

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

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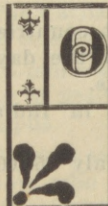
AMERICA

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AMERICA



LAND that standest fair and free,
Serene, and safe from sea to sea.
America!

Thy snow-capped mountains kiss
the sky.

Thy plains in endless beauty lie,
O'er golden sands thy rivers shine,
Forest and rock and lake are thine:

All countries and all climes compete

To lay their treasure at thy feet,
America!

Thy starry banner gleams afar,
On many seas thy white sails are.

America!

And weary captives turn to thee
As to a hope and prophecy,
For thou, O land so strong and brave,
Thou ownest neither king nor slave,
And with thy banner fluttering free
Goes aye thy watchword, "Liberty."

America!

A golden cup is in thy hand,
Thou holdest it at God's command,
America!

His cup of blessing, not thine own,
Thou may'st not quaff its sweets alone—
This cup of blessing sent through thee
To thirsting, sad humanity.

God keep thee to thy mission true,
O fairest land the world e'er knew,
America!

KATE W. HAMILTON.

DIRECTOR WHELOCK'S LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Without intending it for print Mr. Wheelock gives bits of experience which the Man-on-the-band-stand steals from letters to friends. He says in part:

The Germans have gardens wherein bands and orchestras give concerts. Any one who goes there must pay 12½ cents to get into the garden, and when you sit down the waiter brings you a glass of beer, and you pay him 2½ cents for it and tip him 1¼ cents. This you must do or you don't get a seat.

As long as there is any beer in your glass, no waiter will bother you, but as soon as it is empty the waiter must fill it, and you must pay and tip the waiter again. So it is policy to let your glass of beer sit on the table, then you can walk around between numbers and no one will take your seat.

I have yet to see a drunken man. A German will take an hour to drink a glass of beer.

The railroads though not as fine nor as fast as in America, run like clock-work. At each station are soldiers and at all road crossings is a guard.

The city lawns and groves are kept in perfect order and the streets perfectly clean, and at every corner is a policeman or a soldier in full uniform, but you never see a policeman at the parks or gardens; the military band playing at these places are supposed to keep them in order there.

All unnecessary noise in a private house must stop at 10 o'clock, or the police will take the place in hand.

We have not had a warm day since I landed. I mostly have to wear my overcoat in the evenings.

I am now in the most famous musical city in the world, Leipzig. From the outward appearance of some of the buildings I judge this to be an ancient German city. Though many modern buildings are fast taking the places of the old houses there are yet many residences and public buildings that have signs of many years standing.

The modern buildings are growing so numerous and space in the city is so limited that some buildings are being erected in the middle of streets, so the broad street

is divided into two narrow ways on each side of the house.

It is rather difficult for a stranger to get around in the city owing to the irregularity of the streets. There are passages through large buildings which lead from one street to another and on each side of these alleys are bazaars of all kinds.

All the modern streets in the neighborhood of the conservatory of music are named after some great music composer.

The Leipzig Conservatory is an immense stone structure, a fine work of architecture.

The interior is handsomely finished with paintings of noted musicians.

In going from one department to another, one accustomed to seeing American football hair, might imagine that the students were preparing for some American football team, but it seems to be the style here for the music students to wear their hair long, so you see, that not Carlisle "returned students" and the old Indians alone let their hair grow long. If I return to Carlisle with long hair I hope you'll not think that I am a failure and gone back to the blanket, like one of the Arizona Smith Indians, but say, "that fellow is a musician from Leipzig."

I am in a boarding-house with six other young men all foreigners to Germany. All speak German, but two of us from America are yet quite green at the business. All these young men are studying English and German in the High Schools and their efforts at English are about on a par with my German.

For an Hungarian to speak English to me, and for me to answer him in German is a combination that ought to cure indigestion.

Of the few that I have met since I arrived in Germany I find that Cooper's Indian stories have been read by the novel loving people of Germany and the ideas of some of them are wonderful.

I am asked by those who can use a little English some very foolish questions.

Some one asked me the other day if I could run 40 miles without stopping.

I asked if I looked like a locomotive.

Then another one wanted to know how many persons I had killed before I became civilized.

There must be something about me that looks desperate. I was called up to the Police Headquarters the other day to show my passport, and not having any-

thing that looked like a passport not even one of the Carlisle Indian School guard passes, I had to go to the office of the United States Consul here at Leipzig and pay that office eight marks and forty pfennigs to get a piece of paper to show that I am American.

I think the cheaper way would have been to have bought some paint and feathers and an old blanket, and fixed up as an Indian Chief.

I have not yet received my passport, but suppose I'll get it in time to show when I get back to New York, so I will not have to stay on the quarantine island.

Symphony concerts here are over, and most of the artists have gone to London and Paris for the summer.

The Conservatory closes at the end of this month.

The military bands, however, are in full blast at the various parks.

I heard a fine band of 100 pieces the other night.

Their program consisted of nothing but the highest order of music by Wagner, Strauss, Listz, Maszkowsky and Thomas and also Weber. It was the finest concert I ever heard.

