I sent

him down the mountain while I went around the other way.

He fired twenty shots or more, but did not do any damage.

He was shooting towards me, so I had to hide myself between large rocks. The first thing I knew a deer trotted across the gutter. I shot the first one. I almost went wild when I shot the deer dead. Seven of them came across the same place, a few yards apart, which gave me a good chance to reload my carbine.

This was my first real experience upon the mountains, and I killed six deer in less than five minutes. T.

INDIAN MAPLE SUGAR.

The Red Man taught the White Man to make the Dainty.

Very few of the people to whom maple sugar is an entirely familiar and commonplace thing are aware of the fact that the method of making sugar was taught to the white people by the Indians and that they made sugar long before the discovery of America. The sap was collected in a rude way, a gash being cut in the tree, and into this a stick was thrust, down which the freely flowing sap dripped into a vessel of birch bark or a gourd or into wooden troughs hollowed out by fire or the ax. Then into larger wooden troughs full of the sap redhot stones were thrown, just as in old times they used to be thrown into the water in which food was boiled, and by constantly throwing in hot stones and taking out those that had become cool the sap was boiled and evaporated, and at length syrup was made, which later became sugar.

This manufacture of the sugar was not confined to any one tribe, but was practiced by all northern Indians and was known to those living as far south as Florida and Texas. Among the sugar making tribes a special festival was held, which was called the maple dance, which was undoubtedly a religious festival in the nature of a prayer or propitiatory ceremony asking for an abundant flow of sap and for good fortune in collecting it.

Among many if not all the Indians inhabiting the northern United States maple sugar was not merely a luxury, something eaten because it was toothsome, but was actually an important part of their support. Mixed with pounded, parched corn, it was put up in small quantities and was a concentrated form of nutriment not much less valuable in respect to its quality of support than the pemmican which was used almost down to our own times.

On the western prairies sugar was made also from the box elder, which trees were tapped by the Indians and the sap boiled down for sugar, and today the Cheyenne Indians tell us that it was from this tree that they derived all the sugar that they had until the arrival of the white man on the plains something more than fifty years ago.

It is interesting to observe that in many tribes today the word for sugar is precisely the word which they applied to the product of the maple tree before they knew the white man's sugar. It is interesting also to see that among many tribes the general term for sugar means wood or tree water—that is to say, tree sap. This is true of the Omahas and Poncas, according to J. O. Dorsey, and also of the Kansas, Osage and Iowa, Winnebago, Tuscarora and Pawnee. The Cheyennes, on the other hand, call it box elder water. A. F. Chamberlain, who has gone with great care into the question of the meaning of the words which designate the maple tree and its product, is disposed to believe that the name of the maple means the tree—in other words, the real or actual tree or the tree which stands above all others.—[Forest and Stream.]

THE RED MAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN

The 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 school has now five hundred and forty pupils in country homes. That means five hundred and forty new opportunities for success.

We have one opportunity at a time; it is all we need. Think what it would mean if each one of these five hundred and forty opportunities was well used!

The result would be not alone a good name and an upward step for each student, not alone the strengthening of the school, but an onward movement for sixty seven tribes, a deepening of the wedge that is being driven into civilization to make room for the Indian citizen.

Plowing a straight furrow, clearing out weeds, milking the cows, "doing the chores," keeping the house in order, making the bread, cake and pies, and doing it all so well that no one can do it better, this is a sure road to success.

There have been individual Indians whose names will be always known: Pontiac, Philip, Tecumseh, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, Geronimo. These men are noted because they did with their might what their hands found to do.

Their descendants must fight in a different way, but if they fight their difficulties and hindrances in the same spirit that their ancestors fought for land and glory, they will leave far greater names for history's pages.

The world may never hear of each individual. We do not see every leaf on a tree, but each leaf has its duty, and all make a beautiful whole.

And suppose all the names are not known. Does not the humblest soldier that took part in a great battle feel a thrill of pride in the victory? Each one knows that the general could not have won the battle alone.

Then let each pupil feel himself and herself an important ONE in the great whole. Let this year, more than any year that has gone before, count in making character, and character in turn will make Indian history.

Kind and Sensible Words on the Outing System From The Indian Advance, Carson City.

