

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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

Printed by request.

A POOR TOWN TO LIVE IN.

HERE'S a queer little town—I wonder if you've seen it—
"Let-some-one-else-do-it" 's the name of the place.

And all of the people who've lived there for ages. Their family tree from the Wearies can trace!

The streets of this town, so ill-kept and untidy. And almost deserted from morning till noon. Are "In-just-a-minute"—you'll see on the lamp-post—

"O-well-there's-no-hurry," and "Yes-pretty-soon."

The principal work that they do in this hamlet (There isn't a person who thinks it a crime) Is loafing and dozing, but most of the people Are engaged in the traffic of just-killing-time.

I pray you, don't dwell in this town overcrowded; There're others near-by it most wondrous fair. The roads that lead to them—and each one is open—

Are "Push," "Pluck," and "Ready," This-minute," and "Dare."

—ADELBERT F. CALDWELL, in The Boy.

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

Feb. 28th & March 1st.

DEAR REDMAN AND HELPER:

Many writers have expressed great admiration, and enthused over their first impressions of Constantinople, as viewed from the water—a "vision of wonderful beauty and splendor."

We could not enthuse to that extent. Perhaps it was because it was a "grey day" and the afternoon was fast merging into a short twilight as we anchored in the harbor at the entrance of the Bosphorus.

We had steamed through the sea of Marmora, passing the Dardanelles so early in the morning that we did not get out in time to see the "site of the ancient Troy."

In our early school days when we had advanced in our spelling-books to the columns of long words and could spell without a hitch, C-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e, our interest began in this far-off city that has had a "history of sieges."

And as we stood on the deck from which we embarked, we felt it quite in keeping that there should be a display of Turkish authority by the noisy and gorgeously attired officers who had come aboard before anyone could leave the ship.

Passports were examined, and the few who went ashore that night had to pass the scrutiny of the Turkish officer.

Not being among the number who desired to go into the dark and dirty city streets at night to pick our way among the dogs, about which we had heard so much, we prepared for our evening dinner, and while we were enjoying our "dessert" our American Consul General came in and sat at table next ours with several gentlemen of official position, and Prof. Van Millingen of Robert College.

Two ladies also were in the party from the school at Skutari, which is a city opposite Constantinople on the Asiatic side, and is really considered a suburb of Constantinople.

We who are interested in missions, feel a deep interest in the young ladies' school at Skutari, and regret we could not accept the cordial invitation to visit the school.

After dinner we were formally introduced to our Consul General, Mr. Dickson, Prof. Van Millingen and the ladies.

Each one made an address. Prof. Van Millingen gave the arranged lecture on "Constantinople and its conquest by the Turks."

The Consul General was asked if he could give us information regarding Miss Stone.

He assured us that she had been releas-

ed last Sunday Feb. 23rd, and that the ransom paid, was money well invested and "would return with interest."

There have been all sorts of rumors afloat among the passengers concerning the attitude of the Sultan, regarding the coming of our ship with so many Americans, and that he had felt great relief about our being delayed past the hour of seeing him going in state to one of the Mosques for prayer.

The Sultan has a Mosque near his palace for "every day prayer," but on a Friday he must go in state and the ceremony is called the "Selamlik," and we did not arrive until Friday evening.

What a narrow escape for the Sultan's safety!

Even allowing that there is much to subtract from "authentic information," we can well believe there is "great unrest" among the Sultan's officials.

We were told about two hundred of them were spirited away a few weeks ago.

An educated Turk of the upper class realizes that as he goes forth in the morning there is much uncertainty about his return at night.

"Great mysteries are in the air."

We were particularly fortunate in being able to complete a party of eight, who were invited by an English lady, born in Constantinople, and who came aboard our ship to call upon Mrs. Cooper, the widow of Gov. Cooper of Colorado, and graciously offered to be our escort on the following day when we went sight-seeing.

We have found it most tantalizing to attempt to see much of an Oriental City in a day.

The only Orient who hurries is the guide.

He trots off at such a rapid pace that we lose our patience and breath in trying to keep up with the procession. We then either try to hire a special guide, or wander about as we will, or can.

It was with much satisfaction that we set out this Saturday morning, knowing we were to be in the care of a Constantinople lady, two carriages conveying our party.

We found the streets narrow, some of them mere alleys, and all of them dirty and ill-paved.

It appeared to us as if nothing was ever repaired in Constantinople; and now that drays and carriages have come into use in the city that formerly used men and donkeys for burden carriers and for means of transportation, you would suppose it would dawn on the oriental comprehension that it would make their horses and carriages last longer if they smoothed off the big rocks and filled up the holes in the streets.

We went first to the Mosque of St. Sophia, as it is one of the oldest and most costly of all the Mosques.

It was originally built by Justinian and called the great Church of "Santa Sofia" or "Heavenly Wisdom."

There are superstitious legends connected with its erection, which we have found interesting reading, but too lengthy to write about.

The quarries of the then known world were sought out for the most beautiful marbles and precious stones for the interior columns.

The dome of the Mosque is 180 feet above the floor, and has a span of 107 feet, and glitters with precious mosaics, and gold leaf is most lavishly used.

All colors are so beautifully blended that perfect harmony meets the eye.

The Moslem faith forbids the likeness of living things, in any form of decoration in their Mosques, and so the Turkish

Conquerors have covered with a wash of some kind, the figures of Angels, and Christ, and the crosses which adorned the walls and ceiling, but have not entirely obscured them, so that when the light falls on these decorations one can detect them after attention is called to the exact spots.

