

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. I, Number Forty-six

LAMENT OF THE THORN.

I AM only a little sharp thorn,
Hidden beneath the rose;
Only a thorn,
But the rose is shorn
Of half the pleasure it gives to those
Who pluck it forgetting me.
I was born—just that little sharp thorn;
To hide here, under the rose,
Only a thorn,
But quite forlorn,
For my heartache nobody knows,
And the world can never see.
But, oh, the woe and the pain!
To hide here, under the rose,
The same refrain,
Ever again:
Praise for the rose as every one knows
Only bitter words for me.

—[EMMA S. THOMAS
In Everywhere.

GENUINE COURTESY.

FOR THE REDMAN & HELPER.]

Courtesy is a growth that must be rooted in the heart. It must pervade a man's entire being. It must be warmed by the sun of his sympathies, strengthened and invigorated by common sense, if it would send its fragrance out to enrich the lives of his fellows. If it have not these qualities, it becomes but vapid sentiment on the one hand, or affectation and hypocrisy on the other.

A truly courteous man has the golden rule as the actuating principle of his life. He does not allow his own personality to obscure the claims of his fellow men. True courtesy is personified in the dying Sir Philip Sidney, who on the battle field of Zutphen gave the cup of cold water intended for his own parched lips, to the wounded soldier, because he measured the soldiers' needs in term of his own suffering,—“Thy necessity”, he said, “is greater than mine.”

The courteous man is as sensitive to his neighbor's spiritual qualities as is a barometer to the pressure of the atmosphere. He is always capable of anticipating the effect of a remark or an act. Hence with him the act that enkindles bitterness remains undone; the speech that stings, unuttered. He is always unstudied, kindly, considerate; loving his neighbor as he loves himself. Nothing more; nothing less.

These qualities distinguish the GENTLEMAN and the GENTLE-WOMAN from the “snob.” The latter has only a veneering of hollow unsympathetic form, that fails to conceal his emptiness and lack of worth. His air, his tone, his every act betrays him and chills into silence those who must needs come into his presence.

Persons of this class have their peculiar conventional standards. They measure, in a cold calculating way, each individual they meet. They ticket him with their false estimate of his social value. They render his measure of flattering phrases, and empty compliment. “Molasses catches more flies than vinegar.” Such persons therefore set their little snares, baited to meet the supposed exigency of the case, that by these unworthy processes they may win the hollow baubles that constitute the joy of their unworthy lives.

They are not unlike the wearer of a wig, who at an unexpected moment may find his head gear awry, showing the baldness beneath.

We read with amusement the story of a certain consequential war correspondent, who came to General Grant's headquarters on business. He turned his horse over to the first person met, with

scant courtesy, only to find a few moments later that he had made himself, ridiculous, by being rude to the General himself, whom he mistook for an ordinary soldier. The General received the promised quarter for his service, as hostler, and the young man a lesson he never forgot.

On more than one occasion has an ill-humored conductor berated an inoffensive passenger for some unintentional breach of regulation, only to find that he has been discourteous to a director or official of the road that employs him.

Sincerity and genuine interest in those about us like the ring of true coin, can not be mistaken. One often meets men or women whose daily duties, hour after hour, present trying circumstances, and bring them in touch with many people.

They carry through it all a placid face, a gentle voice, an air of encouraging, helpfulness that inspires confidence. These are sufficient indications that their hearts are right and their life guided by the golden rule.

How often in business relations do we meet those who, though burdened by long hours of service, and many duties, yet never fail to throw a warm personal interest into the wants of every one they serve, doing gladly and cheerfully, more than is required to please. It is not done because the watchful eye of the master is upon them, but because the golden rule of courtesy is hidden away in the heart. Money does not compensate for such service.

Daily with the throng of visitors that come and go among us, we have the privilege and opportunity of testing our growth and development in this respect. Especially is this true where duties multiply, and time will not wait. Then it is that a quiet moment of meditation will serve to sweeten the disposition, so that the most casual curiosity seeker will receive the same kindly smile that is bestowed upon the most learned and appreciative visitor. It is the exceptional student, the exceptional employee, we believe, that betrays his trust in these matters.

Genuine courtesy can be cultivated, but first the seeds of kindness, self-control, unselfishness and sympathy must be sown in the heart. Shyness and self-consciousness will disappear as a man merges his interests into another's needs and pleasures.

“Courtesy costs nothing,” we often hear.

Oh, but it does, and a great price, too. It costs long years of self-suppression. If this process is begun in childhood it is a less forced growth, and possesses a rarer beauty than when undertaken in later life, but all may cultivate this true courtesy.

Like mercy “It is twice blessed; it enricheth him that giveth and him that receiveth.”

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP IN THIS COUNTRY.

In a series of articles by Dr. Lyman Abbott in the Outlook, his eighth chapter printed in May 25th issue, gives conditions necessary to make a good citizen, and the paragraph is especially apropos to the Indian:

It is the function of the free State to give all the education that is necessary to make a good citizen.

What then are the CONDITIONS necessary to good citizenship?

Evidently the tenets of our various

theological schools are not necessary to good citizenship.

No Congregationalist would say that an Episcopalian cannot be a good citizen. No Roman Catholic would say that a Protestant cannot be a good citizen.

Very few Protestants, outside the North of Ireland would say that a Roman Catholic cannot be a good citizen.

No Christian would say that a Jew cannot be a good citizen.

