

# 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-six

## SOME AND OTHERS.

**S**OME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view.  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light.  
One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

## OUR VISIT TO JERUSALEM, JERICHO AND JORDAN.

DEAR REDMAN AND HELPER:

The much dreaded "stormy harbor" of Joppa has been met and passed.

Properly speaking there is no harbor at this point, but as the Celtic stops at sea, the question of a harbor matters not.

Thus far we have made our landing in rowboats, coal-barges and "rolling tenders"

When we step on land, or return to our ship from our sight-seeing excursions, our first thought is one of thankfulness that we have escaped a watery grave or utter prostration from sea-sickness as we danced over the big, imposing waves whose threatening attitude suggests unpleasant possibilities.

The landing at Joppa had been a dread to us for days; so it was a great relief that Thursday, March 6, proved to be a bright day, with comparatively a calm sea when we anchored off Joppa.

Soon there were many rowboats dancing on the restless waves about our ship side, manned by picturesque Arabs, little and big, old and young, all alert to catch passengers and baggage that were dumped into their boats.

When near the landing we pass through a narrow channel between the rocks, over dashing waves.

Our turbaned oarsmen make the hazardous row in such a confident manner that our confidence is established, and we have allowed our thoughts to revert to the old story of Jonah and the whale, and of the beautiful Wood of Lebanon that was brought to Solomon, "in floats by sea to Joppa and carried up to Jerusalem."

In heavy weather, or a high running sea, landing at Joppa is next to impossible. We were grateful for the favorable winds our day.

The city of Joppa which is built on a hill sloping to the sea, was a pleasing sight at a distance.

The gray stone buildings, red-tiled roofs, dome-shaped mosques, tall minarets, all glistening in the bright sunlight, "lent enchantment to the view."

But when we stepped ashore, our whole attention became absorbed in dodging objects. The narrow streets presented a conglomeration of nationalities, donkeys, camels, and Turkish soldiers just landed, beggars crying "baksheesh." Finally we emerge upon an open square where carriages are in waiting to take us to the railway station a mile away.

The ride across the Plains of Sharon was most delightful, the air balmy, and from our open car windows we looked out upon well tilled fields, fine orange groves, and by the way, the oranges were delicious.

Many bought baskets of the juicy fruit at the station from the Arab boys who are real Yankees at selling fruit or beads.

The distance from Joppa to Jerusalem is 54 miles by rail, only 32 "as the crow flies," but we enjoyed our circuitous route, and after leaving the fruitful plains of Sharon and the flowery wayside, and the great numbers of camels almost lost to sight beneath their loads of

clover-grass, where men were plowing in fields, with plows of the primitive sort, (a crooked root from the olive trees, sometimes with only one ox, sometimes an ox and a donkey, and we did see an ox and camel pulling the crooked root through the rich, black soil,) the flowing robes of the Arab drivers of these curious farming "incidents" all making a picture most interesting, which passed from our sight as our train climbed the mountains, bleak and stony and interspersed with steep ravines, and we could almost imagine ourselves crossing our own Rockies; but we were on our way to Jerusalem.

Our thoughts now centered on that fact.

We made short stops along the way at some of the important stations;—Lydda, Ramleh and Bittir, supposed to be the Bethar of the Bible.

Our Bedouin guides tried, in their broken English, to tell us what we ought to know of sacred history. So we tried not to laugh at their mistakes, or show our ignorance or forgetfulness.

We saw the sun drop behind the mountains, and our spirits drooped as we realized we would enter Jerusalem in the dark.

We meditate upon our continued behind-time arriving.

Our train stops.

What is the matter?

Is it a fire?

We grab our bags, we rush out into the noise, we are surrounded by a crowd of "Bedlamites," such as we never heard before, and hope to never hear the like again.

Before leaving our ship we were given tickets assigning us to hotels. When we gave the name of ours, we were seized and thrust into a carriage; such screaming and fighting among the drivers, each voice in a different key but at its greatest capacity. But after a time the mass of carriages became untangled and rushed off in different directions.

Our card bore the name of "Notre Dame."

We drove up a high hill outside the city walls, and entered a French Monastery.

It was an immense building, not entirely finished, that has opened its doors to the public for the present as a hotel.

We were met by black-robed priests who showed us to our rooms, which were narrow cells with stone floors.

The whole house is of stone and iron. A square of carpet not quite two feet each way lay in front of our iron bedstead.

There was a pine table, a small washstand, no mirror; a wooden cross on the walls was the only decoration, but we were glad to have so clean and safe a sleeping-place, and we were pleasantly surprised to have a well-served, full-course dinner.

As the time for dining was not until half past seven, we could then take time for rest and refreshment.

We awakened early Friday morning, and rejoiced to know our window faced the east, and from our bed we could see the rosy dawn.

A glistening cross from some tall church, shone out against the sky, and just beneath the cross, the waning moon, like a golden crescent, reddened and paled in the changing light.

The noises in the streets beneath our window made us for a time envious of those who had lost their hearing, but we soon realized this was the day we were to journey to Jericho, and an early start was desirable.

Coffee and bread, and we had breakfasted, and soon we were off.

To those who have never traveled in our western country behind Indian ponies, and learned their traveling abilities despite appearances, might have had apprehensions regarding the Land-of-Canaan horses, they looked so worn; the carriages, too, had such a dilapidated appearance, but they were low and broad, not easily overturned.

Our drivers were real "Jehus," and we went at a "smart pace" over the splendid roads.

The air was most exhilarating, and the long line of carriages, about 60 in all, made a lively scene along the 20 miles' drive over the mountains of Judea—a wilderness of rock. We did see a few flocks of sheep feeding on the mountain-side, but there is very little vegetation.

