

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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OUR COLORS.

RED! 'tis the hue of battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the land.
"And when thy sons go forth to war
This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with white thy banner,
And pure as northern snow,
May these thy stately children
In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars' unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise
At day break, noon, and eventide
Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,
In three-fold strength to-day
Raise high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth Freedom to the land,
"Against a world of evil
Thy sons and thou shall stand."

—LAURA E. RICHARDS, in The Youth's Companion

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Ex-Commissioner Morgan's Criticism and a Counter-Criticism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

Sir: In the Tribune of May 25, is a dispatch from St. Paul, stating that ex-Indian Commissioner T. J. Morgan alleged at the Baptist Convention that Archbishop Ireland and Senator Hanna had entered into political conspiracy, and Indian schools were to be used in the interests of the Catholic Church.

What are the facts?

All the Catholic Church asked was that it might have the same privileges at all Indian schools it now and always has had at the Carlisle School; i. e., the privilege of giving religious instruction to the Catholic children attending the school. In the very beginning at Carlisle all the pastors of the town, including the Catholic priest, were invited to give such attention as they thought best to the children coming to the school from parents belonging to their particular churches. There were Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Catholic and other missionaries at work throughout the Indian field, and the Indians coming under their influences were usually the most discontented with and inclined to break away from the old life, and to aid these progressives seemed to be a special duty of both church and state. Carlisle is a Government school, and the Government is non-sectarian. The Indians were the wards of the Government; the Government had encouraged all the churches to work among them on their reservations, and there was no reason in the best interests of the school why there should be less liberty to help them religiously at the school than on the reservation. The local churches, including the Catholic, all promptly responded to this invitation, and through all the twenty-two years of the school have welcomed our young people into their congregations and Sunday schools, and the different pastors, including the Catholic priest, have visited them on weekday evenings, giving such instruction as they thought best. This has been in no way detrimental to the pupils or the school, but instead, has been a great help to what the Government was otherwise doing through the

school. These privileges and services at Carlisle, conceded, invited and used from the beginning, were in full flow while Morgan was Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and he did not object then. Why should he object now?

If any man ever had the greatest opportunities to do the proper thing for Indian civilization, that man is T. J. Morgan. He took charge of the Indian Bureau at a time when all things were ripe for rapid and right progress. The Indians were largely educated up to the idea of learning the white man's ways in actual competition with the white man in the white man's communities, which is the only complete, as well as by far the quickest and cheapest way. The public generally had accepted this idea; but General Morgan, inspired by baneful reservation and shortsighted Indian rights, influences and associations, became reactionary and announced that the best way to give the Indian the white man's education and civilization was to continue to send them to him on his reservation.

His plan would get civilization into the Indian by keeping him away from civilization; would detribalize him by educating him in tribal masses; would build the courage, push and ability of America into the Indian by continuing to keep him away from Americans, and under the alienizing influences of tribe and reservation. To accomplish his purposes he at once began and vigorously built up through his four years' control a most un-American class and race perpetuating system of tribal and home schools.

Morgan conceived, published and nourished the pernicious idea that, inasmuch as the people who had moved in and were living near the Indians claimed they were discriminated by them, they were the proper ones to receive all benefits accruing from any expenditure of the public moneys for Indians, as though that had anything whatever to do with the successful accomplishment of Indian civilization. His constant cry was: "The public school system among the Indians," which he announced was to begin with the primary school and end with the college. Toward the accomplishment of this he bent his every energy and resisted every contrary suggestion.

That the real public school system in which all races and conditions might struggle together under equal opportunities, when compared with his system of race and tribal schools, which prevented all competition with the other masses and limited the Indian to purely Indian contact, was as different as day is from night, he seemed unable to understand. He sought and obtained extraordinary increase of appropriations from Congress for his various projects, influencing votes for appropriations by establishing schools in Legislative and Senatorial districts in the west among and near the tribes, and getting western towns and land boomers to donate sites for schools for which the Government would enrich the town or land company by expending large money for buildings and school plants, with all the contingent perpetual expenditures for running the same. He was favored in every way in all his projects, except the college. When he asked Congress that certain sections of land from every allotted reservation be set aside to create a fund for Indian colleges Congress halted.

Morgan succeeded in foisting upon and in committing the Government to his scheme of race and tribe building schools and this is the real weakness of the present Indian school system. As a result, the present Indian Commissioner, Mr.

Jones, is denouncing the schools and claiming that they are not doing what the government has a right to expect. The present Indian system, including schools, applied to any nationality of foreigners emigrating to America, would not only sap their manhood, but would continue them foreigners indefinitely, though living in this country. R. H. PRATT.

CARLISLE, PENN., June 25, 1902.

—[New York Tribune.

DIGNITY OF MANUAL LABOR.

In this paper we have persistently preached the gospel of work, and have sought to ennoble it as a divine and blessed thing, and not a curse. This view, though old as human philosophy, is never very popular. But there is comfort and profit in it, for born to work are we—the vast majority of us—and the closer we can accommodate ourselves to our destiny the less irksome will life become.

