The Red Man & Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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LIFE'S MIRROR

MHERE 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

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

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

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 blatting it would be what most

ment does this because it is afraid of the of Indians. 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

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

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

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 In consequence, orders are given to the 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

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

Others schooled in ethnologic lore scout Indians have always been here; that the titled to the honor of being "the cradle bad!" 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.

isted 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 aboriginees, 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 Gardeu of Eden was here, and is still here. Further than that no one knows or may rightfully assert.

When Columbus came he found the not believe in anticipating evil.

all Indians think, viz. that the govern- country inhabited by countless thousands

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

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 trans-

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 has 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?

mist as one who believes that all things better yourselves .- [Chemawa American. are for the best.

One day a man wielding a hammer these theories and boldly assert that the struck his thumb instead of the nail he had intended to hit, and a friend, happen-American Continent, and not Asia, is en- ing along a while after, said, "That is too

"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 The Garden of Eden, they maintain, ex-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 eigth."

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 umbrel until it begins to rain."

She like the man just mentioned, did

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 The average dictionary defines an opti- will make others happy and feel all the

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 ac-

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.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

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

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

To Civilize the Indian get him into civilization. to keep him civilized, let him stay.

HOW IS AN INDIAN TO BECOME A CIVIL-IZED INDIVIDUAL MAN IF HE HAS NO IN-DIVIDUAL CIVILIZED CHANCES?

IT WOULD ROB THEM OF MANHOOD AND MAKE PAUPERS OF EMIGRANTS COMING TO US FROM ANY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO RESERVATE AND DOUBLE-BUREAU-IZE THEM AS WE DO OUR INDIANS.

A VISITOR FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

Rev. George F. Arms, President of Concepcion College, Concepcion, Chili, was with us on Saturday and Sunday and addressed the student body on Saturday evening. He said in part:

I have been in South America and there we have some people who look very much as your fathers and mothers look. I don't know whether your fathers and mothers are so large. Those Indians are large. When I stand up by them they are very much larger than I am.

I have been down to the places where they live. They have large farms and many sheep and horses. They build thatched houses with windows.

Some of those Indians are well off, because of the large number of sheep and cattle they possess. They have fine lands. Some of them live entirely separate and maintain their pure blood. They are the same people they were years ago. They have their own religion just the same, but many have mixed with the people who colonized—the Spanish and Portuguese and French, and so we have many mixed bloods. Some are really

more European than Indian. Many of these people in Chili are proud of their blood. They are rather glad they have both bloods, Spanish and Indian, because the Indians are very vigorous and brave.

When the Spanish came they conquered the people to the north and along the plains, but they never conquered the people of the south.

The street I live on in Concepcion where our college is built bears the name of a brave old Indian Warrior, and there is a fine statue of him erected in the city.

It is a noble work of art, and I am glad to live on a street named for that great chief, great warrior and great man.

Unfortunately, there is an enemy among those people, a false friend and a very subtle enemy. Can you guess what it is? It is "RUM."

When the white people came to live among those people they raised a crop of their dress. They study well and make corn and distilled a large amount of alcohol from the corn they raised. They also make alcohol out of the wood and send it around among the people. Alcohol has destroyed many times more men than were ever destroyed in war.

When they had become weakened and demoralized by rum the Chilians went down and conquered them.

There is in Chili some of the most beautiful land I ever rested my eyes upon, hills, valleys and plains, and that is where these people live, and they have helped to make the Chilians a great and brave people among the noble people of this earth.

We have in Chili many pure Spaniards speaking pure Castilian, perhaps better than in any of the other Spanish-American countries. The Spanish have maintained themselves on large farms, and are better educated and have better homes than many of the mixed bloods. They have noble qualities, and I have always

them, but there are things which that little brother. country lacks because they have not the same chance for education that we have do a base thing like that? in the United States.

We have primary schools in all the villages, so that the people can get more or less education. Of late years some women from England, and I think from Canada and the United States, have started missions, and are teaching the English language and give medical assistance, and the Indians like them very much.

There are also people there teaching them to use implements. Sometimes they use the sickle to cut their grain with. It takes a long time and sometimes the rain comes before they are through and [have it gathered up, and spoils their crops. So these young Indians are learning how to manage reapers and harvesters and thrashers, and the American plow, and in many ways are improving their methods of work. They have changed their food very much.

