

The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1902.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper Vol. II, Number Thirty-one.

THE MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE WAY.

WHEN you come to a wearisome bit of the road,
Where the stones are thick and the path is steep.
And the back is bowed with the heft of the load,
As the narrowing way is hard to keep,
Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh,
But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer;
If nowhere else, there is help on high—
God's angel will hasten your pioneer.

When you reach a lonesome bit of the road,
Curtained about with mist and murk,
And you hear faint sounds from the dread above,
Where shivering, grim hobgoblins lurk,
Just laugh to scorn their doleful cries—
This is the place to whistle and sing;
Brush the fog from your fearless eyes,
And close to the faith of your fathers cling.

When you stand at a sorrowful bit of the road,
And a hand you loved has loosed its clasp;
When streams are dry that in sweetness flowed,
And flowers drop from your listless grasp,
Even now take heart, for, farther on,
There are hope and joy and the dawn of day;
You shall find again what you thought was gone:
'Tis the merry heart goes all the way.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE FIRST LETTER FROM "OUR TRAVELERS."

(FROM MRS. PRATT)

S. S. "CELTIC," ATLANTIC OCEAN,
February 16th, 1902.

DEAR REDMAN AND HELPER:

One week ago to-day, and about this hour—four o'clock P. M., we sailed away from our native land.

The weather that afternoon was bitter cold, but we lingered bravely and shiveringly on the upper deck, to look upon the thousands that crowded upon the extreme end of the White Star pier, waving adieus to us voyagers.

As our dear ones had not waited for the last moment, we could let our eyes rove over the multitude and meditate upon the many prayers of loving solicitude following this ship of pilgrims, many, like ourselves, entering upon what promises to be a realization of a "life-long dream,"—a unique company, literally a floating town, inhabitants 1220; 815 are the pilgrims, many of whom have an unsteadiness of gait and pallor of countenance, that would indicate a difficulty in becoming acclimated to the new conditions SURROUNDING US.

There has been no extremely rough weather, but we have had some "stormy seasons" that had we been in a smaller ship we would have had more sensations than desired.

Noting the number of "scribblers" who have been in evidence daily, swinging their pens over sheets of paper and draining ink-wells, causes me to believe that this particular Mediterranean cruise will be well "written up," and the "suffering public" will be sea-sick or sick of "scenes"; to such we will say, "You are excusable."

We were behind our schedule time for sailing from New York, and by dark we were quietly resting on the bar—Dear W. C. T. U's, do not be shocked, reference is not to the naughty one that our friend Mrs. Nation is attempting to destroy, but the nauti-cal one so troublesome in New York Harbor.

Sunday morning we faced stiff breezes and rough seas, and we began to feel and look solemn enough to please the most pontifical of Sunday observers.

We struggled against the difficulties of uncertain conditions as we sought the library between the hours of eleven and twelve, and there upon the sofas we saw quite a number of "Preachers" actually dozing, bearing expressions of utmost

indifference upon their faces, as if it mattered not to them how many of their neglected flock might at that very hour be missing the usual "thirdlies and final-lies."

We rejoiced in the sight. It was a "goodly one," and we wished that our own dear, tired pastor could be there and relax also.

We did gather in the dining-hall in the afternoon for divine service, and had a most appropriate sermon by Rev. Young, of Pittsburg, who also gave a lecture, Tuesday evening about Madeira.

On Thursday evening, our lecturer was Rev. Barton from Chicago, giving us a brief history of Gibraltar and Malta. Both evenings were enlivened with music and recitations.

This morning we joined a Travelers Club, whose President was Josiah Strong, D. D., of New York. Quite a number of short papers were read, all relating to the historical places we are to visit so soon: thus our memories are refreshed and information gained that we need.

After the decision of our coming on this trip was well assured, we fully intended to "read up," at least to read some of the many books "highly recommended" to us, which would tell us of that far-away past where civilization began, but our time for reading was covered by the daily duties that multiplied each day, and now we are on our way, a few, a very few books with a new Bible are among our steamer possessions. So we hope to gain much from the papers we shall hear read at our Club meetings and the lectures given twice a week.

It is always pleasant to receive tokens of remembrance, but there is an added comfort and heartfelt gratitude experienced when there are such evidences of loving thoughtfulness as were showered upon us for our sea-voyage, and which we found in our little staterooms when we came aboard—two large baskets containing choice fruits, packages of chocolate, candied ginger, figs, lime and peppermint drops.

One basket was prepared in Philadelphia and the other in New York, the contents of both deliciously superb.

We have been blessed with such fine appetites that after we have eaten an "elegant sufficiency" at the table, we slip down to our staterooms and enjoy some fruit.

The ginger, figs and chocolate we have stored away for a "day of want" in Egypt.

Our gifts were not all eatables. Many were little conveniences for our stateroom. We also had letters, more than a score, and telegrams, which brought cheers and tears.

We were not the exception in being so well remembered with flowers, fruits and letters—15,000 letters were delivered to the passengers.

This is not a cruel world. There are so many, many good people in it. If you doubt my statement, go to SEA.

Tuesday Evening, February 18th.

We have passed our first point of sight-seeing, and Madeira is now a memory.

There had been many conjectures, and "quite a few" had talked much about what had been told them of the difficult landing at Funchal, fully as hazardous as at Jaffa.

So it was with much satisfaction that we looked out upon a smooth sea on Sunday morning, the day for arriving at Madeira. The ocean was like a grand river in its smooth shining surface.

