

The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1902.

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

VIA DOLOROSA.

WEARY way, Thy blessed feet have trod—
Thy bleeding feet—my Saviour and my God!
When fainting 'neath the cross in anguish borne,

Amid the bitter taunts, the laugh, the scorn
Of Thy revilers—Thou didst patient tread
The path to Calvary's mount, Thy sacred head
All pierced with cruel thorns. And when the cup
With bitter dregs was given Thee to sup,
As harsh complaints were mingled with Thy sighs,
But love, surpassing love, was in Thine eyes,
And in Thy prayer, ere yet the soul withdrew,
"FATHER FORGIVE—THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

Blest Saviour! May we ever lean on Thee
When called to bear our cross, whate'er it be
Of sore distress, temptation, grief or pain,
O, may this thought our fainting souls sustain,
That Thou hast trod before the mournful way,
And Thou wilt walk beside us day by day,
Until at last we may the CROSS lay down,
And in Thy Kingdom wear the glorious CROWN

SARA J. PETTINOS.

MRS. PRATT'S SECOND LETTER.

Dear REDMAN AND HELPER:

We are now on old historical waters—"the blue Mediterranean."

We have called at Gibraltar; just a call to pay our respects, as it were.

Many were the laments we heard when we sat down to dinner on Tuesday evening, February 18th and found beside our plate a program for Gibraltar which read: "Celtic arrives at Gibraltar 7 A. M.; leaves at 3 P. M."

So familiar we have felt ever since our early school days with the great rock at the gateway of the Mediterranean Sea, so renowned in history, that the very name Gibraltar is symbolic of strength, that we had looked forward to meeting this old Autocrat, and did not take kindly to the plan of so short a visit.

At early dawn we were awakened by the quieting of our ship. The constant throbbing and pumping sounds so trying to our nerves are still.

We take a peep out of our port-hole, and realize we are anchored in a harbor. There are many other vessels about.

A towering, grim-looking mountain, "grand and gray" is before us—a formidable fortress, sentinel-like watching all who come and go.

An early breakfast, and we step out on deck to find "'tis a beastly, nasty day and so cold, so English you know," but we Americans swarm over the side of the ship in true Yankee style, good natured, yet pushing our way with the crowd, anxious to embark on the "tender," that is puffing and steaming at the foot of the ship's stairs.

To gauge distance on water is like trying to measure it by your eye on our western prairies.

We start for a mountain which looks near, but we find it to be "quite a ways off."

With an easterly wind blowing the mist into our faces, we murmur as we steam toward Gibraltar—"So near and yet so far."

But we land, and it was plain to be seen that we Americans were bent on capture, not of the rock, however, only a cab we wanted, as we rushed past red-coated soldier and all else that stood in our way, to the line of cabs.

We succeed, and our driver, a dark featured man of oriental origin, cracks his whip, and off we go, up the steep and winding streets, to see the galleries, galleries, galleries.

Says one of our tourists:

"I did not know there were any picture galleries in Gibraltar."

"Oh, yes," we reply. "Some fine old pictures you will see if you look out the

port-holes, as you go through the galleries, and fine views we found them to be of the harbor, the sea beyond and a bit of Spain across the way.

We were only allowed to go through the lower gallery which satisfied us fully. A mile and a half of climbing steadily up, through a dark tunnel, before one has acquired her land steadiness of navigation, is quite enough.

We made a call upon our Consul at Gibraltar, the son of Honorable Horatio J. Sprague, whose father and grand-father, each filled the place before him, thus keeping the Consulship in the family for eighty years, which this tall, handsome descendant of an American told us with pardonable pride.

We visited the Alameda Gardens or Public Park, quite lovely with its tropical trees and variety of plants, but there was a stiffness of arrangement that even the graceful southern plants could not well overcome.

The narrow streets presented a most cosmopolitan appearance. In the merry-tongued crowd were Nubians, Egyptians and Arabs, Moors and Turks, Greeks and Jews, Spaniards and the "Red Coats,"—six or seven thousand of the latter.

We tried to shop some, but the bargaining and gesticulating were too much for our calculation; we could not make our change come out right, so after buying a few pictures we concluded to defer the curio buying until we became more "used to their ways." We are taking lessons in oriental ways at each port.

Remembering that we are, figuratively speaking, taking snap views of many lands, we drove in spite of a pouring rain across the neutral ground—a strip of barren land, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, to the Spanish town of Linea.

We leave our carriages at the Custom House door, pass through and pick our way along the wet and much smelling streets, but are so bothered with the beggars everywhere, who, with extended hands, tumble out of every door-way, that we turn back and are glad when we are all past the grim-looking Spanish soldiers, and in our little cab, running back to English protection.

The Scottish soldiers smile at us, as we lean forward to look at their plaid kilts. To us they look very unsoldierly in their childish dress, but we know that the Highland laddie is strong of heart, brave, loving and true.

Before three P. M., sharp, we are all at home again on the Celtic.

The ship's anchor comes up, the band plays and we steam away eastward on the Blue Mediterranean.

We lift our glasses and look on the snow-clad hills of Granada, and nearer the stretch of Spanish mainland.

We look long and often from many points of view at the great Gibraltar, but not even with our greatest stretch of imagination can we make it look "like a huge British lion, reclining in watchful attitude."

Washington's Birth Day, Feb. 22, 1902.

Nearly every one on this day wore a small American flag. The U. S. Cruiser, Chicago, anchored in the Bay of Algiers, was beautifully decorated with the flags of all countries, and at noon fired a National salute.

