

The Red Man and Helper.


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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number Thirteen

Just Be Glad.

 HEART of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm, we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower.
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For we knew not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE MOHONK PLATFORM.

Adopted by the Conference, Oct. 17, 1901.

The Mohonk Conference congratulates the country on the following important results attendant upon efforts put forth in recent years for the elevation of the Indian race: a federal school system; the allotment of over 3,500,000 acres of land to over 55,000 Indians; the possession by these Indians of the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship; and especially the issuance during the past year of regulations for keeping family records among the Indians. Among the evils that still remain to be corrected, are the frequent changes in the Indian service due to political influence; a system of patronage which operates to prevent the abolition of needless agencies; the indiscriminate leasing of Indian lands to white men; the holding of undivided tribal funds; and the unsatisfactory condition of the Indian reservations in New York State.

The Conference is led to suggest to the President of the United States the propriety of deciding upon some method for the nomination of Agents which shall prevent the operation of political influence; it believes, moreover, that there are at least ten agencies which should at once be abolished, because they involve needless expense to the country, and operate deleteriously upon the Indians. The Conference recognizes the perplexities attending the leasing of Indian lands, but recommends more stringent legislation and more careful scrutiny of leasing recommended by agents. It believes that tribal funds held in trust for the Indians by the United States Government should be placed as rapidly as possible to the credit of individuals who are entitled to share in them, and that children born after the preparation of the lists to be used for this purpose should share in such funds only by inheritance.

Improvements are doubtless required in our Indian schools. The Mohonk Conference puts itself on record as believing in schools both in the Indian neighborhoods and at a distance from them. Eventually, all distinctively Indian schools should be abolished, and Indian pupils incorporated in the schools of the country. The importance of the native industries of these people is such that the Government and all teachers and guides of the Indian should co-operate in the endeavor to revive them.

The Conference emphasizes the recommendation made in December, 1900, by a Committee appointed by the Governor of

New York, Theodore Roosevelt, that the reservations of that State be allotted in severalty.

All dependent races within the territory of the United States should be governed in such a way as to prepare most speedily for self-government. All men under American sovereignty, whatever their race or religion, should be treated as equals before the law, amenable to the same legal penalties for their offenses, and secured in the same legal protection for their rights. In all territories of the United States, the federal Government should see that public schools are provided under federal control, and, when necessary, at federal expense, for the education of all children of school age, until permanent governments are organized, able to provide and maintain such schools. The object of action should be to secure to our dependent peoples just government, righteous laws, industrial opportunities, adequate education, and a pure and free religion.

HALLOWEEN.

No night in the year is stamped by the popular imagination with the peculiar character of that of October 31st, which for centuries has been known as All Hallows Eve, or Halloween.

Just how or when it originated is one of the unsolvable problems, but there is little doubt that its origin is pagan.

In England and Scotland this night used to be, and to some extent still is, distinguished by many singular observances.

According to popular superstition, Halloween is a very mystic evening; for "spirits both of the visible and invisible worlds are said to walk abroad in the land, and supernatural influences prevail."

We are indebted to Robert Burns for our knowledge of the many Halloween tricks practised by the Scotch lads and lasses of the last century.

Their chief object was to foresee their future life-partner—learn the name, wealth, and station.

The first ceremony Burns describes is the pulling of a stalk of cabbage by each member of a mirth-making girls' party.

Hand in hand the girls would go into the garden, pull their stalks, and with their eyes closed would return without speaking a word until home was reached.

If the stalk were long or short so would be the future husband.

As the quantity of soil clinging to the roots, so would be the wealth of the future helpmate.

If the heart of the cabbage were sweet or bitter, his temper would correspond.

Finally the stalks were placed above the door, and the Christian names of those who happened to enter soon after would be, according to popular tradition, the Christian names of the future mates.

The "corn test" is purely an American rite.

A large basket filled with ears of corn is placed in the center of the room, and each one in the party selects an ear blindfolded.

Those who chance to get large, fine ears are said to be sure of success; those who get faulty, poor ears will have ill-luck.