The past season has been an unusually dry one for Palestine, and water is very scarce throughout the land.

We stopped at the half-way house, which is said to be the identical spot where the Good Samaritan cared for the poor man who fell among thieves.

Thieves still exist in these parts, we have no doubt, for as we went through what appeared to be an uninhabited district, half-clad and many entirely nude children would suddenly appear, crying "baksheesh."

Where do these children come from? we ask our guide.

"From caves in the mountains, or the Bedouin Camps."

We did see a few Bedouin tents spread like bats' wings, looking so black and ominous of evil on the mountain side.

Nearing Jericho we were delighted to see a brook of clear, flowing water, and before stopping at our "inn," we drove out to the spring—Elisha's Spring, so called, as it is believed to be the one he made pure, as that locality is the only fertile place in that barren land.

Read 2nd Kings, 2nd chapter, 20th and 21st verses.

After we had lunched at Jericho we drove ten miles further on to the borders of the Dead Sea.

We rested on the pebbly beach, washed our hands in the salt waters which were clear and sparkling.

A beautiful blue haze hung over the sea, producing a most charming effect of light upon the mountain side bordering the sea.

An artist would be wild should he come that way without his "paints and other accessions." We were wild because our stay there was so short; but our memory picture will endure.

A hot, dusty drive of two miles and we were on the muddy banks of the Jordan stream. The sacred river is still disappointing, despite the fact that long ago our early childhood ideas that were not true to nature regarding the river, have been explained away. Yet we must remember that twenty centuries have passed since Jesus came from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him.

Remembering our mission, we stepped into a row-boat, and reaching over the bow, dipped our little tin canteen into the swift running water, and filled it.

We walked up the river bank among the bushes and found a Russian pilgrim sitting close to the water's edge, devoutly reading what appeared to be a Bible.

We looked over his shoulder and imagined the blessed, comforting words.

We returned to Jericho, a distressingly filthy place, filled with Bedouins, whose children are scantily clad with filthy rags, and a night in the old town is something to remember, or better to forget.

To be sure the three hotels kept for

tourists are quite clean and comfortable, but if the tourist is too tired to sleep, the night becomes hideous from the cries of the hyenas, jackals and the villainous Bedouins, who are perhaps "drinking to our health" in the near-by grog-shops.

We were called at four o'clock in the morning to prepare for coffee and departure. When one is well, hyenas and early rising are mere incidents, but when neuralgia "declares a claim" we lose all interest in the possible sentimental impressions to be gained by viewing sunrise in the famous valley of the Jordan.

The return ride to Jerusalem was a painful one to your correspondent, and the foregoing of pilgrimages to be made that day to the notedly sacred places within the walls of Zion City gave much disappointment.

When we thought of "five days in the Holy Land," we did not expect it would take the whole of two days to go to and from our ship; so dear friends, please bear in mind the shortness of time, the long rides, and excuse the lack of detailed accounts; also forbear with much personal experience.

Our eyes were open to distressing sights; perhaps if our stay had been a longer one we could have been comforted.

We went to Bethlehem Sunday morning—an hour's ride from the city. We passed the "Tomb of Rachel," the "Well of David," and "The Church of the Nativity," was of great interest to us, and we waited for the Armenian service to be over before we could see the spot where our Saviour was born. We looked in upon the Roman Catholic service, and walked across the "divided hall," and entered the caves.

A lighted taper was given to each one of us, and we followed our guide to the special cave, marked by a silver cross where Christ was born.

The caves are fitted up with hanging lamps, burning a faint incense. Old paintings covered with wire screens are over the little altars. Many representatives of Christian churches have builded their altars and are contending for "right of way" over this sacred ground.

We feel dazed by the condition, and pass out the passage way into the dirty streets, walk through a back lane, stand on the edge of the hill and look off into the valley below where the shepherds watched their flocks by night.

On Sunday afternoon we had a beautiful drive to the "Mount of Olives."

The road wound round the hills, making a gentle ascent. We had a fine view of the city of Mount Zion. We could look across to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and when near the mountain-top we see the Valley of the Jordan, and get a glimpse of the winding river, and a fine view of the mountain of Moab, which changed color with every passing cloud, and at the foot of the mountain gleamed the blue waters of the beautiful Dead Sea.

The whole picture was so beautiful we almost forgot we were on the "Place of Ascent."

We are taken into a Greek Mosque to be shown the "exact spot," but we do not linger there, we prefer to rest under the shade of green trees and look away from Mosques.

We meet a few of our pilgrims who had come up another way, and we agree it is fitting we have a little service.

Rev. E. W. Work, from Dayton, Ohio read the "miraculous prayer"—John 17th, while we look towards the Jordan and the beautiful mountain beyond. A prayer, a clasp of the hand, is taken of Chris-

(Continued on last page.)

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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.

Absurd Position.

Do we really face the truth, or do we deceive ourselves when in a moment of chagrin we attribute our want of success to the wrong motive or influence of another.

We may deceive ourselves but we certainly do not deceive others, entirely.

They get at the truth that we think we are hiding.

The game was lost, we say not because of our lack of skill, but because of chicanery on the part of another.

The debate, had it been lost, would have been due to unfairness on the part of the judges.

We do not get on in our grades because the teacher loves our lazy, indifferent presence so much that she tortures herself day after day to keep us abundantly with her, like the scriptural poor.

What an absurd position!

What silly excuses! Nonsense!

How poorly we conceal the truth and how little we delude ourselves!

Let us face the truth boldly and say: "I failed because I was lazy, because I did not work, because I did not practice," and the world will trust and honor us and our failure.

Bluff is a poor game to play and never deceives any one.

The Day We Celebrate.

To-day we celebrate Arbor Day—Tree Day, and in a small way we try to counteract the effect of the ruthless destruction, the havoc wrought by our forebears.