Towards noon, we realized that the great, dark, misty-like clouds, right in front of us, were really mountains, and soon we looked with rapture upon green fields,

clusters of hamlets, with their white homes snuggling so closely in their little hollows upon the mountain sides; and the mountains—Madeira is all mountains, precipitous ones, rising so grandly from the water's edge, a score of them, between five and six thousand feet high, with "snow capped summits"! We caught a glimpse of a snowy peak as the fleecy clouds lifted for a moment, just to show us a snowy top, tinged with golden light, then the billowy clouds lowered and hovered so protectingly over the lonely peaks, that we saw them not again.

Our great ship anchored more than a mile from shore opposite the Capital City, Funchal, which is beautifully set in a back-ground of lofty hills. Sailing vessels were anchored near the—I was about to write bay, but there is properly no bay, almost a straight line of coast instead.

Our attention was soon centered upon the many little skiffs, swarming all around our ship, in which were thinly clad men, and boys standing with outstretched arms begging the passengers to toss pieces of silver into the waves for them to dive for.

Soon there was many a shining piece flying down into the blue water, and a lively, diving scramble ensued, a few expert ones bringing up the money between their toes, at least they would skillfully and gleefully take the coin from their toes as they climbed into their boats; encouraged by their successes the divers enlivened the last hours of our stay on Monday morning, by diving from the ship, going higher each time until many of them plunged from the life-boats that were swung from the top-most deck.

All day Sunday, there was a little fiend that persistently hovered about one of us, reminding her of an evil she was determined not to recognize, and succeeded to some extent, so that when the ship-officers announced that all was in readiness for those who wished to go ashore, we were among the first to step down one of the long stairways at the side of the ship into a little row-boat, to be rowed across the long stretch of water to the stone steps of Funchal's new pier, and then we were lifted by boatmen to a firm footing once more, and soon in a party of twenty "Celticites" under the guidance of an English speaking native we were swiftly piloted through the curious crowd of natives, and up the stone paved streets which are almost indescribable in point of discomfort as "foot-paths."

We went through the public gardens first—a lovely and refreshing resting place right in the midst of their "busy down town."

Tropical trees, flowers, plants and cooling fountains make us sigh to sit down on one of the many wicker chairs we see about, but our guide hurries us on and up the bumpy streets. We hobble to a Cathedral and then say to our guide: "Go get us ox cars," which are the native conveyances—canopied basket sleighs, drawn by oxen, a little boy running ahead to guide the animal, a man following with a stick with which he punches the beasts to hurry them on.

These sleighs hold four people and ARE quite comfortable.

A novel method of making the runners slip over the round stones, is a greased rag, which the man who runs beside us throws down under the runners, and we slip on.

The streets are narrow. High walls and over-hanging flowering vines prepare us for the glimpse we get at the open gateways of the beautiful private gardens,

marvelous in their profusion of flowers, and as we ascend, we look down upon banana fields, and other tropical fruits growing in abundance.

We stop before an iron gate-way, and our guide tells us to enter and "look at Casino." We walk as if in a dream among the luxuriant loveliness, roses of splendid growth, heliotrope, fuchias, honeysuckles and many, many other flowers.

In the midst of this garden is a little palace. We enter a beautiful door way and through a beautiful hall. We find ourselves in a ball-room, from which at each end open little parlor-like rooms with card tables arranged, as if for expected guests.

We then remember we were told of the Madeira Monte Carlo, and knew we were there.

We pass on and out another doorway into a continuation of the beautiful garden. We meet among the strollers many handsomely gowned ladies in summer attire—English, French and wealthy Portuguese, with distinguished looking gentlemen. An excellent orchestra enlivened the whole scene with sweet music.

We were told that if we could return to the pleasure garden later in the evening, we could see an eastern ball and some exciting games.

When we left our ship we intended to remain ashore all night, if we could get a room at any of the hotels, but when we applied, all were taken, so with many other disappointed ones, we rowed back to our ship after dark, and found experience not uninteresting. The little fiend (Neuralgia) had kept near all day, and as we climbed the long flight of steps up the ship-side, we were glad to be sure of our little bed, which we had been so willing and even anxious to leave a short time before for uncertain comforts ashore.

Monday morning was the beginning of another bright and sunny day, and many were the early risers who sought again the flowery island and its attractions.

The neuralgic sufferer kept quiet for another nap, and after a later breakfast joined a party of other belated ones, and was again rowed ashore.

We waived aside the guides, strolled into shops, looked into Cathedrals, visited the fruit market, which was most interesting in the abundance of fruit and vegetables, birds and flowers.

Beggars, too, were plentiful and annoying.

We find it difficult to relate much of our personal experience on paper, and we will avoid giving your readers what they can seek in the Britannica about Madeira; but I must call attention to one special feature of interest to us Americans. That is, that Columbus was enticed to this fair island by Cupid.

"Seeing the lovely Messina Perestrello at school in Portugal, he followed her to her island home and married her in 1478. His father-in-law was a mariner, and Columbus got his first taste for a sea-faring life by studying his charts and going with him on trading expeditions. It is related that in 1486 a wrecked Biscayan vessel drifted into Funchal, and its famished survivors were cared for by Columbus. But they were so enfeebled they soon died. The pilot bequeathed to Columbus his charts and papers, and from these he got his first ideas of the existence of an unknown land."

To us from the new world, who are journeying to the homes of the ancients, we are pleased to find this little link in historical events.