We were told that the Greeks take comfort in the belief that these are evidences, that they will again come into possession of this beautiful great Church that has suffered many vicissitudes.

A particular feature, too, is the arrangement of the "prayer rugs" which are so placed that the special design must always point to the East, and in the Mosques built by the Turks the architectural design is in conformity to the proper laying of the rugs, but in St. Sophia in order to have the prayer-rugs right, they appeared to us to be running bias.

Constantinople is full of Mosques and we visited several, but made short calls as we had some difficulty in shuffling over the rugs in large slippers which the priest put over our shoes, and as we slipped along we were liable to be nudged by a long robed Turk, to remind us we had lost our slipper, and to ward off the evil eye we would slip a small piece of silver in the outstretched hand.

Outside the Mosques are fountains and many places for bathing the face, hands and feet of the devout Turks before they enter for prayer.

On the fountain are inscriptions which our friends told us were words of the Koran, "By water every thing lives."

In our drives about the city, we passed many cemeteries, always in a grove of dark cypress trees, and the turbaned tombstones, "belonged exclusively" to the Moslems.

We saw dogs everywhere, but not one handsome one. Nearly all were of a dirty, tanny color, and were wolfish in appearance, with their pointed ears and bushy tails.

Most of the dogs seemed to be suffering with mange, and if the Turks wish to keep up their supply of dogs they will have to import a new breed.

We made a hasty visit to the Museum, where we would liked to have spent the day with our well-informed friend, and gathered some intelligent idea of the old interesting marble sculpture, the work of hands, that long ages ago became dust, but their work lives to tell us of the great people who lived, loved, and performed deeds of valor in by-gone days.

We are reminded that the human heart and passion are the same the world over, and in all ages.

One specially beautiful sarcophagus was most interesting; it is said to have been Alexander's the Great, but as Alexander was buried at Alexandria, this one could not have held his coffin; however, it was an interesting work of art, built in the form of a Greek temple. The carving was most beautiful and delicate; the figures were very life like.

On one side is represented a cavalry battle, supposed to be between the Macedonians and Persians. Alexander who charges at the head of his cavalry, is recognized by his crown, and is about to lance a Persian who is trying to free himself from his horse.

The faces of all are full of expression and there is great individuality to all the figures.

On the opposite side is a spirited hunting scene on an incident in the youthful days of the great Alexander.

Pages could be written of the work upon

this one sarcophagus, but we are having only glimpses of things as we are hurried on; and if we are able to reach our own native land in a state of sanity, it will speak well for our ability to "cram."

Of course we went shopping to the great Bazaar, which consists of a perfect labyrinth of streets, and such is their extent and intricacy that a stranger could easily walk for hours without finding his way out, although there are 47 exits.

Nearly all of these streets are under cover, and the goods are displayed at the doorway of little shops that are about as large as an ordinary vestibule to a city house.

We speak of "shopping" which you are to understand means we are not buying much. The Oriental shows us his goods, and each tries his skill at "business sharpness."

The gesticulations and fluctuation of prices make us dizzy, and when we do buy a two-shilling curio, we always feel we might have gotten the trinket for much less. And yet we tourists always go "shopping."

We had luncheon at a restaurant that was both French and Turkish in food and service.

We drove through the markets; the meat and vegetables looked clean and attractive.

We learned much from our Constantinople friend, that made us feel more kindly towards the Turks, but there are Turks and Turks, many mixtures, and many Turkish Christians.

Turkish Christian, Greek, Armenian, and Bulgarian, each cherishes his own form of faith, and they hate one-another as cordially as they all hate the Turks.

Everybody lives in a perpetual, vague dread of everybody else; there is no common civic interest, no common patriotism.

The only bond of interest is trade.

At sunset, the call for evening prayers was announced from the minarets. All shops were then closed.

Our driver hurried his horses seaward, but it seemed a long drive as we went bumping over the big stones, which make the roads of the city, before we reached the little vessel that carried us out to the Celtic.

On Sunday morning about 200 of us embarked on a river steamer before eight o'clock, to go to Robert College, which is about an hour's ride up the Bosphorus. We felt it a fitting time to see this Christian College which owes its birthright to American civilization.

The college is beautifully situated on a mountain, near an old fortification.

Dr. Washburn, the President, welcomed us briefly as the time was pressing, and we were to have religious services in the College Chapel.

Rev. Dr. Stone, of New York, Dr. Foote of Brooklyn and Rev. Dr. Barton made addresses, each one a good sermon.

The students were Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians and a few Turks, and the dear familiar hymns almost made us homesick.

When we left the college grounds the students gathered at the edge of the cliff and sang America, until we were aboard our little steamer, and as we left the shore, some one of the party started the parting hymn—"God be with you, till we meet again," the voices on shore joining with our own.

The Bosphorus is a beautiful channel which separates Europe from Asia and connects the sea of Marmora with the Black Sea.

(Continued on last page)

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INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.The Mechanical Work on this Paper is
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Post-Office, for if you have not paid for it
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Editorial.

Exaggeration.

Some people cannot repeat a statement accurately.

The habit of overstating or understating a fact grows easily.

Some children lie from timidity, some from vanity, some from humility, and some alas! from sheer perversity, cultivated, we believe, for the impulse of the child is naturally honest and truthful, until the mendacity of his elders drives him to the habit in self-defense.