Our hills and mountains are bare.

Our valleys are being choked up with sand and debris from the hill and mountain side.

Our streams are small and often unable to keep up their flow during the summer. Springs and wells fail.

The magnificent timber growth found all over our State a hundred years ago has about gone, and now we philosophize; we plant and preach against wanton destruction of nature's growth.

Man is an animal that thinks—sometimes.

We should all plant trees, shrubs, flowers, and study more about nature's processes, that the next generation may not be able to vote us thoughtless, selfish and inconsiderate in the use of nature's gifts.

How to Dress.

As Spring opens, there will be the usual rush to milliners, and the usual influx among us of shrieking, screaming Spring combinations.

Spare us, girls!

Get the quiet, unobtrusive things that tell of refinement and that do not announce the wearer's vulgarity a block away.

Be just as beautiful in your attire as you can without being pretentious.

"Have more IN my head than UPON it," is a good rule to follow in buying a Spring hat, eh?

Ask the people who know the becoming thing for you to buy!

Don't trust to your own judgment!

Tone down crude fondness for loud effects!

Parrots are gaudy and vulgar and harsh!

WHITES AND INDIANS DEBATE.

It was an INTELLECTUAL victory, this time.

The Indian student stood by the side of his Anglo-Saxon adversary in open debate of a question that is puzzling the minds of statesmen; and the Indians won.

It was an inter-society event that took place in the school Assembly Hall last Friday evening.

The Reed Literary Society of Dickinson College Preparatory school and the Standard Debating Society of the Indian School each appointed three speakers to debate the question:—

Resolved, That the Railroads and telegraph lines in the United States should be owned and operated by the Federal Government.

A great deal of college enthusiasm was shown, and the best of spirit manifested itself in inter-change of yells and cheers.

The Reeds occupied the choir seats and the Standards the faculty seats on the opposite side of the hall. The center was left for guests from town, and was quite well filled.

The floor immediately in front of the platform was held by the orchestra.

The Reed colors, red and white, were conspicuous on their side of the platform, while orange and black, the Standard colors were displayed to good advantage (if the shades WERE a little mixed,) on the Standard side of the house.

The beautiful banner of the Standards—"En avant" stood in quiet dignity on the right.

Old Glory spread her graceful folds over the rear wall, forming a patriotic back-ground to the living picture formed by the presiding officer and principal speakers in their respective places, mid potted plants and flowers.

When the Standards entered in a body they were cheered to an echo, and stood as they sang in loud, spirited voice an original society song, appropriate to the occasion.

The orchestra played a very pleasing selection for an opening number, and the audience would not be satisfied until they responded to an encore.

Assistant-Superintendent Allen introduced Professor F. G. Woodward, LL. M. of Dickinson College, as presiding officer.

The Professor made a happy but brief opening address in which he spoke of former meetings between Dickinson and the Indians. They were always interesting and sometimes exciting, but beneficial, referring to various athletic meets. He compared the oratory of to-day with that of the past, and spoke of the importance of being able to express oneself in public. That man is best equipped for public life who can best express convincing argument.

W. A. Cobb, of New Jersey, was introduced as the first speaker on the affirmative. He took the position that the present railroad and telegraph systems were great monopolies, tyrannous in character and burdensome to the people. Where practiced in Europe, Government ownership had been a success and brought down the rates of travel and of transportation. As a private enterprise they benefitted the few only who became millionaires. The vast amount of wealth now made by individuals would be spread among the people for their benefit, if the Government had control.

Frank Beaver, Indian, of Nebraska, on the negative, spoke vigorously and with good oratorical effect. He brought out a number of excellent points against Government ownership, the most salient ones being that of the danger of political corruption, and the robbing of the people of the competitive system, so beneficial to the progress of a nation, and he referred to the great debt that would be created should the Government purchase all the railroad lines.

Mr. G. O. Reed, of Pennsylvania, on the affirmative, thought it were better for the people to own the railroads than for the railroads to own the people as they do at present. Strikes would be less likely to occur under Government control, and he compared the present system

to a huge boa-constrictor that was strangling the nation.

T. J. Mooney, Indian, from Montana, answered him in quite an able manner.

Government ownership would wipe out of existence the spirit of private enterprise, and he compared the so-called successful operation by the Governments of foreign nations of their railroad systems to ours, with our better facilities in every way, and to our superior locomotives.

G. H. Ketterer, of Pennsylvania, on the affirmative, had at hand statistical evidence to show that the railroads of Australia had been an eminent success as compared to ours, from a financial point of view, and was a saving to the people in benefits.

W. J. Weshinawtok, Indian, from Wisconsin, brought up the rear in a well-rounded speech in favor of private ownership. He was more earnest than graceful, but succeeded in making his audience understand his points.

After the three had spoken on each side, a band of colored singers from Carlisle, under the leadership of Mr. George Foulk, one of our employees, gave a delightful selection, and was brought back for a second song. The orchestra again played, and the audience was ready for the rebuttals.

By this time the speakers were worked up to a fever heat, and their sympathizers were equally anxious. They spoke with more emphasis, while yells from the Reeds and Standards rent the air as each argument was placed before the judges—Honorable R. M. Henderson, Rev. M. O. Noll, and Rev. H. B. Stock, and when these gentlemen retired to confer, the music did not sound so well, for every one was on the anxious seat.

They did not remain out long, however and Rev. Mr. Noll was the chosen spokesman to announce the decision. He has "been there" before, for he knew just how to keep the expectancy roused to the highest pitch for several seconds.

