

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1901.

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

June



THE last month of spring has withdrawn her face.

The first month of summer has taken her place.

The fragrance of flowers now sweetens the air.

Gay, blooming and blushing, repaying all care.

Oh, June! lovely June, with thy clear atmosphere. Which gives us much wealth, enjoyment and cheer. While pressing your kisses so warm on the earth. Creating new beauties, that spring into birth.

Oh, June, with bright sunshine and wealth of great shade.

May thy soft skies above and thy verdure ne'er fade.

The trees of the forest, they beckon and bow. And dallying with south winds say, "Come to us now."

PROFESSOR BAKELESS SEES MORE OF BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Friday morning dawned with mist and rain. It is not easy to find ones way through the labyrinthine streets of the older portion of Boston. One is soon impressed with the fact that the denizens of the "Hub" rather expect to be asked to direct the uninitiated through its thoroughfares. Each citizen is a bureau of information, courteous, clear and concise. Never once, if attentive to instructions, need one fail of his destination.

With Dorchester as an objective point, I direct my course to the entrance of the "Subway."

Boston, you will observe, will not have its meditations disturbed by any unnecessary noise. It, therefore, was among the first to banish the din of traffic from the streets of the city.

Only a few steps below the surface, under a strong arc-light, we find a perfect system of passenger transportation.

Plainly marked cars move to their stations, receive their living freight, dash away down grade, up grade following the configurations of the street.

The subways are clean, airy, well lighted, and remote from the rush and worry of the world—a great improvement over the elevated roads and surface cars.

Here we are at the entrance of the subway and the historic "Commons" lies before us. There is the State House with a palatial modern annex that does credit to the wealth, taste, and public spirit of the citizens of the Old Bay State.

The Commons recalls General Gage and his redcoats of Revolutionary days; and there before us is the veritable skating pond, we fondly hope, over which the very school boys prepared their declaration of rights and showed themselves to be worthy sons of noble sires.

The place is crowded with historic associations: but most of all, we are attracted to the monument erected in the memory of Robert Shaw.

Robert Shaw?

Now plead ignorance, boys and girls, for not one of you remember this brave, manly boy, a modest unassuming hero, who did his duty and died for a great cause. Read of him. How he took command of the first colored regiment in the stress and strain of the Civil War, though to be captured as their leader, meant sure and ignominious death. How, amid terrible carnage, he led them over the ramparts of Fort Wagner, fighting, fell, and was buried in the trenches by a frenzied foe among his fallen comrades of a despised race.

We can never think ignobly of the black man when we recall Fort Wagner

and San Juan hill. The greatest deeds of an individual determine the possibility of his race. Remember that one hundred and eighty-three thousand of these people, our fellow citizens now, did their part as soldiers and sailors in the great national struggle for existence. Then stand before this great bronze tablet, (the work of St. Gaudens.)—Shaw, life size, mounted, leading his colored troops, who in quick marching order with faces set and stern purpose in every feature, press to the front, while Victory with her laurel wreath extended floats above them. Below, these thrilling lines by Lowell:

"Right in the van on the red ramparts slipped
With heart that beats a charge he fell.

Forward as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble end makes dying sweet."

One also recalls these lines from Emerson, written to honor the same man.

"So near is grandeur unto dust
So near is God to man.
When duty whispers low "Thou must,"
The boy replies, "I can."

Boys, girls, learn both of these stanzas. Feel the thrill of the occasion that called them forth. Do your homely little duties as though they were great; and, if the occasion comes to reveal you as a hero, you will be ready—as Americans ever are; and, if the occasion comes not, thank God you are a hero still—ready! READY! We stand before this memorial with uncovered head glad that the deeds of our illustrious great are our precious heritage.

But the umpire calls "time," and we make a dash for the subway to shoot away on the trolley for miles through unknown ways, until we bob up serenely into daylight and rain that has been slowly falling all the morning, suggestive of a needle bath, or the ragged edge of a London fog.

