

# The Red Man and Helper.

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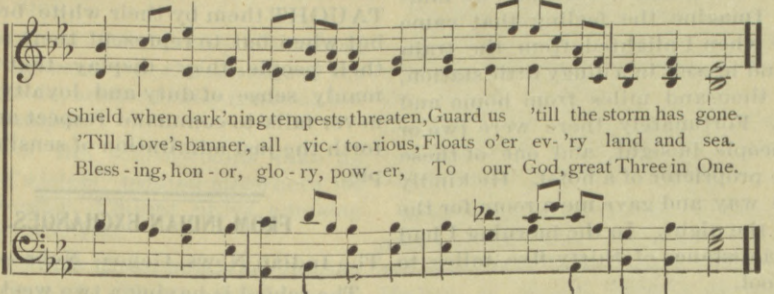
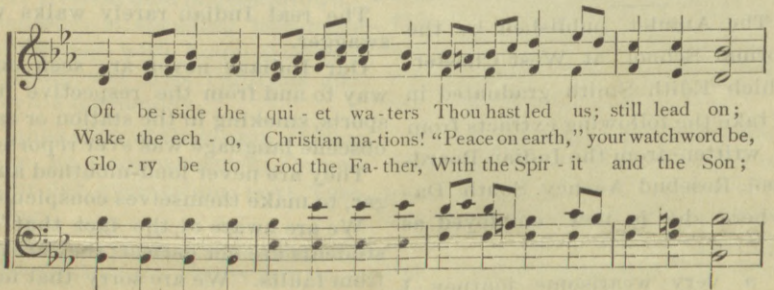
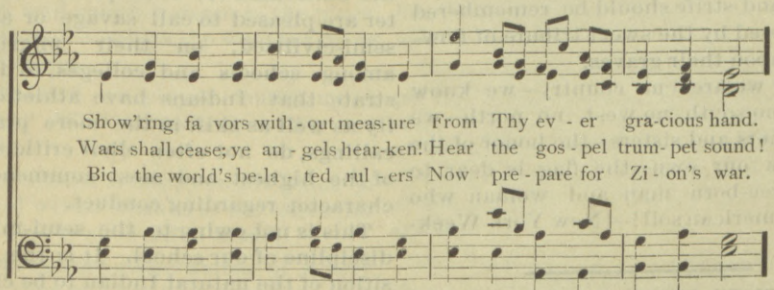
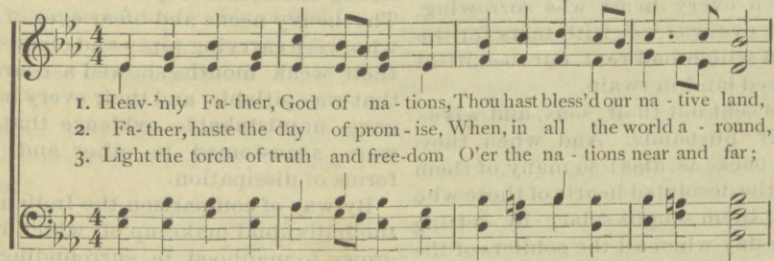
Consolidated Red Man and Helper  
Vol. I, Number Forty-four

## Heavenly Father, God of Nations.

FRANCIS B. REEVES.

Invocation.

WM. G. FISCHER.



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## PROFESSOR BAKELESS CONTINUES HIS VISITS AMONG INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING AT THE "HUB."

Of Boston Institutions, the great school of Technology was the first on my list. A half day was all too short for the inspection of this remarkable school.

Institutions like this one, it is, that send out the architects who plan our large buildings and the mechanical, civil, and electrical engineers who survey our railroads and mines, lay out our cities, construct our bridges and great men-of-war, and, in numberless other ways, contribute to the luxury, comfort, or well being of mankind.

"Much study is a weariness to the flesh," and one might expect from the apparently overcharged intellectual atmosphere of the place that these poor "Techs" would be superlatively weary. If so, they do not show it, but are cheerful, jolly, and business-like. I am sure they do not besiege the authorities for permission to go home just when tasks grow hard or discipline rigid.

They work and, for recreation I fear, do more work, and then do still more as necessary duties multiply; and they eventually become, in the busy world of mechanics planners of great things, leaders of men.

I could not pass Trinity Church without stopping to visit this land mark, made sacred by the labors of Bishop Phillips

Brooks, the great souled man who, for forty years, was one of the world's mightiest powers for righteousness.

This Church is built on made-ground over a forest of piles driven sixty feet into what was once a swamp. It stands firm and strong, a beautiful and enduring structure, silently witnessing to the power of man over nature.

The Boston Public Library, which faces Trinity is a dignified granite structure of rare beauty and simplicity, in style Italian Renaissance. The main entrance, simple yet imposing, is embellished by reliefs from St. Gaudens, the famous sculptor whose genius has enriched the lives of his fellows by so many artistic productions.

A bronze statue of Sir Henry Vane by MacMonnies adorns the entrance on the left. The corridors are enriched with colored marbles, and the staircase is ornamented with great lions and the famous mural paintings by De Chavennes, graceful classic figures representing the Muses welcoming the Genius of Enlightenment.

In another corridor are found the Sargent paintings, the "Triumph of Religion." In the frieze of this brilliant decoration occurs the series of Hebrew Prophets, copies of which are in some of our own school-rooms.