But alas! when we try to find in Fun-

(Continued on last page)

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it some one else has.

Editorial.

Willful waste brings woeful want: so pandering to a vicious appetite in June, means a coatless back in December.

Laziness and unthrifty habits in youth, means the almshouse or grinding poverty in age.

A surly temper yielded to in youth, means a friendless existence in later life. "As ye sow, ye shall reap."

The man or woman who climbs from the bottom to the top accomplishes it by force of will, zeal, energy and hard work.

We are handicapped by nothing so much as our own inertness and unwillingness to try. This habit ends in envying and backbiting those who succeed, and attributing wrong motives to their every effort.

Stand straight; look another in the face when you speak to him. Speak clearly and distinctly and in a pleasant tone. One's bearing is a distinctive mark of his education.

It becomes a question whether it is better to refuse to do a difficult thing because we "cannot do it well," or to grow by working at it hard enough to do it well and do it because it is hard.

Whatever knowledge one gains, whether in shop or school-room, should touch life at every point, should pulsate with the human element, should be a means of quickening lives about us. Everything one does should make him larger souled. "Education augments what a man is."

Life touches life at every point like apples in a barrel. The kind of apple, sound or otherwise, determines in a manner, what the one in contact will become. The unsound one may start a decay that will destroy the one touched. There is a difference, however. Apples are in a measure passive and inert. Human beings are active as well as reactive. Souls can repel influences that stain and weaken. They can adjust conditions so that "sweetness and light" and purity may abound under very adverse conditions. They can even radiate influence into other souls that will gladden and uplift. Here is the place, now is the time for the transformation, not in some remote unheard of dream-land.

How few are Educated!

Nicholas Murray Butler in a recent article formulates the following five evidences of an education:

- 1st. Correctness and precision in the use of the mother-tongue—English.
- 2nd. Refined and gentle manners which are the expressions of fixed habits of thought and of action. "Manners are behavior and good breeding."—Addison.
- 3d. The power and habit of reflection.
- 4th. Power of growth.
- 5th. Efficiency, the power to do.

By this test, how few are really educated! Schools and colleges are not required for all of these. Much can be done where duties meet us.

Dangerously near an Ideal System:

EVERYBODY in America recognizes the fact that education is a source of power, and that schooling is an absolute necessity to every child.

It does not follow, however, that every one who goes to school and puts in a given number of years pursuing a given course, will be educated, nor that he will gain anything that will necessarily make him a superior man.

Education generates power and prepares for usefulness, but much depends on the kind of boy that goes to school.

The very poorest quality of brains, however, will gain something by training.

Teachers and school authorities have much yet to learn as to what constitutes a good school and rational methods.

The Indian school system, planned to minister to "head and hand and heart," and the outing system, aiming to have the pupil touch practical life on every side, come dangerously near being an ideal one.

No matter, however, how perfect the SYSTEM, unless every detail is administered by WORKERS who put BRAINS and HEART into what they do, the effectiveness of the work will be hindered.

In Indian schools we find many well-trained, thoughtful workers, with power to measure young people and their needs; with power to face adverse conditions and make them minister to success.

They have to struggle bravely with conditions, not theories.

Many such have slowly but steadily advanced the cause—noble souls who have been at work throughout the service for twenty years and more.

In spite of difficulties and hindrances, they have accomplished wonders.

One after another passes off the stage, other brave souls take their places.

The fight against savagery goes on. The Indians are becoming self-respecting citizens of our common country.

The system is gradually changing.

The Government is recognizing the fact that too much help is worse than too little.

The old Indian, facing backward, is dying.

The new Indian, trembling on the brink of a new and independent life of sober, self-support, is gaining nerve and muscle, and less sluggish brains with which to administer his new duties.

Indian schools must go—the end is already in sight.

The States, through the public schools must soon shoulder the burden that the National Government lays down.

Will the white man, from this experiment in education, learn how to train his sons and daughters for the new century?

The results of our public schools are too vague and uncertain.

The processes are not economic.

Low salaries mean poorly prepared teachers.

Many of the boys and girls trained under such are helpless when they face life's duties.

They have false notions of work, of life and its responsibilities.

The "Carlisle brand" has stood the test of years.

It stands for men and women who can think on their feet and are not afraid of hard work.

It is a safe one to model after.

It does not advocate less of the book, less of the theoretical, but more of the practical: closer touch with the farm, the shop, the factory, the counting house.

School processes should be life processes.

School teachers should be workers living in the atmosphere of the world, knowing and ministering to the needs of their fellow men.

People who do the easy things only end in doing nothing well, and being in the way of effective work everywhere.

A little daughter has come to live with our former conductor of the Band, Lieut. Joel Bernice Ettinger and wife, now of Chester. Congratulations are in order.

Excrescences.

We have warts on our hands, corns and bunions on our feet, moles on our faces, defects, blemishes that mar our physical perfection and impede our work.

By the accentuation of certain little traits of character, our personality very often becomes an unsightly, sad, trying one to those among whom we must associate from day to day.

The selfish man has a tremendous goiter on the side of his spiritual neck.

The jealous woman has a painful growth of corn on her spiritual foot.

The gossip is affected with spiritual eczema.

The sullen, sulky, unpleasant character has unsightly growths, bunions and chilblains on every part of his spiritual nature.

We and our friends are making or unmaking these defects all the time.

We need not be the same any two days of our existence.

