The Red Man and Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

THE RED MAN. SEVENTEENTH YEAR. This is the number or Vol. XVII No. 27 your time mark on wrapper refers to. (17-27)

FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1902.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number Twenty-three

OPPORTUNITY.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

MASTER of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late—
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise—before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not and return—no more.
—[American Federationist.

NIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

In view of the long trip on the ocean soon to be taken by Colonel and Mrs. Pratt, and Miss Richenda, let us get acquainted with some of the things they will have to meet on the sea.

There are perils as well as pleasures on a sea voyage, and the following from the London Express portrays the care with which such floating palaces as the Celtic are watched in order that the passengers may be safe and feel safe.

—

How many of the thousands of people who travel across oceans on huge liners know how these great ships are safeguarded at night against dangers, which may at any moment spring from the utter darkness ahead?

Certainly very few, and millions of those who have not traveled on such vessels know anything whatever about the manner in which passengers are protected from peril.

Chief Officer Armstrong, of the Celtic, which is the largest ship afloat, gives an interesting account of how the work of watching is carried on.

Each of the 313 men who compose the crew has his special duty to perform.

The burden of responsibility is felt keenly by the men on the stem head, or foremost point in the bow of the ship; in the "crow's nest," on the bridge and in the engine room.

On the stem head, in ordinary weather, there are usually two men.

These men are practically the eyes of the ship.

They are selected with especial care and receive more pay than ordinary seamen.

Before a man can become a lookout his eyesight is rigorously tested both as to distance and color.

No one may act as lookout on a ship like the Celtic without first obtaining a certificate as to physical fitness from the Board of Trade.

Of course, the main point for sighting objects when out at sea is in the "crow's nest," on the masthead.

The "crow's nest" men must see things before the officer on the bridge sights them.

If an officer on deck makes out an object before the "crow's nest" man detects it, the latter gets a reprimand.

At night look-out men have to be very much on the alert for sounds.

Both the hearing and seeing of these men are tested, and their eyes and ears must be well nigh perfect.

In a fog the safety of a ship depends as much on the hearing qualities of the look-out as upon anything else.

Look-out men on the stem head have a telephone close at hand, by means of which they may communicate with the officers on the bridge.

Look-outs have two hours on duty and four off.

They earn about £4 per month.

The next place forward—where look-out work is combined with other duties—is the bridge.

In fair weather two officers are always on duty on the bridge; in foul weather three.

The captain often stays on the bridge for hours when there is any danger.

One of the most important places on shipboard is at the wheel.

In ordinary weather but one man is at the wheel steering.

Though one man is at the wheel, there are always two on hand.

These men are known as quartermasters.

One stands at the wheel while the other is at call on a moment's notice.

Usually the quartermaster not steering is outside the pilot house within sound of the wheelman's voice.

Quartermasters have four hours on duty and four hours off when the ship is at sea.

In misty weather a special man is detailed to blow the boat's whistle at given intervals.

The crews assigned to each lifeboat on board examine their boats each night and report that their boats are in good condition.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO AFTER YOU GRADUATE?

How a boy of Fifteen got his Place.

A number of class 1902 are settled in their minds as to just what they will do after they graduate.

Others are looking around and thinking what they can do best.

Some will go out and try to find work.

Some will fail, while others will succeed on account of their manly bearing and honest ways.

This story from Wellspring, about a certain John is good food for anybody who is about to start out to find work:

John was fifteen years old when he applied for a place in the office of a well-known lawyer, who advertised for a boy, but he had no reference.

"I am afraid I will stand a poor chance," he said, "but I will try."

The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"A good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the new suit,—but other boys had appeared in new clothes,—saw the well-brushed hair, and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly; another glance showed the fingers free from soil.

"Ah! That looks like thoughtfulness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, and John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was the lawyer's thought; "he can speak up when necessary." "Let me see your writing," he added, aloud.

John took the offered pen and wrote his name.

"Very well; easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last! John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have not any," he said slowly; "I am almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without reference," was the rejoinder; and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have no references," he said, with hesitation, "but here is a letter from mother I just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:

"MY DEAR JOHN: I want to remind you that when you get work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go! You have been a good son to me. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm," said the lawer, reading it over a second time. "That is pretty good advice, John,—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without reference."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend to take the young man into patnership?" asked a friend, lately.

"Yes, I do; I could not get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was his mother's good advice and honest praise.—[Wellspring.

HOW INDIANS ARE OFTEN MISREPRESENTED BY POOR OR WILFULLY BAD INTERPRETERS.

The writer who was in attendance at the recent Mohonk Conference where are invited "men and women with earnest hearts and clear brains to discuss the elevation of different races of people and the best way of doing it" was greatly impressed with the following story told by Miss Mary C. Collins, the veteran missionary at Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota, illustrative of the way in which interpreters sometimes get the best of the ignorant Indians.

On her way to Mohonk, Miss Collins stopped at Buffalo to see the Pan-American Exhibition: in her own words:

I was much interested in stopping in Buffalo.

I made my way from the gate directly to the Indian show in the Midway, and I reached there just in time to see a chief from Pine Ridge introduced to the great throng as the greatest living chief of the Sioux Nation.

