

The Red Man and Helper.

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

Easter.

IT IS EASTER in the garden.
Though the ground is cold and dead;
There is something rising, rising,
In your little garden bed.

For the snowdrops and the crocus
Heard the calling of the sun;
And the jonquils and the tulips
Lift their leaf hands one by one.

On the lawn the coming army
Of the brave green grasses rise,
And among them, see, the violets
Lift their blue and dewy eyes.

Oh, it's Easter in the garden,
Is it Easter, dear, with you?
In your heart is God's word growing
As the grass and violets do?

—[Picture Lesson Paper.]

FROM MRS. PRATT, OFF ALGIERS, AFRICA.

February 23, 1902.

DEAR REDMAN AND HELPER:

We are having an experience for which we were not "booked," neither was it anticipated, and certainly not desired, but to begin at the beginning:

We arrived and anchored out about two miles from shore, Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

We had dined early so that we could have an evening ashore.

The weather was disagreeable—a drizzling rain, but in spite of the fact that we expected to have nearly a whole day ashore, on the morrow, we embarked with several hundred others on a coal barge, which was towed by a little steam tug, and we slowly moved toward Algiers, a city which rises from the harbor in a semi-circular order; and even in the gloom of a rainy evening, the buildings looked substantial.

The glitter of electric lights and the sight of civilized carriages and swift-running street-cars established us with such confidence that four of us left the big party which was under a guide, and leisurely walked by ourselves up the terraced streets, through the handsome arcades, which one must see to appreciate, and we wished our streets were built like those.

Solidity and comfort with well-paved streets give one the idea of a modern city. And we recall the fact that Algiers has been noted in history as the "land of pirates."

Less than one hundred years ago it was the terror of the civilized world.

From all accounts it was a happy day for Algiers when it came under the control of France.

It is said that the occupation of Algiers has cost the French Government the lives of 150,000 men and about \$600,000,000 in money.

When we first met the Moors and Arabs we thought they looked quite capable of piracy, but they were picturesque and interesting, and we tried to learn which was which.

We would tell each other that the Moors were "you know, natives of Morocco, and the Arabs the children of the desert," but they looked alike to us and are all Mohammedans, and very friendly, we learned, before the evening was over.

As we stepped from the door-way of a shop three Algerian soldiers who wore bloomers and turbans and carried swords stopped to look at us, and we at them. Their faces were kindly and we exchanged pleasant greetings.

The motley throng of Oriental people, the cultured Frenchman and the groups of Americans all made a strange mingling

of people on the streets of that strange city that rainy evening.

The French cafes were bright and attractive, and we promised ourselves the pleasure of going to the most elegant one the next day for a real French dinner.

We see a news-stand, and it seems like old times to stop to buy a daily paper—a London edition of the New York Herald.

How eagerly we scan the news from the United States, but find nothing specially to interest us but your blizzard, which gives us enough anxiety, for we remember the suffering caused by a snow blizzard. As we are too far away to help shovel the snow, we will try to be patient while we wait for pleasant news.

We go back to our ship in a row-boat. A bloomed Moor is our oarsman, and we retire with well-defined plans of what we are to do and the sights we are to see tomorrow.

A rough sea and a pouring rain in the morning made us decide to wait for a change in the weather.

Many of our fellow passengers had remained on shore all night, and a hundred more got off to town by the first boat in the morning, which proved to be the only one that carried people off the Celtic that day.

The wind increased in its fury, and we were prisoners.

We tried to be thankful that we were aboard a big, strong boat which defied the angry waves that dashed against its sides.

We looked over at the "promised land" but could not enter, and grievous was our disappointment.

Toward noon a staunch little steam tug came out over the swelling waves. We watched the vessel as it arose on the crest of a wave and than sink into a trough of the sea which seemed almost to swallow it up, but on it came.

Our brave sailor stood gallantly waiting on the swinging stairs with ropes ready to toss to the sailor aboard the little vessel which circled several times before it could come near enough to swing the few passengers on to the steps.

It was a perilous undertaking, so much so that another and larger launch which soon followed was ordered back.

