

The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1901.

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

Labor is Worship.

"LABOR is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing:
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart;
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough soil blows the soft-breathing flower
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only MAN, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the STILL water falleth;
Idleness ever despoileth, bewalleth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assail-
eth;
Flowers droop and die in the stiffness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the FLYING cloud lightens;
Only the WAVING wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
PLAY the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them
in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill,
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pil-
low;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow!
Lie not down weary 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are
round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
thee;
Look to you pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

PRATT, YALE AND BOSTON INSTITUTIONS.

Professor Bakeless' Account of a Recent trip Continued From last Week.

I spent one half-day at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

This great industrial school is planned on such broad lines, that a visit of a week would be inadequate to do justice to all its departments. It was necessary, therefore, to choose, out of the great wealth offered to the interested observer, what ones to study and what ones to leave for a future visit.

The Department of Domestic Arts and Sciences—the cooking, sewing, dressmaking, millinery, etc.—were most interesting to a man; and we regret that we could not devote a day to this department alone.

Every girl should have just the knowledge imparted in this department. How to become an effective home-maker with the least outlay of time and money; how to make the wardrobe most effective, and most serviceable, in the least expensive way, were some of the problems the solution of which is attempted here. And then, too, girls, it was a novel idea to an unobserving and unappreciative man to learn that birds and butterflies may teach our young women to dress becomingly, and in harmonious coloring—lessons in aesthetics recurring again and again in every landscape; every bird and insect suggesting a perfect color scheme for one's new Spring costume or summer hat! The same commodity that the artist Opie mixed with his colors to produce his beautiful pictures, is all that is needed to change a commonplace dress into a pleasing and artistic garment. "Brains, madam, brains," the one thing needful. And if all the careful teachings of the Domestic Science Department were practiced in the same way, the next generation would be happy and well instead of hungry and miserable.

Several hours spent in the Department

of Science and Technology gave glimpses into fields of labor, wonderful in their promise of usefulness and in their practical application. Never did labor seem so dignified. The revelation that all these fields of scientific carpentry, iron working, house-painting, frescoing, etc., make to the observer is—"Labor is worship!"

The greatest gift the Heavenly Father gives us is this power to work, to do better to-morrow what we try to-day; the next, the privilege and opportunity of learning to do what we attempt better than any previous age could do it.

Is this not an inspiration to the twentieth century young man or woman?

Every instructor met was interested, enthusiastic and ready to explain his methods, processes and the principles underlying his work.

We leave with reluctance, wishing that every youth in America might enjoy this united training of head and hand and heart.

An early train on May 8th, soon covered the distance between New York City and New Haven—a queenly city, an appropriate setting for Yale with its wealth of 200 years of tradition.

The massive modern buildings, perfect gems of architectural plan and modern convenience, rather shatter one's preconceived notions of historic Yale, founded under a tree with a few books and £50, and high and mighty purpose. This latter still remains a precious heritage, "that learning may not perish from the earth." The first condition and limitations have long since been outgrown. The plain moss-covered buildings, the idols of the fathers, have almost disappeared; only a few remain, and these are doomed in another year to give place to modern structures.

The traditional "fence" still encircles the quadrangle, but for twentieth century youth it must needs be of iron rails instead of the four-inch board that for a hundred years so admirably met the Yankee instinct for meditation, and jack-knife sloyd.

The new portion of the University Library, and it is a large one, is suggestive of order and system. The old portion is in a rather congested state. Conditions in this portion suggest those of the printer who had a special place for everything, but spent much of his time finding the place.

Dwight Hall, a beautiful and well-equipped building with auditorium, rooms for the various classes, committee-rooms, etc., like Memorial Hall at Princeton, is the center of religious life and interest at Yale, and is accomplishing a noble work toward holding young men for righteous living. It is under the care of a Secretary, a student, who devotes much of his time to the work.

A short time spent in the Art School enabled me to see the Trumbull collection of historic paintings, prints of some of which in our school histories have been familiar from childhood.

There are many historic landmarks about New Haven, for it is one of the oldest New England towns, settled in 1638.

Hartford is the next stop in our pilgrimage, a clean, and progressive city showing thrift and public spirit on every side.

The public buildings are large and beautiful, and everything is in keeping with the intelligence and thrift of the people of this "State of steady habits."

There was but time for a visit to the South School. It is a large, public school under efficient management, as is evinced by the perfect conditions of cleanliness and order everywhere prevailing. A corps

of wide-awake intelligent teachers are in charge; signs of modern, up-to-date work on all sides.

The school-rooms and hall-ways are large and airy, well-lighted, and adorned with well chosen pictures. That the school work is in keeping with its material setting is shown by lessons, papers, and blackboard work inspected.

The Manual Training and Domestic Science Departments are well up-to-date in equipment and management. Time is too short to go much into details, but a glimpse is better than not seeing the work at all.

So we are off to Springfield for a few hours. We remember the Arsenal, where for years our own Uncle Sam has been preparing the material with which to equip his hosts of willing defenders. The plant is a large and fine one, employing many skilled workmen. We can do nothing more than pass it by on the trolley, as we attend to more pressing duties than sight seeing.

The Springfield Training School was our objective point. A very short visit gives us most favorable impressions of this institution.

We pass hastily in review a palatial high-school building situated on a slight eminence. This school was formerly under the efficient management of Frederick Atkinson, who visited us last year and inspected our work on his way to the Philippines to take charge of the education at work there. We have in mind to visit this school again.