Some grown people carry these habits formed in childhood and youth, into their adult life, and season all that they do or say with the spice of braggadocio, misstatement or open and pure falsehood, without reason and without excuse.

Often it takes the form of vain and needless boasting that deceives nobody but the boaster.

Such persons should want to break off this habit.

It impedes their progress, alienates their friends, and makes them objects of distrust and ridicule.

Calm thought before a word is uttered would often help steady the word and strip it of its exaggeration or misstatement before it is uttered.

It is hasty speech under sudden temptation that makes the mind and lip run into old habits.

Compelling oneself to correct a misstatement, is a remedy that never fails.

To give facts under great trial and sudden temptation to lie, is not so difficult as it would seem.

Usually the little provocation does not deceive as we fondly hope it will, but advertises our weaknesses to others, and makes it impossible ever after for those who leave us to trust or respect us.

Hundreds of young people handicap their lives by yielding to this temptation, and thus are never trusted again.

The habit grows, like every other, by indulgence.

Better weigh ones words and remain speechless, rather than embellish a simple statement and appear to the world untrue.

"I didn't think" is often given as an extenuation, when a blunder is made, or some regulation is broken. We should not do things that have moral consequences, the right and wrong of it, without thought.

If we fail to use our brains under circumstances that require brains, a time may come, when like the eyeless fish of Mammoth Cave, we too may be wanting in a very important organ.

"To him that hath shall be given—to him that hath not, shall be taken, even that which he hath."

It is our business as well as our privilege to THINK, and the young people who form the habit of thinking, thinking HARD on original lines, are the men and women that will find opportunities, like griddle cakes served to them piping hot. Bucks county is extending them to hundreds of young Indians now. The THINKERS will use them.

The Spring setting-in-order-of-things-in-general has begun. The gardener has been re-shaping flower-beds, and clearing

away the remnants of last year's growth. He has been compelled, we regret to say, to gather up some litter, the result of carelessness and thoughtlessness on the part of some boys and girls, but in any event the grounds begin to look trim and Spring like.

Teachers, too, are planning for their garden ventures. We wish that they could be conducted on a more extensive scale. We hope that all will THINK AND PLAN to keep the grounds looking neat, CLEAN AND BEAUTIFUL.

We understand that the Juniors are planning to become acquainted with every variety of tree on the grounds, and neatly to label them for the enlightenment of the other benighted denizens of the Barracks.

This is an act of charity, and we shall feel duly grateful. It is well to know these friends we see and enjoy daily, by their common names, and not to learn a little about them, is putting these humans who are constantly boasting of their superior endowments, on a level with the animal that so sedately chews its cud beneath their shade.

We are sure the Juniors will enjoy the study, and ever after meet each tree studied at close hand as a special friend. The writer never sees the first bloom of "chicory" and the "toad flax," but that he thinks with pleasure of the time he learned definitely of these plants. The Ailantus was a tree often seen and admired in childhood and not till maturity did its name become known. There are several of these on the grounds. Where are they?

Do you know the elm, the ash, the linden at sight?

To what type of solids does the symmetrically developed walnut approximate? The cherry?

Do all varieties of trees have their ideal form, toward which they approximate?

Can you point out differences in maples?

Miss Ely's old friend, the Norway maple, where is it located?

What its characteristics?

And the venerable silver leaf poplars which spread their umbrageous arms so profusely over the lawns, which are they and how distinguished from the others?

Thousands of questions about trees will suggest themselves, and in answering these we will not leave time to remember how abused we are, because we must rise at six o'clock instead of ten, or have beef-steak for breakfast instead of quail on toast.

We are so limited in our knowledge, when we might be so large; so blind to the world, when we might see so much; life is so empty, when it might be so full and so rich.

Why fret over a thing that can be helped? Why fret over a thing that can't be helped? In the first place, help it; in the second place, do the possible things, and deserve to be called wise.

Pearl La Chappelle, class 1901, is living a "quiet but contented life at home," Wabasha, Minnesota, she says, helping her mother. She finds time to read and study some every day and is learning to keep house. She refers to the time spent at Carlisle as a happy time. "The influence which surrounds the place and which I felt keenly while there will always remain with me."

For racy sentiments and paragraphs, good selections, moral advice and items of useful knowledge and of general interest to all classes, male and female, old and young, the Advance published weekly at the New Jersey State Home for Boys, Jamesburg, is among the most valuable papers of its kind that we know of in America. It is not only a good literary potpourri, but is well edited, and is conducted with judicious taste, that can but elevate and improve all who peruse its well-filled columns, and no paper is more read at our school.

A HEART TO HEART TALK WITH THE OUT-
GOING FARMERS.

On Friday evening last, the Young Men's Christian Association gave a little farewell social to their out-going friends to country homes.

With the exception of one or two lady teachers it was a "stag" party, but an enjoyable affair from start to finish.

Misses Miles and Ferree with their assistants prepared the delicious ice-cream and cake, and these refreshments greatly helped to make the good time. The orchestra provided music, and at the close of the evening Assistant-Superintendent Allen had these impressive words to give as parting advice:

I have called you together this evening because there are a few things that should be brought to your minds before you leave us for the summer outing; and in order that you might endure good naturedly what I have to say, this little feast of music, game, and refreshments for the inner man has been provided through the kindness of the Young Men's Christian Association.