The Germans have a peculiar style of leading a band. The leader always stands in the middle of the platform and faces the audience and directs as if he were leading the audience.

I don't see how the musicians can follow him, but they do.

Every movement of his baton is followed by the players as if the notes were tied onto the stick, and all directing is done from memory.

I am practicing on my clarinet four hours a day and taking private lessons in harmony from an old German professor.

My instructor is going to London in July, to direct a symphony orchestra there for two months, and if I wish I can go with him and he will give me the privilege of attending all their rehearsals. Just the thing I need and I am inclined to accept his offer.

His fees are high. I have learned a great deal and I hope to show it in my next winter's work.

One day last week as I was walking along one of the prominent streets of this city, a large bill-poster attracted my attention.

On it was a picture of an Indian in his wildest tog.

On reading the poster, though in Ger-

man, I gathered that an Indian rough rider, Texas champion lasso thrower, with his band of Indians would, on the following Sunday afternoon, give an Indian exhibition on the Sport Platz and athletic ground just outside of the city.

I went to see the exhibition, and what tribe of Indians do you suppose I found in that company.

A Spaniard or Mexican, who is more negro than anything else was the Texas Indian champion lasso thrower, and his wife the belle of Idaho.

The other two, Yellowhawk and Crowfoot were Germans from the neighborhood.

The "Texas Indian" was dressed in cowboy dress, and the other "jays" were painted and feathered in a style that showed that they had never seen an Indian.

The Texan claims to have had something to do with Buffalo Bill's show, possibly cooked for Buffalo Bill, and had thus learned something of Indian characteristics.

To show how simple we are in Germany, there were fully 4,000 people who paid a good twenty-five cents to see that fake show, and applauded at the poor attempts to do what was termed "Indian Acts."

The program consisted of a horse race, the shooting of arrows up in the air, the "Berlin Indian" scalping a poor white man, an Indian attacking "a lone" white girl and caught in the act by the "brave" cowboy who lassoes "poor lo" and drags him out of sight.

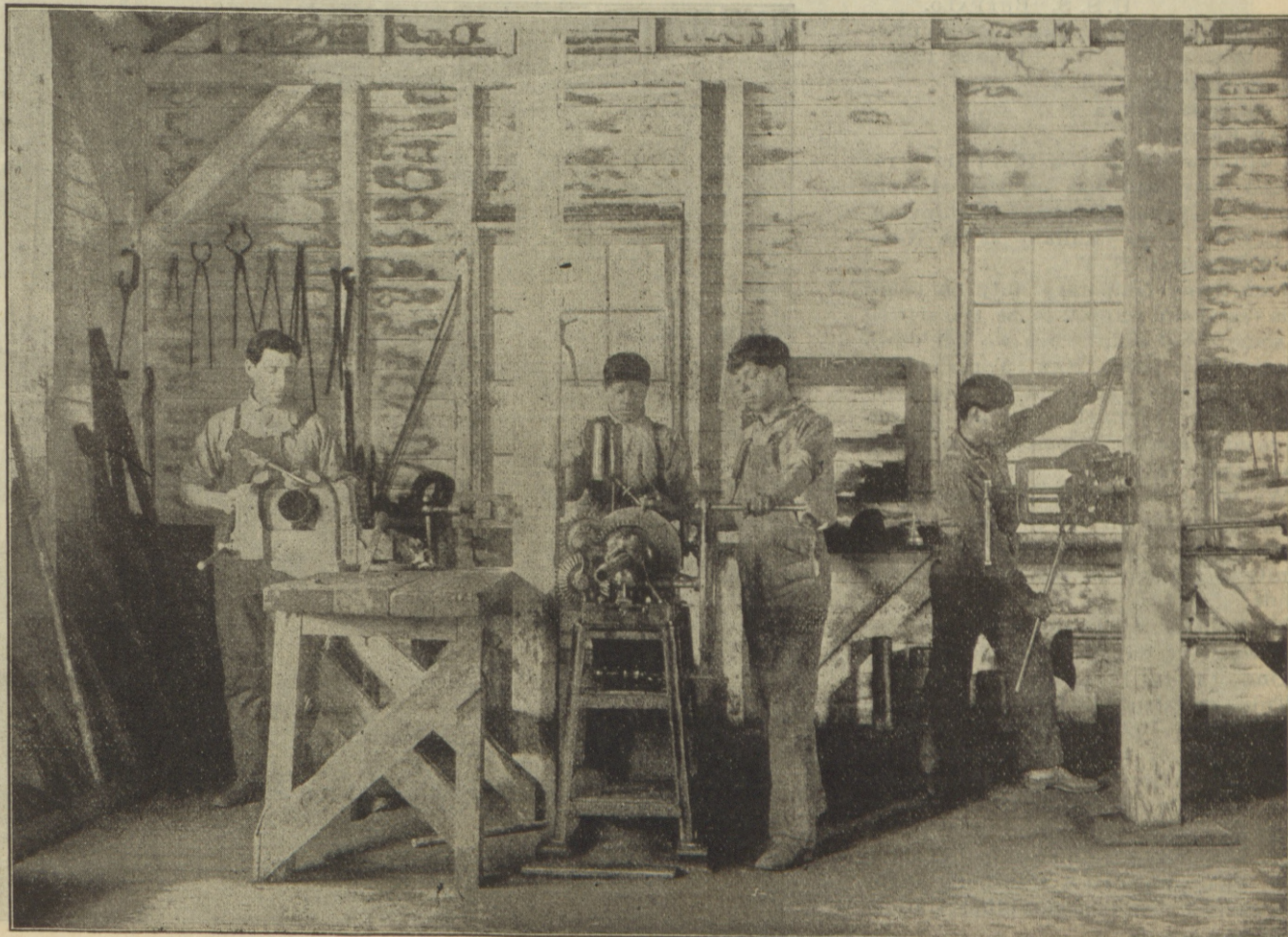
To show how much this "Berlin Indian" knew the characteristics of Indians, a white man was traveling on horse back, and tired in the evening gets off of his horse, rests on the ground, and finally falls asleep; the Indian walks up to the horse and drives it away to another place, and then goes back to the sleeping white man and cuts his throat and proceeds to go through all his pockets, taking his money and jewelry (the white man of it) and then dances around the body.