In the evening at a gathering of the passengers, in the main dining-room, short addresses were made in response to a given sentiment.

The singing of national songs was interspersed.

Rev. Wm. E. Barton, of Illinois, presided and responded to "Washington."

Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, of New York, to "Our Country," facetiously began with his native State, Connecticut, comparing it with some of the principalities of Europe, then with Colorado, and Colorado with Montana, Montana with California, and California with Texas.

He then spread Texas over Europe, which he well obscured with it, and then tried to cover Alaska with Texas and the obscured countries, and failed, to the amusement of the audience.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele, of Chicago, to the "Celtic Trip." Rev. Dr. G. B. T. Halleck, of New York State, to "American Characteristics."

Colonel Pratt, of Carlisle, to "Ultimate America."

Believing that our "homefolks" would like to know what our Colonel had to say, I will take the liberty to give it in full, as it is brief:

Ultimate America.

"The Divine origin of Christianity is established by the faultless precepts and example of its founder. That it has stood all tests of time, contest and comparison, indicates its ultimate and universal triumph. Lifted up, its great Leader draws all men unto him. His example followed, his directions observed, conquers the world. The majestic principles of brotherhood, freedom of conscience and individual rights He inaugurated find their best civil expression in the American declaration and plan of government. Its founders fleeing from oppression builded a refuge to which the oppressed of all lands come.

Do not attraction and radiation labor together?

Attracting from all lands, is not infant America already radiating to all lands?

Who then can limit America?

If true to her founders and her peerlessly wise, courageous and enduring prototype, whom we revere to-day, America has no ultimate until she brings the millennium."

For the REDMAN AND HELPER.

"WHAT'S THE USE IN MAKING A FUSS ABOUT FOUR CENTS?"

A True Story

Mr. Rush was a prominent merchant in Smithville.

He needed help.

Two boys wanted work.

Daniel, not handsome, was neat and well-behaved.

His large, deep-set, gray eyes were the one redeeming feature of his otherwise plain face.

They were honest eyes, intelligent eyes, observant eyes.

The other boy, Benjamin, was easy in manner, graceful, regular in features, with dark, twinkling eyes that could not bear a steady gaze.

The rims of the lids were red, suggestive of irregular hours and bad habits.

A few weeks gave David who was all attention, the details of the business.

He could serve a customer quickly and well.

The packages he tied up were neat and compact, without waste of paper or string. He never forgot anything.

Every order was promptly filled.

Nothing was too much trouble for him. He had a keen eye for economy.

His native intelligence told him that the balance to his master's credit at the

end of the year, in those days of hard competition and small margins, depended on watching every little thing—every place of possible waste, every outlay; and winning desirable custom by every legitimate means.

He knew, too, that courtesy and close attention to duty counted for much.

Ben, on the other hand, in his self-assuring way, had learned within a week all that he ever learned about the business.

In fact, he ventured at times to give instructions to Mr. Rush himself.

Ben was untidy.

He was not careful in anything.

Sugar, tea, coffee always littered the floor and the counter whenever he served a customer.

He was thoughtless in the use of the details that contributed to satisfactory service, and his parcels were never neat.

When spigots to kerosene and molasses barrels were found leaking the carelessness usually was traced to him, but Ben was ever ready with an excuse or a falsehood to turn the blame on some one else.

Customers would enter the store and stand waiting until Daniel or Mr. Rush could serve them.

An order entrusted to Ben was very often forgotten.

He wasted much time in trying to say smart things irrelevant to the conversation.

Ladies shrank from his approach.

Daniel was prompt and reliable as "Old Faithful."

His short walk from the store to his dinner was a signal to every housewife along the route that 12 o'clock had come.

He was always back to his post of duty a minute or two before he was due.

When customers did not need his special attention he always saw something in the store to do.

Mr. Rush depended upon him more and more.

Ben was usually late.

In fact he always needed just a moment to finish his cigarette or to get off an anecdote or practical joke.

He hated putting things to rights, and Dan being good natured, would do it for him.

A wink at one of his "cronies" would occasionally imply that he thought faithful old Dan was something of a "chump" anyhow—"so over particular and precise, you know."

Daniel found time to read books on business and business methods.

He read journals relating to trade.

He knew market quotations.

In his room in the rear of the store-building he gradually gathered a small library, and he managed in spite of long work-hours to get some study done; in fact he was among the first in its early days to complete the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle course.

No one ever exactly knew how Ben spent his leisure hours.

He was sure that Dan did not have so much "fun" as he did, although Daniel did build up a very pleasant little coterie of friends with whom he spent many an elevating and enjoyable evening.

A slack season came.

Mr. Rush thought he had better dispense with a clerk.

Ben was told that his services were no longer needed.

In a few months another young man was employed to help in the business.

We never inquired why Ben was not

(Continued on 4th Page.)

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.The Mechanical Work on this Paper is
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IN ADVANCE.

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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.

Editorial.

Signs of Spring are in the air. The trees are waking. The buds are swelling. The birds have begun their summer touring. Now is the time preeminently to keep our eyes open and learn from the world about us.

The best lessons we get are those that come from our own observation.

The men who have found and formulated truth in the past are the great independent thinkers and observers who have shaped the world's progress, and made possible its advancement. We profit by their toil, but if we lean on their results entirely and thus get all we know from them at second hand, we are weaklings indeed.