I do not say that the differences between Romanism and Protestantism, between Judaism and Christianity, even between Congregationalism and Episcopalianism, are unimportant; but they do not affect citizenship.

A man may be a good citizen of the Republic, whatever his theology; indeed, there are many very good citizens in the Republic who have not any theology at all.

What is necessary to make a good citizen?

First, this citizen must know the language of the people among whom he lives. He must know how to communicate his ideas to them, and he must know how to understand their ideas when they wish to communicate with him.

If the country is made up of a great number of various tribes who cannot understand one another, it is not possible in the nature of the case that there should be a common government or a common society, except as the government is governed by an oligarchy or an aristocracy or a monarchy.

If when we landed on these shores we had undertaken to establish the federal government out of the Indian tribes here it would have been absolutely impossible, if for no other reason because the Indians did not understand one another's language.

I had a letter the other day from a personal friend who was living in the Philippines, in which he said that persons on one side of the border line of a province cannot understand the language of the people who are living on the other side of the border-line of the province.

These tribes cannot comprehend one another, and if they cannot comprehend one another, they cannot make one nationality, except as they are kept in one nationality by a superior power.

It may be Aguinaldo's power, it may be ours, but it must be external to the people unless the people can communicate with one another.

Intercommunication of ideas is essential to nationality.

Therefore in this country our first duty is to teach all our children the English language, because we are going to be an English-speaking nation on this continent—one of these days.

Every citizen, therefore, must know how to read and write and speak the English language.

Is there anything else?

Certainly. Almost the first requisite of good citizenship is that the citizen shall be able to support himself.

He may have large information, excellent ideas, good judgment; he may be a good talker, he may even be a good listener; but if he is dependent on the charity of the public he is not a good citizen.

It is the function, therefore, of the free State to furnish such elements of education as will enable this man to be a self-supporting citizen of the United States.

There is no egg so large that it cannot be beaten.

THE SEMINOLES OF FLORIDA HOLD A UNIQUE POSITION.

By special permission from the author of “Glimpses of Seminole Life,” published in Forest and Stream, we clip a few extracts:

The Seminoles of Florida occupy a unique position with respect to the United States Government, as being unconquered and unsubdued, having no legal existence nor allegiance to our nation—in short, so far as the United States are concerned officially, there are no Indians in Florida. The tribe to-day numbers over 600 souls, living at peace with all mankind, independent but suspicious of Washington officials and only asking to be let alone, refusing all Government assistance—a homeless people in a free land, ever pushing on as the white man approaches.

Many of the tribe have never been outside the confines of the Florida swamps; they hold to the belief that this land is theirs—theirs by right of the pledge made to the “gallant Worth,” who was the first of the eight generals who had not disastrously failed in fighting the daring and wily Seminole.

What a world of interest, both romantic and tragic, hovers around the wigwams of a Seminole family! Tallahassee is the patriarch of the Cow Creek tribe, and every deference is shown him by members of the band.

In the past they have lived a happy, care-free life, migrating from place to place, taking squaws and piccaninnies with them, the men hunting alligators, deer and coon, while the women would gather the koontie (cassava). With depletion of the game their livelihood is being taken from them, and they are becoming a helpless people, but still proud as the old race.

A purse of \$10 was once made up for one family when the husband had died; but the cowboys, ever ready to alarm the Indians, had told them that the money was from the Government, and the older members held a talk, with the result, “Money no take 'em; squaw no want 'em.” With mouth-watering glances the little ones at the same time refused candy and sweet cakes; they had been forbidden to accept what the old Indians believed was from Washington, the home of the “big white chief.”

One Slave in The United States.

A character holding a position unparalleled in Uncle Sam's domain is Hannah, the negro slave belonging to Tallahassee's family. She is a full-blood negress, with thick lips, broad, flat nose and kinky hair, which may or may not have been combed in the last quarter-century. Hannah is the last vestige of Seminole slavery, the one great subject of warfare seventy-five years ago between the Seminoles and the Southern planters, and upon which truly speaking, was based the seven years' war.

Hannah does the work of the family, and though she is kindly treated yet a certain contempt is felt for her, for Hannah is an “este lustee” (a negro), and to the haughty Seminole a negro is the lowest of human creatures.

The occasion when Hannah's picture was kodaked is fresh in memory. All preparations were being made for the feast, but Billy Ham, Tallahassee's son, had not been able to get a deer, and so had purchased beef from a market thirty miles away. With pots and kettles in readiness, Hannah was preparing the beef, when the

(Continued on fourth page.)

THE RED MAN AND HELPER

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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-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.

If Oklahoma means "Red Man's Land;" it is fast coming to be anything but that.

Sitka had several cases of smallpox. At late report the difficulty was well under control.—[The Orphanage News Letter.

It is said that Oregon is in imminent danger of being known as the Toad State, on account of the number of hops raised therein.

Muskogee is to give a big celebration and barbecue Wednesday June 12th in honor of Chief Potter and ratification of the Creek treaty.—[The Indian Journal.

Miss Hill, an employee at Carlisle, is visiting at the home of her uncle, Mr. Hill, who lives east of Haskell. She has paid Haskell one or two calls.—[Haskell Institute, Kansas, Leader.

It is said that an appropriation of \$5,000 made by Congress for bridges on the Omaha and Winnebago reservations will soon be available, and work on the structures will be commenced at once.