The audience was told that this man was the greatest warrior among the Sioux, that he had killed many people, and was considered by the President of the United States and by the generals of the army as one of the greatest generals of the day; that he had been on the warpath and followed up by our army, which was not able to overtake him, and had to call in the assistance of another country before he was vanquished.

Then an Indian whom I do not know made a speech to the people at the door, and the old man in his own tongue said:

"My friends, we are brought here by your white people to play before you, and in the inside of this tent the play will be going on; and if you pay, you will see our people. You will see us ride on our horses. This is all I have to say."

The interpreter said:

"Now, you will want to know what the old man said. He said that he wished he had been in this late war, that he would have annihilated all those enemies, and he also said that he was a great man among his own people, and that there was only one thing he was not happy about, and that was that he had only eight wives, and there was another old red devil on the reservation that had nine."

(Cries of Shame! Shame!)

The PRESIDENT.—It is a shame, is it not, that such things should be tolerated. Was the so-called interpreter a Government official?.

Miss COLLINS.—I do not know. I stood within six feet of him and heard the speech. The congress of Indians as I saw it was only a poor imitation of a Wild West Show with another name. I tell you this that you may understand how perfectly helpless these people are in the hands of their interpreters, and how important it is that you know your interpreters when you see them in Washington. I have frequently been in a great meeting when I have heard things said by the Indian which were translated by the interpreter to mean a very different thing. Our Indians are very often misrepresented in this way.

AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.

It is announced that the Rev. Henry G. Ganss, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, Pa., and chancellor of the diocese of Harrisburg, has accepted the appointment of financial agent of the Catholic Indian Schools.

The proffer was made him as a result of the deliberations of Archbishops of the United States, recently held at the Catholic University of America.

The headquarters of Father Ganss will be at the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions in Washington, D. C.

Father Ganss has long held a prominent position in the eyes of the country. In him there is a fusion of qualities that are rarely found in conjunction. His admirable administration of the details of a large diocese has proven his capability as an administrator. He has, too, culture and academic bias that have given him an important place in the world of serious criticism. Those who fell under the claim of his eloquent lectures delivered in this city, will not soon forget them, nor the fascinating personality that they reveal.

The breadth of his scholarship and the brilliancy of his phrasing give him a unique importance as an interpreter of music.

Mr. Gustav Kobbe is the only musical critic in the country who can approach him for subtlety and illuminating power. Father Ganss is still a young man; the chief work of his life lies before him; its importance cannot be overestimated. Yet his host of friends and well-wishers trust the arduous duties that will fall to his lot will not deflect him too widely from the scholarly pursuits that have brought him honor.

The Archbishops could not have selected any one better equipped for the delicate tasks that hedge in the appointment of financial agent of the Catholic Indian schools.—[The Church Progress.

An Example.

A school board inspector once asked a class of children if any of them could tell him what an epidemic was. No answer.

"Well, let me prompt you. An epidemic is anything that spreads. Now, what's an epidemic?"

"Jam, sir," replied a boy promptly.
—[Brooklyn Life.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.

The 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.

To be thoughtless is to bring trouble on oneself and others.

To be thoughtful is to bring pleasure and happiness to others and myself.

A beautiful soul makes a beautiful face, a beautiful form, a beautiful character.

When we fail in a project, it is well to seek for the cause of the failure, first in ourselves.

Being behind time is of all habits a most mortifying one, and causes all who associate with us loss of many moments and much annoyance.

The atmosphere of the growler is a chilly one. It freezes joy out of the lives of all who touch it. Pleasant faces, pleasant words are contagious. They do good as medicine.

Hon. James S. Sherman, Chairman of the Indian Committee of the House of Representatives has promised to deliver the diplomas. Mr. Sherman is well remembered by Carlislers, and will receive a warm welcome.

The same interest that enables you to go careening over the ice, would send you gleesome through your work and your studies. Enthusiasm is a glorious quality to its possessor. Have it, whatever else you lack.

The printed report of the Superintendent of Indian Schools for 1901 is before us. It is the nineteenth annual report of that department. Miss Estelle Reel, the present Superintendent of United States Indian Schools, has been the incumbent of that office for three years, and in that time she has travelled 65,900 miles—63,544 being by rail and 2,356 by team—inspecting Indian schools. There are many things of interest to note in the report which we will take up in future issues of our paper.

Your true communist is the man who likes to live on the fruits of other peoples' labor. If you look for him in these days, you are pretty sure to find him in a lager-beer saloon, talking over schemes for rebuilding the universe.—FISK.

To-day is the greatest opportunity of our lives.

The little duties that it brings are teeming with possibilities.

The blind do not see them.

The careless do not use them.

The lazy fail to do them.

And the bitter, discontented cry goes up: "I have NO CHANCE to succeed."

At this moment YOU are throwing one dozen chances away.

Find them!

Do them!

And murmur not!

To be behind time, to miss an engagement, to form dilatory habits are destructive to every instinct that would make for business success.

"Seest thou" an officious, careless irresponsible boy, ready to meddle, ready to get others into trouble, ready to excuse every fault,—well, "There is more hope of a fool than of such an one."

FROM CARLISLE'S LONG-TIME FRIEND—MAJOR GEO. LEROY BROWN.

