

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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The Farmer.

THE king may rule o'er land and sea.
The lord may live right royally.
The soldier ride in pomp and pride.
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings.
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things.
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads.
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell.
The teacher do his duty well;
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth.
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain.
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light.
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

THE WORKER'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS HIS WORK.

FOR THE REDMAN & HELPER.]

"Play is activity as an end; work is activity for an end." While the worker is straining every nerve for this coveted end, many other advantages come unsought. More precious than any material rewards are the bounding health, the firm muscle, and the clear head that come as the guerdon of toil. But even these, necessary as they are to comfort and happiness, are not the greatest blessings labor brings.

The greatest blessing work confers is its influence upon the character of the worker. This advantage is the one least thought about, least appreciated by the toiling millions.

To the worker true to his better nature, comes the consciousness of growth.

Gradually, it dawns upon him that his spiritual man is becoming more intense more powerful than the physical man it directs. The worker is conscious that he will be greater on the morrow than he is today, and that the very efforts he puts forth moment by moment are the means by which this growth will be brought about. Activity is characteristic of life. Stagnation is the accompaniment of death.

True, there are workers AND workers. Some "go like a quarry slave scourged to his dungeon." For such souls, work brings small measure of helpfulness, and material rewards are meagre as well. For, in the intense watching of the clock that ticks off their minutes of service, the sordid measuring of material rewards, and the eagerness "to lessen the tale of bricks," the back becomes so bent, the eye so dim that the sunlight of the God of work is obscured. Brightness and joy die out of life.

But for the helpful soul who sees opportunity written in letters of light on his horizon, every task, however lowly, is an inspiration, an ennobling process. He knows the God of work! "My Father worketh hitherto and I work" is the glad refrain of his heart.

Much depends upon the worker's attitude toward his fellow-workers and the world at large; much upon the estimate he places on the material gains. If "wealth of hand" is exalted above

"wealth of heart," matter above soul, advancement is clogged, and the highest good of living is lost.

As a man's ideals are, so is his work. If his highest aspiration is to reach the end of the task, irrespective of the quality of the work, the spirit of the artist is absent.

The farm boy joyously doing his best, intelligently to carry out his instructions becomes an efficient helper and co-worker instead of a drudge. He moves in a rarer atmosphere than ordinary mortals. So in the home, the woman who discovers the possibilities of home-making, with its accompaniment of comfort and beauty and happiness back of her toil, will forget weary hands and aching limbs, in this higher spiritual ministry.

Prejudice has stamped some vocations with its disapproval. It is the spirit of the worker alone that can determine the standing of a vocation. Colonel Waring with his band of "Street Angels" ennobled street cleaning in all the cities of America. To the slave spirit, a task is menial. To the man who thinks, the humblest duty takes dignity that ennoble it and the worker. "It is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

Every calling that adds happiness, comfort or prosperity to the world, is worthy to be done. It ennoble the worker.

Among the writer's pleasantest memories is that of a short time spent with a great souled man. He was a hard working farmer in a remote section of New Jersey, a man in very moderate circumstances, well on in years, bereft of wife and children.

His bearing was calm and noble; as he worked, his thoughts were lofty. His face glowed as he talked of the privileges and joys, his work and surroundings brought to him. Nature and he were in perfect accord.

The sun and rain, and waiting fields taught him dependence and growth, and power through repose. Thus he lived in a receptive attitude taking to himself the best his environments had to give.

Summer after summer he called back the same Indian boy to help him; for the boy, a rare one, too, had caught the spirit of the man. And so, year after year, they worked together, mutually helpful.

Such privileges come to us all, but too many eyes and hearts are sealed to them.

Contentment with a lower, loses to us the higher good. Every duty performed ought to enlarge our lives rather than grind life away. Our attitude toward our duties and fellow-men is the highest matter. Responsiveness brings growth; antagonism stultification. Every responsive man gains daily in power. By struggle with material conditions, he rises to a lofty spiritual estate; as the eagle beats the air to soar. The spirit of the slave and drudge dies as the soul drinks in the invigorating atmosphere of these high realms.

WHICH IS THE BETTER FOR GIRLS, COUNTRY LIFE OR CITY LIFE?

Those of our girls in country homes will see force in the following excellent words from Metropolitan and Rural Home, although they were written for girls who belong to no school, but who work for their own support, year in and year out:

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work and long for the excitement and attraction of city life.

But life in the city is not the public

holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town.

Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of.

You get up early and work hard it is true, but the picnics you attend in summer and the sleigh rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read mother nature's book.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half a day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done!

Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you!

Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel like a villain ought to feel, and walking home again at night.

All these things thousands of girls in the city do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirt waists all day, week in and week out.

Where is the variety in her life? How would you like to exchange your duties with them?

Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of morning, churn, bake and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and after the dinner work is over, to sit out in the cool and shady yard, or rest in the hammock, or take a canter on the pony, or in the fall go to the woods in search of nuts, and at night to lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country instead of sewer smells and effluvia of dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every specked apple or withered peach you ate?

Why, if you lived in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now.

How would you like the ever-present possibility of losing your "job" and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast?

Think of all these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country with the certainty of a comfortable home, even if you do not have ice cream and fried chicken every day.

To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils that you know not of.

IT IS DETERMINATION THAT WINS.

When Indian boys turn their splendid stock of pluck in the direction of gaining a place among people who make the world go, something like the following will be written of them.

The Western World gives this story of a Scotch boy, and it is enough to fill any one who reads it with the fire to succeed:

Thirty years ago, a bare-footed, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner and asked for work as an errand boy.

"There's a deal o' running to be done," said Mr. Blank, jestingly affecting a

broad Scotch accent. "Your qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy, with a grave nod disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls.

Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes.

Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package.

"I have the shoon, sir" he said, quietly. "Oh!" Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace this house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word.

Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments.

Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively.

His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy those clothes.

The manufacturer now questioned the boy carefully, and found to his regret that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler; but, without a word of complaint, he disappeared.

He now went fifteen miles into the country, and found work in stables near to a night-school.

At the end of a year, he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said, briefly. "I gave him the place" the employer said, years afterward, "with the conviction that, in process of time, he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it.

Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is our chief foreman."

AFRAID OF IT.

Our pupils in country homes are accustomed to seeing the franked envelopes sent out by Colonel Pratt when he writes business letters to them or to their employers.

They may not understand that the "frank" is permission by the Government to send letters without postage.

Understanding that point, the following story from the Washington Star will be appreciated:

It is the custom of the department to reply to letters of inquiry by sending printed pamphlets on the subject.

These are mailed in an envelope with the official frank in the upper right hand corner, while in the left hand corner is the usual warning against using the envelope for private purposes.

Last week one of the bureau chiefs sent one of the regular bulletins on bugs to an inquiring farmer in Iowa, but received it back by return mail.

There was a short note with it: "Why do you send me this?" it read. "And what is the meaning of 'Penalty for private use?' I have not read the thing or used it in any way, and it is herewith returned."

The Iowa man evidently thought the warning referred to the contents of the envelope.

He—Of course, you took in the dog show. How did you like it?

She—I was disappointed. I was particularly anxious to see one of those ocean greyhounds, but there wasn't a single one there.—[Philadelphia Press.

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

A CORRECTION.

In the absence of Colonel Pratt, last week, a statement regarding the resignation of Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing was made in our columns by one who did not understand the exact situation. The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Standing:

"I request that you have a full correction made in the next issue embodying the facts, that I did not resign my office of Assistant-Superintendent of the school, that the position was abolished, and my services would therefore terminate at the end of the fiscal year without any action on my part and that no action was taken. Also that I was offered in lieu a position as Supervisor or Superintendent of a small school, that I accepted the Supervisorship, but there being no vacancy this appointment applies to sometime in the uncertain future. If you do this, I will consider it satisfactory."

Three years ago Mr. Standing was informed he could have the superintendency of Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kans., considered the next school in size to Carlisle. He declined it.

The letter notifying Mr. Standing that the position of Assistant Superintendent was abolished at Carlisle contained the following:

"The Commissioner would like to know whether you prefer a school superintendency or a supervisorship."

This does not indicate "a small school" as Mr. Standing alleges. Recently, Mr. Standing had through me, this message from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"There will be an opening in the Chickasaw Nation within a few weeks, and Mr. Wright asks that Mr. Standing be sent to fill the place, which I think should be very flattering to Mr. Standing whom he knows personally."

I am authorized to say that this vacancy now exists and is available for Mr. Standing's uses if he signifies his acceptance, and he has been so notified.

Declining the superintendency of Haskell and accepting a supervisorship, have been the only reasons in the way of offering Mr. Standing the superintendency of a prominent school. The Government being the employer certainly has the right to say where the employee shall serve. The want of consideration alleged would seem therefore to be more imaginary than real.

R. H. PRATT.

Simon Palmer.

The Bloomsburg State Normal School invitations for Commencement 1901 are out for June 26th. Simon Palmer is a member of the class and passed his examinations very creditably. Another Carlisle boy has fought his own way through, and is more of a man for doing it. Indians CAN if they will, and the good Indians who are not dead always will. Simon received his Carlisle diploma at our last Commencement, he having entered the Normal before finishing our course.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

From Joseph Gouge, Class '99.

When Joseph left Carlisle he secured a position as book-keeper at a salary of sixty dollars a month and board. He held this position for fourteen months without losing time, but lost his health. His career then for a time was not very creditable until, to use his own words:

"I sat down one morning after returning from the theatre. The clock had struck two, and I meditated upon my future life. I resolved then and there to enlist in the regular army for three years hoping to form better and truer character."