I can always tell whether a man I meet is going somewhere or just anywhere. If he has a goal his eye shows it. The goal look is not to be confounded with the stroll look. What sort of a look have the eyes of our spirits? R. SEWALL.

The Indians are dancing their war dance. The way they sweat and the amount of paint they have on their heads, neck and ears, would lead the most skeptical to think their bodies would resemble the giraffe after a dance.—[Osage Journal.

Through the compliments of C. D. Hilles, Superintendent of the Boys' Industrial School, Lancaster, Ohio, we have received a beautifully printed pamphlet—"Extracts from the Annual Budget for 1900." The printing department of that institution deserves great credit for the handsome work it turns out.

The Fort Shaw pupils are to give an entertainment in Great Falls on the 14th inst. The mandolin club, band, club swingers and glee club will make up the program. Besides this program a baseball game will be played between the Fort Shaw nine if arrangements can be made.—[The Montanian.

Charles Mishler, '97, is on the "What," a new paper started in Hayward, Wisconsin. It says of him in part:

"Charley does not wear a silk stove-pipe hat, he has no such thing as a Prince Albert, he falls short on excess baggage, wears a hat the year round, but when he gets his "stick" in hand and a good case of "brevier" before him he moves some."

A neighbor of Miss Carrie Hulme, (formerly with us as Superintendent of the Sewing Department,) who was among the distinguished Masonic visitors this week, informs us that she has secured a position in the Post-Office department, Washington, D. C., and a card from her directing change of address shows that she has gone from Mt. Holly, N. J. to her place of employment.

MR. STANDING LEAVES US.

Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing has improved to the extent that he was able on Wednesday to move to their newly purchased place of residence on North Hanover street, near Diffley's point. Before his illness, Mr. Standing was proffered by the Department at Washington the position of Supervisorship of Indian schools in the western field. He accepted and his resignation as Assistant-Superintendent of the Carlisle school takes effect at the end of this month. While his complete recovery from the very serious illness through which he has passed seems assured, he will not be able to take up active work for several months.

They Sleep out of Doors in Oregon.

If this from an Exchange be not true, let some of our Oregonians correct the statements:

During the summer months it is no unusual sight in Oregon to see the beds of the family out in the yard, the bedsteads set up in some corner, and made up exactly as though indoors, with no pretense of any shelter whatever.

Now and then a mishap comes along in the shape of a sudden night shower, but these surprises are so rare as to be the exception that proves the rule.

Besides, rain in summer, in this region of partial drought, is so welcome that a scamper to hunt "wagon sheets," or rubber blankets, is only a lark for the jolly pioneers.

This outdoor sleeping is not on account of heat, since one will scarcely find one night in five years that is too warm there for comfort in the house; but it is a luxury just to breathe the pure fresh air of these high altitudes, untainted and unconfined.

Mosquitoes are almost unknown there, and never troublesome, but in some parts of the Willamette Valley a lively substitute, the flea, is much in evidence.

Indian Pardoned.

By a special despatch to the Great Falls Montana Leader, June 1st, we see that Governor Toole has granted an unconditional pardon to Little Whirlwind, the Cheyenne Indian serving a life sentence in the State pen for the murder of John Hoover, a sheep-herder on land adjoining the Cheyenne reservation.

Gov. Toole in his letter, forwarded to the State board of pardons went into the merits of the case very exhaustively and set up a number of reasons for his action.

Geo. R. Milburn, associate justice of the supreme court, Bishop Brewer of Montana and Bishop Whipple, as well as many others, petitioned for Little Whirlwind's release. The case attracted widespread attention in the east.

Our Nancy Cornelius.

Our president addressed a meeting at the First Baptist Church, Hartford, Conn., Sunday evening, May 5th, having for her subject and for herself a most cordial welcome and meeting many friends. Among them was Miss Nancy Cornelius of the Oneida Hospital, Wis., now happily and rapidly regaining her health among her Connecticut mothers.—[The Indian's Friend.

It is only by thinking about great and good things that we come to love them, and it is only by loving them that we come to long for them, and it is only by longing for them that we are impelled to seek after them. H. VAN DYKE.

"The Middle Five" by Francis LaFlesche, an Omaha Indian, is another book we handle for a dollar. It is a delightful little story of Indian boys at school. By mail, \$1.08.

When a man or a king depends largely on the clothes business, he correspondingly decreases in importance as a personality.—[The Pathfinder.

RACE MIXTURE AMONG THE PORTO RICANS.

The question is often asked, How comes the mixture of races one finds in Porto Rico? and the answer by an Exchange, whose name we have not, seems reasonable from the point of view we now have at Carlisle, with a number of Porto Rican students here. The writer says:

When the planters, to whom grants were early made by Spain, found themselves in need of laborers, many of the poorer class in Spain and France were induced to go to the Island, and became the scantily paid toilers on these large plantations.

Slaves were brought from Africa. Indians were also employed. Thus white, black, or red, they lived and labored together, so that now among the common class it is impossible to tell what was red, black, or white.

All gradations of tint and all sorts and conditions come from this inextricable blending.

ONE OF OUR BOYS GRADUATES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A neatly engraved invitation from the Graduating Class of the University of Pennsylvania requesting the honor of her presence at the Annual Commencement for the conferring of degrees in Science, Arts, Philosophy, Laws, Medicine, Dental Surgery and in Veterinary Medicine to be held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia Wednesday morning, June the twelfth, at eleven o'clock, was received by Miss Paull, compliments of one of our old students Thomas Balmer, who graduates from the Department of Dentistry, his class numbering 171.