Maj. George LeRoy Brown, of the 10th United States Infantry, writer of the following letter was the second officer at Carlisle, standing next to Capt. Pratt in the establishment of the school, rendering most efficient service for the first four months of the school in establishing order and discipline. In the 22 years' existence of the school, Major Brown has always taken the greatest interest in its welfare, and a very considerable portion of his life since has been in connection with educational institutions. For a time he was Acting Agent of the Pine Ridge Sioux Indians when they were in a semi-unsettled state. He was Military Instructor at the Delaware State Agricultural College, also Military Instructor at the University of Tennessee.

When the war with Spain came, Major Brown was made Colonel of the 4th Tennessee Infantry, and commanded it until the war terminated, and it was mustered out.

The picture he gives of the beginnings of education in our remote island possessions will be especially interesting to all our readers:

ON BOARD S.S. CARMEN, MINDORO SEA, OFF THE ISLAND OF DUMARAN.
NOV. 29, 1901.

Perhaps some one of "our" Indian boys and girls at Carlisle can tell you "where I'm at."

I could not have pointed out the place on the map a year ago.

I have just finished reading my last received copy of the INDIAN HELPER and believe I could repeat a good part of it. It is decidedly a creditable little paper, and I have read it with unflagging interest since the first issue (a part of which, by the way, I believe I was.)

As I look back over a somewhat busy life, I can think of no one enterprise that appeals more strongly to my sympathy than Carlisle. (Of course I refer to the school.)

My confidence in the capacity of the Indian child for development into useful manhood and womanhood dates back to childhood when we met on equal ground in sports, boyhood fights and friendships.

In an hour or so I will be visiting the school at Araceli, on the Island of Dumaran, where I gathered together about two hundred little Filipinos, two months ago and detailed two American soldiers to teach their young ideas to shoot English-ward(?)

They display intense interest and in many ways remind me of the first instalment of Carlislists.

These islands, Balabac, Paragua, Calamianes and Cuyos, were under insurecto rule from the time the Spaniards evacuated, until last June, when I was ordered over to take charge in the name of the United States Government.

The first month was devoted, mainly, to defeating and capturing the insurectos, and since that time we have been pushing schools and inculcating a feeling of confidence in the Government among the people.

There are no insurectos in these islands now and have not been since July, but the people are poor and the problem of how to aid them in reconstructing their abandonded towns, farms and other industrial int rests is a hard one and necessitates constant visiting of the different islands and the taking of personal interest in the local affairs of towns and families.

There is a vast deal of difference among the Filipinos, good, bad and indifferent, industrious, lazy and thoughtless, Christians, Moros and savages (i.e. native, mountain people, they are a gentle and almost timid race, as a rule) and it would not do to forget "John Chinaman."

The benefits to the Filipino resulting from John's presence are many, and much that is bad can be laid at his door.

One Chinese merchant married legally to a Filipino, has two daughters in college in Manila and is a hearty supporter of education.

During the recent harvest, while older members of the Filipino families were compelled to leave town to work in the fields, this Chinaman provided board and lodging at his house for some thirty harvest-time orphans, so that they could remain in school.

"More education, less insurrection, better business" is the way he puts it, when I asked him why he favored schools for the Filipinos.

A prejudiced person might perhaps question the sincerity of his philanthropy. I didn't elect to examine closely the gift horse in this case. In fact there was no chance to put in valid objection as he furnished care, stabling and food.

I can't find it in my heart to object to that kind of aChinaman, even if he doesn't forget altogether his business in extending a charitable hand to the poor and ignorant. As the Spaniards say, my house is at his disposition.

One of the most honored citizens of my territory is a full blood Tagalog.

He is a man of upright character, against whom no man has a bad word. Even the insurectos against whom he stood out in favor of law and order, speak of him with respect as an honest man, who lived up to his convictions.

"The people are ignorant and have no heads for independent thought. Until the majority can think for themselves, independent, free government is impossible for the Filipinos"—is the way he states his views.

In other words, peace at any cost and SCHOOLS.

That is the whole thing in a nut shell; but don't forget the schools.

ENCOURAGING.

Friends of Indian education should be encouraged by the recent action of some of the Winnebago tribe, in Wisconsin.

They have made complaint against the Tomah school for Indians, and asked that their children be allowed to attend the public schools of La Crosse; and they are willing to pay for the privilege.

Their views are summed up by Stand Straight, one of their number, who says that an Indian's education is judged by his ability to speak good English.

That his daughters, one eighteen years old, and the other thirteen, have been attendants at the Tomah school for some time, and speak nothing but their native tongue.

He clinched his argument by pointing to the elder girl, decked out in silver trinkets and bright colored beads, and saying:

"Instead of teaching her to dress like a civilized woman, they let her spend her income for these."

It is so rare to find the older Indians interested in education and anxious to have their children learn that the request of the Winnebagoes deserves careful consideration.—[The Youth's Companion.

With no reflection upon the Tomah school, for many an Indian becomes disgruntled over some little thing that has not been satisfactory to him, and takes his children from the school if he can, we print the incident as showing the attitude we would like to see all Indians take regarding their children going to any Government Indian School.

Treat the Indian to-day as Penn did and you will not meet a manlier man than the Indian of North America.

The Indian does not ask to be pitied or fed by alms.

He is not begging for mercy.

He is not asking to be put at the head of society

He is not a pauper.

All he asks is justice, right, and to be treated like a man, that is all.—[Charles Gibson in The Indian Journal.

PRIMER CLASS.

