

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number Forty.

LOGAN TO THE CUCKOO.

WEET bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

CIVILIZED ARROW SHOTS FROM AN APACHE INDIAN.

BLOCKADES TO INDIAN CIVILIZATION.

AWAY WITH INDIANS! THEY
CANNOT BE CIVILIZED!
So says the frontiersman.
My words are not for this man.
He does not justify all there is in civiliza-

tion.
The Indian is human; if cheated,
wronged and misused, he will justly re-
sent it, the same as the white man.

I deny that the Indian is more of a
savage than the white man.
I deny that the scalping knife and the
tomahawk are more significant of great
savagery than the sword and gattling
gun of the pale face.

Can the Indian produce such destruc-
tive and cruel implements of warfare as
the monstrous canon and that death-
dealing explosive, the Lydite?

Yet this same man will use every
means to influence the Government to
appropriate large sums of money for the
reservations in his state or territory, as
if he were actually the redman's
almoner.

The white man looks after his own in-
terest. Why not allow the Indian to do
the same thing?

The Sympathetic Plea.

"POOR THINGS! DO NOT CHANGE
THEIR CUSTOM ALL AT ONCE.
BRING THEM INTO CIVILIZATION
BY GRADUAL PROCESS."

This sounds very much like the saint
who cut his dog's tail off little by little
so as not to hurt the dear dog too much.
This kind and gentle ideal is a sham.

Four hundred years of gradual taking
away his savagery and giving him your
civilization have elapsed, and what are
they?

A caged being, worse than his fore-
father ever dreamt of.

Idler, beggar, gambler, pauper ruined!
Let us stop this destructive process by
the quickest way possible. For the sake
of their future, the Indian heart of today
must be broken.

The Church.

"TO CHRISTIANIZE THE INDIANS
WE MUST SECLUDE THEM BY
THEMSELVES, AWAY FROM THE
VICES OF CIVILIZATION, AND
SEND MISSIONARIES TO THEM."

A prominent divine has said: "If I
were the devil and wished to do the most
devilish thing, I would not destroy the
churches, but I would corrupt them."

The reservation is a devilish method
of Christianizing my people.

I believe in missions.
Not one missionary to thousands of
Indians, but thousands of missionaries
to one Indian, which they would get if
brought into the midst of civilization.

The Educator's View.

"BUILD MORE SCHOOLS ON RE-
SERVATIONS, SO THAT THE INDI-

AN PUPILS MAY BE AN OBJECT
LESSON FOR THEIR PARENTS, TO
CONVINCE THEM OF THE PRACTI-
CABILITY OF EDUCATION."

I say very few INDIAN Schools are
needed in the United States.

Or, rather no Indian school is necessary,
when the public school, the anchor of
our educational system is available.

To me to deprive the Indian children of
this anchorage is an insult.

You may as well say, "you are an in-
ferior race of children, we do not want
you in our public schools."

In Indian schools, Indians teach In-
dians.

When you allow their ignorant parents
to decide for their children's welfare, you
only encourage the blind to lead the
blind, and Indians will remain Indians
for ages to come.

If the public school is good enough for
all other races, why not for the true
American children?

The Sentimentalist.

"IT IS CRUEL TO SNATCH THE
INDIAN PAPOOSE AWAY FROM
THE MOTHER'S BOSOM AND TRANS-
PORT IT TO A DISTANT SCHOOL.
IT SHATTERS PATERNAL RELA-
TION."

How inconsistent you are!
For your children's education you will
sacrifice their absence from home ties, you
will send them across the water.

What for?
So as to give them the best schooling.
And yet you weep and stand in the way
of the Indians' children when a few are
passing you to go to the Eastern schools.

The Indian children of to-day are in a
stage of crises.

Why not treat them as you do your own
children?
Stop this exceptional policy.

When you have done that, you have
done your duty.

Rumors from the Indian Service.

"We ought not send Indian children east
to educate them; the climate will kill
them."

When all other arguments have been
exhausted to keep Indians Indians, then
the weather comes in very appropriately.
The Indian seems to be almost per-
suaded.

"Climate will kill your children. Cli-
mate will kill your children," comes like
a message of death to this superstitious
race.

The time has come when the Indian
must take his chances with the white
man.

How little do the eastern people take
into consideration the vicissitudes and
dangerous regions of our globe when
their pockets and education are involved.

It is as reasonable to implore the Yan-
kee to stay where he was born as to tell
the Indian pupils not to go where they
can get the best education and thus ac-
complish the most for themselves.

But the statement is not true. Death
in greater proportion than at the remote
school comes to the Indian on his reser-
vation in all its lines of disease, simply
because on the reservation he is not and
cannot be as well protected from or help-
ed when attacked.

The Show Man and the Anthropologist.

"LEAVE THE INDIANS ALONE.
IT IS BEAUTIFUL TO PRESERVE
THE TRUE CHILDREN OF NATURE
AS OBJECT LESSONS TO STUDY."

By blinding the Indians, Buffalo Bill
has wrongly educated the public.

To leave the Indians alone as curiosi-

ties and studies may be well enough for
the showman and the anthropologist.

But what about the Indian?

The standard of a splendid race is de-
graded by it.

He deserves a better fate than to be re-
decked with savage attire, only to be rid-
iculed and jeered at for mercenary and
scientific purpose.

Do away with your ignorance of the In-
dian.

Help him to escape the deadly fate of
the reservation system.

Learn of him, as he will of you.

Then you will develop the MAN and
not the savage, the CITIZEN and not
the pauper.

This is my cry to all the world for my
people.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, M. D.
100 State St., Chicago.

THE APPIAN WAY.

Mrs. Pratt wrote in her letter from
Italy about riding over the Appian way.
Here is a little description of the wonder-
ful road.