The schools of Springfield for the last fifteen years have been under the supervision of Thomas Balliet, whose name alone is sufficient to warrant our saying that they are second to none in the country.

Springfield, too, is a clean, thrifty city with many beautiful homes and a general air of intelligence and prosperity.

But it is night, and a dash of a few hours by rail lands us in the "Hub," about midnight, too weary to care for anything but the downy couch and the soothing touches of slumber. We are soon gratified, for Boston knows how to take care of the physical comforts even though she has the reputation of giving all to intellect and forgetting the body. And, reader, her denizens do not use any larger words than other people, but they use more small ones correctly—see?

But the events of the day are classified and pigeon-holed in memory to strengthen and help our own work later.

The cry "Copy" again stays my hand, and that same old gentleman, stern of visage as the fates, says by his silence, "Stop for this time." We obey. More anon.

O. H. B.

A Great Charity.

A few years ago the Carlisle School in a body visited the Girard College in Philadelphia.

It is said that the Girard estate is the largest charity in the world, having grown to the munificent proportions of \$10,000,000.

It is also undoubtedly the best managed benevolence in the world.

Though involving such an immense sum of money, not one single breath of suspicion has ever been directed toward the administration of it.

A writer deplors the fact that the young Indian of the far west to-day has no chance left to make for himself a name as a warrior.

Has what the Indians seen of our civilization done them more harm than good, as some maintain?

A GOOD NAME IN THE COUNTRY.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not always publish the name of the boy or girl whose record is good or praised, lest they might not like it, and a letter came this week from one of our boys which shows such a happy and bright spirit about his work on the farm, that we hope all will read, although we do not give his name.

He says in part:

I like it here very good. I heard Mr. — say one time that I am the best Indian boy they ever had, and Miss — tell me that, too, sometimes. I ask her one time I said why do you think so. She said because you are willing to do just what you was told and you do your work well, and you are so kind to the horses when you are working, so now I always think that it is the best for me to do just what I was told to do.

I always like to say this:

Little children you should seek, rather to be good than wise, for the thoughts you do not speak shine out in your cheeks and eyes. to do to others as I would that they should do to me. will make me honest, kind and good as children ought to be. if a task is once begun never leave it till it is done. be the labor great or small. do it well or not at all.

An Old Temperance Pledge.

The following pledge, found in a scrap-book, was taken from an old almanac of the year 1837:

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits and drink is not only needless, but hurtful and that entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the people of the United States, and especially the young men, discountenance entirely the use of it they would not only promote their personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

JAMES MADISON.

ANDREW JACKSON.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

—[Union Signal.

Almost Equal to Indian Surprise.

The natives of a wild country never fail to wonder over the coming of a railroad, with its snorting locomotive and rattling cars.

The antics of the native Egyptians and Arabs, says Owen S. Watkins, who was with Kitchener in his Sudan campaign, afforded not a little amusement to the railway battalion under Lieutenant Midwinter.

The quantity of water consumed by the locomotive was a constant source of wonder.

The Arabs had never dreamed of such a thirst as that monster seemed to possess.

One day when the working party climbed aboard after loading all the trucks, the Egyptians cried, "For shame!" charged them with overloading the poor engine, and asked if they thought themselves men.

Sunday-school Teacher (in Chicago): "Why did the Wise Men come from the East?"

Bright Scholar: "Because they were wise men."—[Philadelphia Record.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIANThe Mechanical Work on this Paper is
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCEAddress 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 Indian on the reservation who depends upon his rations has no special incentive for work. He is like the tramp who made the excuse: "Lady, when I'm hungry, I'm too weak to work, and when I'm full there ain't no necessity for me to work."

At the Pan-American there is to be no distinctively woman's display in the Exposition. It is much more creditable to them that they should NOT be regarded as requiring a separate display of their work, says a correspondent. How long will the Indians require a separate display?

A large party of Indians from this reservation left for the Buffalo Exposition on April 20th. They held a farewell dance near the Agency on the day before their departure and looked very picturesque to those who have not yet wearied of the long hair and paint.—[The Ogilala Light.

A wild looking man with tattooed breast and much soiled and ragged clothing, presented himself at Colonel Pratt's office for work and something to eat. He called himself Doc Custer and told a fairly straight story of how he had been adopted by the Cheyenne Indians and had lived with them the most of his life. He talked and looked like an Indian of the uneducated type, although he did show signs of some education. A snap-shot from a Kodak would have given a striking picture of what the white child becomes if brought up in the degrading influences of the Indian camp.

Commencement season for High Schools, Colleges and Universities is at hand. An army of young men and young women who have enjoyed the exceptional advantages offered by these honorable institutions of learning are about to go forth into life. Isn't it strange that we rarely ever hear the question asked concerning them. Do they ever go back to their old ways? And yet it is a recognized fact that the college or university graduate is not always an eminent success as a useful and self-supporting citizen. It is safe to say that in proportion to their numbers and advantages, as many Carlisle graduates use their limited education in the direction of usefulness and helpfulness as do those who carry off the higher-class diplomas from the schools of the more favored race.

WILD INDIANS AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

It is said that on the Pan-American Midway there will be what is termed a Congress of Indians representing 42 different tribes.