Is the Indian a problem?

The Indian IS a problem.

WHY is the Indian a problem?

Because the Indian is in a PEN.

Who PUT the Indian in a pen?

The Government put the Indian in a pen, many, many years ago.

Why did the Government put the Indian in a pen?

The Government put him in a pen so he could be taken care of easier.

Can the Indian learn to take care of himself while he is in the pen?

The Indian canNOT learn to take care of himself while he is in the pen.

If the Indian should go out of the pen and live with industrious people, could he learn how to take care of himself?

The Indian could learn to take care of himself if he should go out of the pen.

HOW could the Indian learn how to take care of himself?

The Indian could learn how to take care of himself, just the same as anybody else learns how to take care of himself, by taking care of himself.

If the Indian should learn how to take care of himself what would become of the problem?

The problem would get lost.

If the problem should get lost what would happen?

Some white people would be very sorry.

That will do, you may go to your seats!

HE WILL LECTURE FOR US.

We are to have a celebrated gentleman of color, Professor W. H. Councill of Normal, Alabama, to deliver the Tuesday night's lecture before the Literary Societies, Commencement week. He has the highest encomiums as an orator, and is rated by distinguished men of letters as probably the finest specimen of the Negro in America.

Professor Councill was born a slave and as the Clarinda Iowa Herald states it, he is "black" not a "tan." His childhood and youth were spent in the cottonfields under a severe master, and he is a living, indisputable demonstration of the possibilities of his race.

What he is he insists all may become—and more.

He is not a "freak"; not a genius; not an abnormal development.

He is simply an ordinary man who by force of character rose above his environments, towering like an isolated mountain peak upon a plain, yet constructed of the same kind of material that lies calm in lowly obscurity all around him.

NARROW MINDED MEN NOT WANTED.

One of our boys who is teaching in a distant Indian school and who has been in the service for several years says he heard an Agent say: "I will not let any child or children go away from here to Carlisle so long as I am in charge of this agency." He adds that said agent has since been dismissed from the service. The young man hardly thinks that the service suffers much.

"I know another man," said he, "who boasted that the Carlisle Indian school was not the right kind of a school for Indian children and that Carlisle cannot make Indians the same as white men? I merely replied that all the Indian needs is a chance, and when you give it to him I think he will improve it. I understand that this Superintendent was dismissed from the Indian service by telegram."

The young man seemed to relate these incidents only to show that the Department does not want narrow minded men in the service. He says that the Superintendent of the school where he is now teaching, said of him not long since in an employee's meeting: "I forget when I am talking to Mr. So-and-so that he is an Indian, it seems as though he were a whiteman."

Chemawa, Oregon, has been struck with a slight earthquake.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Miss Ely's new word—Bob-up-i-tiveness.

The trolley reaps a harvest when there is skating on the creek.

The pupils are making the best use of their time for skating.

The Sophomores are reviewing the early history of the United States.

Can you tell the student items from the Man-on-the-band stand's this week?

The skating pond is again in good order for skating after another snow storm.

"The product of the cane is desired" is the way some people ask for the sugar.

Rev. and Mrs Diffenderfer were guests of Miss Paull to dinner on Saturday evening.

Miss Ferree is at present giving lessons in bread making to her classes in Domestic Science.

Daniel Eagle recited an excellent oration before the class last Monday afternoon.—['04.

The lecture delivered by General Horatio King last Saturday evening was very interesting.—['04.

George Robinson has entered the paint shop, and good work is expected from him.

Miss Jackson is among her girls in New Jersey by this time. She is expected home soon.

Victoria Johnson is helping to cover the roof of the back porch of the student's dining hall, with tin.

The girls of the Senior class are invited to attend the meeting of the Standard Society this evening.

The Seniors are studying the principles of telegraphy, also of Marconi's wireless telegraphy.

It now looks as though we were going to have a large number of guests Commencement week.

Adela Borralli spent New Year's day with Mary Castro, one of our Porto Ricans in her country home.

The story of John, first page, will interest other than Indian boys who are wanting good places to work.

Little Mary Stone has learned to iron collars and cuffs on the mangle and will in time become an expert.

Misses Clara and Mary Anthony of College street were guests of Miss Miles to dinner on Saturday evening.

These are the days when the spendthrift wishes he had saved some of his pennies to buy a pair of skates.

The Invincible Society was glad to see Wallace Denny who is recuperating his health, at the meeting last Friday.

The blacksmith and woodwork department have finished five buckboards out of the twelve that they are to make.

A little bird has told us that Edward Rodgers who is attending school at the University of Minnesota may surprise Carlisle any day.

The Invincible society had a good meeting on Friday night. The new president is equal to the situation and holds matters well in hand.

The visiting committee to the Susans have failed to make their report at this writing, hence we are unable to say how the Susans are doing.

What girl was it last week, when asked by another girl what ingenuity meant, said: "I guess it means when the Indians get their annuity."

The new farm house which has been built recently is getting its finishing touches. Mr. Harlan expects to move into it next week.—'04

The different classes are reviewing and the Sophomore class is no exception. They have dropped the reading evenings in order that they may use those evenings for study.

"Easy come! Easy go!" But in connection with this let us remember that wilful waste brings woeful want,and that a fool and his money are soon parted.

Rudeness is a mark of ignorance and ill breeding. Gentleness and courtesy of good breeding and refinement.

