

The Red Man and Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

THE RED MAN.

This is the number your time mark on wrapper refers to

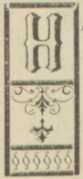
EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 47. (18-47)

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1903.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. III, Number Forty-three

GIVING.

(Contributed to the Red Man.)



HAVE you anything to give?
Give it.
Is it gold? Give it freely;
Be not niggard, be not chary;
While you live, evermore give
As you receive it.
Have y u anything to give?
Give it.
Is it a smile? Let it come
Warm from the heart's home,
Its mission will be done;
Believe it.
Have you anything to give?
Give it.
Is it a kind word? Speak the word,
And the love in it shall be heard,
And touching the faint heart,
Revive it.
Have you anything to give?
Give it.
Is it a hand-grasp, uplifting
The fallen? Saving the down-dragging?
Swift seize thou the lost soul, and
Retrieve it.
Have you anything to give?
Give it.
Gold, kind words, smiles, swift aid
Give freely; be not afraid,
Let not the gift be weighed;
To its own aid will each
Receive it.

C. F. ORNE.

FLAG DAY.

Last Sunday was Flag Day.

June 14 was first observed as flag-raising day in Pennsylvania by request of the Colonial Dames of America.

In 1894 the Governor of the State of New York ordered the national flag raised on all the public buildings in the State at the request of the Sons of the Revolution, on the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the adoption of our flag by Congress, June 14, 1777.

One hundred and twenty-six years ago this June 14 the American Congress, in session at Philadelphia, resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; the union to be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation, the stars to be arranged in a circle."

Betsy Ross enthusiastically undertook the work, and in a few days a beautiful star spangled banner was ready to be unfurled. She had made one alteration in the design submitted by Washington. The general had made his stars six pointed, as they were on his coat-of-arms. Betsy Ross made her stars with five points—and five points have been used ever since. For several years Mrs. Ross made the flags for the government.

As long as the States remained thirteen in number the original design of the circle of stars was all right, but when, in 1791, Vermont, and in 1792 Kentucky were taken into the Union, it was decided to arrange the stars in the form of one huge constellation.

In 1795 it was decided to add a stripe as well as a star for each State which came into the Union, consequently in that year Vermont and Kentucky were marked on the flag, one by a white and the other by a red stripe; but some wise prophet, looking ahead some twenty or more years, saw that this plan of adding a stripe as well as a star for each State added to the Union would mean a constant changing of the flag, which would, in a few years, become so large and ungainly that its beauty would be lost. A committee in 1812 was elected by Congress to decide upon a permanent design for the flag, and the result was that the original thirteen stripes were again used, the stars arranged on the blue field in the form of a square, with one constellation for each new State. In 1818 this plan was formally adopted by Congress, and the flag, with its thirteen stripes and stars corresponding in number to the States in the Union, became the established emblem of America.—[The Scotland News.]

A diminutive cyclone is called a "small twister" by some western papers, and now is the season for them.

FORCIBLE LANGUAGE FOR A YOUNG GRADUATE.

Joseph Ball, who graduated a few weeks ago from the Phoenix, Arizona, Indian School, and whose essay appears in the Native American speaks thus in the last half of his oration of the possibilities and ambitions of the Indian:

There is a vast difference between the work which must be done by the white man and the Indian in getting an education. When the white boy leaves home to attend school he goes with his work already half done, as the foundation of his education is already laid.

His moral education has already been begun in his home.

These elements of civilization develop as he grow and distinguish him from the savage. He goes to school to prepare himself for some profession by which he can make his way in after life. With the Indian it is quite different. He is born a savage, nurtured by superstition in the midst of ignorance, so he lacks from the first those advantages his white brother has. He is absolutely bound to the customs and habits which have characterized his people for unknown centuries, and these ways are wholly foreign to conditions of civilization.

But notwithstanding all this, in some things he already holds his own. He can successfully compete with his white brother in physical exercises and games. Place him in a class of white students and he will also compete with them and make the greatest effort to win.

If we ever rise from our present condition, we must be removed from our state of dependence to one of independence, cast aside our savage ways of living, and accept the conditions of civilized life. We cannot do this successfully so long as we remain on the reservation.

The Indians who have made the greatest advancement, as in any other race, are those who have been educated and trained to be self-supporting and independent. Therefore, if you would civilize him, educate him, which means the breaking up of his savage customs and manners, for him to give up his idea of life and comprehend the white man's, and taking this new ideal learn to improve his home

and to have confidence in labor because he sees the result of it.

It is this change which places upon him a burden which makes it infinitely harder for him to advance than for his white brother. I don't understand why it should be a wonder to the white man that the Indian makes such slow progress toward civilization. He is confined on the reservation where he has not the opportunities to become self-supporting, and he cannot enjoy the products of civilization, and very seldom does he come in contact with the best elements of the superior race whose civilization he is supposed to adopt.