You are listening to one who knows what an outing in the country is. I have had the kind that some of you at least are likely to have this summer.

It was by means of outings, but somewhat more protracted than yours are, that the money was found to pay for board, clothing, books, and tuition in the days when I was a student.

I never worked for a Pennsylvania Dutchman, but I did work for other kinds of Dutchmen and know as only he can know who has had the actual experience, the trials and discipline that the next few months are to have for you.

Those of you who have been out before know now, and those who have not, soon will be convinced that this going out is not a lark.

You are going to meet life in its reality, to be associated in a business way with people who must dig their incomes from the earth; who do not enjoy the luxury of receiving at the end of the month from an unfaithful paymaster a check for services rendered pretended to be rendered.

You are going to work out of that same earth enough of its products to pay the wages you receive and at least a little over for profit to the man who employs you.

If you are paid fifteen dollars per month it will be because you are supposed to be worth at least sixteen.

To be brief, in practically every case your employment is not a matter of sentiment, but one of business, and for a time you are to join the honorable ranks of the producer.

In all your relations with your employer be honest, respectful, obedient, and conscientious.

If your employer should in some rare case happen to be unworthy of respect, be so mindful of your own character as to be courteous any way, and thus force him to think well of you.

Do not be afraid of earning more than you receive.

Promotions are won by that faithfulness, that application to duty which forces others to see that your compensation is inadequate, not by the promise that if you are paid more you will do more.

Let your ambition be therefore not to do as little as you can to hold your place, but to be so industrious that a good profit may be made on the investment in your services.

It is a profit that loses you nothing, but enriches you by the greater esteem in which you are held.

Should your employer this summer be of that class who fails to recognize that kind of worth, but when he encounters it merely congratulates himself on having made a shrewd bargain, it makes but little difference to you, for merit does not go long without reward, and you may be assured that SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, you will be recognized at your real worth.

Do not allow petty hardships to start you in a panic to Carlisle.

If you should some day look at your

hands and find them calloused, do not think you are seized with an incurable disease, for blistered hands usually show not that one has worked too hard, but rather tell a tale of his not having worked hard enough in the past.

You will, some of you, probably, meet with unjust treatment, for the white man has been known to wrong his red brother, but he wrongs his white brother quite as often when he finds him as credulous as your ancestors were.

Be prepared to meet and rise conqueror of trials, for therein is discipline and growth.

Your pleasure in your outing will depend to some extent upon the favorable circumstances under which you are placed, but after all, the benefits you are to derive rest with yourselves.

You must bear your own burdens, meet all the difficulties that come to you, and it is your own character that is to receive the benefit of so doing.

It may be that in a few cases you will not be able to stand alone against the untoward circumstances that meet you.

Then remember that you have a sympathetic friend in your school.

All its power and influence are behind you when it is demonstrated that you need its assistance.

Go out with courage, persevere, and return to us when the proper time comes, rich in experience as bread winners and satisfied that you have earned every cent of your increased bank account.

ATHELETICS.

To-morrow (Saturday) our baseball team will open the season at Lancaster with a game with the Franklin and Marshall college team, and considerable interest is shown in this game as the result will indicate in a measure what may be expected from the team during the season.

The team is made up of mostly green and inexperienced material, but the players show considerable interest, and a desire to learn, and they should develop into quite a strong team.

There is nothing that will help our teams so much as to have them feel that the whole school is with them and interested in their success, and yet it is a fact that there seems to be little interest taken by the students in their athletic teams, especially the baseball team. Every evening after supper the first and second teams play a practice game, and these games are usually quite interesting, and yet as a rule there is less than a dozen students and members of the faculty there to cheer and encourage the players.

Our athletes work hard and train faithfully to win laurels for the school and furnish us with amusement, and if they were made to feel that their efforts are appreciated, that the whole school is interested in their success and sympathize with them in their defeats, they would be stimulated to greater efforts and would take much more interest in their sports and more victories would be the result.

Let's go out to the field and watch the practice and cheer the good plays. If an error is made in a game of ball or a runner is badly beaten in a race, do not laugh and jeer, as some thoughtless students have been known to do. An athlete who has tried his best and failed deserves our encouragement, even more than the successful athlete.

Our annual track and field meet to determine the class championship in athletic sports comes on the third day of May, and some of the classes have their runners and jumpers and weight throwers at work every day.

The track is now in excellent condition and the runners are all making satisfactory improvement. The big fellows are throwing the weights further than last year and are improving daily.

The conditions of success in life are the possession of Judgment, Experience, Initiative, and Character.

—GUSTAVE LE BON.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Flower beds are making.

March did go out like a lion.

Ventilate! Ventilate! Ventilate!

72 girls went to country homes yesterday.

Some rare birds have been seen this spring.

Miss Paull visited at Craighead last Sunday.—

Solomon Webster has entered the printing-office.

Good Friday was not observed as a holiday at our school.

The honey bees are having a carnival in the sugar-maples

Those who took off their flannels last week made a big mistake

If any one wants a first class domestic cat, call on Mr. Kensler.—

Easter Sunday began with beautiful sunshine but ended in rain.

Professor Bakeless spent Sunday with his father at Shamokin Dam.

Mrs. Pratt writes just the things we want most to know, doesn't she?

It required three coaches to carry our young farmers to the country.—

32 was the number of small boys who went to the country, last Saturday.

The frog concerts have closed their engagements till after the cold wave.

