

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1902.

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

I MEAN TO BE A MAN.

I mean only a little boy, my friends,
But I'll do the best I can;
For by and by, in the coming years,
I mean to be a man.
Not something that wears a coat and hat,
Kid gloves, and curling hair,
Whose only ambition seems to be
To dress with neatest care,
Not something that carries between his lips,
A cigar or a pipe of clay,
And keeps the article in full blast
A dozen times a day.
Not something that digs and delves so hard,
But is poor as poverty still,
While a goodly part of his hard-earned cash
Goes into a drink-seller's till,
But a man, an honest, well-souled man,
Brave-hearted, kind and true,
Who is always found in the foremost ranks,
Whenever there's work to do,
Now boys, be wise, Join hands with me,
There is work enough for us all,
And by and by in the strife we shall fill
The places of those who fall.
And let us resolve in childhood's years
To be faithful in all things, and then
We may each fill an honored station in life
If we should live to be men. —SELECTED

GEN. NELSON A. MILES' OPINION.

White Man's Avarice Toward the Indian.

Is the white man's greed going to wipe the Indian out altogether?

Everything seems to indicate that the prospects favor the white man rather than the Indian, but our record in subjugating the red man is such that we have nothing to be proud of. Our relations with the Indians have been governed chiefly by treaties and trade, or war and subjugation. By the first we have invariably over-reached the Indian, and we find a record of broken promises all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while many of the fortunes of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco can be traced directly to Indian tradership. By war the natives have been steadily driven toward the setting sun, a subjugated, doomed race.

In council the Indians have produced men of character and ability, while in war they have displayed courage and sagacity of a high order. Education, science and the resources of the world have enabled us to overcome the savages, and they are now at the mercy of their conquerors.

In our treaty relations most extravagant and sacred promises have been given by the highest authorities, and yet these have frequently been disregarded.

As to the question what is the very best plan to bring the Indian to citizenship or citizenship to the Indian.

In the statutes at large of the United States an act of February 8, 1887, says:

"That upon the completion of said allotments and the patenting lands to said allottees, each and every member of the respective band or tribes of Indians to whom allotments have been made shall have the benefit of and be subject to the laws, both civil and criminal, of the state or territory in which they reside, and no territory shall pass or enforce any law denying any such Indian within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law. And every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States to whom allotments shall have been made under the provisions of this act, or under any law or treaty, and every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States, who has voluntarily taken up, within said limits, his residence separate and apart from any tribe of Indians therein, and has adopted the habits of civilized life, is hereby declared to be a citizen of the United States, and is entitled to all

rights, privileges and immunities of such citizens, whether such Indian has been or not, by birth or otherwise, a member of any tribe of Indians within the territorial limits of the United States, without in any manner impairing or otherwise affecting the right of any such Indian to tribal or other property."

A compliance with the provisions of this act gives every Indian the right to become a citizen, and I cannot think of any better plan to effect this end.

Do I think that education of the Indian has been a failure?

By no means, but no body of people whose language, religions and customs are so widely different from our own can be expected to cheerfully and suddenly adopt ours.

The change must be gradual, continuous and in accordance with nature's law.

I think the method of sending Indian children to eastern schools gives them an opportunity to realize the great numbers and power of the white race, as well as the advantages of higher civilization.

In regard to the alleged evil of furnishing rations for the Indians, I do not think there is any foundation for the charge that the fact that the Indians receive rations should degrade them. We have deprived them of the opportunity of making a livelihood for themselves in their own way and until they shall have adopted ours the rations are necessary, and the diminishing of them should depend entirely on circumstances and treaty obligations.

As the government has in its employ men who by long and faithful service have established reputations for integrity, character and ability which cannot be disputed—men who have commanded armies, reconstructed states, controlled hundreds of millions of public property and who during years of experience on the frontier have opened the way for civilization and Christianity—it is believed that the services of these officials to elevate the Indian race would be judicious and be the means of accomplishing great results.

Every effort should be made to locate the Indians by families, for the ties of relationship among them are much stronger than is generally supposed. By this means the Indians will become independent of their tribal relations, and will not be found congregated in large and unsightly camps as are now usually met with.

But the great work of reformation must be mainly through the youth of the different tribes. The hope of every race is in the rising generation, and this important work might well enlist the sympathy and support of all philanthropic and Christian people.

The children can very easily be taught the English language, habits of industry, power of the white race and after a few years return to their people with some education, with more intelligence and with their ideas of life entirely changed for the better.

They would in turn become educators of their own people, and their influence for good could not be estimated, while the expense of educating them would be trifling compared to the benefits reaped.

The Indians as they become civilized and educated, as they acquire property and pay taxes toward the support of the government, should certainly have the same rights of citizenship as all other men enjoy.

The white man and the Indian should be taught to live side by side, each respecting the rights of the other and both living under wholesome laws, enforced with ample authority and exact justice. —[New York Journal.

ETHICAL EDUCATION.

"To educate," says Webster, "is to lead out and train the mental powers; to inform and enlighten the understanding; to form and regulate the principles and character and fit for usefulness in life."

It therefore must follow that no system of education is complete which ignores or skirts over lightly ethical training, and that all methods of instruction which are calculated to deaden the sensibilities of any pupil are unwise and pernicious in their influence.

The "cramming process," so much in evidence in the public schools of to-day by which all pupils are required to gather a smattering of the sciences regardless of the individual mental powers to assimilate and make useful such information, many times being required to witness demonstrations by vivisection dissections which serve to deaden their sensibilities, cannot be, in any sense, true education.