It was ridiculous to say the least.

I could not help wishing that some one had gone and cut the throat of that man who was pretending to be an Indian and was so misrepresenting the Indian.

The people applauded the act as something fine, a true illustration of what

Continued on the last page.



MR. WEBER'S BOYS IN THE STEAM FITTING SHOP.

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.

NOT FAILURES.

Mr. Nicholas Ruleau, of Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, who was a pupil of Carlisle many years ago, has been very silent since his return, but now comes to the front with as manly and business a letter as we often receive.

He shows that he has not retrograded in any sense and that he is a man of affairs.

He writes for copies of certain treaties to inform himself in matters pertaining to the affairs of his people.

He says it is sometimes hard to do one's duty amid temptations that are on every hand on the reservation, but he has faithfully tried to live up to the principles learned while at school.

"Of course," he says, "we do not expect to have smooth roads to travel on, there are obstacles before us to confront and conquer.

Carlisle students stand bravely by Carlisle principles and are doing fairly well under the circumstances. The majority of them are stock-raising and are doing well.

Some have farmed and raised good crops every year. A few are agency policemen and some are clerking at different stores while others are teaching school.

The less fortunate ones are working out by the day.

I have not seen any of the returned Carlisle boys wearing blankets or with long hair, and I have not seen any of the Indian girls wear Indian dress.

There are many money swindling white men on the reservation and they are the ones who make the rumors that we are failures. We admit that we are failures in one sense, we are failures in helping them to swindle money from the poor Indians. In spite of all these prejudices and falsehoods, the returned Carlisle students are making rapid advancement toward the higher standard of civilization.

I am married and have four children. All my children speak good English. I am thankful for what you have done for me."

AN INDIAN NAVY BOY WRITES.

U. S. S. "BUFFALO."
NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.
June 28, 1903.

Col. R. H. Pratt, U. S. A.
CARLISLE, PENNA.

DEAR FRIEND:

I will now inform you that I have resumed duty, and was transferred from the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. to U. S. S. "Buffalo" at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am doing temporary duty on board this vessel and expect to be transferred to some other ship when we get down South. We leave New York for the South Atlantic Station on or about August 1, 1903. From there we are expected to go to the West Coast, to San Francisco, California.

We will be six or eight months in making the trip around the Horn. I am glad that I am going to have the opportunity to see more of the south seas and lands.

My term of enlistment will about expire when we return to the States in the spring of 1904.

This vessel is 410 feet long and her tonnage 6000. She carries a crew of 800 men, most of whom are landsmen for training, numbering nearly 400, and the rest are men belonging to the regular ships company. This ship is used to the same extent as a training ship, but she is also what you call a transport, as she also carries men to some other stations East and South.

Among the landsmen for training is one of your boys, Blake Whitebear. He was

transferred from the Minneapolis a few days ago. This will be his first cruise on the blue deep.

He seems to be well satisfied on board this ship.

Will now close trusting that these few lines will find you well. With best wishes for your continued success, I remain as ever your friend and ex-student.

JOS. C. LAFROMBOISE, P.,
YOEMAN, U. S. N.

It will be remembered that Joseph was a visitor at the school recently. He has been on a sick furlough, but has completely recovered his health

MISSES PAULL AND ROBBINS.

Miss Paull, who is with Miss Robbins attending summer school at Morgantown, West Virginia, went part of the way by boat, and says in a recent private letter:

"Our boat ride was delightful and novel. In spite of the rain we sat out on deck. The Columbia is practically new, having gone through a renovating fire not long since. Our state-room was tiny. The berths were lovely and so restful that we did not want to get up. I sat reading, waiting until my mess-mate was in bed, when the steward came along to know if there was anything he could do for us

My honest praise of the accommodations led him to tell me the price of his carpet, etc; and to issue an invitation to visit his pantry. It was all complete and in perfect order. He offered us, (for I asked the only other lady passenger to go, too) pie, cake, fruit, but we preferred milk. The meals were very good.