Societies to-night: Misses McIntire and Newcomer, Invincibles; Miss F. Laird and Mr. Allen, Standards; Mr. Wheelock and Miss Schweier, Susans.

Although our dear school-father does not resemble a corn-cob his name does in this case: Why is a corn-cob like R. H. Pratt? Because it has a kernel attached to it.—'04

No one enjoys seeing the boys and girls having a good time on the ice more than does Colonel Pratt. He is often heard to say "It makes me feel like skating."

Nellie Orme, who went to her home in Arizona, is very ill. Nellie has many friends here who sympathize with her, and hope she will soon regain her usual health.

While they have stakes in the tin shop we have sticks in the printing-office. If theirs were beef-steaks and ours fire sticks we might join forces and have a preety good meal.

One of the Sophomores thought that Col. Pratt was going to dismiss the boys and girls from the ice, Monday. But when he got there, he said, that he was sorry that he had no skates.

Band Master Ettinger has gone away for a few days on business. Before he left he gave the band boys an interesting talk on one of Wagner's great compositions. He has since returned.

An uncle of Congressman Curtis, of Kansas, General W. E. Hardy, of Kaw Agency, brought his son Lee to enter our school as a student, on Saturday. He was on his way to Washington.

A rule has been in force in the Large Boys' Quarters that boys who are late for formations over three times must, scrub on Saturday; this is a little bit hard on the boy who wants to skate with his sister or cousin.

The Standard Society did not have a meeting up to their usual STANDARD last week. The programme was poorly presented. There was a small attendance and a lack of preparation on the part of the speakers.

Mr. Antonio Lubo writes from Johns Hopkins Hospital Baltimore, Md., saying that he is getting along nicely, although his hand still pains him. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends at Carlisle Indian School.

It is astonishing what long strides the small boy taketh when his skates are under his arm, the ice before him, and he has but a half hour or so to skate. His playmate calleth "Ice!" but the word beareth not its usual signification.

The students of No. 6 school room gave a little entertainment on Thursday evening, in their own room. The song "My Old Kentucky Home," rendered by the quartet—E Wheelock, J. Vavages, C. Kennedy and Reuben Sundown, was well received.

Do not attempt to follow an order until you know you have heard it aright, and understand it We know of a girl who started to town to do an errand, only to find later, when she thought, that she did not know what her errand was.

A Sophomore while drinking from a pitcher of water was startled by feeling a foreign substance slip into his mouth. Expelling the mouthful into the basin immediately before him, he was horrified to see a living fish three inches long swimming around in it. S.

A test of the reading and articulation of the students of the upper grades, took place last week It is gratifying to note that the number of pupils who are still imperfect in their enunciation and use of English sounds is growing gradually less. Nineteen, ninth grade pupils, on the list, nineteen eighth grade pupils, and twenty-seven-seventh grade pupils All will work to eliminate this defective enunciation, and by that means make the schoolwork more effective.

GENERAL KING LECTURES TO US.

General Horatio C. King's lecture on Saturday night was listened to with eager attention on the part of the students and others.

The center of the hall was well filled with people from town.

General King graduated from Dickinson College in 1858, and is well known here.

He rendered distinguished service in the War of the Rebellion, which gave him his title as General.

Colonel Pratt has known him for many years, and introduced the speaker to the Indian students, feeling that it was unneccessary to tell a Carlisle audience before whom he had appeared many times, who he was.

His talk was upon Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Beecher and other distinguished men, and the stories that were interspersed among the more serious and eloquent parts of his lecture were numerous and much enjoyed. His youthful audience did not tire, and gave him a hearty applause when he was through.

The choir sang several selections composed by General King, which he complimented. He never dreamed that he should live to hear his compositions sung by native Americans, and said they rendered them as well as the young ladies of the school in Brooklyn for whom he wrote them.

General King made such a good impression upon his newly formed Indian friends that they, as well as all connected with the school, will give him a warm welcome should he come this way again to talk to us.

Through misinterpretation of what the Colonel said before the student body the other night when he announced that Professor W. H. Councill would lecture here on Tuesday evening of Commencement week, the idea went abroad that Booker T. Washington was to be the lecturer. The Colonel said that Professor Councill was the peer of Booker Washington, but did not say that the lecturer was to be Mr. Washington. The lecturer will be Professor W. H. Councill, President of the Normal and Agricultural college at Normal, near Huntsville, Alabama. We expect an interesting evening, and will give him a good audience.

Venus and the moon seemed to be running a race behind the feathery clouds on Sunday night, and the greatest orb of night was ahead. Since then Venus has taken the lead. and as if to vie in brilliancy, casts a shadow almost equal to that of her crescent companion.

On Monday afternoon Miss Jacobs surprised us by stepping into the sewing room. We were glad to see her looking so well. Miss Jacobs was connected with the sewing department for 14 years, when she resigned last July on occount of ill health She has since been visiting friends in Ohio, and has regained her health.

The weather prophets prognosticated a severe winter; all the signs showed it Even the goose bone on Thanksgiving day was brought out in evidence. The facts are that hereabouts we have had an open winter so far and can't get enough real cold weather to freeze the north pond good and tight for skating

Take in the conversation between the farmer and pessimist first page and see if you are a pessimist.