He said he would like to decide on both sides, but under the circumstances, in view of the strength of argument presented, the judges were unanimous in giving the award to the Standards. At this statement, there was no keeping the expression of pleasure within reasonable bounds. Hats and handkerchiefs were thrown in the air, while vociferous cheering and class yelling made things lively for a brief period.

The Reed speakers crossed the platform and shook hands with their opponents in a very gentlemanly, gracious manner. There was a conspicuous absence of ungentlemanly conduct the entire evening, frequently manifest in college affairs. All passed off pleasantly, and the evening will long be remembered for its intellectual profit and pleasant pastime.

She is a Lady.

The young lady that says, "I beg your pardon," to a scrub bucket mistaken for a person, may be joked about it, but the fact still remains she is a lady, with the best intentions, cultivating in her soul only kindly feelings and considerations for others, watching to eliminate rudeness and thoughtlessness. You can tell this kind wherever they are, in the quarters, on the campus, in the chapel, at a sociable; and what a pleasant, winsome face she has, how much in demand in the country, why? Because she is a lady at heart, not because of exteriors.

The Easter edition of the Santa Cruz Surf, California, presented twelve pages of illustrations and descriptions of prominent points and scenes at or near that beautiful Pacific Coast resort. All California tourists should visit Santa Cruz, where there are many attractions besides sea-bathing, and the grove of giant Sequoias in the near vicinity.

The fifty-first Annual Report of the Cincinnati House of Refuge presents a well-prepared and neatly printed digest of the affairs of that institution, for a copy of which we are indebted to its Superintendent, James Allison.

ATHLETICS.

Our base ball team was defeated last Saturday at Philadelphia by the University of Pennsylvania team, the score being 15 to 0.

The Indians did not play as well as they are capable of playing and the experience and lessons to be learned from this game will doubtless help them in their other games.

They were playing against a better team, but should have held them down to a lower score.

The team will play Dickinson to-morrow, (Saturday) and it is hoped the players will support and encourage each other more than they did last Saturday, and "squeeze the ball."

Carlisle defeated Susquehanna at baseball on Wednesday, by the score of 15 to 1. This was the first home game, and the team showed up fairly well. Nori and Pedro did the twirling for our team, and both had the opposing batters at their mercy only five hits being made off them.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
Susquehanna	0	0	0
Indians	1	5	5

A handicap relay race was run on the Athletic field track Monday. Five teams of candidates contested and the first team won in a close finish, the time being quite encouraging.

The Pacific Monthly, of Portland, Oreg., is always a well filled and well conducted magazine, but the "Special Columbia River Edition" for March is so profusely illustrated, as to make it more than usually valuable for reference and information to all who wish to take a glimpse of the varied scenery on the great Columbia River basin.

The beautiful Cascades, the vertical cliffs and escarpments, the mountain views in the distance, and the storm tossed river scenes along the Dalles, and other points of scenic grandeur, are all portrayed with elegance to the view and neatness in the description, but as one writer well remarks:—"The camera can do but cold blooded justice to such landscapes. It requires the inspired brush of an accomplished artist to endow the scene with feeling and life, and convey to the sense the savage grade and fair-like grace that is left upon the imagination."

Kindly lady—Do you know your letters little boy?

Boston Prodigy (aged seven)—If you mean to ask, madam, whether or not I am able to recognize at sight the twenty-six fundamental characters upon which the English language is based, I should reply to you that I learned those when I was a mere child.

A letter from Joseph Brown, who is working on a farm in Minnesota, says he is getting along well and expects to make a success in life. We are sure that he will succeed.—

Word has been received from Lottie Harris who went to the Jefferson Hospital, Phila., saying she likes her new work and is greatly pleased with her surroundings.—

A letter from Grace Warren '02 says that the Indians in Minnesota are making maple sugar. She visited the camps and enjoyed eating it after it was made.—

Henrietta Coates who has been attending the Normal School in Buffalo, has left it, to live with her grandmother in Canandaigua, N. Y.—

A recent letter from David Baker, says he is well and owns a large number of cattle. This seems prosperous to us.—

A letter from Nevada says that our former student Richard Jack is doing well in the High School at Carson City, Nevada.

Thomas J. Morgan who went home recently has a good position and enjoys his work very much.—

**Man-on-the-band-stand.**

Black roofs!  
 Trees will soon be in leaf.  
 Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!  
 Remember, items must be in by Monday evening.  
 The Standards are proud of their victory at debate.—  
 Lena Schanadoah left this week for her home in Wisconsin.—  
 The bicycles must be crippled, we do not see so many about —  
 The Juniors defeated the track baseball team on Saturday.—  
 The next lecture on birds will be given by Professor Bakeless.—  
 Miss Bessie Gibson left this week for her home in Oklahoma.—  
 Pack your good resolution in cotton, then maybe it will not get broken.  
 Pedro Musignac was the first boy, who had a summer hat on last Sunday.—  
 The little girls have fun playing baseball in the court at the girls' quarters.—  
 The Sophomore basket-ball team elected Amelia Kennedy as their captain.—  
 Rebecca Knudsen who has returned from the country, has entered the Junior class.—  
 Angeline View has been appointed Captain of the girls' Freshman basket-ball team.—  
 Last Saturday the girls of the Senior basket-ball team had their picture taken.—  
 Our baker does not have to send in his bill when he needs the dough, for he gets a salary.  
 Mrs. Warner and her Grandfather visited the Battlefield of Gettysburg last Thursday.  
 The choir in the catholic church is composed of some of the Indian boys; girls are to join later.—  
 The bakers are now baking just about half as many loaves as they did last winter, during the skating season.—  
 Disciplinarian Thompson, who is taking anthropometric examinations of the boys, is nearly through with his work.—  
 To-morrow our baseball team will play Dickinson College on our field. The band will furnish music for this occasion.—  
 We have the truth of the old saying forcibly impressed upon us these days, that there is strength in onion as well as in union.  
 Several of the girls who went to the country have written to their friends here at the school saying that they like their places.—  
 Mr. Foulk and his choir furnished excellent music for the Standard-Reed debate last Friday. The Standards thank Mr. Foulk.—  
 A letter has been received from Joseph E. Eskuzah. He claims he is enjoying himself very much among Bucks County farmers.—  
 Eugene Fisher says he is beginning to feel the strain of much running. We who eat at his table feel the strain upon the bread plate.—  
 The lecture given by Mr. Allen last Saturday night was enjoyed by the whole student body. One girl said she even dreamed about birds.—  
 Misses Miles and Peter attend the Invincibles this evening; Misses Paull and Robertson the Standards, and Mr. Miller and Miss D. Laird the Susans.  
 The enterprising city editor of the evening Sentinel, Mr. Charles H. Kutz, was married last Thursday evening. Even printers will do such things sometimes.  
 Items are given by the teachers every Monday morning in the chapel. It is well that is done because some pupils never look at a daily or even a weekly paper.—  
 The Alaskans have received some books which were sent to them by Dr. Jackson. They feel that they cannot thank him enough for the kindness he has shown from time to time.—