With our faces heavenward; with our minds on the good and beautiful things about us; with our little selves out of sight, the character is cleared of these hindrances, and soul and body become perfect, happy and beautiful.

A large soul cannot have a homely personality.

Irregularity of feature is lost in the purpose that flashes from the eye, and the depth of sympathy and affection that trembles on the lip, of the man or woman who lives with a holy intensity.

Their motives are never misunderstood, their words are never equivocal, their atmosphere does not have a November chill.

They are genial, stimulating, invigorating.

A Craving for Notice

Sensitiveness is due to soreness or disease.

This is equally true of mind and body.

The person who is finding offense, a slight or hurt in every word, phrase, gesture or look, is not in good, healthy, mental tone.

Young people, often men and women, form the habit of standing in an attitude of morbid self-consciousness—a species of craving for notice and attention that often makes their friends and acquaintances very unhappy.

Such people lack repose and balance. They are hysterical and selfish.

Their otherwise lovable qualities are distorted, smothered and crushed.

Their brooding on imaginary wrongs makes them misanthropic.

They freeze from them the people for whom they crave.

They search for the trouble in others.

Their own egotism hides their fault and cultivates it toward a larger growth.

Anguish and suffering follow; disease and invalidism, often imagined, become their portion, and all normal, sane-minded people cut their acquaintance, except when pity or necessity force them to dole out a little courtesy and attention.

People who claim to be sensitive have one mission to fulfil in this world, and that is to live with such fulness and joyousness, so much in the lives of others, that they lose themselves in the greatness and beauty they will always find in others when they look persistently for it; then the world will smile lovingly upon them and call them also good, and beautiful and true.

A Peculiar Species.

S-h-i-r-k, that is the way to spell it.

Webster defines it, "one who avoids duty," etc.

Now this peculiar species is found in every clime where duties are few and easy chairs comfortable.

They have the art of sophistry down fine, can argue themselves into believing that they are constantly overworked, and are willing to crowd their duties upon those who love to do their duty, and more than their duty.

Sometimes it is a pupil in the classroom who has to be driven at the point of the rod; sometimes one in the shop who

takes most of the time of the instructor; sometimes we are sorry to say, sometimes—well, yes, rarely it is—well, no matter.

There are three classes of workers; those who do their whole duty and more, because it is to be done and they love to do it.

They are always in demand, always cheerful, always happy, and invariably rise, never knowing why.

Another class do their duty, and never find anything more to do.

They wonder why the fates discriminate against them.

They are something more—a little more than time-servers.

The third class do as little as they can, as seldom as they can, as thoughtlessly as they can, with as little waste of energy as they can.

They kill their own time, and other people's time. Their health suffers very easily, and whatsoever they do prospereth not.

To be Charged up.

The average life of a school text book is said to be five years.

Judging from the worn and tattered books we have at times seen in some of the public schools of the State, we infer that our text books last longer, and are in better condition in the end than text books usually are.

The chief difficulty is to keep them, tidy and clean.

The Holden book cover solves this problem in part, when changed frequently.

The scribbling fiend is the one factor that works havoc with us.

The frequent change of classes, and the coming and going of pupils, make it rather hard always to locate these thoughtless young people.

To offset this difficulty, the device has been fixed upon of making each pupil carefully clean his or her book of any pencil or ink marks, when he or she receives it, and return it in that condition.

Pupils who are detected in defacing them hereafter, will simply have them charged to their account at full market price.

MISS SEMPLE.

We were startled and saddened last week by the painful news of the death of Miss Carrie M. Semple, who for several years, from the very beginning of the Carlisle Indian School, was Principal of its Academic Department. The deceased was honored and beloved by all who knew her, for her genuine worth, sterling Christian qualities, and exceptional ability as an educator. The intelligence comes through our friend, Mrs. E. G. Platt, of Oberlin, Ohio, who was a co-worker in those early days. She says:

"I have a letter from the Reverend J. S. Gillespie, Miss Semple's brother-in-law, bearing date Feb. 20, Ft. Worth, Texas, in response to one I had written to her on the 14th of Feb., saying:

"She passed to her eternal home at 8:45 on the morning of the 10th inst. She had been bedfast from early in June, most of the time very helpless. This increased as the months passed, till she could not be taken from her bed at all."

We hope to be able to give more particulars and to tell something of her life, in a future issue of the REDMAN.

THE MARCH ENTERTAINMENT.

given by the Academic Department on Wednesday evening was characterized by the usual declamation, song and instrumental music. The banner speaker, taking everything into consideration, was Thomas Gardner, Mrs. Cook's pupil, although there were other declaimers who enunciated more distinctly. The "Debating Society emphasis" growing to be a marked thing, spoiled the address of some, but improvement was noted in this. Bessie Charley, Miss Paull's pupil, spoke with the best expression, because the most natural. The Band music was worthy of special comment. The Good-night song by the Choir was well rendered, and Frank Mt. Pleasant's selection from Beethoven's Sonata Op. 14, was given with a technique that delighted all lovers of piano music. It was a good hour. We enjoy all such.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

We have Marched 14 days.

Hicks promises more weather.

Baby Gray, daughter of dairyman Gray is very ill.

The ground-hog came out on Wednesday to stay out.

Miss Grace Bonser played in the Chapel on Sunday morning.—

A dash at the end of an item indicates that a pupil wrote said item.