Miss Forster spent her Easter in Har- risburg with her mother and sister.—

Horton Elm has been elected president of the Freshman Debating Society.—

The flower beds in front of the girls' quarters are being prepared for seed.—

The meeting on Sunday evening was led by Miss Miles. Many of the girls took part.—

Two "right smart" thunder showers have already visited this region this Spring.

Mr. Allen spent a day this week in Washington on business connected with the school.

Miss Steele, our librarian, spent Easter at her home in Geneva, New York, with her family.—

The woodpecker has come back to his home again in a tree in front of the Dining Hall.—

Miss Roberts took the girls out for a walk last Sunday, and they had a very pleasant time.—

The girls in the higher grades are going to be given a chance to work with the shirt-ironer.—

The girls of Miss Goodyear's dressmaking class made eighty dresses during the month of March.—

The eggs were enjoyed by the students for breakfast on Easter morning. They each had 3 eggs.—

Gifts of flowers from friend to friend at the school were more numerous this Easter, than in former years.

Mrs. H. J. Leggett, of Hastings, Minn., and Mrs. Albert Gardner of Baltimore, aunts of Miss Senseney, visited the school on Wednesday.

To-night Miss Forster and Mrs. Cook visit the Invincibles; Misses Cutter and Hill the Standards; Misses Smith and Stewart the Susans.

Ramon Lopez, a Porto Rican, was appointed afternoon foreman in the printing office in place of William Paul who went to Wilmington. We wish him success in his undertaking.—

The lecture given by Miss Bowersox on Greece was enjoyed by all. We like such lectures, with pictures showing us the different parts of the world; they are entertaining, and more, they are instructive.—

The collection of flowers, brought to the chapel for decorating the pulpit for Easter services, was very beautiful, and the teachers deserve special thanks for bringing them. The flowers that were drawn on the blackboard, made a very pretty back ground and the artist may well be proud of her work.—

George Willard is back again from the country to go to school and to take long- er strides at printing.

At the Susans' meeting last Friday evening the Seniors all responded with quotations from Shakespeare.—

Lillian Cornelius is the recipient of a handsome white silk embroidered shawl from a friend in the Philippines.—

The near farm doesn't look green yet, but the onion sets are being set out. Everything is beginning to grow.—

The carpenter boys have opened their hearts, and made a board walk between the bakery and kitchen for the baker boys.—

Miss Senseney sang a solo in chapel Sunday afternoon, which was appreciated by all. The platform was very beautifully decorated.—

Rosa Harris has returned from her country home. Her friends are glad to see her looking so well.—

Mr Gardner and his boys are building a little shanty for Professor Bakeless. It will be used as a coal house.—

Basil Thomas writes that he is working and having a good time at his home on Horton Bay, Michigan.—

The new class colors, orange and blue, are very beautiful, and make even the soberest Juniors look bright and cheerful.

The Sophomores have had their turn at erasing pencil marks from the books, and will keep their books in better condition hereafter.—

This cold wind makes those who are from the far north west imagine, if they close their eyes, that they are again running wild on the plains.—

Sarah L. Kennedy, class 1900, has resigned her position as dressmaker in Hoopa Valley, Cal. and has returned east to her home in New York.—

Mrs. Sarah Flynn Manning, class '98, whose home is at Poplar, Montana, writes that she is very happy and enjoys chasing coyotes on horseback.—

The sight of the smoke stack is a welcome one to us girls coming in from the country. We get the first sight of it when we are about three miles away.—

That was an exciting game of baseball last Thursday evening between the Juvenile and the Indian Youths; the score stood ten to three in favor of the latter.—

The Seniors are going to have a garden of their own. They will raise beans, potatoes, pumpkins, corn and pease. They are to have experiments with the seedlings.—

Last week some of the Normal pupils enjoyed a walk to the asylum. They were very anxious to go through the different wards, but were just as anxious to come out again.

The little Normal boys in the A, B, D, E, and chart classes went down to the farm on Thursday to help plant onions and potatoes. They had a good time and wish to go again.—

The motto of the Junior class has been beautifully printed on the blackboard within a conventional design showing the class colors. It was done by William Jollie who has the hearty thanks of his teacher and classmates.—

Last Friday was the Alaskan mail day; many interesting letters were received by the Alaskan students. Some gave an account of the earthquake they had, not long ago. The earthquake was so great that it rolled great rocks from the mountains.—

Prof. and Mrs. Howard Carter, and sons Cordis, Clarence and Harold, all of Norfolk, Connecticut, visited the school this week, guests of Miss Carter who is the Professor's sister. They took in the battlefield of Gettysburg while here, and from Carlisle went to Washington.

The Man-on-the-band-stand knows which shop is the worst ventilated, and we will ALL know pretty soon, when the boys in that shop begin to get sick from breathing each other's breaths over and over. Our shops are so light and roomy, there is no excuse for having bad air in them.

Miss Jane Terry and sister of Philadelphia, were Easter guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett of the near farm.

Mr. Cecilio Reyes, a student of West Chester Normal, from Porto Rico, visited his brother Antonio, here last Sunday.

Mary Beauleau is enjoying the fresh breezes of Abington. She often thinks, dreams, and talks about Carlisle.—

Go in some of the shops and you will not see a window up or down for ventilation, and the air is hot and "stuffy."

Lottie Harris has gone to Philadelphia to enter the Jefferson Medical school of nursing. Lottie is one who will succeed.