Loyalty to any trust committed to their care, though sometimes shown in a blundering manner, constitutes the chief reason why a multitude of good house-wives desire them [Indian students] as helpers. No more splendid testimony could be had to their worth than that every year at Carlisle from two to three times as many are asked for as are available, and the earnings of these girls amount annually to between ten and fifteen thousand dollars. And this outing system as conducted at Carlisle, and on a smaller scale elsewhere, constitutes one of the most efficient arms of service in the training of our Indian girls. Well directed contact with the great world is for them the most serviceable form of education obtainable.

They need both the knowledge and courage of civilization. This can never

be had so long as Indians are segregated on the reservation or set apart by themselves, even in a school as favorably situated as Carlisle. After all, the best way to get civilization into the Indian is to get the Indian into civilization.

In the Right Direction.

The Word Carrier vouches for the truth of the following, taken from the Tucson Star, Arizona.

The Papago, Maricopa and Pima Indian tribes are giving to Arizona most industrious and trustworthy working girls for domestics. The mission and government schools are doing good work on this line.

The Indian boys of these schools in training are making a most desirable class of workingmen. They do not as a rule shirk; they work intelligently and faithfully.

They are the best woodchoppers and harvesters in this region. They provide the greater part of the fuel consumed in Tucson, and generally of the best to be found.

Some of them are pretty handy with carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, and make very good assistants to mechanics.

Bits From Miss Weekley's Last Letter.

What we need in Porto Rico is schools like Carlisle, for the greater part of these people will remain helpless until they learn to use the things around them.

It is true, we are to have sixteen rural industrial schools as soon as the buildings can be erected, but they will not supply the need.

In this district there are 2,300 children in school, and it seems to me, almost as many more waiting to be admitted.

Just before Easter we had a week's vacation, which I spent in San Juan with Miss Ericson.

The road across the country is beautiful, and we enjoyed every minute of the ride.

We were glad of this opportunity to see the wonderful Military Road, a marvel of engineering skill.

It is said to have cost so much that the Spanish authorities once asked the officials here if they were paving the road with gold. It is rumored that the officials put the money in their pockets and compelled the natives to do the work without pay.

While in San Juan we visited the famous Morro, which showed evidences of Sampson's visit, San Cristobal, which is the second fort and is connected with Morro by an under ground passage, and San Geronimo where Maj. Day, Col. Pratt's friend, is stationed.

Morro and San Cristobal are full of underground passages, dark, mysterious dungeons, and stories of Spanish cruelty.

At night under the soft moonlight, San Juan, with its flat-roofed houses looked like an oriental city. It is on an island, and being near the water has that attraction which has been denied Ponce.

Death of Major Forster.

Miss Forster, our art teacher, has the sympathy of all in her great loss in the death of her father which occurred on Thursday evening of last week.

Major Forster served his country in the Mexican and Civil Wars, and the same brave endurance and courage which distinguished him then were shown during the long illness of more than a year which preceded his death.

The funeral services, held at his old home in Harrisburg on Saturday, were attended by Col. Pratt and a number of the employees.

A Card of Thanks.

The pupils in No. 6 were found to read the teacher's copy of the RED MAN & HELPER so eagerly that they were given a copy of their own. The note of thanks was made a language lesson, and this is the one most correct and concise:

"To the M. O. T. B. S.

We thank you for the RED MAN & HELPER and appreciate it very much.

HATTIE PRYOR."

A SPIN UP THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Never did finer day exist than this, and never was air more full of life-sustaining ozone.

The river with its clear water, rarely ever so clear as at this time of year, its little islets dotted here and there; its tiny steam ferry boats, flat enough to sail on the dew, but puffing and strutting against the current as much as to say, "I have my work and I mean to do my best if I am not a great ocean steamer;" the river with its distant banks of cultivated farms in undulating fields of green, and freshly plowed ground full of seed; the river with its wooded ravines and rugged declivities, its sprightly hamlets and handsome villas, imbedded in budding trees and beautiful cherry blossoms, all inspiring, and a giving evidence of life and sturdy thrift to be emulated by the indolent and improvident; the river and its environment make a lesson, long and winding.

Had the white man not sought this country, and by persuasion, by trinkets, by bullets driven the occupants of the land back so as to give them opportunity to clear the way for soil cultivation; had the Indians been successful in carrying out their original purpose of killing off the white man, and the "noble" red man were still monarch of this section, I could but wonder how the scene would now appear.

Who can say that the ground over which I am speeding at forty miles an hour would not now be an impenetrable forest traversed only by wild beasts and savages?

In studying the condition of the Indians to-day, can we trace a reason for thinking that they would have cleared out the forests and cultivated the land, had the white man never set foot on this continent?