The Appian Way was built three hun-
dred and thirteen years before Christ was
born.

It commenced in the heart of the city
of Rome, passed under the Porta Capena,
and extended through Capua, Terracina,
Beneventum, on to Brundisium.

Here and there it is covered up by the
neglected accumulation of ages, but miles
upon miles of it remain, solid, clean,
smooth, safe to horse and man as the day
it was finished.

The way that road was built was as
follows:

In the first place, a good substructure
was dug down to.

From this all loose soil was carefully
removed.

Then stratum after stratum cemented
with lime was raised on this, and on the
last of these was laid the pavement.

The pavement consisted of blocks of
stone joined together with exceeding
care and nicety of dovetailing, no inter-
stices being apparent.

There are none apparent on it to-day,
after a world's travel over it for a decade
of centuries.

The best part of it yet visible in nearing
Terracina.

Over that road marched the heavy le-
gions of the Cæsars, with their cumbrous
wagons and their ponderous catapults,
and over it the male and female chariot-
eers drove their fours in hand to the sun-
ny Adriatic Sea, as we our fast teams to
Sheepshead Bay.

They have not even marked its surface.

THE WHITE MEDICINE MAN.

The story is told of a Philadelphia Quak-
er belonging to an Indian delegation,
was crossing a wide plain in a hostile
country.

The driver of the ambulance called his
attention to four Indians on horse back
who soon surrounded the vehicle.

A young brave in war-paint made un-
mistakable signs of hostility.

The interpreter told them they were
medicine men and peace men.

He replied they must prove themselves
medicine men; of peace men they had
too many already to steal their lands.

"Be quick," said he; "show us some
wonderful medicine work, or we will kill

you," suiting the action to the words by
the flourishing of their arms.

Here was a dilemma!

Pointing to the oldest member of the
party, a fine looking Quaker, six feet in
his stockings, with white hair who had
been the first speaker of the party, he
furiously gesticulated and cried out:

"Medicine man, show!"

An inspiration seized the Quaker.

He had a double set of false teeth on
plates of flesh colored composition.

Pointing to his teeth with his finger
and then tapping them with much gri-
mace and carelessness, he motioned for
the braves to come closer.

When all were intent upon him, he de-
liberately took out first the upper, then
the lower set of teeth and made a motion
with his neck as if about to separate his
head from his body.

The "braves" were astonished and
satisfied, wheeled their horses and rode
away.

NOT ALWAYS EASY TO GET AN UNDERSTANDING.

"What is miss?" asked one of our little
Eagle Feathers.

"To miss is the same as to fail," re-
plied the teacher. "You shoot at a bird or
at a mark, and do not hit it you miss
it. You go to a tailor for a coat and your
coat fits badly it is a MISS-fit. You hope
to enter the middle class next year but
you cannot pass the examination and so
you MISS your promotion. See?"

His face wore a puzzled expression.

"Then," continued the teacher, "there
is another meaning of miss.

We call a married woman, madam; but
an unmarried woman, miss."

His face brightened. He smiled and
nodded: "I see" said he.

"She MISS her man."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It is said that the Bureau of Ethnology
has decided that our North American In-
dian shall be called an Amerind.

Can one imagine any romance attach-
ing to such an appellation?

Shades of Tecumseh and Sitting Bull
protect us.

Personally the editor of the Tribune ob-
jects to being the mother, even by adop-
tion, of this mongrel, an "Amerind."

—[Woman's Tribune.

The RED MAN agrees with the Tribune.

We believe that the name emanated
from a small Indian School in the west,
but "American Indian" is good enough
for us, and surely the Indian himself, in
his waning days, will not care to take on
a new-fangled cognomen for his race,
without merit, simply to suit the whims
of some fanciful word coiner.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S PRAYER.

Miss Mary L. Lord, a teacher among
the Sioux Indians, relates the following
touching incident in the Christian Press:

An Indian baby was dying. It lays in
its father's arms, while near by stood an-
other little daughter a few years older,
who was a Christian.

"Father," said the little girl, "little sis-
ter is going to heaven to-night. Let me
pray."

As she said this she knelt at her
father's knee, and this sweet prayer fell
from her childish lips:

"Father God, little sister is coming to
see you to-night. Please open the door
softly and let her. Amen!"

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Editorial.

With emotions at white heat, sanity of judgment is hardly possible. An enthusiast is very likely to observe the objects of his admirations under the glow of his feelings, and formulate his theories and opinions about them under the same conditions.

The ardent admirers of the Indian often know him only at second hand, as an abstract being of moral qualities, enveloped in a halo of romance and poetry. Cooper's Indians are usually not thought much like the genuine article. And yet we must plead guilty to having a greater admiration for Cooper's creations, and his portrayal of Indian character, after years of association and study of genuine "Poor Lo," than we had when in youth we reveled in the Leather Stocking Tales. The qualities that Cooper portrayed as characteristic of this race are theirs, slow to be recognized, perhaps, where sympathy and appreciation for the red man are wanting, but in moments unexpected, they flash out with a largeness, and simplicity that is refreshing.

Some characteristics of the Indian that did not suit Cooper's artistic purpose to portray, were no doubt passed over lightly, or went unexploited entirely. But this does not argue that Cooper did not portray truly as far as he chose to use his literary scalpel in the dissecting of Indian character.

We are so thoroughly and conceitedly Greek ourselves, that the barbarian whether Indian, Hottentot or Jew, is transformed in our presence into another order of being. We in the narrowness of our civilized prejudices are all right (!) while these are all wrong.

The fact is that when feeling is tempered by reason, and observations are interpreted without racial prejudices, we find much in the Indian character and training—sometimes his lack of training—to admire. He is calm, deliberate, sincere. He is frank open and courageous usually. He is persevering; sometimes too self-complaisant, and easily satisfied. He is no lazier no more untruthful than the white man's child, when he understands what is required of him. His efforts are painstaking.