500 or 600 Indians have been persuaded to take up their tents from the plains and carry them over to Buffalo and live there as they do on the reservations. Others who live in houses on reservations will be furnished tents and encouraged to go back to barbarism for the time being. The Sioux will have their teepees, the Winnebagoes their wigwams, the Pimas their wickiups, the cliff dwellers their cliff caves, all for the surging masses to stare

at and exclaim, What a peculiar people! The Mogis are to be seen making their pottery, the Navahoes weaving their blankets, the Sioux manufacturing in their most primitive way, bows, arrows and stone pipes.

There will be daily performances, in the reproductions of battle scenes and war dances, which will be made as wild and picturesque as the inventions of white showmen can make them, and they are to be called accurate and truthful portrayals of Indian methods and customs.

Every inducement to draw crowds will be made, sham battles between tribes will be announced with the coloring thrown in that at times these battles will border on the realistic more than on the sham.

Before the hours of the battles, mounted Indians in all the glory of war-paint and feathers will be seen passing and repassing the spectators' seats, chanting their war songs. They will carry long spears with gleaming points and many streaming tails and war bonnets as if they were going on the war-path.

It is said that a Sioux chief discovered in the Blackfeet's territory, will be captured and will be burned at the stake.

The Sioux discover the situation and steal up just as the fire is started, release their comrade, and rout the foe temporarily; but reinforced, the Blackfeet return and drive away the Sioux with terrible slaughter. Now and then an Indian is seen to keel over, as if shot, and some enemy will perhaps stoop over him and apparently scalp him. All this to give to the spectator a "faithful" idea of Indian warfare.

In addition to this it is announced that there are to be war dances, sun dances, dances of the different feasts to the various gods, scalp dance, Omaha dance, buffalo dance, snake dance, etc., in which the different tribes will appear in all the grandeur of war-paint and feathers and the various emblems which to the Indian have some significance in connection with these ceremonies.

In short, says the syndicate description, there will be nothing lacking which is needed to give a complete picture of the American Indian as he exists on the plains of the west to-day.

To the Anglo-Saxon writer, the picture, if presented as described, will represent the real Indian about as closely as would a reproduction of the scenes of a thousand years ago when our ancestors drank blood from the skulls of their enemies, represent the Anglo-Saxon race of to-day.

We are not so far civilized that we could not trump up barbarous customs still prevailing, which if enlarged upon, colored and paraded would make a showing for savagery quite equal to anything our red brethren can be persuaded to portray.

Why should the Indian be paid to parade his savagery any more than the white man should be paid to show HIS worst side.

OURS A "COLONIAL" SCHOOL.

The fourteen Porto Ricans (9 boys and 5 girls) whose education the government will undertake are to be sent to Carlisle Indian School—not because they are assumed to be "wards of the nation," as the Indians are, but because the government has no other school available for that purpose. The young Porto Ricans will, for that matter, get a good and useful education at Carlisle. The course there is largely industrial, and at the same time thoroughly military and patriotic. Major Pratt's great object in life has been to take the Indian out of the body of every Indian boy or girl who comes to him, and put a white man or woman in its place. Doubtless he will endeavor to replace the Porto Rican in each of these fourteen pupils with an American. There seems to be no good reason why Carlisle should not be developed into a "Colonial" school ceasing to be merely an Indian School. Our "wards" have lately been increasing in numbers. The rapid absorption now proceeding of the Indian tribes of the West into the surrounding white populations might seem

to remove the necessity for a school like Carlisle to educate young Indians, but such is not the case. Carlisle has many Indian pupils to-day from New York, Maine and North Carolina, and doubtless from other Eastern States—[The Mail and Express.

HOW WE MAKE PATRIOTS.

Americanization the Way.

The following from La Correspondencia De Puerto Rico, of San Juan, was translated by Paul Segui and shows the feeling at least of one prominent newspaper of our new possession in favor of the northern education movement. The comment is:

Yesterday afternoon in front of our office occurred a demonstration by a group of young men, with the national colors (stars and stripes) and enthusiastic cries of "Viva (live) the President of the Great Republic and the Commissioner of education in Porto Rico."

They were boys from the high school accompanying C. Rodriguez to the transport Segueck. Rodriguez left us for his destination, the Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Mr. Brumbaugh is very much interested in sending the poor children to the United States for an education.

Yesterday nineteen boys left San Juan. Of these sixteen were to go to the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., two to Leage, Newton, Pa., and one to Potsdam, New York.

All of these colleges are of high reputation in the United States.

We are sure that in the next transport eleven more will be leaving.

To our belief this is the best and only way to make true American citizens."

Since the above was written fourteen more Porto Ricans arrived, and we are informed that like demonstrations at the port of departure were enacted.

Women Voters.

A friend of the writer in a private letter says of the Spring elections in Kansas:

"We had a great election. The women came out as though the whole matter depended on them. Mrs. Nation's hatchet stirred up sentiment at a great rate—made the women WANT to vote.

The whiskey side said THEY should win as they had the money, but some one remarked:

"But you haven't the WOMEN and they cannot be BOUGHT. We regret that was generally true."

Another wrote of the same election:

"It snowed all day. I did not go out to vote. Ellen went. A carriage was sent for her. The woman's candidate for Mayor was elected. He is a temperance man and we are confident that he will see that the prohibitory law is enforced in our town."

Girls, if your future home is to be in any of the States allowing women to vote, you should study up the political conditions, and learn to vote intelligently.

Can the Indian Stick?