Some young people in town have asked permission to skate on our ponds, but our skaters are so numerous that more could not be accommodated with comfort or pleasure. It is said there is good skating on the Connedogwinet.

Miss Mosier, head nurse at the Todd hospital, is a California girl Since Miss McIntire's advent of a week or so at the Todd, she has formed other acquaintances at the school, and in her hour off duty sometimes runs in upon them for a call. It so happens that Miss Mosier was a Berkley high school chum of Miss Burgess' niece, who has since become a trained nurse in San Francisco.

KEEP THE TEMPER.

While at work in the shoe-shop, on Tuesday afternoon, Frank Keshena was assaulted by Juan Santano, who struck him on the nose and head with a hammer.

The wound on the head required two stitches to close it.

The assault was the result of an attempt to pass a harmless joke. Santano was arrested and turned over to the civil authorities to be dealt with according to law.

He is now in the Cumberland County jail.

This affair should be a lesson to us all.

Certain kinds of jokes hurt more than they seem to, and while we have no right to let our tempers get the best of us, it is a good thing sometimes for those jokers who go around hitting people for fun, to get their just dues.

Keshena was not hurt as badly as it seemed at first, for he is again on duty.

Just what will be done with Santano cannot be told at this writing.

If each actor in the scene has learned a lesson, and the affair will serve as a warning to others, GOOD may come from it, but we hope we will never need such a disgraceful fracas again to teach us that we should keep hands off in a joke, and that we should not lose our tempers even if some one does hit us. Santano is a Porto Rican.

Married.

CONGER—PROVOST—Mr. Henry Conger, of Yankton, South Dakota, to Miss Margaret Provost, of Lyons, December 29, 1901, by Rev. Hosman.

Mr. Conger is a farmer and a worthy man, and he takes one of our best young ladies of Lyons to be his helpmate. We wish them success in their new lives, and the mirror together with her many friends congratulates Mrs. Conger in her new happiness.—[The Lyons Mirror.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Preston, of the Osage Agency, Indian Territory a daughter, one day last week. Mrs. Preston when with us was Miss Eva Johnson, and graduated with the class of '89. Mr. Preston is the Industrial teacher at the Osage Government School. Mrs. Preston is a sister of Mrs. Allen, who on Sunday night started for Osage, hearing that her sister was lying at the point of death. At Harrisburg the glad news was received that she was better, and Mr. Allen who had gone that far with his wife, brought her and little Esther home. Although not out of danger, we are pleased to be able to report the better conditions of the patient.

Miss Martha Owl, class of '97, who is also a graduate of the Carlisle High School, and has been an employee at Hupa Valley, California, for a year or more, was married a few months since, and not even the Man-on-the-band-stand heard of it. Her husband, Mr. Simpson, is also an employee at the Hupa School, and the couple went to San Francisco to tie the knot. Thus Anglo-Saxon and Cherokee uniteth to become won, one, 1. If not too late the Man-on-the-band-stand extends unstinted congratulations.

Charles Corson, Piegan from Montana, left a week ago Monday for Anadarko, Okla where he went to take a position in the Indian service as Asst Leasing Clerk at the Kiowa Agency, Anadarko, Okla Charles graduated in 1900, and remained here to help in the band and take a business course in the Commercial College of Carlisle, from which he graduated just previous to leaving the school.

Good reports reach our ears occasionally about Mr. and Mrs. Frank Locke, old-time students of Carlisle, who are living in a very quiet way near Gordon, Nebraska. He is said by those who know, to be a successful rancher. It will be remembered that Mrs. Locke was Hope Blueteeth when with us, and there are those here still, who remember Hope most pleasantly.

Which is the most dangerous bat that flies through the air?—A brickbat.

Appointments and Changes.

Among the changes in employees at various Indian agencies, authorized by the Indian Office during the month of December, 1901, appear the following:

Appointments.