The regulation refreshments for Halloween are apples, nuts, and ginger-snaps.

Little Maria. Mamma, when I grow up can I marry a Dutchman?"

Mamma. "Why a Dutchman, dear?"

Little Maria. "So I can be a duchess, mamma."

"THE NATIVE AMERICAN" ON SUCCESS.

Successful people are those who do the little common things uncommonly well.

They undertake any task assigned them cheerfully, if not willingly, and complete the task promptly and thoroughly.

Until we master the little disagreeable things that come our way we are not fit for the larger duties and responsibilities.

We are not fit to rule until we know how to obey.

Too many of our boys and girls seem to have an idea that they are especially created for some extraordinary performance; that some great opening is waiting for their acceptance.

We make our own openings.

We create our own opportunities.

No man ever yet succeeded when he tried to fill a place he was not fitted for.

On the other hand no man ever fails when thoroughly equipped.

Many of our students seem to think that certain kinds of work are more honorable than others.

There are young women who would rather paint crude pictures that no one will buy, or thump for hours on a piano until voted a bore, than make a comfortable living behind a counter, keeping house or cooking meals.

There are boys who would rather live on mesquite beans, tortillas and cactus fruit, roam about like wild animals with no permanent abiding place, than to toil steadily and faithfully for honest dollars, which, if saved, would make them and others comfortable and happy for all time to come.

Common work is only another name for necessary work and is always honorable.

The great rewards are waiting for them who excel—those who do common work uncommonly well.

IT PAYS TO BE THOROUGH.

The Story of a Boy Looking For Work.

Roland stopped and looked at the sign "Boy wanted."

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment, next to a store where there had been a fire.

He had made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve his mother.

Should he go in?

He hesitated; then, with all the courage he could command, he went inside.

He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him; but a tall gentleman did notice him, and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

"What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well," pointing to some steps, "go down there, and the man at the foot will tell you what to do."

Roland went down, and found half a dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives.

The man at the foot of the steps looked up and said:

"Come to try your hand? Well, three boys just left in disgust; it doesn't seem to be boy's work, somehow, but it's got to be done. You see," he said picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, "the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning, I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen."

"Tisn't fair," said one of the boys; "some have more rust on them than others."

"If you do not like our terms you need not work for us," said the foreman; and the boy muttering that he wanted to be an errand boy and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will.

As he finished each piece, he held it up, examined it critically and wondered if his mother would think it well done.

When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent Roland down stairs appeared and looking around at the boys said:

"Well?"

"There is the boy we want," said the foreman, pointing to Roland. "He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do; he has been well trained."

Again the tall man spoke quickly:

"That's what we want. 'Boy wanted' doesn't mean any kind of a boy."

"Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your wages and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms around her neck and thank her for teaching you to be THOROUGH. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life."—[Glen Mills Daily.]

THEY ARE OBLIGED TO MARRY OR GO TO JAIL.

The Indians on the Ponca and Otoe reservation can no longer live with their wives unless they are married legally.

"The men rebelled at first," said Agent Jensen recently in an interview, "but I gave them their choice of marrying or going to jail."

The sheriff helped me out.

When a man proved very recalcitrant I had a warrant issued for his arrest for living with a woman not his wife. The fear of a term in jail caused him to surrender, and as I always had a marriage license in readiness, the reservation minister performed the ceremony in short order.

Since the order was issued, about sixty couples who were living in this way have married and are happy and contented.

White Deer, a Ponca, is the only buck who has broken his marriage vows.

He tired of his wife and eloped with another woman, going to the Omaha reservation in Nebraska.

When he returns to his own reservation he will be arrested and made an example of.

Mr. Jensen is the guardian of 600 Poncas, 350 Otoes, and 56 Tonkawas.

The Poncas and Otoes have reservations of their own, while the Tonkawas, although living on allotted lands, are scattered in white farming community.