Our gloomy day passed. We went early to bed. The morning brought little cheer. There were streaks of sunshine, and we watched with much anxiety the return of our favored friends who had been two days in Algiers.

All were safely aboard at five o'clock Saturday evening, and we are now on our way to Malta.

On the Mediterranean, February 25th.

To one at home or abroad the toiler and the pleasure seeker each knows the bitterness of disappointment, and we, a party of tourists have begun to lament.

There are disadvantages, we find, in being aboard the "largest ship afloat", at least that fact is given for anchoring "way off" from the harbors.

We accepted with considerable grace the "reason" for not entering the harbor at Algiers. The sea was rough and we did not know the harbor soundings, but when we neared Malta, that harbor which is considered the best in the world and 60 feet deep, there was a clear sky, and all seemed so auspicious for a grand day of sight-seeing, on an island so historic that we wonder if we can remember, even half of what we have read, of the tragical dramas of the past.

The sons of Malta were representative men of Rome, 200 years ago; so on this bright morning we were in readiness long

before our ship anchored, and with our "glasses we could look at the rocky point where St Paul was ship-wrecked when on his way to Rome

A tall square monument marks the spot.

We try to "think up," as we approach this shadeless island which reminds us of New Mexico.

A little boat comes tossing over the waves; the pilot and our ship's Captain hold an animated conversation. We soon realize we have anchored five miles from shore.

We wait and wait, then little steam tugs roll toward us and circle around our ship; some one gives us the information that Mr. Clark has gone ashore, presumably to make further arrangements for our landing.

We continue to wait, while we make "remarks" about our British Captain who walks the ship's bridge.

About noon many little row boats come bobbing over the dark blue waters.

Soon we are made to understand that those who wish to see Malta must be carried first in these to the rolling vessels a way off.

We find our courage oozing as we watch the difficulty experienced by those who make the venture.

We are no longer an eager crowd, but a sober and disappointed party.

Luncheon is announced, and after hot soup and coffee we decide to "do and dare."

Down the swinging stairs we walked and were practically thrown into the row-boats and carried out to one of the launches; after being PULLED into that we went to Malta.

We found a smooth harbor, cleared of larger boats that had graciously moved to one side to make room for the Celtic.

"The Maltese island belongs to Great Britain, and troops to the number of about 5,000 are usually stationed here," and we were impressed with the strength of Britain's hand, holding in her grasp, so tenaciously this valuable sea-port, right in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea.

Forts old and new rise from the water's edge.

We step ashore and enter carriages which are soon taking us up through the narrow streets paved with sand-stone.

The buildings, forts and all, are built of sand-stone—a yellowish gray.

The pretty over-hanging balconies with their green shades make pleasing spots of color.

Owing to the lateness of the hour of our landing we could not go to Citta Vecchia—the "Old City" that was founded many centuries before the Christian era, and the home of Publius, who entertained Paul.

As our time is limited we look at the points of interest near and are driven to the Church of St. John which is dear to the hearts of the Knights of St. John.

The exterior of the Church is simple, but the interior is gorgeous.

We pass through the enormous doors over which hangs a heavy leathern curtain.

The vast nave is beautiful in its great paintings, rich marbles and elaborate carvings.

On the floor with its innumerable memorial Mosaic slabs representing some most ghastly skulls and skeletons is recorded in Latin, French Spanish and other languages the virtues and valor of the distinguished Knights buried beneath.

There are mural paintings most inter-

esting, but our visit was too hasty for a detailed description.

Behind one of the altars, we looked at a painting representing the beheading of John the Baptist which we were told was "unquestionably by Michael Angelo." The figures are life like; the execution over, the headsman is stooping to pick up the severed head, the jailor is there with his keys, and from the grating of a window, two prisoners are looking on with terror

Other important characters are represented, but we could not linger to fully appreciate the artist's wonderful conception, for we were hurried on.

We were taken to the Armory where the armors of the Knights of Malta are kept, and our guide was most anxious that we should be impressed with the valor of "gone-by Knights."

We were shown the Parliament Hall. The walls are covered with old tapestry paintings, hundreds of years old.

We walked through the Governor General's grounds, but have seen finer.