Name.	Position.	Agency.	In place of.
John Iron Boulder	Carpenter	Otoe, Okla,	Wilbur Johnson.
John Barry	Carpenter's Ap.	Crow Creek, S. D	Frank Black
John Strait	Add'l farmer	Devil's Lake, N. D.	Jos. Wakaksin.
Frank Firecloud	Asst. Carpenter.	Standing Rock, N. D	Thomas Frosted.
Chas. Marshall	Asst. Farmer	Do	Robt. D. Marshall.
Mason Vicenti	Apprentice	Jicarilla, N. M.	Card Phone.
Francis Roy	Carpenter.	Ponca, Okla	Horace Warrior.
Jennie Dreskell	Interpreter	Shoshone, Wyo.	
Anna Frich	Asst. Nurse	Cheyenne River, S. D.	Agnes E Jones.
Mary Corn	Do.	Do.	Clara Road.
Guy	Herder	Kiowa, Okla.	Linn.
Henry Burd	Stableman	Blackfeet, Montana.	Herman Dusty Bull.
George Banks, Jr	Carpenter's Ap.	Crow Creek, S. D.	John Barry.
Charles Hicks	Blacksmith'sAp.	W. Shoshone Ag'yNev	Robert Hank.
William Perry	Stableman	Round Valley, Cali.	Walter Piner.
George Watchman	Laborer	Navajo, N. M.	Stailey Norcross.
John Smith	Do	Do	Singing Man
Thomas King	Do	Quapaw, I. T.	Eldridge Brown.
Bernard Striker	Apprentice	Fort Belknap, Mont.	Edmund First Smoke
Modoc Wind	Asst. Miller	San Carlos, Ariz.	Edwin L. Gillson
Simon Bonga	Interpreter	Leech Lake, Minn	William Bonga.
James Fire Cloud	Blacksmith'sAp.	Crow Creek, S. D	John Ear
Matosaniciye	Add'l Farmer	Devil's Lake, S. D.	
Elmer Lynch	Judge	Klamath, Ore	
Louis J. Bolster	Interpreter	Standing Rock, N. D.	Richard Doublerider
Barney Trackhider	Asst. Blacksmith	Do.	Francis Walking Elk
Albert J. Minthorn	Interpreter	Umatilla, Ore.	William McKay.
Samuel Gayton	Blacksmith	Ponca, Okla.	James Williams.
Know the Gun	Laborer	Crow, Montana	The Spleen.
Arnold Kosta	Do	Do	Robert Raiseup.
Eli Black Hawk	Do	Do	George Hill.
Charges the Enemy	Judge	Do	Short Bull.
Bad Bear	Asst. Herder	Do	Charges Plenty
Bracelet	Laborer	Ft. Belknap, Montana	Henry Lodge
John Chewa	Asst. Blacksmith	Southern Ute, Colo.	Henry Weaver.
Madeline Dennis	Hospital Cook	Green Bay, Wis	Elizabeth Martin
Zedo Rencountre	Asst. Carpenter.	Lower Brule, S. D.	Thos. Tompkins.
George Tomkins	Asst. Blacksmith	Do	Henry U. Heart.
Johnnie Willie	Laborer.	W. Shoshone Nev.	Joe Sims.

Transfers and Promotions

Name.	From.	To	Agency	In place of
Wilber Johnson	Carpenter	Blacksmith.	Otoe, Okla.	Moses Crow
Frank Black	Carpenter's Ap	A. Carpenter	Crow Creek, S D.	John C. Hawk
John Barry	Do	Interpreter.	Do	
William Bonga	Interpreter	Laborer	Leech Lake, Minn	Jake Hudson.

THE DARKNESS OF THE INDIAN WOMAN'S LIFE.

An article in January Good Work, written by Florence Bledsoe Crofford gives as sad a picture of the condition of the Indian in the recently opened Kiowa and Comanche reservation as could have been portrayed fifty years ago. We have witnessed the same things in other tribes, which goes to show, as the writer avers, "that the boasted civilization of the twentieth century has done little to further the advancement of the Indian woman or to lift her out of the dark depths of savagery and superstition."

In describing the gambling played by the camp women, the writer says:

The sole diversion of the women of these wild tribes consists in playing a gambling game knowu as GU-DEL-PHA, or more commonly, Mexican MONTE.

This game is played by means of small chips, whose opposite side is painted red and black, which the players toss up somewhat after the manner of "heads and tails."

If the red side is uppermost, it scores so many points.

Strange to say, this fever for gambling is more prevalent among the women and young people of the tribes than the men.

It is a crying evil and one against which the missionaries have labored in vain.

Observe these benighted women at a public gathering, or when they collect at the agency to draw their "grass money." the rent money paid to them by the cattle companies for the use of their grazing lands.

Out yonder, on the bare prairie, an animated group of blanketed women, with papoose cradles strapped upon their backs, have gathered about a blanket spread out upon which an exciting game of MONTE is being played by several women squatting around it.

One poor old creature is wringing her hands and wailing piteously.

She has just staked the last dollar of her "grass money," the provisions tied up in the old skirt at her side, and the very blanket off her back (a handsome Navaho blanket and her sole treasure), on the game, and she has lost!

Her husband will beat her unmercifully if she returns to their tepee, far out on the reservation, empty-handed; even now she can feel the stinging lash upon her trembling shoulders.

The onlookers listen to her lamentations with many solemn headshakes and guttural exclamations; but pity is a trait that is sadly lacking in these stoical redskins, so the group move on to seek other objects of interest and leave the poor squaw alone with her trouble.

Besides, the officials of the Government are preparing to issue the quarterly beef supply to its redskinned "wards," and thither they swarm in droves to get their pro rata share.

The beeves are issued alive from pens out on the paririe, and the braves of the several tribes chase them down and shoot them, as they once did the buffalo that roamed in great herds over the plains.

After the poor animals are shot down, the braves, scorning such "squaw work," turn them over to the women to butcher.

This menial and revolting task is performed by the poor slaves with a grim energy worthy of a better cause.

Their long, keen hunting knives gleam in the bright sunshine as they plung them into the bloody carcass with a dexterity born of generations of practice

Could those to whom the cause of woman's emancipation is dear behold these ignorant, savage women engage in their bloody work, I venture the assertion that the cry of the heathen would ring in their ears with a newer and more persistent note of appeal.

May God put it into the hearts of all the cultured Christian women throughout our broad land to help our redskinned sisters break their bondage and follow the "pale-face road" that leads to light and life everlasting!—[Good Work.

A Chicago Tribune Joker states it in this manner:

"I see that golf is becoming popular in some parts of Mexico."

"Well." replied the professor, "the golf of Mexico is not new."

She married an occulist, and they went to Niagara Falls on their wedding trip in order that he might examine the CATARACT.