We are to-day much better able to understand the value of education and civilization, and are nearer the independence which rightfully belongs to citizenship than we were thirty years ago, and familiarity with us then and now furnishes gratifying indications that the ultimate solution of our problem is in sight.

I say again we cannot equal our white brother so long as we are wards of the government and are kept at government expense. We may get the knowledge and have the ability, but lacking confidence in ourselves we cannot hold our own in competition with the white man.

The Indian should be thrown upon his own resources whenever possible and learn by experience that "In the sweat of his brow shall man eat bread." Put him into the struggle of life, dependent upon himself, and treat him not as an Indian, but as a man, and though he will suffer much, he will learn much. The suffering will purge from his nature the baser metal, and he will come forth from the struggle a man, strong, capable, intelligent, self-reliant, a man worthy of all respect, and whom the white man shall be proud to call his equal.

Let this then be our aim, that some day and may the day be not far off, the intelligence and ability of the Indian shall balance the scales against that of the white man; that some day the sign of equality alone shall separate the Red Man and the Paleface.

THE ONCE TREELESS PLAINS.

Man found great prairies in many of our western states, but he has largely obliterated them by planting trees.

The largest naked areas are now found

further to the west, in Nebraska and Kansas.

In both of these states much tree planting is being done, and the next generation will have to look a long time to find a prairie such as the school books used to tell about.

The United States Bureau of Forestry has begun work in Kansas and is studying the natural tree growths.

The bureau will study the tendency of the trees and shrubs along the water courses to increase and spread, especially when protected from fire and stock, and will determine what species are best adapted to planting on those uplands that contain no natural growth.

In many places along the streams where fire and stock have been excluded for ten or fifteen years are found thrifty young cotton woods, white elms, boxelders, and other species which are slowly invading the great plains.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS DENIED.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are said by our Constitution to be the inalienable rights of a man, and a citizen, and we guarantee them to every one of the the thousand of immigrants who annually enter our open door.

To our California Indians we denied citizenship; for life, we gave death, for liberty, the prison of a reservation, or the precarious freedom of the wild animal, hunted into caves of the mountains; for the pursuit of happiness, we gave unlimited whiskey.—[From tract published on behalf of the Northern California Indian Association.]

INDIAN AGENTS' OFFICES.

The interior department has decided to establish branches of the Indian agent's office at each of the land office towns. There will be a chief clerk in charge of each, who will be fully authorized to represent the agent in matters of detail and will be able to attend to the wants of the Indian without compelling them to come to the agent's office at Muskogee. They will also be charged with the duty of placing the Indians in possession of their allotments.—[Osage Journal.]



GOING TO SCHOOL. SCHOOL-ROOM WORK CLOSED LAST FRIDAY UNTIL FALL.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A
YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE:

MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. 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.

A FAKE INDIAN WOMAN.

We had a letter from a friend in Indiana recently telling of the great interest created in the Indians and for their education, by an alleged Indian woman claiming to be a graduate of Carlisle. The statements she made were so preposterously untrue that we wrote for more particulars, and found that she claimed to belong to the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, Oklahoma, and gave such circumstantial accounts of some of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians as to very easily deceive. She lectured in Indian costume, wearing a buckskin dress, leggins, etc., braided her hair as an Indian and used some paint.

The statements she made with regard to having been at Carlisle at all, having graduated here, and having frequently visited here were entirely false. She never was at Carlisle at any time. We therefore wrote to the Indian Agent, Colonel Randlett, of the Army, and the following is his letter:

"KIOWA AGENCY,
ANADARKO, OKLAHOMA, June 13, 1903.
COL. R. H. PRATT, SUPT.,
CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL,
CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA.
DEAR COLONEL:

Replying to yours relating to the woman Miss Penawadle, I have to state that the most diligent search among the Indians fails to discover any evidence that she ever was associated with either of the tribes of this Agency. Delos Lonewolf denies that he ever knew the woman unless she is the person who, at Mountain View, Oklahoma, enticed a Chinaman to marry her, representing to the laundryman that she was a half-breed, having rights with one of the tribes of the Indian Territory.

If this is the person you refer to, she came to Anadarko, Oklahoma, with her Chinaman husband, who started a laundry here. She remained here long enough to acquaint herself with the members of the Kiowa tribe, left her husband here and afterwards traveled Kansas as a lecturer, representing that she was a daughter of a Kiowa chief. In Kansas she cut quite a figure, but her identity was discovered and she is supposed to have sought other fields for her fake scheme.

If I am right in my conjecture, which I have reason to believe investigation of the case of the woman to whom you refer will prove, she should be exposed and condemned as a malicious fraud. Strange as it appears, it seems to be true that very many of the best and most intelligent philanthropists of the East are pliantly gulled by miserable impostors, who bring them false tales to excite their distrust towards those who are working faithfully to promote the interests of our Indians, and without investigation suffer themselves to be established in wrong conclusions from which their actions bring them in conflict with right and justice, which can only result to their discomfort, and their associations brought into contempt.