"All the tribes are wealthy," continued Mr. Jensen. "The Otoes have \$700,000 in the United States treasury, the Poncas \$70,000 and the Tonkawas \$30,000. The Poncas and the Otoes also own 170,000 acres of land, worth \$10 an acre. Many of the acres are leased to white men, the revenues of the Poncas from that source being \$50,000 annually, while the Otoes receive \$30,000 and the Tonkawas \$10,000."

Some Hours in the Forest.

Last Saturday a party of eighteen took a pleasant drive to the near mountains, in search of nuts, but very soon after our arrival, we discovered traces of our little friends the squirrels, who had busied themselves in preparation for the winter by collecting nuts, some weeks before our call. We did not censure the little creatures for being so thoughtless of their friends, for they allowed us to share the gorgeous coloring of the forest, the beautiful scenery and the pure air.—[03.

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

Thanksgiving Day next.

1902 calendars are coming in.

Next Tuesday will be election day.

The turkeys round about are fattening.

Mrs. Ettinger is visiting her home in Chester.

The political pot is now boiling to some purpose.

The leaf-sweepers are still at it, and it is choice work.

Mrs. Wheelock is visiting her mother in Philadelphia.

Miss Rice, of Slatington, was a guest of Miss Roberts for a few days.

Of course it is better to hit the nail on the head than to hit the nail on the finger.

Success is the continued echo of everlastingly pounding at the thing to be obtained.

Nora Jamison has joined the hospital force, to become in time a trained nurse, it is hoped.

Children learn a great deal at school that they are compelled to unlearn after they grow up.

Mrs. Ida Warren Tobin is teaching at the Genoa Indian School, and has with her her pretty baby girl.

Mrs. Booth was Miss Cutter's guest for lunch on Monday. She leaves town for her home in Sag Harbour, in a few days.

Miss Louise Miller, the lecturer on Nature Study has proved this week from a scientific standpoint that the farmer is the back bone of the world.

Miss Barr is nursing a sick boy in New Jersey.

LATER: Dr. Diven and Miss Barr brought the sick boy—Onoleana, home, on Wednesday evening.

On Tuesday Rev. H. G. Ganss, of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, was out visiting the school with friends from a distance, among them was Mr. Michael J. Magee, of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, Dublin

A girl was seen to stoop on the walk, the other day, and remove a banana skin, so that the next passer-by would not slip on it. How thoughtful!

Many a person has had a limb broken by slipping on the treacherous banana skin.

We have received on our exchange list THE RED MAN & HELPER, which is set up and printed weekly by the Indians at the Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa. It is newsy and splendidly edited. We are glad to note the progress of this wonderful and brave race of people.—[The Star of Zion.

One of the small boys found a treasure last week in the form of four small eggs, which he promptly brought home to his own room and deposited them in his trunk. The next morning he was serenaded by four small guinea-peeps, and now the other boys call him "Mother Guinea."

Thirty adjustable drawing tables for the art room have been placed in position this week. The tables are made by the Washburn Company, Worcester, Mass., and present a fine appearance. They are mounted on cast-iron tripods and can be changed to any position, horizontally or vertically.

Mr. S. R. Claudy, of Pomfret street, father of the lamented William R. Claudy, who was chief of our mailing department, paid the office a call, when reminiscing was indulged in, and the good name and character of his son so beloved and missed, was dwelt upon in tenderest remembrance.

Mr. Frank Hudson has gone back to his post of duty in a prominent Pittsburg bank. He spent two very enjoyable vacation weeks with friends here, and went to Buffalo and Harvard with the football team. During practice here he left some good hints for the boys, who are trying to get the cunning of the drop-kick.

Buckwheat cakes are ripe, and so are chestnuts.

The boys finished husking corn at the lower farm last Saturday.

An aged lady of Sterling, Illinois, who is 86, in her letter renewing subscription, says: "I receive your good paper regularly and enjoy reading it—full of excellent reading. I am an aged lady of 86, but take great interest in everything that is studied in your Carlisle School. I am your friend, Susanna R. Davis.