"To educate is to lead out and train the mental powers, to enlighten the understanding and fit for usefulness in life," not to stuff with non-essential fact, happily if not worse, with questionable theories. The Boston Journal of education declares that "nothing in arithmetic or grammar is so important for a child to learn as humaneness," and that teaching "kindness to animals is not a mere sentiment, but a requisite to even a very ordinary education."

I believe it is generally understood that the main object of schools is to make good citizens. An intelligent and careful regard for the rights of every creature is the primary principle of true civilization and good citizenship. Knowledge gives power, and the spirit of kindness directs that power, that it may be a benefit to individuals and society, as well as a potent factor in good government.

A famous lawyer once said: "Brain without heart is far more dangerous than heart without brain." Then it must follow that if the state educates the mind, but neglects to cultivate the heart, she increases the capacity for evil while she provides no restraining influence. All recognized crimes are but some act of cruelty that comes under the ban of the civil law. Statistics show that pupils thoroughly taught to be kind to every creature never become criminals. Out of several hundred pupils who had been taught kindness systematically and a record of whose lives was kept to adult years, not one was ever found in a criminal court, while out of more than as many prisoners who have been questioned on the subject, not one had ever had a pet in childhood, been taught to be kind, and but few had received kindly treatment.

England, France, Russia, Germany, Norway and almost every European nation has experimented with instruction in kindness until it has become a matter of statistics that "Humane education lowers the criminal records."

In a republican form of government like ours, its very existence depends upon the integrity and good morals of its citizens. What is of more importance to us as a nation, therefore, than that we weed out of our public schools and colleges all the "fads" that tend to brutalize and make criminals of the youth of our land, and in their stead make compulsory the ethical training now so grievously neglected?

The criminals of the future are in our public schools today; we can mould them, now, into good citizens if we wish; even

the poor, neglected little "street Arab" may be taught to spare the birds, protect the cat, dog and horse, and recognize in them fellow-creatures, who, like himself, do not receive justice at the hands of those given power over them. Awaken in him a sympathetic fellow feeling and a desire to treat them justly and kindly, and you will make of him a good man who will value his integrity more than wealth or position. The child or adult who is kind and just to animals will never forget the obligations they owe to their fellow-men. Humane education is not alone a question of morals, but also one of economics.

It is well known that our heaviest tax comes from the prosecutions and care of our criminal classes. Because of the lack of proper care, with overdriving, overleading, beating and other forms of cruelty, it is estimated that the United States suffers a loss of \$4,000,000 annually from the abuse of the one animal, the horse; add to this the loss of thousands of cattle from starvation and cold on the plains, and the loss of sheep, swine and other animals in transit by the horrible "cattle boat" and "stock trains," and you have a financial loss worthy the consideration of our financiers.

Again, the wanton destruction of the birds for so-called sport (?) and to satisfy a barbarous fashion means a very great loss to agriculturists.

If we were to eliminate from our schools all brutalizing influences and in their place universally adopt humane education all sorts of crimes, including mob violence and war—even poverty—would be greatly diminished, if not wholly obliterated.

The great amount of money now expended to sustain officers, prisons, armies and navies would be saved for the benefit of the people.—LYDIA A. IRONS, in the Pacific Monthly.

GOOD COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION.

Every boy and girl that is educated should be able to:—

- Write a good, legible hand.
- Spell the words in ordinary use.
- Know how to use these words.
- Speak and write good English.
- Write a good social letter.
- Add a column of figures rapidly.
- Make out an ordinary account.
- Receipt it when paid.
- Write an advertisement for a local paper.
- Write a notice or report of a public meeting.
- Write an ordinary promissory note.
- Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months and years.
- Draw an ordinary bank check.
- Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash.
- Make neat and correct entries in day book and ledger.
- Tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.
- Measure the pile of lumber in the shed.
- Tell something about the laws of health, and what to do in case of emergency.
- Know how to behave in public and in society.
- Be able to give the great general principles of religion.
- Have good knowledge of the Bible.
- Have some acquaintance with the three great kingdoms of nature.
- Have some knowledge of the fundamental principles of philosophy and astronomy.
- Have sufficient common sense to get along in the World.—[National Educator.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.

The Mechanical Work on this Paper is Done by Indian Apprentices.

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

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second-class matter.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post-Office, for if you have not paid for it some one else has.

It is what we are, not what we have that makes one human being superior to another.—Louisa M. Alcott.

There is no kind of bondage which life lays upon us that may not yield both sweetness and strength, and nothing reveals a man's character more fully than the spirit in which he bears his limitations.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Vacation is here. It is by no means a time for vacancy or vacuity, but a time for change of employment, with a little more leisure, possibly, for recreation and rest. "A time" as some one says "for those who have been doing what they ought to do, to take time to do what they love to do, and for those who have been doing what they love to do, to do what they ought to do." We must be doing, doing, doing, whether vacation time or term time, doing our best at work or play.

The fame that is worth anything comes alone to him who lives for his work, revels in it, and cares chiefly for its satisfactory accomplishment. Moses dreamed not of posterity's song when he formulated his system of jurisprudence, but his are the basis of all righteous laws, and he stands as the lawgiver preeminent. Those who aim lower than deeds well done, lose what they seek; glory is not for them.

The epic songs of the ages roll grandly down the "corridors of time" because they were wrought for the heart of sympathizing humanity, not for the winning of fame to the writer.

It is immoral to do clumsily that which we ought to do skilfully, to do carelessly that which ought to be done with consummate patience, to be satisfied with ugliness when beauty is within reach. In the degree, therefore, in which a man fails to stamp his work with beauty he fails in loyalty to himself and in that real and enduring success, which is as much a matter of duty as of opportunity.