When we got here we had a great hunt for rooms; the Y. W. C. A. not having received Miss Robbin's letter in time to be ready for us.

I tell you, my friends, our big, cheerful, homey rooms at Carlisle and the unusually good boarding we are accustomed to, have completely spoiled us for anything ordinary. Finally after the ladies left us, we sallied forth ourselves and found a charming spot on the river bluff, a large airy house, pleasant family, excellent boarding and beautiful views up and down the river and far beyond.

Our trunks did not come until yesterday so we have not studied the town much.

We enjoy our work greatly. We take the English Drama with Professor Henry A. Deers, of Yale; Literature for Primary and Grammar Grades with Prof. Cox and Geology with Prof. Friend Clark, the last two of this University. They are very interesting lecturers. Last night three of the professors gave a reception, for their pupils to become better known to each other and we had a pleasant evening. The reception was given at the home of Prof. Greene on a high hill, overlooking the whole town. We played charades, acting the titles of late books. I hope you are having the delightful weather we are."

FROM MAINE.

Susie Rayos, class 1903, writes to Miss Wood that she likes her home and surroundings in Maine very much. She has gone there for the summer to live in a family. Hattie Miller is with her and she too likes the place.

"Our home overlooks Lake Sebago, one of Maine's most beautiful lakes," continues Susie. "The lake is about eight miles in length. It is beautiful, especially on a clear day. Our people own several of the boats on the lake and we expect to go boating and bathing quite often when the water gets warmer, as the water is rather cold yet for bathing.

Hattie, our country brother, and I were out in the canoe Tuesday afternoon for about two hours. We had a very pleasant little sail along the nooks.

It has been raining for the last two days now, but we have had fine weather ever since we have been up here and we have been here just a week to-day.

We had an interesting trip coming up here from Rosemont, Pa. stopping at or passing such historic towns as Salem, Andover, Lyons, etc., and all reminding one of the Colonial days

We were out on the ocean one whole night in our steam boat.

We sailed under the famous Brooklyn Bridge that spans the North River. I heard that a submarine tunnel is to be built under this same river which will connect Brooklyn and New York City with railroads.

It is so nice and quiet up here in Maine, and the air so delightful and invigorating. The lake is so clear and serene at times that the reflections of trees along the banks are seen distinctly from our house.

A great many people come to Maine just for the summer. Some come on Saturday and only stay over Sunday.

Their cottages are beautifully hidden among the trees or on the Islands or along the lake shores. We hear a great variety of birds singing in the morning and our very near neighbor, the loon, is heard very frequently.

A BUDDHIST VISITS THE SCHOOL.

On Sunday, Hewa. Vitaran Dharmapala, of Ceylon, was a visitor. H. Dharmapala was a delegate to the Chicago Parliament of Religions, and is the originator of the Indo-American Industrial Educational Propaganda, whose aims are to educate the neglected children of the Sudra class in India, numbering about 20 million, and to transplant American industrial ideas and methods by introducing American agricultural implements and by starting industrial non-sectarian schools like the School of Education in the University of Chicago, the Lewis Institute, the Armour Institute, the Tuskegee Industrial School and Carlisle, in important towns in India to teach

both boys and girls various branches in arts and domestic science.

In a little talk before the school last Sunday evening our picturesque visitor in his native robe of orange reminded his audience that he too was once a boy. When seven years of age his mother used to talk to him about holy men. She used to tell him if he could be a holy man, no evil would befall him and that he could fly in the air.

He must be pure, not steal, not kill, not eat in the afternoons, not tell lies, not drink liquor, not wear flowers on the Sabbath day and not to sit on soft cushions nor lounge about on soft beds nor sleep nor eat much on the Sabbath.

The instructions of his mother has served him a good purpose. It taught him when a child to endure hard things, and since he has been "flying" about the world, having been around the world three times, he can go hungry and not suffer illness and can sleep on hard beds and sleep well.

Col. Pratt would have his pupils lead useful lives and there is a great field for usefulness in India.

St. Paul travelled to distant countries to be useful, and that was in the days when there were no steamboats.

There are 300,000,000 people in India, 450,000,000 in China.

In this country there are only 250,000 Indians.

That Indian field is a large one and the children there are literally starving to death. They are half-fed, ill-clad, illiterate, and live a life of suffering, misery, ignorance and indescribable poverty.

Higher humanity demands that these children be elevated by giving them that kind of education that is imparted to the children of Americans in Manual Training Schools such as Carlisle.

He made a strong appeal for the educated Indians to go to India. India is old and we are young, and don't we want to help the old? He wants to get good teachers to go to that country.

He gave a beautiful description of the Lotus flower, and showed how it grows from the mud but is pure, and they use it as the symbol of purity. His closing words for us to lead noble lives, avoid evil, be good, keep our hearts pure like the lotus flower, were strong and sincere. It was a talk full of good, sound, practical sense and helpful in every way.