I hope you will expose the impostor, the woman who calls herself Penawadle, as publicly as her case deserves.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JAMES F. RANDLETT,
Lt. Col. U. S. A., U. S. Indian Agent.

In the Indiana town where she lectured she stated that she and a dozen or more other graduates of Carlisle who had been somewhat successful since leaving the school had contributed of their allotted lands and were raising money to establish a large industrial school for Indians like Carlisle, and took up a collection toward that.

We also heard of her making similar statements in Kansas. In both places by her pleasant manners and her apparently straight-forward story she quite entirely deceived the people and received contributions. In Kansas, one of the churches took up the matter, giving the church for the lecture, and the pastor introduced her to the audience. In Indiana she was taken up by the authorities of a school,



FARMER BENNET AND HIS WEEDING DETAIL OF SMALL INDIAN BOYS

and her deception forwarded through these influences.

She is not entitled to any credit whatsoever, but rather should be arrested as a swindler. She operates in small towns and at such great distances apart as to make it difficult if not impossible to catch up with her.

JAMES PHILLIPS, LAST SATURDAY NIGHT
BEFORE THE STUDENT BODY.

Col. Pratt was very closely listened to last Saturday night in his talk before the students, for he gave bits of personal experience which always interest. In the course of the evening he introduced Mr. Phillips as follows:

One who has been living with us and attending Dickinson School of Law for eighteen months is about to leave. Before another Saturday evening meeting he will have gone to other fields to put into practice the knowledge he has accumulated. I will ask Mr. Phillips to come to the platform.

Mr. PHILLIPS:—Fellow-students and teachers:—I feel somewhat out of place up here. The fact is, I have very little to say to-night, but I want to express my gratitude to the school and to the teachers and the students. I feel as if I were one of you. I have not been going to school in your school-rooms, but I have been getting lessons with you ever since I came here.

I am glad to say I have the good will of the students. I have always felt that. I have graduated from the Dickinson Law School and been admitted to the bar—it may seem a great thing to you—it seems a very little thing to me; for a great many are admitted to the bar who are not fit for it, and that is one of the things we have to contend with. I used to think that when I graduated from the Law School I would be perfectly satisfied, but I am now more dissatisfied than ever before. It is one of the conditions of man to be looking forward to something better, and that continues through his life.

That is one of the things that is responsible for his advancement all over the world. A man should never be satisfied with his present condition and not want to develop further; he ought not to believe that he has reached the zenith of his power.

In most of the East Indian countries they can construct houses in a day or two out of bamboo that will answer all the purposes of houses; but they are easily destroyed.

A building erected to last takes longer to build.

For instance, the Pyramids of Egypt have been standing for centuries and centuries.

Some people build parallel to the bamboo, others build to last forever and ever.

If the students will remember while in

the school-room that everything they do should be done the best they can, they will develop into better and better people all through life.

I am very thankful for what the school has done for me.

I have not had a harsh word with my classmates at the law school, and they are accustomed to look at things more earnestly and steadily than you are.

I have been on a friendly basis with them as I have been with you.

I will remember you, I will remember the teachers and what I learned here; the songs and things that have impressed me, I will carry with me.

In a school like this there are many restrictions that seem hard, necessarily so because there are many students, some of whom do not know how to get along without rules.

Students obey rules sometimes simply to avoid punishment. That is a bad habit. It is better to obey them for this reason than not to obey them, but the question should always be whether it is right or wrong.

If it is right, you should obey the rules, and you should obey because it is right.

We should always consider whether our conduct is based upon principle or not. I am sure if we push our principles they will do a great deal for us. We should never think we have accomplished all we can or that we cannot reach a higher place.

I believe that what ruins people more than anything else is the tendency when they have accomplished something, to push themselves forward and demand too much recognition for it.

When President Roosevelt was suggested for the Vice-Presidency he positively refused it.

He didn't want his name associated with the Vice-Presidency (Whether he was in earnest or not does not matter).

Then the whole country clamored to have him. Other men were anxious for it. He did not show any anxiety to reach that point, nor thought he especially deserved it.

I think as Dean of the Law School we have one of the ablest men in the country. But his disposition to conceal his personality is what impresses one the most.

He is a somewhat eccentric man, and very strict, and he tries to tax every student almost beyond his capacity; but everyone respects him because they see behind it all what he is, that he is a gentleman, and his purpose is not to make himself stand out in prominence.

He has never gotten up before the college to make a speech.

My class presented him with a loving cup, but he would not accept it because he would have to acknowledge it before the college. We had to take it to his office.

I don't know but that is carrying modesty a little too far, but I know this, that those who put themselves forward more than they deserve are the ones that get called down the most.