Time with him does not count for much, as through the ages, his people never allowed feverish haste. Hence his promises and obligations are not so promptly kept. "For" he argues "will not next month or next year or a decade hence make me true to my word, if I keep it then?"

In fact being an Indian, or a Negro, or a Chinaman never entirely obliterates the fact that each is first human.

Generations of submission to certain conditions do have a marked effect in setting a race, a nation, a family or an individual in something of a mold.

The stolid noncommittal countenance of the Indian is peculiarly his as much by virtue of his ancestry as the sunny happy-go-lucky attitude of the son of Ham.

A bright little Quaker lady who wanted Indian help, and who in the abstract has had for years the fondness of her forbears for the noble red man, asked the other day, the same question that has been asked a thousand times and answered as often: "Are the Indians like other people? do they love and hate, laugh and

weep, feel joy and sorry as a white man's child?" And we smiled, almost audibly, as a long procession of good, bad and indifferent dusky lads and lasses marched by, each one bubbling over with his own peculiar humor, thinking his own thoughts, planning his own pranks, or placing his individual interpretation upon the world of mind and matter. We answered "yes," and remarked further that a good dinner, a comfortable bath, a new suit of clothes with judicious use of brush and comb had as great an effect in shaping them to the white man's notion of being civilized as these same articles had upon the little knot of soiled, active street gamins quarreling over a game of marbles in the gutter.

We dwell so much on the mere surface things in this matter of civilization, that we forget it is not all external, but that it lays claim to some essential qualities that have their roots deeper in the being than shoes and dress and baths and appearances. These are mere incidents, symbols of something deeper, upon which civilization is based.

The Indian as well as every other member of the human race has latent in him being the instinct that reaches out to the higher and better way when it appeals to his reason that it is a higher and better way.

With the Indian dishonesty is the exception and not the rule. His standards are not always the whiteman's standards, so he appears at times to a disadvantage, but real kindness of heart is always present, and helpfulness ready, when the occasion arises and the need is understood.

An Indian boy or girl is as pleasant to have about, as useful as obedient, as aimable, as ready to improve under right conditions, as any other.

He will respond quickly to kindness, and do his whole duty. He has not the flexibility of mind that the favored child of the ages has, hence he will fail to see the larger content of a proposition or line of action, and at times will take what to us is a decided eccentric course, but he grows larger with experience, and we have unbounded faith in the future of this people. They are fresh and unjaded by ages of make believe.

A thing half done when it is done means only loss of time required to do it over. A worker who does his work in this careless way is always at the bottom of the ladder, always out of a job, always decrying the injustice and harshness of the world, always ready to change places because he is unfairly discriminated against. It is pretty safe to conclude when the world goes hard against us that part of the trouble is in ourselves, boys, and not our job and our employer.

In any case it pays to think the ground over and find whether you would approve of yourself and your conduct if you were the employer and the employee that served was another fellow with your present qualities. What a man stands for counts for much in his success or lack of it. A boy that does not make his life conform to truth and honesty and decency can't be of much weight in an enterprise. Only his own kind will have him about, and they will treat him in the same way he treats others.

Employers are clamoring for men with a goodly supply of common sense—those who can be original at times; those who will use their brain. Constant, careful, level headed attention will inspire confidence; confidence will bring increased responsibility and increased responsibility will bring increased salary."—Patrick J. Sweeney in the School Journal.

Young men are afraid of doing more than they're paid for, and do not enter into work with sufficient spirit.

To be appreciated a young man must do more than he is paid to do. When he does something to further the interest of his employer that his employer has not thought of, he shows that he is valuable. —Patrick J. Sweeney in the School Journal.

The Juniors are now studying Tennyson's Holy Grail, and Lowell's Sir Launfal. Appreciation of such masterpieces must be cultivated. We hope "The Orange and Blue" will keep right on until they learn to enjoy Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burroughs, Abbott, Parkman, Emerson, and McMaster, as well as Hawthorne. By that time the trashy story books usually styled boys' and girls' reading, will be objects of derision to them, and there will be a tone of culture about every sentence written or uttered by our graduates, that will make us think of the best students of the best preparatory schools of the country. Why should Indians in an Indian school have poor English, and poor tastes and be so easily satisfied, with their attainments?

Lincoln split rails and reveled in an ideal world which his future made real. So did Franklin, and Clay and Garfield and Edison and Carnegie and scores of others. The writer will never forget a New Jersey farmer, he once met making hay in an extended meadow, and finding unspeakable delight in his surrounding, because the poets and the scientists had taught him to see. His hay making did not suffer by it. His home and its surroundings were neater and better for it, and all his neighbors were better for his presence.

They loved him for his genuineness, and kindly helpfulness. A poem as well as a text-book may enhance our value to our fellow men. It will broaden our view, sweeten our lives, make keener our vision, and enhance even our power of usefulness.

Stone by Stone.

Tom and Robert were walking through the woods. They came to a stream of water; both stopped, deliberating what was best to be done.

"I am going to leap it," said Tom.

"I am going to work my way over, stone by stone," said the more prudent Robert. Tom leaped, and missing his footing, fell into the middle of the stream, whilst Robert, working his way carefully from one stone to another, landed safe and dry on the other side.

Boys, learn the lesson while yet young; the shortest way often appears the longest. Do not try to leap across the stream of difficulties that separates you from the shores of success. Perseverance, diligence and determination are all stones cast across the stream of life. A leap will bring you down among them wounded and bruised. But conquer them, stone by stone and ultimately you will reach the other shore—the coveted land of success. Remember, do not leap; work your way across the stream, stone by stone.—[Ex.]