Boys who are going to the country in the second party are signing now. It is said that there is a greater demand for boys than there are boys who can go out.—

The small boys have begun planting onions and beans. Other vegetable seeds will be later as the weather grows more favorable.—

The school rooms are taking Mr. Miller's style of book keeping, which is very simple, interesting, and beneficial to the students.—

Joseph Trempe has been appointed to the place of Janitor, left vacant by Murphy Tarby, who left last Saturday to try country life.—

Last Sunday the captains and lieutenants of the Large Boys' Quarters, joined the inspection party. The nurses of the Hospital, took part also.—

The impromptu speech which was given by Elizabeth Knudsen, '03, last Friday evening in the Girls' Society was on Caesar, and very interesting.—

Mrs. Gray, mother of Mr. Gray whom she has been visiting since before the death of their little baby, left for her home at West Grove on Saturday.

Antonio Rodriguez has exchanged his profession of tailor for that of farmer for the summer, where he can build up in health, and gain some ready cash.—

The St. Patrick's Catholic church had a beautiful celebration last Sunday. Father Ganss, the former rector, was present and gave an interesting sermon.—

David Abraham, class 1900, who is and has been for several years a traveling salesman for a Philadelphia and Baltimore firm visited the school on Sunday.

Remember the skirmish line!

One of the sentiments given by a Susan at roll call last Friday evening was Col. Pratt's never-to-be-forgotten motto: "Don't Dodge"

The Porto Rican girls are contented in the country and most of them are improving very much with their English; for this reason the ones that are here are anxious to go out to the country —

Sunday there was great excitement caused by smoke from behind the shops. The trash got on fire and burnt a number of door frames, on which the carpenters had spent much of their time.—

Wallace Denny, the captain of the Juvenile Baseball team is beginning to arrange games with the various school teams. He has already defeated one of the teams, called the Cuban Giants.—

A special Sunday school programme was prepared for Easter Sunday. Declarations and songs appropriate to the day were rendered. The platform was decorated with geraniums, tulips, jonquils and azaleas.—

A number of interesting student items have to be thrown out this week because, in referring to certain returned students as writing that they are doing so and so, the writer does not tell where the ex-student is. Make the item complete!

We see that Mr. Jordan, who is a sort of "handy man" at sundry useful occupations, having, with his boys trimmed the scraggly and redundant growth of trees, and cleared the lawns of rubbish, has been preparing the bare places and waste corners of our grounds for a new growth of grass, by spreading fertilizers and sowing seeds, which will soon add to the beauty of our campus, as the genial sun and moisture shall revive all vernal vegetation.

Mr. Warner, the instructor of the track team, is working very hard with some promising candidates for the coming contests with different colleges.—

One boy forgot the sign, "Keep off the grass," and ran across the lawn. Another said to him, "What are you running across there for?" The boy answered: "I am running because I can't fly."—

Misses Ely and Burgess were the recipients of a little Easter gift in the way of some Wisconsin maple-sugar from Wm. Carefull. He is clerking in a store in Lac du Flambeau, and getting along nicely, he says.

200 more farmers have asked for boys than the school can supply. More than ever are wanting Indian help. More boys than ever are anxious to go out, and they are getting higher wages this year than ever.—

Mr. Paul A. Walters, our tailor, has resigned his position owing to ill health. With his going the school loses an efficient employee, and the excellent record made by the shop during the past month while he was absent speaks well for his ability as an instructor and organizer.

The tanners were very busy last week cleaning up the tinware and getting it boxed. They have turned it over to the ware-house and from there it will be sent to other Indian schools. Mr. Sprow says his boys have done excellent work this year.—

The Y. M. C. A. meeting on Sunday evening was led by George Pradt, who gave a very earnest and suggestive talk on "Neglected Opportunities." A double quartet sang an Easter hymn and "Nearer my God to Thee" with good expression and fine effect.—

Many of our exchanges received during the past week, especially those in magazine form, have been splendidly decorated by pictures and song, illustrating the annual festival, at this Spring time opening of renewed life and vigor throughout nature's vegetable domain.

Pupil teacher in the Normal Room: What is a blizzard?

Small boy: Why those animals that crawl in cellars.

2nd small boy correcting: No. It is those organs in a chicken. (Referring to the gizzard.)

The Junior class motto is "The Progress of One, the Triumph of All," with the Latin rendering, "Progressus Unius Omnium Triumphus." The English, however, sounds the better of the two, to our American ears, but we think a homeopathic dose of Latin now and then will do us no harm.—

The other day while at singing lesson, one of the pupils of No. 10 was asked what the name of the third line of the treble clef was. She answered, "Boy," the teacher having before explained to the class the old easy way of remembering the names of the lines which was "Every good boy does fine."—

"One farm failure already," said Miss Robertson to Miss Ely as she saw him straggling in.

"Who? For pity sake?" asked Miss Ely in distress.

"Oh! Jim." And Miss Ely did not collapse.

Now "Jim" is a pet dog much loved by the large boys, but he cannot stay with us, owing to the order that no dog shall be allowed to live here. He was placed on the train last Saturday when so many boys went to the country, and was to be put off at the first nice looking farm along the way. It was not many hours till poor, dejected Jim came walking in.