Mr. C. O. Diffenbacher, of Mechanicsburg, was a caller on Wednesday, and subscribed for two years. He compliments the paper, and for the good of the school left a present consisting of the Story of the Declaration of Independence by Henry Mann, and History of Our Flag by John Quincy Adams, as well as a Facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, a most apropos gift and one that will be appreciated by those who frequent the library. We thank Mr. Diffenbacher very much.



MISS STEELE IN HER LIBRARY.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

The Fourth!

Bang-it-y-bang whang!

Don't burn your fingers!

The fire-cracker is in evidence.

Mrs. Hawkins, of Steelton, is here for a few days.

The face of the campus has had a Fourth of July shave.

Mr. Weber and his family are off on their vacation.

Mrs. Foster led the Sunday evening meeting in chapel.

Instructor Murtoff is again on duty in the blacksmith shop.

Assistant Printer Genus Baird began his vacation on Wednesday.

One year ago to-day, Carlisle experienced one of its worst storms.

Miss Barr made a hasty trip for the school to western New York this week.

Master Melbourne Burgess, of Philadelphia, is visiting his aunt, at the school.

The Carlisle Indian School to-morrow will celebrate its 24th Fourth of July.

To-morrow evening there will be a display of fire-works on the Indian School campus.

There is something the matter with the fellow who insists upon wearing good clothes at his work.

Don't forget the RED MAN, ye teachers who are out in new fields. Send us items and new subscribers.

Emma Sky who took Ida Swallow's place in the outing office for a few days, has gone to the shore.

Teachers should write of their experiences this summer and thus keep the RED MAN interesting.

Miss Weekley drove to Craigheads on Saturday on a business trip, and enjoyed being her own coachman.

While enjoying the celebration of the Fourth let us be thoughtful and try to understand what it all means.

Miss Martha Hench and Mrs. Hoffer of town and friend, from Philadelphia were callers, a few days since.

Mrs. Pettinos, of Bethlehem, formerly of Carlisle, and in town now visiting friends, was a caller on Monday.

Instructors Lau, of the wagon shop, Sprow, of the tin shop and Dysert, of the shoeshop are taking July for their vacation.

Retired Brigadier-General Robert, Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., of New York City, called to see Col. Pratt on Friday.

Please note that we are favored this week with correspondence from places that are far apart. The RED MAN covers a wide field.

Miss Senseney has gone to Chambersburg where she expects to spend her vacation at home. She has with her Esanetuck and Mary Cook.

Miss Newcomer arrived Sunday from Niagara Falls, and goes from here in a few days to attend the Columbia University Summer Course, New York City.

Independence Day will be celebrated this year in the Philippines, at Porto Rico, at Hawaii and thus our natal day observance becomes almost world-wide.

The Rainsford Island House of Reformation, Boston, through its instructor in printing, has sent us samples of the neatly printed programs of their closing exercises.

When the physician on ship-board suggested to Mr. Wheelock that he had better take some whiskey for his stomach's sake, he replied that he would rather be dead sea-sick than dead drunk.

The Indian Leader published at Haskell Institute comes out in its annual number with fifteen illustrations, which, with the reading matter gives one a very excellent idea of the school and its purposes.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Weber celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding, and was remembered by several articles of tin-ware contributed by friends, some of whom they entertained, and others of whom came upon them unawares.

Josephine Morris says by letter that they are having lots of rain in Michigan, but not enough to injure the berry crop. She wishes some of her Carlisle friends could be with her in the berry patch. She often thinks of Carlisle and has often wished she were back here.

Coach Warner came in from Poughkeepsie highly elated over the result of the races held there last week. Being a Cornell man, Cornell winning was much to him. He left on Tuesday morning for Buffalo where he expects to spend the summer.

Miss Moul has returned from her vacation, having spent the most of her time in Carlisle with her parents but during her absence she visited with her mother a cousin, in Blair county, who is 103 years of age, having yet a good mind and a body almost sound.

Mr. Sherry, who was detailed during the last two weeks of June, to look after the small boys in their cleaning of the school rooms, and putting away things for the summer, treated his little helpers to fruit, cake and peanuts before taking his departure on his annual leave.

Printer George Willard, who is at work on a farm in Columbia County, sends us some Oklahoma Hotel rules from "The Variety Joker." We thank him for them, but they are a little too frontier for our style of publication. George seems to be doing well and we are glad of it.

We are sorry to note that the Osage Journal, printed at Powhuska, Oklahoma, was burned out. Very little was saved in the building. The cause of the fire is not known, but a plausible theory seems to be, that it was through fire-crackers in the hands of some small boys.

Programs for the closing exercises of the Fort Belknap, Harlem, Indian Industrial School, Montana, June 25, have been received and show a pleasing entertainment. Ice cream, lemonade and cake were served during the afternoon, and every body was invited to be present.

A number of those going home this week and last came in and subscribed to the RED MAN. The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that all returning students would like to have the school paper sent them. They do like to get it, but some are careless about it, and when they get home do not have conveniences for writing.