Ruskin says that very few people know how to see. Those who do observe closely and accurately are people who think, and people who think are those whom we can depend upon to do accurately and well what they undertake.

Every year we live should be a richer one than all previous ones, because we have grown more able to appreciate nature, more sympathetic with her secret processes, better able to formulate truth that will enrich our lives and the age in which we live. "No man liveth to himself."

There is no greater pleasure than planting seed and watching their development. There is no reason why every girl or boy this Spring should not have his own plot of sweet peas, morning-glories or some other flowers to foster and enjoy during the summer.

To watch their growth, care for them and enjoy their bloom is a rare pleasure which once enjoyed will never again be forgotten or neglected.

The mind and heart that goes out toward something are richer far than the petty little one that grinds its life away in frets and worries and imagined wrongs.

We must get out of ourselves to get ABOVE ourselves, and inanimate nature, like children, helps us greatly.

Let us Strike a Balance.

Introspection as a habit is bad. But occasional study of our thoughts and feelings, our motives and actions has somewhat the effect of a merchant's annual inventory.

It enables one to strike a balance and thus determine what rate of interest our investment of energy and effort is paying.

Rightly directed efforts should give us increase of power and effectiveness from season to season.

If they do not, we are going into physical and spiritual bankruptcy, and the rational plan is to close out our business, so to speak, and begin on a smaller scale.

It is possible that many starting from wrong premises, would give up in despair when work seems to fail them, and efforts are productive of no apparent results—they would become floating human derelicts, impelled by currents and tides, here and there aimlessly, to the danger of well-

trimmed and well-manned crafts that sail with rudder well in hand, true to their compass to a definite haven.

Gloom and discouragement, moods and moroseness are usually due to physical conditions; to wrong interpretations put upon life's purposes; to lack of proper rest and food and exercise.

The bodily machine, like an intricate instrument, must have its bearings true and in perfect trim, and then the being that works it from within, cannot fail to do his part in transforming and transfiguring the world.

Cause and effect are often very widely separated.

Those who succeed, search out their relation, and modify and mend, until effort put forth brings its increase, forty, sixty, or one hundred fold.

They may Write Editorials Next.

The upper classes have done so well during the last year in framing short, newsy items, that we hope they will try brief editorials next.

We feel sure that some students can frame good, stimulating thoughts if they try.

We learn to write good English by writing it.

We learn to speak good English by speaking it.

Earnest effort accomplishes wonders. A good knowledge of English Grammar and of Rhetoric is a help to us in writing, and enables us to test our work by the standard of good usage, but this alone will never make us able to express ourselves well.

Reading, study, observation and much practice will do it.

We hope that the next few years will see Carlisle send out every class facile with tongue and pen, and with ideas and thoughts to tell and write.

The world has no room for mere fact-gorged graduates, young people padded with other men's ideas, and no power to originate.

The teachers who live in close touch with the world, who lean lightly on the book, yet use it constantly as an important auxiliary, will do much toward making these independent workers in every line. Hard work, hard study, constant and systematic use of the book, but not slavish subservience to it, is the ideal that teachers and pupils should aim at.

THE UPRISING INDIANS.

Are Indian Schools a Failure?

A special to the Denver News, dated Albuquerque, N. M., March 11th, has this encouraging news:

Mr. Carey D. Richards, who resigned his position as supervisor of the Pueblos of central New Mexico, for the purpose of testing the worth of Pueblo Indians on the Colorado sugar beet fields, has returned to Albuquerque and to-night left for the Indian villages in quest of 400 or 500 men and boys to be employed by the American Beet Sugar company.

Mr. Richards says that the Pueblo Indians taken by him from this district established their reputation as the most satisfactory laborers employed by the company.

Sixty-five young men, about half of them from the schools of Albuquerque and Santa Fe, were taken to the Las Animas fields last year.

Mr. Richards says THAT THE SCHOOL INDIANS GIVE THE BEST SATISFACTION, having no difficulty in adopting all the American ways and adapting themselves to novel conditions.

They were intelligent, industrious, dependable and made the most of their opportunities. Every Indian who went to the sugar beet fields last year is anxious to go again. This fact will be of the greatest service to Mr. Richards in getting other recruits.

The American Beet Sugar company has authorized Mr. Richards to secure from the Indian schools of the nation the very best baseball players obtainable.

A team to wear the company uniform will play in the principal towns of Colorado.

A SENSIBLE VIEW.

Nellie Carey, who has been away from Carlisle for a long time supporting herself, says by letter from the Indian Territory.

"I still look to Carlisle as a home, I do not know why, and the dear paper I get from there is like a home letter which comes every week, and if it does not come regularly, I feel lost.

It was there where I got my start, although I am not a graduate.

I shall never forget the kind friends and the dear teachers who taught me to read and write.

I am still learning.

I take a daily paper and thus keep up with the times.

I am in favor of the Commissioner's idea of letting the Indians look out for themselves, and I think it is time to break up tribal customs.

As long as the Government supports and feeds the Indians they will be of no account.

Look at the well-bodied and able young men lying around doing nothing, just depending on their rations and money!

Of course they have not learned how to transact business for themselves, and cannot farm like those who are educated, but they need watching and teaching. I hope the day is not very far off when these Indian reservations will all be opened.

They are like cattle pens, keeping the Indians shut up where they cannot see what is going on in the world.

Let the Indians out.

Let them see.

Open their eyes, so they can see what civilized people are doing.

They are not dumb animals.

Open the gate for them and let them out.