To become an artist in this sense is not the privilege of the elect few, it is the duty of the many. To fall short of it is to fail to produce the fruit which the tree was appointed to bear.—Mabie.

Next to being noble is the ability and readiness to appreciate nobleness. Next to the power to do or to say that which is worthy of admiration and high praise is the recognition of that which is deserving of special notice and commendation. A person of inferior ability can detect flaws in another's performance, but it is the evidence of the superior man to perceive single signs of ability in the words or ways of another when such signs are unnoticed by ordinary hearers or observers. This is indicated and illustrated by the comments on the preacher's discourse made by members of the congregation as they pass away from the forenoon service. Many pride themselves on their ability to point out the errors of treatment which have been made, not knowing that they thus disclose their own inferiority. The hearers of superior ability unconsciously disclose their superiority in their recognition of certain things worth noting and bearing in mind in the discourse just listened to. We show ourselves, not the one commented on, by our expressions of opinion.—[Sunday School Times.

FROM MISS JEANNE SENSENEY.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. June 20, 1902.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

When I promised you a letter from the first interesting place I visited this summer, I did not expect to come to this part of the United States, but here I am in dear old Baltimore, the very nicest town in the country.

A place where people have time to say good morning, and stop for a little chat, where the Conductors give you at least a moment to step gracefully off the trolley, instead of pitching you headlong into the street—where the clerks cheerfully show their goods, whether you buy or not and where people in the churches stop to shake hands with strangers and make them welcome in their pews.

It is a place too where roses grow to profusion and there is no market quite so famous as the old Lexington. There all the fruits and vegetables of the North vie with the fruits and vegetables of the South and all the lovely old fashioned garden flowers shake hands with their more fashionable cousins from the florists.

And the crabs! I couldn't begin to describe the way they crawl and wriggle and squirm over the dark sea moss—or how the butter fish gleam silver and black in big cakes of ice, and the sea trout, a little larger than our brook trout, hang in speckled rows with terrapin and clams for neighbors.

Everybody smiles and wishes you "howdee" and before you know it, you have bought twice as much as you need, just because everyone is so nice.

Baltimore Street is the best place for shopping—has the handsomest stores and, by the way, my aunt had quite a laugh at my expense. We went to Hediens (the largest art store in the city) to see a very beautiful picture called the "Two Crosses" by Frank Dicksee, one of this year's Royal Academicians. It represents the triumphal entry into London of Henry V, after the battle of Agincourt. He is riding his famous white charger, which is led by groups of beautiful girls with garlands of roses, and everywhere people are glad and exultant.

Banners are waving and the helmets and shields of the soldiers glisten in the sunlight, but Henry, the King, apparently observes none of this pomp and glory but looking far into the past, with thoughtful tender eyes sees, as in a vision, Christ on the cross with a crown of thorns.

It was a picture that made one think, and I wanted so much to bring home a copy of it for you all to enjoy—so I went in to ask for an inexpensive print and the clerk gladly showed it to me announcing that it was ONLY FORTY EIGHT DOLLARS, and should he send it up? I answered in rather a weak voice "no, not to-day."

Yesterday we took a fine trip down the Bay. It was one of those half-cloudy, half-sunny days, so agreeable on the water, and ended with a glorious sunset.

The harbor of Baltimore is most picturesque, filled, as it is, with steamers and sailing vessels from all parts of the world and just at the entrance stands old Fort McHenry, whose level lawns slope down to the water's edge where its guns glisten in the sunlight.

Almost within a stones' throw across the bay is Fort Hamilton, lately built, and on a small island near by is old Ft. Carroll, used during the Revolutionary war, but abandoned for many years till the Spanish American war, when new guns were placed there. It is not regularly garrisoned, but a detail of soldiers is sent every day from Ft. McHenry to keep the guns in perfect condition.

A few miles down the bay is another interesting spot where the battle of North Point was fought in 1812. The British sent a force to attack Baltimore both by land and water. They disembarked at North Point, but were defeated in a skirmish and their British General Ross was killed.

The fleet then bombarded Ft. McHenry for a day and a night, without success and it was at this time that Francis Scott Key (a Marylander, who had been cap-

tured by the enemy) wrote, while on the British man-of-war, our own beautiful Star Spangled Banner.

Just before we reached Annapolis we met four large steam launches filled with "middies" in their white fatigue uniforms, a jolly, healthy looking lot of boys. They were out from the training ship which lies in the harbor at Annapolis, fitted out as a big sea boarding house for the cadets.

The quiet little Torpedo boat "Terror" that did so much damage during the Spanish war, lay close beside the big Training ship.

The Government has lately appropriated some millions for the improvement of the Naval Academy. Two magnificent grey stone buildings have just been finished. They stand near the water's edge, with the Parade ground between and old St. Anne's church (where Washington used to worship) in the distance, all forming an interesting picture.

At Annapolis instead of candy or fruit, they bring on deck baskets of deviled crabs for sale and there is one old colored woman, named "Mary," famous for the way she cooks crabs. Everyone on the boat was looking for Mary and when she didn't appear there was great disappointment but as we walked up the street we met her and when I told her how sorry I was that I could not have some of her good crabs, her kind old face lighted up and she said "Well honey I hates to disappoint you" and she hurried back to her little cabin and brought us half a dozen hot crabs that she had prepared for an officer's wife, saying she could make some more for them later.