ATHLETICS.

The Indians defeated Dickinson on our field in track and field sports last Saturday, scoring 73 points to Dickinson 31. Carlisle secured first place in every event except the 100 and 220 yard dashes and showed up very strong.

Frank Mt. Pleasant broke the Carlisle record of 55 seconds in the 440 yard dash which was formerly held by Charles Cusick. Mt. Pleasant's time being 54 seconds.

John Waletsi made new records in the hammer and shot, increasing Wheelock's record in the hammer throw of 107 feet 5 inches to 112 feet 10 inches and Phillip's record of 36 feet 11 inches in the shot put to 37 feet 6 inches.

Joseph Ruiz also broke the record in the pole vault formerly held by Hawley Pierce. Pierce's record was 9 feet 6 inches, while Ruiz cleared 9 feet 7½ inches.

Johnson Bradley also established a new school record in the high hurdle race, his time being 17 seconds, while the former record held by James Johnson was 17 2-5 seconds.

One of the best performances of the day was Hummingbird's win in the one mile run. His time of 4 minutes 43 4-5 seconds, shows that he is in the first class in long distance running.

Wilson Charles showed up strong in the high and broad jumps, and Antell's win of the half mile run was a very plucky and creditable performance.

Summaries.

100 Yard Dash—Spencer, D., won; Beaver, I., second; Craver, D., third. Time, 10 3-5.

Broad Jump—Charles, I., won; Salters, D., second; King, I., third. Distance, 20 feet 7½ inches.

One-mile Run—Hummingbird, I., won; Beets, D., second; Sword, I., third. Time, 4 minutes 43 4-5 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdle—Bradley, I., won; Charles, I., second; Thompson, D., third. Time, 17 seconds.

Putting 16-Pound Shot—Waletsi, I., won; Wheelock, I., second; Charles, I., third. Distance, 37 feet 6 inches.

440-Yard Dash—Mt. Pleasant, I., won; Craver, D., second; Appleman, D., third. Time, 54 seconds.

High Jump—Charles, I., won; King, I., Waletsi, I., and Stanton, D., tie. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Two-Mile Run—Dickinson forfeited to Indians by none entry.

220-Yard Hurdle—Bradley, I., won; Fancher, D., second; Tompkinson, D., third. Time, 28 seconds.

One-Half Mile Run—Antell, I., won; Keeler, D., second; Hummingbird, I., third. Time, 2 minutes 12 seconds.

Pole Vault—Ruiz, I., won; Odgers, D., second; Johnson, I., third. Height, 9 feet 7½ inches.

Throwing 16-Pound Hammer—Waletsi, I., won; Fleitz, D., second; Core, D., third. Distance, 112 feet 10 inches.

220-Yard Dash—Craver, D., won; Beaver, I., second; Appleman, D., third. Time, 24 1-5 seconds.

Referee, Fisk Goodyear. Judges, Jas. Johnson and J. R. Wheelock. Starter, G. S. Warner.

Records.

Mr. Warner has searched the records of past athletic contests in which the Indians have participated and the following is probably a correct list of the Carlisle records and their holders:

100 yards dash—10 seconds, held by Benjamin Caswell and Frank Beaver.

220 yds. dash—23 4-5 seconds held by Frank Beaver (made on a curved course.)

440 yds. dash—54 sec., held by Frank Mt. Pleasant.

880 yds. dash 2 min. 9¾ sec., held by Ralph King.

One mile run—4 min. 34 sec., held by Percy Zedoka, (made on the fair ground one mile track.)

2 mile run—10 min. 44 4-5 sec., held by Joseph Hummingbird.

120 yds. high hurdles 17 sec., held by Johnson Bradley.

220 yds. low hurdles 27 4-5 sec., held by Charles Roberts.

High Jump 5ft. 4¼, held by George Moore (Moore jumped 5 ft. seven inches over a rope instead of a stick but this can not be called a record. The indoor record over a rope is 5 ft. 8 inches made by George Baker and Frank T. Thunder.)

Running broad jump—20 ft. 10 in., held by Charles Roberts.

Putting 16 pound shot—37 ft. 6 in., held by John Waletsi.

Throwing 16 pound hammer—112 ft 10 in., held by John Waletsi.

Throwing the discus—116 ft. 4 in., held by Hawley Pierce.

Pole vault—9 ft. 7½ in., held by Joseph Ruiz.

These records will compare favorably with those of most colleges and as this is only the third year Carlisle has had a regular track team, it seems very probable that the Indians, within a year or two will be able to compete successfully in track athletics with the best college teams in this country as they have done in the past in foot-ball.

There will be a dual meet in track and field sports with Lafayette College, on our field to-morrow.

The baseball game with Gettysburg which was to have been played Wednesday was cancelled. The team will play Dickinson on our field to-day.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Strawberries.

We want rain!

Fine days we are having.

Printer Solomon Webster has left for the country.

Mr. Wheelock spent Monday evening at Mechanicsburg.

The Juniors are writing essays on different subjects.—

The band is engaged to play for a picnic in Perry County, June 7th.

The Juniors and Seniors are now given the chance to sign for the country.—

What are you doing to make yourself more effective tomorrow than today?

If you can see the bread rise, why shouldn't you behold the cake-walk?

The band was out on the athletic field practicing marching yesterday morning.

The painters have plenty of work on hand. They are now painting the shops.—

The girls were delighted to go out walking with Mr. Allen last Sunday afternoon.—

Phineas Wheelock, another typo and clarinetist, has gone out to the country for the summer.

Miss Noble and Mother Rumsport have a garden of flowers and vegetables that cannot be beat.—

The inter-class contest was very interesting from start to finish. Some of the old records were broken.—

The contest between Dickinson and the Indians was not as exciting as the "Class Contest" a week ago.—

Juliette Smith writes from Haverford, Pa., that she has a very nice home and is having pleasant times.