There are so many works of rare artistic merit that one is tempted to dwell too long upon them. Bate's Hall, the public reading room, is over two hun-

dred feet long, and from all its sides the marble or bronze faces of the good and great look down upon us. Scores of people in this immense and stately hall are reading in a silence that is impressive.

The children's room is an attractive one with appropriate and exquisite decorations.

May, the first, Dewey Day, had just recalled the drama of Manila Bay. The walls and screens were filled with maps, photographs, and mounted pictures from illustrated papers giving the history, geography, customs, and industries of our new island possessions far away "over the waters blue."

We walk about the inner court with its central fountain and encircling arcaded cloister, and then reluctantly turn away, glad that it is possible for so many thousands freely to enjoy this wealth of art and learning. Truly it is an institution of the people and for the people.

The School of Mechanical Arts was my next objective point. It is another of those superb manual training high schools that are springing up in all parts of our country. The building, equipment and management are nearly perfect.

The students are alert, active and industrious, the instructors earnest and enthusiastic; and the work admirably planned and executed.

"The shades of night were falling fast" and weariness was stealing on apace, so I quietly withdrew from the scene, to prepare for a new campaign on the morrow.

O. H. B.

## TALKING ABOUT PEOPLE.

There is one thing in regard to talking about or criticizing people of which we do not frequently think.

We admit that it is a bad habit, that it grows upon one, that much harm may result from untoward or unjust criticism, that the effect upon the one who is guilty of it is bad; but what we do not stop to consider, nine times out of ten, is the matter of the listener.

Do we not owe those with whom we associate something better than a recital of real or fancied wrongs, lists of various friends' or acquaintances' imperfections, a rehash of old scandals?

Why not bring joyous and inspiring ideas and thoughts into their lives instead of just the opposite?

Then have some consideration for your listener.

Give him the best of yourself, not the worst.

Were you his hostess he should have the best the house afforded; why then entertain him less royally with your mind's thoughts?

This is the thing that matters—not meat and drink and furnishings.

—[Young People.]

## BEAUTIFUL HOPES FOR ANY BOY.

Sometimes a boy becomes downcast and tired of trying to do right.

Why should you be discouraged?

You have only begun life.

The dark blots in the primer may not be eradicated, but another reader is waiting your advancement.

Brood not over the past, my boy.

Look to the future.

It has its clouds but there is also plenty of sunshine.

The road at times may be rough, but along the way there are fragrant flowers and refreshing springs and babbling brooks and singing birds and balmy breeze

es and luscious fruits and happy trysting places and loving welcomes.

If you would enjoy these you must endure some of the rough travel.

Look up and keep on in the path of duty. When you become discouraged think of the beauties and attractions beyond.

Your best games on the play grounds are the most eagerly contested ones.

So will be your victories.

They will be the result of the greatest struggles.—[The Courier.]

## EIGHT POOR BOYS IN THE CABINET.

A feature in the May "Success" is Mortimer A. Downing's hunt for inspiration among the cabinet ministers of this administration.

"Nothing," he writes, "proclaims the virility of this republic more emphatically, nor argues more eloquently for the stability of its future, than a study of the history of President McKinley's advisers.

Not one came from wealthy parents; not one ever knew the questionable luxury of eating the bread of idleness; not one but has painfully climbed, step by step, the ladder of fortune, some of them unaided by friends or relatives, until now they stand in the highest places, after the presidency in the gift of the people.

Another interesting circumstance, worthy of reflection, is that only one member of the present cabinet still resides in the home of his birth, or has had political honors conferred on him in his own land, so to speak, and by his own people. This is Mr. Griggs, who was born in Patterson, and is still a resident of that growing borough.

Only one other is accredited to the cabinet from the State of his birth, though he left his native town early in life.

This is Elihu Root, who adopting the legal profession saw greater prospects for advancement in the great City of New York than in the pretty little village of Clinton.

"But two of the cabinet officers received a collegiate education before beginning life.

Secretary Hay was graduated from Brown University in 1858, and Mr. Griggs from Lafayette College in 1868.

All the rest received primary education at academies and public schools, and then struggled for the means to continue their work along higher planes."

The sketches of the lives of these men are illustrated by drawings, showing John Hay as a clerk to President Lincoln in the very room of the White House where he now sits as premier;

Elihu Root, at eighteen, teaching a class in Rome, New York, Academy;

John W. Griggs as a law clerk in Patterson, New Jersey;

Ethan Allen Hitchcock as a clerk in the Hong Kong store of Olyphant and Company;

Lyman J. Gage, at fifteen, as a beginner in a bank at Rome, New York;

Charles Emory Smith as a compositor in the office of the Albany, New York, "Knickerbocker;"

John D. Long as a chore boy on a farm in Bucksfield, Maine, and James Wilson at twenty working as a farm-hand in Iowa.—[The Interior.]

## Better Still.

I have no sympathy with those who are always bewailing "the good old times." My dear sir, the good NEW times thank God, are a great deal better; and they are going to be a great deal better still.—MARK GUY PEARSE.



## THE RED MAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE  
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIANThe Mechanical Work on this Paper is  
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR  
IN ADVANCE.

Address all Correspondence:

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,  
Carlisle, Pa.Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as  
Second-class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from the  
Post-Office, for if you have not paid for it  
some one else has.