Dorchester, too, recalls Revolutionary times. Here we are shown through a high school building mammoth in its proportions and a veritable palace in its appointments.

Intelligent workmen are everywhere putting equipments into place, polishing wood and marble, and burnishing metal fixtures. From basement to attic, it is complete, surpassing anything yet seen in this section, a forecast of what twentieth century school architecture may become.

Give the best to the children. It is rigid economy.

There was still time for a hasty trip to Cambridge. Harvard College with its well-equipped buildings and immense scientific collections is intensely interesting. Memorial Hall was erected by the alumni of the University in honor of those members who lost their lives during the Civil War. It is the refectory of the University. From its walls the faces of many illustrious son of old Harvard gaze down upon us.

The library is a fine one and well managed. No pains are spared to make it helpful to the students in their work.

The Cambridge Manual Training school which accommodates about three hundred students is briefly visited. No new features are noted here though it is fully up to the standard of the others visited.

The Latin High School was near and could not be passed without inspection though time was literally treading upon my heels. There are about six hundred pupils in attendance. Under the guidance of a very obliging Hibernian janitor, with a halo of hair, flaming countenance, and racy brogue, who had been a Yankee for just three years, the visit was doubly in-

structive. He "had no such chances in Ireland." Such schools there "were not for the loikes of him."

Close by stands also the English high school accomodating two hundred and fifty pupils. Each of these three high schools supplements the work of the other.

The Cambridge Public Library stands in the center of a little park close to the three public high school buildings.

This is an attractive little granite structure with evidences of exquisite taste and good management everywhere. Above the librarian's desk, on massive granite tablets, is engraved the decalogue—the Law obedience to which has given us the highest and best of which our civilization can boast. Below, also graven in stone, are the following maxims:

It is noble to be pure.
It is right to be honest.
It is necessary to be temperate.
It is wise to be industrious.
But to know God is best of all.

But time is up. We must hurry to the South station to make a homeward train. This station is new and thoroughly modern and up to date. The waiting rooms are unique in their beauty, cleanliness, quiet, and comfort. Large roomy settles of quartered oak, as different as possible from the conventional station seats, face each other at right angles to the walls, their extremely high and comfortable backs forming retreats as inviting as "Mr. Warner's cosy corner."

On the walls of each alcove are written the names of suburban stations so that the waiting public from these localities may easily find each other, become acquainted, be neighborly, and hold their mutual admiration societies in genuine New England style. Now that is AN IDEA worthy of Boston. Such a delightful improvement over the conventional waiting room that it rather suggests the new Yankee spirit of the Great West, where everything breezy, fresh, and neighborly is said to originate.

No use talking, however, old New England is not of the moss grown order, though she does hug her historic traditions to her bosom with an almost religious fervor,—and we honor her for it.

We have no doubt that Boston makes more advancement yearly and shows more public spirit with less talk and self-gratulation than any other city in the Union.

But our face is turned homeward and the time since we left seems ages. The greatest pleasure in going away is the home coming, to meet again the kindly greetings and pleasant faces of pupils and fellow workers, and to take the daily duties with renewed zeal, and bounding courage.

ALASKA.

Having a number of Alaskan students, information about the North Land is doubly interesting.

In Over Sea and Land, E. S. R. has an article which answers questions that many wish to know about. For instance:

When was Alaska purchased by the United States?

This writer says in 1876.

And thus we will ask more questions and have the article answer as though a person were talking.

How much did this great country cost the United States?

Seven millions of dollars.

What does the word Alaska mean?

The name is a corruption of the native

word ALAKSHAK or ALEVEKSA, and means "a great country," and it is indeed a great country, the coast line being nearly equal to the circumference of the earth; its extreme breadth from east to west is twenty-two hundred miles in an air line; its greatest river, the Yukon, is as long as the Amazon, and its mountains are very high.

How long are the days?