Going further north we have the remnant of the Incas who occupied the greater part of Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Brazil and the north of Chili. When the Spaniards came the Incas had finely cultivated lands, fine temples and great wealth,-a wonderful amount of gold. The best Spanish historian says there were twelve millions of them at one time. Now the best authority I can get says there are only 31/2 millions. They spoke the Incas language. They had the finest organized country and a most humane government compared with many other governments. They remain more or less mixed with the Spanish. In Bolivia there is some effort being made to teach and train them and lift them up into Christian civilization, and it is expected there is a great future for them.

Then we have the natives on the plains of the great Amazon. The great Mississippi is called, you know, "the Father of Waters." It is a large river, but it is not to be compared with the Amazon.

The Amazon with its branches drains and civilization. Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Columbia, etc. a vast territory. One can go up the river a thousand miles, and it is four miles wide.

There are said to be 10,000 miles of navigation for ocean steamers, and I read the other day there are 50,000 miles of navigation for boats the size of our river steamers.

It is here that the rubber trees grow, and here live so many thousands of Indians that we do not even know the names of their tribes. They are in their native state, and know nothing of the gospel.

I went among the Chitians not knowing their language, and I found them a very delightful people. I have received nothing but courtesy and kindness from them. The country is largely in the hands of the wealthy land owners, and these people, many of them, go to Europe and are familiar with all the polite ways, with art and music, and appear in any country with respect. Art has a very high place with them.

On the other hand we have the middle and laboring classes who live a very inferior life compared with people of the same class here. Usually, they receive very poor wages and their lives are contracted, and many of them are not accustomed to good food. Some have not even sufficient clothing to keep themselves clean. But when the spirit of God gets into their hearts they are very ambitious to become right and respectable, and they think more of their habits and good advancement.

Sometimes I am very sad over their disregard for the truth. One day I was riding on the trolley car in Valparaiso and a lady very finely dressed, with two beautiful children got on the car. We had gone a little way when the younger, a very small boy, became sleepy, and his mother did not want him to go to sleep. So she said to him: "Oh look! See the fire engine. Look quick or they will be gone! See all those firemen!"

The little boy looked around but could not see any firemen, for there were none there. His mother had just made up the story to get him roused. She knew he would be very much interested in seeing the engine and the firemen in their bright uniforms.

The little boy said, "I can't see any flremen."

"O" she said, "they have just gone around the corner."

And the older child, also a very small

admired them. My heart goes out to boy, smiled to see his mother deceive his the cemetery they played "Nearer My

How could a mother teach a child to

People sometimes think it, a little thing to speak what is not true.

Let us remember that every time we tell what is not true we degrade oursives. In these things we must remember every time "Thou God seest me" and that the lie is written down in God's book, and we must give an account of it, and we must teach our children to so live as to be above what is mean and deceptive and degrading. But some people have not been taught that these things are so bad.

We have a very beautiful climate. Where I live we have no snow at all. It is only cool. In the morning there is a little white frost and that is as cold as we have it in Concepcion. In the mountains they have snow. Many fine fruits are raised. You know Chili is a long country and at some places not 100 miles Sometimes I can look at mountains 150 miles away, all peaks of the Andes covered with snow. One of the great peaks is now in eruption and is a beautiful sight. The whole stretch of mountain is very beautiful. I have seen the Alps in Europe but the Andes seem to me more beautiful than they.

Over on the other side of the mountains to the east are great plains. Buenos Ayres, in Argentine is a city with nearly a million people, and is growing very rapidly. It has many beautiful parks and beautiful streets.

They ship many products. I started out from the port on a vessel that carried in cold storage 80,000 dressed sheep, 2500 cattle dressed, and 1000 horses going to England.

We expect Chili to become a powerful country like the United States. South America is twice as large as the United States, and in all South America there are only 40,000,000. people. We expect it to become a great strong Christian land with a high understanding of true Christianity

THE S. B. S. CLUB.

The S. B. S. Club did have its entertainment in the small boy's quarters assembly hall last Friday evening as promised, and a goodly number of invited guests were present. They surprised the audience with their wit and originality as well as powers of imitation of their older brothers, which amounted almost to a burlesque.