We have received a circular announcing the order of service for the Ordination of Priesthood of the Rev. Cornelius Hill, at the Oneida reservation, Wednesday June 24, the Right Reverend the Bishop of the Diocese, officiating. The circular is really an invitation from the Priest and Vestry of the Church of the Holy Apostles, Hobart Mission, Oneida, Rev. F. W. Merrill, Missionary. A special train is to be run from Green Bay Junction to Oneida. There is to be a luncheon after the service, with a charge of twenty-five cents. The program is set off with a picture of the new Reverend, who is a fine looking gentleman. Some of the hymns on the program are written in the Oneida language. It appears that Mr. Hill is a chief, and his Indian name is Onon-gwat-go.

Edgar Rickard, class '01, has taken a job in the Penna. woods, and has five men working for him. He says: "I have to pay the men every month. I charge these men four dollars a week for board and get a commission of five cents on every one dollars worth of timber they cut; so you see that there is money for me, and better money than I was making last summer. You can imagine how glad I am that Carlisle has fitted me, for such work. It takes a great deal of figuring to do it and it puzzles many to figure out correctly. I can figure with great ease, and I am getting along fine. I am always thinking of what Carlisle has done for me." Edgar has a bright baby daughter of whom he is justly proud.

Circulars from the great lecture manager, James B. Pond, announcing that Dr. Chas. A. Eastman is in the field, have been received. Dr. Eastman, husband of the Poet, Elaine Goodale, passed his boyhood days in a manner similar to that in which his ancestors—the Sioux Indians, had been reared for many generations, but through education away from the reservation he has become a cultured gentleman, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a physician by training. Dr. Eastman knows the natural Indian if any man living knows him, and as he is fluent, intellectual and witty, he should be an attractive speaker.

Fred Lane left for Wheaton, the State of Washington, his home, Tuesday evening. He has an excellent record as to character and conduct, and is a responsive, manly boy, much loved by his school-mates and country associates. He is not as well as he would like to be, and goes in the hopes that the trip and change of air will do him good.

Of the printers who have gone to country homes since the last issue of THE RED MAN we can name: Nellie Lillard, Mary Kadashan, George Willard, George Johnson, Dock Yukkakanache, Hanks Markishtum, Truman Dextator, Levi Webster; others will follow in a few days.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

"Nuff" rain!

Mrs. Sherry is off on her vacation.

Miss Moul is away on her annual leave.

Robert Keokuk has gone to visit friends near Harrisburg.

June thus far has seemed more like April than the month of roses.

Lillian Brown, '03, stopped off on her way from Bloomsburg to the sea shore.

Miss Roberts is spending a part of her vacation at her home in Slatington, this State.

Frank Nick, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, arrived Monday evening, to enter Carlisle.

Emma Sky, '03, has come in from the country for a brief stay, before going to the shore.

Miss Carter is trying to work in a picnic for her small boys, but rain prevents. The first nice day it will come.

Zenia Tibbets, '01, has gone to a country home for the summer and stayed over for a day on her way from Bloomsburg.

Daisy Wasson, '01, who is taking a course at the West Chester hospital, spent last Sunday with Miss Edge in Downingtown.

Mrs. Tennet and Miss Bratton, of Carlisle, and Miss Boyd, of Johnstown, were guests of Miss Cutter last Saturday evening to dinner.

Henry Standing Bear, class '91, writes from Steeple Chase Park, Coney Island, N. Y., for the RED MAN. He is there with the Indian Congress.

Kendal Paul, '99, has finished a night course in telegraphy, Philadelphia, and is in charge of a firm's private office. Kendal also is a fair stenographer.

Esperanza Gonzalo, of Porto Rico, and Patrick Verney, of Alaska, have entered the printing office this week. The ends of the earth do meet at Carlisle.

The Cumberland Valley State Normal School at Shippensburg, Pa., will hold its Commencement next week. Several of our people are invited to attend.

Frank Mt. Pleasant left us last evening for his home in New York State to spend his vacation. Frank has many friends here who wish him the greatest success.

Among the girls who passed their examinations last week at the Bloomsburg Normal, Louise Rogers, Annie Guyitney and Zenia Tibbets will be Seniors next year.

Through the President George W. Atherton, of Pennsylvania State College, Col. Pratt and others were invited to attend their Commencement exercises this week.

Mrs. Stratton, of Ohio, has been visiting her cousin Miss Ely, who accompanied her to Bucks County, where they have been renewing old acquaintances and friends.

If we have had three good places and one where the people were unpleasant, should not the memory of the good people over-balance that of the people who were unjust.

Isabel Wheelock's great grandpa, Kramer, gave her a tiny-wee diamond ring for a birth day present, which sets off her chubby hand in fine style. She was one year old the 8th of this month, and was the recipient of numerous gifts.

Miss Newcomer is taking in the Niagara Falls this week with her parents, she having gone that far with them on their return to their Kansas home. Miss Newcomer will continue her summer school work at Columbia, and will soon graduate from the Kansas State University.