On another page we print an extract regarding the eight members of the President's Cabinet, from which it appears that all began at the bottom of the ladder and that seven went away from home and developed in other than their native States.

How peculiar it is that it should be so advantageous for other people to go away from home for education and development, and that those on and near the reservations engaged in educating the young of the Indian race, should so persistently allege disadvantage in Indian youth going away from home for the same purpose!

The statement in the Phoenix, Arizona, Native American, that it was once the custom of the Government to send agents out to the reservations to capture Indian children and take them away to remote schools, is a mendacity. We have been going and sending to reservations for children for this most remote school for more than 21 years, and know quite a little about the general service and custom of other schools through the whole of that period, and within our knowledge there are only two instances where "children were captured and taken away to remote schools." One was a party for this school, selected and brought under military management by order of the highest authority, and the other a party for a mid-continent non-reservation school.

The assertion, therefore, that it was a "custom" to "capture" children for remote schools is on a par with much that is said in the West against these schools.

The Native American says our answer to its animadversions is unfair and malicious, and that our weapons are not of the same gentlemanly character as those of its own management. We submit that the Native American having alleged conditions and acts disparaging and hurtful to Carlisle, which we contradicted and proved to be false, is under the necessity of giving the reason, if any, it had for its statements, or it must carry the tag of its own anathema.

That articles in the Native American are announced as correspondence does not in any manner relieve that newspaper from responsibility, as is shown by the case of Mr. Parnell in his suit against the London Times, where he recovered fifty thousand dollars damages because of statements detrimental to him, which appeared in its columns. The plea of the Times in defence, like that of the Native American, was that the allegations appeared as correspondence. Neither does the fact that the editor alleges he did not read the article, relieve the paper or its editor from responsibility for what it prints.

## MARRIAGE LAWS FOR INDIANS.

The Department of the Interior has issued important rules which are to govern all Indian marriages after June 1, 1901.

Every Indian agent must keep a permanent register of every marriage that takes place among the Indians under his charge. The Indian and English name of both husband and wife must be recorded, with their age, tribe, blood, nationality, or citizenship, the date of the marriage and the name of the person who performed the ceremony; or whether the marriage is by declaration before witnesses. The record shall also include the names of the parents of both husband and wife.

Before marriage an Indian must obtain a license to marry, either of an agent or of the proper authorities, in compliance with the laws of the State or territory in which such Indian resides, and it shall be the duty of the one who solemnizes the marriage to send to the agency from which the license was issued, a certificate of the marriage; or if the marriage is by declaration the certificate shall be signed by two witnesses and returned to the agent.

It shall be the duty of each Indian agent to make a full and complete record of all the families under his charge, and rations may be withheld from Indians who refuse to obtain proper marriage licenses, or to give truthfully the information needed for the proposed records.

It is the purpose of the Department to bring Indian marriages under the laws of the United States, which will be of great value in determining the heirs to allotted lands.

This is a long step forward in our Indian policy. If the Indians can be brought under the protection of one United States law why not under all?

## AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

The Educational Exhibit as described below in the Buffalo Express will be free to the public three times each morning and three times each afternoon in the Government Building:

There will be six free biograph and graphophone entertainments every day.

The entertainments have an educational object and will be given under the direction of J. C. Roykin, chief special agent of the Interior Department.

They are a special feature of the educational bureau of the department and all of the subjects treated concern the Government schools.

The entertainments include 26 biograph or motion pictures, about 50 slides illustrative of school work, and over 100 pieces of music, school lessons and recitations, on the graphophone, especially arranged to be reproduced in connection with the pictures.

The schools in which the pictures were taken and from which the graphophone records were taken include the Government school in Washington, the Carlisle Indian School, the Naval Academy, the Columbia Deaf-Mute Institution at Washington, D. C., and others.

There is, for instance, a picture of the Carlisle Indian Band, marching in full uniform. While that is being shown the graphophone will be reproducing "Liberty Bell," by Sousa, as played by the Indian Band.

## Indian Meeting in California.

The Los Angeles Daily Mercury of May 19th gives an interesting account of a meeting of the Woman's Club at which Miss Cornelia Taber presented a paper on the "Status of the Indian in this Country." Speaking from the standpoint of both the utilitarian and humanitarian, the account says her argument had great weight. Mrs. T. C. Edwards also gave a paper on "Indian Industries." A pleasing part of the program seems to have been genuine Indian music, dirges and dances, taken from Miss Alice Fletcher's book. Violin and piano were used to good effect. Miss Fletcher's book is on sale at this office. Publisher's price, \$1.25. We sell at \$1.00; \$1.08, by mail.

## Decoration Day.

Among the many national holidays, there is none which so tenderly affects the heart of the thoughtful as Decoration Day.

The day when rich and poor alike go to the silent resting-place of the loved and lost, to lay with reverent hands flowers upon the graves of their dead. The day when a grateful people go to decorate with the sweet offerings of fragrant springtime blossoms the graves of those who fell in battle, and to speak in hushed and saddened tones of those troublous times when every heart was sorrowing, and every eye was wet with tears for the dissension which had rent our beautiful and beloved land in twain.

Mothers sent out their sons, and wives sent their husbands. And when they came not back, alas! so many of them did not—the desolated hearts of those who had loved them sought solace by setting apart one day when all the soldiers of the land who had passed away from earth's turmoil and strife should be remembered and honored by the sweet tribute of flowers laid upon their graves.