Miss Steele is no longer on our temporary list but has received her regular appointment as Librarian, securing it through the Civil Service. We congratulate her and rejoice that she is to remain with us. The library under her regime is a delightful place of intellectual retreat, and she is ever accommodating when books of reference are needed.

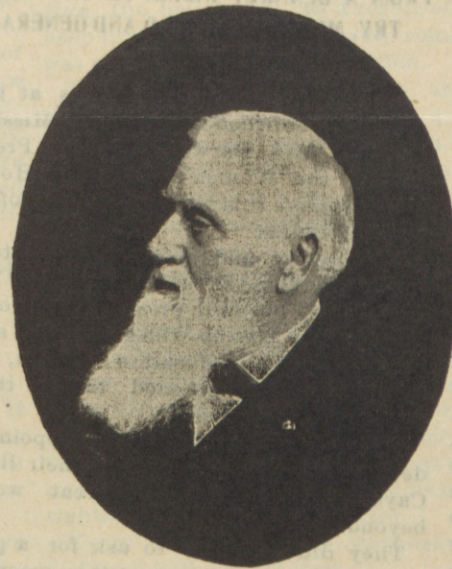
Michael Solomon writes from his country home that he sees the wisdom of the Carlisle Outing System. "We pupils" he says, "are given a privilege of mingling with civilized and cultured people, and the work of farming greatly improves us physically, morally and intellectually. I am enjoying this advantage, and I know that by firmly adhering to the word 'stick' success will crown my efforts."

Miss Laura B. Work, Superintendent of the Shebit Indian School, Utah, brought three little students for Carlisle this week. Miss Work has gone to Washington on official business, and expects to attend the National Educational Association, in Boston.

Mrs. Pratt and daughter Miss Richenda returned from Jamestown on the early train Monday morning. Both Colonel and Mrs. Pratt attended the closing exercises of the Thomas Orphan Asylum and were much pleased with everything they saw and heard. The school is beautifully located. Everything passed off satisfactorily. The Colonel went on to Washington for a day.

It was Lizzie Martin's wish to give her little girls a party before she left, but she was unable to carry out her desire and left enough means for refreshments with her older friends, under whose management the party was successfully given in the little girls' play-room. The play-room was handsomely decorated with flowers and the table was made attractive with roses and goodies for the occasion. There were games, too, which the little girls thoroughly enjoyed. The prize winners of the "Donkey party" were Mary Cook, first prize; second prize Louise Thomas; consolation prize, Martha Phillips. The managers of the party were Rose Nelson, Emma Sky, Lizzette Roubideau, Polly Tutikoff and Lydia E. Wheelock.

We are pleased to learn that our esteemed friend, General John Eaton, will spend the summer among the hills of New Hampshire. He always wishes the RED MAN to follow him and we shall be glad to send it. General Eaton has been a staunch friend of the Carlisle Indian School ever since it started. He is a friend of all education and was the first Commissioner of Education of this country and also the first Commissioner of Education of Puerto Rico.



GENERAL EATON.

MR. HARRIS LEAVES.

Instructor O. T. Harris, who has been identified with the Blacksmith and Wagon Making department ever since our school started, was obliged to leave his work a year ago on account of ill health. He lost an eye through his sufferings. A side from that he is nearly as well as formerly and for the past three months has supplied a vacancy at his old stand made by the absence of Instructor Murtoff on an extended leave.

On Tuesday Mr. Harris again took his departure. He leaves the work with the assurance from actual evidence that he has turned out scores of workmen of worth, who are making a comfortable living at the trade he taught.

In connection with this be it said that the blacksmith's trade has been an honorable trade in all history.

See for a moment what the blacksmith's hammer, although a very simple looking tool does for the world. It is composed of steel and hickory lumber, at an average cost of probably ninety cents or one dollar. A common-place tool, yet all machinery, steel tools of all description—surgical, dental, astronomical, philosophical, railroads, ship companies, express companies, all are dependent upon the blacksmith's hammer.

Seat the blacksmith and his hammer in a corner for one week in idleness and business would come to a stand-still.

No navigation companies, no transportation of any kind, the pack-mule excepted, and that lone means of transportation would have to be used, without a bridge bit or frame to load the pack upon.

Surely the blacksmith's hammer is the king of tools, the one required to make all other tools used in mechanics, and Mr. Harris has been an expert user of this king of tools for half a century. May his declining years be those of peace and comfort.

THE BOY MISS PIERRE TOOK HOME.

MY DEAR COLONEL: "(says Wm. Hazlett class 1895, now banker in Oklahoma.)

I am sorry to inform you that Edward Tabby-nan-a-ca who recently came home from Carlisle sick, is dead. Edward died last Saturday. I didn't know anything about his death until after he had been buried or I would have taken charge of his body and given it a Christian burial.

The Indians that had him in charge put him into a sweat house and he died soon after coming out.

Crops are backward here this year owing to too much rain and cold weather. During the high water we had no trains running on this branch for twenty days and no mail for eight days.

