

# The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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## LIFE'S MIRROR

HERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave  
There are souls that are pure and true,  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.  
'Tis just what you are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

—MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

## GIVE THE INDIAN BOY AN EQUAL SHOW.

Just who T. J. Jackson, of White Clay Dakota is, we know not, but his published ideas in Oglala Light are worthy of serious consideration. The success of Indian education all centers on the caption of this article, in Mr. Jackson's own words, but we cannot conceive of the Indian boy having an EQUAL show as long as he is kept as an Indian by himself on the reservation, Kindergarten or no Kindergarten. The writer says in part:

We hear so much at our institutes about giving the Indian boy an equal show with the white boy.

This is a correct statement of the case but the phases trouble our authorities so. The fundamental principle involved seems overcast and quite invisible to the casual eye.

In consequence, orders are given to the men behind the guns to do execution as duty appears, and poor lo is usually executed.

It is to be remembered that the average white boy is equipped with an entirely different mental attitude to that of the Indian boy.

He has been trained to use his powers to the best possible advantage from infancy; to work, to study, to be truthful, seeing the while the relation of all to his own life, in his limited way.

Not so with the Indian boy; his ideas of life are quite the opposite of the white boys.

Instead of the home training which shapes the white boy's future, the Indian boy has nothing that will fit him for civilized life.

Natural antipathy of parents which yields only to police force cannot reasonably be expected to do much along this line for the children.

Then to give the Indian boy an equal show with the white boy we must start him even with his white friend, age is no criterion nor is avoirdupois, what then?

It is his mental attitude.

We must first supply the Indian boy with a home training to start him even.

Of what does that consist?

He must do those things which will create inward thought in common with white boys i. e. he must start kindergarten fashion to use his powers.

He must work with his hands sufficiently to learn to respect labor as does the white boy and further to regard it as the source from which he might reasonably expect returns first.

The Indian men even have not all reached this point in civilization.

Where is the little white boy that is not alert to find something to do to earn a nickle, go on errands, sell papers, anything he can turn his hand to, but his everlasting idea is to DO.

This faculty was developed at home and among his associates.

Before we can hope to do anything worth the while for Indian boys we must in some way supply this home training.

When once started aright his study and his truthfulness will follow as the easiest and best means of making true progress in the world.

It is ruinous to hold up before the Indian boy what the government is doing for him.

What has the boy to do with that.

Could he understand one iota of the truth involved.

If he got anything at all out of the English blating it would be what most

all Indians think, viz. that the government does this because it is afraid of the Indians and has to feed them to keep them from making trouble.

They have not the basis upon which to rest such argument.

What's to be done then?

Begin kindergarten fashion as stated to teach values measured by labor, every inch

If a boy gets a hat let him know that his own labor has paid the debt before hand.

Thus he starts right, upon this concept, hammered and tamped with his own sweat through the whole catalogue of wearing apparel and that of the table as well, build the next step viz. relations of values in kindergarten fashion.

Give the Indian boy equal show and he will be O. K.

He is not to be measured by his age nor his avoirdupois.

## THEY DO NOT KNOW IT ALL.

The Weekly Examiner of Bartlesville, Indian Territory, in a prefatory column to an advertising sheet for the Territory, gives fourth statements touched with sarcasm yet impressively truthful regarding the erudition of the Ethnologist. The writer goes on to say:

Ethnologists, like doctors, disagree else the problem of the origin of the Indian race would not at this late day remain unsolved—at least to the satisfaction of the ethnologists themselves.

Among these savants, who make the human race and its origin their life study, there are those who hold to the theory that the American Indian of today is the descendant of Asiatic seafarers and nomads who ages ago ventured in frail boats across Behring Strait, the narrow channel of the sea which separates the western from the eastern hemisphere.

These scientific men bring indubitable evidence in support of their theory, pointing out those racial characteristics of the Indian which they prove to be analogous with those of the Mongols and other Asiatics.