To-day we are one country—we know no east, no south, no west, no north—we are brothers and sisters—the honor of the nation is our own—the flag is dear to every free-born man and woman who treads American soil!—[New York Weekly.

## EDITH SMITH, CLASS '97.

From The Amulet, published by the State Normal School, at West Chester, from which Edith Smith graduated in 1900, we take the following extracts from a letter written from the Indian Boarding School, Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, where she is now employed as teacher:

After a very wearisome journey I reached Valentine, Nebraska, at midnight. Imagine the feeling that came over me when I alighted from the train and found myself in a dingy little station, over a thousand miles from home and friends. Fortunately there were two or three people in sight, and one of these was the proprietor of a hotel. He kindly led the way and gave me a room for the rest of the night. In the morning I had to ride a distance of thirty-five miles to the school.

The ride was delightful, as the ground was hard and the wheeling good.

We saw the school before us when we were about three miles away. Indeed, I was not sorry to reach my journey's end, and be greeted by those with whom I would be associated in work. They were all so good to me that I felt at home almost at once.

This school is situated fifteen miles from Rosebud Agency (our nearest post office) and thirty-five miles from the nearest station. It consists of a dozen buildings or so, all built of brick. The school is very well equipped. The buildings are lighted by electricity and heated by steam. The water supply comes from a creek near the school.

There are a few over two hundred children—all Sioux.

The parents and relatives of the children are permitted to see their children. They camp near the school buildings. I enjoyed looking out of the window early one morning to see their camp. The old women dress in the brightest of colors—wear leggings and moccasins and the hair down in two braids. They "pack" the babies on their backs and work with apparent ease.

I miss the good old trees we have in the East. I have been straining my eyes looking for a tree, but alas, I have given up in despair. Some of the wild flowers are beginning to bloom, and it is surprising to see such beautiful ones in such a dry country.

I enjoy my work very much, and hope to be able to do some good to these people while I remain here.

COMPARISONS ARE SOMETIMES MORE  
HELPFUL THAN ODOUS.

A few days ago, the writer, on passing through Harrisburg, saw a company of Anglo-Saxon students carrying bats, balls and dressing-suit cases, making their way to one of the trains in that, at times, crowded station.

A good opportunity was afforded to study the faces of and hear the side remarks from these young men, as they passed to and fro in their quest for the right coach—train-coach, not base ball coach.

There were boys among them with strong faces, and boys with weak faces. The heavy necks and bleary eyes of some who were carrying pipes and cigarettes in their weak mouths showed a coarseness that was pitiable, and their every bearing gave unmistakable evidence that they were accustomed to other and worse forms of dissipation.

By way of comparison, the Indian team, the individual make-up of which having grown to manhood in surroundings that the cultivated (?) white pitcher and batter are pleased to call savage or at least semi-civilized, on their pilgrimages among schools and colleges, to demonstrate that Indians have athletic ability as well as skill in the more practical callings, do not often elicit criticism but of the highest and most commendatory character regarding conduct.

This is not owing to the semi-military discipline of our school. It is the disposition of the natural Indian to be circumspect and dignified.

The real Indian rarely walks with a swagger.

Our Indians never are seen on their way to and from the respective fields of sports, smoking in the station or cars. No obscene language was ever reported.

They are never loud-mouthed and vulgar, to make themselves conspicuous.

We are aware of the fact that Indian students are not perfect; they are not free from faults. We are sorry that many of them have taken up the degrading habits TAUGHT them by their white brothers, but when out to represent their school—their people, they display that quiet, manly sense of duty and loyalty which never fails to command respect and call forth the just admiration of sensible people.

## FROM INDIAN EXCHANGES.

The Indian News, Genoa, Nebr.—

The school is having a two weeks vacation that all may help in the spring work. Every one is doing his part and going to work with a willing heart and hand.

Arapahoe Sword, Oklahoma—

The Indians of this neighborhood have turned out in full force to get their land ready for corn and garden purposes.

Indian Advance, Canada.—

A number of fields are sown with wheat, and plowing is going on all over the reserve.

Four hundred and seventy-five Manitoba maple trees and four hundred hedge shrubs have been added to the school grounds this spring.

## ANOTHER TONGUE TWISTER.

All such tongue-twisters as the following are good practice for those who are studying the English language.

Six thick thistles sticks.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

You snuff shop snuff. I snuff box snuff.

A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six slickly silky snakes.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a shame, Sam, and a sham it is to sham so, Sam.

The bleak breezes blighted the bright broom blossoms.

A growing gleam of glowing green.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, Swan, swim! Swan swam back again—well swum, Swan.



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

Fare-thee-well, May.

Guy Jones has left New York City and gone to Santee, Nebraska.

Miss Hipple, of Lock Haven, is a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt.

Owing to the holiday yesterday this week's issue is a few hours late.

The Band attended the Sousa Band Concert in Harrisburg last Friday.

Miss Bratton, of Carlisle, was Miss Jackson's guest to dinner on Sunday.

There is that dreadful "leave it lay," again, and from the lips of a senior, too.

A number of girls have taken up their hair dressing in the Porto Rican fashion.

If you are buying shoes get temperance shoes? What are temperance shoes? Not tight.

This week, Miss McIntire has been aiding the cataloguing of the poetry index, in the library.

Charlotte Geisdorff has made a beautiful banner of purple and white, for the class of 1903.