Sunbury—where the North Branch and the West Branch of the Susquehanna meet, is one of the prettiest spots, in point of scenery, of which Pennsylvania can boast. Now, we change cars and follow the North Branch, through Catawissa and East Bloomsburg. The State Normal, where five of our Indian students are working their way up and out into the thrift that produces these towns and railroads, and bridges, and manufactories and farms, meaning life, not stagnation, is nestled in the bluffs on the opposite side of the river. The buildings show up finely from the East Bloomsburg point of view. I have stood on the piazza of the main building and taken in the view from that point, and I doubt if there is another institution of learning anywhere so delightfully located. As we go north, vegetation is more backward, but the natural scenery along the North Branch is not behind that below Sunbury. We are fast getting into the region of the coal mines and nearing the scenes of the recent mining troubles. A difference in the grade of intellectuality is plainly noticeable among those who gather at the stations—the uneducated foreign element "strikingly" manifest.

The people of the United States who are not Indians are certainly foreigners, but those who have not become Americanized are plainly evident. It does not take them long, however, to catch the broad spirit of our atmosphere, and become of us; but isn't it strange that the Indians have been breathing this same atmosphere for generations and yet they are not of us. HAVE they been breathing the true American atmosphere?

No! The people as they came to this land from foreign countries decided years ago that to be real kind to the natives and to keep them quiet, they would bottle up a special atmosphere for the redman, bottle it in on a reservation and teach them to be satisfied with that. The Indians have been breathing that atmosphere over and over again until, like the bad air in a tight room full of people, it has stupefied them, and they know not what is the matter.

Carlisle is trying to let in a little ventilation, and what is better, trying to get the growing youth out of the bad air; but some of the old people, like some bald-headed gentlemen in a close room, do not

like a draught, and a good many who call themselves friends of the Indian, say: "Better let them alone. The bottled atmosphere is good enough for them; at least, homeopathic bottles full of the outside atmosphere carried to them will keep them alive, and as long as the Indians themselves are satisfied it is better to carry it to them in that way."

We are now going over ground underneath which are hundreds of men with pickaxes, and with little mining lamps in their hats digging out coal from the bowels of the earth. How dark and cold and dismal not to say unhealthy the atmosphere in the mines must be! yet those men are supporting themselves in an honorable way, in an atmosphere far more disagreeable than but not so bad for the moral health as the atmosphere of an Indian reservation with its disease, its superstition, vice, indolence, and hopelessness.

M. BURGESS.

Athletics.

In the annual spring athletic contests last week, Wednesday, the Senior class won the banner by scoring 23 points. Room No. 11 came next with 22 points and No. 12 third with 17 points. The other rooms scored as follows: No. 3—16, No. 4—10, No. 6—9, No. 5—8, No. 7—8, No. 8—5, No. 9—3, No. 13—3.

The following is a summary of the results:

100 yds. dash, Frank Beaver first, Chas. Cusick 2nd, Wallace Denny 3rd. Time 10 sec.

One mile run—Edward Metoxen 1st, Jos. Hummingbird 2nd, Genus Baird 3rd. Time 5 min. 5 sec.

High jump—Geo. Moore 1st, John Waletsi 2nd. Height 5 ft. 2 in.

120 yds. hurdle—Johnson Bradley 1st, Edward Rogers 2nd, Nathaniel Decora 3rd. Time 17 3-5 sec.

220 yds. dash—Frank Beaver 1st, Wallace Denny 2nd, Chas. Cusick 3rd. Time 24 sec.

220 yds. hurdle—Wilson Charles 1st, Ed. Rogers 2nd, J. Bradley 3rd. Time 29 4-5 sec.

Putting 16 lb. shot—John Waletsi 1st, William Baine 2nd, Hawley Pierce 3rd. Distance 36 ft. 6 in.

Half mile dash—P. Pohoxicut 1st, John Kimble 2nd, Dan. Eagle 3rd. Time 2 min. 20 sec.

Pole Vault—E. Rogers 1st, A. Alexander 2nd, H. Pierce 3rd. Height 9ft. 4 in.

Two mile run—J. Hummingbird 1st, Ed. Metoxen 2nd, R. Hill 3rd. Time 12 min. 52 sec.

Running broad Jump—Frank Beaver 1st, Wilson Charles 2nd, A. Alexander 3rd. Distance 19 ft. 2 in.

Throwing 16 pound hammer—William Baine 1st, John Waletsi 2nd, Ben. Walker 3rd. Distance 98 ft.