As we approached Baltimore in the evening it was just twilight and all the little boats were going to sleep and all the big ones were quiet and dark excepting one large European Steamer on the decks of which stood twenty five hundred emigrants patiently waiting the signal to disembark. (To be continued.)

GRAND REGATTA.

Letort Springs, Monday, June 23, 6:30 P.M.

BOATS.	OWNERS
Oklahoma	Charles Clute.
May Flower	Frank Cook.
Boston	Bert Harris.
Buffalo Bill	Joe Cannon.
Roosevelt	John de Laurier.
Sea Gull	David White.
Princeton	Joe Tarbell.
New York	James Lyon.
The Eagle	George Thomson.
Columbia	Harrison Poody.
England	Noah Skye.
Texas	Lee Halftown.
No Name	Tracey Miller.
Shamrock	Albert Sheldon.

OFFICIALS	
STARTER	Miss Stewart.
TIME KEEPER	Miss McIntire.
JUDGES	Miss Senseney, Mr. Brady.
REPORTER	Mr. John Smith.

The banks of the stream were lined with enthusiastic spectators who raced madly along the course, regardless of brambles, muskrat holes and steep embankments, down which they frequently rolled. The start was made with great precision, but after a good send off by a stiff breeze that was blowing from a palm leaf fan, the boats occasionally capsized, summersaulted and other wise behaved in an undignified manner, but after frequent pokes from long sticks in the hands of the excited owners of the aforesaid yachts, the boats again started proudly off and sailed to the end of the course in great style.

WINNERS.

1st. prize—Oklahoma, owner, Chas. Clute, tribe Seneca, age twelve. Weight of boat 1 pound.
2nd. prize—May Flower, owner, Frank Cook, tribe Ottawa, age eleven. Weight of boat twelve ounces.
"Boston" came in an easy third with "Buffalo Bill" close behind.

CASUALTIES.

"The Shamrock" was disabled before starting and could not enter the race.

The owners of the boats before leaving for their respective quarters gave three cheers for the Sloyd Department.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Levi St. Cyr is engaged in farming at Winnebago, Nebraska.

Mrs. Lydia Hunt Wright says: "I had the pleasure of a visit from as self-respecting and fine appearing a young man as one could wish to see, our old friend Jason Betzinez. He was on a vacation trip and came a long distance to see me. He is a scout at Fort Sill and has full charge of the Agency blacksmith shop. He was so well dressed, spoke so well and so sensibly, that I was pleased and proud to have him come. He has the right and sensible view of the case in regard to his people (Apaches) ever being returned to Arizona. They are better off where they are.

Samuel Barker, of Co. L. 4th Infantry, stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, wishes to leave the army and continue his education.

Charles Corson and Mark Penoi are employed in the Land Office at Anadarko, O.T. Charles writes: "We have had nearly fourteen hundred applications for Indian lands since the beginning of the year but still they come. We (Mark Penoi and I) are knee deep in work and never once did we 'dodge.'"

Antonio Lubo, who was obliged to drop out of athletics and go home because of ill health, sends encouraging news of his recovery.

Frank Cayou, who is attending the State University of Illinois, says: "The musical training, received at Carlisle has enabled me to hold a position as bass singer in a quartette choir in the largest church in Champaign. I have been captain of the track team this year and my time in running for the quarter mile race, has been fifty seconds."

Susie Henni, an employee at the White River Agency School, writes thanking Col. Pratt for the school catalogue. She adds: "I shall remember Carlisle and its good work forever."

Many of the returned pupils of the Laguna Pueblos are employed at the coal shutes on the Sante Fe Railroad. William Paisano is in charge and among the number are Charles Kermi, George Seoranah, Yamie Leeds and John Nori.

Joseph Blackbear, class '98, writes to Mr. W. G. Thompson from Hammon, Okla., that he is still clerking in a trader's store. When Joseph left Carlisle he weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. A gain of fifteen pounds leads him to conclude that "work is the best for a man."

Made by Indian Boys.

Two handsome surreys have just been finished in our carriage department. They are of the latest design and well proportioned. The seats are roomy, with high panel spring backs and cushions, neatly upholstered in blue cloth. The painting of the bodies is black with a neat carmine stripe on the seat panels and mouldings. The bodies are also hung on two elliptic springs which make them very easy riding.

The one is for sale. The other was shipped to the Superintendent of Mt. Pleasant School in Michigan.

The wood work was done by Wilson Charles and Joel Cornelius; the iron work by Jos. B. Luna and Chas. Coleman.