Thomas is now fitted to go anywhere in the world. That is all that Carlisle is aiming for—to place her students in positions that will fit them for usefulness anywhere and everywhere.

What Our People Are Doing.

By the Normal Herald, published by the State Normal, at Indiana, Pennsylvania, we see that:

John Warren, class, 1900, Carlisle, has been chosen President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Frank Keiser, ex-Carlisle student, Treasurer; that Mr. Warren sang at a concert recently in which he personified the "dangerous man" and completely captivated the audience; that he has been doing some great shot-putting and hammer throwing; and that Mrs. Sawyer, formerly instrumental teacher here entertained the Pedagogical Club recently with an account of the life and methods of our school.

Good Work for the Government Farmer—En Avant.

In the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Sword published in the interest of the Mennonite Mission, Cantonment, Oklahoma, an interesting item appears regarding a soul destroying habit:

At about two o'clock A. M. May 11th, Mr. Avant, our vigilant Government farmer attacked and caused to capitulate a whole company of Mescal eaters.

Mr. Avant had been on the lookout for them for some time and at last succeeded in spying them out in as secret a place as they could find.

This mescal nuisance is one of the greatest evils among the Indians. It ruins both body and soul.

Another Mistake.

The Chilocco School, Indian Territory graduates nine students this year, and by the list as published in the Chilocco Beacon we see the name of one William French, Caddo, who it is stated "attended Carlisle seven years and has been four years here."

No William French or any other French from the Caddo tribe or any other tribe has ever been a student at Carlisle.

OUR FIRST GAME AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

Our baseball team went to Buffalo last week, arriving at that beautiful City of the Lake on Friday morning, so as to take in the sights before the game with Cornell in the Stadium of the Pan-American Exposition.

Friday afternoon and evening was spent on the Exposition grounds, and Saturday forenoon the boys went to Niagara Falls.

The game in the afternoon with Cornell was the first game to take place in the Stadium, and was witnessed by a large crowd notwithstanding the cold weather.

The only thing that went wrong on the trip was the score, which stood 6 to 5 in favor of Cornell after an exciting and hard-fought game. Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
Cornell	2	1	1
Indians	0	0	0
	1	0	0
	1	0	4
	0	5	11
	6	9	2

The Indian Show at Buffalo.

Some of our boys on the baseball team who visited Buffalo last week speak with contempt of the performers of wild and savage rites whom they saw at the Pan-American.

The Indian show is one of the most crowded parts of the Midway, and the representations in a number of instances of wild Indians are given by young people more than half white.

The entire show has enough of the old Indians in it to give a make-believe impression of a true display, but the scheme is money making from beginning to end and a disgrace to the Indian race.

The exhibit of achievements in the arts and sciences made by the Indians is secondary.

And yet with the WILD crowded out, and with as much energy devoted to the gathering of results to be found in the useful occupations of Indians, as was shown in getting together savagery for curiosity gazers, they could have made a creditable exhibit along with other people, who are more proud of their civilization than of their barbarism.

The Team's Northern Trip.

The Indians left today for New Haven where they play Yale tomorrow. On Friday they play Harvard at Cambridge. Next week the season closes with games with Bloomsburg and Bucknell.

The players are well pleased with the showing made this season. Out of sixteen games they lost but five and these with such strong teams as Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Villa Nova, Cornell and Gettysburg. They won from Dickinson, State, Columbia, Lebanon Valley, Albright, Washington and Jefferson, Bucknell and others.—[Carlisle Evening Volunteer, June 11.

Loyal Indian Students.

During the late visit of President McKinley to Redlands, Cal., the white Brass Band there was asked to play in the procession and agreed to do so—for twenty dollars! All else in honor of the event was freely given.

By the same mail came a request from the Indian boys of the Perris School to be permitted to play for the President. A telegram accepted their proffer, and the Indian Band, the only band, led the procession through Redlands.

All honor to our bright loyal Perris Indian boys.—[The Indian's Friend.

Not for Our Tall Ladies to Read.

A Tall Men's Club has been organized in the University of Pennsylvania says a Philadelphia paper. It has twelve members, each of whom is 6 feet 2 inches or more in height. Six other men, termed "shorties" because they are only 6 feet 1 inch in height, are associate members. The names of the officers are the Moon-Hitter, the Sky Scrapper, and the Ceiling-Duster. A dance will be given soon, to which only girls of five feet one inch in height or under will be invited.

Man-on-the-band-stand's Corner.

Flag-day, to-day!

People are taking the shady side.

Tuesday was the hottest day of the season.

College colors are sometimes black and blue.

The isitwarmenoughforyou person is around.

Yale beat us 9 to 5, on Wednesday, at New Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell have gone to Geneva, N. Y., to visit parents.

Not many days in the year are as perfect as was last Sunday.

Reverend Cooly, of Hampton Institute was a visitor on Friday.

To think kindly is good, to speak kindly is better, to act kindly is best.

Mr. Zeigler and his harness-makers are busy on a special harness order.

Mr. Hays, Miss Erskin and friends were among the interested visitors of the week.

It is said that the Kiowa country is to have its "intruders" intruded upon by troops.

The third floor of the girls' quarters is undergoing a general clean-up and kalsomining.

Miss Bowersox has had her mother, Mrs. Bowersox, with her as a guest for a few days.