Lizzete Roubideaux is Miss Ferree's assistant in the cooking class.—

The Seniors' sleigh ride last Friday was a success. All report a nice time.—

Saturday night's lecture on Norway and Sweden was very interesting.—

Mr. Weber and his boys are hard at work laying pipe, to supply water for the cage.—

The seniors who did not go sleigh riding enjoyed themselves by studying their lessons.—

A photograph of Levi Levering, class '90, and wife, has been received by their sister Edythe.—

Miss Charlotte Geisdorff, who does such exquisite fancy work, is now learning dressmaking.—

The heavy snow storm which fell last week made it very pleasant for those who like to snow-ball.

The girls in the art room under Miss Forster's management are making designs for collars.—

Mr. and Mrs. Comly Randall, of Somerton, Pa., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, during the week.

Earney Wilber mourns greatly the loss of her loved sister. She has the sympathy of all at school.—

Last week Miss McIntire, in a very interesting talk gave us a clear idea of the peasant life in Russia.—

Every member of the band has been favored with a picture of their former leader, Lieut. Joel B. Ettinger.—

Murphey Tarbey gave an account of his experience in Mexico, to the Standards, which was very interesting.—

The carpenter boys are going to have plenty of work in repairing fences, which were destroyed, by the flood.—

Solomon Day, who went to the country a few weeks ago, is said to be an industrious boy at his country school.—

If you would like to see sparks fly, just take a peep into the blacksmith shop and see Mr. Frank Yarlot work.—

We know by letter that Charles Corson plays the cornet in the second Presbyterian church in Anadarko, O. T.—

Why not organize ourselves into a big travelers' club and follow "the travelers" in their journeyings, intelligently?

Thomas Kenoi who was sick last fall and winter, and went to his home in Arizona, is getting along very well.

Rebecca Broncho writes that she enjoys her work at her country home and expects to stay out through the summer.—

Fred S. Smith, class '02, has been offered the position as band-master at Wittenberg where his former school days were spent.

Rev. Father Deering of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, and sister from a distance, visited the school one day this week.

Mr. Samuel Sharkey, a well known patron from Bucks County is anxious to get an Indian boy, he said, "like Preston Pohocicut."—

Fred A. Tibbetts, class '02, writes that he is home and has gained several pounds in weight. He is with his father in the lumber camp.—

Our school orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. J. R. Wheelock, has filled several engagements at the opera house this winter.—

George Moore is attending the Cleary Business College, Ypsilanti, Mich., and says he considers himself lucky in coming to such a first class College, to put the finishing touches on a business education.

A Cablegram from Colonel.

CAIRO, EGYPT, Feb. 12, 1902

ALLEN—America—Here until 23rd, then Rome.— Pratt, Supt

Miss Nellie Orme, who went home last fall on account of her health, is improving. She expects to attend the Phoenix School when she gets a little stronger.—

Lydia H. Gardner, who was married to Charles Goboe at Darlington, Okla. writes that she has commenced housekeeping, and seems very happy in her new work.

Miss Miles feels quite lost without her pet cat, which was run over by a coal-wagon. It has been in the dining-room almost six years, and was much loved.—

Two dozen quart cups, made in the tin shop, have been shipped to Chicago, to be sent further west for use in the Southern Ute Boarding School, Colorado.—

Those boys who signed papers to go out to the country, are now beginning to talk about their country homes. They mean to try and work hard through the summer.—

Since the little girls do not have sleds, they find that wash basins are quite good and have been sledding out in the court of the Girls' Quarters. Rather hard on the basins.—

Angela Rivera, who went to New York, writes that she misses Carlisle friends very much. She has to study hard, but she is a brave little girl, and will succeed.—

A letter has been received from Antonio Lubo who is now in California, stating that he is well and enjoying himself. He expects to come back in the fall and graduate.—

Miss Edith Ranco, ex-student of Carlisle, is now attending High School in Oldtown, Maine. She is a Freshman. She likes her school, but never forgets Carlisle.—

Mr. Robert Bruce, our euphonium soloist has gone to Wilmington Del. to join the brigade band. He will be again under Mr. Ettinger who is conductor of that band.—

The Invincible Society had a very good meeting last Friday evening. One of the most interesting parts of the program was a mouth-organ solo, given by Mr. Daniel Eagle.—

Donald McIntosh, '01, writes from San Carlos, Arizona. He finds his work very pleasant at the school. Sometime ago we heard of his being married, but he says it is a mistake.—

The boys are working hard in the gymnasium at the apparatus work under the direction of Mr. Thompson, Disciplinary. The work tends to promote the health of the individual.—

At an entertainment given by the Chat-ham High School, Pa., Caroline Helms, who belongs to the Junior class, played a piano solo. She also plays for the children to march into school every day.—

The boys have changed their way of going to town on Sundays. Instead of going by way of the trolley line they go by the old guard house, and on to the various churches in town, and return the same way.—

Lizzie Aiken gave a dinner party in her room the other day. The invited guests were Misses Earney Wilber, Sophia Americanhorse, Mabel Greely and Amy Dolphus. Dinner was served in a most dainty style.—

Guy Jones, class 1900, is teaching in Wadsworth, Nevada. He was appointed as a drawing teacher, but when he got there, he found he had to fill the place as a regular teacher. He has been there since last fall.—P.