The president, William Scholder, took conspicuous part, and the other performers were William Foster, Fernando Gonzalez, Henry Sampson, Harry Archambault, Joseph Sheehan, Simon Johnson, Scott Foreman, Abram Miller, Antonio Blanco, Fernando Vasquez, and others.

The S. B. S. C. Quartette gave a good selection, and the Declamations, Dialogues, Vocal Solo, Panorama, Play, Prologue, Epilogue and all, received meritorious applause.

One of the funniest take-offs was a Bugle Solo from a tin horn, the player Fernando Gonzalez, who threw in all the agonies of a professional trying to reach high and full tones, when his instrument did not make a sound. It was Scholder's bugle behind the scenes that made the music, and yet there are those to this day who do not know that secret.

The Clarinet Solo "Rippling Waves," by Joseph Sheehan, did ripple, and the accordion player, Fernando Vasquez was brought out several times.

The (D.) Critic, was the last number on the program and perhaps the most enjoyed.

The North end of the room was curtained off for a little stage, the color scheme was good and the whole thing was a pretty little success, the boys deserving all the credit they received, and more too, for their unaided and ambitious attempt.

They printed their own programs in unique design, with motto—"We'll do

But what Does S. B. S. C. mean? The initials after that entertainment deserve to stand for Superior Boy's Super-excellent Club.

MORE PARTICULARS.

From a personal letter from Mrs. G. W. Bosterick, of Akron, New York, we learn the following particulars of the funeral services of Myron Moses:

"Rev. Mr. Tripp preached the funeral Church was crowded. The band was there in uniform, and when they went to

God to Thee," and I hardly think any one could say they saw a dry eye, for I never heard the band play so sweetly. Papa sent a lovely bouquet of flowers, and the brother did all that any one could do. Only a few days ago he bought a new suit of clothes for Myron, so if he got well he could wear them to Church, and if not he could be buried in them. I thought that so thoughtful in him. His casket was beautiful, but such a lonesome dreary cemetery! It did seem too bad to leave him in such a neglected spot."

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD DAVIS HAVE A NEW BABY BOY.

We all remember little Richenda Davis, who was at Carlisle when an infant in arms. She comes this week to her friends at the school, with a newsy little letter, as follows:

SEGER INDIAN SCHOOL, COLONY, O. T. March 18, 1904.

MY DEAR MISS BURGESS:

I got your most kind and welcome letter some time ago. I got the picture you sent to me and was very glad to get the picture. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes are now getting their pay. Mama has another little baby boy, was born on Sunday night at half past nine. I do not know what its name going to be.

I am very glad to hear that you are well and Mrs Pratt.

From.

RICHENDA DAVIS.

ATHLETICS.

The annual cross country race will be run tomorrow-Saturday at 4 P. M.

There seems to be more interest taken in this event this year than ever before, and owing to the fact that the first four to finish last year will not be in the race there is much speculation as to who is liable to carry off the watch.

Mr. Conlyn, the jeweler, has given a solid silver engraved medal as one of the prizes for the cross country race, making seven prizes in all to be competed for besides the company and individual championships.

The baseball and track candidates commenced regular out door practice last Tuesday, and the athletic field presents a busy scene every afternoon after school.

The first baseball game will be with Franklin & Marshall next Wednesday on our grounds.

The base-ball squad lined up last evening for the first time.

BAD CRITICS ALL.

A Chicago club woman recently gave to her club the following motto:

"There is so much that is bad in the best of us and so much that is good in the worst of us that it doesn't behoove any of us to say anything about the rest of us."

Perhaps that is the message I most needed, for it struck me with such force, I immediately took it for my motto and have it in a conspicuous place on my desk where it frequently meets my gaze. It occurred to me that maybe there were

others to whom it would be welcome, so I pass it on with these thoughts.

Aren't we all more or less critical?

And do we ever stop to think when we score those who make mistakes that we cannot know all the circumstances which led to the error?

Perhaps had we been similarly tempted, we would not have held out against temptations as long as they did.

-[The Brown Book of Boston.

Drill our Throats and Mouth Muscles.

The words in the poem last page would make a good phonetic lesson for each to try by himself in his own room.

A boy asked an instructor the other day for a so when he meant a saw.

Study and practice on the correct sound of "o" in so and "aw" in saw, "oe" in shoe and "oe" in foe, "i" in pitch and "e" in peach.

'What are you learning to do at baseball?" asked a teacher.