Quarter mile dash—Chas. Cusick 1st, W. Denny 2nd, J. Cornelius 3rd. Time 57 1-5 sec.

Throwing the discus—Hawley Pierce 1st, Wilson Charles 2nd, John Waletsi 3rd. Distance 105 ft. 4 in.

Our baseball team defeated Lebanon Valley College last week Wednesday by a score of 13 to 8.

Last Saturday our baseball team easily defeated Columbia University in New York City. The Indians put up a fast game of ball both in the field and at the bat. Score by innings.

Indians	0	0	7	4	0	0	1	4	0	16.
Columbia	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	3.

Dickinson won the dual meet with the Indians on Dickinson field last Tuesday, scoring 54½ point to the Indians' 49½. Hummingbird won the one mile race but was disqualified by the judges for an alleged fouling of a Dickinson runner. No foul was noticed by anyone on the grounds except the judges, and in this connection it might be well to call attention to the fact that although the agreement with Dickinson calls for an equal share of officials from both institutions, all the judges of field and track events, the referee, starter and measurers and all the timers except one were Dickinson men.

It becomes more apparent each time we have contests with Dickinson that we made a mistake when we resumed athletic relations with them and entered into a two year agreement.

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

Croquet and tennis!
Watch the leaves grow!
Mountain fires are in evidence.
The first thunder shower of the season.
Miss Stewart enjoyed her Sunday in Philadelphia.

A brown thrush has been seen and heard in the grove.

The seniors are studying botany and enjoy analyzing flowers.

Mr. James R. Wheelock spent Sunday with friends in the country.

The freshmen are making enlarged maps of the Philippine Islands.

Some robins are moving into last year's nests after making a few repairs.

Disciplinarian W. G. Thompson is fast getting the industrial park in shape.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda have gone to Philadelphia for a few days.

A large party of girls from the Steelton high school paid our office a visit on Saturday.

No. 1 pupils are learning that "Grumblers never work, and workers never grumble."

Francis Kerr, brother-in-law of Miss Dutton, dropped in for a visit between trains on Tuesday.

The normal room has a fresh-air annex, where pollywogs and tiny fish are on exhibition.

Mr. Weber is abroad with his white-wash brigade. Look out for "Tom Sawyers" among them!

Miss Jackson has gone to the Stock-bridge reservation, in Wisconsin, on business for the school.

What is there that Mr. Ettinger can not do? His laurels in croquet and tennis are evenly balanced.

The wistaria covering the front of the Colonel's house has rarely been so lavish of flowers as this season.

Eudocia Sedick has made a very pretty pair of pink and gray bed-room slippers which are on exhibition at the sewing-room.

A quantity of flowering shrubs have been set out around the laundry. They were kindly donated by our neighbor, Mr. Sanders.

The Convention of the P. O. S. of A. was held in town this week, and a large number of the delegates visited the school on Tuesday.

Mr. John T. Mallalieu, superintendent of the Nebraska State Industrial School, accompanied by his wife paid the school a call on Tuesday.

Daisy Wasson sent a box of beautiful wild flowers from Downingtown to the normal room. They were shared with some of the other rooms.

Sara and Dick Pratt have returned to their home in Steelton. Mason Alexander, the little new brother, proved a strong magnet to draw them back.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are doing an excellent job in front of the girls quarters. They are sodding the bare places where the girls have forgotten to keep off the grass.

Several of the new Porto Rican boys have been given work in the laundry. They are said to be doing extremely well, they take hold of the work so intelligently and willingly.

Mrs. Walter has received a quantity of wild violets from Amelia Metoxen and Lizzie Dennis, who are in the country. The flowers are unusually rich in color and large in size.

Miss Burgess took a run up to Scranton and Tunkhannock on business, spending Sunday with her brother, Mrs. Cook taking her place on the RED MAN AND HELPER, this week.

Mr. Standing has been confined to the house for several days with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. We trust that the disease, which is ordinarily very painful and intractable, may soon resolve itself, and that he may quickly regain his normal state.

A number of the teachers went to Harrisburg to see Sothorn in Hamlet.

The Carlisle Volunteer gave an excellent and most complimentary notice of the public band rehearsal.

The Seniors are the happiest class on the grounds, and justly so, for they carried off the honors as well as the championship banner in the recent field sports.

Miss Clara Smith, of Wycombe, visited the school on Tuesday, remaining over night; Miss Smith represents the family of one of our patrons of long standing, some fourteen years.