Our assistant farmer since January last has resigned and gone to join a baseball aggregation at Lincoln, Neb. We regret to lose him from our force of employees because his work was good and his conduct unexceptionable. We regret, too, that he should prefer the business of a ball player to that of a farmer. We like baseball as a recreation for boys and young men but as a business it is precarious and as a moral educator must at best be listed as "Doubtful." We regret that it is possible for Indian "Young men" to thus go off each mumble time if they choose, feeling reasonably sure of a shelter and employment when the season closes, the rations run low and the frosts of October begin to nip the exposed portions of the athletic form.—[The Ogilala Light.

James Russel has recently entered the U. S. Navy, has passed the examinations and is quartered at League Island on the U. S. R. S. Richmond.

Athletics.

The Indians defeated Mercersburg Academy in dual track and field sports here last Saturday scoring 54 points to their opponents 50.

The events were very exciting and well contested, and the result was quite a surprise to every one, as Mercersburg was confident of winning the banner.

No one could tell until the last event was finished which side would win and when Cusick reached the tape about six inches ahead of Brophy, Mercersburg's crack quarter miler, and decided the meet in favor of Carlisle he was carried off the field amid great enthusiasm.

Hummingbird, Beaver, and Pierce scored many points for Carlisle, and in fact nearly all the Carlisle team deserve great credit for this victory.

The results are as follows:

100 Yds. Dash—Spencer, Mercersburg, 1st; Beaver, Carlisle, 2nd; Cusick, Carlisle, 3rd; Time, 10.45 seconds.

Pole Vault—Weir, Mercersburg, 1st; O'Neil, Mercersburg, 2nd; Rogers, Carlisle, 3rd; Height, 9 ft.

880 Yds. Run—Smith, M., 1st; Hummingbird, C., 2nd; Cusick, C., 3rd; Time, 2.08

Shot Put—Glass, M., 1st; Walets, C., 2nd; Pierce, C., 3rd; Distance, 48 ft. 4 in.

120 Yds. Hurdle—Bradley, C., 1st; Rogers, C., 2nd; Charles, C., 3rd; Time, 19 seconds.

High Jump—Moore, C., 1st; Walets, C., Glass, M., and Moffitt, M., tied for 2nd; Height, 5 ft. 2 inches.

220 Yds. Dash—Beaver, C., 1st; Spencer, M., 2nd; Cusick, C., 3rd; Time, 24.15 seconds.

Discus Throw—Pierce, C., 1st; Baine, C., 2nd; Glass, M., 3rd; Distance 116 ft. 4 inches.

One Mile Run—Hummingbird, C., 1st; Metoxen, C., 2nd; Smith, M., 3rd; Time, 4.58 seconds.

Broad Jump—Weir, M., 1st; Charles, C., 2nd; Beaver, C., 3rd; Distance 20 ft. 4 inches.

220 Yds. Hurdle—Brophy, M., 1st; Weir, M., 2nd; Rogers, C., 3rd; Time 27 seconds.

Hammer Throw—Glass, M., 1st; McMahon, M., 2nd; Baine, C., 3rd; Distance 144 ft. 6 inches.

440 Yds. Dash—Cusick, C., 1st; Brophy, M., 2nd; Hayes, M., 3rd; Time, 55 sec.

Our baseball team defeated Mercersburg in a seven-inning game Saturday by the score of 4 to 1. Bender pitched an excellent game and the whole team played well. Score by innings:
Mercersburg.....0 1 0 0 0 0—1.
Indians.....0 0 3 0 1 0—4.

From Haskell Institute, Lawrence,
Kansas, Leader.

Miss Daisy Dixon seems to be enjoying her work in Idaho greatly. The country is beautiful and her associates pleasant.

Indian boys at Colony, Oklahoma, are putting in a crop of cotton to raise money with which to educate two India famine orphans.

Senator Joseph V. Quarels, of Wisconsin, member of the Senate committee on Indian affairs, Major William Warner, of Kansas City, and Mr. L. Bullene, of Lawrence, were visitors at Haskell last Saturday morning.

The Mercersburg sportsmen like mercerized goods may be fine looking, but when it comes to general utility the stock does not seem to have the stamina of the Indian, as was shown in most of the events last Saturday.

Was there ever a better illustration of the value of a fraction of a SECOND than the last race on Saturday when Cusick won the day by but a very few inches? It might be well for us to remember this when we think "Oh, there is plenty of time." That fraction of a second not only won the one race but gave us the points that SAVED THE DAY for Carlisle. Had he failed in a single breath or lost a half-second of time the record in points would have gone to our opponents. He did not fail. Three cheers for Cusick!

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

Who is the Empire?—Sophomore.
Wednesday's rain was the wettest of the wet.

The literary societies have closed for the year.

Joseph Denomie is attending Business College at Dixon, Illinois.

Can't stop smoking? Better get a position in a powder-mill for six months.

Mrs. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, is with us for a time, a guest of Colonel and Mrs. Pratt.

Miss Florence Burgess, of Berkeley, California, is visiting her aunt, Miss M. Burgess.

"Your Standing" so and so, is the way a recent letter was closed, and the writer was not a Senior.

Adam was the first man sure—on the Athletic Field, last Saturday, and sold more Souvenirs than the others.

Miss Alma C. Walters, of Brookings, South Dakota, sister of our Instructor in Tailoring, is an interested guest.