We went shopping, drove about the town, saw many goats and knew that "milking time" on this island was when a goat stopped at the door.

We were taken up to the top-most street, which seemed to be over one of the forts, and had a grand view of town, harbor and the hills beyond.

We resented the hurrying, but night was falling and our ship afar off.

Again we were on the rolling launch, steaming out to sea.

Our great ship loomed up like a small island in the sea, and from the lighted decks we could see many heads, and could imagine the anxious faces peering into the darkness, watching for our coming, as we had to depend upon little row-boats to take us from the launch to our ship.

It seemed ages before our turn came to make the crossing.

When we reached the ship-side, our boat danced on the rising and falling waves.

When the boat rises we are told to jump. A sailor grabs us and holds us until we get our feet on the steps.

Then we ascend, and our friends almost embrace us as we step on deck again.

About 500 of the passengers failed to get ashore.

We are promised an easier landing at Piræus, where we take tram-cars for Athens, five miles distant.

It is time for "lights out" so we turn to our pillow to dream of to-morrow and Athens.

THE CRUISE OF THE CELTIC.

The following from the London Express will be read with interest in connection with Mrs. Pratt's letter:

The holiday trip of the 800 wealthy Americans in the Mediterranean is being filled with unexpected incidents.

The guidebook called it "sunny Algiers." But when the first officer pointed out the white city on the coast last Thursday afternoon there was no sun, but dismal rain, lowering clouds, and a heavy sea.

The Captain of the Celtic looked at the prospect and shook his head.

"We stay outside the harbor," said he. "Oh, please let us land," said the 800 anxious ones, in chorus.

But the Captain was obdurate. The Celtic might be as dangerous as a mad

(Continued on last page.)

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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Address all Correspondence: Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing, Carlisle, Pa.

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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.

Time is a commodity that is in a way unlimited. Yet everyone finds himself under certain circumstances complaining of a lack of it.

Now, it is not time that is lacking, but disposition to use it rightly, or lack of judgment in so disposing of our duties, so proportioning the time element as to do what really needs to be done.

Every one finds time to do what he WILL do. Many are so wanting in power to think and plan that much of every day is lost to him and to the world.

Time used in vigorous play is not wasted nor lost, but time used in idle, listless nanging about without thought, without conversation, without aim, is worse than wasted.

It is usually such people, and people with like qualities that plead "lack of time."

We have all the time there is, and we are wanting in force of character if we do not take the time needed to do, 1st:—all the things that OUGHT to be done, and 2nd:—all the things in order that will tend to bring out of us the best that is in us.

How quickly a flippant excuse rises to our lips when detected in a fault, or corrected for some little lapse. Now, have you ever thought that excusing oneself is really often ACCUSING oneself?

We are responsible for our own actions and not the other fellow's, or some external thing. How much better to take the comment in correction quietly, though it stings; and grow better and stronger, more careful and thoughtful. Sometimes we may not fully deserve it, but our attitude and future effort can best prove that, not excuse.

People who are exceedingly sensitive to criticism, are often weak and powerless in their chosen calling. The glaring faults of their work, due to their own incompetency, is invariably attributed to some one else's neglect or influence.

Boys and girls instinctively drop into this habit of excusing themselves on every occasion, and sad to say, never break it up. They get to believe it finally, and stand as one of a class of abused and mistreated people, in their own judgment, all their lives.

One's best effort all the time; thoughtfulness and consideration under all circumstances, and a willingness to learn by favorable and unfavorable criticism, are qualities that mark a boy for a successful career.

We grind our lives out in a little whirl of ceaseless, unnecessary toil, and gnash our teeth at its barrenness, never dreaming that the barrenness is unnecessary and self-inflicted. Work, hard work is a blessing; is enjoyable; is ennobling. But it can and should be followed by play, recreation, association. Overwork is as wrong as it is unnecessary.

A careful adjustment of time so that recreation in the open air, with pleasant

companions, alternate with duty would save much needless suffering.

It is not heroic to work beyond one's strength, but foolishness. No duties need require it. It is our business to so plan and so toil, that our physical powers after a season of work can rebound to the normal state before impairment.