A fine double set of wire ball nickel driving harness, made by William Jollie and Thomas Mooney, was also sent to Mt. Pleasant, Mich. The neat work on this set of hand-made harness speaks well for the boys who made them and great credit is due to the head of any department that can turn out such work as is displayed in the harness and the surreys. All the painters had a hand in the painting of the surreys, hence we can give no credit to any special one in that department, but we can say they did their part well in putting on the fancy touches.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Home party next!
June bugs are on the jump.
The summer girl is on deck.
The Panama hat caps the climax.
A good turn is sometimes a "turndown."
The clock never strikes for shorter hours.
No man becomes a jail bird just for a "lark."
Debts expand the more they are contracted.
Several boys left for the country on Monday.
A number of teachers spent Saturday at Gettysburg.
Mrs. Hoffman is filling Mother Rumsport's place very acceptably.
It takes a certain amount of push to master even a wheelbarrow.
Sava Awatum, a Pima girl, has the neatest table in the dining room.
Miss Robbins left for her home, Robbins Station, Saturday morning last.
Theories don't always work and a lot of men are a good deal like theories.
Mr. Jordan is busy taking the caterpillars' nests from the trees on the campus.
Capt. and Mrs. Smead and their daughter were guests of Miss Forster on Saturday.
Daisy Wasson, who is studying at the Chester County Hospital, is here on a visit.
Dakota air evidently agrees with Mr. and Mrs. Walter as both have gained in flesh.
A small party of employees went on a picnic to the cave on Wednesday afternoon.
Miss Burgess, who is spending her vacation at Millville, Pa., is improving in health.
Printer Tibbetts, who works on a farm near the school, came in and stayed over Sunday.
Mrs. Bakeless expects to accompany her mother and sister to Milroy in the near future.
The Misses Laird will spend a few days next week sight-seeing in Philadelphia and New York.
Word comes from Arthur Sickles that he is at work in a printing office in Green Bay, Wisconsin.
Professors Rose and Kaufman, of the Harrisburg High School, were among the visitors on Monday.
Eight hundred stools, from the students' dining room, have been varnished and put upon sound legs.
A number of girls went out walking with Mr. Beitzel last Sunday and enjoyed the walk very much.
Because of the illness of King Edward of England, the coronation ceremonies have been postponed.
Miss Jackson has returned from her vacation and will at once proceed to visit the girls in the country.
It is considered quite the style now-a-days to take your lunch basket and spend the day at the cave.
Mr. Brown leaves tomorrow for a month's vacation. He expects to see Edward Rogers this summer.
Miss Smith left yesterday for her home in Erie. She expects to attend the Summer School at Chautauqua.
Joseph Ruiz, one of our typos, has been under the weather for a few days. He is now better and is again at work.
The Episcopalians among our number enjoyed the picnic given by their church at Mt. Holly Park, on Wednesday.
Hattie Jamison had a pleasant time visiting her country home near Mt. Holly Springs last week and returned on Monday.
The teachers have finished their work in the school building, but there still remains enough work to keep Miss Steele and her assistants busy during the summer.

Mollie and Julia Elmore write from Reading, California that they are earning good wages in sewing and cooking in private families
Goliath Bigjim and Wallace Denny have gone to Northfield to attend the Student Convention of the Y. M. C. A.
Mr. and Mrs. Mason, after a pleasant visit of several weeks duration, have returned to their home in Jamestown, N. Y.
Miss Nana Pratt, having completed her course in Kindergarten Training at Pratt Institute, returned home last Saturday.
Misses Weekley and Robbins have collected and mounted in a glass case, specimens to show the life history of the cicada.
Boys and birds, not to mention the girls, are feasting on the delicious little Russian mulberries in front of the school building.
Mrs. Bakeless, Miss Veich and the Misses Laird spent a pleasant day on the battlefield at Gettysburg, Thursday of last week.
The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the United States Military Academy at West Point was celebrated June eleventh.
The pupils who belong to the Catholic Church went to early service on St. John's day and were served with breakfast at the St. Katherine's Hall.
Edward Rogers, class '97, who has one more year at the University of Minnesota, is spending his vacation in a lawyer's office in Minneapolis.
The employees of the State Printing Office at Harrisburg, while enroute for a day's outing at Mt. Holly Park, visited the school Saturday.
The kalsominers are making good progress in their annual cleaning of the large boys quarters, having completed the second and third floors.
Miss McIntire leaves for her vacation on Saturday. She will attend the summer school at Winona, near her home at Indianapolis, Indiana.
George W. Hogan writes from his country home that he has a very nice place, the surroundings are pleasant, and he enjoys good, hard work.
Festus Pelone, an Apache of San Carlos, expresses gratitude for the education he received at Carlisle. He says that the Carlisle boys are all at work.
Miss Sara Pierre was suddenly called to Columbus, N. J., where Ellen Black is suffering from hemorrhages. She will bring Ellen in to our hospital.
Miss Cutter left yesterday for Amherst, Mass., where she will spend a few weeks, going later to New York for the Summer School at Columbia University.
Miss Ida Swallow, class '01, has completed the course in Stenography and Typewriting at Drexel Institute and will now assist Miss Ely in her office.
The girls have enjoyed their cooking lessons this year. They ought to be able to make some homes happier this summer because of their experience.
Jos. Trempe has been chosen Captain of the small boys. He goes to the country for a short time to gain muscle and recuperate his health generally.
Miss Weekley left for her southern home this morning. She will make the journey from New York to Charleston by one of the steamers of the Clyde line.
A letter from Mary Wolf Farwell tells of her happy home in Montana. She says that her sister-in-law Susie, who used to work in the school hospital, has been very successful as a nurse.
Oliver Exedine and Eugene Tibbetts, who are working on farms not far from the school, paid us a visit last Sunday. They say that they are already hardened to labor.
Misses Steele and Bowersox are cataloguing the supplementary reading and English classics, a much needed device to keep the teachers informed of the material on hand for use in their classes. The other ladies have been arranging clippings and magazine articles, that it may be available for class work,