The Commissioner is right."

SENSIBLE TALK FROM ANOTHER
QUARTER.

The wise heads of the tribes have for the past few years been inclined to discourage their brethren from any effort that would lead the Government to regard them as competent to bear the burden of their existence.

Beyond any question it is time for the measure—that the Indians be paid within the next few years all money due them from the Government, that their remaining lands be allotted and they eventually be cast upon their own resources to struggle with the rest of humanity for a livelihood, and a place among mankind.)

It has been demonstrated that the Indian is capable of assuming the responsibility of his own affairs.

He is capable of education and shrewd business training, and all he has lacked for years to push him along with the rest of humanity is the necessity of competing with it.

We do not mean by this that we believe the Indian will at once spring to the level of the white man, but we are convinced that time under these circumstances, together with the accrued wealth that is his right from the Government, will soon put him on a basis where he will be able to take care of himself quite as well as the mediocrity of this country, and beyond question his tribe will be fairly well represented in course of time among the thriftiest and best classes of the land.

The Government unquestionably owes the Indian what is best for him, and civilization is far more elevating and beneficial than rations.—[Oklahoma State Capital.

HOW WE LEARN BY EXPERIENCE.

The principles we teach at Carlisle relative to learning English are found to be true by our long time-ago student, Bessie West, now Mrs. Cully.

She says by recent letter:

"I have put my oldest boy, age 11 in the Anadarko School.

We have two mission schools in our nation—the Creek, one for boys and one for girls, but they all speak the same lan-

guage and do not seem to learn English as they should. We put them in that school where students speak a different language, and our boys will be bound to try to speak English.

The worst hindrance to the Indians now is whiskey. The Indians will go to the saloons and leave most everything they have for drink if they haven't got any money.

They leave handkerchiefs, hats, spurs, saddles, guns or coats and sometimes things that do not belong to them. That happens frequently."

THE ROAD RACE.

The road race to decide the Company and individual championship of the school in long distance running was held last Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

This race had been postponed from week to week on account of bad weather and roads, and the conditions were not altogether favorable at the time of the race, as the roads were quite muddy in places.

Company A won the championship, scoring 291 points and the other Companies scored as follows: Company B 272, Company C 267, Company D 236, and Band Company 194.

The individual championship was won by Joseph Hummingbird of Company B, and his time was 15 minutes and 30 seconds, which is considered very good under the circumstances, as the course is estimated to be three miles.

Hummingbird was closely followed by Charles Antell of Company D, and Eli Beardsley of Company A was third.

The following were the first fifteen to cross the finish line:

- 1st. Joseph Hummingbird, Co. B.
- 2nd. Charles Antell, Co. D.
- 3rd. Eli Beardsley, Co. A.
- 4th. Randolph Hill, Co. D.
- 5th. Juan Apachose, Co. A.
- 6th. Allen Sword, Co. B.
- 7th. John Pidgeon, Co. Band.
- 8th. Juan Vavages, Co. B.
- 9th. James Taagoa, Co. A.
- 10th. Philip Rabbit, Co. C.
- 11th. Carlos Aprico, Co. A.
- 12th. Wallace Brings the horse, Co. D.
- 13th. Blake Whitebear, Co. Band.
- 14th. Preston Pohoxicut, Co. C.
- 15th. Roger Jamison, Co. C.

Each Company was represented by 10 runners and out of the fifty runners who took part in the race only four failed to finish. One was disqualified for running out of the course.

The race was a success in every way and will probably be made an annual event. Company A will have their banquet to celebrate their victory within a few days.

Some of our exchanges that are published by the students or the alumni of the various schools, are doing a good work in their line no doubt, by keeping up an interest among the participants in the literary progress and success of the schools they represent, as well as with the teachers and patrons of said schools, among whom the papers circulate, but the REDMAN AND HELPER has a wider range, and is devoted not only to the welfare of the pupils of the Carlisle school, but to the cause of Indian civilization and education in general, and the best means of promoting both, and has a wide circulation outside the school students and patrons, among a good class of readers. In illustration of this point, the Academic Observer, a neat monthly of the Utica, N. Y. Free Academy thus remarks:

The REDMAN AND HELPER is another paper which shows us a phase of student life widely different from our own. We were much interested in the accounts of the work in the Indian School.

Samuel Tilden, ex-student now at Spalding, Idaho, speaks of Carlisle: "Fair Carlisle valley lies in my memory as one of the most charming spots that I have ever seen when viewed from the hills surrounding it, and it is one of the pleasant memories of my life that I have been permitted to spend a portion of it there."

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Vernal Equinox!

Real Spring begins to-day.

A cool wave is again visiting us.

People in town are already moving.

Coach Warner was a little under the weather.

We are exceptionally well just now as a school.

The weather prophet says early Spring for 1902.—

It does not require a good penman to right a wrong.

Oh, fudge! A number around know how to make it, too.

They are having diphtheria away out in high and dry Santa Fe.

No one here about has been troubled with the Spring fever as yet.

The girls in the cooking class are learning to make plum pudding.—

The marble boys are holding their breath till the cold wave passes.

We want justice, but the trouble is we don't always like it when we get it.

Last Monday W. G. Thompson had his vines pruned by one of the band boys.—

At the last meeting, Frank Yarlot was elected Censor of the Standard Literary Society.—

Mr. Thompson gave some helpful remarks at the meeting of the Susans last Friday night.—

The girls in the lower grades are now signing to go to the country, the first part of April.—

Master Hobart Cook is spending his Easter vacation from Bloomsburg here with his mother

The Standard Society held one of the best meetings they have had for a long time, last Friday evening —

Remember that success depends sometimes upon the things that we do NOT do as well as upon those we do.