"Peach," replied the boy.

It is such drill as this, that Miss Patsermon at the M. E. Church and the ridge wants us to practice, practice, practice, and by so doing we shall improve greatly in our English pronunciation.

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,

edge of the walk, there the grass will be

Oliver Exendine and George Balenti, class 1904, have gone to their Oklahoma

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 to-morrow 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

The Band came in quietly Saturday night after a very successful three weeks, engagement at Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia.

Esanteuck 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 nome, 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 no-

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 Where we plant our feet now on the 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

> 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 it the Winona Agricultural and Technical Institute, Indiana. She mentions her old friends by name and wishes to be remembered to them.

> Savs 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

> 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 exstudent 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 Doxtator have taken a third member into their familya baby boy. Alice arrived home safly 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 playtime for extra church work, and we like

"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 pleasureably 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-theband-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 busi-

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 Yukkatanache 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 civilization. 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. her place.

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 Manon-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 insteady 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 aforenamed 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 deccased, 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 curbons daily.

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

"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

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

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

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

WHY INDIANS DON'T PAY TAXES ON THIER LANDS.

The reason that the Government exempts Indian lands from taxation is the knowledge that the Indians are not likely to pay the taxes, and that non-payment of taxes will result in the loss of their

An educated Indian is certainly not entitled to any further protection by the Government in reference to his lands, but when we come to the full-blood Indian who has never been educated, in the Indian Territory, or elsewhere, who is ignorant because the Government of the United States has permitted him to grow up in ignorance, and possibly has not discharged its full duty in the past in that respect, that Government cannot say, "We will turn you out and leave you at the mercy of the white sharper, or your own folly," that he may be dispoiled of his property or squander it, and leave him at the mercy of the world in three months, as would be the result in most cases.

I believe that any young Indian who has had educational opportunities, for instance, equal to those given by the Government training schools, ought to be thrown on his own resources; but the old man and the old woman who never did have such opportunities ought certainly not at this late stage in their lives, when they cannot change, when their habits are settled, be thrown on their own resouces, surrounded by such conditions as exist down there.

The Government cannot acquit itself of its duty to this class of Indians in such a manner.-[EDGAR B. HENDERSON, of the Indian Department, in his Lake Mohonk address, last Fall.

DIE AS A TRIBE.

There have been three periods in our Indian policy.

One was the idea of extermination and extinction, the idea that the Indian should be killed-that was repudiated by our Government.

extermination, "Go off by yourselves on the reservation,"-that meant the death of the Indian.

Now we have got to another stage, that of benevolent absorption and assimilation in our life.

We say to the Indian: "Join our life, enter into its opportunities and obligations, be one of us and with us.'

That means a new idea, a new principle which we are endeavoring to carry out

the condition of the Indian in this country has been?

Truly, he has been "a man without a country;" born in this land, and yet without any right of citizenship, without anything but his tribal heritage and his inevitable death as a tribe

"Oh, yes; I remember; break up school,"
"Why does she do that?" I asked.
"Because her health is broken into.".

But now we say to him: "You may die as a tribe, but you shall come into the life of our nation."

-[REV. Dr. S. J. BARROWS, at Mohonk.

WHERE IS THERE SUCH A GATHERING.

In addressing the Carlisle School for Indians on a Commencement day recently, I asked Col. Pratt, as I arose to speak how many tribes and languages were represented in the ten or twelve hundred Indian pupils who were present in the audience of three thousand that filled the great gymnasium of the school.

After a brief conference with the faculty he answered, "Eighty-two different tribes and dialects.

I do not think that there is another roof in the world which covers, day after day, a gathering of people who represent so many different languages and tribes.

At a Durbar in India Lord Curzon may face representatives of as large or of a larger number of tribes and languages; but the Durbar is only an occasional

The Carlisle School is assembled morning and evening, every day in the year. -[Dr. MERRILL E. GATES, at Mononk.

A TRANSFORMED ENGLISH WORD

In a certain hamlet in Manitoba there is a merchant very popular with the Indians named Montgomery.

The Sioux Indians find it hard to pronounce his name correctly and call him, "Magomenie."

They giggle over the nick-name to an extent that was unaccountable until it was found that the epithet that they had given to their friend meant walkingskunk.-[Progress.

A STOP MUST BE PUT TO IT.