Prof. Henry Sabin, formerly State Superintendent of schools in Iowa, has an article in the Teachers' World that corroborates this position so strongly and that contains so much sound suggestion, especially for young men and women who are leaving school to launch out on the sea of the larger life, that we reprint it here, as follows:

"Opposite my office window a new building is being erected. Rapidly the walls are rising under the hands of the skilful brick-layers. One young man particularly attracts my attention. Face, neck and arms are burned by the sun and wind, and in the cool of the early morning, hatless and coatless he works. His shirt is unbuttoned at the throat, his hair pushed back from his forehead, and he whistles as he toils, every muscle constantly brought into play, every action the poetry of motion. His hours are short, his pay good and sure and there is no one to nag or worry him. An artist he, and from brick thrown on mortar and mortar on brick with apparent carelessness, the walls grow tier on tier, square and true.

"Beyond him I look through an open window into a clothing store. In the rear under an electric light the bookkeeper bends over his desk, posting, entering, balancing. From eight till six he moves his pen and puzzles with figures, and if the cash comes out wrong or his books do not balance his task continues into the small hours of the morning. Behind the counters, their trousers carefully creased, their patent leather shoes glistening, their chins elevated in the air over high collars, stand the clerks. From half-past seven in the morning till eight, nine or ten o'clock at night they are on duty, shut in from breeze and sunlight, patient with capricious customers, ever polite to the fault-finding, though head may ache and limbs grow weary. Their faces are pale, their wrists slender and their eyes lack the sparkle of perfect health. It is with a feeling of relief that my eyes wander back to my boy bricklayer, still whistling as he straightens up to survey his work, the first rays of the sun now shooting over the top of a high building and just touching his hair.

"If to boys just leaving the grammar or high school and immediately thrown on their own responsibility only two positions should offer themselves, one as clerk and one as bricklayer, ninety-nine out of one hundred would probably choose the former. Why? The pay is less and the hours are longer. Is it because there is more of an opportunity of advancement? The bricklayer by the exercise of thrift and economy may become a con-

tractor or builder and a man of power and influence, as easily as the clerk may become the head of a department or the proprietor of a business of his own. The real reason is that the clerk is more genteel, dresses better, his hands do not come in contact with the soil, and he has a better social standing than he who handles brick or mortar. Such is the unwritten law of modern society.

The other day a college graduate, whose father owns an Iowa farm, well stocked and improved, sought through me to find a school. He was willing to teach at a salary of forty-five or fifty dollars a month for nine months in the year. Asked why he did not go back to the farm, he said: "Father wants me to, but it seems to me it would be throwing away my education." If he could only see, as do those of us who have grown gray in the service, that the profession is overcrowded, not with men of natural aptitude for such work, but with those who would be better off, mentally, physically and financially, if back on their father's farms! Through all his years of schooling he failed to learn that true education is never "thrown away;" that it is as valuable to the farmer as to the professor, and that he who has read his books aright will not come to an intellectual standstill, however he may be employed.

"When builders and contractors call for laborers and artisans, while farmers cry out for men to come and help them in seed time or harvest, while housewives look in vain for help in their cooking and cleaning, our towns and cities are crowded to suffocation with those who in their profession make scarcely enough to hold body and soul together, and with clerks drudging from 12 to 16 hours a day for a mere pittance, because they will not disgrace themselves by manual labor.

"Far be it from me to criticize the clerk, bookkeeper, or the young professional man. Any work well done is ennobling. But to manual labor skillfully performed, though there be dirt on the hands and sweat on the brow, there is a grace lost sight of by those who consider physical loafing necessary to the proper use of learning. To make doctors, lawyers and ministers is not the purpose of our high schools or colleges. It is to broaden and discipline the mind, to increase the understanding, to inspire love of knowledge and to add culture and refinement to mere physical development. Our manual training schools are doing much for the hand and eye as well as the brain. Let the good work go on, and if we do our duty, the ideas of the coming generation will be changed in these regards. Let us do all in our power continually to impress on the minds of our boys and girls the dignity of manual labor.—[Pathfinder.

Horse's Age.

"The popular idea that the age of a horse can always be told by looking at his teeth," said a veterinary surgeon, "is not entirely correct. After the eighth year the horse has no more new teeth, so that the tooth method is useless for telling the age of a horse which is more than 8 years old. As soon as the set of teeth is complete, however, a wrinkle begins to appear on the upper edge of the lower eyelid, and a new wrinkle is added each year, so that to get at the age of a horse more than 8 years old you must figure the teeth plus the wrinkles.—X

Fortunate are the people when their government is controlled, watched and defended by the virtue, patriotism and intelligence of all truly self-made men.

—Grover Cleveland

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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some one else has.

Those who insist that in dealing with the Indian we should remember that he is a "stone age man" seem to have mistaken their simile. All their contention clearly indicates that Lot's wife began to do the proper thing and that "pillar of salt" man would be more their idea. They would have the Indian go back as well as look back which is as impossible in his case as in hers; for the plain, mountain and valley in which he lived his old life has been divested, as if by fire, of all the elements and features which made that old life possible.

Largest development of intelligence, courage, skill, influence, wealth, etc., demands widest association, experience, and competition. Americans and Englishmen associate and compete with the men of all nations, hence their pre-eminent sympathy, intelligence, and wealth. Dwarfing association, experience and competition shrivels and destroys intelligence, courage and skill, and makes even life itself not worth the living. Hence the growing worthlessness and destruction of the Indian. Remove the unreasonable and unreasoning influences that wall him off from all association, experience, and competition with other men, and even now the Indian will revive, recover, grow, compete and come to take as good care of himself as the average.