Miss Nellie Robertson is the first to get a Ping-Pong set, and her guests have great amusement at the game.

Mary Mackey has resigned her position as assistant seamstress at the Government school at Santee, Nebr —

If some more of the girls receive tardy marks we shall have feminine candidates for the running track by-and-by.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings the school orchestra furnished music for the Reformation play at the opera house —

In a letter from Mary Bruce, class '02, she says she is enjoying good times, at home, but misses her friends at Carlisle.—

At their last meeting the Invincibles were favored with a very beautiful solo by David Sheppard of North Dakota.—

Miss Hill takes special care that the girls wear their work dresses and check aprons when they work in her department.—

If we do not learn anything else at Carlisle we learn to be PROMPT, and that is worth more to us than we can possibly estimate.

The Seniors will have to brace and prepare for the class-contest. We hope they will not wait until one week before, and then expect to win.—

Misses Ida E. Wheelock, '02, and Olive Choteau, who are living together in a country home, write that they find Germantown and their home to be very pleasant.—

It will soon be time for the baseball candidates and the track team to practice out on the athletic field. The weather is a little too cold yet and the ground not in good condition. At present, they are practising in the cage.—

Ella Sturm and Margaret Scholder have gone to California to spend a few weeks' vacation with the latter's parents, when they will go back to their work in Oraibi, Arizona.—

Jesse G. Palmer, class '01, who recently left for his home in North Dakota, writes that he is now taking charge of his father's store, and wishes to be remembered to his Carlisle friends.—

Mr. Harris is a pretty good spokesman, and why shouldn't he be, isn't he a wheelwright?

Company D came out white-washed instead of ice-creamed, in the Cross Country run.—

The carpenters have made new porches at the farm and taken down the old fence in order to make a new one.—

Class '04 has chosen for colors, Orange and Yale blue, and for a motto: "Progressus unius omnium triumphus."—

The organization of the Juvenile baseball team, greatly pleases its members, and the team hopes for success.—

Mr. and Mrs. Wetzel, our neighbors across the way, and their niece were guests of Miss Senseney to dinner on Sunday.

Don't be too anxious! If we do our best all the time, when a good chance comes for us we will be recommended and get the place.

The push-out spirit of the Standards was shown when they decided to debate with the Reed debating society of Dickinson Preparatory.—

Write a sentence containing the word dozen, said the teacher, and a little reservation Indian boy wrote: "I dozen know my lesson."—

The boys of the tailor shop have received a letter from their instructor Mr. Walter, which states that he has resigned his position as tailor.—

Some girls have long been anxious for violin instruction. Miss Moore, has at last brought it about. Girls who can pay their own tuition, are given this privilege.

As soon as pleasant weather comes the Seniors will go out of doors to do their botany work. This will make the study much more pleasant and interesting.—

Company A won the largest number of points in the road-race last Friday. It deserves special credit, for it is the smallest company in the Large Boys' Quarters.—

There was a small game of baseball last Saturday afternoon back of the school building in which William John showed that he could play well at second base.—

One of the Juniors asked another why he had on a green badge. The reply was, "This is St. Patrick's day." "Oh," said the first mentioned, "did he graduate here?"—

Miss Senseney has presided at the piano for a few times in public exercises recently, owing to a sprain in the hand that Miss Moore sustained in a basketball game.

Minerva Mitten, '02, is living with a family in Jamestown, N. Y. She is working for herself and may attend school in that town next fall.—

That chicken which strayed into the Normal room, (see last page) talked good sense, didn't she? and just see what she promises if we treat her as she requests, and so near Easter, too.

Lieutenant Archie Wheelock of A Company is very proud of his boys because they won the race. At a reception to be given, the Band Company will be the dish washers, for they came out last.—

Care should be taken in choosing candidates for any contest. For instance the electors who chose Eugene Fisher to run did not stop to think that a fish can swim better in water than run on land.—

Miss Jackson told her girls about her trip among the girls out in the country. Although she had a hard time with the snow and ice, she reports enjoying herself with a great many sleigh rides.—

Five butter-cups were sent to the new children that arrived from Idaho some weeks ago by their friend, one for each, to show these children that Spring has come with its beautiful flowers in that part of the country.—

A new supply of tin was received at the tin shop last week, consequently the tinner are doing big business, especially as Mr. Sprow wants to get a great deal of work done before some of his best hands leave for the country.—

The birds and buds took a back seat when the cold wave struck us on Tuesday.

Olean who has been in the hospital all winter is learning how to wash dishes and set the tables. He is expecting to go to the country in the first party.—

The Wetzel greenhouse just now is a thing of beauty. The violets grown there are superb, conditions of heat and sunshine for raising them being perfect.

To-night the visiting committee for the Invincibles is Misses Stewart and Smith; for the Standards, Mrs. Cook and Miss Forster; for the Susans, Misses Cutter and Hill.

One of our teachers asked her class to write sentences containing the word "urchin," and a paper handed in read: "My parents are urchin me to go to school."—

No wonder the English language is hard for a foreigner to understand: "Are you coming down?" calls an Indian girl to a Porto Rican on the stairs. "Yes." "Well, hurry-up."—

A composite letter was written by the members of the Senior Class to Col. Pratt; and they are pleased to have it known that Colonel is an honorary member of their class.—

The writer of the poem first page is well known in Carlisle having lived in town for a long time, and she is a strong friend of the Indians as well as of the school. Mrs. Pettinos now resides in Bethlehem, Pa.