The result, so far, judging from the general tenor of his letter, is satisfactory.

How He Met Ulysses Ferris.

"It was just as we pulled into Batanzas to take the transport that I met Ulysses Ferris.

We were hungry and when we got to Batanzas, you know how happy a person feels when hot coffee and hard tack with canned beef is ready for you when you arrive.

Well, I got my mess-kit, and when I got my rations I went to the improvised tables to take a rest while eating.

The boy on my right was rather inquisitive.

He asked me if I were hungry. I told him he had only to look at me eat. Seeing me wet to the skin he asked me how it was done.

I told him we had to swim across the river about one hour's travel from there. He asked me where I was going.

I told him. Then he wanted to know if I liked army life.

I told him Yes. He would hardly give me a chance to bite a piece of my hard-tack. Finally I looked him straight in the eyes as if to say "What business is it of yours?"

He said: "Were you ever at Carlisle?" "Yes," I replied suspecting him.

"Well, do you remember Ferris?" I said Yes, and we had a grand old time. I felt as though I was at Carlisle once more. He told me about the school after I left and I enjoyed this greatly."

Soldiers Should be Taught Swimming.

Here the letter goes on to tell a little experience in crossing a river.

"One of the men got drowned and another would have gone under had we not got a long bamboo pole and pulled him out.

"I tried to save the other, but the poor fellow could not swim and the current was something fierce. I nearly went under myself. Of course we had all our clothes on, which made it three times as hard. I believe swimming ought to be taught in the army as it is as necessary at certain times as a belt of cartridges and a gun."

How the Filipinos are Killing the Soldiers.

Our adjutant has said in regard to the Veno, a liquor which is nearly pure alcohol:

"The Filipinos cannot kill enough American soldiers by fair means so they have resorted to foul, meaning that they give all the vino to the soldiers that they can, thereby making them get the dysentery, or other sickness, and finally driving them crazy. It is the truth for I have seen it with my own eyes."

The programs for the Detroit-Buffalo meetings of Indian Inspectors, Special Agents, Supervisors, Agents, Superintendents, and all other employees of the Indian Service who desire to go have been received and are quite elaborate, taking in a large number of interesting and very important subjects. The Detroit meeting in connection with the N. E. A. will be held July 8-12, and the Buffalo, July 15-20. Dr. H. B. Frissell is the President of the Association and Superintendent of United States Indian Schools, Miss Estelle Reel, the Vice-President.

The Genoa Nebraska School is to have a new brick school building and a dairy barn.

YANKTON SIOUX INDIANS OF CHARLES MIX COUNTY.

FOR THE REDMAN & HELPER.]

In years gone by, the Yanktons were a happy people, living together, supplying their wants mostly by hunting.

They have always been a quiet and orderly people. The men spend their time in hunting and other duties, and the women did most of the work as was the custom among all Indians.

But this condition of affairs could not exist forever for the country around them is becoming thickly settled.

The teepee has given way to the farmhouse, the Omaha dance is a relic of the past except at celebrations, when a feasting dance is indulged in or by request from the near towns.

The war songs have given way to all kinds of religious hymns.

The Yankton-Sioux, once among the fiercest Indian tribes of the Northwest, now sits in church, studying the word of God.

God has made them emotional and religious, and with proper training and favorable environments they can develop those talents and those sure thoughts that are common to all men, and they will prove to be just as trustworthy, good people as any race.

Very few persons have an idea of the PROGRESS made by my people, the Yankton-Sioux, since they came under the control of Uncle Sam.

Most people think that the Indians are a worthless lot, that it is hopeless for the Government to try to make fit citizens out of them, but I tell you when you consider what condition they were in a few years ago and see how they stand in the world, they are known as the best citizen Indians in this part of the country.

The drinking habit that so characterizes the Indian youth on various reservations throughout the United States is not seen much.

The Indians of this Agency, you know, all hold their land in severalty since 1894, and are citizens of this great republic over which the stars and stripes float.

They all took quite an interest in the recent presidential campaign.

Does that surprise you any? They talked over all the questions very seriously among themselves and the majority of them voted the Republican ticket as they have always done since they had the right to vote.

They call the Republicans the north-erners and the Democrats Southerners because they recall the time when the Republic divided into Union and Confederate Governments.

They had only a vague idea of the issues, but they talk about them just the same.

Most of them are farmers and some are reasonably successful although many of them have not the convenient farming implements which their white brothers possess.

A man's standing in the tribe is not determined by the number of scalps he has taken as formerly, but by the number of acres he has in cultivation.

The American Indians are generally represented as a people who will not accumulate anything for their future use.

Perhaps this is true where they depend on the Government's aid, but the manner in which the Yankton-Sioux is supporting (of course they draw very few rations) himself shows that this accusation is not true in all cases.