We hear that Miss Nettie Freemont '95, is still teaching at Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota.—

All the ex-students from this school, who are living in North Carolina, are getting along very well.—

Lillian Johnson and Frances Halftown sang a beautiful duet at the Junior entertainment last week.—

Mr. Frank Shively, '97, has left Cheyenne River Agency. He is now an assistant clerk at Crow Agency, Montana.—

Miss Laird is working hard with those who take extra lessons. She is determined that they shall understand mode and tense.—

The horse-chestnut tree on our school ground is in blossom. It is admired by all who appreciate the beautiful tints of nature.—

It seems impossible that there should be any dissatisfied girls at Carlisle. Our campus is so beautiful and our home so cheerful.—

On Sunday afternoon, Miss Wood took her girls out for a walk to the farm. The girls enjoyed it very much and thank her for her kindness.—

Charles Cusick, '02, left on Tuesday for Cleveland, Ohio, to take a position as assistant in one of the departments of the National Carbon Company.

The boys of the tailoring department are expecting a new instructor. They have been without one since Mr. Walter resigned, over two months ago.—

The tanners have been busy for six or seven weeks painting the roofs of the buildings black. They have completed that work and are now repairing the spoutings on the various buildings.—

Miss Ely, Miss Burgess and her father, left on Friday for Philadelphia, to attend the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, held in Philadelphia, this week. Miss Ely returned on Monday evening.

Last Friday evening the school was entertained by Mr. Ansback, a magician. He performed many tricks which puzzled his audience greatly. The orchestra furnished the music for the entertainment.—

Little Bessie Charley, who went out to the country two weeks ago came in Saturday expecting her father to come here that night. She stayed over Sunday and went out to her country home again Monday morning.—

The long walks, on Sunday afternoons, are enjoyed very much by the girls.—

A letter from Mr. Frank Hudson shows that he is still in the push at Pittsburg.

Colonel Pratt's account of his trip last Saturday evening was very interesting.—

Joel Cornelius has made 5 nice frames for the instruction charts for the band.

Eugene Fisher proved himself a good judge of water and is now known as Judge Fisher.

Ida Griffin thinks she ought to get a "quarter" for picking up paper off of the campus.—

Mr. Bennett, our farmer, said that it will be two weeks before we can have strawberries.—

Miss Miles says she has the smartest set of afternoon dining-room girls that she has had in six months.—

One of the small boys in talking about the grass growing fast said: "My the ground's hair grows fast."—

Our former band leader, Mr. Dennison Wheelock, has organized a band of 40 pieces at Flandreau, So. Dak.

Although the Juniors did not win the banner they are satisfied because they all tried hard to win it.—

As the school term will be out in less than a month the Juniors are going to work very hard until the last.—

Mr. Jordan and his boys are still working on the campus. They are now working in front of the Large Boys' Quarters.

One of the California girls said that her teacher kept her in school until it began to "shady up" meaning it was getting dusk.—

John P. Jones who was once a member of the band writes, that he is now a waiter in one of the leading hotels at Reno, Nevada.—

Lillian Johnson cut out fifty check aprons on Monday morning and Mrs. Canfield says, "she can be as good a worker as singer."—

Three tennis courts have been marked out by Messrs. Gansworth and Brown, between small boys' and girls' quarters. Now for great games.

Among the many hymns that the Catholic boys and girls are learning for the month of May is the "A Marie Sanctissima," a Spanish hymn.—

A teacher in music, after explaining the scale in music to a class of small boys, asked one of them what came after "do?"

He quickly replied: "Bread"—

Mr. James Wheelock, director of the band is beginning to make preparations for Decoration Day, in the selection of music, and practicing new marches.—

We are sorry to have Mrs. Walters leave us for she has proved to be a faithful worker here at Carlisle. She leaves on account of the illness of her father.—

The town people crowded on the streets last Saturday to watch the Indian boys parade after their great victory in track and field meet with Dickinson College.—

Some one said that it was the janitor's duty to keep a certain vase full of beautiful flowers. So the janitor gathered a small handful of dandelions and put them in the vase.—

Frank Mt. Pleasant, '03, of the Small Boys' Quarters made a hero of himself on class day. He won three prizes, and the winning points, which gave the banner to class '03.—

The Juniors are studying the different kinds of maple trees and are very much interested in them. So far they have found seven different varieties on the school grounds.—

A notice of the marriage in Montana, of Miss Lida Standing (daughter of Mr. A. J. Standing our former Assistant Superintendent,) to Mr. Samuel Conrad Williams, on Thursday, May 1st, 1902, has been received.

Mr. Gansworth makes quite a "swell" leader. He showed that he was a good band leader, on Saturday evening's parade, when he led the band and all paraders back to the school in the most direct and shortest way and had everybody on time for chapel services.

Dolores Nieves writes and says that she has a very pleasant time in the country and is getting along all right with her new life.—

Adela Bourelli, one of the Porto Rican girls, who has gone to spend the summer at the Sea Shore, says that she has a very nice home.—

Henry Nahtakoke, who left us a few years ago, is employed on the Railroad in Arizona. He says he is having good times among the (wild) Indians.—

Senior:—"This clock has stopped running!"

Junior:—"It must be tired."

Senior:—"Well, we'll let it walk awhile."

There are at the old walnut tree, two strange birds of brilliant color, and the strange music which they sing very proudly, is not familiar to some of our students.

Col. Pratt read a very interesting paper on Egypt to the Juniors, Seniors, and employees on Tuesday evening, after the student body had dispersed to their quarters.—

Lum Chesaw left Monday evening for his home in Oklahoma on account of his health. We miss his good nature and friendship. Lum played center on our football team last fall.—

For the Invincible Society, Messrs. Brown and Wheelock, will visit them this evening; Standards, Miss Ferree, and Mr. Nori; Susans, Prof. Bakeless, and some one to take Mr. Walter's place.