About fifty Catholic boys and girls took their First Holy Communion last Saturday; and a very happy lot they are. After Mass, breakfast was served to them in grand style, by the Sisters, in St. Katherine's Hall.—

Miss Jackson, who has been visiting the country girls, came home last Friday. She expected to find the quarters filled with invalids on account of the vaccinations, but she was glad not to realize her expectations.—

Last Saturday afternoon after suits were given to the baseball candidates, they practiced out of doors for the first time this season. Capt. Charles Bender was pleased to see that his team this year will be just as good as last.—

The boys who expect to go to the country are commencing to realize that it means a battle to build up the character as well as the body; that if they are conquerors on a Bucks county farm they will be prepared to conquer difficulties in the future.—

It appears that Capt. Maguiel, in the Cross-country run last Friday, while putting forth extra exertions to keep James Tagoa from running around him, down by the barn, was taken with cramps and had to give up, saying as he dropped out: "I give you all."—

Last Friday evening Rev. F. W. Merrill, Episcopal Missionary of Oneida, Wis., gave a stereopticon lecture in the Episcopal church Sunday School room in town, in which he presented views of the Oneida tribe. He gave free admission to the boys and girls of this tribe. The views were very interesting.—

The boys of Co. B. are proud of Joseph Hummingbird for winning the first prize last Friday. But Co. A. is also proud of Eli Beardsley, who won third prize, and with his followers was awarded ice cream and cake. The run has taught some of the boys that it requires practice to run a long distance contest.—

Miss Martha Hollinshead of Moores-town, N. J. visited Gail Hamilton and Mary Kadashan on Wednesday. It was in her parent's family that Mary and Gail lived for a time, and they call Miss Hollinshead their country sister. Many are the near friends that our students have made through the outing system.

Last Saturday evening we had another illustrated lecture, which was a continuation of the talks on the continents. Towards the close we were pleased to see pictures of scenes that were familiar to us, but Colonel Pratt's picture which ended the series was the best of all, and was greeted with a round of hearty applause.—

St. Patrick's Day was not entirely forgotten by the Carlisle students, for several of them wore green ribbons.—

The story of the boy, (printed last page), who thought it was foolish to make a fuss over such a little thing as four cents, tells it all. Every shiftless, don't-care fellow is Ben, and every boy bent on success is Daniel. We can pick 'em out all around us, can't we? The what's-the-use fellows are the failures.

The officers of the girls went along with the inspecting party through the boys' quarters last Sunday. Some of the girls had never been inside of the boys' quarters before. They found out that the boys have their rooms fixed up just as nicely as the girls have.—

Miss Mary Easton, for nine years a Missionary in India, addressed the students on Thursday afternoon, giving a most graphic and interesting account of some of the heathen customs of the people, of the changes made by the introduction of Christian civilization, and especially of her own work among the women. Her good voice and distinct enunciation added to the pleasure of her listeners, and the brevity of the talk left with all a desire to hear more.

William Paul, class '02, has found pastures in the south, and we trust he will succeed. Previous to his leaving and since Commencement he has been acting as foreman of the afternoon division of printers. It will be hard to find one to take his place in the band, as he played the Oboe and it is a difficult instrument. His voice in the choir will be missed and his school-mates and friends will always remember him pleasantly, but he goes out to carve a destiny for himself, and we expect good results.

One of the strongest talks along practical lines the student body has listened to for some time, was given by Mrs. H. E. Monroe, of Washington, D. C., last Sunday afternoon. Her large experience has brought her in contact with all classes of people enabling her to study human nature. She has been a teacher for many years, and prepared the sons of Congressmen and others for college and professional careers. Some of her students now occupy prominent places of trust and honor. Her talk was more to the individual than to the mass, and she gave the elements that enter into personal success as (1) Knowledge, (2) Energy, (3) Industry, (4) Integrity. A person is a failure if he lacks any one of the elements mentioned. In point of study and character building we should strive the hardest where we are weakest. If we make a mistake, place our foot on it and use it as a stepping stone to higher achievement. Rev. Diffenderfer conducted the opening and closing of the service and introduced the speaker. The singing by the choir and school was exceptionally good.

A SAD DEATH.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, Margaret Alice, died last week, after a bitter struggle with the whooping-cough. She was but eight months old and was ill a week or two. The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at Middlesex and were conducted by Rev. G. K. Hartman. The remains of the dear baby were interred in Ashland cemetery. A number who visited the house as the little innocent lay a corpse said they never saw a more beautiful child in death.

The pall bearers were four little Indian boys, Mr. Gray's herders. The casket was laden with choice flowers, the last tribute of love from friends of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have the sympathy of the entire employee force, of which he is an honored member. In a note signed Wm. B. Gray and Ada Gray the bereaved parents "desire to extend our thanks through the columns of the RED MAN & HELPER to the employees for so kindly remembering us in our bereavement by sending us those beautiful flowers." Mr. Gray's mother, Mrs. Charles A. Gray of West Grove, arrived on Friday last, and has been with the family since.

INDIAN EMPLOYEES.

Among the changes in employees at various Indian agencies, authorized by the Indian Office during the month of February, 1902, appear the following:

Appointments.