The boys of the different classes are making an effort to make the class-meet very interesting.—  
 Last Friday Miss Cutter and the senior girls visited the shops to study the various kinds of wheels, axles and levers.—  
 Nelson Hare '02, and his brother Fred are now both at their home in New York with their brother Asher who has been ill for a long time. They are of great help to him.—  
 Fernando Gonzalez, one of the Porto Ricans who has been out in the country since last summer, writes that he is very happy and enjoys his country home very well.—  
 We are pleased to learn that our little Mary Bruce, class '02, is enjoying herself at her home in New York, and that she expects to attend school again in the fall.—  
 The tardy marks are less in number this month than they were last month, for the girls are not particularly fond of the extra run they get in the gymnasium.—  
 Flora Howard an ex-student writes, that she is well and enjoying her work at Tucson. They had some snow on the twenty-fourth of March, an unusual thing in Arizona.—  
 I am sure each one of us would like to plant a tree next Friday, but if we do not have this privilege, let us bear in mind that we can all plant good resolutions in ourselves.—  
 Miss Susie Zane who has been taking the course as a nurse at Waterbury, Conn. returned on Monday to the school for a short visit, and will go to Philadelphia to enter Blockley.—  
 Mrs. Thompson entertained last Thursday evening. Miss Noble was one of the prize winners and stands ready to take her friends a cart-riding. Only small persons need apply.  
 The Seniors and Juniors will have a regular game of basket-ball on Saturday evening. The referees for the game are Frank Beaver and Joseph Ruiz. We hope to see everybody there.—  
 Heretofore our campus and garden-plots have been protected by the signs, "Keep off the grass." New signs are being painted, but the warning is different, and reads thus, "Keep on the walk."—  
 The Senior boys were so proud of William Weshinawtok last Friday evening at the Inter-Society Debate that they carried him off the platform before the Senior girls could congratulate him.—  
 Last week a prize was given by Miss Miles to the dining room girl who could make her pitchers the brightest in twenty minutes. The kitchen boys were the judges and awarded the prize to Lulu Coates.—  
 Miss Wood took the Junior girls down to the farm on Sunday afternoon. Each Junior was allowed to invite one other girl. It was interesting to look at the leaves and buds of the different kinds of trees.—  
 Some of the girls of the shirt making department have proved to Mrs. Corbett who is in charge of it, that they can make very nice, neat white shirts. They are proud indeed to know that they have accomplished that much —  
 The Sophomore class is very proud of their Debating Society Constitution printed by one of their members, Mary Kadasan; it shows great care and neatness. Its cover is lettered in red, and tied with old gold, the school colors.—  
 Last week the Juniors tried an experiment for making oxygen. The experiment was very successful and interesting. This week they made nitrogen. These experiments are helpful and they are greatly enjoyed by the class.—  
 Miss Steele's assistant in the reference work for some time has been Master Fred Brushel who is doing excellent, careful work in this capacity. Master Rafael Ortega, who did very effective work here last summer, and Fall has been re-assigned to that place and is as courteous, faithful and attentive as ever.