Livia Martinez, who is at Beverly, N. J., and her sister Providencia, who is at Mt. Holly, N. J., have passed their school examinations very creditably and are enjoying country life.
Alonzo Spieche is looking forward with pleasure and ambition to filling a position as director of a shoe and harness shop in an Indian school in California, his work to begin in the fall.
Mrs. Pratt's sister, Mrs. Allen, who returned last week from the hospital in Philadelphia, is slowly recovering her usual good health. We hope that she will soon be able to be out among us.
Mrs. Annie Thomas Lillibridge writes that she has changed her address from Putnam N. M., to Denver Col., where she and her husband are engaged in the business of selling Navajo blankets.
Mr. Warner returned Monday morning from Poughkeepsie, where he had the pleasure of witnessing the victory of his old University, Cornell, in the boat races with the University of Pennsylvania.
The dainty fabrics being made into pretty gowns for wear at the seashore seem utterly out of place this cold weather. The flannel bathing suits, with some additions, may prove more comfortable.
The room opposite the library is a busy work shop. Misses Newcomer and Weekley are sorting and indexing clippings, Miss Laird is classifying pictures, while Amelia Kennedy is binding magazine articles.
Miss Weekley chaperoned a party of girls last Saturday. They went by trolley to Boiling Springs, and after they were some distance on their way, found that they had left behind the girl who got up the excursion.
Miss Bowersox received a picture of an inviting, up-to-date restaurant in Green Bay, Wis., Seated at his desk, with his bright little boy beside him, is the proprietor, Mr. John Lonestar, one of Carlisle's former students.
The boiler house is always a busy place. Now the men are cleaning and repairing the boilers in preparation for next winter's work. They will soon begin the work of taking up the old steam main which is to be replaced by new pipes.
During the past year there have been manufactured in the shops, six buggies, four surreys, eight spring wagons, fourteen buckboards, and one hundred and fifty-one double sets of harness. Three buggies, one surrey and two spring wagons are on hand.
An interesting tennis contest—players, Messrs. Warner and Brown—will take place some evening. The public is cordially invited to be present. All who remain to the finish will be treated to watermelon at the expense of the defeated.
Yesterday was mending and pressing day in the Tailor Shop. Every Tuesday and Thursday are devoted to this important line of work. Walter Matthews is keeping things moving smoothly and putting out quite a good deal of work with a few helpers.
Solomon Day and Alfred Blackbird think they have had exceptional school advantages in their country home at Woodhill, Pa. The school teacher, an obliging gentleman, has boarded in the family. Solomon showed his skill in swinging clubs at their commencement exercises.
We congratulate our four Indian students upon having passed creditable examinations at the Bloomsburg Normal School. Louise Rogers and Zenia Tibbitts spent several days with us last week. Zenia goes on to the seashore to work for the summer and Louise has left for her home in Minnesota. Both expect to return to Bloomsburg in the fall.
In the final putting in order of the library, all duplicate copies of magazines and illustrated papers not needed in our work have been passed on to friends to do good among other institutions and other people. Some illustrated magazines have been sent to the Poor House, where, it is said, they are particularly in demand and give [much] pleasure.

OUR REPORTERS.

Oh, tell me, I pray you, what means this wild clamor?
I hear many voices, some lisping, some stammer;
This noise and confusion all over the grounds;
Wherever you turn, come the same mournful sounds.
Oh, who are these people with note book in hand?
They seem omnipresent; at each point they stand,
With pencil suspended, while at you they glare.
To try to pass by them is more than you dare.
Why, these are reporters seeking news for the REDMAN.
They stop you; corral you; they take any plan.
They beg you, implore you, with tears they beseech you;
To give them just one little item that's NEW.
Vacation has come and with it confusion;
Reporting, they say, is a snare and delusion;
So, with wild haggard faces, they rush to and fro,
Asking all the same question,
"Oh! What Do You Know?"

Notes from the Sewing Room.

The dress-making class is making shirt-waist suits for the girls in the country.
Earney Wilbur is learning to cut dresses.
Esther Parker, who is going home soon, will be missed from the plain sewing class, as her work is always well done.
Margaret Fremont has been promoted to the dress-making class because her work has been so neatly done.
The workers in the mending room have their year's work so nearly completed that they can help, a few days each week, with the plain sewing.
The stocking darners deserve mention for their faithful work. Laura Browndog darned eighteen stockings in one afternoon.
Miss Searight will spend her vacation at her home near Centerville, Pa.

Echoes From Flandreau, S. D.

Mr. Beitzel, who recently visited the Indian School at Flandreau, South Dakota, met Mr. Denison Wheelock there. His many friends who remember him first as a student and afterward clerk and bandmaster here, will be pleased to learn that he is doing good work as disciplinarian, bandmaster and instructor of the choir at the Flandreau School. He, Mrs. Wheelock, Master Edmund and baby Leland are all in excellent health.
Mr. Paul A. Walter, who resigned his position as tailor here a few months ago on account of ill health, is engaged in the merchant tailoring business with his father in the town of Flandreau and is much improved in health. He and the Wheelock family joined Superintendent Peirce in sending most cordial greetings to their many friends at the Carlisle School.

Last Game.

The last baseball game of the season was played at Wolfe's Park, Chambersburg, with a picked team from the Industrial League. Though we made 19 hits, we lost, the score being 8 to 6. Our opponents played an almost errorless game, being weak in no department of the game.
Poor judgement, at critical moments, lost many runs for us and very materially assisted our opponents to score.
Through the courtesy of Mr. Culbertson, our boys filled in the time between supper and train time in bowling, boating, swimming, etc. Our visit was pleasant in all respects.

Mrs. Matilda Paul from Sitka, Alaska, the mother of Louis, arrived on Wednesday to the great pleasure and satisfaction of our young typo. Mrs. Paul has for many years been a teacher and missionary worker among her own people, and is now looking after the mission interests of the Alaskans among the Presbyterian churches in the states.

THE INFLUENCE OF HABIT.

There is something very peculiar about a person's habits; one can hardly tell where they begin, and never realizes their importance for good or evil until they become almost absolute masters of his person. Like a flame that is continually fed with increasing fuel, they silently grow until a mighty conflagration takes possession of the appetite, passions and mind of the individual, and either raises him to sublime eminence of good, purity and laudible purposes, or drags him to the lowest depths of degradation, slime and corruption.