We are still running steam in the pipes, mornings and evenings, the weather being cool and damp.

Why haven't we played tennis much this week? Well, it has been so dry and dusty. (?)

George Seneca is happy in his place of work and writes thanks to the office for sending him to such a fine home.

Jemima Schanandore writes of a very pleasant time she has had recently at a strawberry festival held in Jenkintown.

Miss Senseney is spending Decoration Day and Sunday with home friends at Chambersburg, and Miss Paull has gone to Blairsville for Sunday.

The Comus Club of Dickinson College is to give its Commencement-German this year in our gymnasium, next Tuesday evening.

The sociable Saturday night was the usual meet together for a good talk, good walk-around, good wall-flowers and general good time.

The work in the laundry is going smoothly as usual, in the absence of the head of the department who is taking her annual vacation.

If any of the school-rooms take up "Tongue Twisters" printed elsewhere for a class exercise, it might prove amusing as well as beneficial.

The new Porto Rican pupils are forging ahead in English. They are bright, earnest, interested, enthusiastic. These qualities tell toward improvement.

Note the Enigma made by pupils of Number 6, printed on last page. If other rooms would make some, it might be an interesting way to stir up a little "think."

Invitations to attend the public exercises of Skyland Institute, North Carolina, have been received from Mrs. Dorsett, former manager of the Girls' Department.

Teachers are still working upon Griggs' "New Humanism." "Positive and Negative Ideals" was the last topic. Every teacher in the nation should read and then STUDY this book.

We have had this before from a former class, but it seems to be a standing impression. The teacher asked her class:

What are the fruits of a pine tree?

Senior girl: Pine-apples.

Miss Jackson, manager of the Girls' Department, is off to Clifton Springs, N.Y., on her annual leave. She expects to return in July in time to go out on her summer's tour among the girls in country homes.

Miss Cutter, borrowed rubber boots, and donning wet weather dress, went with some of her Seniors, hunting fungi in the rain, on Tuesday morning. They secured some beautiful specimens for study.

The country school reports are coming in. Some of the teachers have the kindest and most flattering words for the work of our boys and girls. We may quote some of them later, and give names of pupils.

Mr. Standing is better.

The Dual Meet with Bucknell had to be postponed last Saturday on account of rain. Weather permitting the Meet will be held tomorrow.

Robert Bruce has a new Euphonium, which promises tones more rich and true than the old instrument and his hearers thought the old one surpassed anything they had often listened to.

Miss Sarah Smith, class '97, writes to one of her friends, telling of the death by consumption of Isaac Baird at the Oneida Hospital, Wisconsin. Miss Sarah says she has improved in health, and is now keeping house.

Every stream, spring, rivulet, rill, gutter and waste-pipe has been full to overflowing for several days. Why, the Man-on-the-band-stand has seen so much water that he feels he could not get thirsty for a month.

The sloyd classes are growing small as pupils go to the country, but those who are left keep up a persistent effort to do their best. Those out will get lessons in practical farm-sloyd that will be of great benefit to them if they keep eyes and ears open to see and learn.

These are the evenings when our people find it comforting to drop in and take some of that delicious strawberry-cream at Hartzel's. They have the reputation of making the best cream in this section of the country, and we are not paid to say so.

The Seniors have been going afield for their lessons in botany and drawing this week. Teachers and pupils are delighted. This IS education. Few people can see, when it comes to the woods and fields, hence much of nature's rarest beauty is lost to them.

Announcements are out for the wedding of Band Conductor, Lient. Joel Bernice Ettinger to Grace Greenwood Anderson, the event to take place at the home of the prospective bride, in Chester, June 11th. No wonder our Conductor has been giving us good music!

Mr. William Watson Burgess, of Berkeley California spent Sunday at the school with his daughter, Florence and sister, the former of whom is a visitor. Mr. Burgess struck us during a very rainy season, and made the observation that we did not seem to need irrigation.

Most of the music at last Sunday afternoon's service was rendered by the Band, and was much appreciated. The Grand Medley of Gospel Hymns stirred the Methodist heart of the audience as well as many others. The Pilgrim's Song of Hope was beautiful, and Chambers' Evening Prayer an impressive closing selection.

Next week will be Commencement Week for the two Carlisle Colleges, Dickinson and Metzger. A Baccalaureate sermon will be preached on Sunday for each. The Dickinson Exercises will close with the Law School Commencement on Wednesday. Metzger closes Friday evening with a Piano Forte Recital.

Cashier Miller, on his way out from town noticed a sink-hole under the railroad track, and knowing that a locomotive could not pass over it without toppling over hurried to the phone, gave the information and thereby saved a wreck. It will be remembered that Mr. Miller is an old railroad man.

Last Sunday evening's service was held in various quarters as is the custom on the closing Sunday evening each month. Mr. Watson Burgess who has not been to Carlisle for 20 years, made a few earnest remarks to the little boys, reminding them that while the small boy was apt to think he was brave if he could take a cigarette, or say a big swear word, the truly BRAVE BOY was the one who could say No when tempted to do evil.

Miss Jackson has arranged the dormitories in a way that places two or three American girls in a room with one Porto Rican, so as to give the latter a chance to speak the English language, instead of the Spanish.