Name	Position	Agency	In place of
Has the whip	Laborer	Fort Belknap, Mont.	Leo Trail
Willis Rowland	Ass't Farmer	Tongue River, Mont.	Henry Playing Bear
Joe Snohomish	Judge	Tulalip, Wash.	Alexander Morris
Stabs Down	Laborer	Blackfeet, Mont.	John K. Woman
Dog Ear	Ass't Farmer	Do.	Medicine Owl
Henry Harden	Carpenter	Om'a & Win'bago, N'b.	James Mallory
Henry Decora, Jr.	Teamster	Do.	Moses M. St Cyr
Charley White	Stableman	Round Valley, Cal.	William Perry
Joseph Wakaksan	Add'l Farmer	Devils Lake, N. D.	
Marshall Hand	Ass't Butcher	Pine Ridge, S. D.	Edward Star
Nick Alvares	Blacksmith's Aps.	Fort Peck, Mont.	Thomas Roberts
John Quip	Ass't Mechanic	Utah and Ouray, U.	Alfred Unapason
William Russell	" Farmer	Blackfeet, Mont.	Frank Vielle
Michael Littlebear	" Carpenter	Standing Rock, N. D.	Ed. Loans Arrows
Tawonasewaste	Judge	Devils Lake, N. D.	
Otto Pratt	Teamster	Cheyenne & Arap. Okla.	Bald Eagle
L. S. Bonnin	Issue Clerk	Do.	John W. Block
Herbert Picotte	Blacksmith	Yankton, S. D.	Stephen Jones
Kay Davis	Stockman	Klamath, Ore.	Jesse Kirk
Cijan	Add'l Farmer	Devils Lake, N. D.	

Transfers and Promotions.

Name	From	To	Agency	In place of
Henry Playing Bear	Ass't Farmer	Add'l Farmer	Tongue R. M't.	Robert Bear Black.
Nor. W. Robertson	" Clerk	Issue Clerk	Chey' Rvt. S. D.	Frank S. Shively
Joseph E. Perrault	Farmer	Ass't "	White E. Minn.	
Theo. B. Beaulieu	Ass't Farmer	Farmer	Do.	Joseph E. Perrault.

(Continued from 1st Page.)

re-employed, but learned that he afterward served in a tobacco store and pool-room for a season, and then dropped out of sight entirely.

Daniel, from time to time, was advanced.

At the end of five years Mr. Rush's health failed, and his physicians advised his retirement from business.

With much persuasion he prevailed upon Daniel to take the establishment, loaning him the capital needed to do it, and to-day the young man is one of the prominent business men of Smithville, respected, honored and happy.

The fact is that a simple, four-cent ball of twine wasted by Ben was just enough to measure the difference between failure and success.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

This truism was once illustrated by the following ludicrous anecdote.

Some years ago Thomas Marshall, a noted orator and prominent politician of Kentucky, was canvassing his district, soliciting patronage and votes by delivering stump speeches during a political campaign from town to town.

Another man with a very ingenious performing monkey was also travelling that region of country at the same time, and in order to meet large crowds of people, many of whom are often attracted by the latest novelty or the most fun-producing excitement, he followed Marshall from place to place; and suiting his performance to the same time very remote from the speaker's crowd, he drew large crowds from the orator, greatly to his annoyance.

Finding the monkey-man persistent in following him up, Marshall sought an interview to protest against the interference.

"Why don't you go to other places so as not to disturb our meetings?" said Mr. Marshall. "Do please withdraw and travel in some other direction."

To which the monkey-man replied: "Mr. Marshall, blood will tell, and if the people who come out prefer seeing my monkey in his intelligent feats to hearing you talk, it shows that they can appreciate merit—he is a wonderful monkey, and blood will tell."

What further was done the reporter does not narrate, but in turning from the ridiculous to things more solid, special results in the mechanic arts often give force to the blood or merit maxim.

In the field of competing machinery, opinions are often divided, except where superiority is quite marked.

In illustration, without intending any disparagement of merit in competing claims for completeness or efficiency, we notice in a recent copy of the Mercantile and Financial Times of New York, an ex-

tensive notice of what is called "A Record Breaking Contract," by one of the staff correspondents of that paper, which states that the Austrian Ministry of Justice recently placed an order with the Philadelphia branch of the Smith Premier Typewriter Company, for 1200 typewriters, and which contract the correspondent says was largely due to the able and progressive management of Mr. E. L. Virden, the genial gentleman in charge of the Philadelphia office, with whom the writer is acquainted.

The blood in this case perhaps is divided between the agent and the machine.

W. B.

HARRY KOPAY, A GRADUATE OF CARLISLE, CLASS '91,

Mr. Kopay is a full-blood Osage Indian and received his education at Carlisle. He expresses himself on the Indian question in terms of no uncertain meaning, and his sentiments are well worth reading. From the Osage Journal we clip the following:

Among the representatives, a most unpromising specimen of the Osage, I entered the great school for Indians at Carlisle, Pa., the 9th day of June, 1882, nearly twenty years ago.

Since then I have had the grand chance of standing side by side with the white man's son in gaining a liberal education.

This experience has afforded me a full chance to come face to face with the people of this noble Republic. Therefore, the views that I may express here are convictions derived from the most intense personal interest, personal observation and study, since my return from the east.

The reservation is a demoralizing prison, a barrier to enlightenment a promotor of idleness, gamblers and ruination.