Ask the white-wash boys if we haven't a good stretch of fence. They are doing good work.

Flutist Willard Gansworth is again at the case since vacation began at Dickinson College.

The generous encores on Saturday were as much enjoyed as the classic pieces of the program.

Mrs. Harvey and Miss Kate Harvey of Milroy, mother and sister of Mrs. Bakeless are visitors.

No wonder Miss Ely can say "nay" this week to the farm applicants, for she has a hoarse voice.

Miss Curriden and Miss Bard of Chambersburg, were guests of Miss Seneseny for a day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thompson have gone to their former home in Albany, N. Y., on their annual leave.

Mr. Moses Shongo, of a New York Reservation, a leading cornetist of some repute has joined our Band.

A letter from Miss Fisher, who is still at Genoa, Nebraska, says that the country there now is out in its best dress.

Miss Lillian Wendt a guest of Professor and Mrs. Bakeless for a few weeks, has gone to her home, at Shamokin Dam.

Mr. Haldy, our assistant disciplinarian, is very much "engaged" now in the absence of disciplinarian Thompson.

Miss Jackson who is spending her vacation at Clifton Springs, writes that she is having a good time and getting on well.

Radishes, onions, lettuce, rhubarb and other garden truck by the barrel now go from the farm daily to the students' tables.

Mrs. Cook is in attendance upon the Commencement exercises of St. Luke's Academy, Bustleton, where her son Hobart is.

The dentist is enough to take away any one's nerve, so thinketh some of our ladies who have been spending time in the chair recently.

The article written especially for the RED MAN & HELPER, on Genuine Courtesy, will be appreciated by readers who enjoy sound sense.

Another mascot has arrived at the school in the way of a sick canine, and is receiving treatment at the hospital, seeming very appreciative for attention shown.

The members of the Book-lovers Library have been greatly pleased with the service they have received from this unique venture. They have drawn from it a number of volumes and find the service most efficient and helpful. Moral to teachers: Join the Book-lovers Library if you can.

Some of our pupils insist upon spelling dining-room with two n's. There is not so much din there that we need always to be dinning.

Twenty-two Seniors and Junior boys go to the country to-morrow for the summer, and next week 43 girls take their leave for country homes.

Mrs. Vander Mey brought from Philadelphia a very pretty blood-hound water spaniel. The culinary department now has the prettiest dog on the grounds.

Now is the time when Mr. George Foulke's rose-bushes speak in natural beauty, and we have him to thank for a generous bouquet of the queen of flowers for ye editor's desk.

The little normal boys are pulling weeds at the farm every forenoon these days. We hope they will not get over into the strawberry patch and pull too many berries for weeds.

The Cuban Giants, who play great baseball with their mouths, met the real baseball players on Wednesday evening when they were defeated by a score of 9 to 6 by the band team.

Occasionally a letter from Mr. Hudson '96, now of Pittsburg, informs us that he is still among the living, and enjoying Pittsburg "smoke." A fellow can take a smoke there free of charge.

Two farm-wagons for the new school-farm have been turned out this week by Mr. Harris and Mr. Lowe, the force of blacksmiths and wagon-makers. A third one is in progress for one of the farms.

Josephine Jannies, Cynthia Lambert and Katie Creager pupil teachers took their recreation time to plant flowers in the school garden. Everybody will bless them for the added beauty to the campus.

Miss Florence Burgess, a guest of her aunt, Miss M. Burgess, has gone to her new home in Philadelphia, her parents, sisters and brothers having moved from Berkley, California, this week, to the City of Brotherly Love.

A box of beautiful roses came this week for Colonel Pratt from one of our school girls, who is enjoying her country home at Oak Lane. Many thanks Elizabeth. The Colonel will return in time to see their beauty, before they are entirely faded.

We have discovered that Ramon Lopez, one of the Porto Rican boys, is a printer. He went to the case the other day and set up a fine stick of type in short order. He would like to join the printing class, and room may be made for him.

Antonio Rodriguez, one of the Porto Rican pupils in the small boys' quarters is doing exceptional work in the tailor shop. He has been under instruction but two months of half days and has made a coat without any instruction from the master tailor.

Some of the students do not care much for lettuce. Eat all the fresh garden "sauce" you can get! Never mind if it is not served exactly to your best taste, eat it anyhow and thus keep well! More vegetables and less meat for summer is a good rule.

Some exciting ball has been played on the south ground during the past few evenings. The Giants think the Band can play good (?) ball when it gets beaten by a score of 21 to 9. The game lost to the Giants on Wednesday evening was their first defeat in several weeks.

A trio of Italian musicians—harpist and two violinists, rendered excellent music on the campus Tuesday evening. It was of the classic order for which the faculty and others were glad to pay, and the audience gave unstinted but refined applause, showing the best of appreciation.

Ettinger—Anderson.

Chester, June 11 (Special).—Professor Joel B. Ettinger, of this city, and Miss Grace Greenwood Anderson, were married this evening in the first Baptist Church. The best man was E. P. Burnham, of Wilmington, Del., and the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Anderson. The groom is musical director of the Carlisle Indian school band.—[Philadelphia Press.

The usual yearly gathering and classifying of new magazines and picture material is going on in the library. The teachers are helping as they can be spared. Poetry, History, Picture, and apparatus indexes are being made. Students Miss Earny Wilbur, Miss Sophia Americanhorse and Mr. Patrick Miguel have been specially helpful in this work.