Edith Armstrong came in from Moorestown, N. J., for a few days' visit. She is a rapid talker, but it is with difficulty that she finds the minutes long enough to tell of all the good times she has in her country home. She brought her cousin a cake of her own make, which was enjoyed by a number of the girls.

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power to do more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; blessed spirit, for it is the spirit of God, himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven,—love is God within you.—T. N. ROBERTSON.

The normal chart class were reading about Mother Earth's beautiful green dress all trimmed with yellow dandelions, when one of the little boys remarked that he knew about a little boy who was put into dandelions. On being questioned, he explained that in last Sunday's lesson "Miss Carter tell us about wicked king putting little boy into dandelions."

Dr. Minoka left on Monday for Philadelphia. It was stated last week that the Doctress was brought up a Friend. So she was, it appears, at least under Friends' influence, but she claims that her religion is Catholic. Friend or Catholic, Presbyterian or Jew, we wish for this accomplished young physician an extended field of usefulness in the profession of her choice.

Mr. G. William Ullman, representing D. Klein & Bro. of Philadelphia, was one of our visitors recently, enjoying among other things, the playing of the Band. He has been to Buffalo and heard music by the best organizations there. He attended the Chicago World's Fair and the Paris Exposition hearing the finest productions of Bands of highest repute, and claims that our Band is sure to compare favorably with any that will appear at the Pan-American.

Mr. David U. Betts, of Chehalis Reservation, Washington, spent a few hours at the school on Wednesday. Mr. Betts and wife, (who was Miss Gutelius, a former employee of our school for a short time,) have sub-charge of about 160 Chehalis Indians, and teach a day school there. The sub-agency is under the supervision of Superintendent Terry of the Puyallup School. Mr. Betts will visit relatives and friends at his old home near Hagerstown, Md., and will go to Washington before he returns to the Pacific slope.

**Nineteen Girls Entertain.**

A delightful little reception was held in the girls' society room on Saturday evening while the regular monthly sociable was going on in the gymnasium.

Nineteen of the girls entertained as many young men, and included Mrs. Brown, Miss McArthur and Mrs. Cook among their guests.

The room was tastefully arranged and decorated with flowers. Games and merry talk, with ice cream and cake, made the hour for breaking up come all too soon.

It was a pleasant winding-up of the season. Many of the participants will soon go to the country, but all will hope for more such gatherings another year.

The young ladies who entertained: Earney Wilber, Annie Parker, Violetta Nash, Sophia Warren, Sophia American Horse, Lizzie Knudsen, Ida Wheelock, Amy Dolphus, Letha Seneca, Alma Gostin, Grace Warren, Mary Bruce, Lillian Cornelius, Minerva Mitten, Melinda Metoxen, Olive Chouteau, Florence Welch, Lillian Brown, Elizabeth Williams.

**On the Sure Road to Success.**

The Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa., now has five hundred and forty Indian boys and girls in country homes. A large number of these boys are employed on farms in lower Bucks county. That they are valuable helps to our farmers is shown by the steadily increasing demand for a larger number of boys each succeeding year. The Indian boy who learns to plow a straight furrow, to clear out the weeds, milk the cows and do chores on a farm, and do them well, is indeed on the sure road to practical success.

[Bucks Co., Intelligencer.]

**MAY ENTERTAINMENT.**

Several numbers of the program rendered last Tuesday evening were excellent and elicited well-merited applause, but the evening as a whole was not rated up to the mark of the usual Academic Entertainment.

The banner recitation was given by Inez King, who was very graceful, and enunciated clearly and with expression. If we were giving prizes, the second would go to Daniel Eagle, and the third to Gertrude Gordon.

Others deserving of special mention are Helen Frates, who spoke remarkably well considering the grade she belongs to, also Cecilia Class and Dominic Traversie. Some gave their recitations with expression, but could not be heard, while others forgot the civilities due to the audience. It is said that it is not fashionable to bow, but we believe the speaker should recognize the presence of the audience in some courteous way.

The Normal Class gave a pretty little song which was loudly applauded, and the Vocal Duet by Maude Snyder and Ella Romero was well received.

The school song was rendered with more spirit than usual, and the choir boys did fairly well. They seemed timid, however, with two or three exceptions.

Frank Mt. Pleasant's piano solo was applauded for an encore, but before he could respond the next speaker was on the platform.

All liked the Memorial Song by the choir, and the Band at the last was obliged to give an encore to satisfy the music loving audience.

At the close, Colonel Pratt spoke very earnestly regarding progress in right lines and of one's natural disposition to retrograde if we do not keep ourselves keyed up to the best within us. The white boy in the home of a camp Indian on an Indian reservation would soon become an Indian to all intents and purposes. To go down we have but to LET OURSELVES go, but to go up we have to MAKE ourselves go.

**Yesterday's Game.**

The baseball game with Dickinson College yesterday came near being Democratic, for at the eighth inning, the score stood 16 to 1 in our favor. Then Dickinson made a second run. The score by innings was as follows:

Indians	2	3	5	1	0	2	2	1	0	—16
Dickinson	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

The features of the game which particularly interested us were Pratt's excellent pitching, striking out 8 men to Dickinson's 2; Pierce's beautiful three-base hit, and LeRoy's steal of third base. We made 20 hits to our opponents' 3. Professor Perkins of Mercersburg umpired the game and gave good satisfaction.