The case of the citizen Indians of the Agency is another thing that is worthy of note.

Here the Sioux farmers and their white neighbors are actually intermingled and form a mixed community.

They stand upon very cordial and generally upon equal terms—many of the white settlers being no whit superior to the average Indian in education, manners and morals.

The Indians also pay their share of the school tax.

The Yankton-Sioux tribe has really made some wonderful progress during these past few years, but we are still longingly hopeful that a time is coming when the entire Sioux nation will not be looked upon as a separate, peculiar people, but a new, loyal, liberty loving nation forming an integral part of this great republic which we love so well.

DAVID M. HARE.

SUBJECTS THAT DISTURB THE MINDS OF THINKING PEOPLE.

In our small sphere as one of the faculty of the Carlisle School we are apt to ask such questions as the following regarding the prospects and outlook of Indian graduates, but here is an eminent Exchange that questions about graduates everywhere. That is the broader view to take of such unsolvable questions. Says the editor of the Evangelist:

We think of all the radiant fulness of young life in College and School, luxuriant as the verdure and flower of June, and wonder how it will set itself to work.

Graduates, graduates everywhere, demonstrative, compelling, admirable; all life before, all battles yet to win, all defeats to bear.

On what fields shall they glean, over what shrines pray, on what pages of life write their names?

After all, the nameless many govern the world and decide the issues of life.

Fame and fortune are but single uplifts; the quiet grandeur of cultured lives are the high levels of the world of men.

FROM PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Oglala Light has decided opinions and is not afraid to express them. These clippings speak for themselves:

We have as many as a dozen desirable pupils who have expressed a desire to go to non-reservation schools this Spring and had arranged to send them, but are met by positive objections on the part of the parents, somebody's wisdom having decided that the Indian parent is best qualified to judge as to the child's educational welfare.

THE BUFFALO BILL BUSINESS.

It has become the fad for Exposition managers to carry from the reservations a large number of Indians for the alleged purpose of showing the advancement made from the days of savagery.

They exhibit the camp Indian in feathers, war-paint and long hair under the guise of a study in Ethnology.

The fact is that they are midway shows and are paid for as such.

They are, in the eyes of the patronizing public, on a par with the "Hoochey Koochey" and the "Wild man of Borneo" sort of things.

This business is a great hindrance to the cause of Indian Education particularly on the reservation from which the Indians are taken.

There are probably 200 Oglala Sioux in the various "Wild West" exhibits this summer, and a large number of our school boys are anxiously waiting for the time when they will be allowed to quit school, let their hair grow long and join the "Buffalo Bill" show.

Spencer Smith, assistant farmer, has completed the work of cleaning up and repairing the irrigation ditch which brings water to the school grounds and we hope to escape the drought that resulted from the break last summer.

(Spencer was at one time a pupil of Carlisle.—Ed. HELPER.)

The Superintendent of the Government Boarding School at Santee Agency Nebraska is Joseph S. Estes. Talks and Thoughts says of him:

He is an old Hampton student who has been making his way since he left this school. Through his earnestness of purpose in different lines of work, he has reached the point where he has been considered efficient enough to be made Superintendent of the Government Boarding School at Santee Agency, Neb. He is, so far as we have been able to find out, the first Indian who has been appointed to such a high position in the school service. We are pleased to claim him, because he has been a Hampton Student, and because he represents the Indian race in this advanced position.

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

Are you getting ready for the Fourth?

The poem this week is for our farmer boys.

Mr. Kensler is acting Chief of Industries.

The electric fans have already begun to put on airs.

Linás Pierce rides a "tireless" wheel, sometimes.

Turn about is fair play: Men set up the drum and drums upset the men.

School closed last Friday, and all-day work for pay has been instituted.

Teacher Miss Bowersox is helping on the student-index in Mr. Miller's office.

While some June days are said to be rare, some recently have been absolutely raw.

Miss Barr has gone to Oklahoma with Nora Peowa, who has been ill for some time.

Spend your pennies for cherries and strawberries, and let the "pizen cakes" go for a time.

Miss Charlotte V. Cutter, of Amherst, Massachusetts, is visiting her sister Miss Emma A. Cutter.

Teachers Miss Paull and Miss Smith are taking inventory of books in the library, to check off lost books.

The game with Bucknell at Lewisburg, on Wednesday resulted in the score of 11 to 7 in favor of the Indians.

Mrs. Bakeless and guests—her mother and sister, left for Milroy on Wednesday for a visit at the old home.

Teachers Misses Roberts and McIntyre are helping the librarian at cataloguing. They are becoming quite expert in making library cards.

There are not many people around here who get ahead of time except Misses Senseney and Moore and Mr. Ettinger. They OFTEN beat time.

Miss Johnston, photographer and artist of Washington, D. C. was with us again for a day or two. Like all photographers she "takes things as they come."