The various classes have been trying to get as near to nature as possible. The art and music classes have been sketching, and studying songs of birds. The Seniors have been studying plants. The little children have been learning to plant and weed. The Normal Teachers have been setting out flowers, and all have been enjoying the beautiful evenings on the campus.

This week, Major Anderson of the Colville Agency, Washington, visited our school for a few hours on his way west from Washington, D. C., where he had been attending to Government business. George Moore, the Griffin children and others here, are from that agency, and enjoyed being with their Agent. He was well pleased with what he saw of Carlisle.

The tanners are again at the highest work on the grounds. Mr. Harkness and his boys are painting the roofs, in alternate pannels of red and old gold—the school colors. When the committee appointed a few years ago to decide upon school colors reported, it was casually observed that the roofs were already those colors, and the co-incidence was regarded as a happy one.

We hardly think the little herder-boy who throws stones at the cows to make them go the way he wants them to, does it with vicious intentions, but we would like to see how he would enjoy being pelted with stones by the Captain of his company every time he did not keep step or when he wiggled a little out of line. To be hit with a stone does not feel any better to a cow than to a boy.

The public rehearsal of the Band last Saturday night was largely attended by Carlisle people who seem to enjoy the promenading and music. The new illuminated numbers were a satisfaction to those following the program. The people directly in front of the box received too much glare of the candle within to read the figures; to those on either side, the figure was very distinct.

Mrs. Pratt returned from Princeton on Wednesday. The Colonel is expected home to-day, he having made an address last evening before the Southern Industrial Convention which is being held in Philadelphia this week. The Princeton Commencement was much enjoyed, especially as one of our boys—Howard Gansworth received his diploma along with the others of the large class that graduated.

Mr. L. C. Bortree, of Moscow, Deputy Sheriff, of Lackawana County, stopped off for a brief visit to the school, on his way home from Gettysburg, where he had been in attendance upon a Grand Army Convention. Mr. Bortree is a particular friend of Castulo Rodriguez, one of our printers. His son is now in Porto Rico. Castulo came north with him about a year ago, and so-journed for awhile in Moscow, before coming to Carlisle.

An interested and distinguished company of gentlemen, Grand Officers of the Grand Masonic Lodge of Pennsylvania visited the school on Tuesday. Mr. Fisk Good-year and Mr. Claudy of Carlisle were their escorts. Among others of the party were George E. Wagner, G. M., George W. Kendrick, Jr., J. G. W., William A. Sinn, G. S., Samuel B. Dick, P. G. M., George D. Moore, S. G. D., John O. Donnel, G. S. B., Samuel W. Wray, G. T., William T. Reynolds, G. P., Rev. Dr. J. Gray Bolton, G. C., George B. Wells, G. M., John D. Goff, J. G. D., William B. Joslyn, G. S., Dr. William S. Wray, G. S., and Josiah W. Evan, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey. The band played for their special benefit and Professor Bakeless showed them through the departments of school and work.

A FT. SHAW GIRL TELLS US HOW TO HOUSE-KEEP.

Maud Allis, a pupil of the Ft. Shaw Indian School, Montana, has published in the Montanian such a composition on Housekeeping that all our young men with prospective ideas will wish, no doubt, to show to their best young lady friends, and the young husbands among our readers will wish to show the article to their wives, or paste it on the looking-glass where they will be apt to see it. Maybe some of our girls have other notions about this all-important subject that the accomplished young student at Ft. Shaw has failed to express. If so, send them to the Man-on-the-band-stand, and if worthy, he will publish them for the benefit of others:

The Composition.

"In the first place the housekeeper should be well and strong and have a good disposition, in order to make her home happy.

"She should be neat and tidy as well, and then she will be happy and can make others so. Her home should be a place where anyone might go and feel contented and at home. Above all she should have a place for everything and put everything in its place.

"The kitchen should have in it a cook-stove, a cupboard and all necessary utensils. It should be scrubbed and everything in it be cleaned thoroughly at least once a week, but it should be mopped every day.

"The dining room should have the best of care and attention. After each meal the dishes should be washed in hot suds and rinsed in clean hot water.

"The towels should be washed after using, and dried well. In summer if the table is set for the next meal, a clean piece of netting should be thrown over the dishes to prevent the flies from getting into anything.

"The housekeeper should have her work planned out so that she may have time for any extra work she may have to do. On Monday she should wash, on Tuesday iron, and on Wednesday mend everything that needs it, and if she gets through she can find something else to busy herself with until it is time for her to prepare the next meal.

"She should try and always have the meals on time. On Thursday she should call on her neighbors or receive calls. But when she goes to visit she should not gossip, neither should she let those do so who come to see her.

"Every Friday she should clean house by dusting the walls, washing the windows, scrubbing the woodwork, floor, etc. Everything in the house should be cleaned thoroughly.

"On Saturday she should bake so as not to have very much cooking to do on Sunday.

"The happiness of the whole household depends upon the housekeeper. She should be as kind and pleasant as possible so that her husband may think his home about the best place in the world. If she is cross he will never come in only when he has to, then he will try and get in without her seeing him, walk around on his toes, get what he wants and go to his neighbor's house to have a pleasant time because his own home is not happy."

A talk on Tennyson by Miss Bowersox this week was very good and helpful. One by Miss Newcomer on Shakespeare last week was also an excellent effort. These close the series for the year. The series on English History literature and art have done much to stimulate both teachers and pupils in their reading and research. Those who talk show a gaining in power and expression each time they come before the student body.