Several teachers went to the mountains for arbutus on Saturday. Miss Cutter generally takes the lead in such escapades.  
 Miss Katie Creager '02, who has been at Breen, Colorado, since she left Carlisle, is now at Durango, of the same State living with a white family. She enjoys the Colorado climate and scenery.—  
 Miss Bowersox led the Sunday evening Prayer Meeting, and instead of letting the pupils have the last fifteen or twenty minutes, she let them have the first part of the prayer meeting. Several took part; the choir also gave a selection.—  
 Miss Ericson says the San Juan people are starving for oranges this year. The crop was a partial failure, and those they did raise are shipped to the United States, so that they are really hungry for some. There are more Porto Ricans who desire to come to Carlisle.  
 Two members have been added to the Junior class this week, and this makes the class of 1904 fifty-eight strong. The class welcome all ambitious students and hope they will become loyal members. We welcome all hard-working Juniors, but want no lazy ones.—  
 Lizzie Wolf received a box of beautiful arbutus from Stasie Juanita, who is at the Cherokee Training School, North Carolina. Miss Wolf was very generous in sharing with her friends from that school. We all wish to thank her through the REDMAN AND HELPER.—  
 A professor in the Preparatory school of Dickinson in talking to the students of that school in their chapel exercises made the remark: We do not only know that Indians can play football and baseball, but we also know that they are quite successful in the fields of debate.—  
 Mrs. Warner's grandfather, Mr. Smith, has returned to his home in New York. Mr. Smith is but a few months older than "Father" Burgess, each in his eightieth year. Both gentlemen are living examples of activity and usefulness in advanced age, after right living.  
 Miss Polly Tutikoff left yesterday for Waterbury, Connecticut, where she will enter a hospital to take training as a nurse. Her classmates are very sorry that she has decided to leave the Junior class, but all join in wishing her joy and success in her new field of labor.—  
 A game of baseball was played between the Dickinson Preps and the Carlisle Indian reserves last Saturday. Nathaniel Decora who is not a candidate for the baseball team pitched an excellent ball for the second Carlisle baseball team. The score was 6 to 22 in favor of the Indians.—  
 The basket-ball teams of Nos. 11 and 12 played on Saturday evening. The Freshman team won the game. They have two experienced players in their team while the Sophomore team is made up of inexperienced players. A little more practice and the Sophomores may have a good team.—  
 We are surprised to learn by letter that Paul Teenah, Troop "I" 8th Cavalry, is in New Mexico instead of Cuba as we had supposed. He has been ill and was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, to recuperate. He says he is rapidly improving and that his time expired in the army the day he wrote, but that he has enlisted again.  
 Joseph Trempe has taken the place of Janitor of the school building made vacant by the departure of Murphy Tarby to the country for the summer. He is quick, wide-awake and prompt to do every duty. Those in charge are greatly pleased with the interest he manifests and the thoroughness with which he works.  
 Louis Javine and John Smith are the present orderly force at the school-house. It is needless to say that they do every duty just as well as they can. If they are tempted to walk slowly or shoot a marble or two in work hours, they try hard to resist the allurements, and also try to have every order just right, so that no mistakes may occur. Of course half-sheets and quarter-sheets do mix them up somewhat, or the printer-boys do not know arithmetic perhaps. We cannot tell which.

**A DELIGHTFUL TALK ON BIRDS.**

The seventh talk in the series with the Bickmore colored stereopticon views, was given by Asst.-Supt. Allen, on Saturday night.  
 The subject was "Our Native Birds," and it will be continued on successive Saturday evenings by Prof. Bakeless, Miss Forster and Mr. Gansworth.  
 Mr. Allen devoted some time to discussing the evolution of the bird, its place in nature and its relation to man.  
 He dwelt at some length on the cruel and wanton destruction of birds by sportsmen, and at the behest of fashion.  
 We believe that few of the girls and ladies in the audience will ever again feel comfortable with any portion of a mutilated bird upon their hats.  
 Our little feathered friends, who have always found the Indian boys and girls kind and considerate, will now, we feel sure, find them more so than ever.  
 After the introductory talk, eighteen beautifully colored views were shown.  
 Each one was on the screen long enough to be discussed and studied.  
 The grebe, the loon, the heron, the snipe, the tern, the sand-piper, several numbers of the dove family, the hawk family, the eagle, the owl and the cuckoo came under scrutiny and study.  
 All voted the hour a very delightful one, the talk interesting and instructive, the views fine, and the subject one worthy to become enthusiastic over.  
 If birds help man and all his interests, the Indian boys and girls will form a league offensive and defensive, to help the birds, and to know them better, beginning on our fat old dowagers, the robins, who move about with such an air of independent proprietorship, and the noisy and impudent English sparrows, whose training in morals and manners has not been of the best.  
 It might be well for all classes to write an abstract of Mr. Allen's talk.  
 Perhaps the best one might be good enough to present to the readers of the REDMAN AND HELPER.  
 T. M. Buffington, the Governor of the Cherokee Nation measures six feet six inches in his stockings, and weighs 275 pounds, and is not overburdened with superfluous flesh. He wears a No. 8 hat No. 12 shoe, and dresses after the most approved business fashion. His one-eighth Cherokee blood gives him the ruddy appearance characteristic of the race of which he is so proud.—[Friends' Intelligencer.  
 Many of our exchanges, especially those from the West, which go to the reading rooms of the boys', girls' and small boys' quarters, are looked over with interest by the students from those sections of country, and valuable notes and hints are often gleaned, as well as local history of current events.  
 It is reported that there is a small stream near Tucson, Arizona, which has the peculiar properties of petrifying substances. Wood, vegetables, potatoes and other soft articles, when thrown into this stream if left a short time are turned to stone.  
 That sprightly little paper, the Glen Mills Daily of the House of Refuge, holds a pretty good grip on both pen and scissors in presenting a brief statement of current affairs, both local and general. In its editorials and pithy selections we often find intellectual meat, full of flavor and nutriment.  
 It is said that the mother fur-seal sometimes goes 200 miles from her baby in search of food. The father remains at home for several months during which time he neither eats or sleeps.—[The Orphanage News Letter, Kodiak, Alaska.  
 Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute invitations to their thirty-fourth anniversary to be held Wednesday, April 23rd, have been received by several. A number of eminent people are to be present,

(Continued from first page.)

tian fellowship and we depart by different ways.

We walked down a rough, stony path that led us by a short way to the Garden of Gethsemane. Flowers were blooming in the well-kept place, tended by priests.

A silver piece to one of these, and the iron gate opens, and permission is given to our daughter to photograph one of the oldest olive trees. It is common for these trees to live to a great age—"a thousand years," and this one looked it might be twice that, as it has been well cared for.

We are inclined to believe this statement as fully authentic as most of the information given us by our guides.

On our return we stop at the Hill of Calvary—a rough, rocky place, and the many graves indicate it to be a burial ground. When we reach our hotel it is near the twilight hour, and special sight-seeing is over, but we take donkeys and with a guide we ride Indian file into Jerusalem through the Damascus Gate. The long rides, the nervous strain of painful headaches and saddened hearts from the sights so unholy since we entered the Holy Land, so different from what we have thought of when hearing the Songs of Zion; all this had made this woman so tremulous that she clung to a Mohammedan youth who offered his services to hold her from falling from the little donkey, as we picked our way through the filthy streets, passing all sorts of oriental beings, up flights of broad, stone steps which our donkeys did not balk at. There were many turns, and we finally emerged from the Walled City.