Mr. and Mrs. Metz, of Utica, N. Y., parents of Mrs. Lindner, (wife of Carlisle's popular shoe-manufacturer,) were among the interested visitors on Saturday afternoon.

Felicita Medina, Adela Borrelli, Matilde Garnier and Zoraida Valdezate, four of our Porto Rican girls, have gone to live with Mrs. Etnier, Philadelphia, where they will be under private tutelage.

Football has again made its appearance. A team known as "Harvard" was recently organized under the management of Coach Beaver of our school. The team stands ready to meet any who wish to face them.

Teachers Misses Wood and Cutter constitute the committee to arrange the series of "Chapel talks" for next year. The series will consist of twelve talks on China, twelve on Russia and twelve on Geology and Mineralogy.

The population of the Carlisle Indian School now is 1004. After the home-going party is sent off, there will be 942 for the summer, with a prospect of more pupils than we have ever had on our rolls for the coming year.

It has been wondered how the Porto Ricans would take to work in country homes, but from a letter from Paul Segui we see they are showing the same pluck in that work as they do in the regular school work. Paul says he is very much pleased with his home, and thinks he will get along nicely. They were detained sometime after leaving Harrisburg by a wreck, and everything had to be transferred from one train to the other. As it was raining, the experience was not a very pleasant one, but he got through it all right and says he is now feeling good. Paul is of a happy disposition, and no doubt will get out of his country life all the disagreeable features, if he finds any.

Teachers Mrs. Walter and Miss Jones have charge of the Porto Rican English classes for a part of the vacation.

Mrs. D. B. Stevick, Mr. and Mrs. Guy LeRoy Stevick, Annie Laura Stevick, Mary Ellen Stevick, Nana Pratt Stevick, LeRoy Champney Stevick, Theron Pratt Stevick, Marion Dorothy Stevick and the baby arrive from Denver as we go to press.

Ramon Lopez has entered the printing office. As he has had some experience in the printing business in his own country—Porto Rico, he will be of good service. His main difficulty will be English, having previously worked in the Spanish language.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettinger returned from a short wedding trip last Friday. They were warmly greeted by their many friends at the school. Mrs. Ettinger has a beautiful soprano voice, and those who have had the pleasure of hearing her sing, have been warm in their praises.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Retlinsky, of the Russian Imperial Battleship, Retvizan, Cramp's Shipyards, Philadelphia were guests of Colonel and Mrs. Pratt on Wednesday. They were exceedingly interested in all that they saw, took photographs and asked leading questions.

The music books and sheet music have been thoroughly overhauled, this week. Vocal teacher, Miss Senseney, has been greatly helped by the following girls, who volunteered to give up their own time to the work: Lillian St. Cyr, Ella Romero, Mamie Monchamp, Theodora Davis, Minerva Mitten, Bertha Dennis.

Professor C. D. Coffey, Principal of the schools at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburgh made a thorough visit of our school last Thursday. His account of the busy town in which he lives was very interesting, and he promises a little story of the same for the RED MAN AND HELPER.

Florence Sickles has graduated with credit from the Grammar School at Cochranville, Pa., and intends taking general History, advanced Literature, and general reading with her country mother during the summer. Florence is making a good impression in the neighborhood, both for her race and for Carlisle, and she is the first Indian girl who has been there.

Superintendent Spray of the North Carolina, Cherokee School, arrived Wednesday with a party of eleven girls and one boy for our school. It will be remembered that Mr. Spray at one time was a member of our own faculty, and it is needless to say that he received a warm welcome. When we have time for an interview we expect to get some news relative to returned students and others we know in his part of the country.

Program for the Band Concert To-night.

1. Overture, "Nabucodonosor,"—Verdi.
2. La Papillote Concerto—Gruenwald.
3. Air Varie, "Facilita,"—Hartmann. Mr. Shongo, Soloist.
4. Fantasia, from "Bohemian Girl"—Balfe.
5. Symposia Waltz—Bendix.
6. Medley of Popular Airs, "A Cluster of Peaches."—Beyer.

A College Graduate Called to Time.

During inspection of the small boys' quarters last Sunday morning, Colonel Pratt invited the inspecting party to the reading room, when he gave Mr. Howard Gansworth, class '94, and this year's graduate from Princeton, (he having arrived Saturday to become one of our employees) a brief lecture on the Value of Time—time for everything, time to be prompt, etc., and when the Colonel placed his hand in a rear pocket of his coat we were in doubt as to whether he was getting a handkerchief or a raw-hide, but instead he produced a case containing a fine watch, and presented the same to Howard as a reward for being always on time in his studies, duties and behavior, and as a reminder that every Indian who has a fixed purpose and back-bone, as Howard has shown, has the chance to "get there" on TIME, and reach the goal. K.

Not a Dead Indian.