Among the April nature work in Miss Newcomer's room is a set of bird papers. The drawing and coloring are very good, and some of the papers have been selected to send to the Indian Institute at Detroit.

At the close of the Sunday evening prayer meeting the question of our clerical supply for Sunday afternoons came up and the school unanimously voted to continue the Rev. Mr. Diffenderfer indefinitely.

Mr. Diffenderfer has proved both instructive and pleasing in his sermons before the school, always giving some thoughts to take away with us, and clothing them in attractive language that makes them cling to the mind.

The Sunday evening service was led by Miss Bowersox, who gave a most interesting talk upon Hymns and their Writers. A number of students told their favorite hymns, and their reasons for liking them. The meeting was bright and spirited throughout.

The M. O. T. B. S. happened into the pupils dining hall building the other day, and was immediately moved to follow his nose, which led him straight to the cooking class. He found that the freshly cooked rhubarb and hot biscuits were as good to the taste as the smell.

Sara Pratt entertained three little friends from town on Saturday afternoon, Rebecca McKnight, Naomi Long, and Jane Smead. The little ladies inspected the shops. When they went into the carpenter shop some had straight hair, but when they came out all wore long yellow curls.

Prof. Bakeless is absent on a week's trip which will take in Princeton. John accompanied him to Philadelphia having won the treat by mastering his First Reader.

John says the prettiest animal at the Zoo is the leopard, and the cutest is the prairie dog.

Mr. Odell's talk on London this week was full of interesting facts. The city is a mine of historical happenings, remarkable buildings, and the like. He gave a vivid idea of its size when he said "If all the country between Carlisle and Gettysburg were city it would still be smaller than London."

Mrs. Dorsett writes Miss Ferree and Mrs. Canfield, that her school in N. C. is in the midst of forest fires. They have been and still are in great danger. She also writes that she expects to spend her summer vacation in Europe. She will visit Italy and Greece, stopping at Gibraltar on her way home.

Miss Flaunt, of Wilson College, was Miss Senseney's guest over Sunday. Many will remember the pleasure Miss Flaunt's singing gave us two years ago. On Sunday afternoon, at the chapel service, she sang The Man of Sorrows, by Danks. The lovely song through her beautiful voice and sympathetic rendering was a second sermon not soon to be forgotten.

The band recently organized a baseball team, and they have already won several games from the teams made up by the large boys known as the "Cuban Joints" (Giants.) The following are the names and positions: Pitcher, Elk Leg, (Decora); catcher, Moose Horn (Baine); 1st b. Bear Teeth, (McDonald); 2nd b. Porcupine Quills (Coulon); 3rd b. Big Turtle, (Gansworth); c. s. Tommy Hawk (Niles); r. f. Fence Post (Smith); l. f. He Dog (Phineas); c. f. Feather, (Jno.)

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

The public rehearsal of the Band on Saturday evening, brought a goodly number of people from town to swell our always large audience.

Our girls occupied the parquet and the boys the balcony, all the seats being upholstered with Spring's softest and richest green grass.

The chilling winds that had blown all day died with the sunset, and the evening was delightful.

The band acquitted itself admirably.

The difficult Overture to Semiramide and the even more difficult selection from Rienzi were rendered with scarcely a false intonation, and the waltz, On the Beautiful Rhine, was a gem.

Recollections of the War, which closed the rehearsal, was made vividly picturesque by the burning of red fire at three extremes of the campus, and the buglers were stationed at these points, where they sounded Reveille, Attention, Commence Firing, at the proper places between the numbers of descriptive music, some of which were the march For God and Victory, The Flag of Columbia, The Vacant Chair, Marching through Georgia, etc., and the Grand Finale showing the victorious close of the war.

It was altogether a successful concert, and that it was appreciated was fully demonstrated by the applause which repeatedly insisted upon encores.

Public Rehearsal.

The following pieces will be rendered on the band-stand, by the School Band, at 7 o'clock, Saturday evening, May 11th:

OVERTURE—"La Domino Noir"—AUBER.

WALTZ—"Visions of Paradise"—BENNETT.

MEDLEY—"Black Brigade"—BEYER.

FANTASIA—from "Maritana"—WALLACE.

THE MUSICAL CRITIC'S DREAM—E. ASA DIX.

SYNOPSIS.

A musical Critic condemned an organist who worked up a popular melody into a grand organ composition. That night the critic dreamed that he stood in the organ loft and beheld the ghosts of the great musicians Mendelssohn, Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven, Rossini, Haydn and Wagner.