There can be but one good reason for educating and training the Indian and that is to make him an equal, individual, competing citizen. To spend money in educating and training him for anything less than this is inexcusable waste and invites failure. Changing his identity from useless Indian to useful citizen, while great gain to the Indian and the Government, is inevitable loss to some interests.

So long as the Indian is different and peculiar he is occupation and income for the ethnologist. To make him like other people takes from the ethnologist that source of occupation and income. Therefore it is to be expected that the ethnologist will find fault with a system of education and training calculated to lose the Indian as an Indian and make him a commonplace citizen.

So long as the Indian is picturesque he is material for the novelist. Lifted up (or brought down?) to the general level, he loses his special and exceptional fictional value. The plans, therefore, that would make the Indian an individual, useful, manly citizen must not count on the support of the novelist.

Remote, mysterious, pauper, pagan, the Indian is a field for exploring, chivalric, philanthropic and religious effort, furnishing opportunity for distinction and publicity to aspirants in all these lines. To reduce the field does not always comport with all the views of these specialists and therefore some opposition from them is to be anticipated by any movement calculated to end these conditions.

SAVE THEIR PRIMITIVE INDUSTRIES.

We are now asked to believe that there is great resource for the Indian in his primitive basket, pottery and other native industries, and efforts to get him into the general industries of the country are be-

littled in order to float the native industries idea. It is even alleged that one Indian woman made four baskets of such inimitable workmanship as to secure the fabulous prices of \$800, \$1,200, \$1,600 and \$2,000 for them. The author of this statement adds this intended Parthian arrow. "Even if it takes a year to make such a basket, do you know of any graduate of Carlisle that can earn that wage by any industry taught there, to say nothing of the difference between doing routine work and doing real art?"

We frankly admit that the \$1,200, \$1,600 and \$2,000 basket, if made yearly gets the better of us, but we can reach the \$800 in several instances. It is evident the goose that lays the golden egg has been found. Whether there is a flock to follow or whether goslings to become geese of like quality may be incubated we are not informed. Certain it is that if the woman's speed can be developed a little and a few more museum managers found who will buy her product at \$2,000 each, it may be, she can come to support the whole Indian population as well as she does her family now, and even add a luxury now and then. But what museum would dare exhibit a basket made by any other goddess of that marvelous art? If the "renaissance of Indian art" idea sprouts and a half a dozen Indian women become equally talented and notorious in the excellence of production, would the competition maintain the prices? As it is not proposed to allow the Indian the education, experience and opportunity to manage his own business, what chances for speculation the conductors of this scheme and the middlemen will have. We once gave \$25 for an Indian basket and we have never seen a more artistic or durable one. It took the Apache woman a month to make it. If there was a market, Anglo Saxon skill could and would reproduce that basket in every feature and quality for much less and make good profit. We once gave \$75 for a Navajo blanket. It was the real thing and the biggest and one of the best made we ever saw. There was and is a market, and Navajo blankets by the carload are made by civilized competitors in Germany and New Jersey, shipped west and sold at far less prices. We know a place where dealers in Indian bric-a-brac have made a good living for many years by selling what purported to be Indian goods, and we doubt if a single article sold in twenty years was made by the Indians. The Indians say not. We were recently in Egypt and were importuned by natives at every turn with Egyptian curios to sell, both ancient and modern, even scarabee from the tombs of old Seti and Ramesses, but generally made in Europe.

Is there a field of production in any line either of art or of general utility which may be exclusively occupied by the Indian and become his sole or even partial support? It does not seem to us there is, and while we wish most heartily all success to the rare old woman whose achievements must take rank with Raphael's (may no untoward influence end or decrease her labors or their fruits!), we are forced to decline to build hope for the Indian on anything else than "routine work" destitute of idealism and the artistic though it may be.

Comparison to make Carlisle odious is used. In reply we can claim that the pupils of Carlisle earned for themselves last year at "routine work" nearly \$29,000 and from what we know about it we believe all the gains (we won't say earnings) of all the Indians throughout the whole country, through all the efforts of all the Indian Industrial Leagues put together did not amount to that much. These Carlisle pupils made these earnings and at the same time gave the usual time to school attendance and made fair average progress therein. There was no appeal to the charitable public for money to make this "routine work" go, nor was their work given to them in any sense as a charity nor did they receive in any case exceptional prices. The whole scheme is "routine" and supports itself. Always has and had the youth been at Carlisle and available the receipts would have more than doubled because people

who had "routine work" that must be done applied for help to more than double the amount of what we could furnish. But doing this "routine work" and making these large earnings was not by any means the only or greatest gain for them and the country. In doing it the Indian boys and girls became acclimated to civilized life and occupations and both the Indians and the whites discovered that neither was as bad and worthless as the other thought. "Art" as a resource of income for Indians is contrasted with "routine work" by saying the latter is "washing of pots and kettles" and "making brogans." We can safely pass such statements over to the discriminating judgement of the people who are taxed \$8,000,000 a year to carry this Indian encumbrance. The "pots and kettles" have to be washed and the "brogans" have to be made, for all people, but some of the people can get on without "\$2,000" baskets. The trouble is that people with \$2,000 basket ideas have been in the way all the time and seem determined to continue in the way. If the Indians are to be taught that "washing pots and kettles" and making "brogans" is disreputable and that the high art of making baskets at \$2,000 each is the only thing for them to do, there will be a great addition to our discouragingly long period of waiting for the Indian to take his place among the world's self-supporting workers.