Leander N. Gansworth, linotype operator in The Herald office, is in Princeton this week attending the commencement exercises of Princeton college, his brother Howard being a member of the graduating class. Next week Mr. Gansworth will enter the machine shop of the Mergenthaler Linotype company in Brooklyn for instruction in the care and management of the delicate machine he operates. —[Booneville Herald.

Mr. Gansworth graduated from Carlisle in '96, and served over two years as foreman in our printing-office having learned the trade here. He had fifteen to twenty apprentices under his supervision. He then went to Booneville, New York, to take a place on the Herald, and has been advanced until he holds a responsible position.

Leander's old friends gave him a warm greeting when he arrived at Carlisle last Thursday, but his stay was all too short to call it a visit, and we hope he may come again soon.

The Faculty of a Canadian School Indulge in Jokes.

One morning recently when one of our lady officers was in the middle of a beautiful instrumental solo she was interrupted by the ringing of parade bell which required her on duty.

She stopped and said: "Oh dear, I wonder if I will be interrupted by the ringing of bells after I am dead."

One of the matter-of-fact officers who over heard this, remarked:

"Yes, Fire bells." —[St. Paul's Industrial School Advance.

Doings at the Chemawa School, Gleaned from the American.

The first picking from their strawberry patch gave the students 77 gallons of berries.

They are making improvements upon "Meditation Hall"—their name for the guard house.

Superintendent Potter has returned from a trip to California.

They are busy preparing for their Commencement exercises.

A letter from Miss Ericson announces that she and Miss Weekley will start North the last of the month. Miss Weekley goes to visit her people in South Carolina and Miss Ericson sails for a summer in Finland, after a short visit to her friends in Philadelphia. Miss Weekley has just had a visit from her sister and a photograph shows a scene on the roof of one of the Porto Rican houses, where Miss Ericson, Miss Weekley, and sister are seated in cool white and enjoying the breezes of the sea, while on the neighboring roofs similar groups can be seen.

Next to being manly is to appreciate manliness. Next to being womanly is to appreciate womanliness. There is, indeed, a measure of the high quality in man or woman that makes one recognize it when exhibited in another. It is the lack of the high quality that makes one undervalue it as it stands out in its commendableness. In view of this truth, we must remember that we disclose ourselves by our estimates of others.—[S. S. Times.

The Chilocco graduate William French whom we disclaimed last week as having been a student of Carlisle, it appears was here under a different name—William Kernosh. The girls frequently change their names, but we were not looking for it in a boy.

James Russell, who is on the U. S. R. S. Richmond, League Island, says he is getting on nicely and likes the Navy.

"Of course it will be different on a sea-going ship than this," he says.

Mrs. Ruth Shaffner Etnier is writing a series of illustrated articles on "The Educational Problem in Porto Rico" for the Southern Workman.

FLAG DAY AT OUR SCHOOL.

"We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

Friday last was flag day and the music classes celebrated the event by singing various patriotic selections, including the "Song of the Flag."

Miss Senseney gave a short talk in which she said:

People of all ages and all countries have carried flags as emblems of family character or country, from the early Israelites, marching through the wilderness with banners floating in the breeze, while they sang their song of hope, down to the Esquimaux with their totem poles, and the Indians with war belts and eagle feathers.

In the Southern part of the newly discovered land of America, the Spaniards knelt on the sun-kissed shores holding aloft their poniards to be blessed, and later the Pilgrims landed on that bleak New England shore and planted the cross, with a simple prayer for courage and help.

Years afterwards when at the beginning of the Revolution, Washington stood alone at Cambridge, with faith in his cause and his soldiers, he felt the need of an emblem to proclaim to all the world that we as a people and a country stood alone with one heart and one flag.

He was very poor and there was little time to waste, so the old red British flag was used as a back ground, and on it were stitched white stripes, emblem of the thirteen United States.

A year later, after the Declaration of Independence the first National legislation on the subject was put forth June 14, 1777.

"Resolved, That the flag of thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Previous to this, General Washington had called upon Miss Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia.

Seated in her back parlor he drew a design of the flag, and she made several improvements in the sketch, and shortly afterwards made the first real American flag.

Each time a new state joins the union, one more star is added to the blue, but the red and white stripes remain the same in honor of the grand old thirteen, that stood for Virtue, Liberty and Independence.

"God bless the flag! let it float and fill The sky with its beauty; our heartstrings thrill To the low, sweet chant of its wind swept bars, And the chorus of all its clustering stars."

News From Haskell Institute, Gleaned From Their Leader.

This is their Commencement Week, and they expect a large time. Hon. Charles F. Scott, of Iola, Kansas, was to deliver the annual address to classes.

Miss Reel, after an enjoyable three-week's visit, has returned to Washington.

Ten new band instruments have been received.

Supervisor A. O. Wright has been to Haskell.

Our Miss Hill and cousin visited them again the other day.