During the summer months the sun sinks below the mountain tops at about nine o'clock, P. M., and one can read all night without a lamp, but in winter the days are only four or five hours long.

Is it a level country?

The country generally is mountainous and picturesque in the extreme, and the climate is greatly tempered by the Japan current.

Are there many Indians there?

Yes, many tribes.

How do they dress?

Many of them paint their faces with lampblack and oil, which makes their high cheek bones look very prominent.

What do the natives eat?

Their food is principally dried berries, of which there are many varieties, smoked and dried salmon, and salmon oil. A grease, white as lard, is made of a delicate little silver fish and is much prized for food. They also dry sea-weed and boil it with salmon eggs, berries and oil, all cooked together.

Do they put the food on tables when they eat?

No. The family gathers about the pot with bone and wooden spoons of varying sizes, that belonging to the baby being about the size of a soup-ladle, while that used by the head of the household is nearly as large as his own head.

In what kind of houses do they live?

In winter they live underground. You enter the house by a tunnel, on your hands and knees. Then you lift up the cover of the doorway and DROP. It is quite dark in the room and the air is full of smoke. Several families live together.

What is their summer house like?

The summer house is built on top of the winter house. You pass through the totem poles, push the flap in, and fall, not "among thieves," but among dogs. The room seems full of dogs and of smoke, and the people are a "study in oil" as one missionary says.

WHY GRANT NEVER SWORE.

While sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him:

"General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation."

"Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied.

"When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it.

I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger, and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him.

In fact, I never could see the use of swearing.

I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but to say the least, it is a great waste of time."—[Michigan Christian Advocate.]

THE RED MAN AND HELPER

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some one else has.

MORE EXCEPTIONS TO OUR POSITION.

LEMHI BOARDING SCHOOL, IDAHO,
May 23, 1901.EDITOR RED MAN & HELPER,
CARLISLE, PA.

DEAR SIR:

In your editorial of the 17th inst., entitled "The Infirmity of the Situation," you cite the cases of a few exceptional graduates who have not gone back to the blanket as proof that the whole Indian race is capable of taking its place in the ranks of civilized life in one generation. This is no more reasonable than to hold up Washington, Napoleon or Edison as types of the average ability of the White race.

Instead of pointing to the few whose innate capacity enables them to compete successfully with the superior race, it would be better to look up the record of the hundreds in whom the natural laziness and thriftlessness of the Red Man have held back in spite of the advantages of even a Carlisle training. During a five years' stay at Pine Ridge, I saw many returned students from Carlisle who could scarcely be distinguished from their unschooled parents in any respect. I have seen them with naked bodies painted, hopping and howling in the Omaha dance: I have seen some given opportunities to work which they could not keep through laziness or inefficiency. The oft reiterated assertion that the reservation system is responsible for this will not suffice, as if these young Indians were placed in any other situation, they would still be held down by the hereditary tendencies of their race which unfit them for regular persistent continuance of a fixed line of action. The nomadic habits of their ancestors for untold generations have left too strong an impression to be eradicated in one lifetime. In Minnesota and Massachusetts, I have seen Indians living in villages among the whites and whose parents had lived there before them—and who were,—through race prejudice and their own incapacity,—in a condition of poverty and squalor from which they had no ambition to rise. In boyhood I had for a school mate in my native town in Massachusetts, a descendant of King Philip, the Wampanoag chief who fought the Pilgrim fathers, and if he had been a Chauncey Yellow Robe or a Carlos Montezuma, he might have accomplished all their achievements. Education is only a secondary element in the making of one's destiny; natural ability is the mainspring of success in life. In the towns of Gay Head and Mashpee, Mass., you will see communities made up entirely of Indians, and here,—free from competition with Whites,—those who are capable, are fairly prosperous and successful. This goes to show that the reservation system, divorced from the depressing effects of Government rations and annuities, is the best condition for the Indian.

Respectfully,
JOHN F. MACKEY.

There is much that is true in this letter because it describes conditions as they are, not as they should be.