Annie Mithorn, who went to her home in Oregon last July, has returned bringing with her Lou French and William Jones who have been students of the Umatilla Agency Boarding School, where Miss Gaither has been superintendent many years. Annie has come back to continue her studies, having completely recovered her health, which was not good when she left us last year.

Outing Agent, Mr. Gansworth, was reporting to the outing clerk in the office that a certain student who was misbehaving needed straightening up. A bystander suggested that he be sent to the Medico-Chi, Phila., where they straighten people who become crooked, but Mr. Gansworth mildly suggested with a joking twinkle that a thrashing machine might serve better in this instance.

Athletics.

The athletic field is now closed for the summer and there should be a good covering of grass upon it by the time football practice commences in the fall.

During the past year Carlisle has made an enviable record in athletics and has had athletic teams which have been proven second in strength to only the very largest colleges, and the wholeschool should take pride in our athletic prowess.

It can no longer be said that Carlisle specializes in football because the track and base-ball teams have placed these branches of college athletics almost on a par with football.

The track team especially has made an excellent record, winning all their contests and lowering over half of the school records. It has been only four years since track athletics were started at the school, and the progress made shows that the Indians are as much adapted to this branch of athletics as they are to football, and within a very few years our track team should be able to compete successfully with the best college teams.

Besides our dual meet with State College and Bucknell an effort will be made to have a meet with one of the big teams next spring.

Frank Mt. Pleasant who has made a name for himself this spring and who has been our greatest point winner, has been elected Captain, and no better choice could have been made.

The second dual meet with State College, which was to have taken place last Monday, was declared off at their request owing to the wet condition of the track and field.

Base-Ball.

The baseball team was defeated in a well played game by the Lindner Club of Carlisle last Saturday, the score being one to nothing. Regan pitched a masterly game, only allowing one hit, and was well supported by the rest of the team. Many of the town people were heard to remark that it was the best game they had ever seen played on Dickinson field.

The baseball boys deserve great credit for the record they have made this year.

At the beginning of the season the outlook was very dark, and on this account only a limited schedule of games was arranged and the team was not outfitted in very good shape. As they improved, some hard games were added to the schedule and a good share of the defeats were by professional teams. It may also be said that Mr. Warner has devoted most of his time to the track team, and the baseball boys have had to develop themselves to a great extent.

The team has elected Lloyd Nephew Captain, and he should make a good leader for 1904. He is one of the best college first-base men on the field to-day, and he is also a good catcher. Next season the team will be newly outfitted and a better schedule will be arranged with only college teams.

The out-look for next year is very good in all branches of sport. All of the baseball team and nearly all of the track and football teams will remain at the school, and next year Carlisle should come to the front stronger than ever, and further demonstrate the ability of the Indians to compete successfully with their white brothers in the latter's own games.

A pleasant letter from Flora Jamison, one of our ex-students who is living in a family in Buffalo, N. Y. says she is interested in her work and is interesting the people whom she meets in Indian education. She sent for our catalogue and literature about Carlisle, which the Man-on-the-band-stand was glad to send to her. She says people ask many questions about the school and about what Indians can do, and adds "I love to tell them all I can, and it just seems as though I belong to Carlisle school yet. I do my best with the Carlisle spirit."

Prof. Burgess went to Millville, Columbia County on Tuesday, to attend the Half Year Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, held there this week. Before the Civil War, Mr. Burgess was in charge of a large and flourishing school at Millville, known as Greenwood Seminary, where a number of well-to-do people and some men now prominent received their start on education's road.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bingham of Williamsport, Pa., were guests of Miss Clara Smith for a day or two.

BAND-DIRECTOR WHEELOCK WRITES FROM BERLIN.

In a letter from Mr. Wheelock to Col. Pratt under date of June 4th, we gather a few additional items to those given last week. He says in part:

I was very much pleased to read in the Philadelphia Press, the day I left New York City, an account of the dual sports between State College and the Carlisle Indians, in which meet Carlisle won so decisively. Charles, Mt. Pleasant, Johnson, and others made records in the field of sports that speak well for them and for the Carlisle School.

You may add another point for Carlisle: One of Carlisle's old standbys has jumped from New York City to Berlin, Germany, distance about 3800 miles, in search of knowledge and experience.

I wish the whole of this year's home party could be sent across some ocean, and there have to work their way back to the reservation, if they must go to a reservation. I am pretty sure that not many would reach those degrading influences again.

There is so much to see and learn in the country, why must the Carlisle "semi-educated" students go back to the place where there is nothing that uplifts.

Nothing of special importance has occurred to me or to anything that's connected with my journey from New York City to Berlin. The voyage on the ocean was calm, not a sign of storm did we see during the seven days we were on the sea. The steamship Wilhelm II is immense and so perfect in construction that the big waves of the Atlantic and North Sea, seemed to have had no power to give us the sea-saw or swinging motion.