They were indignant over the critic's words which they had heard, unknown to him. One after another they sat down to the organ, and with ghostly fingers played, each in turn, a Song Without Words, Gloria, Nocturne, Pathetic Sonata, Cujus Animam, Andante, (Surprise Symphony) and the great march from Tannhauser.

The critic's dismay can be imagined when he realized that in each was intertwined a strain of a popular melody.

Notes by the Students.

The trees planted on Arbor Day are showing their leaves and are growing fast.

Mrs. Given's League played two games of baseball with the town boys. They came out ahead both times. That shows the good training they get.

The Invincibles held a very good meeting on Friday night. Many took part in the general debate. Volunteer work was very good.

Colonel Pratt gave a fine talk in the dining room on Monday morning.

Miss Roberts is teaching in No. 12 for a few days in the place of Mrs. Cook who is in the printing office during the absence of Miss Burgess.

Adoracion, our new Porto Rican girl, is always somewhat amused when time for roll call comes, for the officers stumble over her name and call her almost a ny thing but the right-thing.

The Juniors are enjoying the study of flowers.

The mantel in the Junior room is decorated with class colors, the beautiful purple and white.

The Juniors do not mind the defeat in athletics they had last week, but are happy because they number fifty three, graduate in 1903, and won three points.

The pupils of Miss Paull's room are in possession of a cat-fish. They are finishing up lessons on illustrated window gardening which they will be proud of. Their tadpoles are growing fast and are able to boast of two legs.

For the last four months Miss Moore has given her music students the lives of great composers to study up. At the end of each month they meet together in her music room, and talk over what they have read of them. So far they have taken up the lives of Bach, Handel, Wagner, Chopin, Verdi, Robert and Clara Schumann. It is a great benefit to the music students.

John Feather has gone to his home in Wisconsin. He will assist Miss Jackson in getting pupils for the school.

From Our Graduates.

Alice Powlas, 1901, writes that she is "planting flowers and getting fat," she hopes to go to school again in the fall. She says she has access to several magazines "but the RED MAN & HELPER is best."

Pasquala Anderson, 1900, writes to a friend in the school in a most interesting way of her work at Oraiba, Ariz. She says, "you know these Indians are idol worshippers."

I never would have believed it but I went into one of their temples one day and saw their gods which are a great many in number.

The basket which I sent you is a rare one and has quite a history; the figure on it represents one of their gods. It is supposed to be the god that gave the Hopi Indians the red-pepper, and is used in their dance."

Scraps of Western News.

A most interesting paper on primary methods actually in use at the Santee School, appears in the last number of the Word Carrier. It is full of suggestive material.

The Quapaw Agency has been moved from its recent location west of Seneca to the Seneca Indian Boarding School near Wyandotte.—[Seneca Despatch.

We gather from an exchange that the Corner Stone of the Riverside School, Cal., is to be laid sometime in July, and that it is expected Representative Sherman of New York, will be present.

On the Shoshone and Bannock reservation, in Idaho, the missionaries are building a large church, with the help of the Shoshones and Bannocks. The Nez Perce Indians are very anxious to have it built and have contributed about three hundred dollars towards it.

Seven Good Reasons.

During a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing, with no little show of learning, the clauses of the proposed temperance law, says the Presbyterian Review. An old farmer, who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap, and said:

"I don't know nuthin' about the law, but I've got seven good reasons for votin' for it."

"What are they?" asked the lawyer.

And the grim old farmer responded:

"Four sons and three daughters."

The wrens have come back to the chalk-box house which they have occupied for three summers. They built first in the wooden covering of one of the hydrants which got out of order and had to be repaired. Nest and babies were moved to the porch near by, and the housekeeping went on without a break, and the new house seems perfectly satisfactory. It is funny to see the birds trying to get into the small opening in the box with a stick twice as long as the box itself.

Fred Brushel has presented No. 11 school room with a very pretty specimen of his sloyd work. The number of the room in relief upon cherry wood.

MOMENTUM OF HABIT.

It takes continuous and often an increasing force to overcome inertia. This is especially true in human nature, and it makes what has been called the momentum of habit one of the essentials of good character. An act perpetually repeated gathers strength enough to repeat itself instinctively and involuntarily, and this is habit, one of the best allies in well-doing that any mortal can have.