Curious.

To see a celebrated Indian Society contend for years to secure the ending of Indian reservations, and now demand that the Government shall buy land and establish a reservation for certain Indians who are perhaps as capable as any we have to move out and contend in the general affairs of the country.

Another Fabrication.

That story in the Chicago Inter-Ocean of Sunday, June 22, about a Carlisle graduate from the Kiowa tribe worth \$500,000, going to the Coronation with his family. It contains no one single statement of fact. There is no such Carlisle graduate, nor any Kiowa or other in that region of such wealth, nor is any Indian from there off on any such trip. The article is written from Wichita and doubtless by the same fabricator who three years ago, wrote the whole cloth lie about two returned Carlisle graduates having retrograded, and which ran through two numbers of the Kansas City Times.

THE INDIAN—HIS PRESENT.

He is like a stray horse—everybody is wanting to see him. There is no Indian today but is attractive and full of interest. All eyes turned on him. Why is it? He is not a salon, nor railroad magnate, nor a merchant prince, nor a John Pierpont Morgan. He is not a great evangelist, nor a person of royal rank, nor a high official of the United States Government. He is only a poor Lo. Yet, in popular parlance, he seems to be of a great deal of consequence. Well, the reason of his popularity is because he is land poor. This is what is the matter with him. He has more land than he knows what to do with. He is living at the top of the pot. But friendly strangers have sought abode with him, volunteering to take care of his surplus domain, and in the shuffle the Indian has been caught up in the whirl on an everlasting picnic. Thus is carried out the old saying, come easy, go easy; let each day provide for itself.

His money is all in large bills, and he has to mortgage twenty dollars to get fifty cents worth of change. He is put next to the fact that not every man in the United States can boast of 160 acres of terra firma; that there will be lots of land left after he is done with; that it is no use to be a hale fellow well met unless he is a hell of a fellow.

The Indian long ago cared very little for money. He could do without and feel very little inconvenienced. But the Indian of this enlightened age, being more civilized, has learned that the rattle of

silver in one's jeans commands respect. So he lets go of a few acres of land and is happy. Nothing like putting on appearances. It is American to do so. Why can't he, the most uncompromising American.

The Indian will hold his head up and step in the front push as long as his land holds out. He will live easy enough though he dies a hard death. There are a few Indians who are holding back—that is, not selling any land—and depriving themselves of high living. They seem to have forgotten that they are liable to drop off any minute; that there is but one life on this earth.

Now, in regard to the picnic hereinbefore mentioned, a great many talk like this: "You will sell all of your lands and be paupers within a few years." This sort of talk may be all right, but we are not heeding it, because we are also told that there will be plenty of land left when we are dead and gone. So we are taking the money offered for our land and having a good time, for tomorrow we may die and leave a lot of land for our poor kin folks to wrangle over in the courts, causing the legal fraternity no end of bother.

These few remarks on the present of the Indian we will proceed to join the picnickers and shout "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"—CHARLES GIBSON, in Indian Journal.

SUCCESS.

"Success in life consists in doing common things uncommonly well," says John D. Rockefeller. The words of this successful man are worthy our attention. We shall find that the more we think of them the more we will be impressed by their truth.

But how are we able to do "common things uncommonly well," not in spurts, but in a level, beautiful uniformity? The secret manifestly lies in getting into the work in which your heart is. Distasteful work requires a vast amount of energy simply to "brace up" to do it. Why not save this energy and make it count in work in which you have fullness of joy? What this work is must be for you to decide. Environment may hinder, obstacles intervene, but it will come if your desire and determination are strong enough.

Look at the great men of the world. Did any one of them become great through doing work that was hateful to him? No, they became great in doing work to which they were called; work for which they cared so much that nothing looking to its furtherance meant to them self-sacrifice or hardship.

Take those in humble homes—the prosperous small grocer, the jovial fruit stand man, the enthusiastic little milliner,—they are all happy in their work and are successful in it. Is it conceivable that they would be nearly so successful or happy if they had to drive themselves to their daily tasks?

The thing, then, is to be able to enjoy your work and to take pride in it; to care for it so much that you will be willing to exchange it for no other. It will then prove a blessing to yourself and to others, and be done as no other work, however conscientiously undertaken, could be done by you.—X

Club Women Please Note.

Three little boys were trollying down street together one day, when one little fellow said: "There's the house I used to live in and I was born there too."

The second little chap replied: "That ain't nothing, I can tell you where I was born too, it was that house in Washington Square."

The third youngster, looking rather wistful, said with a thoughtful little drawl, "I don't know where I was born, but I do know when I was born, for there was no one at home but Grandma and me, cause mother was at the Club."

A program of the Commencement exercises of the Indian School at Flandreau, S.D., has been received from Mr. Dennison Wheelock, who has charge of the music there. Mr. Wheelock, as director, is sufficient guarantee for a very enjoyable musical program.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Miss Barr reports all hospital patients improving.

Miss Forster spent last Sunday at her home in Harrisburg.

Mr. Hawkins of Steelton spent Sunday with friends at the school.