Notwithstanding the smoothness of the vessel and the calmness of the sea, many of us for a few days were ill.

The "Kaiser Wilhelm II" is so large that one is almost afraid to leave his cabin after he is in it once, for fear of not finding it again. The length of this vessel is 706½ feet and it takes 650 hands and officers to run it.

I had some funny experiences, due mostly to the fact that the entire force on the ship are Germans and can understand very little English, so if any question is put to them they would always answer it in German or in indescribable English.

For instance, when I first got on the boat I was compelled to look for my own cabin, and all I had to tell me was the number 509; so I walked around looking at every door, as everybody else was doing, for nearly an hour, when I met one of the stewards.

I thought I might as well ask, so I asked the steward, who answered:

"Walk on 5 minutes after oonder steps."

I "walked" on till the cabin was finally found, not under the steps but next to the stairs leading to the saloon, or dining room.

I was detained in my cabin for four long days of my sea voyage.

One morning while I was having an "uprising in the interior department" a room steward looked in and said:

"Sick?"

I said, "Yaw."

"Sprechen dietsch?" he asked.

I said: "Diech spreichen nicht."

So he made a break for English pretty much like my German and said:

"Take in moosic stairs oonder up."

And we both laughed at our awful conversation. I began to feel better after that.

On Monday, June 1st, about 12 o'clock noon we first saw land and that was English shores. We reached Plymouth England about 4 o'clock that afternoon. The view of the English coast from our ship was fine, everything looking nice and green. Here and there one can see earth works and other appearances of fortresses.

We next stopped at Cherbourg, France. There the harbor seemed to be filled with large guns and earth works. Strong stone walls surround the harbor and many immense, fortress buildings.

Cherbourg is considered, I was informed, to be one of the strongest forts in France.

We left Cherbourg about 5 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Bremerhaven about midnight, and disembarked the next morning and had our baggage examined by the officers there.

Every inch of land on the way from Bremerhaven seems to be in use. The

farms and gardens give evidence of industrious farmers and truckmen.

As one travels through the country, the sight of children and women weeding the plants or hoeing corn fields or potato patches in groups of half a dozen or more, is very common.

I saw an old woman plowing with an ox team, and the thought came to me, if an old German woman can make a living by the sweat of her brow—plough and I suppose seed the land and harvest when it is time,—why can't the BIG, ABLE bodied Indian men on the various reservations, that are now being fed and half-clothed like babies, make their living the same as this old German woman. They can, if starvation was the ultimatum.

On landing at Bremerhaven I wondered if the "odd fellows" that were having parade in Philadelphia when I passed there on my way to New York City had gotten ahead of me and were having another parade in Bremerhaven, but the uniformed men were soldiers, mail carriers, telegraph operators, railroad men etc., all wearing the same kind of caps and uniforms, so very much alike that it is hard to tell which is which.

There were many boys in uniform, ages varying from fifteen to eighteen; they were the German Military School Cadets. Mr. Poltman, my friend from New York City, told me that in the city of Berlin there are 25,000 soldiers. The soldiers, cadets and police together make a large number of uniformed men. In America it would be a regular Governor's inauguration day—here it's every day.

I have heard the Royal Palace Military band of 50 pieces, and they are fine. Any one desiring to hear plenty of good music can do so by going to the Parks.

Berlin is a beautiful place. Every street is kept perfectly clean, trees everywhere and large wood forests nearly surround the city. In these woods are fine drive-ways, nice walks, and soft dirt roads for the saddle riders, in fact everything seems to be for the people's comfort and pleasure.

There are the Palaces, Castles, large theatres and Royal Opera Houses, the University of Berlin, National Art Museum, and other places of importance all making the place exceedingly interesting.

The Royal palace and the Castle were disappointing. I have seen so far the Castles, the Royal Palace, the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, the National Art Museum, the Capital Building, the Castle Theatre, the Royal Opera House, the Bismark Monument, the Victoria Monument, and other places of less importance. I think I have heard all the best organizations in Berlin, so will leave for Leipzig tomorrow where I will study under the concert master of the Leipzig Conservatory.

DONALD CAMPBELL WELL.

Mr. Campbell writes from Chemawa, Oregon to Miss Noble regarding his son Donald, whom Mrs. Campbell has been nursing through a siege of typhoid at Stanford University, California: "We have not good but excellent news from Donald. He is entirely well and will be home Monday evening with his mother. He is better than ever; a well and strong man, the fever leaving his lungs strong, when before they were a little weak from pneumonia which he had at Carlisle."

"So you see" adds Mr. Campbell, "his sickness may have been a blessing in disguise."

The weather here is fine, a little warm for Chemawa but lovely. The roses are in full blast. I picked a clothes basket full to-day for decoration and about half a basket of daisies.

You would hardly know Chemawa since you were here. It has been as it were made over. The lawns have been plowed up from one end to the other.