"There is a distinction between education and training. The latter is a factor in the former. . . Education embraces all the processes by which a human soul comes to have contact in larger and larger measure with all other souls. It is the resultant of all the forces by virtue of whose influence a human being finds his place in the world. The education is successful when the individual finds for himself the best place of which he is capable."—[Henry S. Pritchett, Mass. Inst. of Technology, Boston.

Pilfering.

The girl or boy who goes into a home, and forgets himself so far as to rummage through his employer's house, and appropriate little things he may covet, is on most unsafe ground.

The appropriation of anything that does not belong to you is stealing, pure and simple, and will never bring you good or pleasure.

A trinket, a piece of lace or ribbon thus taken will never give you joy, and all your life the deed will remain a blemish, burning, stinging, humiliating you.

You cannot hide the fact.

Your face puts on a guilty look ever, when theft is mentioned.

The world may not suspect, but YOU know you are a thief

Young people want to weigh such matters.

Meddling.

One of the hardest things for young people to learn, is to keep hands off of things, that do not belong to them, or to refrain from inquiring needlessly into business of others.

Sometimes it takes the form of too freely discussing the business of friends and neighbors.

Such people are meddling, and are paving the way for much needless trouble later in life.

It is a glorious thing to have such self-control, that our curiosity in many directions be always curbed and kept under.

The meddling person is always a person of coarse mental make-up.

Sometimes advice, counsel and criticism, sometimes severe reproof alone will awaken the guilty one to this fault.

OUR OUTING.

Our Spring "hegira" will begin tomorrow.

Scores of boys and girls are waiting eagerly hour to start to their country homes.

Many know that good, earnest, faithful work is expected of them, and they are ready to do it.

They are old, tried, trusted toilers.

They pride themselves on their past records.

Others have thought little about it.

They seek change, diversion, and will be just as ready carelessly to take up the wrong thing as the right one.

They sign the rules, but have not weighed their meaning, sometimes having in mind and heart to break them when opportunity comes.

Here are a few thoughts that may be helpful.

Some one who knows, and has seen our boys under the fire of trial, says:

The Ideal Outing Boy.

1. Will sign the rules and keep them as he keeps his honor and health.

2 He will take care to understand his employer's instructions and follow them closely.

3 He will be called but once in the morning.

4. He will be first at work, not lagging behind on all occasions, and last to quit, but on time always.

5. He will be too anxious to save his

strength and energy for legitimate duty, to run about much at night or on Sunday.

6. He will always be true to his trust, and truthful, never meddling or pilfering.

7. Will be so trusty that the employer need not look up his work to see that it has been done. The employer will KNOW that it is done because "his Indian" said so.

8. He will save his hard earned cash, and not spend it aimlessly for things he can do without.

9. He will never forget that possibilities of his race will be gauged by what he does, and that he is solving the "Indian Problem."

10. He will use every sense and every faculty daily to grow in power and ability. He will use leisure time wisely.

11. He will grow strong by choosing to have come into his daily life, only the best influences and companions.

12. He will remember all the time, that every step upward rests with him alone. "God and he are a majority."

KINDLY CRITICISM OF OUR SOCIETIES.

Society meetings, generally speaking, are well conducted. Sometimes business matters drag out to a needless length, from want of decision on the part of the chairman. There is too much irrelevant discussion.

Things should never be left in an uncertain or indefinite state.

Remarks should not be allowed unless upon the question under discussion, which is generally under a motion or the special order of business.

The Susans had an election of officers on Tuesday night.

They did it quietly and in a business like way. Good for the Madam president.

She is not a mismanager, but a Miss-manager.

Visiting committees spoke very encouragingly of the work in the various societies last Friday night

It has been a great pleasure to see the pupils hold down so strictly to business during the winter.

There has been a great coming up in the society work, due in part to the patient, painstaking efforts of teachers and pupils in their class society work.

SEVENTEEN INDIAN GIRLS GIVE PLEASURE.

Joseph W. Johnson who is Chairman of the Christian Endeavor Missionary Committee of the Third Christian Church, Philadelphia, says by letter that "on Sunday evening, we had the pleasure of listening to seventeen bright young Indian girls sing praises to Him who is the Father of all. We had the greatest number present we have ever had. We were actually captured by the Indians. They have crept into the hearts of the members of the Third Christian Church, and especially its Y. P. S. C. E.