These euridite professors also find evidence among the ancient ruins of Mexico and Yucatan and other regions further south, which they claim goes far to show that the American continent was not unknown to the Phoenicians, those first rovers of the seas, and the proud, fierce and unconquerable spirit of the American Indian is believed to spring from Phoenician blood that flows in his veins.

The learned savants go even further back into the realm of antiquity and find in the hieroglyphics that cover the walls of buried temples, irrefragible proof that the learning and civilization of ancient Egypt had penetrated these shores thousands of years before the infant Moses slept amid the bullrushes of the river Nile.

Others schooled in ethnologic lore scout these theories and boldly assert that the Indians have always been here; that the American Continent, and not Asia, is entitled to the honor of being "the cradle of the human race."

The Indian is indigenous to this continent and it was his offspring which crossed over to Asia and from thence spread to all habitable portions of the globe.

The Garden of Eden, they maintain, existed here and here our first parents were created. And so on, ad libitem.

This conflict of opinion among the savants leaves the laity in a state of perplexity and bewilderment. But those of us who have been irresistibly attracted to Indian Territory, the land of the last of the aborigines, and are held here in pleasant bonds as if under the spell of some subtle enchantment, are forced to concur in the belief of the latter school of ethnologists. At least to the extent that the Garden of Eden was here, and is still here. Further than that no one knows or may rightfully assert.

When Columbus came he found the

country inhabited by countless thousands of Indians.

They were a generous, hospitable, peaceful people and remained so until the greed, the avarice and the oppression of the discoverers rendered them otherwise

The nations and bands and tribes that dwelt here when Columbus landed have disappeared from the sight and knowledge of men.

Comparatively, only a handful of their descendants are on earth today and they too are fast journeying toward the Happy Hunting-grounds.

They are moving off before the approach of the Anglo-Saxon and their habitat of today will be given over to the white man tomorrow.

## MAKING "GOOD" INDIANS.

Hugh James sends us the following clipping from Wisconsin, but does not credit the paper:

The famous saying "there is no good Indian but a dead Indian" is fast losing its force since it has been demonstrated at the Carlisle school that the Indian is human and capable of having developed within him the highest qualities of useful citizenship.

The fate of the Indian is the most dramatic phase of American history. We have conquered nature in all its forms and adapted all its resources to our use except in the case of the aborigine. Him we have utterly failed to assimilate, to understand, to convert to usefulness—perhaps for the reason that it has seemed more profitable to give attention to his lands than to his manhood.

Poor Lo has never appeared to be "pay dirt." We have carelessly raked him aside to get at the soil under him. And now that there is no place left to which to rake him, we have gone to smelting him to find whether, after all, there may not be some good in him. And it is being found that he is a rich-bearing quartz.

It may surprise a lot of people to learn that many of the best hospital nurses in the country are Indian girls; that some very successful men in commercial life, in the higher professions and in skilled trades are full-blooded Indians. The Carlisle school is effecting wonderful transformations.

We have been late in discovering that George Washington was right when he contended that the only way to make a good citizen of an Indian is to educate him, not as an Indian, but as a white man—that the only way to make him white in his disposition and habits is to treat him white.

## WHAT IS AN OPTIMIST?

The average dictionary defines an optimist as one who believes that all things are for the best.

One day a man wielding a hammer struck his thumb instead of the nail he had intended to hit, and a friend, happening along a while after, said, "That is too bad!"

"No, it isn't; it's a fortunate happening," said the man.

"It has taught me the value of that thumb as I never knew it before. There are just two hundred and fifty seven things I have tried to do without that thumb, and find it impossible. Will you please open my pen-knife for me? Thank you! That makes the two hundred and fifty eighth."

That man was an optimist.

A man fell out of a window on the sixteenth story of a building, and as he shot by each window on his way down, he called out, "All right so far!"

He was not borrowing trouble. He was an optimist.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch said "Never open your umbrella until it begins to rain."

She like the man just mentioned, did not believe in anticipating evil.

## A LESSON FROM TWO INDIAN SCHOOL PUMPS.

Two old pumps that had worked faithfully for years together in the bottom of a dark pit in the Indian school, at Chemawa, Oregon, all day and night, decided to go on a strike.