The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that every boy and girl in the country will read Friend Watson's talk, last page.

A tennis club has been organized with Miss Bowersox, President and Mr. Nori, treasurer. We now expect some tall playing.

The splendid Indian figure on the head of the drum as it was carried across the athletic field, Saturday, showed off well and was admired by all.

The Band played in the House of Representatives, Harrisburg, last Friday night at the J. F. Hartranft Veterans, Reunion, and made a hit.

Those who will follow Professor Bakelless on his trip to New England by reading the description, first page, and what is to come will be benefited.

Yesterday Mr. Delos Lone Wolf ran in upon us from Washington on his way to Oklahoma. The chiefs he brought East a few weeks ago are still in Washington.

William Mann Irvine, Ph. D., President of Mercersburg Academy, and Mrs. Irvine and sisters—The Misses Hart, attended the Dual Meet on Saturday, guests of Colonel and Mrs. Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Burgess of New York City stopped off between trains Friday on their way West. They will spend a few months in the middle west and finally visit the Pacific Slope.

The bathrobes of the Mercersburg sportsmen and the red blankets of the Indians, lent to the scene on the Athletic field, Saturday, a picturesqueness that appealed to the artistic eye of the large audience on the bleachers.

Miss Jackson has returned from her western trip to Wisconsin with thirteen Stockbridges and Menominees to enter as pupils. She saw and heard of a number of our old students. Some are doing well and others not so well as they might.

A stranger on seeing a little Indian boy with hand shears cutting the grass along the walks, said he was shaving the earth's whiskers. The same said he had only one criticism to make in the Sloyd room and that was there was so much vice there.

Instructor Norman of the Paint shop was stricken with unconsciousness while on his way to the school the other morning. He was about leaving the trolley car and fell. It was a temporary affliction superinduced by a heavy cold. He was on duty at the school next day.

Conductor Ettinger of the Band is a master workman as well as a master in the art of Band leading. One day this week, seeing the belt on the motor which runs our presses, needed splicing, he volunteered to do it, and was given the opportunity to show his skill before a number of on-lookers, each of whom profited by the lesson. The next day one of the hands had occasion to lace another belt, and did a fine piece of work in close imitation of what he had seen the day before.

The Porto Ricans are falling into line for mainly work, like good fellows. They are taking on the northern hustle.

Miss Hill's aunt, Miss Hill of Montreal, Canada, has been her guest for a few days, and the two ladies left on Wednesday evening for Lawrence, Kansas, and other western points to visit friends.

Many a baby might be named William Dean, because it "Howells" so much, but that does not apply to our little Alexander the Great, Sarah's and Dick's and Marion's and Roxana's brother, because he is one of the best babies that ever was born.

Let us remember that it is not only discourteous to the leader and to players in the Band to laugh and talk in loud voice on the campus and balconies around, but that such conduct may annoy some of the audience who enjoy listening to the finer parts of the music.

We are grieved not to be able to report Mr. Standing as improving. He is very low, the brain having become involved, and great misgivings are felt as to the result. A gloom hangs over the school, and many friends of the patient, both here and elsewhere, are full of sympathy for the sufferer and family.

That was a smart shower that drove the people from the bleachers before the events were finished, but the contestants went at it again after the rain. If the young men who took part on either side show as much determination in the battle of life when they go from school out into the world they will make their marks.

Fourteen Porto Ricans arrived on Monday. There were nine girls and five boys in the party. Mrs. Cook escorted them from New York. Already they are looking around and choosing the trades they wish to learn. Tailoring, printing and carpentering seem to be the choice of most.

One hears a great rattling behind him like the loose spokes in a very rickety wagon, but on looking around sees that the noise comes from the tongues of the little Spanish boys who are regular chatter-boxes in their own language. It may be that we Indians need this touch of Spanish fire to waken us up.

We make no effort to be anything but a plain little school newspaper, and for just this we get many letters of appreciation. There is such a thing as being too big. We realize with the present growth from the little Indian Helper that we are not read by as many people nor so thoroughly as when the paper was letter size, but old friends are coming back to us, and we are beginning to grow in circulation again. So mote it be.

Miss Nettie Fremont, class '95, who has been teaching in the west for several years and in the past few months has taken the business course at Banks' Business College, Philadelphia, is visiting the school. She has with her a young lady physician, Dr. Lillie Rose Minoka, in whose veins runs the Indian blood of the Algonquin family. She is a graduate from the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, and has a growing practice in the midst of the physicians of that City of Brotherly Love. Dr. Minoka is an interesting talker. She was brought up a Friend.

"Old Black Joe" drove the cat Nansen up the large Walnut tree. Nansen's exploring proclivities led him to investigate the various nooks and by-ways of the immense tree in quest of birds, or the north pole, and finally to jump from the tree to the roof of the teachers' quarters. On finding he could not reach the pole by this route, although "tin" was plentiful, he began to want to get back to terra firma, and made such a fuss that a rescuing expedition was fitted up to save the explorer from a perilous catastrophe. Four teachers secured a heavy step ladder, worked it through Miss Carter's window, and with Colonel Pratt as a heavy weight to prevent it from slipping, Miss Florence Burgess became the heroine of the occasion, mounted the ladder and secured the prize at arms length.

THE GIRLS' BLACK JOE.