George Hogan had a narrow escape on Wednesday from being crushed by a large box filled with harness, falling from second floor porch to the ground, just as he walked out from the first floor porch.

Mrs. Katie Sockbeson, accompanied by her sister Mrs. Nicolai, was here at the school last Friday to see her daughter Ada, who has been away from home for some time. They left Carlisle for Boston the same night.—

Dickinson and Carlisle Indians had a "Dual Meet," at the Indians athletic field. Indians successfully won by the score of 73 to 31 points. The band and many of the boys took part in the evening parade.—

To be profusely sorry for the inconvenience and extra care we cause our friends to-day because of our neglect or lack of attention to duty, and then make the same mistake next week and the next with the same result brands us as insincere.

Fourteen of the Juniors have been transferred to room No. 11, on account of the class being over crowded in No. 13. There are fifty seven members—too many for one teacher to give the individual work necessary to bring up the weak ones.—

Alex. and Joseph Sauve are working at the electric plants in town. Alex. at the Electric Light Plant and Joseph at the plant in the Lindner shoe factory. Both say they like their work and are fast learning the secrets of electricity. We wish them success.—

A letter from Delfina Jacques, a member of class '05, in which she says "we have a parrot that says Hurrah! Hurrah! Haverford, Haverford, but it will soon say, Sophomores, Sophomores. I have a beautiful home, and I shall do my best all summer."—

The Seniors are now making a study of the Alexandrian period of Greek history. Many are getting their first glimpses of the great past of which they with European peoples are heirs. They are struggling with factoring in algebra and winning the fight nicely.

Mrs. Walter was called home by telegram announcing the serious illness of her father. Miss Roberts took charge of her grade-rooms two and three being consolidated under Miss Daisy Laird. Mrs. Walter expected to leave the service with the close of this school year. She has been with us for two years, is a faithful and efficient teacher. She will be greatly missed by her pupils and co-workers. We greatly sympathize with her in her trial, and earnestly hope her father will recover.

A MUSICAL TREAT.

Lovers of music enjoyed a rare pleasure on Saturday evening, when Miss McKinstry of Wilson College, a guest of Miss Senseney, gave several violin numbers before the school.

Such depth of tone, and perfect ease in playing as Miss McKinstry shows, are seldom found, while she puts her whole soul into her music, holding her audience spell bound, unwilling to lose a note.

The pupils showed their appreciation by the most enthusiastic applause.

She played also on Sunday afternoon, at the chapel service, demonstrating that the violin as well as the voice can tell of sacred things.

After Miss McKinstry had played for us on Saturday evening Colonel Pratt talked for a few moments upon becoming master of one's art, or trade or business. He asked how many would like to play as well as the violinist they had listened to, and every hand went up. Then when it was found how many years, and how many hours every day during those years must be spent in preparing oneself there were not quite as many hands shown. It takes grit and keeping-at-it to become a master.

A very saucy little red tanager created quite a commotion in the school-rooms on Wednesday morning. He was noticed bobbing and flirting on the limbs of the trees, darting back and forward, as tho' he courted admiration. All the schools took time to study him. He was very lavish in the display of himself, darting back and forth up and down, giving all a good opportunity to know him well. What pleased us most of all was that all the students moved to the porches, made a study of him, without disorder, or hardly a break in their work. Pupils so thoroughly under self-control do much toward helping the teacher to have a good school.

You may have forty dollars in bank. What does it matter? If you have spent HALF YOUR EARNINGS, you cannot draw even to subscribe for the REDMAN and HELPER. So do not come to our office or write to us to get the pay from your bank account when you KNOW you have spent half of your earnings, and the money must remain in bank till you add to it from your earnings. It is a good rule, and when you leave the school to go out in the world, you will thank the authorities that made you save. But scratch together 25 cents from somewhere to subscribe for your own school paper.

A talk on coal, petroleum and natural gas industries was given to the school last week by Prof. Bakeless. It was made quite realistic by having a section of a Dauphin County coal basin showing the tunnel and drifts in place upon the blackboard. An ideal section of an oil and gas producing region was also drawn upon the board with tanks, pipe lines and refineries, showing the various strata in color. The illustrations made the subject very interesting and the pupils followed the speaker with close attention.

Printers had quite an exciting time one day this week when the electric key board got on fire, caused by a piece of steel coming in contact with the power and motor connection. The "devils" ran all directions when they saw the sparks of electricity and fire flying all around the motor and the large press.

Men are always willing to pay good salaries to people who will think of things for them. The man who carries out only the thoughts and ideas of another is nothing more than a mere tool. Men who can think and who can be relied upon are always in demand.—Patrick J. Sweetney, in the School Journal.

George Robinson our bass drummer (the leader of the Hungarian Orchestra,) left for the country to-day.

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 April, 1902, appear the following:

Appointments.