Race prejudice will keep back a few

scattered Indian families living among whites.

The Indians have not the push of the white race, it has to be developed. That they have the germ to be developed is proven by the fact that many of the returned students do live a plane higher than before they went away.

There are many who might be named who carry out, on the same reservation of Pine Ridge mentioned by the writer of the letter, the ideas they received at the country homes in which they lived under the outing system, though they may not be able to use their trades there.

Think of an Indian taken directly from the camp and placed in the edge of a town, with no training to fall back upon; without the power to "hustle" for his place as one must do in a western town especially; his neighbors,—whether cultured or wholly uneducated matters not,—having a preconceived notion that the white race is superior and the Indian on a level with the dog.

How can he rise? How can he live in any but a slow, evolution-like way?

Now this is what schools are for. They show the Indian what is in himself. They show the white man what the Indian can do.

A Chauncey Yellow Robe and a Carlos Montezuma are not the only capable Indians any more than Washington, Napoleon and Edison are the only capable white men.

There are over a thousand Indian young men and woman who have been given a start, who are now serving as assistants in the various Government schools, while every year increases the number of those among the workers and wage-earners of the world outside the reservations.

The conditions have not been right. The Indians have been expected to begin at the wrong end,—to be full-fledged citizens by intuition and without training.

Evolution is slow. How long would it take a wild apple to evolve a Spitzenburg, if left to itself?

But the results of TRANSPLANTING, and budding and grafting are rapid and profitable. C.

THE INDIANS AT THE PAN-AMERICAN
FROM AN INDIAN'S STANDPOINT.

Princess Chinquilla, the mother of one of our pupils, thinks there are some good things to be gained by the Indians who make up the show of "barbarians" at Buffalo, and we give extracts from her letter:

"I am engaged for the Indian theater here, and I do not think it as bad a place as the RED MAN AND HELPER makes it out.

What chance has the Indian on the reservation to see the advancement of the great world? Here they are privileged to see art in all its phases, machinery and every improvement that the world is making.

Vice President Roosevelt was here and pronounced it a grand thing, and he said every school should visit it. Other prominent men have spoken very highly of it.

We had service today (June 2nd.) by the Rev. A. F. Johnson, of the Presbyterian mission at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, so you see we are not as bad as some would think.

The show in the Arena is similar to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Maggie Old Eagle is here and wishes to be remembered to all her friends.

We have nice quarters. I have a room up stairs by myself.

The newspaper people are astonished at the RED MAN AND HELPER, and marvel at the Indians printing it. I ask them

if God did not give them as much brain as the white man. They have no answer for that.

I hope you will come to the exposition and bring the school with you.

Your friend,
PRINCESS CHINQUILLA."

We would not say that the Indians learn nothing good at the exposition; they must of necessity see much to enlarge their knowledge of the world's work.

What we contend is that they are not IN that part of it; they are paid to perpetuate savagery. If it is commendable to live in the old way that millions may gaze at and wonder over them, why should it not be commendable to live that way all the time, keeping up the old "picturesque" customs for the benefit of ethnologists, and the entertainment of curiosity seekers?

Indians are men and women!

They live in the twentieth century!

They CAN be a component part of the great advance guard!

The world moves!

Why should any race stand still, or be paid to go backwards? C.

A BREEZE FROM THE INDIANS OF
THE SOUTH WEST

The Breeze is a paper published in Bliss, Okla., and contains a number of items of interest regarding the Indians of that section in each of its monthly issues.

In the May Breeze we find:

About 5000 Indians are expected to meet at Buffalo Springs, 18 miles South of Ft. Sill, yesterday June 6th. It is to be a great farewell council. Representatives of the Osages, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apaches, Poncas, Comanches, Otoes, Choc-taws, Chickasaws and Seminoles are expected. The Sioux have been invited to come from Nebraska. The meeting is a farewell to be held just before the opening of the Kiowa and Comanche land, and is held because of the opening of these lands for settlement.