These are extremes, and not literally true as a rule, but are correct in this, in pointing out the tendency, either upward or downward over the road a person's habits continually drift him along.

Can these habits be checked when the tendency is downward towards shame and disgrace? Certainly they can, and there is no station on the downward road where true manhood and an honest effort cannot call a halt, and rebuild a shattered or partly dissolved life upon correct principles, and dump from the mansions of the soul the load of rotten carion that has besmeared its every department.

Wickedness is not the natural inheritance of man, and no person with ordinary intelligence ever found any pleasure therein until after the mind had been gradually overcome by corrupt influences, and no longer ruled supreme as a guiding power, but had given way to the flesh with all its weakness and infirmities.

The time comes, and comes often in the life of every person reveling in wickedness, sin and meanness, when even the flesh becomes glutted with more filth than it can bear and for the time being releases the mind from its bondage, and instantly good resolutions are made, and with the greatest ease all evil habits are stopped and controlled; not by any miracle having been performed; not by any religious force having stepped in; not by any weakness of the flesh having disappeared; not by any great battle having been fought within one's self by the contending forces of God and the devil, but because true manhood has been released; because the mind has again taken charge of its own, and is directing the forces of life; is saying no to the appetite; is saying no to the desires and passions of the body; is saying no to corrupt influences, and is saying yes to cleanliness; is saying yes to purity of heart; is saying yes to honesty of purpose; is saying yes to the God-given possibilities of a human being, endowed with the greatest possible degree of love and affection, and a soul calculated to inherit a place of everlasting peace and joy.

When this point is reached, the enemy has been unhorsed, the victory has been fairly won, and all that is needed to make it permanent is a little self respect, a little pride, a little determination, a little manhood.

Stay steadfast and everybody will respect you. Break loose from your evil associations; forget your former self and build-a-new, away from your old haunts of sin and folly, and strength of character will grow much more rapidly than evil communications secured control and enslaved your mind. If you don't believe it, try it.—[The Courier.

ANOTHER SCHOOL YEAR PASSED.

Another school year with its study and its joys has passed by. The study and the pleasure of school days are not necessarily distinct from each other. The true student finds pleasure in his study. To become acquainted with the elements and details of a certain branch of knowledge often requires drudgery, but this stage passed, the mind revels in its work. When knowledge is applied by the student to other and original fields, his work becomes interesting, then absorbing and finally fascinating. He sees the object and purpose of his research. His education ceases to be a collection of unrelated facts. The why and the wherefore be-

come more prominent. Memory becomes the storehouse from which the reason draws and builds. This makes the student days the happiest of a man's life. It is the spring-time when the mind is budding forth into new life. The student is happy because he is hopeful and aspires after greater things than he can accomplish.

To a few men is given to keep this hopeful spirit. There lives are a continuous springtime. They never grow old and never leave their school days. The close of a man's course need not make him sad if he has caught the true college spirit. He should rather rejoice that his field of labor has been broadened. The laboratory of life in which he may test his theories and apply his knowledge, is now open to him. It is a most joyful prospect. The world has no room for the lazy man. It hates him. It has become a saying that man is as lazy as he dares to be. "It is the besetting sin of most men, and yet, that is why they despise the sluggard. All of us condemn our own short-comings in others, and fondly imagine ourselves most superior to those most like ourselves.

But there is reason why the drone should be condemned. Idleness produces nothing for itself or for others. Half of the pleasure of life is in learning to do something, and then in doing it well. Who enjoys a meal the most, the cook who takes pride in the delicacies which he produces or the glutton who does nothing but eat? As your friend was walking down the street the other evening, he saw a crowd of youths lounging about a drug store. Not far distant was a squad of men of the same class, who aspired after military honor. Though awkward, they persisted until their drill was executed with a degree of skill. Who were the happier? To work is to live. Those who put nothing into life get nothing out of it. The man who complains because others do not appreciate him, may be giving them nothing to appreciate. Wealth or family name can not win friends unless it is backed by a willingness to do. Ability counts for nothing unless it is used.—X

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

It is characteristic of the early part of our life's voyage that all seem to experience about the same pains and pleasures, and pass through similar scenes. But when we have set out in full sail on the great ocean of life, each one pursues a different course toward the harbor of eternity.

Some who embark upon this ocean leave shore under a fair sky—a tranquil sea, all nature joyous and arrayed in beauty, and everything so to speak, presents an appearance of a promising and delightful voyage. But after sailing awhile on the broad expanse of the deep, amid the stern realities of life, they are attracted by the islands of pleasure. Without stopping to consider the evils and perils incidental to the path of pleasure, whose votaries are legion, the helm of their ship is turned and directed toward those islands. Upon nearing them they get among the reefs and shoals of calamity and are wrecked.

Others, heedless and unwary, on their voyage, row into the terrible current of intemperance and are swiftly carried along by its power, toward that fatal maelstrom which will swallow them up. They entertain no thoughts of danger. While revelling in the drink of Bacchus they reach the awful whirlpool. Now they begin to realize their perilous condition and cry for help. Ah! it is too late. No mortal man is strong enough to save them. They are beyond the reach of human efforts. Their fate is death—the common fate of all who get into this vortex of ruin—amid their shrieks and struggles they go down and the dark waves of Jordan close over them, and eternity receives the unfortunate victims.