Name.	Position.	Agency.	In place of
James Galligo	Laborer	Pine Ridge, S. D.	Geo. No Braid
Amos Little	Do	" " "	Philip Iron Tail
Dan S. Bear	Do	Ft. Belknap, Mont.	Powder Face
Peter Camp	Do	" " "	Has the Whip
Enemy Boy	Do	" " "	Talks Differant
Hubert Tetoby	Blacksmith	Ft. Hall, Idaho	Peter J. Johnson
Paul Bannock	Apprentice	" " "	Harry Hutchinson
George M. Brown	Add'l Farmer	Devils Lake, N. D.	Minnihota
John Woods	Do	" " "	" " "
Luke Big Track	Do	" " "	" " "
John Chino	Laborer	Mescalero, N. M.	Elmer Wilson
George Hunt	Asst. Farmer	Kiowa, Okla.	Tso-Kone
His Horse Looking	Judge	Cheyenne River, S. D.	Yellow Hawk
Joseph T. Cook	Carpenter	Yankton, S. D.	Wm. Bear Jr.
Wm. Washington	Carpenter's App's	Shoshone, Wyo.	" " "
Edward Wanstall	Bl'ksmith's App's	" " "	John Robertson
Joachim Hairychin	Asst. Blacksmith	Standing Rock, N. D.	Joseph W. Lightn- ing
John S. Brown	Interpreter	" " "	" " "
The Other Bull	Apprentice	Crow, Mont.	Hail
John S. W. Bear	Asst. Mechanic	Lower Brule, S. D.	George Tompkins
Frank S. Hawk	Laborer	" " "	Ben H. Elk
Frank Wolf Voice	Interpreter	Tongue River, Mont.	" " "
David Stewart	Blacksmith	Crow, Mont.	H. M. Roth
No Horse	Apprentice	" " "	Hoop Turnsaround
Thunder Iron	Laborer	" " "	Arnold Kosta
Walks at Night	Asst. Farmer	" " "	Steals on Camp
Robert Ralseup	Apprentice	" " "	Frank Bethune
Zeb Gebeau	Teamster	Flathead, Mont.	Fred Piche
George Fork	Laborer	Hoopa Valley, Cal.	Frank Colgrove
Frank Welden	Do	Ft. Hall, Idaho	Wilson Boss
Ed. Bird Necklace	Do	Cheyenne River, S. D.	Paul Brings Grub
Walter H. Shawnee	Issue Clerk	Ft. Apache, Ariz.	Chas. E. Dagenett
James B. Nipp	Bl'ksmith's App's	West Shoshone, Nev.	Charles Hicks
Hiram Price	Laborer	" " "	Johnnie Willie
Medicine B. Track	Judge	Ft. Peck, Mont.	Black Duck
Black Dog	Bl'ksmith's App's	" " "	Nick Alvares
Charles Lambert	Interpreter	" " "	Isaac Miller
William Bird	Teamster	Omaha & Winnebago Nebr.	Henry Decora, Jr.
Adam Tobacco	Laborer	Pine Ridge, S. D.	Claud R. Hawk
John Nelson	Do	" " "	James Galligo
Grover Yellow Boy	Do	" " "	Santa R. Martin
Clarence W. Thunder	Asst. Farmer	Rosebud, S. D.	Fred Big Horse
Norris Shield	Do	" " "	Joseph Garman
James Broken Leg	Janitor	" " "	Joseph Prue
Frank John	Judge	Klamath, Ore.	Robert Wilson
Allan Tecumseh	Do	" " "	William Crawford
Red Star	Apprentice	Crow, Mont.	J. Woodtick
Chas. La Plant	Blacksmith	Yankton, S. D.	Herbert Picotte
James B. Welch	Asst. Farmer	Blackfeet, Mont.	" " "
William Sherman	Stableman	" " "	Henry Burd
Alfred O. Smith	Add'l Farmer	Yankton, S. D.	Peter Picotte
Frank S. Shively	Asst. Clerk	Crow, Mont.	Fred E. Miller
Morris Schaffer	Asst. Farmer	" " "	John Wesley
Chas. Mad Wolf	Asst. Mechanic	Blackfeet, Mont.	David Duvall
Henry Medicinestone	Asst. Blacksmith	Standing Rock, N. D.	John Kahniga
Josiah Oldman	Teamster	Shoshone, Wyo.	Thomas Oldman
Carey La Flesche	Interpreter	Omaha & Winnebago Nebr.	Harvey Warner
Charlie	Laborer	Navajo, N. M.	John Smith
Lon Hardigan	Watchman	" " "	" " "
Morris Hupabuska	Add'l Farmer	Devils Lake, N. D.	John Wood
James B. Pond	Interpreter	Ft. Belknap, Mont.	Chas. Sebastian

Transfers and Promotions.

Name	From	To	Agency	In place of
Hail	Apprentice	Laborer	Crow, Mont.	Rides Well Known
Henry Ketosh	Blacksmith	Engineer	" " "	Frederick E. Hilton
Harry Throssell	Asst. Clerk	Prop. Clerk	" " "	" " "
J. Woodtick	Apprentice	Blacksmith	" " "	Henry Ketosh
Fred Piche	Teamster	Farmer	Flathead, Mont.	John Haney
George Nichols	Asst. Carp.	Wheelwright	Cheyenne River S. D.	Wounds the Enemy
Paul Brings Grub	Laborer	Asst. Carp.	" " "	George Nichols
Dominick Oldman	Interpreter	Fireman	Shoshone, Wyo.	Herbert Welsh
Isaac Miller	"	Judge	Ft. Peck, Mont.	The Man
Santa R. Martin	Laborer	Asst. Mech.	Pine Ridge S. D.	Eugene H. Bird
Harry Flying Horse	"	Teamster	Rosebud, S. D.	John Omaha Boy
John Omaha Boy	Teamster	Laborer	" " "	Harry Flying Horse
William Eagle Bird	Apprentice	" " "	" " "	John Bad Man
John Bad Man	Laborer	Apprentice	" " "	William Eagle Bird
Harvey Warner	Interpreter	Asst. Clerk	Omaha & Winne- bago, Nebr.	" " "

Take care of the children in summer; in winter "let 'em slide."

Love of money may be the root, but man is the rooter.

Men often climb half way up the ladder and stay there; but it is seldom they fall half way down and stop short of the bottom.—[Ark. Optic.