The office and commissary buildings have been moved. The entire lawn is now a coat of lovely green. Water pipes have been put under the grounds for sprinkling purposes and now we can keep green all the year round. Cement walks have been run to the office, commissary, around the hospital, and now there is very little of board walk left. The new girls' building is excellent and well equipped."

Mr. J. Lemuel John and daughter Nellie, Mr. L. P. Kline and son Oram, of Millville, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Lutz, of Bloomsburg, and Mr. Champlin, of Bradford County, were guests of Miss Burgess to dinner on Tuesday evening. They were on their way to attend the Prohibition convention at Gettysburg. Messrs. Kline and John were students of Prof. Burgess, years ago, at Millville.

ARE THERE CLOCK WATCHERS AT THE INDIAN SCHOOL?

Even if we are not clock watchers this from the Advance is good to read:

I once went to no little trouble and spent considerable time in securing a good position for a boy of seventeen, in whom I was interested.

The boy seemed to have a good deal of ability and he was most fortunate in securing the position referred to.

I was, therefore, surprised and disappointed when he came to me at the end of two weeks, asking me to use my influence in securing him another place.

"Why, George!" I said, "why did you leave the place I secured for you?"

"Because they wanted to make a slave of me," he said sharply.

I could not believe this to be true, and when, a day or two later, I met the gentleman in whose employ George had been, I said:

"Why did George Blank loose his position in your office?"

"Oh, he was one of those boys who want to work altogether by the clock, and that sort of a boy is never satisfactory."

"What do you mean by working by the clock?" I asked.

"Well, he would drop anything he was doing the instant the clock struck six or twelve. He wrote a good hand and I had him write a few short business letters, for me, and I have known him to lay down his pen at six o'clock and put a letter aside to be finished the next morning, when he could have finished it in three or four minutes. And if he chanced to reach the office five or ten minutes before eight he would sit around in idleness waiting for the clock to strike eight before he would do a thing. That is what I call 'working by the clock,' and I have never known such workers to amount to much in life."

I doubt if such workers ever achieve a high degree of success in life.

The boy whose eyes wander to the clock every few minutes to see how long it will be until noontime or until six o'clock is not interested in his work.

His heart is not in it.

He is not anxious to do his work to the utmost of his ability.

He is disposed to give as little as possible in return for the wages paid to him.

Such workers will generally shirk if they can.

A wealthy man said he once had in his employ two boys each about eighteen years of age.

One day he gave them a certain task to do.

Just as the clock struck six he chanced to overhear one of the boys say to the other.

"Come, Joe; there goes the six o'clock whistle. Get your hat and let's get out of this."

"No," said Joe, "let us finish up this work. We can do it in ten minutes and get it out of the way."

"Not much," retorted the other boy. "You don't catch me working ten minutes over time, and not getting anything for it!"

"Well, you know we were allowed to go home half an hour ahead of time because there was nothing for us to do one day last week."

"That's all right," said Harry, the other boy. "We aren't paid such great wages that they can't afford to let us go home early once in a while. I'm going home right now."

"All right. Run along, and I'll stay and finish this work up myself. I'd rather do it and be ready to start in on something fresh in the morning."

"I kept my eyes on those two boys after that," said the gentleman who had told me the story, and I discovered that the boy called Harry was a regular shirk and that his work was rarely well done.

The other boy whose name was Joe, was, on the other hand extremely careful and painstaking.

He paid no attention to the clock and he did readily and cheerfully anything I asked him to do.

Do you wonder that he is to-day my right-hand man, while poor, shirking Harry is a clerk on a salary of \$10 a week in a dry goods store?"

TO HER MAMMA.

Our students are required to write home every month. These are open letters. They may write as often as they wish at other times. Among those of May this very natural outpouring of a

child at school to her mother at home, attracted the Man-on-the-band-stand's eye:

The Letter.

MY DARLING MAMMA:—Again I will gladly write a few lines to accompany my report, which pleases me very much. It is the first time I've received "Excellent" in my scholarship since I've been in the Junior room and I think by hard work I can keep up the same report which I shall try my best to do.

We have now about two more weeks schooling; then most of the pupils will go out to country homes for the summer; I am going again for I am learning so much from these experiences I shall try to surpass you in house-keeping.

We are having beautiful weather. I'm excused from all work for awhile and I have to be out of doors, so I can take my books out on the campus to study; the campus is so pretty and comfortable.

You have not sent me the photograph you promised me, I'm waiting patiently for it. I will send you one we Junior girls had taken on the battle field at Gettysburg.

All the day we were there I kept thinking of grandpa and I would think, this is where he fought and he might have stood just where I stand, and I'd have to smile when I would think of him for he said he didn't even know why he had to fight, and he was so ignorant then of the fact. But now he knows and as I remember him wearing blue uniforms I know now he was on the "Union" side, the side I'm in favor of.