The big pump was heard to say to his little brother, "Let us stop, what's the good working ourselves to death down in this dark hole. We do not get even a kind smile or a word of thanks."

"Yes, that's so," quickly replied the little fellow, "for I am tired of being continually dosed with oil, pounded with wrenches, and packed with rubber, so that I can hardly move or breathe. We will make those big folks, who are too high up to even look at us, come to their senses and see how they can get along without us."

Thus they talked and discussed the matter, after which the vote taken was unanimous in favor of a "walk out."

So last Saturday night at 5:30 p. m. they quit. Darkness reigned supreme, as the boilers could not furnish steam to run the engines, and the engines could not operate the dynamos. Consternation fell upon the happy school.

Officers and students were going sideways to reach for the old discarded lamps.

What is up?

What is the matter?

No light?

No water?

Yes, sad to say, and all because of those stubborn, disobedient pumps.

All night and the next day the engineers, supervisor and superintendent applied all kinds of remedies to those tired little rascals.

They even got down on their knees and begged, plead and argued for the standpoint of health, comfort and convenience to the pupils and employees.

But the pumps remained sullen and silent. Not a word did they say, not a move would they make.

At last the basket-ball girls with tears in their eyes and hearts broken because their matched game of ball, and sociable were called off on account of no lights, sent in a petition to the obstinate fellows, begging them to forget their troubles, be good and go to work again for their sake.

This melted the heart of the little fellow and he began to work at once.

His big partner, feeling ashamed of himself at seeing the noble efforts that his smaller friend was making, changed his mind also. Peace was then restored and the girls were happy because it ensured their game for Monday night.

MORAL:—Boys, how mean it is to get sullen, obstinate and disobedient. Never refuse to perform your work, no matter what it is or where it is. By so doing you will make others happy and feel all the better yourselves.—[Chemawa American.]

## DRAWING OUT THE GOOD.

Our best helping of others is not in what we give them, but in what we get from them.

A young minister spent an evening in conversation with a sympathetic friend.

As they separated, the minister grasped the other's hand, and said earnestly:

"Thank you so much for the way you've helped me.

Yet the other had said little, but had listened, and in listening had drawn out from the minister his own best thoughts. That was truest help.

Mere passive, unresponsive listening will not do this; it calls for study, and sympathy, and determination to see in others the good which may be hidden, and then tactful encouragement of their expression of that good, in words and action.

This has ever been the greatest power of those who have done most for their fellows.

It is costly power, but all may share in it.—[Sunday School Times.]