Three gentlemen called to see Miss Ely on business, and sent word to her room they were waiting in her office. This is the rude way in which the Indian boy carried the word: "Three FELLOWS down there want see you." "Fellows" is a word we must be careful in using. Sometimes it has a high meaning and sometimes a low one. It was an insult both to Miss Ely and to the gentlemen to speak of her callers as fellows, and yet the Indian boy erred only through ignorance. He may learn better soon.

(Continued from first page.)

The waters are deep and swift.

Along the European shore there is almost a continuous line of palaces, many of them belonging to the Sultan—his harems, which are distinguished by the latticed windows, the summer residences of wealthy Turks, and many villages.

On the Asiatic side the villages were less frequent and very few fine palaces.

Our ship was scheduled to make the Bosphorus trip, and we who had gone to Robert College had the pleasure of this lovely excursion over again.

Our ship made a beautiful shining pathway out into the great Black Sea, circling gracefully as she turned back into the Bosphorus.

When opposite Constantinople again, we stopped to take on the few stragglers who had been over to town the second time.

Good-byes were said to Constantinople friends and the view of the old city.

We have since stopped a day at Smyrna, another Turkish city very much like a small Constantinople, and is supposed to be one of the seven cities referred to by John in the Book of Revelations.

An excursion was made by two hundred or more of our pilgrims to the site of the ancient city of Ephesus. As this scribe did not make the pilgrimage, one who did must tell of the ruins, and the traces left of the Temple of Diana.

We are nearing the coast of Syria, and to-morrow night we expect to be in Jerusalem if we can land at Joppa.

A. L. P.

The Colonel Adds in a letter to Mr. Allen, and in one to Miss Peter:

SOMEWHERE OFF PATMOS IN A FOG,
March 4th, 1902.

"We shall reach Haifa on the coast of Palestine, this afternoon, and about 130 of our party disembark to visit the Sea of Galilee and other points north of Jerusalem.

We go on to Joppa and out by rail to Jerusalem, and our travels will be limited to a trip to Jericho, the Jordan and Dead Sea and a few places about Jerusalem.

We are a day behind on account of a dense fog, which compelled us to lay over twelve hours in the Grecian Archipelago near Patmos.

Yesterday was a perfect day and to-day is starting out superbly.

I have been bothered quite a little with the rheumatic condition again, and long for the shore and more exercise.

St. Sophia at Constantinople, is a grand edifice, and a number of the Mosques are on a scale of largeness and magnificence to need days instead of minutes to consider.

Richenda and I went out to the site of Ephesus, 54 miles from Smyrna, and saw how possible it is for greatest desolation to overtake and end a great city.

I stood within the space of ground surrounded by the debris of the Temple of Diana, which when being re-erected on an increasing scale of magnificence attracted the attention of Alexander the Great returning from European conquest, laden with plunder.

He offered to pay all the expenses already incurred and cover the further cost, if the Ephesians would allow his name and that fact to be inscribed upon it, but the Ephesians declined.

Smyrna is older and still lives because of its admirable water and commercial facilities. A ride of an hour through its streets and bazaars was all that Richenda and I got. Polycarp's grave and tomb is on a high elevation overlooking the city. Many of the company made the climb to that.

The methods of plowing and handling the crops of grain and fruit have probably changed little since the beginning.

The surface of the ground is scratched with a wooden plow made from a forked sapling with one handle and is drawn by oxen yoked wide apart.

The hoes are heavy and rude.

The workmen and women moved in gangs and everything was on a "don't hurry" scale.

The orchards and vast fields of plowed ground and growing grain showed that good crops are realized.

Ephesus is the home of the stork and a few miserable natives who barter curios made elsewhere, and beg and eke out a vile existence in a place once the abode of a great and wealthy population. Mountain side, hill and plain are full of vast ruins.

The most interesting long lines of camels heavily loaded going to and from Smyrna, and the large herds of sheep following their shepherds attracted our attention as we hustled out and back, pulled by the Iron Horse.

We have had abominable weather.

There was one bright day at Athens which we made the most of, and it was a treat.

The location of that city is so classic, it follows naturally it should be classic.

Standing where Paul and Demosthenes stood, one can easily understand how inspiration comes.

Mars Hill, The Pnyx, The Acropolis all overlook the city and surrounding country with plain, mountain and ocean, of nature, and the remarkable creations of man's highest art all spread out before him, even the dumb could speak with eloquence.

The changes in our route promise to confuse all our mail and make our hearing from home most uncertain."

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

The Pawhuska young lady who said she "wanted but little to do with the young man who had to work out" needs some attention.

We take "work out" to mean being employed by another, and for services rendered receiving a compensation commonly called a salary.

When a young lady, or young man for that matter, reaches that stage when they look upon the dignity of labor with scorn, ridicule and contempt, they have reached a point in this life, where they are a draw back to the world at large; a disgrace to the father who toiled all these years to put them in a position where they could have what they call a good time; and they are certainly of no benefit to those who would reach the summit though it require persistent application to do it.

The man who wears patent leather shoes and a hard, boiled hat, and calls himself the book-keeper or manager, is entitled to no more respect or credit than the young man who stands behind the counter, or sweeps the store after all are gone.

It matters not what a man's calling or vocation in life may be; it matters not whether he wears a Prince Albert or home spun, they all accept each other's money for services rendered, and stand on an equal footing before the law and in the estimation of people who have any true moral worth themselves.

The doctor rides 10 miles in the mud and rain to see your wife, and accepts money for the trip; the lawyer accepts your retainer fee and works all night; your minister preaches to you twice a week and accepts his salary; so what is the difference?