The girls sang and behaved well, though I was not surprised for I have visited them several times, and they are always very lady like and exceedingly polite."

He no doubt refers to Indian girls from the Lincoln Institution.

BASE BALL.

The following baseball schedule has been arranged for the coming season:

April 5. Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster.
 " 12. University of Pennsylvania, at Phila.
 " 16. Susquehanna, at Carlisle.
 " 19. Dickinson, on Indian field.
 May 2nd. Franklin & Marshall, at Carlisle,
 " 14. Gettysburg, at Carlisle.
 " 20. Cornell, at Ithaca.
 " 22. Labanon Valley, at Carlisle.
 " 24. Allbright, at Myerstown.
 " 30. Dickinson, on Dickinson field.
 " 31. Bucknell, at Carlisle.
 June 6. University of W. Virginia at Morgantown.
 " 7. University of W. Virginia at Morgantown.
 " 14. Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
 " 18. Bucknell at Lewisburg.

It will be noticed that the schedule is not as elaborate as that of last season, but it was thought best not to arrange so many games far from home as these interfered too much with the school work.

Superintendent Potter of the Chemawa Indian School, Oregon, has a new piano.

The student items this week were full of the open-air Band concert last Saturday night, it being the first of the season, and the early evening so delightful. The Band played some new music, adapted to the understanding of all, and the pieces were beautifully rendered, which was as great a surprise as it was a delight, for several of the supposed-to-be-best-players have left. It shows that we can DO something, if we ARE handicapped. The leader, Mr. James Wheelock is gaining the confidence of himself as well as of his hearers, and we predict an enjoyable year with the present Band.

Norris Vacavoy Antone writes that since he married he has changed his name to Edward Moore. At his home in Lehi, Arizona, there has been no rain for months and everything is very dry, and yet he speaks of the wheat coming up nicely. They must depend upon irrigation. He is trying to lead a good life although the temptations are many and strong. He always reads the RED MAN and enjoys it. His tribe is improving, but some still cling to the old Indian ways. He wishes to be remembered to all the Y. M. C. A. boys especially.

It is said that a young chief of the Yuki tribe of Indians is on his way from Mendocino county to the University of California to help the ethnologists to record the manners, customs and beliefs of his people. He is a full blooded Yuki, but speaks and writes English fluently. At one time the Yukis were the fiercest Indians in California. The language of the tribe will be recorded and preserved in the University by means of a phonograph.

Lucy Ramone, who is at Sacaton Ariz. often thinks of her friends at Carlisle. She says the Indians there are suffering for want of rain. "While I was reading about the Commencement in the paper," she says, "I feel as though I was there and had seen everything that has been going on during the Commencement week." The best news she gives of herself is that she is well and happy.

Mrs. Campbell of Chemawa, has been ill, and we learn through a private letter that Irene substituted for her in the school-room. Just think how "tempus does fugit" as the old woman said. It has seemed but a year or two since Irene was a baby in her little coach at Carlisle.

A letter from Juanada Parker tells us of her brother Harold who went home on account of ill health. He has been in good health until recently, and now he is unable to go up stairs for lack of strength. They wish to be remembered to all of their Carlisle friends—

Inez King, class 1902, is living with her aunt in Green Bay, Wisconsin, and is enjoying the opportunities she is having. She has joined the Epworth League, and expects to attend business college in the Fall.

Frank Jude, who went home last summer, thinks he will return in the near future and finish. While here he was a member of the printing force, and also took conspicuous part in the athletic sports.—

The American mule is proving a gem of purest ray serene in South Africa. Like all other possessors of real genius, the mule had to go away from home to be appreciated.—[Industrial School News.

A letter has been received from Mrs. Juanita Bibanco Charles of Hupa, Cal. She says that she is well, and enjoying life. She is also anxious to hear from friends at Carlisle.—

Miss Botsford has a position in Washington, D. C. after having many and varied experiences in the Indian field since she left Carlisle, years ago.