"Old Black Joe" of the girls' quarters is a most interesting canine. He has many curious habits, and among others, in his anxiety to protect the girls, he sits each meal time after all are at table and watches the dining-room door. When the face of the first boy appears as he is leaving the table, the dog takes a long circle around the teachers' quarters and lands in front of Mr. Weber's house just as the last boy in the line comes out, then with a bark and a growl he takes his place at the head of the line of girls and escorts them to quarters, barking at the heels of the boys. This is as regular as meal time comes.

Just before reaching the end of the walk, Sport, of the small boys' quarters appears, and the black dog dives for him as though he would eat him up. A few bristles on the nap of the neck of each protector is all it amounts to.

Sport takes his position at the head of the boys' line, and all is serene.

It is a strange thing how all three of the dogs here now, one for each of the quarters, came to us from no body knows where, each taking up his abode at a different building.

The large boys' mascot is handsomer than the other two. He rarely appears on the scene of action, except at the sports, when he dons a brilliant blanket of the Carlisle colors and parades proudly up and down in front of the bleachers. These much beloved creatures receive the kindest care on the part of our students and others, and we hope they will not get tired of us and go away.

Our Seminary Girl.

Eva Rogers who is at Perkiomen Seminary, this State, entered under pleasant auspices and likes the Seminary very much. She is working her way through and finds her duties in the dining-room not arduous, while her associations are agreeable. They are strict and thorough in their school work, and she finds Grammar one of her hardest studies although not hard for her here.

As she looks ahead through what she will have to pass before finishing, she says, "By the time I finish the course I ought to be an educated Indian, able to stand among the foremost."

Eva has been asked to join the athletic association, but her studies and work will not permit. They have an Armenian, a Korean and now an Indian there, she says, besides the Dutch.

A Jolly Indian Girl's Letter.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" she starts off her letter. "I am still among the living and I cannot thank you enough for sending me here. I have a lovely home. My country mother is very kind."

Among the first things I had to do was to help milk eight cows. Indeed I enjoyed that well. I sat down on the milking stool by the cow and fell over backwards.

Then I went into the calves stall. One calf was loose, it shook its head and came toward me, and I thought sure it was going to butt me and I gave a little warwhoop.

I hope you will not bring me back yet as I have had a hard time getting out to a country home."

Went Home too Soon.

One of our girls in Montana is very sorry that she left Carlisle so soon. "The West is an awful wicked country for young people," she says, "and specially for returned students from the East." The town where I lived is a wicked place. Its population is 3,500 and it has 20 saloons, 6 restaurants and 3 hotels where they all sell liquor. I am thankful for the many privileges given me by the school. I never realized what they were till I came West. Every week I look for the REDMAN & HELPER, and always glad to get it. S. C.

Susie Pappin who was, directs that we address her papers to Mrs. W. G. Hutchinson, Hewins, Kansas. That tells the story of her return home and of her marriage.

From the Philippines.

Harrison Printup writes again from the Philippine Islands. He thinks there is considerable chance for "diabolism" in the army and a person has to struggle pretty hard to keep free from temptation. He thinks, however, it matters not where one lives, the same evils have to be overcome. He says he likes the army and has nothing to complain about. He seems to think that the soldiers are civilizing the Filipinos. The Spanish-American war shows to the Filipinos the "stuff" that is in us. Harrison appreciates the natural beauties of the Islands. He is well and feels that he has learned many practical lessons since he left Carlisle.

She is Going to Europe.

Miss Ericson now teaching at San Juan expects to visit her old home in Finland this summer, and is anticipating the trip with a great deal of pleasure. She will stop at Philadelphia for a time and her Carlisle friends hope to get a glimpse of her before she leaves for Europe. "This is the flowermonth of Porto Rico, and I wish I could send you a bouquet of the lovely specimens we have, or take you on a trolley ride where all the homes are like flower-gardens," she concludes her letter to a friend.

Our Paper a Comfort.

Thomas Bear wrote from San Francisco: "I have never been at Carlisle, but I like to read about the school. While in the Philippines the REDMAN & HELPER has been a great friend of mine. I always carried one or two numbers with me, so when we rest at night and make a good fire I read it over and over again."

Only six days more for us and we will not be a soldier any more, so please change my address to Wittenberg, Wis."

Indian Girl Nurse.

Nancy Seneca, class '97, graduated yesterday from the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, Philadelphia as a trained nurse. She is still enjoying her work, having been on private cases for a year and more. Her latest case lasted three months, and now the patient is up and around. "It is wonderful what one can do," she says "if one just sets her mind on doing it. I was very timid on starting out in private nursing, but I am getting along."

Band Concert.

Program for Saturday night, May 25th, 1901, 7 o'clock:

1. Overture—from Stabat Mater—Rossini.
2. Fantasia—Gems of Stephen Foster—Tobani.
3. Scotch, Irish & English Airs—"Albion"—Baetens.
4. My Old Kentucky Home—Dalbey.
5. Tone Picture of North and South—Bendix.

From Martin Wheelock.

I have been busy trying to fence that the sixty acre piece of my land. After that is done I have another piece of fifty-five acres to fence in. The neighbor farmers have no pasture of their own and after I am through fencing I expect to have at least two hundred head of cattle in it.

A new Exchange.

The Wesleyan, Macon, Ga., is a new Magazine sent out by the young lady students of Wesleyan College. It is at this college that Miss Miller, formerly of Col. Pratt's office, is employed. We have placed the Wesleyan on our exchange list, feeling sure that our young ladies will receive benefit from reading its pages.