Night had come and the high ways were clearing. A transformation comes over the city when night falls. The poor beggars are gone, tourists are hurrying to their hotels, shops are closed excepting a few near the hotels which display a most enticing assortment of corios, made from olive wood and lovely pearl shells. If the people of Jerusalem retire early they also rise early. Long before sunrise the noises of the city begin. This letter is already too long for the amount of information it contains, but dear friends, when you come to Palestine arrange to stay more than five days.

A. L. P.

FROM KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA.

Chief Bowlegs Pays a Visit to the White Settlement.

Minnie Moore Wilson writes to the RED MAN and HELPER:

We had a delightful visit from Billy Bowlegs and the letter below written to the Times-Union and Citizen was the outcome:

Billy Bowlegs, who is a loyal Seminole and a progressive one, too, is making his periodical visit to his white friends at Kissimmee.

As is Billy's custom when at Kissimmee, he attended Sunday school and church, and then with the patience of a sphynx answered questions till dark.

When asked if he were tired, he answered:

"Tired, ojus," although his native politeness had not permitted him to show any restlessness at the tedious afternoon's questioning.

Small trinkets and pictures presented by the children, who came to see him, he carefully placed away to carry to the toddlers in the Everglades.

From time to time pictures from Sunday school charts, on the life of Christ and Biblical characters, have been given Indians or mailed to them, and Billy reports: "Indians got 'um," Billy having his in his trunk.

"Blue-back spelling books were given to the Indians who visited Kissimmee two years ago, and Billy reports that the books are in good order, and "Indian boys spell littly bit."

Not one hair's breadth will this Indian diverge from the truth.

For some time the friends of the Florida Seminoles Society has been trying to show the Indians the necessity for learning some industrial work, such as tanning skins, making belts, pocketbooks, etc, and thus utilize their raw material. Billy

has consented to do this, and in pursuing the question as to when he will come to Kissimmee City and be taught this industry he replied:

"Six months; me don't know; maybe ten months. Six months, me say, and no come, white man say, 'Billie Bowlegs lock-a-dox, o-jus' (lie too much)."

Billy reports that the old chieftain Tallahassee, is totally blind, and has to be led about by children.

What Tallahassee's record in game killing must be would startle the present nimrods, for seventy black bear is one item.

An interesting bit of information in connection with Tallahassee's name was secured from Billy, although after many attempts, as it is difficult to get information where it requires the Indian language to tell it

"Tallahassee" is only the old chief's nickname, or white man's name for him, old Chief Tallahassee's Indian name being Fo-so-wa-tos-to-nock-ee, meaning, bird chief, or chief of the bird genus, tribe or family.

The origin of the name of Florida's State capital dates back to the days that are but tradition to the Seminoles.

Long, long time ago, many Indians and houses were on the site where the city of Tallahassee now stands.

One day, so the tradition goes, all the Indians went. Seminoles do not know why they left, as they were of an older tribe. Some time after, some Indians came along, Seminoles presumably, and seeing many houses, but no Indians living there, exclaimed, "Tallahassee!" the nearest interpretation being, "all gone, or deserted."

The careful manner in which Billy gave the traditional account, corresponding to old Tallahassee's previous accounts, solves an interesting question as to the meaning of the word Tallahassee.

Quite an amusing picture it was to watch Billy's expression when he was shown a fac simile of his handwriting—a clipping taken from the Times-Union and Citizen as it appeared a year or so ago during his visit to Jacksonville; but very quickly memory came to him and he said, "Me know; my name; write, big paper, Jacksonville."

THE RED RACE SUPPLANTED BY THE WHITE.

The Delaware or Leni Lenape Indians.

When the emissaries of civilization—the explorers and pioneers first entered upon those noble rivers, the Hudson and the Delaware, the great wilderness region now comprised in the wealthy States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania was occupied by Indian tribes comprehensively called the Algonquins.

This great division embraced two groups of nations, the Iroquois and the Delawares.

The language of both was the Algonquin, but it was spoken in various dialects, The Delawares, who call themselves the Leni Lenape, or "the original people," indeed, held themselves as superior to any other tribe or nation.

They claimed to have existed from the beginning of time, and it is certain that the Miamis, Wyandottes, Shawnees, and more than twenty other tribes admitted their great antiquity, and applied to them the title of "grandfathers."

While the domain of the Delawares extended from the sea-coast between the Chesapeake and Long Island Sound, back beyond the Susquehanna to the Alleghanies, and northward to the hunting grounds of the Iroquois, it seemed not to have been regarded as the common country of the tribes, but to have been set apart for them in more or less distinctly defined districts.

Their northern boundaries were supposed originally to be the heads of the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, and their southern, that ridge of hills known in New Jersey by the name of Muscaneum, and in Pennsylvania by those of Lehigh, Coghnewago, etc.

Within this boundary were their principal settlements, and even as late as 1742 they had a town with a peach-orchard on

Appointments and Changes in the Indian Service.

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

Appointments.