In which month do ladies talk least? —February—the shortest. Consequently men.

IS THE INDIAN MAGNANIMOUS?

With the whiteman no.

With people of his own tribe yes.

Emerson said of Abraham Lincoln:

"His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of wrong."

In their dealings with each other the Indian approaches this splendid example of true magnanimity.

He is generous to a falt, frequently giving away what he can ill afford to do without himself.

He does not envy anothers' success, nor does he find a peculiar pleasure in the misfortunes of others.

He does not bear a grudge and does not enter in the ledger of his memory an account of injuries or slights, but takes a generous view of those who do not think as he does and those who are his competitors.

He will invariably help any one of his people who meets with misfortune, and shield him in difficulties.

He is slow to take offence.

Even in a large school quarrels are exceedlngly rare and even then not serious.

In this respect he stands alone as an object lesson to all nationalities and races.

—[S. T. M. Middlechurch Advance.

A PESSIMIST.

What is a Pessimist?

Are we never suited?

Is nothing right?

Do we look always on the gloomy side of a thing?

Then we are a pessimist.

A good illustration of how a pessimist talks is given in the Atlanta Constitution. One of these gloomy people and a Georgia farmer had a talk, and the farmer said to the pessimist:

"How do you like this weather?"

"Not much: I'm feard it's goin' to rain."

"Well, how's times with you?"

"Sorter so-so,—but they won't last."

"Folks all well?"

"Yes; but the measles is in the neighborhood."

"Well, you ought to be thankful you 're a-livin'."

"I reckon so; but we 've all got to die, sometime!"

A BOY'S ESSAY ON WATER.

A very original essay on water is quoted by a contemporary.

One or two of the writer's ideas upon the subject are strikingly novel.

For instance, he divides all water into four subheadings—rainwater, soda water, holy water and brine.

"Water," he continues, "is used for a good many things.

Sailors use water to go to sea on.

Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirtgun and to catch fishes in."

But the strangest of all uses for water is this:

"Nobody," he says, "could be saved from drowning if there wasn't water to pull them out of."

This reminds one of the boy's essay on pins, in the course of which he said that pins had saved many lives by people not swallowing them.

Emphasis.

When we read or speak. emphasis helps to bring out the true meaning.

Our students cannot always see the need of saying the same words over several times just to get a different emphasis. They "said the words all right, what's the use in saying them again?"

If there be any such, let them read the following sentence, and see how a trifle bit of emphasis on one word changes the whole meaning of the impression sought to be made.

A merchant said to a person passing:

"Don't go elsewhere to get cheated, come in here."

Why is a ladder like a prize fight? —Because it is made up of rounds.

OUT IN THE WORLD

Among the twenty young women who graduated from the Nurses' Training School of the Woman's Hospital, Twenty-second street and College avenue, Philadelphia, was Miss Seichu Atsye, of New Mexico, a full-blooded Pueblo, and the first Indian girl of her tribe to become a trained nurse.

Several from other tribes long ago entered the profession, being educated for it by our Connecticut auxiliary.

Miss Seichu Atsye violates many of the accepted ideas of the personal appearance of Indian women.

She is petite and attractive.

She was brought East twelve years ago, when she was only 10 years old, and was educated at Carlisle.

At the end of five years she entered a country household, where she studied housekeeping.

Later, when she visited her own people, she found that she had forgotten her native language and was compelled to employ the services of an interpreter.

Her life among the Indians was uncongenial, so she returned East and entered the hospital to study nursing.—[The Indians' Friend.

The Indian's Right Defended, and for a Woman at that.

The Government has stepped in to defend the rights of one of its wards, Mrs. Josephine Hall, a full blooded Blackfoot Indian woman.

Suit was brought Tuesday in the name of the United States to recover from J. W. McKnight, of Calispell, and George C. Taylor, sheriff of Teton county, $4,125, the value of 34 head of cattle.

It appears that McKnight obtained judgment in the district court to recover a debt from Mrs. Hall's husband and the sheriff seized the cattle in question under execution. It is alleged that these were the separate property of Mrs. Hall, purchased for her by the government and issued to her for her own support, and that the seizure and sale made October 16, were unlawful.—[Helena Record.

English is THE Language.

The Mexican government's department of public instruction has suppressed the the study of Latin in the great preparatory school of Mexico City and replaced it with English. This language is now being taught in many important schools in the country, and in large schools under clerical management has to all intent and purposes displaced French. It is considered that business life renders English instruction absolutely necessary for young Mexicans.—[Pittsburg Obsever

---

A western passenger agent says that his experience has shown that Friday is the best day in the week for railway passenger travel and Wednesday the worst.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 8, 7, 11 is a game played by school children.

My 5, 6, 9, 10 is what covers one's body.

My 4, 3, 1, 5 Indian camps are full of.

My 6, 10, 2, 8 some of the back curtains of the boys' quarters are tied in.

My whole is what the lovers of winter sports hereabouts are sighing for.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: — Black their heels.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

Kindly watch these numbers and renew a week or two ahead so as to insure against loss of copies.

WHEN YOU RENEW please always state that your subscription is a **renewal.** If you do no get your paper regularly or promptly please notify us. We will supply missing numbers free if requested in time.

Address all business correspondence to
Miss M. BURGESS, Supt. of Printing
Indian School, Carlisle