Indian Songs with notes make up a large part of Miss Fletcher's interesting book, sold by us for a dollar; by mail \$1.08. The publishers charge \$1.25.

little box-like instrument was gently rested on a rail near by. Hannah's eye detected the object and she turned away and began busying herself around the boiling kettle on the ground. The camera was adjusted, finger on button ready to snap and a masked indifference affected and an animated conversation begun with one of the Indians near by, when Hannah again returned to her work about the table. Snap! went the button, and Hannah's ebony face and twisted, string-tied locks were photographed on the plate, and proud was the owner to possess so good a likeness of Uncle Sam's one and only unfreed slave. MINNIE MOORE-WILSON. KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA.

SAVAGERY IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK.

Don't you find the Indians very cruel? is one of the oft repeated questions.

We may answer, Yes! They are some, times as cruel as their white brethren, but in many years of experience in the tribes we have never seen enacted among them a more cruel illustration of people allowing their passions and prejudices to run wild than was recently performed in the City of New York by a mob of so-called civilized beings who abused to death a harmless little dog.

The New York Journal, notwithstanding it has the name of being a sensational paper gave editorially, the other day, a graphic picture in words not too vivid to show the true coloring of a scene frequently enacted among people who boast of generations removed from savagery, and in the story we may find a lesson for us all.

The hot weather, says the writer, makes men cross and it makes them nervous and timid.

For their nervousness and irritation many miserable animals must suffer.

Horses are beaten brutally by tired, angry men, and with the hot rays of the sun comes the usual series of mad-dog scares.

Recently two of these scares have enlivened New York thoroughfares, giving exciting occupation to numbers of men and boys, and ending in the death of harmless animals.

Here is one short story. It began on the corner of Grand street and Broadway.

A little mongrel dog, with no breeding, no value, no home, stood shivering on the corner, bewildered.

His owner had abandoned him or driven him away.

He looked sadly into the eyes of passers-by, running up to this one and that, wagging his tail humbly, but could attract no man's pity.

He DID, however, attract the attention of a boy, who, with a boy's usual cruel instinct, kicked him into the street.

There the unfortunate dog was struck by the foot of a horse.

He came yelping back on to the sidewalk, trembling and cringing, dodging through the legs of passers, struggling to escape from a dangerous neighborhood.

He frightened one man, who yelled "Mad dog!"

Another yelled "Mad dog!" and a hundred took up the cry.

Missiles of all sorts were thrown at him, and the unfortunate little brute started running as fast as he could along Grand street.

The enthusiastic mob followed, shouting.

A policeman with a revolver blocked his way.

The dog jumped into a ventilating funnel.

The policeman fired his revolver and hit him, but without killing.

Once more he started running, this time limping.

At last he crouched in an empty box in front of a store.

He turned toward his pursuers with sad, frightened eyes.

The pursuers, filled with foolish fright, kept at a distance until the policeman arrived.

Three bullets entered his body, and then the dog returned to the rest which was interrupted by his projection into this civilization.

HOW AN INDIAN AGENT WAS CAUGHT ON HIS WORD.

While Agent Mitscher was enroute to Indian camp Wednesday to witness a smoke the Osages were giving the Big Hills he met an Indian leading a pretty sorrel horse.

The horse was a wild one that had never been driven and the Indian was taking him to the camp to smoke him to some one of the Big Hill.

The agent accosted the Indian with the question:

"How much do you ask for your horse?"

The Indian replied that he wanted \$150.

The agent supposed he would take no less and just to be agreeable said I will give you \$100

Before he got the words out of his mouth the Indian was holding out the halter line to the Agent, who in the face of the fact that he had cautioned the Indians so much about going back on their word in contracts, had to tender the Indian \$100 for a horse that he really did not want.

This all as an example to the Indians to keep their promises.

However, when the horse is broken he will be worth in the neighborhood of \$100.

He will never make any money by this investment.—[The Osage Journal.]

HOW CRANKS ARE MADE.

The Jamesburg Advance, portrays in its editorial columns how isolation makes cranks, and advises:

Those who reside where they do not come into frequent contact with others are sure to become narrow-minded, selfish, cranky and disagreeable, saying little about their ignorance.

Because they become familiar with all that goes on in THEIR LITTLE WORLD, they vainly think that their ideas are fitting for the world in general, and that all should govern themselves in accordance with their narrow notions.

Becoming accustomed to living with few creature comforts about them, they imagine that it is folly and wasteful to indulge in the surroundings and conveniences that cultivate and enlarge the minds, and enable the latter to gain a proper knowledge of the things which make an intelligent and happy people.

Therefore, all should get out of their narrow environments as often as possible, go abroad into the outside world, and learn how others live and move and act and think, and then when they crawl back into their little shells they will be apt to have more charity for the thoughts and acts of those living in the great world beyond them.

Now that the "vacation" season is close at hand it will be a good time for all to think of these things, put them into practice, be wiser in the end, and not half so cranky as some now are, because they never go far from their homes!

Civilization's Advance Agents.

The settlers of a new country are often as nomadic in their habits as are the Indians. They seem to be perpetually unsettled.

They will secure a promising farm, fence it in, begin breeding pigs and chickens, and then without any apparent reason, will pull up stakes and depart with all their belongings to some other locality, which they imagine to be more eligible.