Mrs. Annabel Morris Holvey, Superintendent of the Press Department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is visiting her niece, Mrs. W. Grant Thompson. Having had to do with newspaper people, she took special interest in the printing-office. Mrs. Holvey lectured during the week at Boiling Springs and one evening in town.

A letter from Mrs. Campbell, Oregon, tells of their pleasure at being home again, and of the warm reception received by her family and school. They had a delightful trip, and she advises those going west to take the Sunset route, for beauty and interesting scenery. She closes her letter by saying "We are well. Irene is well. The boys are well. What more can I say?" We should have received the letter long before, but it was mislaid by one who was told to mail it.

The talk on China last week at the opening exercises of the school was given by Professor Bakeless on Zingis Khan and the Mongul Conquest of China. Mrs. Cook follows this week on the Ming Dynasty. Many very interesting facts are brought out from week to week regarding these distant people. As we learn something about their history and life, we find that they have done much toward developing a civilization which rivals our own, in many ways. Our prejudices often keep us from recognizing the good accomplished by other individuals and races.

Last Friday night the Choir sang very acceptably in the English Reformed Church in town, when the Sunday school Convention was being held. Rev. Dr. Norcross, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, gave the address of the evening upon "Modern Methods of Studying the Bible." He urged the same research as would be given any other subject, and advocated up-to-date methods of teaching. The Choir members were personally thanked by members of the committee?

The monthly sociable took place on Saturday night. It is the rule that on the last Saturday night in every month the students meet in the large gymnasium, where music by the Band forms part of the evening's entertainment, besides games and promenades. The latter seems to be the most popular pastime, and the Man-on-the-band-stand would like to know how many miles some of the couples walk around the running gallery. There are always a few wall flowers, who stand about, hardly knowing what to do, but they seem to enjoy looking on.

What kind of a heart must a little boy have, who likes to tie things onto a cat's tail, in such a way that the cat is in misery for hours. A little bit of teasing is one thing, but to be wretchedly cruel and torturous to a dumb animal is something that marks a heart of stone? Such a fellow must be pitiless, merciless, cruel. He should be punished in such a way as to give him pain, for how else can he ever learn to think about the suffering he gave to the poor cat. We are sorry to have such a boy with us, and are glad that we never saw another like him.

Miss Jennie Ericson of Porto Rico, who has been visiting her home in Finland stopped at Philadelphia on her return to her post of duty as teacher in Porto Rico, and left the City of Brotherly Love, continuing on her ocean voyage, last Saturday. She says by card that she had a very pleasant trip coming across the Atlantic and felt pleased to be in "my good America again. I am also glad to go back to Porto Rico. My whole summer has been a lovely, pleasant one" and she feels grateful indeed. She hopes that her friends here at the school are all well.

General News Items.

Written by the Seniors.

Mr. James Wheelock, Band Leader and Assistant Printer, now carries a cane, the result of last Saturday's football game.

After the victory of the Printers over the Juveniles, the former were treated to ice-cream and cake by the Superintendent of printing and Assistant, which were appreciated.

The girls at the Waterbury Hospital, Connecticut, all seem to enjoy their work, even though they have many hard things to do.

Bernice Pierce who is at Rancocas, N. J., is having a very pleasant time.

Jennie Turkey class 1900, is in Fredonia, N. Y. taking a course in music and other studies.

Most of the Senior girls are taking up the work they expect to do after leaving here.

The pupil teachers are enjoying the lectures which are given by Miss Miller from 8 to 9, every morning. We like to hear about things in nature.

The Senior girls have ordered their class hats of old rose and white.

Who was the Junior that said, "You ought to could see him"?

Henrietta Coates '01, is attending the Buffalo Normal School.

The Seniors have realized that Algebra is a very puzzling study; for it requires a great deal of thinking to be its master.

Alex McDougall, a former student of Carlisle is now assistant clerk at Leech Lake Agency, Minnesota.

Ada Sockbeson who spent a very pleasant vacation among her friends at home, says she is glad to be back in school.

Written by the Sophomores.