Harvest is in full sway; the wheat crop where it wasn't covered with water during the rise will produce an average yield.

Wheat is selling for \$.67 per bushel and potatoes are bringing \$1.20 per bushel. Corn has been selling for 60 cents per bushel on the ear. I think that corn will continue to be high for the next year.

Trusting that you will be able to pay us a visit this summer. I am yours truly,
W. M. HAZLETT."



INSTRUCTOR HARRIS AND THE INTERIOR OF HIS OLD WORK SHOP.
WE NOW HAVE IMPROVED FORGES.

wrong notions are constantly put into the heads of people far from the true Indian character, by such pretenders as the Texas Indian show company "of Germany."

It was curious to see such a mass of people so thoroughly enjoy such a silly affair as that. If it were possible for an organization of some kind from Carlisle or any other Indian school to make a tour through Europe and show the European people that Indians are human beings and are capable of competing with the best of people, it would do a great deal towards counteracting the impressions made by Buffalo Bill and dime and other novels.

I was invited the other day by one of the tennis clubs of Leipzig to play tennis on one of the courts at Sport Platz. I accepted the invitation with the greatest of pleasure and played two sets.

While I could not entertain them with witty remarks, being rather the "silent partner" I kept the opponents busy chasing American "cuts" and side twist-ers.

The tennis players here do not play a fast and snappy game, but are slow and easy. The only games I have seen played since I landed in Germany are tennis and "toy" foot-ball. I feel kind of lonesome for American sports.

DO THE FILIPINOS AWAIT A CENTURY OF DISHONOR ?

We have all heard of the century of dishonor in connection with the former unjust treatment of the Indian tribes by the National Government. Many of us, also, have heard of another long and grievous chapter of the treatment of a comparatively weak nation by another much more powerful, in the case of the forcing of Great Britain's product of opium, raised in her East Indian possession, upon the people of China.

That traffic is an active and a lucrative one, so that it is likely the Government of China, and its chief officials, much as they protested years ago against the introduction of the degrading drug, would not now be willing to lose the custom's revenue derived from it, and keep it out of their country.

Now, something of just this sort in the new insular possessions of the United States is threatened.

It appears that there are certain parties in the Philippine Islands who are very anxious to get hold of the import trade in opium to be given a monopoly at the whole traffic. If this be allowed them the business will be greatly enlarged, and the terrible debasement consequent upon its extensive use, now so evident in China, will be repeated in fair Luzon, Mindanao, and the hundreds of other islands of the vast group that have so recently come under our sway, and whose condition, so many have said, was to be improved far beyond what it has ever been in the past.

The legislature of the Philippine Islands was to decide the fate of this bill on the 15th inst.

It is understood that the bill was passed, and now, nothing interposes against its operation, but the adverse action of the War Department or the veto of the President.

The Native Races Deputation, of which Frances E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Union, is chairman, and Wilbur F. Crafts, of the Reform Bureau at Washington, is secretary, being apprised of the peril impending, have been active in opposing the measure.

The following brief, but pointed protest was sent to the President by Josiah W. Leeds, who some months ago, it will be remembered, made a successful appeal to headquarters against "showing the Indian in the Rough" at the coming St. Louis Exposition. The present appeal says:

"I understand that there is a bill before the Philippines' Legislature which is intended to create a monopoly in opium. Are we to run a race with Britain in its Indo-Chinese Policy in this same direction? Our "Sunday racing-track at Manila, with its gambling and liquor drinking, has shown the native how our civilization can distance his petty cock-fighting in the matter of sports. If American influence in the Pacific is to be of the beneficent kind, I feel sure it cannot be secured through such sinister legislation. May I not ask in the event that so malefic a measure should actually pass, that it be promptly met by the President's veto? Such action would be accordant with the maxims of the "Simple Life," the Christian life, as I interpret them."

The last allusion, it may be said, refers to the noteworthy book by the Alsatian



TAILOR SHOP. APPRENTICES LEARNING HAND WORK.

Charles Wagner, which was favorably referred to, some months ago, in a public speech by President Roosevelt. The latter has referred the above, as also other protests against the projected Opium Monopoly to the Bureau of Insular Affairs, whose Chief, Colonel Edmunds, has replied, "it will be given careful consideration before final determination."

FROM A BLANKET INDIAN TO THE MINISTRY, MISSIONARY FIELD AND GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

In her recent annual address at Los Angeles, published in the Home Mission Monthly, Mrs. Darwin R. James, President of the Women's Board of Home Missions gave this wholesome story of an uprising Indian:

"Presbytery and going to presbytery was much talked about for years after the Nez Perces began to preach to their own people; and because the going and seeing was such an education to them, the missionary strengthened rather than weakened their desire.

Often several more than the appointed delegates would ride out on their little Cayeuse ponies into the great world beyond.

They did not need to ask for a permit from the agent to go to this meeting as for other journeys.

The happy party would carry the tent and provisions for not only the way, but for camping while there.