Mrs. Senseney of Chambersburg is the guest of her daughter at the school.

Miss Sara Pierre spent Sunday last with Miss Edge at Downingtown, Pa.

The cool evenings of the past week have made grate fires very attractive.

Miss Ella Petosky, left for a few days days visit in the country, on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Warner spent several days last week in West Virginia on business for the school.

Miss McIntire has left for her home in Indianapolis, Ind., where she will spend her summer.

A heavy rainfall last Sunday morning prevented the pupils from attending Sabbath School.

Phillip Tousey and David Masten who went home will be greatly missed in the tailor shop.

The finest sarrey that has ever been sent out from our shops, was shipped this week to Genoa, Neb.

Mr. Burgess stopped here a day or two before starting to Chigago where he will spend the summer.

Lizzie Terrance earned five dollars, for extra sewing done out of work hours during the month of June.

Miss Josephine B. Williams came in from the country and spent Sunday with us, returning on Monday.

An Irishman was once heard to say "Everyone loves his native land, whether he was born there or not."

Miss Clara Smith has gone to her home in Erie, Pa. She will take the summer school course at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Our youngest typo, Louie Paul, has gone out to the country to see if country air can make him grow.

When Mr. Nori was asked how he liked the fashionable shirtwaist, he replied he much preferred the new jersey (New Jersey).

Miss Ely has returned from Millville where she spent Sunday with Miss Burgess, whom she says is slowly regaining her strength.

Miss Miles has upon her desk, in the dinning room, a jar of beautiful summer wild flowers, a gift from Miss Edge of Downingtown.

Samuel Brushel returned from Atlantic City on Thursday and on Saturday started for the country where he will spend the summer.

Miss Caroline Weekly, has gone home to North Carolina, for her summer vacation. She took the Steamer from New York to Charleston.

Our tinnners, Mr. Sprow and Archie Wheelock have been busy making coffee boilers, tin cups and pans for the different schools out west.

Any one knowing the meaning of the words Muggama, Chuddee—will confer a favor upon this office, by writing to the RED MAN AND HELPER.

Mr. Howard Gansworth, who has been traveling as Outing Agent for the school, is home for a few days. We are always glad to welcome him back.

Mr. and Mrs. James Riley Wheelock have sent out cards announcing the birth of their baby daughter, Isabel Eversman Wheelock, Sunday, June, 8th 1902.

Walter Mathews feels very proud of his tailor boys who make coats. Of the seven tailors at work in the shop two are coat makers, and last week they made ten coats.

A beautiful canary has come to live at the hospital—one of Miss Pierre's birthday presents. He is a sweet little songster and promises to do his best to cheer the invalids.

The tinnners are busy packing boxes of coffee-pots, tincups, boilers, pails and pans to be shipped to western Indian schools.

Glennie Waterman left Wednesday for her home in Irving, New York. She is quite a neat seamstress and the teachers will miss her help very much.

Miss Steele leaves to-day for Waterbury, Conn., where she will attend the marriage of her sister Miss Elizabeth Deborah Steele to Mr. John Prince Elton.

Vassalia Xavier and Sava Awatum left on Monday for their home at Sacaton, Arizona. They will be greatly missed by their many friends who hope they will return in the fall.

Miss Fanny Paull left Tuesday for her home at Blairsville, Pa., to visit her mother and sisters, from there she will go to Chautauqua, New York, for a few weeks of summer school.

Miss Florence George's solo at the Services on Sunday evening was very sweetly sung and greatly appreciated. We hope she will return next fall and continue her musical studies.

A letter from Anna Cooglalooke to Miss Barr, says she is well and happy with Miss Edge, but that sometimes she is lonesome and would like to see some of her Carlisle friends.

Miss Jacobs has returned to the sewing room after a leave of absence of one year. Miss Zeamer, Miss Goodyear and Mrs. Linninger of the sewing room, are away on their annual vacations.

Sosipatra Suvoroff is in from Craighead where she was glad to substitute for Emma Strong for a few weeks. Emma has entirely regained her health and returned to her country home Friday.

Nancy Thomson left for Hogansburg, New York, and Miss Nellie Merrill for Bennett, Minnesota after having paid a farewell visit to the printing office and subscribing for the RED MAN AND HELPER.

Mr. Guy Brown, our assistant disciplinarian, has left for his home in Browns Valley, Minn. He will stop enroute at Minneapolis and St. Paul and expects to meet our old students Edward Rogers and John Warren.

Little Frank Cook dislocated his thumb on Monday last while at work in the laundry but instead of crying he went bravely to Miss Hill who pulled it into place very skillfully while Frank stood the pain like a man.

The Misses Laird are spending a few days sight seeing in New York city. They will return here before taking their vacation. Miss Flora Laird will not return in the fall, greatly to the regret of her many friends in the school.

Potato bug season has begun, the crop being unusually abundant. Bugs may be bought by the pint, quart or gallon, from the small boys. Bids can be sent in at any time. Prominent among those engaged in the business are the following: James Brown dog, George Redwing, Bert Harris and others.

Mrs. Helen R. Martin of Harrisburg, wife of Mr. Fredrick Martin, so well known in musical circles, was the guest of Miss Senseney on Thursday last. Mrs. Martin is a talented writer of short stories and has lately contributed "The Conversion of Alvin" in the May number of McClures magazine.