Many, again, glide safely over a part of their voyage, with few clouds of care and storms of adversity. But they leave the helm, cease to ply the oar, and sooner or later they drift into the tides of temptation, and yielding to the evil influences of vice and wickedness are driven back

and forth until their frail bark is broken and sinks never to rise again, until the resurrection morn—that great day when the sea and land, and the whole earth shall give up their dead.

We are taking our voyage on life's great ocean. Whither are we drifting? Heaven forbid that any of our boys ever again drift into mid ocean, where these angry billows roll, or near the shores where the rocks and shoals are numerous. Of course we may expect to meet with the storms of adversity and pass through the waves of experience, but let us always be at the helm of safety, faithfully perform our duties and endeavor to avoid the dangerous places on the great sea of life.—[Our Boys' Magazine.

DID NOT KNOW GRASS.

"It's grass!"
"No, 'tain't grass."
"What is it, then?"
"It's lawn. I know it's lawn, because you can walk on it."

This discussion took place between two fresh air boys upon their arrival in the country a short time ago. It is difficult to believe that there is a living child who does not know grass when he sees it; and yet it is true, speaking conservatively, of children living in the city who have never spent a day in the country in their lives. To them the word "country" has a vague meaning. It's a glorious place.

Somewhat like heaven in their imagination. They get ideas of it from their mothers and the missionaries who talk to them about it. They hear that there are big, big trees and green grass and cows, whatever they may be—the animals from which the milk they drink is obtained. Then there are horses, of course, and chickens running about, and in some places the people have pet rabbits. And then there are streams to paddle in, waters have rich, golden tints as they flow over the round stones.

And there are hills, ever so high, higher than any of the houses in the city, and one can see blue lakes and rivers flowing through the valleys from their tops, when the children may have an opportunity to go if they will be good. Imagine the vagueness of the meaning of the word "country" in the mind of a child who, from experience, doesn't know a mountain from a river!

Another youngster in the party with the boys who were discussing the grass, when he got an opportunity, knelt down on the ground, kissed the grass and then got down and rolled in it.—[N.Y. Tribune.

HE DID HIS DUTY.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Gen. Daggett's lecture on China a few weeks ago, will remember the beautiful tribute he paid to the character of the young man who is referred to below. To all such the article will be interesting. West Point, and a chance to receive a military education does not come to every one, but an opportunity to do one's duty without self-consciousness, without a murmur comes to all every day, and when the occasion comes we too will be ready. All depends on living on such a high plane that we are ready, READY, READY.

Was with the 14th.

West Point, June 11.—An impressive sight at the close of the review to-day was when Calvin P. Titus, fourth in his class and a member of the 14th Infantry that scaled the walls of Peking, was called from the ranks by President Roosevelt and presented, on behalf of the Congress of the United States, with a medal.

The incident was productive of great applause. A strange coincidence was that the Chinese ambassador Wu Ting Fang, stood at the president's side when the presentation was made.

Invitations to the Haskell Institute Kansas. Commencement exercises have been received. The various programs will no doubt be very interesting and the M. O. T. B. S. regrets that he cannot be present there.

"ALMOST" A DANGEROUS WORD.

The world is full of people who are almost successful. Here is a man who is almost a lawyer, but not quite; here is another who is almost a physician, but is neither a good druggist, a good surgeon, or a good dispenser. Another man is almost a clergyman, or about half-way between a farmer, or a tradesman, and a clergyman. Another is almost a teacher, but not quite competent to take charge of an Academy. We meet every day people who are almost something, but just a little short of it. If these people undertake anything, they never quite finish it; they never quite complete their courses at school; they never quite learn a trade or profession. They always manage to stop short of success. We encounter people everywhere who are almost happy, almost philosophical, almost religious, yet never exactly belong to any class or sect. They never know just where they stand; they are not quite anything. "Almost" is a dangerous word. It has tripped up many a man who might have been successful if he had had determination and grit enough to go a little further, to hold on a little longer.—[Ex.

A Tribute to Mothers.

The following "Tribute to Mothers" should be read by every young man:
"The person to whom you owe more than you can ever pay, or even imagine, is your mother. She endured more for you, served you more patiently, loved you more fondly, thought of you more constantly, and hoped for you more bravely than any other person you have known on earth, or ever will know, save your wife or your husband, if, indeed, they can always be excepted. If your mother be spared to you, then are you bound to make her a first charge on your life, as you desire a peaceful conscience and as you shall answer before the judgement seat of God. She must be encompassed with every observance of comfort and honor, and gentleness, and love, with sacrifices, also, if so be it will please her, of taste and occupations and time, and even friendship, and after you have done all that you can think of, and any one can suggest, you will still remain a hopeless bankrupt for the love wherewith she loved you."—[Ex.

Ran Without Legs.

A certain Congressman has a smart granddaughter, whose clever sayings are the delight of her parents. The other day she came to her grandfather with her face all smiles.

"Grandpa" she said. "I saw something this morning running across the kitchen floor without any legs. What do you think it was?"

Mr. Congressman studied for awhile and gave up. "What was it?" he asked. "Water," said the youngster triumphantly.—[St. Louis Post Dispatch.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 9, 5, 11, 4 is the name of a vessel much in use.

My 10, 12, 3, 8 is a hard globose substance, which is neither mineral nor a fluid.

My 6, 7, 4, 11, 5 is a woman's name.

My 1, 10, 3, 8, 11, 1 is a man's name.

My 5, 9, 1, 8, 7 is a useful fruit.

My 6, 12, 10, 4, 3, 5, is a well known beautiful plant and flower.

My whole is a historic name of note in two continents.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA—Mount Holly Park.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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