It was no offence in those days if they were not taken into the homes of the church that was entertaining the presbytery, but now there is no difference; the Nez Perces are treated just as well as their white brethren.

The Nez Perces were then so poor that Miss McBeth had much care and anxiety about their clothing to see that they were all presentable before the presbytery.

The first ordained minister was hard to fit and not at all particular about the looks of a garment, if it were only loose enough.

A happy day it was in the little mission home, when on the eve of a meeting of presbytery a box of clothing arrived from some friends in Pittsburg, Pa.

There was a coat just right for Robert and Miss McBeth gave it to him with the charge to keep it carefully for the presbytery—the one he had would do for home service.

But at that time the great heart of this man was full of other thoughts than clothes, for this was about the time of the breaking out of the Joseph war, and strange Nez Perces who did not wish to enlist under Joseph's banner, were slipping within the reservation lines.

Among the number who came into the Kamiah community was a mother with her three boys from the fierce White Bird band, Joseph's helpers.

The oldest of the three sons, a large-framed boy with long hair, paint and blanket, soon followed the Christians to

the church, but was too timid to go in, and the first Sabbath stood around listening to the sermon from the outside.

The next Sabbath he slipped into a seat near the door.

The Spirit so fastened the truth which he heard from Robert's lips that he was anxious to hear more about the new way and his conversion soon followed. His flowing locks were cut, the paint was washed off, his blanket laid aside, he was dressed in the precious presbytery suit and Robert led him to Miss McBeth in triumph.

As soon as she could speak to Robert alone she said:

"Oh, Robert! why did you give away your presbytery coat? You know I am anxious to have you respectably clad among the mountain ministers."

He was surprised to find her so vexed, and said:

Miss McBeth, he is a Christian now, and wants to begin to study with you; he could not come in a blanket and had no coat, but I had two coats and the Bible says, "Him that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none."

The boy took his place in her schoolroom and what comfort she had in watching both mind and heart develop under her training and how strong the tie between her and the pastor, Robert, till death separated.

"That big over-grown Indian boy in Robert's presbytery coat was our beloved James Hayes, who is now a man of great influence not only among his own people but a chosen vessel to carry the Gospel to the Shoshones.

He stood before the Woman's Board, at one of its meetings, during the General Assembly in Philadelphia."

THE ART OF SLEEPING.

It will be readily seen that how much sleep a man requires depends very largely upon how he sleeps, remarks Health Culture.

He who sleeps normally may be well and strong on six, perhaps even fewer, hours of sleep.

He who sleeps as do the majority of people will be apt to find even eight or ten hours inadequate.

The question is, rather, how to sleep than how long to sleep.

There are people who never rest. Sitting or lying down, as well as walking or working, their muscles are active.

On the other hand, there are some who can lie down, relax all the muscles, stop thinking and rest in this way without sleeping for a half or quarter of an hour.

One may rest without sleep, just as one may sleep without rest.

Sleep is very largely a matter of self-command.

"How far away are the enemy?" asked Napoleon.

"They will reach us in twenty minutes," was the answer.

"Then I'll have twenty minutes' sleep," he remarked.

And he slept calmly and restfully.

Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, had the same power; so had Von Humboldt.

These men had mastered the art of sleep. Sleeping is an art—an art to be acquired, happily.

How to antagonize insomnia in a normal way is, perhaps, one of the most important problems which is given to a brain-worker to solve.

Blessed are they who can solve it in the right way; and unblessed are they who try to solve it in the wrong way.

Let me give a morsel of personal experience.

After a day of more or less exacting brain activity is done, I am in the habit of using some artificial and mechanical means to get the circulation away from the head back to the extremities.

I used to think that walking would do this; and it is certainly helpful; but it is by no means always to be relied upon.

Here is a little recipe: Before getting into bed, stand on tip toe, letting the body down slowly as far as possible, then rise again with deliberation.

Do this twenty to fifty times every night at least. I have heard of an octogenarian in my neighborhood who attributes his long life and good health to a faithful observance of this little device.

THE FOURTH OF JULY FINGERS.

Ten little fingers standing in a line, One held a firecracker; then there were nine.

Nine little fingers standing up straight; Fooled with a cannon until there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to heaven Pistol didn't work right and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers lighting powder sticks, One went off suddenly and then there were six.

Six little fingers all that do survive, One stops a pin-wheel and then there are five.

Five little fingers burnt and bruised and sore, Get before a rifle and then there are four.

Four little fingers bunged up as can be, One meets a bombshell and then there are three.

Three little fingers don't know what to do Shake some Roman candles until there are two.

Two little fingers get before a gun, When the smoke has passed away there remains but one.

One little finger pointing towards the North, Is the only veteran of the jolly Fourth.

E. P. PITZER.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 2, 6, 7, 1 is what boys' fingers get on the Fourth.

My 9, 5, 8 is the kind of weather we are apt to have on the Fourth.

My 8, 5, 3 is what a boy might stub on the Fourth.

My 4, 6, 7 is what we do not need to wear to keep warm on the Fourth.

My whole is the greatest day in the United States.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Rainy Weather.