How I should like to see him now and have him tell me all about it and how I could tell him how beautiful the field is fixed in memory of the old soldiers, I know he has a picture of the battle in his house, but I was young then and wasn't so interested, but I wish it was now. If you ever see him ask him if he ever was in Carlisle, for here is where the Guard House is; also ask him if he ever had to go in the guard house here? Don't forget.

Well dear Mamma. Let me hear from you again soon.

PASSING OF THE INDIAN.

In a lecture recently given, Rev. J. M. Cormer of Kansas City, presented the following beautiful sentiment: "His closing hours have come. He is passing from us in the silence of his nature. The future will set his romance to music and sing his songs, and write inscriptions on great monuments erected to the memory of a lost race."

The history of the Indian is the tragedy of a race. His sun is fast setting behind the Western hills, to which he has been driven and which he loved so well. He has stepped aside, down and out. When all records shall have been closed, and the nations of the earth shall pass under the eye of Him who over-rules all, it

will be found that the Indian filled his strange place and bore his peculiar part in it all. We must remember he was the first American.—[Tablequah Arrow.]

A Bright Side And a Dark Side.

A German allegory tells of two little girls. They had been playing together in a strange garden, and soon one ran to her mother full of disappointment.

"The garden's a sad place, mother."

"Why, my child?"

"I've been all around, and every rose tree has long, cruel thorns upon it."

Then the second child came in breathless.

"Oh, mother, the garden's a beautiful place."

"Why so, my child?"

"Why, I've been all around, and every thorn bush has lovely roses growing on it."

And the mother wondered at the difference in the two children — [Pittsburg Observer.]

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Wonder if our Nebraska boys know what Alfalfa is: A clipping says that over 100,000 acres of Nebraska's soil is planted in Alfalfa.

Not only Indians eat dog meat. It is said that in highly civilized Munich, dogs are now being regularly killed for human consumption by butchers.

The poor little Ferris wheel now in town calls to mind that the famous Ferris wheel, one of the greatest attractions at the World's Fair, Chicago, which cost \$362,000, was sold at auction to a junk dealer in Chicago for \$1,800.

SCHEDULE FOR SPRING SPORTS

- April 10—Baseball Syracuse University, here. Won 8 to 7.
- April 11—Baseball, Lebanon Valley College at Annville. Won 9 to 4.
- April 18—Baseball, Franklin & Marshall here. Won 10 to 4.
- April 24—Baseball, Lebanon Valley here. Won 16 to 1.
- April 25—Relay races in Philadelphia. Won.
- April 28—Annual class meet. Sophomores won.
- May 2—Baseball, Harrisburg at Harrisburg. Lost 9 to 2.
- May 9—Baseball, Albright at Myerstown. Won 5 to 3.
- May 16—Dual meet, Bucknell, here. Won, 6 1/4 to 4 3/4.
- May 22—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown. Lost, 4 to 12.
- May 23—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown. Won, 10 to 8.
- May 25—Dual meet, State College, here. Won, 65 to 39.
- May 30—Baseball, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg. 1st. Lost 6 to 2; 2nd. Won 6 to 3.
- June 6—Baseball, Bucknell at Lewisburg. Lost 6 to 2.
- June 9—Baseball, Bucknell, here. Lost 9 to 8.
- June 15—Dual meet, State College at State College. Declared off on account of bad weather.

DOLLARS WANTED.

The modest way in which the South McAlaster News, Oklahoma, speaks of money matters is rather taking:

There is a little matter to which the News begs to call the attention of some of its subscribers. We really hate to speak of it but some have seemingly allowed it to slip their minds. To us this is a very important issue, in fact, it's necessary in our business. We won't speak further on the subject, perhaps you have already guessed the drift of our remarks.

A CREEK MEMORIAL.

It is said that measures are being taken by Secretary Hitchcock and Chief Porter to make a reserve of the Creek council square and council house at Okmulgee for all time to come as a memorial of the Creek nation. Should this be done the square will be beautified by setting out trees, flowers, etc.

ENIGMA

The Farmer's Life.

The Indian boy or girl in a country home, who can write this out will please the Man-on-the-band-stand by doing so, and sending him the answer; if they wish to please him ALL OVER, they will send a subscription with the letter and receive honorable mention in the RED MAN & HELPER.

The farmer leads no E Z life;
The C D sows will rot;
And when at E V rests from strife,
His bones all A K lot.
In D D has to struggle hard
To E K living out;
If I C frost do not retard
His crops there'll B A drought.
The hired L P has to pay
Are awful A Z, to.
They O K rest when he's away,
Nor N E work will do.
Both N Z can not make to meet
And then for A D takes
Some boarders who so R T eat,
& E no money makes.
O little U C finds this life,
Sick in old A G lies;
The debt he O Z leaves his wife
And then in P C dies.
—Mrs. C. Violet McLotte Wilson.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Dickinson College.

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