Two of our little Indian boys were walking down street on Saturday, when one of them noticed a piece of torn stars and stripes lying in the gutter. Without a moments hesitation they fished it up and hung it on a tree, while one small patriot was heard to remark in an earnest tone "I don't like to see OUR flag in the mud."

Prof. E. L. Blackshear, a cultured colored gentleman was an interested visitor last Saturday. He is president of the State Normal and Industrial College situated at Prairie View, Texas, a school for colored girls and boys. Finding Drexel and Girard closed, Prof. Blackshear talked with Col. Pratt over the long distance telephone before coming here.

HAPPY DAYS.

There are rainy days and sad days
And days of wintry weather.
Sunshiny days and glad days
With light and shade together.

There's the Fourth of July and New Year,
Washington's Birthday, too.
While Santa dear brings up the rear
With pleasures ever new.

Then Decoration comes each year
The same month as sweet May Day.
But of all the days to us so dear
Most welcome of all is—Pay Day!

—ANNIE BELLE MOORE.

Mr. James Wheelock spent Sunday with the Ettingers in Chester. He says little Miss Ettinger is a very attractive baby who, if she ever cries, always cries in tune, with a high soprano voice. He also made flying trips to Wilmington and Philadelphia. At the latter city he saw William Paul who has a good position in a job printing office. Kendal Paul is also working in some office.

Saturday evening the regular Sociable was to be held upon the lawn, but the rain coming up suddenly upset all previous arrangements and the pupils were obliged to adjourn to the Gymnasium, much to the regret of the spectators who always enjoy the sight of our girls in their many colored gowns, and "our boys in blue" as they stroll among the trees or wander in groups over our beautiful Campus.

To any one who had been here for a winter Sociable, the one Saturday evening must have seemed very small. Instead of the Galleries and floor being filled one could easily distinguish a friend across the room or count the number of girls and boys assembled. Games were played and many were the goodbyes and bright wishes exchanged between the various groups who leave for home or country this week.

Sophia Hoff and Jemima Schanadore have gone home to Oneida, Wisconsin, for the summer. They have good homes in New Jersey and have proved so efficient they will return to remain indefinitely. Sophia has lived ten years with M. A. Tomlinson at Rancocas, N. J., where she is a member of the Methodist Church, a leader in the White Ribbon Band and the Sabbath School.

HERO DAY AT CARLISLE.

The Fourth of July means to most people fire-works and fire-arms, fire-water and fights. Not one person in a hundred stops to think of the real beauty of the day, or to give one grateful thought to those splendid men and women who made it possible for every human being in the United States today, to draw long breaths of the freest air in all the world.

Let Carlisle be the first school in the country to have a Hero Day and when our band steals quietly forth at early dawn and the first strains of the Star Spangled Banner float out on the cool morning breeze, let us give three cheers for our flag and our school.

Then let us pledge our torpedoes and our rockets, our pin wheels and our powder, to the memory of the heroes who have joined the mighty army in a mightier land than this.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

PATRICK HENRY.

"Give me liberty or give me death."

LAFAYETTE.

"The moment I heard of America I loved her."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"With malice towards none, with charity for all."

RUFUS CHOATE.

"We give ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

WM. MCKINLEY.

"Let no discordant notes grate upon his melody of peace."

THE VOICE OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Am the fourth of July.
And I'm big enough
To be the other three-fourths
But I'm modest, you know,
And don't claim all my share.
Ain't that fair?
Of course it is;
It's my biz
To have a fair
And equal divvy everywhere.
That's how I got my start.
Hooray for me
And the American Eagle
And the Declaration of Independence
And the Star-Spangled Banner.
And Uncle Sam
And G Wash.,
B'gosh.
I'm the birthday
Of the greatest Nation on earth,
And since its birth
The world has seen better days,
And it does not raise
Such crops of kings
And their underlings
As it used to raise
In the old-time days.
Which is owing to Me,
See?

Before I was,
The freemen's cause
Was in a slump
And going lame,
But, Friends and Fellow Citizens
When I got in the game,
It made a jump;
For I,
The Fourth of July
Had come to stay.
And they well knew
The Red, White and Blue
Would float forever as a sign
That tyrants were no more divine
Than were the people; they who stood
As slaves to their own masterhood,
And to no other
Man and Brother
Was my creed
As set forth in the Sacred Creed,
The Declaration which unfurled
The Flag of Freedom to the world.
Its lines were red
With blood of patriot, shed
To make it stand
The firm foundation of the land
But what of that?

In blood,
Not mud,
Are written all the deeds
That lift mankind to loftier things
And what is lasting in all creeds
Has borne the cross of sufferings.
However, that is done.
And now we're having fun.
Bells!
Yells!
Boys!
Noise!
Fizz!
Whiz!!!
From lake to gulf,
From sea to sea,
The pure, white light of Liberty.
Beams out beneath our Flag unfurled
That stretches half-way round the world
And I
Am the Fourth of July,
The birthday of a Nation that
Knows just exactly where it's at,
And stands out clearly, boldly, so
All others in the push may know.
Gee whiz,
What a glory of glories
The Glorious Fourth is!—[WILLIAM J.
LAMPTON, in the Cosmopolitan.

To Miss Senseney.