We were quite surprised last Wednesday morning to find that the lawn, which had just begun to drape itself in beautiful green, was once more hidden from our sight by the purity of about 16 or 18 inches of snow.—

Our orchestra furnished music for the play of "The American Girl" last Friday night, in the Carlisle Opera house. Leader James R. Wheelock not being able to be with us, Jos. Ruiz swung the baton in a very skilful manner.—

There is promised a debate between the Standard Literary Society and Reed Literary Society of Dickinson Preparatory sometime in April.—

The harness shop received a new coat of paint last week; the boys who work there feel very gay, and they will try and get more work done hereafter.

Five buckboards have been shipped this week to Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Oklahoma, and one spring wagon to Rice Station, Arizona.

Company "D" of the large boys Quarters are anxiously waiting for the cross country run, for they are very sure they will win the cream and cake.—

Our large snow plough was our best friend on Thursday. It did excellent work, and the boys who drove the four horses seemed to enjoy the ride.—

A flock of wild geese stopped at the new farm for a while and then continued their way toward the North, which weather prophets say means Spring.—

On Saturday the 8th of March, Felicita Medina gave a Porto Rican dinner of her own cooking to several of her friends just to show them how nice it is. The girls enjoyed it heartily and considered it preferable to a pot-pie dinner.—

David Masten and Charley Ross at Tarr Hall School are enjoying the change and surroundings. They recently entertained their school-mates by rendering a violin and accordion duet. It was greatly appreciated by the hearers.—

A North Dakota boy was heard to say, "I wish I were in Dakota that I might enjoy a sleigh ride." It is evident he was not a Senior, for with the coming of this last snow the Seniors enjoyed their long expected sleigh ride.—

It is an interesting sight to drop in the Library during the evening study-hour and watch the rows of students searching for books of reference. Librarian, Miss Steele, says the evening hour brings more reference students than any other period of the day.

Tressa Ebert, '02, who has been attending Commercial College for a short time, left on Wednesday for Philadelphia. She will go to the Polyclinic College where she will receive training as a nurse. She served two and a half years in our own hospital.—

Miss Emeline King, who went out to the country three weeks ago, writes that she likes her country home very much. She goes to school half a day and works the other half. Emeline is living with the Sisters in Lancaster, Pa. and they are very kind to her.—

Eugene Chiago, an ex-student of Carlisle, writes that he is working at Phoenix, Arizona. There have been so many improvements made at his home that he felt lost on his return from Carlisle. Henry Nerva, who is also an ex-student, is at Phoenix with him.—

The Susans gave a good though brief program, on Friday night. Some of the members who are expected to be in attendance stayed away. We hope they will not do so again. They cannot afford to lose this opportunity. It is disloyalty to the society to neglect its interests.

Mrs. Edwin Schanandore is at her husband's home at Oneida, Wisconsin, where their first little baby boy has come to live with her. Mr. Schanandore is an employee of Albuquerque, and has been honorably engaged in business, ever since he graduated from Carlisle in 1889.

William Carefell and his brother are at work at Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin. It will be remembered that William lost an arm in a railroad accident before he came to Carlisle, and that he did nearly as much with his one arm as many do with two. They wish to be remembered to their friends and school-mates.

At a class meeting on Monday evening the Juniors elected Arthur Shelden for President; Anna Parker, Vice-President; Corresponding Secretary, Abram Smith; Recording Secretary, William Jolly; Girls' Treasurer, Louisa Jacobs; Boys' Treasurer, Walter Mathews; Reporter, Vaughn Washburn; Critic, Salem Moses.

Millie Pisona who went to her home, in Laguna last summer, is now at Albuquerque, New Mexico.—

To-night Misses Burgess and Carter are detailed to visit the Invincibles; Miss Robbins and some one in Miss Dutton's place, the Standards, and Messrs. Beitzel and Thompson, the Susans.

On account of the letters from "the travelers" the RED MAN AND HELPER for a few weeks will be of special value. We shall print a limited number of extra copies at one cent each, for special orders.—

At the teachers' meeting, this week, Miss Bowersox gave a brief presentation of her plan of teaching word-recognition and correct enunciation to children. Miss Bowersox has been unusually successful in this work, and has given the subject much study.

The carpenters, tinnerns and painters have put an excellent piece of work on the gallery of the school building in the way of a table and metal cover for the stereopticon. This will enable the operator to have the machine permanently in place, safe from dust and meddling fingers.

John Londrosh has made several good substantial waste boxes for the school rooms, the best yet received. For his own pet school-room he exhausted his "indianity" and artistic power to reach his ideal. The result is, his teacher stops her work frequently to admire the form, proportions and finish of John's chef d'oeuvre. Now a man is truly being educated when he loves to do his best everywhere. Next!

A little interview with the Sisters who come out Thursday evenings to instruct the Catholic children, discloses the fact that they enjoy their work and consider their 150 students promising material. This is their very first experience with Indian children, although Catholic instruction has gone forward for many years at the school. They find the Indians more studious and attentive than they expected.

Miss Carter was unable to leave her duties in quarters on Friday night, and Professor Bakeless visited the Standard Society in her stead. Professor Burgess took the place of Miss Burgess who was ill. This Society had a good program and is doing good work. They need a little more care in applying parliamentary law. No subject should be discussed unless a motion is before the house. Explanation or pointed order alone will be recognized by the chair.

Edwin Smith, class 1901, is steam fitter and assistant engineer in a large glue factory, in Gowanda, New York. They have five gas engines, two steam engines and eight large steam pumps to keep in good running order. He works ten, and sometimes eleven and twelve hours a day. Recently the engineer was sick, and Edwin was left in complete charge of everything. He is getting good wages and is learning a great deal in the line of engineering. He says that the instructions he received at Carlisle through Mr. Weber have been very helpful to him, and he remembers with pleasure every lesson learned. He and his wife, (Bertha Pierce Smith, class 1900,) live in the main part of town. They often speak of their school days at Carlisle, and are getting on very nicely, finding much contentment in married life, and they wish to be remembered to their friends at school.