There is nothing so diverse in the In dian character as to prevent, under proper regulations and reasonable encouragement, their incorporation into the great citizenship of this country.

*

We have always dealt in N. Y. State with the Indian tribes by treaties; we have never taken their lands except by consent, but the time has come-if allotments are to be made and tribes are to be disintegrated—that the United States in behalf of the Indians must exercise the consent which an intelligent people would exercise for themselves.

Of course, in dealing with the Indians only the highest justice and equity should be regarded, but I do insist that a band of Indians in the midst of an intelligent Christain population shall not be permitted to destroy all the safeguards of morality and propriety among their own people for the sentimental reason that they do not in fact consent to a change of their

The tribal system as it exists upon the Onondago Reservation destroys every incentive to industry; it promotes laziness; it encourages ignorance; and it so fosters the relation between the sexes that it excludes all the sanctities of domestic life.

And we insist, as people living in that vicinity, not only in the interest of the Indians but in the interest of civilization itself, that a stop shall be put to this condition of things.

While it lasts they are enshrouded in a darkness which has no dawn.

Let us destroy this tribal relation; let us allot these lands in severalty, and it will be but a short time before the major part of these people will become reputable citizens of our republic.-[Hon. Chas. ANDREWS, Ex-Chief Justice Court of Appeals, at Mohonk.

ALSO HARD FOR INDIAN STUDENTS.

English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for a The other idea was that of benevolent foreigner to learn. The verbs and preposition are particularly puzzling. A professor in Columbia School of Mines tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break."

> "I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. De Beauvoir, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions.

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Berky, just now," he continues. "She says she in-Could anything be more pathetic than tends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?'.

"Break up her school, she must have

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed, since fever has broken up in her town—" 'Broken out.'

"She thinks she will leave it for a few

weeks."
"Will she leave her house alone?"
"No; she is afraid it will be brokenbroken—how do I say that?"—
"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."
"Is her son to be married soon?"
"No; that engagement is broken—

broken-'Broken off."

Yes, broken off "

"Ah; I had not heard that!"

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

broke the news; no preposition this time.

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow-a breaker, I think?"

"A broker and a fine. Good-day!"
So much for the verb "break"
— Philadelphia Ledger.

MORE FREAKS IN OUR LANGUAGE

When the English tongue we speak Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak" Will you tell me why it's true And the maker of a verse Can not cope his "horse" with "worse?" "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard," "Cord" is different from "word;"
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe;" Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose:" And of "goose," and yet of "choose." Think of "comb" and "tomb" and bomb;" Doll and roll and home and some, And since pay is rhymed with say Why not paid with said I pray? We have blood and food and good; Mould is not pronounced like could, Wherefore done, but gone and lone? Is there any reason known? And in short it seems to me. Sound and letters disagree.

THE JAPANESE INDIANS.

A traveler in Japan thus describes the hairy Ainos of that country:

"The men are about the middle height, broad-chested, broad-shouldered, thick set, very strongly built, the arms and legs short, thick and muscular, the hands and

The bodies, especially the limbs, of many are covered with short, bristly hair.

I have seen two boys whose backs are covered with fur as fine and soft as that

We were ferried over the river by an Aino completely covered with hair, which on his shoulders was wavy like that of a retriever and rendered clothing quite needless either for covering or for warmth.

A wavy black beard rippled nearly to his waist over his furry chest, and with his black locks hanging in masses over his shoulders he would have looked a thorough savage had it not been for the exceeding sweetness of his smile and

GOVERNOR JAMES BIGHEART.

James Bigheart, chief of the Osage Nation, is a fullblood Indian and was born in the State of Missouri. He has enjoyed the advantage of a good education and careful training in early youth and success has attended him all through life. He is the leader in every progressive movement among his people, and it may be said that he is the power which moves the Osage nation forward. Governor Bigheart, with others of his tribe, served in a Kansas regiment throughout the late Civwar and is today an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He is at present successfully engaged in farming, merchandising and banking. That he is a wise and prudent husbandman none can deny, as he has accumulated much of this world's goods. Governor Bigheart is a man who is loved by his friends and respected by those who differ with him in opinion.-[Bartlesville Examiner.

HOW TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS.