Some of these people have actually travelled several times from the Mississippi River to California and back, and they are so numerous that the term

"wagon children" has been accepted in the language as descriptive of those who have been brought up in wheeled vehicles.

Professor Thompson of the United States Geological Survey, says that he had a man twenty-four years of age in his employ at one time, who stated that he had never slept in an ordinary bed in his life, having been kept continually on the move in this fashion.

MARY LYON.

What one Country Girl did May not Others do?

Says Rev. Theodore B. Cuyler, in the Christian Endeavor World:

I wish that the young women in our Christian Endeavor army would tone up their own piety by studying the career of that American heroine, Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College, and the pioneer in higher Christian education.

She used to walk the floor of her humble rustic home in Buckland, and say to her mother:

"Our American girls must be, MUST BE, MUST BE educated; I have asked God to help me, and He will answer."

To push the enterprise of founding Mount Holyoke she begged funds from town to town, and wrapping herself in a buffalo robe, rode over the wintry hills of western Massachusetts.

When the blessed institution was established, her instructions to her pupils were:

"My dear girls, when you choose your place of labor for Jesus Christ, go where nobody else is willing to go."

The push of brave Mary Lyon's prayers and instructions and example has sent hundreds of educated girls to foreign-mission fields, to the teaching of Southern negroes, and to many another field of unselfishness.

SOME RULES THAT HAVE GUIDED GREAT MEN.

If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna.—NAPOLEON.

Do the duty that comes next your hand.—CARLYLE.

It is by the little pleasures which we give to other people that we do the most to help the world.—DR. WAYLAND.

We do not break engagements with others as easily as we break promises to ourselves. It is a good plan, therefore, to agree to read or walk or study with other people.

One hour a day to training the body, one to the mind, and one to some conscious "self-sacrifice." There will be twelve more hours; but if you have thus taken care of three, you may trust to destiny or chance or whatever else you may choose to call it, for them.—A NON.

If you want a secret kept, keep it.—EDWARD EVERETT.

Even in early life connect yourself with some public enterprise.—HENRY PURKETT KETTER.

SENTIMENTS WORTH LEARNING.

An aimless life is a useless life.

* * *

The distance between a lie and the truth is so long that it has never been bridged.

* * *

Be sure that you are right and then—be certain that you're sure.

* * *

The lack of thoroughness is the cause of most of the failures in life.

* * *

As a rule lazy people lie the most.

* * *

Ignorance shuts its eyes and imagines it is right.

* * *

The harder it is to acquire anything the longer we retain it.

OF A LIGHTER VEIN.

The little Boston maiden wiped her glasses thoughtfully and said she would take vanilla ice-cream, because that was extracted from beans.

"You mustn't say 'wash dresses' any more."

"What must I say?"

"Tub gowns. That is so English, you know!"—[Chicago Herald.]

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said a visitor to the newspaper office.

"Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?" suggested the facetious clerk.

—[Philadelphia Record.]

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—An' how's all th' folks after bein'?

Mrs. McGonigal—It's all well they do be, exceptin' me owld man. He's been enjoyin' poor health for some toim, but this mornin' he complained av feelin' better.—[Chicago News.]

It takes a blacksmith longer to shoe a mule than it does a woman to shoo a hen.

Tickled to Death.

For some with us, who are dieting, we would advise care, for they may be on the same road as a person spoken of in the Detroit Free Press, who had been going without breakfast for a month to reduce flesh.

"With what effect?" asked a friend.

"He is losing two pounds a week, and is very much tickled over it."

"Well if he keeps on at that rate he'll soon be tickled to death."

Baseball Schedule for the Season.

- April 12, Albright at Carlisle. Won, 8 to 3.
- " 13, University of Pennsylvania, at Phila. Lost 7 to 1.
- April 18, State College, at Carlisle. Won, 10 to 3.
- " 25, Villa Nova at Carlisle. Lost 9 to 1.
- " 27, Mercersburg, at Mercersburg. Won 13 to 3
- " 29, Dickinson on Dickinson Field. Lost 12 to 9
- May 1, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle. Won, 13 to 8
- " 4, Columbia, at New York City. Won 16 to 3.
- " 8, Gettysburg, at Carlisle. Lost, 9 to 3.
- " 11, Gettysburg at Gettysburg. Tie 5 to 5.
- " 15, Susquehanna, at Carlisle. Won, 21 to 0.
- " 18, Mercersburg, at Carlisle. Won, 4 to 1
- " 23, Washington & Jefferson, at Carlisle. Won, 8 to 4
- " 30, Dickinson on our Field. Won, 16-2.
- June 1, Albright, at Myerstown. Won, 11-2.
- " 5, Princeton, at Princeton. Lost 14-0.
- " 8, Cornell, at Buffalo. Lost 6-5.
- " 12, Yale, at New Haven.
- " 13, Brown at Providence.
- " 15, Harvard, at Cambridge.
- " 19, Bucknell, at Lewisburg.
- " 20, Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg.
- " 21, Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.
- " 22, Country Club, Harrisburg.

Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.
Some people love to 3, 7, 16, 9, 11, 10,
through the campus when the band plays.
Cattle like to eat my 1, 15, 13.
Prisoners live in my 14, 12, 11, 10.
We cannot accomplish anything great
if we do not 4, 8, 6.
A mob of people make my 8, 2, 5, 4.
Take all of my letters in order and you
will find what John Bakeless particularly
enjoys.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
The Mascot Canines.

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