No room for the Gossip.

The inert and indolent can profit by a thorough study of their methods, but they seldom do. Their preferred plan is to loll aimlessly in an easy chair over a trashy novel, or tear their successful co-workers to pieces with companions of their own aimless unsubstantial kind.

Where everybody is growing and trying to "do all the good they can in all the ways that they can," there is no gossiping—no room for the gossip. The sturdy oak of the forest, by its striving skyward, silently overshadows and smothers out the rank of unsubstantial growth at its feet.

(Continued from first page)

chal the old home of Columbus we are told by one of the merchants:

"Yes, he know Columbus house, but he think Columbus dead."

So we say Farewell to Funchal! Farewell to Madeira, one of Atlantic's gems.

Notes from Colonel Pratt's Letter to Mr. Allen, Written the 15th.

We are about 400 miles southeast from the Azores.

The day is bright, the sea calm and our ark speeding on its way joyfully with as pleasant a company as ever "excursed."

To-morrow about noon, we are due at Funchal, Madeira, to remain 24 hours.

Our experiences so far have been usually satisfactory.

Though the weather has been rough, our great boat has been a safe-guard against much of the discomfort from an ocean voyage. Very few have been materially distressed.

The prevailing wind has been from the southwest, and as we have been going southeast, the sea has struck us sidewise and made us roll somewhat, but the size of the ship has made that motion comparatively small.

The decks have been filled and promenading has been popular all the time since we got into and beyond the Gulf Stream so that the temperature was comfortable outside.

We have made quite a number of pleasant acquaintances, and had three fine lectures on the points of interest we are to visit.

A Masonic Lodge has been organized, with a view to holding a session in the quarries of Solomon under Jerusalem.

The details of our trip and trips are mapped out by a master hand, and there is much general satisfaction with what is and what is to be.

Mr. Clark began to lead excursion parties when a boy in Joppa, showing them the house where Peter had his vision, so he is thoroughly trained in the business, having been at it ever since.

Yesterday, in the rain, we passed a small steamer, going South, evidently from the Azores. This and three white gulls who have kept us company part of the way, constitute the only life beyond ourselves coming within our range.

When a vessel was announced, many rushed to their cabins for their glasses, and I think it a safe estimate to say that 400 glasses were brought to bear upon the little steamer, which rose and fell with the waves and rolled from side to side in such extreme fashion as made us all thankful we were not passengers on her.

We did not speak to her, but our flags saluted; both were British.

We all conjectured her place of departure to be the Azores and her destination to be the coast of Africa.

They tell us not to post letters at Madeira, for the mail there is slow and only once a week, so you may find on the envelopes the Gibraltar stamp of Old England. Do not expect many letters, and make mine go around the school family as much as you can. With most cordial greetings to you all, etc.

Notes from Miss Richenda's letter to

Mrs. Warner, dated Feb, 18th,

Fortunately I have escaped an attack of mal de mer.

Miss Moore's aunt and uncle are the best kind of people.

There are a bride and groom aboard, and they have both been sea-sick. He says it is the last bridal trip he will ever take on sea. It is not recorded whether he is from Chicago or not.

There are many charming people on board, and I have enjoyed every minute. There are more women than men, and that applies to the young as well as old.

The band plays on deck every night, and those who care to, dance.

My room-mate is a very nice girl

The first glimpse of land and the vegetation at Madeira made a most refreshing sight.

The people had so much curiosity about

us and we about them that there was a mutual stare. They look like Porto Ricans to me.

It was delightful to see the summer hats and light dresses.

On Monday morning we took a cog-road up a mountain, from the top of which we had a lovely view of the homes and gardens of the islanders and the distant bay. The most exciting thing of all was the toboggan slide down the mountain. We got into a sled, and two men held us back and steadied us as we slipped down. I don't know when I ever enjoyed anything more—two miles of tobogganing in February, in a Spring-like climate, midst purple and red flowers which overhung the walls of the gardens!

We reach Gibraltar to-morrow. We are well and happy and having a good rest.

Papa has been a little sick, and his excuses are perfectly killing.

There is a lecture on the Holy Land this p. m., and if I want a seat I must go right away.

Notes From the "Celtic Herald."

There are about eighty ministers on board. Several of the sick passengers have proposed that the lot be cast and one thrown over board to see if it will produce any Jonah-like effect upon the sea.

Such questions as these are asked: When do we sight the Gulf Stream? What time shall we be off Cape Hat teras?

Passengers on board—377 men, 438 women, 15 children, 390 crew, 1220, total.

A SOFTENED REFUSAL.

Chinese are very careful not to hurt the feelings of unsuccessful contributors. The Book World tells of a Chinese rejection slip which, if sent by one of the editors in this country to a contributor, would be considered keenest sarcasm:

Illustrious brother of the sun and moon, look upon thy slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it his majesty the emperor would order us to take it as a criterion, and never again to print anything which was not equal to it.

As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript, and beg of thee ten thousand pardons. See! my hand is at my feet, and I am thy slave.