The Indians are riding in new spring wagons with silver mounted harness. They have been renewing their leases. They no doubt will be riding in automobiles when they renew the next time.

Buffalo Track, the oldest Ponca Indian on the reservation, was shot and killed Sunday evening, April 22nd, east of White Eagle near the bridge that crosses the Arkansas river.

There has been about eighty thousand head of cattle unloaded at White Eagle this spring that are received by cow men who drive them into the Osage country. One steer that was crippled died between the stock yards and the river. Buffalo Track wanted to skin the steer for the meat and started towards it when he was commanded to leave it alone; but as he could not understand English he did not stop; then the Texas boy took a shot at him but missed his mark; the Indian turned facing him, when he fired again hitting him in the abdomen; he lived about five hours. Buffalo Track was a noted Indian; he was 136 years old and stood seven feet one inch in height. He was a peaceable, harmless old Indian and never molested any one. It would seem that this wild man from Texas had no occasion whatever to commit this cold blooded murder.

Some of the Ponca Indians have their corn planted and are doing very good work this spring.

Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, arrived at Haskell Monday noon and will remain for several days. She thinks Haskell is growing prettier as it grows older and is very interested in the work being done.

—[Haskell Leader.

Athletics.

Bucknell Won Track Games.

Bucknell University and the Carlisle Indians met here in their annual field and track meet last Saturday. The former won by a score of 53 to 51. The result depended on the last event, the 220 hurdles. Johnson, for Carlisle, would have won but fell after clearing the last hurdle. The feature was the two mile race. The day was an ideal one, the field in perfect condition and the time made was good. Fully 1,000 people witnessed the meet. Summaries:

Track events:

100 yards dash—Won by Beaver, Carlisle; Cusick, Carlisle second. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

120 yards hurdle—Won by Johnson, Carlisle; Glassby, Bucknell, second. Time, 17 2-5 seconds.

One mile run—Won by Slifer, Bucknell; Metoxen, Carlisle, second. Time, 5.02 1-5.

440 yards dash—Won by Cusick, Carlisle; Goodall, Bucknell, second. Time, 54 seconds.

Two mile run—Won by Fitzer, Bucknell; Hummingbird, Carlisle, second. Time, 10:50.

220 yards hurdle—Won by Glassby, Bucknell; Johnson, Carlisle, second. Time, 28 seconds.

880 yards dash—Won by Slifer, Bucknell; Goodall, Bucknell second. Time, 2:20 1-5.

220 yards dash—Won by Cusick, Carlisle; Beaver, Carlisle, second. Time, 24 seconds.

Field events:

High Jump—Won by Theis, Bucknell, and Pearse Bucknell, tie; Moore, Carlisle, second; 5 feet 5 inches.

Shot put—Won by Waletsi, Carlisle; Gillis, Bucknell, second. Distance, 34 feet 6 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Pearse, Bucknell, Charles, Carlisle, second. Distance 22 feet.

Hammer throw—Won by Waletsi, Carlisle; Gillis, Bucknell, second. Distance, 105 feet 3 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Theis, Bucknell; Rogers, Carlisle, second. Distance, 10 feet 3 inches.

Carlisle defeated Albright at Myers-town on Saturday 11 to 2. LeRoy pitched an excellent game and the team supported him without an error.

Score by innings: R. H. E.

Albright 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2 3 0

Indians 2 0 0 7 1 1 0 0—11 16 7

The Indians played Princeton Wednesday and lost 14 to 0. They will play Cornell at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo on Saturday.

The Track team this year has done very well considering that this is the second year we have had a track team, and next spring we should have a team that will easily outclass any of the teams we have met this year. The cage can be utilized during the winter for practice, and many of the boys who started in the spring should develop into point winners next year. The boys have trained faithfully and deserve great credit for their good record.

Refreshing Gratitude.