A well known physician declares that, barring accidents, there is no reason why one who keeps the following nineteen rules should not live to be a hundred: First, eight hours' sleep; second, sleep on your right side; third, keep your bedroom door open all night; fourth, have a mat at your bedroom door; ; fifth, do not have your bedstead against the wall; sixth, no cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body; seventh, exercise before breakfast; eighth, eat little meat and see that it is well cooked; ninth, for adults, drink no milk; tenth, eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs; eleventh, avoid intoxicants, which destroy these cells; twelfth, daily exercise in the open air; thirteenth, allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs; fourteenth, watch the three D's-drinking water, damp and drains; sixteenth, have change of occupation; seventeenth, take frequent and short holidays; eighteenth, limit your ambition; nineteenth, keep your temper .-- [N. Y. Tribune.

BETTER THAN CATCHING TADPOLES

The following tadpole story from As- read. ation Men is a splendid illustration of why a boy should STICK to his studies: Indian boys stop.

Two Alabama boys were one day acin a brook with, "What are you doing,

"Fishing for tadpoles," replied they. "What in the world do you do with tad-

poles?" "Raise frogs for the market and sell 'em.'

"Why don't you go to school?" persisted the stranger in his inquiry. "There ain't none," replied they.

"Would you go if some one would send you?"

One boy quickly said that he would. The other thought he would prefer to

catch tadpoles and sell frogs, and he was doing it at last accounts. The other fellow went to school, the

way being opened by the tourist, completed a college course, became a leader in national college work, a student volunteer, a speaker of power, and is now a most capable secretary in foreign work, and doing better than catching tadpoles.

THE FASY LIFE.

Every man would choose wealth and ease in preference to struggle and need. The easy life is the aim of mankind.

As an AIM it is the greatest factor in the progress of humanity.

Attained and indulged in it becomes the warper of character, the destruction of the individual, and the rot of nations.

The easy life, retrogression, and ruin are synonymous.

But wealth itself does not necessarily mean the easy life.

Rightfully considered, the word wealth is simply another way of saying work, opportunity, responsibility.

The struggle to obtain it and its rewards is really what is worth while, not the thing itself.

A man is a man.

Money, or travel, or books, or education, or any of these outward things, do not MAKE man.

In the short run and in the long run it is character that counts, and struggle makes character-men.

So that in this world of ours the object of all this struggle, of buying and selling, and planning, and achieving, of money and fame and war, does not consist in these things themselves.

They are mere puppets compared to the great object that surrounds and envelops us-the building up, the making of noble men and women.-[The Pacific Monthly.

BIGGEST INDIAN WOMAN LIVING.

William Dekorah and wife, Winnebago Indians, who will make their home in the northern part of Saux county, Wis., have been engaged at a good salary to spend the next summer at the world's fair. Mrs. Dekorah weighs about 400 pounds and is said to be the largest Indian woman in the United States .- [The Toma-

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

March 30, Franklin & Marshall, at Carlisle.

April 2, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

April 9, Albright College, at Carlisle.

15, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle.

April 16, Open.

19, Villanova, at Carlisle.

23, Lebanon Valley College, at Ann-April 30, Harrisburg A. C., at Harrisburg.

May 4, Gettysburg, at Carlisle. 7, Lindner A. C. "
10, Wyoming Seminary, at Carlisle.
16. Williamsport A. C., at William-

May 17, Williamsport A. C., at William-

sport, May 23, Lindner A. C., at Carlisle.

Open

" 30, Gettysburg (2 games) at Gettysburg.

" 3l, Bucknell, at Carlisle. une 4, Penn Park A. C., at York. " 8, Franklin & Marshall, at Lancas-

11, Albright at Myerstown.
11, Lebanon A. C., at Lebanon.
15, Harvard, at Cambridge.
16, Fordham College, at Fordham,

17, Seton Hall, at South Orange, N.J.

18, Lafayette, at Easton. 22, Bucknell at Lewisburg

ENIGMA.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 7, 5, 4, 14 Indian boys whip to make move rapidly. My 6, 9, 10, 14 Indian students like to

My 8, 11, 12, 7 is a command that makes

My 3, 1, 2 is what may be said of people costed by a stranger as they were fishing who live very poorly. They manage to 3. 1, 2, out an existence.

My 11, 14, 13 is the way to learn.

My whole is what some recently planted orders would have us do.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Keep off the grass signs.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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