THE WHISTLING TREE

The musical tree found in the West India Islands has a peculiar shaped leaf and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these forms the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it which, in the still hours of the night, has a very weird and unpleasant effect.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY TRADE.

It is said that St. Louis merchants are alive to the trade of the Indian territory. They are sending their traveling men into every section, and are tireless in their efforts to secure business. And it is believed that there is no section of the United States that will offer greater inducements for the investment of capital than the Indian territory when conditions become settled.

The present pole star is the one called Alpha in the constellation Ursa Minor. It has been the world's pole star for nearly 2000 years.

It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing, as to think you can do everything.—[Philips Brooks.]

FROM OUR BOY IN THE NAVY, TO COLONEL PRATT.

U. S. S. "DOLPHIN,"

AT ANCHOR OFF CATUANO PASS, SANTO DOMINGO, Feb. 21st, 1902.

LIEUT.-COL. R. H. PRATT, U.S.A.

DEAR FRIEND:

It has been my intention for some days past to write you a letter and inform you of the fact, that the "Dolphin" or so-called "President's Yacht" has been converted into a surveying ship temporarily.

We have been in these waters since the 19th of January, at which time we arrived at San Juan, Porto Rico.

We remained in that port but a few days to complete the equipping of the vessel with the various instruments and material that were still required to fit her out for surveying duty.

While making the passage to San Juan we devoted some time to the taking deep sea soundings on our way down, which prevented our reaching San Juan sooner.

The maximum depth we got in deep sea soundings was 6984 fathoms, which is said to be the largest on record gotten by any Government surveying vessel. In taking that one sounding, our wire on the sounding machine was carried away, losing the weight instruments, and we failed to get bottom specimens.

The cause of the wire being carried away is supposed to be due to the enormous pressure of the water at such depths.

The surveying experience is a new one to me, and I find it very interesting at times, and one can gain a certain amount of knowledge from observation.

The officers are experts in the use of surveying instruments, and by watching them in a very careful manner one can gradually learn the use of these instruments.

The theodolite is about the most delicate and technical instrument used in surveying. The sextant is not quite so hard to learn the use of.

While on this surveying duty I have been detailed to record for Lieut. Edward McCauley, Jr., and some days we had to do things which we call some tall climbing on high cliffs along the coast of Saona Island, taking angles after reaching the points that were aimed for.

Some days we would go out and sketch in shore lines, taking a few soundings along the coast as we went.

We are expected to complete this survey by the fore part of April or perhaps in the latter part of March, after which we will return to the United States. We will stop at San Juan, Porto Rico, on our way back, so as to take coal on board sufficient to make the trip back to the city of Washington.

The climate is very warm in this part of the continent, but is salubrious, and the health of the men on board is good, only if we had a little more food we would be better contented. Good food is hard to be had in this part of the world unless we pay a very large price for it.

We are now living on commissary food or stores as we call it, such as hard tack and canned beef or canned Willie, so-called by nick name.

It is very hard at times, but I am going to tough it out to the end.

We had very hard luck in losing our former Captain, some few months ago when in Boston.

He was ordered to report to the Navy Department for duty there, and we all mourn his departure.

Before he left the "Dolphin" the crew purchased a very nice present to give him as a token of friendly estimation. He was very much pleased and expressed his sentiment to the men at the time he left the "Dolphin."

A good man in the right place is a great thing, and he was one.

Since we have been down south we have seen a number of strange animals. We also saw a whale about two weeks ago. We catch many different kinds of fish when time permits to take a line for awhile. I could tell you plenty more things concerning the south, that I have observed during our stay down in this

sunny land where sun showers are frequent. Will now conclude, with best regards to you and to the rest of the community at Carlisle, I remain your friend as ever,

JOSEPH LAFROMBOISE, JR.

Yeoman, U. S. Navy.

CONUNDRUMS.

What has only one foot?—A stocking. How do bees dispose of their honey?—They cell it.

What game do the waves play at?—Pitch and toss.

What sort of men are always above board?—Chessmen.

What fish is an engaged young lady always fond of?—Her-ring.

Why should little birds in a nest agree?—Because it is dangerous to fall out.

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire?—The sooner it's out the better.

When is a clock on the stair dangerous?—When it runs down and strikes one.

Why is hot bread like a caterpillar?—Because it's the grub that makes the butterfly.

What is the difference between an angler and a dunce?—One baits his hook; the other hates his book.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants?—Because they have no visible means of support.

NOT A COUNTRY GIRL.

"Uncle James," said a city young lady, who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?"

"No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn."

"Why, certainly, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

Cannot Be Wiped Out.

A western writer is far out of his reckoning when he asserts that the American Indian will be extinct by the year 1950.

The Indians are believed to be as numerous now as when Columbus landed.

Their tribal lines vanish, and there is some assimilation, but the race is not one that can be wiped out entirely.

—[Indian Journal.]

Character is perfectly well educated will.—Novalis.

Sugar is reported to exist not only in the cane, beet-root and maple, but in the sap of 187 other plants and trees.

"Any fool can swear" says an exchange—and it might be added that most fools do.

If a donkey only knew that he was a donkey, it's more than likely he would kick himself to death.

Enigma.

I am made of ten letters which taken together make what we at Carlisle are ready for at any time.

My 6, 8, 9, 5 are used much by slovenly ladies in their dress.

My 4, 2, 3, 6 a deer can do.

My 7, 3, 10 is a bit of cloth.

My 7, 2, 8, 9, 5 is what a farm boy likes to handle.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: It began to subside.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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