## Man-on-the-band-stand.

Moonlight nights!  
Spring is here at last.  
Mumps are on the wane.  
Frog concerts are in order!  
Yesterday's sun was gorgeous!  
Miss Hill spent Sunday in York.  
After the floods then comes dust.  
Aren't the birds earlier than usual?  
Miss Barr spent Sunday in Steelton.  
We can almost hear the buds bursting.  
Wallace Denny is assisting with the care of Mr. Pratt.  
Mr. Estopey had business in New York on Saturday.  
Let us WORK when we work, and PLAY when we play!  
Miss Flora Laird has gone to Las Vegas, New Mexico from Sante Fe.  
The Dickinson College Preps wear an air of comfort since their "Exams."  
Oil up that bicycle! Remember, however, that it will not run till it gets tired.  
Annie E. George, '98, is among those renewing, this week. She is at Cherokee, N. C.  
Where we plant our feet now on the edge of the walk, there the grass will be killed.  
Oliver Exendine and George Balenti, class 1904, have gone to their Oklahoma homes.  
Mr. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, is able to walk with assistance and is improving steadily.  
The "Spring Fever" is an ingrowing fever, and the best remedy for it is WILL POWER.  
Mr. Gotsworth and force have already begun their Spring "straightening up" of the grounds.  
Miss Richenda Pratt has spent a few days with her brother Mr. Mason Pratt in Steelton.  
The bugle was a welcome sound on Tuesday night, the first since the band went to Philadelphia.  
"Keep off the grass" signs this year read "Keep on the walk," and Miss Ely thinks that means "do not run."  
We have received the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Maryland School for the Deaf, compliments of Charles W. Ely.  
The teachers were invited to Mr. and Mrs. Allen's on last Friday night to meet Miss Patridge, and a jolly evening ensued.  
Thomas Saul designed the programs for the entertainment last night. Antonio Blanco is on the Easter Service booklet.  
An Exchange says it costs Uncle Sam \$1,250,000 annually to predict that tomorrow will be fair, and then it is likely to rain.  
A Philadelphia subscriber hopes that we may have courage to continue in our good work and not feel that our efforts are in vain.  
The Band came in quietly Saturday night after a very successful three weeks, engagement at Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia.  
Esantouck is on her feet again and quite able to do many little things around the hospital to help Miss Barr, and she likes to do them.  
Mrs. Melinda Metoxen Cornelius writes for the RED MAN to be sent to her, and says that she is very happy in her new home, in Wisconsin.  
Do we know all the forms of the verb "to break" and how to use the prepositions correctly as per example of the Frenchman, last page?  
"Don't Spit on the walk" might well be placed over the "Keep on the Walk" signs. Some of the walks are very free from disease breeding spittal.  
Miss Hill and Mr. Canfield will visit the Invincibles to-night; Misses Smith and Steward the Standards and Mr. Nonnast and Miss scales the Susans.  
Dr. C. W. Beitzel, of Manchester, Kansas, the youngest brother of our Mr. William Beitzel, Col. Pratt's financial secretary, is his guest at present.  
We thank our friends for many kindly words of appreciation of our little paper. Among others Levi Levering, class 1890, Ft. Hall, Idaho, says "Your paper has been our constant visitor every week for years, and I like to see it coming in, bringing news, instructive ideas, methods, etc."

William Scholder received the sad intelligence of the death of his sister Margaret, once a student with us. She died of lung trouble at her home in California.

"What is Spring fever" asked some one. "Oh, it is that tired feeling that comes over a fellow when he wants to get out of doors and roam around and do nothing."

If from other signs we are not sure that Spring had come, we are made certain of the fact these lovely evenings when the south play ground is filled with baseball enthusiasts.

A very interesting catechism contest has been going on between the Catholic boys and girls, wherein a prize was offered to the winning side. The girls won by five points.

Mr. Hobart Cook, of the St. Luke's school, Wayne, Pa., is spending his Easter vacation at Carlisle, a guest of his mother, Mrs. Cook, visiting Agent for the girls in country homes.

Did you hear the geese on Tuesday night? There must have been millions of them, and they sounded more like flying dogs than geese. They flew very low and wakened many a midnight sleeper.

Josie Vetter who was a Carlisle student in its early days says that sometimes even yet she longs to be back to Carlisle. She thinks she spent some of her happiest days here, and left some of her truest friends.

We have the promise of a lecture from Dr. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, the eminent Brooklyn preacher, on the 11th of April. Admission 25 cents. Thirty cents will cover trolley rides to and from the school.

A pleasant letter from Mrs. Crosbie says they are settled comfortably in their new home in Minnesota, and are enjoying life. Her friends at the school sent a box of useful gifts, for which she expresses kindest appreciation.

Miss Cory's friends will be pleased to learn that she is enjoying her work "as mother to forty boys at the Winona Agricultural and Technical Institute, Indiana. She mentions her old friends by name and wishes to be remembered to them.

Says the Pottawatomie correspondent to the Indian Herald: Mr. Townsend, the industrial teacher has resigned and has gone to Washington where he expects to take a position as printer. Mr. Townsend was Carlisle's first printer boy in 1879.

Raymond Buffalomeat is working at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, and says he wants to "try to keep know what is going at Carlisle" and so wishes his RED MAN address changed. Raymond is on the police force and sends his best regards to all his friends.