Flora Howard who left us last November for her home in Arizona on account of ill health writes a very cheerful letter to Miss Barr telling of her complete recovery, and of her interest in her work at Casa Grande.

She remembers with gratitude the kindness shown her by the hospital force here.

"I still remember you and the girls who took care of me while I was so sick," she says, "and I thank you with my whole heart."

In speaking of the Indians there who are having better crops of wheat this year than last, she says:

"Last winter some of the Indians would have starved to death if it had not been for the rations from the Government, also the work on the ditches for pay from the Government."

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

Brilliant moon.
Straw hats are in evidence.
Evening study hour, non est.
The trolley runs every twenty minutes now.

Mrs. Rumsport's strawberry short-cake cannot be beaten.

Miss Walter who is a guest of her brother is learning to ride a wheel.

When we speak of Pan-American we do not mean the American who makes pans.

The only way to be like the great person you would like to be like is to be LIKE him.

Dickinson Commencement weather this week has been bright, beautiful and bracing.

A. J. Standing, Jr., has finished his preparatory course and is ready for college.

Our six croquet grounds have been faithfully occupied of late by lovers of that game.

Miss Ely and her guest Mrs. Betts visited the Battle Field of Gettysburg, on Monday.

Dr. Diven reports Mr. Standing still improving and able to sit up a little while each day.

Albert Weber's tricycle has a little music box(?) in the axle of one of the wheels.

A little excursion to Holly Wednesday afternoon, over the new trolley line was enjoyed.

Mr. Warner and the Baseball boys are off East.

Mrs. Haldy, mother of Assistant Disciplinary Haldy was her son's guest this week.

For a man or person who is not so very rugged the driving of the lawn-mower is fine exercise.

No matter how HIGH one aims if we have no ammunition in our gun we will not hit the mark.

There was no school on Wednesday, that our teachers might attend Dickinson Commencement.

Mrs. and Miss Forster of Harrisburg were guests of our Miss Forster last Saturday and Sunday.

John Baine, 1901, and his brother William left for Standing Rock, North Dakota, Tuesday evening.

To be able to swim in whatever sea we may be plunged should be our purpose in getting an education.

The Band treated a large audience on our grounds, to another excellent open-air concert, Saturday night.

The Band played at Mt. Alto last Friday at the Convention of Scotch-Irish, held at that popular resort.

These are the times when the college graduate is settling all the knotty questions of the day in his orations.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is not an umbrella manufacturer, consequently does not believe in the weather profits.

Many a boy who has learned but half a trade fails because he is not willing to begin at the beginning when put in a new place.

Old employees will find among the names of the Appointees, last page, several who are ex-students and graduates of Carlisle.

Miss Richenda Pratt with her guest, Miss Isabella Hipple of Lock Haven attended Wilson College Commencement on Tuesday.

The evening study hour has been abandoned. Now for the groves and fields, tennis-courts, ball grounds, and "sweet communion with nature."

On Wednesday, Colonel and Mrs. Pratt Miss Richenda and guest Miss Hipple attended the Commencement Dinner, in the Dickinson College Gymnasium given each year under the directions of a special committee of ladies and gentlemen of the town. General Horatio C. King, LL. D. was toastmaster.

The Commencement Exercises of Dickinson College this week have been generally attended by our faculty and officers.

Mrs. S. D. Walton, of Berwyn, is a guest of Miss Stewart, Lottie Hilton and Martha Enos live with Mrs. Walton, and she likes them very much.

Willard Gansworth is very proud of his new flute, and we know he will make US proud ere long, with the music he can produce upon it. It is of the best German make—E. Rittershausen.

From Northwestern exchanges we see they have been having as much rain in that section of the country as we have had in the East. The weather this past week has been perfect.

"Don't cut off your nose to spite your face" is an old way of saying a very plain adage, but the new way is "Don't amputate your proboscis in order to wreak vengeance upon your physiognomy."

A friend in the West writes that "THE REDMAN & HELPER might be a handsome paper, but there are few more interesting." All we have to say to that is that the Man-on-the-band-stand himself is very plain.