If you were to isolate your children on barren soil, away from civilized communities, among the ignorance and superstitions of centuries, would you expect them to be cultured and refined?

Could you put them among idlers and gamblers and make them industrious and self-supporting citizens?

No, rather you would place them in the midst of the most refined, cultured and educated communities among the English speaking people, where they might see all phases of civilized life, not for five years only, for five years of schooling is not education enough for an Indian boy any more than for a white boy.

To accomplish their civilization, in my opinion, compulsory education is necessary for the Indians, not on reservations, nor near them, for the school on the reservations can be made to do a part; but that is and will continue to be a very small part towards getting the man into his place in civilization and as a citizen.

They are like a hot bed. They may give the seed a start, but cannot grow cab-

bage. None of the capable Indian gentlemen gained their civilized ability in their tribes or near them.

They go away from the tribes and utilize the appliances of the most advanced civilization.

I do not know any capable civilized Indian who did not reach that condition the same way.

And I know quite as many such Indians as any person in this country.

Every Indian school should do something to help the Indians to individually grow out of the tribe and into the wider opportunities of our American life to help the individual member to rise.

Let the Missionaries in their schools work this way instead of putting them back to the tribe.

After all to arise and to amount to anything, each individual must stand for himself, and he should be governed by the wisdom and the power he can accumulate within himself as to where he should go and what he should be.

The Indian has learned by long experience to believe somewhat that the only good white man is a dead white man, and he is just as right about it as any of the whites are in thinking the same of the Indians.

But taking the question from the "Christian standpoint," you know that the teaching of Christ was not to save the dead, but the living.

It is only the Indian in them that ought to be killed; and it is the bad influence of the bad white man that ought to be killed too.

Had the choice of my life remained with my father, mother or myself I would not be able to express myself in this way.

Ignorance and the very lowest depth of uncivilized life would have been my fate.

I say teach the Indians particularly to earn their own bread in God's appointed way, "In the sweat of thy face."

That means liberty, manhood and citizenship. Again, I say, help the weak and feeble, but do not minister to idleness. It is not climate or civilization that is killing my people, it is the bondage of ignorance and whisky.

Your duty (Indian workers) is to educate them and show them how to live in a better way. They must be surrounded by that which is the highest and purest in our two races.

In behalf of the down trodden race for whom I speak and as a member of one of those tribes who look to you for help and instructions, I say with the woman of old "entreat us not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, we will go; and where thou lodgest, we will lodge, thy people shall be our people and thy God our God."

ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR.

We have been asked to publish the following, taken from the Philadelphia Presbyterian.

Stupefies and besots.—Bismark.
That beverage, the sin of sins.—Southey.
The devil in solution.—Sir Wilfred Lawson.

Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—Robert Hall.

I consider all intoxicating spirits bad spirits.—Sir Astley Cooper.

Every crime has its origin more or less in drinking.—Judge Gurney.

Grape-juice has killed more than grape shot.—C. H. Spurgeon.

While you have the drink you have the drunkard.—George W. Bain.

Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham.

Drink is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education.—John Bright.

Drink, the only terrible enemy whom England has to fear.—Prince Leopold.

Japanese mills run day and night, the shifts changing at noon and midnight. Most of the mill workers are children.

There is a cave on the fiord, Norway, from which at every change of the weather flashes of lightning issue.

A CHICKEN TALKS TO THE NORMAL PUPILS.

I need a house to live in.
My house should have windows.
I like sunshine and fresh air.
My house must not be damp.
It must have a place for me to roost.
It should be cleaned every day.
I like to have it white-washed many times in a year.

I like to roll in nice road dust.
That keeps me clean and healthy.
Put water where I can drink when I am thirsty.
And I don't like to drink dirty water.
Do you?

I wish you would wash my drinking pan sometimes.

I like to eat green grass.
I like all kinds of grains.
I get tired of corn EVERY day.
I like milk sometimes.

It is good for me to have soft food for breakfast.
You forget that I often wish for little stones. I eat them.

They help to grind my food.
I like broken bits of oyster shells.
They help me to make my egg shell.
If you will think of me and do these things, I will lay an egg for you every day.

"I am in love with your school at Carlisle and enjoyed every minute of my stay while there Commencement. You Indians have such grand opportunities for gaining your education, so stay at Carlisle till you are finished and when you leave there, you'll be fit to face the wide world." This was written to one of our Indian girls by her country mother who visited an Indian school for the first time and the Indian girl was the first Indian she ever saw.—

"A heart at leisure from itself" is indeed something worth striving for. We let slip many opportunities for helping others, not because we are indifferent or unwilling, but because just at the time we are so busy with our own burden, so full of care or sore-hearted that we think we have no strength to lend to another. Thereby we miss the blessedness of learning how God cares for those who care for others.—[LEAVES OF LIGHT.

If we are in an uncomfortably crowded place, let us not complain; consider that there are others with us who are just as uncomfortable as we are. Let us think of the comfort of those around us before we think of ourselves. We do not realize how strongly we affect those with whom we come in contact. Some may turn away with unpleasant memories of us, while if we are patient, some may love to think of us and the kindness we have shown.—

Honor yourself and you will be honored; despise yourself and you will be despised.

Life outweighs all things if love lies within it.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters which form something that delights the heart of the Man-on-the-band-stand just now.
My 8, 10, 2, 6, 7 is to fetch.
My 1, 9, 4, 3 directs travellers,
My 12, 5, 6 is something to shun.
My 11, 2, 3 is a noise.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Real Spring.

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