"I am in need of a helper once in a while in my daily doings. I am an ex-student and wish to be remembered to my friends at Carlisle," is the way Joseph A. Schuyler words his letter asking that the REDMAN AND HELPER be sent to his address, at Jamison, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shively, according to a letter from Alice Duxtator have taken a third member into their family—a baby boy. Alice arrived home safely after her pleasant visit with us during Commencement, and she is down to work again, enjoying it all the more for having had a vacation.

The Carlisle Indian school exhibit at St. Louis goes in with other educational exhibits, not as Indian against Indian or Indian against white man, but as merit by the side of merit. If we have merit we will get our due, not because we are Indian and so little is expected of us, but because we do good work.

Edward L. Valley left Carlisle some ten years ago, and then completed a course in the Commercial school at Haskell, and has been in the employ of the Crane and Ordway Co., plumbers, at Duluth, Minn. for the past three years as General Office man having charge of the billing and pricing of material.

The Presbyterian boys are selling tickets for a lecture to be given in the Second Church Lecture room Carlisle, March 29 for the benefit of the choir fund. Dr. Watson Nicholson is to be the lecturer on the subject Edgar Allen Poe, whose inner life so many people would like to know. The printing of the tickets was done by our Presbyterian boys, some of whom contributed their play time. The Catholic students often contribute play-time for extra church work, and we like the spirit.

"You are invited to be present at the reception given by the U. S. Carlisle Indian Band, to be held in the school gymnasium at 7:30 P. M. Wednesday, March, 23, '04," is the way the invitation cards read that were passed around on Wednesday of this week. A person who was present, in commenting upon the occasion said the evening was most pleasurablely spent. Rarely has there been so much enthusiastic enjoyment in the various games played, and the manner of getting acquainted was unique, as in the grand march every time the piano stopped the gentlemen stepped forward to a new partner and introduced himself. Two prizes were given. The refreshments were adequate, and the toasts from Mr. Allen and Mr. Colegrove apropos.

Gail Hamilton is one of our old student who recently married a Mr. Wood whose business is in Phoenix, Arizona, and they are living in the town. Mrs. Hattie Achlin Harney lives near and they exchange visits. Nellie Orme who recently married is not so well as she was. Gail says her wedding presents were numerous and very nice, consisting of silver-ware, glass and other things, including flowers from California. She is happy for she says she has a good kind husband. He is a clerk in a curio-store. She enjoys house-keeping and is thankful to Carlisle for what she knows about it, and other things she learned when out to work, here. She says to Miss Barr: "I never can forget how kind you were to me when I was sick." Gail recently saw Susie Ramone, at Sacaton.

It is claimed that the Man-on-the-band-stand made a mistake in his statement last week when he said that the Juniors were ahead in the basket-ball contests. Mr. Thompson says, on referring the matter to him, that the final games for championship are on the way. When the Juniors and Seniors played, the former won. The contest between Sophomores and Freshmen resulted in a defeat for the Freshmen. When the Seniors and Sophomores played, the Sophomores won. There are two more games to be played to decide the championship, one of which was played last evening after we had gone to press. The result will be announced next week.

On Wednesday afternoon, at the parsonage of the First Lutheran Church in Carlisle, by the Pastor Rev. Diffenderfer, Miss Augusta Kensler, daughter of our storekeeper, Mr. Kensler was united in marriage to Mr. Mark C. Weber, of Reading, Pa. The brides home has been with her father on North Bedford street. The groom is a brother of Mr. Harry Weber, our engineer and steamplant man. The wedded couple went on a trip to Phila. and New York, and on their return will take up their abode at the home of Mr. Weber in Reading, where he is in business.

William Mahone, class 1904 has gone to the state of Washington to take a position as teacher as a temporary supply. It is his intention to return to Carlisle in the Fall to take a post course in Philadelphia. William is a printer, having made good progress in the limited time he had to work. His band duties took a number of hours each week, but he proved to be a careful, painstaking workman, conscientiously performing high-grade, responsible duties with credit. We shall miss his happy, genial face, and hope for him the best of success.