Take the habit of church-going, for instance. If one begins in childhood, and keeps on steadily, it becomes such a matter of course that he will attend Sunday services, that the question does not come up each week to settle, according to the state of the weather or of his own feelings. The very best people sometimes fail to take pleasure in duty, but where one does not stop to consider preferences, or even to summon his principles, the momentum of good habit will carry him on in the way that he should go.

Young people who are forming their habits should keep this in mind. What comfort it is that good habits as well as wrong ones are binding. Keep on in right doing and it will become easier by and by. It is always easier to keep on than to make a start.

Do you say that this is not a high standard or a lofty motive? To be sure one ought to do right for right's sake and for the love of it, but there is feebleness about human nature which makes it unlikely that such motives will always prevail. Then it is a fine thing to have the right re-inforced by a good habit that has a compelling power to it, and sets one in the way of receiving help when mere preference would not be strong enough to give the push needed.

Be sure to count this "momentum" among your forces.—[Young People.

TWELVE GOOD RULES.

1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar.
2. Roll the shoulders backward and downward.
3. Try to squeeze the shoulder-blades many times a day.
4. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back."
5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart.
6. Walk about, or even run up-stairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head.
7. Try to look at the top of your high-cut vest or your necktie.
8. Practice the arm movements of breast stroke swimming while standing or walking.
9. Fold the arms behind the back.
10. Carry a cane or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck.
11. Put the hands on the hips, with elbows back and fingers forward.
12. Walk with the thumbs in the arm-holes of the vest.—[The Advance.

Worth Thinking About.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The continual changing of one's mind is apt to wear it out.

The grand essentials of life are something to do, something to love, something to hope for.—CHALMERS.

Every one of us exerts an influence on every one he meets. It is a daily force. It is a responsibility. We have reason to be on our guard to see what example we give.—[Pittsburg Observer.

I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the keynote of my life. It is this, always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to "blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers."
—HELEN KELLER.

BAD COMPANY.

Nothing can withstand or resist the evil influence of bad companionship. Parental influence cannot check it. No virtue is so strong, no intelligence or education so superior or enlightened as not to fall a victim to the baneful influence of evil companionship. The proverb says: "Tell me with whom you go and I will tell you who you are." Or again, "Companionship is among likes or makes likes." This being so, therefore should the greatest vigilance be exerted in this respect. St. Augustine says: "Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pinchers cannot take hold or draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood."—[Church Progress.

KEEPING YOUR FRIENDS.

We do not always realize how much of the happiness of life we owe to our friends. It is not merely sympathy and the sense of human comradeship and interest that our friends give us; they are a most valuable means of education if they are wise, alert and thoughtful. A friend who is a student will give you in an evening's chat an insight into many volumes. And, even when your friend does not have attainments beyond your point of view upon many matters by discussion and argument. But remember that he who would have friends must show himself friendly, and you cannot expect to reap the choicest fruits of your friendship unless you are willing to contribute your share to the common stock. It is a fine art to get friends and to keep them.—[New York Weekly.

Is it a Pleasure to do Nothing?

A clever French boy, afterwards a celebrated barrister, was in his school days, both lazy and insubordinate. The masters were all in despair, and the case was laid before the superior. He called the boy to his room and said:

"My lad, you do not like to work; would you really like to do nothing?"

"Indeed I should," said the boy. "I hate work."

"Very well," said the superior, "you can stay in my room and do nothing—mind, absolutely nothing."

For an hour and a half the lazy boy enjoyed his rest, then he put out his hand for a book.

"Oh, no," said the superior; "reading is doing something—you must not read."

Another half hour passed, then master Berryer began to talk.

"Oh, no," said the superior; "talking is doing something—you cannot talk."

At the end of three hours the superior left his desk and went to his office in the grounds. The boy followed him and seeing his companions playing at a distance, he was about to join them.

"Oh, no," said the superior, "playing is doing something—you must not play, and indeed, you ought not to be here, for walking is doing something, so you must not walk."

Master Berryer was conquered, and from henceforward there were no complaints of him in college, and in his future life he was certainly not one of those who did nothing.—[Exchange.

The Sun's Rays.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on a mid-summer's day, without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the center of the structure, and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.—[Exchange.

Animal Beggars.

During the Boer War many novel plans were adopted for collecting funds in aid of the sick and wounded, the widows and orphans. The animal kingdom of course, rose to the occasion. Dogs equipped with ribbons and money-boxes were to be seen in every town. Bearing in mind the parrot's clever powers of speech, one is surprised that Polly's services were not more generally enlisted. One bird had been trained to cry, "For the widows and orphans, please!" and we can well believe that the box placed beside its perch was often filled. A lady who had a pony only three feet high sent it amongst the drawing-rooms of society. The creature ran up and downstairs like a dog, and charmed beholders with its winning ways, easily persuading them to drop coins of value into the box that it bore on its back.—[Cassell's Little Folks.