A letter from Mrs. Philip Lavatta shows that her husband Philip, a former student of Carlisle, is in business on the reservation.—

The trees in Oklahoma showed their leaves two weeks ago. This means spring has come there to stay.—

The friends of Melinda Metoxen are making things pleasant for her, at her home in Wisconsin.—

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Frog choruses.
Glorious weather!
"We lift as we rise."
Dusty roads, already.
Good bye, storm doors!
Where is that Equinoctial storm?
Gorgeous moonlight these evenings.
Many town people are on the move.
To talk much of one's sorrows makes one weak.
Next thing we will have a dry spell!
See if we don't!
The Spring poem has not yet been sprung in this region.
Members of the Sophomore class expect to organize a baseball team.—
The Normal pupils are having recess as the days are getting warmer.—
The hens at the farm are doing their duty for Easter. Eggs-actly!
The carpenters are hard at work upon the new fence, at the lower farm.—
Austin Wheelock, has gone to his home in Wisconsin to recuperate in body.
Mr. Weber has the cage supplied with water, and it is all ready for bathing.—
The two dress-making classes are very busy finishing the country girls' dresses.—
Any fool can swear, says an exchange, and it might be added that most fools do.
Girls, I wouldn't look at a boy who is too lazy to keep his teeth clean.— M. O. T. B. S.
There is quite a demand for the canceled stamps that come on the letters from abroad.
Prof. Bakeless gave the students a very interesting talk about the formation of land.—
Miss Annie Minthorn said she was studying Lot's wife, when she had a lesson in salt.—
The Cuban Giants were defeated by the Juveniles at a game of base ball, on Tuesday evening.—
It is charming to hear the sweet songs of Robin Redbreast early in these beautiful mornings.—
Our moonlight nights the past week have been as beautiful as those of the western plains
Edyth L. Armstrong has returned to Moorestown, from her home, and is glad to get back, she says.
The trailing-arbutus in North Carolina is in bloom. WE will soon be having arbutus hunting parties —
The tables for the debaters of the Standard Society are finished now and will be used next Friday night.—
"Lives that lift," was well discussed by a number of the students in the Sunday evening prayer meeting.—
This beautiful weather may be simply leaning back to take a new hold, so as to send March out like a lion.
Mr. Jas. Wheelock has been confined to his bed for a few days with fever, but is up again at this writing.
The Standards are always glad to welcome the visiting committee; they always give helpful advice.—
As many of the pupils are going to country homes this week, a sociable was given last Saturday night.—
Miss Felicita Medina is teaching Spanish to a few girls. They are teaching her English in return.—
Mr. Jack Standing of North Hanover St. spent a few moments in visiting the printing office on Monday.—
Miss Katie Crager of class '02 is enjoying her work as a teacher, at the Fort Lewis Indian School, Colorado.—
The Juniors are studying the volcanic forces. Physical Geography is a study which the whole class enjoys most.—
Joseph B. Luna is one of the best workers in the Blacksmith shop. He has ironed several wagons and buggies.—
The small boys were happy to see a flock of geese fly over their abode on Saturday evening. They were going north.—

William Mt. Pleasant, 1902, has arrived from New York State, to enter Dickinson Preparatory.

The line-men are repairing the trolley line. Now we wish they would turn a hose on the cars inside and out.

The lecture on liquid air at the Opera House on Monday evening was attended by some of our pupils and teachers.—

Assistant Superintendent and Mrs. Allen entertained another happy company of co-workers on Friday evening. We like it!

Joseph Ruiz joined the orchestra that accompanies the singing on Sunday afternoons. He has also entered the printing-office.—

The girls went walking on Sunday afternoon for the first time this Spring. Our roads have been unfit for walking before this.—

Miss Jackson went to Newville last week to visit the girls there. She reports that they are well and enjoying themselves.—

In Mrs Pettinos' poem, Via Dolorosa, last week, our type made the word "No" read "As" in 9th line, first stanza. We are sorry.