The pupils have strawberry shortcake. Their school has closed for the summer.

Lawrence Howell is the first Haskell grandchild to enter school here. His father, George Howell, left here in 1890 and now he has sent his little son as soon as he is old enough, that he may be educated properly. Lawrence looks very much like his father and is a nice little boy. —[Haskell Leader.

George Howell was one of the first pupils of the Man on-the-band-stand's chief clerk some 25 years ago, in the Indian Territory. We are pleased to hear good reports of him and family.

Commencement programs from the Chilocco School, Oklahoma and the Indian School at Genoa, Nebraska, have been received.

THE PLEASURE BOOK.

The following from a distant friend of Carlisle is sent us for publication, and fills one who reads with the inclination to at once start a Book of Pleasures. Let us try it and see what effect it will have upon the corners of our mouths:

A memory book was kept to the end of her life by a lovely lady, whose serenely beautiful countenance in old age was unmarred by lines of care or irritation.

So attractively happy was she that a young friend once asked her the secret of her content.

"My dear," said the elder woman, "I keep a pleasure book."

"What?"

"Yes, a pleasure book. Ever since I was a girl at school I have kept a daily account of all the pleasant things that have happened to me.

"I have only put down the pleasant things; the disagreeable ones I have forgotten as soon as possible.

"In my whole experience I cannot recall a day so dark that it did not contain some little ray of happiness.

"The book is filled with little matters—a flower, a walk, a concert, a new gown, a new thought, a fine sentiment, a fresh sign of affection from some member of the family or a friend—everything that gave me joy at the time."

"If I am ever inclined to be despondent, I read a few pages in my book, and find out how much I have to be grateful for."

"May I see your book?"

"Certainly."

Slowly the friend turned the leaves. How insignificant the entries seemed? How much they meant!

"Have you found a pleasure for every day?" inquired the young friend wistfully,

"Yes, for every day, even the sad ones."

"I think" said the friend, looking into the old ladies beautiful eyes, "you do not need to write them any more on paper. Your Pleasure Book is written in your face."

In the Book of Life, God sometimes writes sorrows, but he does not omit the joys.

The determination to make the most of happiness and the least of trouble is the truest philosophy, as well as a sign of a beautiful character and a Christian hope.

THE PENOBSCOT INDIANS.

Miss Laura W. Ronaldson, known to a number at our school, at one time visited the Penobscot Indians of Old Town, Me., and at the close of a descriptive article in the Indian's Friend says of these Indians, representatives of whom are students here:

Considering their advantages these Indians are really wonderful. They are a quiet, sober, moral, law-abiding tribe.

Very little drunkenness is ever seen, and on the occasion of the aforementioned picnic the strongest beverage on the bill of fare was a shining tin bucket of lemonade, whose strength decreased as the quantity was replenished by frequent trips to the river.

The refreshments were neatly wrapped in paper-napkins and served on plates and paper box-lids.

Exciting canoe races followed the luncheon; the entire crowd floated home in a fleet of canoes, singing such selections as "Rock of Ages," "Nearer my God to Thee," "There is a tavern in the town," "Hail Columbia," and—most appropriate of all—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Throughout the day perfect order prevailed, and the festivities ended with a country dance.

The Printing Office.

It has been said that the printing office is the stepping-stone to success, which has been proven times after.

This is proven by the career of Benjamin Franklin, who started in as an errand boy in a printing office and afterwards rose to success.

Horace Greeley also started in at the age of fifteen as a printer, and later on he established a paper (New York Tribune,) which is still in existence, and ranks as one of the leading newspapers in New York City.

Our Exchange says: Boys, if you ever have a chance to secure a job in a printing office, do so.

Perhaps you will have the job of cleaning the press, or picking up type from the floor, but remember that great men who have done the same did not grumble or they would not have risen to the positions which they held in after life.

WHAT IS A SLEEPER?

As many of our pupils came to us from the West in sleeping cars, they and the others who know about sleepers will enjoy the following, printed by request of a Moorestown subscriber. We have published it before and have seen the paragraph a number of times in other papers, but it is bright enough to repeat and makes a good language lesson for those who have not learned all the applications of the word sleeper:

A sleeper is one who sleeps.

A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps.

A sleeper is that ON which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps.

Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

A New Way of Looking at Taking Things That do Not Belong to us.

So many people spend anxious days and nights in nursing grievances which were never designed for them, and the sort of honesty displayed in the following incident is to be commended:

She was a bright little woman, and when some one apologized for an occurrence at which she might have taken offense she laughingly disclaimed any such thought.

"I am honest, you know, and so I never pick up things that don't belong to me—not even slights," she said merrily. "I don't like them, anyway, and I have to be quite certain that one is intended for me before I appropriate it."

How Working Men pay for Farms.

Riding out of Cincinnati one day, a gentleman called my attention to the beautiful farms on every hand.