Women were never intended to be the slaves of man, nor were they intended for playthings; they have a mission in this life for the betterment of mankind, but they can do but little if they have no respect for a man that has to do such a vulgar thing as work.

It is fair to presume that every young man looks forward to the time when he shall have what he calls a home, and when he gets one he wants a companion that can render him some assistance; and his companion he should treat with the same consideration he will exact.

There is nothing which adds to a woman, like accomplishments, but after a hard day's work behind the counter, at the bench, in the office, or at the desk, as he wends his way homeward it will be more gratifying to him and entuse him to nobler efforts if he catches the aroma of broiling steak and hot biscuits, than to hear the sweet strains of "Goo Goo eyes"

or "Whose black baby are you" oozing out of every nick and corner in the house, and the kitchen stove as cold as a pile of junk.

A few drops of honest sweat on the brow of a young man is no disgrace, but in this day and age of the world should be commendable.

Go hand in hand, do the right thing each with the other, and when you have reached the summit, you will have no unpleasant recollections of the hard pull you had.—[Osage Journal.

GREATLY BELOVED.

The Church in South Dakota among the Indians, has been greatly afflicted recently in the removal by death of a most prominent clergyman—the Rev. Joseph W. Cook, of the Yankton Mission.

In his sermons we found both pleasure and profit. I earnestly pray that though his personal presence has been taken from us, his example may remain a living power.

The Lord blessed his efforts to advance the Yanktons in civilization and Christianity.

Through his preaching of the Holy Scriptures, the old heathen ways have to a great extent, been destroyed.

He was wise in choosing the Indian youth to labor in bringing the heathen into obedience to Christ. Brave, honest, just Christian man!

Whatever his predilections or antipathies may have been, he did not hesitate to speak the truth in love, and the people became his friends, and respected him for his sober thoughts of truth and justice.

He devoted many years to the work among the Yanktons.

I am thirty-two years old, and I can remember Mr. Cook, twenty-eight years back.

He made the path as clear as light.

I hope that many of his friends in Christ may tread in his footsteps.

Oh, if we could all remember that we ought to live true Christian lives and follow our dear Savior as St. Peter when he left all and followed Him.

We must not hesitate. The call is for action. There are great truths to be learned and loved.

We should make great effort toward spiritual advancement, and should seek to build up the Church and help our Ministers.

We younger people should not depend upon older people and Government aid, but all men and women work to help ourselves.

We should grow in love to God and Christ our Savior, and follow the teachings of Rev. Mr. Cook and others who are preaching the Gospel.

LOUIS LOUDUER,
GROSSE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

EUFAULA GIRL CHOSEN SPONSOR.

Miss Leola Stidham, one of our most estimable and promising young Creek ladies, a citizen of our town and now attending the Hardin college for young ladies in Mexico, Mo., has been appointed sponsor to represent the Indian Territory division of the United Confederate Veterans at its annual reunion meeting in Dallas, Texas, on the 22d of April next.

She has the sole appointment of her chief maid of honor to accompany her as associate.

This is the second time Eufaula has had the honor of furnishing the reunion with a sponsor from this division of the U. C. V.'s, and we cannot but feel a pride in the selection as made.

This is the thirteenth annual meeting, and it is hoped that a large Eufaula delegation will go to it and do its full share toward making the occasion one of signal success.

The organization has been growing in interest and magnitude each year until its systematic management is now so thorough and efficient that no one can visit and return from one of these reunions with other than words of the highest praise of the great big unfeigned, open-hearted hospitality of the people of our beloved southland.—[The Indian Journal

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER.

The mother of a President of the United States is always an object of special interest and regard on the part of the people. But in all that has been written about Mr. Roosevelt since he became Chief Executive last September there has been little or no mention of his mother. On this account, and because she was a remarkably fine and lovely woman, much interest attaches to an article on "The President's Mother" which will appear in The Ladies' Home Journal in the near future. It will be the first story of her life yet told, and will be one of a series of articles, the first of which is published in the current number of The Journal, on the President and his family. Miss Alice Roosevelt is the subject of this. Next month "The Outdoor President" will be told of, and later the President's wife and children will be portrayed.

HELEN KELLER'S TRIBUTE TO HER MOTHER.

How shall I write of my mother? She is so near to me that it almost seems indelicate to speak of her. We never dream of comparing our mother to another; it is enough that she is our mother—the being in whose beneficent tenderness is security and joy. To describe her would be like attempting to put into words the fragrance of a flower or the smile on a beloved face.—[April Ladies' Home Journal.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

- 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.

The Juniors are doing excellent work and are beginning to show a good deal of the right kind of class spirit. But the M.O.T.B.S. wishes they would speak out with more confidence and better voice. Raise the standard, Juniors, of scholarship, industry, and character. "Hitch your wagon to start!"—

Enigma.

I am made of 4 letters, which standing in order make an animal that annoys the quiet morning hours of our Assistant-Superintendent, six of which he demolished with one fell-swoop, the other morning in the back part of his house.

My 4, 2, 3 is what a tramp did when he got tired.

My 3, 2, 1 is a black pitch.

My 2, 1, 3 is something enjoyed by Miss Forster.

My 4, 3, 2, 1 a fine ball pitcher may become.

My 4, 3, 2, 1, 3 we must do if we ever expect to "get there."

My 3, 2, 1, 3 is a taste that many people enjoy.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Clean teeth.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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