Adam Johnson, one of our Band members, is making excellent progress on the Saxophone after but a few months experience.—

Mrs. John, from New York State, who was on her way home from Washington D. C., stopped and visited the school on Monday and Tuesday.—

The Seniors are enjoying their Botany study very much. They were out on Monday for the first time this season, to look at the budding of trees.—

That friendly whisper some one kindly sends us this week in the shape of an Enigma, last page, may be read with profit by students here as well as on the farm.

Mr. George Foulk entertained some of the large boys, in one of the boys' rooms, with his new Phonograph. Mr. Foulk has about sixty records in his possession.—

Those were dainty little cards attached to the large card of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Bernice Ettinger, and they read Elizabeth Anderson Ettinger, Friday March 7th, 1902.

The girls bicycles have all been brought up from the cellar, and we hope that the bright Spring weather will continue, so that we may find enjoyment in riding around.—

To-night it is Miss Cutter's and Miss Hill's turn to visit the Invincibles; Miss Smith and Stewart will visit the Standards, and Miss Forster and Mrs. Cook the Susans.

The sociable on Saturday evening last came earlier in the month than usual to accommodate the out-going country boys and girls, and they enjoyed the hour together all the more.

The Band practice hour has been changed from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, to from 7:30 to 8:30 in the morning. This was done to accommodate the baseball and track team.—

The Juniors have a unique way of applauding when they are in their school-room, so as not to disturb those in the adjoining room. Instead of clapping their hands they snap their fingers.—

Mr. Lester Bishop and Wm. Parker stopped off at Carlisle over last Sunday, the former to see his son Franklin Bishop. They have been in Washington pleading the rights of citizenship to the New York Indians.—

Mrs. E. C. Diamant, and cousin Miss S. D. Coddington visited the school, Monday, on their way to Adams County. Mrs. Diamant has been a long time friend of Carlisle and of the Indians in general.

Mr. Thompson and his assistants are busy getting the boys ready for the first party that is to go out to the country tomorrow. There will be 127, the largest number that ever went out, as a first party.—

A letter from Mr. Walter says that Dennison Wheelock has organized a Band at Flandreau, South Dakota, where he is banding, and it is said to be a very good one.—

A letter received from Mr. Chas. F. Coleman, class 1902, says he is right down to business, working at Santa Ana for a white man, and probably will find a job at the blacksmith's trade at San Bernardino, Calif., later.—

A meeting of Indian citizens was called for March 18th at Atoka, Ind. Ter. to demand that the Government make an equal division of the 1 million acres of land and the 3 million dollars in money belonging to the Chickasaws and Choctaws.

Miss Elnora B. Jamison who went to the Blockley Hospital in Phila., writes that she is having a very good time and enjoys her work. She has two hours off duty every afternoon and five hours off duty on Sundays. She says she could not ask for a better companion than her roommate.—

One of the Sophomore girls is in correspondence with a school girl in Lindsay, Canada. The Lindsay students have taken this vital way of learning about different parts of the country at first hand. The letters are very interesting to the entire class.

The ground is too DAMP to lie upon or to sit upon. You may not die, but you may get something WORSE than death—rheumatism, consumption, malaria, tonsillitis—all painful and horrible diseases that come from carelessness. Let us not forget that God never fails to PUNISH a person who breaks one of His laws.

A recent letter from Arthur Sickles at his home in Wisconsin, says he is enjoying himself greatly with his work. He is clearing land, getting ready to farm in the Spring. It has been very cold there the last few days, and he enjoyed himself skating, for which we envy him very much, as ours has long passed by.—

On Friday the 21st, the Susans chose their officers thus: President, Lillian Cornelius; Vice President, Maude Snyder; Recording Secretary, Nannie Sturm; Corresponding Secretary, Rose Nelson; Treasurer Sophia Warren; Marshal, Trelor Greely; Reporter, Emma Skye; and Critic, Lillian Brown.—

The debate, Resolved that the U. S. should buy the Panama canal given by the members of the Sophomore class on Thursday evening the 20th inst., was a very good one. The speakers were Nicholas Pena, Cornelia Cornelius and Thomas Medicina on the Affirmative; Jesse Davis, Amelia Kennedy and Joseph B. Luna, on the Negative. The debate was decided in favor of the Affirmative.—

Strange, isn't it, how some fellows are scrupulously neat in their dress and so disgustingly careless about their teeth. Booh! They smile and show a row of filthy teeth. No brush? That is no excuse. Take a mop, a pick, anything! Much ill health may be attributed to decayed teeth, but it is worse yet to have GOOD teeth, and then be willing to carry food in them from meal to meal. Booh! Again.