A lonely young "Editor" sat in her den
Thoughtfully chewing the end of her
pen,
Her mind full of problems both abstruse
and deep,
Problems that worried her e'en in her
sleep.
When softly and quietly, in through the
door
Came a wee little mouse from his hole in
the floor;
Away flew the pen, paper problems forgot
Where the "Editor" HAD been—now
she was NOT.
A. B. M.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

The education of my race is a problem that is now receiving much attention both from the church and state.

Before the white man had anything to do with it, the red man's education was very primitive, but there was one very good feature about it, it was practical. As soon as the boy was old enough, he was taught the use of the bow and arrow, the tomahawk, the sling and all other instruments necessary for his maintenance and defence. He was taught not only the ways and habits of animals, but to observe for himself conditions of climate and surroundings. As an illustration, we have the Indian's wonderful ability in tracing trails of enemies or that of animals. Indians in warfare would attempt to deceive the enemy by walking in each others foot-steps, but there were skilful eyes that could tell almost with accuracy the number of warriors that were on the march. The Indian man was a warrior and a hunter, and every step in his education during childhood, was to prepare him for the life he was to lead in manhood. He was usually told the history and traditions of his tribe, in order that his pride might always be a stimulus to him in all his undertakings.

When the race was conquered by a more advanced and a far stronger race, and when the natural conditions of life changed, when he could no longer choose his own ideals for which to labor, this sort of education was no longer adequate. It must be different, else they would be wiped out of existence. At this point the conquerors stepped forward and took it upon themselves to give them this new education. One school after another was established, workers were called for and they came. The Indian was taught to read, write and reckon and usually to work.

Is there an aim, a definite aim, a definite ideal for which these schools are working? If there is, what is it? Yes, there is, in a general way an aim, and that is to train Indians for citizenship. It is the aim of the schools both in America and Canada.

Then immediately comes another question. There are many classes of citizens in all countries. What sort of citizens may the Indians be made into? Must the education of all Indians be just the same? Can it be the same? Let us look just for a minute into human nature. Take the people of Canada. What sort of citizens may they be made into? Shall they all enter the professions? If they do, then they must depend entirely on foreign farmers to produce that which shall feed and clothe them. Then must they all be farmers? If so, then they must depend on some other people to manage the political, religious and professional affairs.

It is quite plain that any nation or race must have a division of labor. Next, each one should carefully examine himself to find the peculiar endowment which God has seen fit to bestow upon him. Then when he has found out this, he must seek that education that will best develop his peculiar talents. If this be the case of the citizens of Canada, it is surely the case of any nation or race.

It is so with Indians. God has granted them a large number of talents, often widely differing from one another. There are those whom God intended to fulfil industrial functions, others for functions requiring special intellectual ability.

In any case, the aim of all schools, of all workers, should be the emancipation of the Indian from the bondage of ignorance and superstition. This must first be accomplished, then the training for citizenship must follow. This means above all things else that he must learn to be self-supporting. His educators must take into account his needs and capability of development.

The Indian like any other race has long established habits and customs, some of which he must drop of course; but it is not right to expect him to do so, and then to jump in a few short school years into the civilization which it has taken the white race thousands of years to reach.

It must be remembered that when the Indian was overpowered, conquered and made to come under and to conform to the rules and laws of a stronger nation, his pride and dignity were deeply humiliated. More than that, while we regret it, we are obliged to admit that too often those placed over him have expended their energies in making him more dependent.

In many cases he has been pauperized and disciplined until his manhood was crushed, his pride and ambition withered and deadened within him. At this point he has become indolent and lost all confidence in himself. Just then we notice the absence of ideals, and when there is no constant demand on his ambition the Indian soon ceases to crave excellence and he sinks to the fatal condition of mental somnolence. In this condition his talents wither and his conscience becomes dormant. I consider that this is the origin of the impression among white people that the Indian is shiftless. Indolence masters ambition, and the ground is prepared for the free entrance of vice.

On the other hand, the white people have in many cases accomplished much towards bringing out the good that is in the Indian. They have been able to appeal to the remaining good qualities in the aborigines, and, best of all, they did not forget to bring the light of Christianity to my race. If we had gained nothing more than this by the coming of the white man to this continent, we would have been well repaid for the loss of our extensive territories and our primitive liberties. But with this we are receiving an education which is perhaps to a certain extent, even better planned than that given to our white neighbors, for with them it is mainly the intellectual development that is sought, but for us the all around development of the head, heart and hand is sought.

In order that we may learn to live as our white brothers and to compete with him, it is necessary that we receive much training for development of the powers of the head. And again, we cannot learn from the books the white teachers bring us without learning something of God, and the white people have remembered well Christ's injunction that the Gospel be preached to all nations. Again, the industries which the Indians used to carry on could no longer supply their wants and needs, and living with the more advanced and cultured white people, our hands must be trained to perform work hitherto unknown to them.

The Industrial schools, therefore, have perhaps been able to do most for the Indians. There is but one thing in connection with the education of my race in Canada which I cannot cease to regret, and that is the age limit. It is not because I want to feel that the government does not pay out enough money for them, nor because I think it does not do enough for them. If any thing I think perhaps it gives them too much.

I would like to see the day when even in the government schools they may have to work harder to get their education. For nothing can develop character more than struggling for knowledge and culture, and I believe that God helps those who help themselves. But for a pupil to be allowed to go out of school as a graduate when he is eighteen, regardless of his standing in school, seems to me a mistake.