On Tuesday morning, Miss Miller gave a little talk on nature study to the A and B classes of the Normal room. The little people were very much interested and were rather sorry that the time was short.

The boys of the Sophomore class who intended to visit Gettysburg last Saturday, but did not because they were needed out in the cornfield are anxiously waiting for next Saturday to come, which is the promised day, and if the weather is suitable they will certainly have a double good time.

Owing to the absence of the choir, band and football boys, the program of the Standard Literary Society last Friday was carried out mostly by volunteers. This shows the true society spirit.

A sweet little baby boy has come to live with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lavatta at their home in Idaho, and they seem to think there is no one like him.

Corn husking seems to be more important with the Sophomores, than a trip to Gettysburg.

Miss Moore has just discovered that Minnie Johnson is a fine musician.

The whole school attended the Sesqui-Centennial held in town last week. The girls went in classes, and were accompanied by their teachers.

One of the many privileges enjoyed by a Carlisle boy, is the opportunity to work on the school farm. There the rudiments of agriculture are written on the minds of the ambitious young man.

If he is only willing to learn, and shows that he is willing, the man under whom this boy is working, will take a great deal of interest in him and he will, no doubt, try, in every respect to advance the education of the youth along such lines as he is most capable of following.

A DELIGHTFUL COURSE OF LECTURES IN PROGRESS.

Miss Louise Miller, a graduate of Cornell, and author of "A Course in Nature Study for use in the Public Schools," issued by the Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, as Bulletin No. 63, is giving a course of lectures to our teachers, this week, from eight to nine o'clock, each morning.

Miss Miller is a most interesting talker, and is thoroughly at home in her subject. She will give two evening lectures on Landscape-Gardening and Plant-life.

The teachers from town were invited to enjoy the lectures with us.

Our teachers are greatly interested in Miss Miller's work, and are receiving much help from her talks.

We heartily commend Miss Miller to all the County Superintendents of schools as an instructor in their institutes for the winter.

It is a deplorable fact that in our rural schools, where the boys and girls ought to have their eyes opened to the mysteries of nature, to plant and animal life and conditions that make for successful fruit culture, stock raising and crop culture, they are fed on the husks of subjects that do not enter into their lives at all.

Farming does not pay, forsooth, because the nature of the soil is not understood; crops are not wisely planned for, planted nor cared for.

Diseased conditions in orchard, field and farm-yard are permitted to go on from year to year.

Fruit trees are not taken care of properly, stock is neglected for want of proper knowledge, and the farmers' efforts are worse than wasted. Farmers are unable to help themselves. They do not know how to get at the secrets of nature's successes or failures.

Teachers ought to help these conditions, and they cannot because THEY do not know, hence are not able to break the crust of ignorance on these subjects.

Miss Miller's skill and preparation enables her to do much for the teacher.

She should meet many of the teachers of the State, and give of her abundance to quicken them in the work of nature study.

The United States Government and the State Government, weekly, are sending out bulletins and reports full of information on all subjects relating to the farm, the garden, on stock, poultry-raising, that teachers and people in general should know about.

These documents can be had for the asking, and are too often not read. We go on as a people in approved Chinese style, blundering as of old, no wiser among the rank and file of workers than was our grandfathers. When our crops are eaten up it is the "mysterious ways of Providence" and not the ignorance of workers in the school room and on the farm.

The Printer--Juvenile Game.

After the Printers had beaten every team they had played this year at football, even holding the redoubtable Tailors down to a well-shapen goose egg, the Juveniles pricked up their ears and thought they would like to tackle the typos.

We are a light team and amateur throughout, while the Juveniles are really the third team of the school, are mostly heavy men, and one of their number has played on the regular.

Still we felt willing to try them, not expecting however to find them an easy foe

On Saturday last, at 2:30, P. M. the game was called, and the contest began. It was a hard-fought battle from start to finish, and only by superior teamwork, and speed, did the Printers win by the score of 18 to 0.

So the "Ponies," as the Printers are called on account of their size, still hold championship of all teams outside of the First and Second.