Palm Sunday was observed at our Chapel Service by an appropriate sermon, beautiful flowers, an anthem by the Choir, in which Maud Snyder sang the solo part very sweetly, and a solo, "The Palms", by Mr. Rhey of Carlisle. Many expressions of pleasure were heard from both professors and students on hearing Mr. Rhey's sympathetic and artistic interpretation of this well-known song, and we hope to hear him again.

She went botanizing with a company of bud-hunters, but in attempting to squeeze through a fence, she discovered that her calculations were not based on mathematical accuracy and—well—she stuck fast. She is not a carpenter or she might have hammered herself through, nor a tin-smith, or she would have panned out better. She was not even a blacksmith, although she grew black in the face, but we would not pretend to say she is not some sort of a smith.

The boys that go to the country are taking physiological examinations.—

Many of the boys are very anxious to be out to Bucks Co., once more.—

Candidates are wanted in the kitchen, stable, steam plant and on the two farms to fill the vacancies made by the boys who are going out to-morrow to country homes.—

Miss Wood has given the class a good idea of what liquid air can do, or what can be done with it, she having attended the lecture in the Opera House, on Monday evening.—

The Susans say that they have not had a better President than Earey Wilbur. Many are sorry that her term of office has expired, but it is believed that Lillian Cornelius will make a very good President, also.—

Joel Cornelius was in charge of No. 12 on Monday morning, and William White on Monday afternoon, during the absence of Mrs. Cook, who went as far as Harrisburg with her son Hobart on his return to Bloomsburg Normal.—

Our farm boys know better than this: A witty sort of a country chap asked a silly city fellow if he had ever been in the country during the season for husking-bees. "Naw!" said the dude. "How do they husk bees anyway?"

Twenty-five cents have come into our hands to pay a subscription, and no name is attached. Stamps were in an old envelope addressed Miss Margaret Boyd, Oxford, Pa. We will be glad to credit the proper person if we find out whom to credit.

Any one desiring to learn patience apply to Mr. Jordan, who once in a while has a balky government mule to handle. "Ring 'round, a rosy, pot full o' posy," is nothing to his walks around, in the attempt to deceive the animal into pulling his load.

The tailor shop turned out more work last week than they have before in many months. The work was inspected and found to be well done. This shows good management on the part of the Indian managers—Henry Rowldges and Walter Matthews.

The pupils of Number 6 had a guessing match of famous people they have talked about. 29 faces without names were put upon cards, and these are the names of the pupils who guessed them all—Frank Doxtator, Peter Loren, Mary Stone, Joe Brown, and Harry Seonia.—

The first party is going out to the country to-morrow. All the boys below No. 11 school-room who chose to are to go this time, and the boys from No. 11 and 12 are going out in the second party. The third party will consist of the boys from the two highest rooms.—

We see by a recent letter from Samuel Sixkiller, class '95, that after a varied experience since he left Carlisle, he is now employed by the Dawes Commission. He says a day scarcely passes that he does not think of the brightest chapter of his life, referring to his student days at Carlisle.

The class room entertainments are quite frequently indulged in, and one of very pleasing variety was enjoyed by a few guests invited to Miss Paull's room Thursday evening. A phonograph operated by Raymond Sweet pleased every body, and there were recitations and other exercises.

Acting Superintendent, Mr. Allen gave to the student body in the dining hall a talk concerning the little things done by careless individuals. It may be well to note that the habit of throwing papers and other material on the campus goes to make up a big task for others, it also makes untidy grounds.—

THE RED MAN & HELPER says "Lydia H. Gardner, who was married to Charles Geboe at Darlington, Okla., writes that she has commenced housekeeping, and seems very happy in her new work," but Charles still insists that it is his brother Clifford who is married and living at Darlington.—[Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas Leader.