A young lady may be ever so pretty and well-dressed, and have ever so good a character, but if she smiles showing TEETH not well cared for, she modifies greatly her looks and dress. Teeth need brushing every day, and sometimes of- tener.

Mr. James Riley Wheelock, A. P. & A. B. C. (Assistant Printer and Assistant Band Conductor) has been sounding his clarinet with the orchestra which played for the various literary and social events pertaining to the College Commencement.

Sealed bids for furnishing our school for the year in beef, flour, coal, lumber and miscellaneous supplies were opened in Colonel Pratt's office on Tuesday afternoon. Our old friend and co-worker Mr. Fisk Goodyear secured the Lehigh Valley coal. The others are not all known at this writing.

A number of inquiries by letter have been received as to the condition of Mr. Standing, and all will be pleased to read in another item that he is improving. Mrs. Standing is his constant attendant. It is very fortunate that their daughter, Miss Lyda, is with them. Her training in the Pennsylvania Hospital has been of value to her and to the family.

Colonel and Mrs. Pratt are in attendance upon the Princeton Commencement on invitation of Howard Gansworth, class '94, Carlisle. Howard has made a worthy record in the four years he has been at Princeton. He will be numbered among our teachers next Fall, using this, no doubt, as a stepping stone toward a more enlarged field of usefulness.

They have to do SOMETHING at the far-away-from-the-out-side-world school to keep the social blood from stagnating. The other day at a picnic in the Hopiland, Arizona, the ladies of the school played a game of baseball, and it is said there was great amusement over their wild strikes, and that our former Mrs. Dandridge, was the champion base runner.

Mr. Frank Rhoads is in town. Frank is remembered by the older employees and students as one of our little white boys a few years ago. He is now manager of one of the most popular and successful theatrical companies on the road, and in the past few years has been several times across the continent and back. His aunt, Miss Fannie Noble, of the Teachers' Club, and old friends, gave him a warm welcome last Tuesday night when he dropped in for a call.

Not long since there was a rainy Saturday and the games had to be postponed. More than one was disappointed, but at table the climax came when a boy attempted to explain to Miss Miles the special cause for the gloom.

"We have no meet to-day."
"No meat!" Why, she thought plenty of meat had been provided for that table.
"I mean no dual meet."
"Oh!" And had she not been Prudence herself she might have gone through the floor.

A few copies of the present issue were printed before a blunder in the make-up was discovered—the 3rd column 1st page being placed 2nd. The editor, although considerably exercised, said no worse words than: My! Run, Moses! Get the Miller and ply the Wheel(1)ock to that press.

George Cleveland, Troop E 5th Cavalry writes from Ft. Grant, Arizona, that he is getting on well and feels strong. He is pitcher for the troop baseball team. He has been on detach duty at San Carlos and has seen the Apache Indians. He thinks the Apaches are somewhat behind other Indians. He saw very few of them working. George wants to change from the Cavalry to the Artillery.

It is said to be almost stunningly refreshing to our teachers of the lower grades to have a Porto Rican student repeat over and over again, and without asking, certain difficult English sounds, whereas the son of the noble redman frequently shows signs of collapse or of conferring a favor upon the teacher if, when asked, he consents to repeat a thing once or twice. The Porto Rican may learn repose, self-satisfaction and deliberate action from his red brother, while the native American boy may learn willingness, fire and exalted ambition from his Porto Rican friend.

A newly organized team that calls itself by the name of Cuban Giants has been playing good ball of late. Last Thursday they defeated another of our teams called Western League by the score of 5 to 4. The latter gave up the game before it was finished. On Tuesday evening the Cuban Giants defeated the Band by a score of 21 to 9.

The Western League side of the story is this: Notwithstanding the fact that the Cuban Giants are playing fast ball, they are forced to confess that they have suffered two "shut-outs" at the hands of the Western League.