Wanted.

A boy in the printing office, on the farm, in the shop, in the factory and in the mill. Wherever work of any kind or business is being done there is demand for a boy. The job for him may not be a soft one or just the kind he would like, but if faithfully done will lead to something better. This boy that is wanted must be active, attentive, energetic, honest, clean, cigarettes and foul language must be strangers to him. There is no place that a lazy boy or man either can fill—but the grave. Benjamin Franklin was an office boy, Lincoln worked at anything he found to do and Garfield drove mules. Young man! are you doing something useful?—[Exchange.

Shakespeare on Base-Ball.

And so I shall catch the fly.—Henry V.
I will run no base.—Merry Wives.

Let me umpire in this.—Henry VI.
A hit, a palpable hit.—Hamlet.

Now let's have a catch.—Twelfth Night.

He'll have the striking in the field.—All's Well.

After the score.—Othello.

Where are you with the bats?—Coriolanus.

Let us see you in the field.—Troilus and Cressida.

Thrice again to make up nine.—Macbeth.

What foul play had we.—Titus Andronicus.

No other book but the score.—Henry V.
—[Exchange.

Of A Lighter Vein.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.—[Selected.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the spring time. "Ah, yes," said the little miss. I understand; "they keep their summer clothes in their trunks!"—[Ex.

Amazed by the brevity of little four-year-old Gracie's nap, her mother asked her why she had awakened so soon. "Why," replied Gracie, looking up in childish astonishment, "I slept all the sleep I had."

Practical Arithmetic.

Teacher—Why, if a pint of milk cost five cents, a quart will cost ten cents, and a gallon 40 cents!

Little Girl—Oh, no! They always give it to you for less when you take a larger quantity.—[Puck.

"I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hicelby. "He spends two hours a day at it." "Really how strange! How did you get him to do it?" "Oh, I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for Christmas, and he's still at it."—[Tit-Bits.

A story which Cardinal Wiseman enjoyed much was that of an Irishman who, while taking a barge up the Shannon was asked what goods he had on board, and answered, "Timber and fruit." "What kind of timber and what sort of fruit?" "Well an' if ye must know, the timber is

just birch brooms, and the fruit—well, its pertaties."—[Ex.

Mr. Robin: "There's a thieving man in our strawberry patch picking berries by the pailful." Mrs. Robin: "Oh, dear, how we have worked over that patch! I believe I've carried a thousand insects from it, and I did so hope to have a few berries when I weaned the babies. They need them so." Mr. R. "I wish I had a gun."—[Farm Journal.

A very small pile of coal lay on the sidewalk in front of a house on A street southeast. A correspondingly small son of Ham was sauntering along, and, seeing it, scented a job. He rang the door-bell.

Am dat you all's coal? he asked the lady at the door.

Yes.
Want it toted in?

Yes.
Kain't I get de job?

Why, you're pretty small, and then you might charge too much. You might ask more than I could pay.

How much is yo' got? asked the small man of business. Kin yo' raise a dollah?

Oh, my goodness, no.
Seventy-five cents?

No. Run along and don't bother me, and she started to close the door.

Mebbe so you'll give 50 cents?

No, no; run along.
I reckons yo' all aint's got er quattah?

No.
Ner a dime?

No, not even a dime, replied the woman, beginning to laugh.

Well, how much is you got? questioned Ham showing his ivorys. I sut'nly does want er get de job.

I've got just a nickel.

Well, I'm jus' a lookin' fer nickle jobs and he straightway began.—[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. Won. 10 to 3.
- " 25, Villa Nova at Carlisle. Lost 9 to 1.
- " 27, Mercersburg, at Mercersburg. Won 13 to 3
- " 29, Dickinson on Dickinson Field. Lost 12 to 9
- May 1, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle. Won. 13 to 8
- " 4, Columbia, at New York City. Won 16 to 3.
- " 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.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.
My 11, 2, 3, 7 describes everyone at the Carlisle school.
My 5, 12, 6 is a conveyance.
My 1, 10, 13, 14 very few girls like to do.
My 9, 4, 8 is what the batter tries to do and the pitcher avoids.
My whole is work that is play and play that is work.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Fair Weather.

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