The band has become quite depleted in numbers, several of the graduates having left for other fields of usefulness. The organization made an excellent reputation as musicians at Gimbel's Philadelphia, where on last Saturday a three weeks' engagement was ended, and the management of the great store wants them to play again next year. It was estimated that from five to six thousand people attended the last concert.

Dock Yuktanache and Elias Charles are helping the Carlisle Sentinel office force set type this week. We have something to look forward to when we can make ourselves so valuable in any particular line of work that we are wanted as helpers. In that lies the whole secret of Indian civilizatio'n. When the Indian makes himself wanted for his true worth as a workman and as a man in the community the question is at an end.

Lou French and Maggie Reed assumed charge of Mrs. Corbett's class last week.

## THE EASTMANS.

Who should come to visit this week but baby Ohiyesa Eastman, son of Dr. Charles Eastman. This is Ohiyesa the second, as the Doctor's name is Ohiyesa. We say Baby Ohiyesa because when he left Carlisle he was a baby in arms, and the Man-on-the-band-stand can hardly realize that he has grown to be the little man his picture represents him to be, for it was only his picture that came, not Ohiyesa himself. He is five years old now and a bright looking boy. Along with his picture, came one of the house in which the Eastmans now live at Amherst, Massachusetts. Mrs. Eastman says the family is well and they are flourishing. The Doctor is lecturing when time permits. Dr. Eastman's new book on Wild Animals and Indian Hunting Stories is nearly ready for the press and will be brought out in the fall by a leading New York house. The title of such a book thrills, and we are sure it will be good reading. "Indian Boyhood" is now in its sixth thousand and is in steady demand—"selling like a classic," the publishers say. Dr. Eastman finds ready space in such magazines as Harpers. Mrs. Eastman says they are enjoying their present home and are only waiting for warm weather.

## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, it pleased the Almighty Father in His Devine Providence to remove from this earth our esteemed friend and fellow worker, Mr. Myron Moses, we as members of the Standard Literary Society of Carlisle, Pa., do resolve:

That in this bereavement the aforementioned Society mourns the loss of an earnest worker and a beloved and generous friend.

That the Society offers the most heartfelt sympathy to the home of the deceased, and

That this sympathy be extended to other relatives friends and acquaintances.

## How to get a Home.

The sparrows nests in the cover to the arc lights are a source of continual trouble to the arc-light man who changes the carbons daily.

The Man-on-the-band-stand asked him the other morning if the birds had begun this year.

"Oh yes, indeed," he replied, "If we worked as hard to get a home as do these poor little sparrows, there would be no homeless people in our land."

Frank Conroy, who was a student at Carlisle many years ago says the Government has stopped his rations; but "Do you think I sorry for that? No, sir, I not sorry for that, because I have little education from Carlisle school, that means self-support and become citizen man of the United States, so I could stand like a man."

The opening game for the baseball season will be played on our grounds next Wednesday afternoon, with Franklin & Marshall, as announced elsewhere. Let us hope for fine weather and finer skill on the part of our men. Root sensibly! That helps.

We have some Commencement programs left which we will be glad to give to any one who will call for them, or we will mail to any address if a one-cent stamp accompanies the request. The class picture is printed on the program, which makes them specially valuable to those who keep track of our graduates.

On last January there came to live with Mrs. Ella Rickert Ripley, of Elbowood, North Dakota, a little baby boy, which the Man-on-the-band-stand has failed to note. It will be remembered that Ella was Miss Barr's efficient assistant at the hospital for a long time before she went home, and she has many warm friends at Carlisle who are deeply interested in her welfare.

Mrs. Corbett has been absent for several days on account of illness, but we are glad she is feeling better. Mrs. Corbett is one of Carlisle's standby's in the sewing room, having been a helper there more years than any other member of the force, always plying her needle quietly and industriously, and always kindly in her attentions to the individual members of her class.

Miss Goodyear has been absent from the sewing department for a few weeks to take care of her mother who is very ill. Mrs. Leggett has been assisting in her place.