Kitty Silverheels, Leech Lake, writes: "I have been busy of late, house cleaning, though the girls do most of the work. So often I wish to be at dear old Carlisle and wish that I had done better than I did. I know there were lots of things I could have improved in more."

FRIEND WATSON'S TALK

Before the student-body, on Tuesday evening last week Friend Watson of Indian Territory complimented the school, saying:

"Everything is better looking than when I was here a year ago. I like to see things look better from time to time." He continued in part:

I come to you to talk about being MEN.

About twenty-five years ago a man in England had an only son. He was very wealthy and his son would inherit all his property. By and by the son wanted to take to himself a wife.

He saw a very nice looking girl, but she would not do for him, because she did not know how to take care of his mansion.

She did not know how to manage so as to make everything nice in a home.

The young man loved her, and he said to her:

"I like you. Do you like me?"

She said: "Yes, I love you."

Then he said: "Will you do what I tell you for your improvement?"

She said: "Yes, I will do anything I can."

He said: "I will send you four years to a training school in Germany where you will learn what to do to make a home happy."

She went to Germany, and in school she had to go into the kitchen. She had to cook, wash, bake, and do all kinds of work.

Her arms must have ached many a time with the hard work. She went all through that. Then she learned how to entertain; how to manage a house with many servants; how to conduct a mansion to make everything pass off pleasantly.

What was her reward? Not only the love of her husband but the comfort of a beautiful home. It came about by doing what she was told.

What is the secret of life? To learn to mind.

We are very apt to think our life is the best, till we learn it is not.

I was in North Carolina once, and I went into some houses where they did not know how to cook.

There were people who wanted to teach them how to live, and at one place a lady wanted to show them how to cook; but they did not want to learn. They thought their own way was best. They liked the food better the way they prepared it themselves, and thought they knew all about it. They made corncakes and baked them in ashes.

You are now fitting yourselves for usefulness in life. We can not make others happy unless we are happy ourselves.

I was once at a place where everything was so nice and clean and the lady of the house was so unhappy and overworked that it destroyed the happiness for everybody. We should learn to accomplish the most work with the least trouble.

One day I passed a little school house. I asked the superintendent how much it cost to put up such a building.

"Only \$400."

"Why," I said, "that one over there cost \$600, and it is not any better than this."

The carpenter who made the \$400 house knew his business. He knew how to make the most out of his material and his time, and the result was a good house at a smaller cost than the one which was built by the man who did not have the skill.

The man who can work the most efficiently with the least labor is the one who will succeed.

I knew a woman who could cook a meal, and a good meal, without soiling her clothes. One day she got dinner with her silk dress on. She put on a white apron, and when dinner was ready she did not have a spot on her dress or her apron. She looked just as nice as when she went into the kitchen. She knew how to do things without making a great fuss over it.

Girls, how long does it take you to clean up the kitchen when dinner is over? To

scour off the grease spots you have made on the floor, straighten yourself and everything up in good order?

I have known men whose farming was always out of joint because they scattered everything.

If there is anyone here who does not know how to take care of things and make the most of them, he wants to learn that lesson or he cannot succeed.

I was taught that to mind my parents, to do my duty, and to honor God were the three principal things of life.

I noticed when you were singing, that some of you were too tired (?) to sing. Wasn't that what was the matter? (Answer "Yes" and "No.") I was not asleep while I sat over there. The lady at the piano did her part, and a good many did their part, but some were too tired. What would you think of your teacher if she turned her back to you and would not help you or talk to you? You do just as wrong as she would be doing. You are here to do your best.

In Australia they have a peculiar kind of bird. These birds sing in turn. They all sit on a tree, and one begins, then another takes it up, and then another, and so on, and then the song comes down in a lower key and each one sings just when his turn comes. Now you can all sing together.

About six years ago there was a lady married an engineer on the railroad. Her father was president of the road and he thought it was a disgrace to let his daughter marry some one not equal to her socially, but they loved each other and married. The father was very angry and would not let them live at home. So they went to Colorado.

Instead of lolling around and not taking up anything, this woman went with her husband on his trips, and he taught her all about his engine, taught how to manage it, so that she knew the work as well as he.

It was a good thing.

Sometime after he took the mountain fever and was not able to work. A long train was coming through the place, and just as it got into the town the engineer had a stroke of palsy. There was not another engineer nearer than a hundred miles. It was night. The railroad man hurried over to the sick man's house to get him to take the engine and train to the next town and offered him \$500 if he would take it to the next town, a hundred miles away. But he was sick and could not do it.

The \$500 was tempting, and he told them his wife could run an engine as well as he could. So they asked her to do it and she consented.

It took her 48 seconds to get ready.

She was on the engine and it started ten minutes late, but soon made up the time, and pulled into the next town on time.

The president of the road was on the train and wondered what was the matter. They told him the engineer had had a stroke of palsy and they had to get another. He felt pretty much shaken up, and thought he would go to the front of the train and see this new engineer. They had told him that this engineer's name was Taylor. He thought he had heard that name, but could not quite remember how.

When he got to the front and saw his own daughter he was very much surprised.

She said, "How do you do papa? I am so glad to see you."

She had learned what she had a chance to learn and did what she was told and held what she learned. This means we must be ready to fill a place without any reference to circumstances.