When a pupil feels that so soon as he reaches that age he will become his own master, it makes little difference to him whether he works hard to advance or not. Whereas if he had a certain standard to reach, he will instinctively exert himself to attain that standard.

His ambition cannot help but be roused. Then again, when a pupil has reached eighteen, he has attended school just long enough to entirely get over his lonesomeness and to get interested in his literary and industrial work. He has learned only the beginnings of things. When turned out at this stage, it is no wonder that perseverance is often a quality lacking in his life.

It is not because he is an Indian that

he does not always do very well, it is because he depends on his own strength before he is well enough prepared and before he has gone on far enough in the investigation of things to become interested in any particular thing. White people put through the same process, I think, would do no better. Taking all these things into consideration, I cannot do otherwise than feel perfect confidence in the future of my race. Certainly there must be a useful and prosperous future for us. God has not created us without purpose, we have some special mission in this world; without doubt we have got some special part in His plans or He would not have caused our existence. So like any other race,

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.

We have hard work to do and loads to lift."

—E. L. CORNELIUS, in Progress.

HOW THE FOURTH OF JULY SHOULD BE CELEBRATED.

It is very natural that the people should recall the Declaration of Independence, for it is in that document that the words "United States" first appear. It is true that they appeared in a document drawn up at a meeting of my countrymen, chiefly Presbyterians, a year before in North Carolina but it was not until 1776 that the Declaration was accepted.

The one hundred and twenty-one years (spoken in 1897) through which we have passed since the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, have been marked by steady advancement in religion, science, literature, and the general good, and it is eminently fitting that the day should be celebrated in a manner which gives ready acknowledgment of God's goodness to this nation.

I could wish that the day was celebrated in a manner somewhat different from what it is. I think the money spent in buying firecrackers in all parts of the country, which go to the making of useless noise, could be expended in a way that would do a far greater amount of good.

It might be employed in the education of those who come to our shores ignorant of the principles of our government and unable to gain that knowledge requisite for good citizens. If the money were spent in this way, I think it would be a more appropriate way of recalling the day.

As Christian citizens there are certain duties incumbent upon us which have to do with the promotion of comfort and prosperity among our fellow-beings. In doing these we should see to it that we are not working in the interest of one or the other of the political parties. All those who have made their homes among us should be taught the value of those principles which go to make up good citizenship, and to use wisely the privileges that are given them. It is the duty of every foreigner coming to this country to become a citizen as soon as practicable. As soon as I could become a citizen of this nation, I availed myself of the opportunity, and never once since I took out my papers have I on election day failed to cast my vote for the candidate for national, State, or municipal office who, in my opinion, was best qualified to perform the duties of that office.

Foreigners should be taught to vote for men and principles which conscience and intelligence declare to be the right, and in this way we can be true to the principles of those who made the celebration of Independence Day possible.—The late John Hall, D. D.

THE FIRST SALUTE TO OLD GLORY.

The little "Ranger" ran slowly between the frowning French frigates, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging, and her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian Majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns, says Sarah Orne Jewett, in the "Atlantic."

There was a moment of suspense, the wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away, and the flapping sails

sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer back, or would he treat this bold challenge like a handkerchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the "Ranger" looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held his letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air,—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,—nine; and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carnac and the great druid Mount of St. Michael.

"Henry Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the king of France to our Republic, and the first high honor to our Flag," said the captain proudly to his steersman; but they were all huzzinga now along the "Ranger's" decks, the little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

The captain lifted his head, and stood looking up at the flag.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers who came about him. "I believe we are at the beginning of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world. The day shall come when America, republic though she may be, will salute no foreign flag without receiving gun for gun!"

The Dog's Lament.

It's very hard to suffer and be still. Our name's applied to every human ill. A "doggerel" is a rhyme that's very bad, Indeed, the very worst that's to be had. A book is "dog-eared" when it's been abused.

Alas! I think we're very hardly used. A man's a "dog" because he won't behave.

(It almost makes an honest doggie rave!)

A "puppy" is a fellow most uncouth— A slur upon the flower of our youth; A "hound," a villain of the deepest dye, An insult to his dogdom's majesty; A "cur" of course, is not a shining light, Yet even he is called to bear the slight. To "dog one's footsteps" is, I really think, A dreadful thing, from which we dogs would shrink.

A "dogma" is a hard religious school, A "dogged" person always plays the fool;

And "dog-days" find us panting with the heat;

We scarce can blink our eyes or lift our feet.

Why—why—throw mud upon our noble name?

A dog's a dog thro' all the world the same. —London Answers.

- Be ashamed of nothing on earth except poor work, which is a thing to be ashamed of. Select whatever you are best fitted for and train yourself to thoroughness in that line.—[January Ladies' Home Journal.

Enigma.

I am made of 24 letters.

My 1, 12, 13, 14 is a paper on which the points of the compass are marked.

My 8, 4, 19 is not a girl.

My 20, 22, 21, 23 is a character appropriate to one in a play.

My 24, 15, 2, 18, 5 is a troublesome thing.

My 7, 6, 23 is to give leave.

My 17, 9, 10, 16 is something refined.

My 11, 4, 3, 6 is an excavation.

My whole is the name of an old Indian fighter.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA—Philadelphia.

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