Name.	Position	Agency	In place of
Eli Brockway.....	Harnessmaker.....	Yankton, S. D.....	C. Bruguier
Paul Brings Grub....	Laborer.....	Cheyenne River, S. D.	H. Pretty Weasel
Mathew Arnold.....	Judge.....	Yankton, S. D.....	John Jaundrou
Luke Red Bird.....	Do.....	Do.....	Simon Antelope
Geo. Standing Crow..	Asst. Carpenter...	Standing Rock, N. D.	John Gayton
Joseph W. Lightning..	Ass't Blacksmith...	Do.....	Luke Bear Paw
Frederick Pope.....	Judge.....	Puyallup, Wash.....	J. Waukenas
Talks Different.....	Laborer.....	Ft. Belknap, Mont....	Enemy Boy
Felix F. Brunot.....	Add'l Farmer.....	Yankton, S. D.....	Peter St. Pierre
Octave Jandro.....	Laborer.....	Colville, Wash.....	Narcis Peone
James Butler.....	Teamster.....	Yakima, Wash.....	Louie wat lam at
Nick Green.....	Laborer.....	Blackfeet, Mont.....	.....
George Lufkins.....	Do.....	White Earth, Minn...	S. P. Bellanger
Honani.....	Judge.....	Moqui Res. Ariz.....	Coochventewa
Arthur De Gray.....	Interpreter.....	Standing Rock, N.D.	Louis J. Bolster
Levi Big Eagle.....	Butcher.....	Crow Creek, S. D.....	Frank Pamani

Transfers and Promotions.

Name	From	To	Agency	In place of
Frank Corndropper	Interpreter	Laborer	Osage, Okla.....	.....

the tract of land where Nazareth was afterwards built, another on the Lehigh, and others beyond the Blue Ridge, besides many family settlements here and there scattered.

Thus it appears that the Delawares were the ancient owners of the territory now included in Lehigh county, and that these hills and mountains and valleys were their hunting ground, and the Lehigh river, and all of the sparkling trout swarming lesser streams their fishing places.

One of the earliest purchases of land from the Indians in the Lehigh region was in the year 1684, the parties being William Penn and Maughaughsin, from whom, according to some authorities, came the name Macungie, applied to a township of Lehigh county.

This personage was one of the leading chiefs of the Delawares.

On the 3rd day of June, 1684, Maughaughsin, upon his own desire and free offer, sold all his land upon Pahkehoma, (Perkiomen,) to Wm. Penn, for the consideration of "2 Matchcoats, 4 pair of stockings, and 4 bottles of Sider."

D. N. KERN, Allentown, Pa.

The old Chief's rude trade mark is given by Mr. Kern, but we have no types to show it properly.—[Ed.]

OUR MEETING WITH PADEREWSKI.

Twin Territories is a magazine edited by an accomplished Indian young lady, at Mucogee, Indian Territory. Subscription price one dollar a year. Address Miss Ora V Eddleman, Editor and Proprietor.

The following racy account of this young Indian woman meeting with the world's greatest pianist will be read with interest:

"And this is a type of the modern Indian—the civilized Indians? Why, she wears not scalping knives nor blanket!"

This was the exclamation from the lips of Paderewski when the editor of The Indian Magazine was presented to him after his recital in Kansas City recently.

The famous pianist rose and came forward as he spoke, and looking down into the face of the young girl before him he said kindly:

"Ah, the Indians have interested me greatly, although my knowledge of them is vague and scattered. In some way the story of the Indian has been compared in my mind with that of my own down-trodden race. And what tribe are you descended from—the Cherokee? A wonderful people! I am glad to meet one who has even the fractional part of Indian blood in her veins and is proud to claim it. For this reason I consented to see you—I wanted to see you—not for curiosity's sake, but because you live in the Indian Territory. And there are so many questions I would ask you. This Indian Territory where you live—is it far from here? Tell me, the Five Civilized Tribes you speak of,—what are they? They have each a different language? There are other tribes—many others? Yes? His eager questions were all answered, listening with intense interest. He turned

once to his manager, Mr. Adlington, a genial Englishman, who is almost constantly with him.

"Ah," he said, very low, "is it not all very wonderful? Do you not think it so? I can understand now—too much has been expected of the Indian, in too short a time. A noble race!"

Although his rendition of the evening's program had left him extremely fatigued, Paderewski's manner was kind and pleasant, and his smile was so genial that one felt quite at ease instantly. Nothing was forced—his pleasantries were genuine and his interest sincere.

"So you publish a magazine, 'The Indian Magazine?' he continued, dropping one hand to his side and with the other pushing back his red-gold hair. "That is great—that is good! And you may send it to me. Indeed, you must take my address and I shall get the little magazine every month. Then I shall learn more about your people."

The chat, of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes duration, was altogether on the subject of the Indians. Paderewski related a little incident he had heard regarding the bravery and stoicism of the Indians, remarking that he had always thought of these traits when the American Indian was mentioned.

Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.  
My 12, 10, 11, 8 most healthy people like to do once a day.  
My 16, 3, 15, 6 we are if we are not insane.  
My 1, 14, 2, 9 some peoples' heads get.  
My 13, 4, 5 may be used on a Secretary's desk.  
My 7, 13, 11 cups are made of.  
All my letters in order make what some of our teachers looked like last Saturday afternoon at the Dickinson-Indian Second Team game.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Chesapeake Bay.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

- April 5. Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster. Indians won—7 to 1.
- " 12. University of Pennsylvania, at Phila. Indians lost—15 to 0.
- " 16. Susquehanna, at Carlisle.
- " 19. Dickinson, on Indian field.
- May 2nd. Franklin & Marshall, at Carlisle.
- " 14. Gettysburg, at Carlisle.
- " 20. Cornell, at Ithaca.
- " 22. Lebanon 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.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

**Expirations.**—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume. **Kindly watch** these numbers and renew a week or two ahead so as to insure against loss of copies. **WHEN YOU RENEW** please always state that your subscription is a **renewal**. If you do not get your paper regularly or promptly please notify us. We will supply missing numbers free if requested in time. Address all business correspondence to Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing Indian School, Carlisle