Mrs. Beulah Betts, of Newtown, Bucks County, is visiting Miss Ely. Stephen and Beulah Betts were among the first Friends of Pennsylvania to take into their family an Indian boy under the Carlisle outing system, twenty years ago. John D. Miles, Cheyenne, whose name we chance to see among the appointees, last page, showing that he is a living and useful man, was their first Indian help. From the few who were upon urgent request cautiously admitted into homes that year of 1881, the number has steadily increased until now, the demand each year is for hundreds more than the school can supply.

Interesting Visitors.

Among the distinguished visitors this week were Dr. J. F. Bird, of Fox Chase, and H. B. Harnsberger, Port Republic, Va. They attended Dickinson College together before Colonel Pratt was born. The former, who has been a trustee of Dickinson for 50 years graduated in 1840 and the latter in '41. The two men had not seen each other for sixty years. Dr. Bird said to the student body at dinner that if we wish to grow old as easily as he has, and stand as straight as he does at his age, 4 score years plus 5, we should use moderation in all things—in eating, drinking and exercising. He is now living with the third generation of those born when he was. He explained how when it was bad weather he did not go hunting, as his companions did. They exposed themselves needlessly while he stayed in and took care of himself. He is living, while the companions of his youth are gone. He had always observed moderation in all things. He would have us watch our moral and religious character. The last words of this dear old man were "Be moderate!" Let us remember them!

A Kicking Instead.

It was reported by the Omaha Bee that Dean Fair once said:

"Some men tell us that the world owes them and their families a living. I never argue with such men because I feel the world owes them a kicking, and I wish some one would do it right off!"

Ida Swallow.

At the anniversary of the Oak Lane Baptist Sunday School last Sunday evening Ida Swallow, 1901, took the part of pianist with excellent effect. One who was there says: "Our anniversary was very interesting, but nothing added to it more than the remarkable playing of the piano by Ida."

We congratulate her and want to add this to it by telling you of her success. She is a quiet, modest unassuming girl, which made her playing the more appreciated. Elizabeth Walker, Juliet Smith and Martha Day were present, and I was glad to see them join so heartily in the exercises. We rejoice with you in your successes. Very Sincerely Yours, Charles L. Kuen, Oak Lane."

School Mates Remembered.

The many friends of Miguel Rivera will be glad to learn that he is recovering his health again and thinks fondly of Carlisle.

In a recent letter he says: "I remember Carlisle and my dear classmates and wish to be there. I am glad I went to Carlisle. It has helped me a great deal."

Miguel was always a good manly boy, a hard worker, with the best and noblest intentions. His many friends remember him fondly and wish there were more like him. We hope he will soon be strong and well, and back to his place in the school, soon.

Revenue From the Saloon.

Put away the saloon say some, and the amount of license money thus turned away from the public treasury must be added to our taxes.

Here is what John Ruskin said about those who profit by the drunkard-making business:

"Drunkenness is not only the cause of crimes, but it is a crime, and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the bravos of any country or of any age."

This Year No Race.

When the Kiowa and Wichita reservation is thrown open to settlers, the disgraceful race for the plots, which was witnessed at the opening of 1899, in Oklahoma, will be avoided. Then, some one hundred and fifteen thousand persons gathered on the border, and, when the opening day came, raced on horseback, in wagons, and on foot, fighting and struggling with one another for the desirable farms. This time, the President will specify the method of deciding between applicants in the proclamations declaring the tracts open for settlement.

The Kind of Men who are Employed.

A wise saying is this by an experienced employer:

I always give preference to men who want to learn, because a studious man is more attentive to his duties and can be instructed easier than one who does not care to study, and if a man studies he has no time to waste about places where he had better not be."

Much Wisdom in a few Words.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy not respectable, and wealthy not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, never hurry; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

"The Wanderings of the Money Mother" in the Native American are interesting. Miss Luckenbach for a number of years with us is the "Money Mother" of the Phoenix, Arizona, Government School.