"These farms," he said, "were bought by the working people of Cincinnati and paid for five and ten cents at a time."

I was interested and thought that surely some one had found a way of bettering the condition of the working man.

"But the farms belong to the brewers," my informant added.

Then I understood.

The working men PAY for the farms, but the men who sell the liquor own them.—[Look Out.

How Beauty is Spoiled.

The woman who would be beautiful should remember that the most charming picture can be spoiled by its frame.

She should keep in mind that her character shines through her face, and is betrayed by act and gesture.

There are no lotions for bad manners; no balm for unloved dispositions.

Moral defects cannot be cured in a day, and the beauty seekers must bear in mind the importance of watching the soul as well as the body.—[Chemawa American.

SENTIMENTS THAT GO.

The great things of life bother us little, but the little things of life bother us greatly.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

BACON.

Be natural; the world despises affectation, for it is twin sister to hypocrisy.

The individual who tells you that he "never had a chance in the world" generally means that he never had a chance to get something for nothing.—[Look Out.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by proceeding to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

It is a well-known fact that bright conversation, the flow of mirth, the happy jest, or a wholesome interest in the topics of the day are an aid to digestion; while, on the other hand, any strong excitement, as anger, fear or sorrow, will hinder digestion by checking temporarily the action of the salivary glands.

Many a college graduate fails to meet with success because of unwillingness to begin at the beginning, to become a freshman in the world of affairs.

Training in everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.—Puddenhead Wilson's Calendar.

One of Bishop Whipple's Indians.

The following is a story vouched for by the good Bishop:

There was a lawyer in the Indian country who had none too good a reputation for honesty.

One of the aborigines employed him to do a little legal business.

It was done to the Indian's satisfaction, the fee duly paid and a receipt for it duly demanded.

"A receipt isn't necessary," the lawyer said.

"But I want it," replied the red man. There was some argument, and the attorney finally demanded his reason.

"Since becoming a Christian I have been very careful in my dealings that I may be ready for the judgment," answered the brave, sententiously, "and when that day comes I don't want to take time to go to the bad place to get my receipt from you."

The receipt was made out and delivered promptly.

Some of the Irish do not Like England.

It is nearing time to think about how the Fourth of July will be spent, and we are reminded of the story of the old Irishman in a certain town where a committee was soliciting funds for the proper celebration of the day.

The workingmen in the factory were contributing twenty-five cents each to the day.

This Irishman refused and some one remarked:

"Why, Pat, wouldn't you give twenty-five cents for the glory of the only country that ever whipped England?"

"Putt me doon fur a dollar!" cried Pat.

"Putt me doon fur a dollar."

Read These Sentences Backward;

Just for Fun.

Able was I ere I saw Elba.
Name no one man.
Red Root put up to order.
Draw pupil's lip upward.
Trash? even interpret Nineveh's art.
Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and guns,
Red rum did emit revel ere lever time did murder.

OF A LIGHTER VEIN.

Of what trade is the sun? A tanner.

* * *

What is the new name for tight shoes? A corn crib.

* * *

What is the hardest conundrum? Life, because all have to give it up.

* * *

How can a whipping be ordered for a boy in five Old Testament names? Adam, Seth Eve, Cain Abel.

* * *

When may a room that is full of people be said to be empty? When there is not a SINGLE person in it.

* * *

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer? One sells watches and the other watches cells.

* * *

Why is a vine like a soldier? Because it is listed and trained, has ten drills and then shoots.

* * *

When is money damp? When it is due in the morning and mist (missed) at night.

* * *

Why is the house of a tidy wife like a motion to adjourn? Because it is always in order.

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. Won. 16-2.
June 1, Albright, at Myerstown. Won. 11-2.
" 5, Princeton, at Princeton. Lost 14-0.
" 8, Cornell, at Buffalo. Lost 6-5.
" 12, Yale, at New Haven. Lost 9-5.
" 13, Brown at Providence. Lost 4-0.
" 15, Harvard, at Cambridge. Lost 20-4.
" 19, Bucknell, at Lewisburg.
" 20, Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg.
" 21, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.
" 22, Country Club, Harrisburg.

Grateful.

We feel grateful to our friends for words of appreciation regarding our paper. We try to make it what its name implies—THE RED MAN, a large part being devoted to the interests of the Red Man; and HELPER,—other portions being devoted to helpful items and suggestions. It is to help ALL, not especially Indians, hence the retention of the word "and" in the heading.

Enigma.

I am made of 17 letters.
My 11, 15, 2, 10 we do to suffering people.
My 5, 12, 9 soldiers go to.
My 1, 14, 4, 8, 17 shine at night.
My 6, 7, 16, 1 make honey.
My 3, 4, 13, 16 is not thoroughly cooked.
All my letters make what Miss Paul, Miss Robbins, Miss Forster and others have been indulging in of late.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: His toy trolley car.

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