**Levi is all Right.**

Levi Levering, class '90, who is teaching at Ft. Hall writes:

"Our boy Lincoln has grown to be quite a man. He has been wearing pants for the last few weeks, so that he is no longer a baby but a man. He talks all the time, but he does not know a word of the Indian language. That shows to us that in the next generation there will be no Indians but the common American citizens of this country."

**She is Pleased.**

Marion Lambert who has entered the hospital at Waterbury, Connecticut, for training, is delighted with her associates, with the opportunities offered there, and with what she has already learned. She writes to Miss Barr in part:

"In the few days I have been here, I have learned to take temperatures and pulses and record them on the chart. I can bandage sprained ankles. I can make milk punches, bathe sick people who cannot get out of bed and do other things."



## WHISKEY ROBS INDIANS OF THEIR SELF-RESPECT.

The following from the pen of Charles Gibson, a Creek Indian, in the Indian Journal may be somewhat overstated, but the argument is well-worth considering. He says:

"The humblest, the greatest, the richest, the poorest all, all do it. Take a minister of the Gospel, take the good old deacons; in fact any Indian of the Five tribes—there is not one in 500 but what would take a little 'sumthin' " and one calls for two drinks, etc., and so on up to where they lose all respect and pride and of course are prone to go down under the weight of drink.

We often hear the white man preacher score the public for drinking. Not one in five whites get in the gutter while four out of five Indians will get to the gutter.

Some of the ablest and best Indians of the Five tribes will make no halt at one or two drinks of whiskey. After getting one drink all of them lose their self-respect and will get gloriously drunk. The first or second drink is taken with closed doors but after this they will take it where there is room to elevate the elbow and bottle.

This thing of drink is a worse curse to Indians than any other race on the face of the earth to-day.

Had it not been for Christopher Columbus and his four ten-gallon kegs of whiskey this United States would belong to the American Indians.

This is a whole mouth full to say but Indian tradition tells us when Columbus was unable to get communication with the Indian he one night had a lifeboat landed on the beach with four kegs of whiskey, with three or four dozen tin cups handily placed around the kegs and had the heads knocked out, in which shape Mr. Indian found things on the beach.

He approached the kegs with caution, looked into the well filled kegs of whiskey with a great deal of pride.

In fact he had all his pride with him. He stuck the ends of his finger into the kegs and tasted each and saw that it was good not only to look upon but was fair to the Indian taste.

He and others went from keg to keg tasting with the tips of their fingers until they were all feeling, as the fellow said, salubrious.

Just there is where he lost his pride, and each of them got a tin cup and drank with the white man's cup the white man's whiskey.

The next morning found several of the Indians in the gutter, as it were, not able to stagger away.

Then Columbus knew he had the ropes on Mr. Injun so he landed another yawl or life boat and proceeded to scoop Mr. Injun and dump him into his life boat previous to carrying him to his ships, which he did on short notice.

After getting him or them aboard it was no trouble to swop land, his friendship, his birthright or anything else that came handy for whiskey. Since which time the Indian has had a weakness for strong drink.

If the Indians could, in making treaties with the United States have the United States to make a law to hang every white man who sells whiskey to Indians and to hang the Indian for drinking the whiskey, it would settle the Indian problem, which problem has caused the United States no little trouble.

In case the Cherokees make another agreement we would suggest that this little hanging clause aforesaid be amended to their next agreement and all will be calm and serene in the Cherokee nation, and we will try and have Congress do likewise unto us.

CHARLES GIBSON.

### Savagery.

"And do these Indian girls never evince a tendency to relapse into their former savagery?"

Tears sprang to the eyes of the mission worker.

"Ah, yes," sighed she; "only last evening they set the table without putting doilies under the fingerbowls."—[Pittsburg Observer.

## A TOAD STORY.

We are still studying toads in some of the school-rooms, in connection with which the following little story is interesting:

One day my father, sister, and I were out in the garden, watching a little toad. My father took a little stick, and very, very gently scratched one side of the toad to the other.

The toad seemed to like it; for he would roll from side to side, and blink.

I was so interested that, when they went in, I took the stick, and did as my father had done. I thought, if he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the stick down his back?

I did so; and what do you think happened?

His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam.

There was a bright, new coat below.

Then my quiet little toad showed how wise he was.

He gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin.

He took it off the body and his legs first, and then, blinking it over his eyes, till—where had it gone? He had rolled it into a ball and swallowed it.—[Adapted from Our Dumb Animals.

## LANDSCAPE GARDENING AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

Eben E. Rexford in the Ladies' Home Journal for June has these words to say regarding the above topic, and the Man-on-the-band-stand was wondering why it would not be a good profession for some of the Indian girls to take up, considering they are so fond of flowers and landscape in general. The clipping says:

Landscape gardening is a calling that must be learned the same as any other.

A young man would be expected to devote some years to its study and practice before he could be entrusted with the commission of work of much importance, and there is no reason why less should be expected of a woman.

Good work is demanded, and in order to meet the demand there must be thorough knowledge of all its details, and this can only come through practical experience.

If a woman has aptitude for the profession, and is willing to serve an apprenticeship at it, as a man must, there is no reason why she should not undertake the work, provided she is physically strong.

## HOW TO GET ON.

A Young man asks: "How can I get on in the world?"

1. Get at some work for which you are suited. Stick at it. Learn it from top to bottom. Excel in it. Know more than any other man; be more skillful in it than any of your competitors.