All you young ladies have places to fill. Try with your best endeavor to fill them. Learn to hitch up a horse. Learn to drive. Learn to do everything you can. It will all be useful.

Some of you will live where you will have to drive long distances. Be able to do it yourself, if that is necessary. There was an Indian girl in Adams County who could hitch up and drive a team better than any man there, I was told when I was down there.

I had a mustang once that I was afraid of. I went to her and patted her and blew my breath into her nostrils, and made friends with her, and she became the gentlest kind of a horse, so that I could drive her easily, and the women could drive her without any fear.

Get hold of your work! Get hold of your books! While you are at it make it a part of yourself.

There was a little girl who took a little playmate to her father. She wanted to know whether her father approved of her companionship. The little friend wore a little badge that had on it "K. S." The man asked her what that meant. She told him to guess. He guessed and guessed, but could not guess right. Then she told him "K. S." stands for my society, "Keep Sweet." Now, that's a good motto. Don't let trouble sour you.

A man wrote me a very saucy, ugly, unkind letter and it worried me a great deal.

I did not know what to do about it. It was an awful letter. I went to sleep that night and thought maybe I would know in the morning what to do. In the morning I woke and felt better. I did not write him a bad letter as I thought of doing, but I went and talked to him, and things went exactly over on the other side. We became good friends, and that man is still my friend. If I had done as he did to me, and written him an ugly letter, he would have done me damage and I would have done him damage. There would have been great damage done. I don't know what would have happened. It pays to keep sweet.

Do not go to sleep until you have said in your mind that you will do these three things. 1st. Mind! Get the most out of things! 2nd. Get something that will make you useful all your life! 3rd. Then keep sweet in spite of difficulties!

Aphorisms.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee.

Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

Culture and fine manners are everywhere a passport to regard.—Paley.

He that may hinder mischief, yet permits it, is an accessory.—E. A. Freeman.

The two great movers of the human mind are the desire for good and the fear of evil.—Johnson.

No man ever became great or good except through many and great mistakes.—Gladstone.

He who is lord of himself and exists upon his own resources is a noble but a rare being.—Brydges.

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned through success, but through misadventure.—A. B. Alcott.

CELESTIAL CANINES.

"According to astronomy, the dog star, Sirius, must be a sky-terrier."—[Toronto News.

"No. Sun, moon and stars are all setters."—[Ottawa Journal.

"What's the matter with the two pointers in Ursa Major?"—[Hamilton Spectator.

"Now, Seriously, if you can Bear any more, are the Canes of Minors a litter of puppies; and of what breed are the Sun-dogs?"—[Pittsburg Observer.

The Sun-dogs may be New-found-land. —[R. M. & H.

Is It An Acrostic?

Read this fast and some one might think you are talking Spanish:

If you cross a stick across a stick,

Or stick a cross across a stick,

Or stick a cross across a cross,

Or cross a cross across a stick,

Or cross a cross across a cross,

Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,

Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,

Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed

stick,

Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,

Or cross a cross across a crossed stick,

Would this be an acrostic?

A Cheerful View.

This man takes the right view of life. When asked if he suffered much from Malaria, he replied:

"I don't suffer as much as I use to. When I'm havin' a chill, I think about how good an' warm I'll be when the fever comes, an' when I have the fever I think about how cool the chill will be, an' that way I manage to git right smart o' comfort."

Advice That Meant Something.

"Has she accepted you?" asked a boy friend.

"Well, not in so many words, but what she said amounts to the same thing," replied the suitor.

"What did she say?"

"She advised me to be economical and try to save up a little money, instead of buying flowers and theater tickets."

What Shape Would It Be?

"What is the shape of a shipgoing to pieces on a stern and rock-bound coast?" asked one.

"Very bad shape, I should say; what shape would you call it?"

"A wreck-tangle."

When small Bobby had worn his first pair of trousers for an hour, he went to his mother and begged to have his kilt again.

"What for?" she asked.

"Because," replied Bobby, "I feel so lonesome in trousers."

A small boy in the juvenile grammar class, being told to compare the adjective "little," answered, "Little, small, nothing at all."

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 6 to 1.
" 27, Mercersburg at Gettysburg. Tie 5 to 5.
" 28, Mercersburg at Carlisle. Won. 21 to 0.
" 29, Dickinson on Dickinson Field. Lost 12 to 9.
May 1, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle. Won. 12 to 8.
" 4, Columbia, at New York City. Won. 16 to 3.
" 8, Gettysburg, at Carlisle. Lost. 9 to 3.
" 11, Gettysburg at Gettysburg. Tie 5 to 5.
" 15, Susquehanna, at Carlisle. Won. 21 to 0.
" 18, Mercersburg, at Carlisle. Won. 4 to 1.
" 23, Washington & Jefferson, at Carlisle.
" 24, Dickinson on our Field.
June 1, Albright, at Myerstown.
" 5, Princeton, at Princeton.
" 8, Fordham, at New York.
" 8, Cornell, at Buffalo.
" 12, Yale, at New Haven.
" 15, Harvard, at Cambridge.
" 19, Bucknell, at Lewisburg.
" 24, Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg.
" 26, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.
My 9, 7, 2 girls seem to know how to do with a bow knot.

My 5, 6, 7, 4 is to stop.

My 3, 8, 2, 1 is to look with eyes partly shut.

My whole is what the girls did last Saturday night when the Band was playing for which they are to be complimented.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Bumble bees.

TERMS AND SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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