A farmer of Homestead, O.T., is reported to have found a curiosity—a nest of rabbits in a heap of rocks, of which the male rabbit, about the size of a jack rabbit, has horns one and a half inches long.

Life is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn adds to the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every influence that impresses us, everything we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.

"There is about as much chance of a man getting rich from being crooked," remarks a writer in the Star of Hope, "as there is of a hen hatching a chicken from a door knob."

It is not hard to remember that we must save HALF, is it? If we earn 25 cents, we cannot spend more than twelve cents of it, see? The rest remains in bank and as soon as we get a few dollars, they draw interest until we leave the school, then we may have all with the accrued interest. A dreadful hardship, isn't it, to HAVE to save some of our earnings? And for our own good.

Miss Griffith told little Jack Russel to take the daisy out to the hall sink to water it and to hold the pot with both hands. Presently she noticed that he had not gone and that he was trying to "take the daisy out" in a literal sense, for he was pulling it as hard as he could to get it out of the pot. The poor daisy may recover and when Jack understands English better he will again be asked to water plants.—[Haskell Leader.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Silence is often an answer.
Miracles are within us, not without us.
It is only the one who is true to himself that can be true to his friends.

Do what you can to make sunshine in the world.

If you are so unhappy as to have a foolish friend, be yourself wise.

If you cannot master the whole, yet do not forsake the whole.

The best friends are those who stimulate each other to good.

The golden age, which blind tradition has hitherto placed in the past, is before us.

Belief is never in opposition to reason and logic, it merely transcends them.

Dignity is not valuable until you forget that you have it.

There is in all things an appearance which strikes the senses; under the appearance stirs a soul.

Death is the post-house, not the end of the journey, and the first experience that meets the traveler is summed up in the term suffering.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be your object rather than triumph; value triumphs only as the means of peace.

Courage is the condition of success. No one can do his best who is found timid,—afraid of his outside and his inside, of his environment and of himself.

Make pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, the same to thee, and then prepare for battle, for this and this alone shall those in action still be free from sin.—[Ex.

How to get On.

A young man asks: "How can I get on in the world?"

Get some work for which you are suited. Stick to it. Learn it from top to bottom. Excel in it. Know more than any other man; be more skillful in it than any of your competitors.

Save money. Begin to hoard the cents if you cannot afford to lay by a dollar a week. Acquire the habit of thrift.

Get a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, regularity and trustworthiness. It is business capital. Deserve it. Don't try to deceive the world. You are sure to be found out.

Treasure your health. Avoid excesses of any kind. Keep from drunkenness. Arise early. Sleep enough.

With a business experience, frugality, a good reputation and health, opportunities for advancement in prosperity are sure to come.—Exchange.

Bright Prospects.

Fame waits upon the victim to the gravest human ills,

Who lets his vitals cut all kinds of capers,

For some day he may be cured again by taking some one's pill,

And then he'll get his picture in the papers.—[Phila. Press.

The idea of joining the Great Lakes and the Mississippi system by a ship canal is persistent. A waterway from Chicago to St. Louis, in part by way of the Mississippi, Illinois and Des Plaines rivers, is among the specific plans.

The shortest month in the year is the one in which there have been fewest idle hours.

The man who is content to stand and wait is a weight to hinder the world's progress.

Every day is moving-day with the Christian. The only question is as to which way he will move.

No one can truly attend to his own business who does not interest himself in the interest of his neighbor.

"Learn to labor and to wait" may be a good motto, but whoever learns to labor will not have long to wait.—Ex.

GIRLS TOO?

Boys resemble trees in some respects. Trees originate from small beginnings, and so do boys.

Trees are very small when first seen, and so are boys.

Trees are very tender and require great care when first planted in order to make them flourish, and so do boys to make them healthy and strong.

More young trees die before they mature, and more boys die before they reach twenty-one years than live after that age.

Trees require good ground in order to grow large and thrifty, and boys require a good home soil before they can become good and strong men.

Trees need to be nourished with the fertilizer nature provides, and boys need to have their minds stimulated by correct example, good advice and education before they can become of value in the world.

Trees need to be straightened, and trimmed of their crooked branches, and boys need to be trimmed of their wrong inclinations before they can become comely and useful men.

Many trees need to be relieved of their useless sprouts, and some boys need to be "sprouted" before they leave off their bad habits and learn to do right.

The forests and orchards and lawns contain too many ill-shaped and useless trees, and the world is too full of good for nothing and crooked men, and largely because they were not dealt with in their youth as they should have been.

Nothing is more true than the old saying, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and it applies to boys as well as trees.—[Advance.

He Had Been Studying the Dictionary.

Several years ago one of our little Apaches of Geronimo's band named Roderic Fatty, who had given no sign of being afflicted by the cogno-men presented himself to his teacher, and in an aggrieved voice said:

"I don't like Roderic FATTY, I want new name."

What would you like? inquired the teacher.

"Roderic Reconciliation," was the reply.

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.
	Indians won—15 to 1.
" 19.	Dickinson, on Indian field.
	Indians lost—2 to 1.
" 23.	Dickinson on Dickinson field.
	Indians lost—12 to 6.
" 25.	Lebanon Valley at Carlisle.
	Indians lost—4 to 1.
May 2nd.	Franklin & Marshall, at Carlisle.
	Indians lost—14 to 8.
" 16.	Dickinson on Indian field.
" 20.	Cornell, at Ithaca.
" 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
June 9.	Waynesburg College, at Waynesburg.
" 10.	Washington & Jefferson, at Washington, Pa.
" 14.	Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
" 18.	Bucknell at Lewisburg.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.
My 6, 7, 2 is to hack.
My 4, 8, 9 is not a man.
My 3, 7, 5 is what some people eat.
My 8, 1, 6 is something that grows in the forest.
My whole is a great hindrance to some people's success.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Winter gale.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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