2. Save money. Begin to hoard the cents if you cannot afford to lay by a dollar a week. Acquire the habit of thrift.

3. Get a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, regularity and trustworthiness. It is business capital. Deserve it. Don't try to deceive the world. You are sure to be found out.

4. Treasure your health. Avoid excesses of any kind. Keep from drunkenness. Arise early. Sleep enough.

With a business experience, frugality, a good reputation and health, opportunities for advancement in prosperity are sure to come.—[The Catholic Youth.

## Is It Dangerous For Our Farm Boys?

The Man-on-the-band-stand has also had some fears in the direction evinced by the writer of the following "joke" from the Washington Star:

"I understand that your boy Josiar is a good deal of an athlete," said a neighbor.

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "I'm kind o' worried about Josiar. Sence I saw him jumpin' over parallel bars an' turnin' his somersaults jes' for the fun of it, I'm downright afeard he will work hisself to death when he gets here on the farm where there's practical business to 'tend to."

## TO THE THINKING BOYS AND GIRLS OF CARLISLE.

Whether will you be carried, Red Man of the Twentieth Century, in these days when there are a hundred Amazons, all running full to the banks?—The Amazon of Invention, of Science, of Commerce, of Transportation and Discovery?

All these are at your disposal, your slaves.

The slow Centuries have crept away and little by little Man has subdued the world, extending his dominion until to-day, the fire is his handmaid, the lightning obeys him, the winds are his servants, the sun does his bidding and the elements are his slaves.

The wild "Theories and Culture Schemes," of the past, belong to Ancients given to dreaming more than to DOING. We have reached the practical Age. Look at it!

When one looks at it in the quiet of his own closet, a great silence must fall upon him. Like Jacob of old, his lips must tremble as he whispers, "Surely, the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."

Looking away back to the dawn of human history, it must be apparent to every thinker, that after his expulsion from Eden, man's legacy from God was a hard legacy. There was the man, bare of foot, of hand, without a home and with those two naked hands, he was to enter this wilderness, but, lose not sight of the fact that behind our two poor hands there is the soul, making us more than a match for an unsubdued world, nothing to be impossible to us.

It is the soul that was destined to be the master of the world.

Energy, labor and toil, brought out of the world the unseen, into the world of the seen. It is our talents in action, in circulation and our experiences not being wrapped up in a napkin, that will bless and help the world and bless and enoble OURSELVES.

R. D. HEYL.

CAMDEN, N. J. May 1901.

## HE FAILED AND WHY.

We would not have those who like to smoke and drink once in a while read this.

DON'T read it, because you do not LIKE to read such stories, but here is a very impressive story from an Exchange that some people will like to read because it is true, and EXPLAINS why so many young men fail:

A young man who had failed by only three points in an examination for admission to the marine corps, appealed to his Representative in Congress for assistance, and together they went to see the Secretary of the Navy in the hope of securing what is known as a "rerating" of his papers.

"How many chances do you want?" asked Secretary Long. "This is your third time." And before the young man had a chance to answer, the Secretary continued: "How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your gloves and let me see your fingers. There, see how yellow they are!" pointing to the sides of the first and second fingers.

Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation, the Secretary asked him if he drank.

"Only once in a while," was the sheepish reply.

Secretary Long then invited the Congressman into his private office, and while offering to do everything that he could consistently, added: "I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarette, and drink once in a while. They are about hopeless."

## Dangerous and Desperate.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. . . . Those, therefore, that dare to lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

JOSEPH HALL.

## HE THOUGHT HIS STANDING WAS GOOD.

A little white boy well-known to the writer, brought home from the school he attended in California his first School Report, sent to his mamma by the teacher.

The little boy was hardly six years old, but he was a brave, straight fellow, and his carriage was as straight as an arrow. He fairly leaned back he was so straight.

His mamma took the report, read it thoughtfully, and commented on the various marks as she passed them.

"Conduct, Excellent. I'm glad of that, my son. I'm glad you are a good boy at school, and here is another Excellent, but dear, what does this mean? 'Standing, good.' Only good? Couldn't you have Excellent in Standing? What is the trouble?"

"I don't know," said Kenneth quite abashed. "I don't see how that COULD be, mamma, for I know I STOOD STRAIGHT, and if I didn't I don't believe the teacher saw me."

## JAPANESE DO NOT SWEAR.

Many good things can be said about Japan and the Japanese, but nothing reflects more credit upon that people than the fact that profanity is a vice entirely unknown among them.

In answer to an inquiry on this subject, Ram's Horn gives this interesting information.

"Very high and competent authority asserts that it is true.

A writer in the Evangelist asserts that there is in the Japanese language no word that is equivalent to an oath.

Not only is there no native word in which profanity may take refuge but there is no imported word.

During the last ten years foreigners have added thousands of new words to the language; but not one profane word.

In this respect Japan is believed to stand alone among the nations."

## 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. 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. Won. 8 to 4
"	30, Dickinson on our Field.
June	1, Albright, at Mercersburg.
"	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 Made By The Afternoon Students Of Number Six.

I am made of 14 letters:  
My 13, 9, 7, 11 is a bright light.  
My 14, 8, 10 is tricky.  
My 2, 12, 4, 5 is a strong fastening.  
My 6, 3, 1, 9, 12 is a name of a boy in number six.  
My whole is an interesting study.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEKS ENIGMA:  
Kept quiet.

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