

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN. This is the number of your time mark on wrapper refers to.
SEVENTEENTH YEAR, or Vol. XVII No. 42 (17-42)

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1902.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. II, Number Thirty-eight

ARBUTUS.

How beautiful, fragrant, dainty thing,
Thou breath of the gentle, new-born spring;
Coming to tell of a Father's love,
Singing to us of the realms above.
Each petal brings a message divine—
A glorious mission on earth is thine,
Thou winsome and tiny flower.
Sing of sweet spring, after Winter's past,
Its stormy winds and skies o'er-cast,
How it comes with gentle soothing power
And bids thee look up, thou tiny flower!
Up, from the long, dark, dreary night,
To heaven whence cometh the morning light;
Which tells of a hope beyond.

AUNT TEDDY
in The Boys' Industrial School Journal.

ROME, POMPEII, AND OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.

DEAR RED MAN AND HELPER.

Our Mediterranean Cruise is almost over.

We have passed out of the blue sea, through the Strait of Gibraltar, and now we steam steadily northward.

A heavy fog enveloped us the next day after leaving Villefranche, and kept us within its folds the greater part of two days and nights.

The sentimental musings we might have had to bestow with our last look on the blue Mediterranean and the rocky coast of Spain and the formidable Gibraltar were lost in a mist. The foghorn sounding its doleful note of warning so continuously, seemed to us like a chant of farewell to the sunny lands we had visited.

The old saying that "all roads lead to Rome" was verified in our journey, as our route went that way.

We entered the bay of Naples, March 26th.

Those of us who were booked for Rome went ashore first, and it not being train time, we were driven to the National Museum, the most interesting one in all Europe, containing Egyptian antiquities, and the finest collection of ancient bronzes, mural paintings of ancient glass vases, that made us think of the Tiffany glass; gems, jewels, food and silver plate, marble statues, lamp and cooking utensils, etc., from the ruins of Pompeii.

But the way we rushed through the rooms containing all these treasures was most amazing. We were a large party, and the several guides were instructed to keep their parties out of the others' way.

We started with number one party; soon we were with number two, then with number three, and then dropped out of all parties, as we lingered long enough to assure ourselves we looked upon sculpture instead of mural paintings, while we lost all "party spirit."

We had "Celtics" in sight, and often we could hear the shrill calls, "This way, ladies and gentlemen, please!" And the stream of people almost on a run, following an ignorant man who could only give a smattering of information in broken English, was a sight that would be laughable had it not been so ridiculously shameful, but we fell into line when our official led off to the railway station, where we waited over an hour before the time of starting for Rome.

Think of it! Limited to less than an hour to inspect more than a thousand objects of interest from Pompeii, and among the thousand paintings there were several by Raphael, Titian and Correggio, and then to be carried off to wait more than an hour and a half for prosaic steam cars!

We felt the cruelty of the situation.

We reached Rome at mid-night in a drizzly rain storm, but the next morn-

ing's sunshine made us ready for sight-seeing.

"The Eternal City" is so full of interest that we must be wide awake to see the prominent places in three days.

We made two visits to St. Peters, and one morning to the Vatican, not through its 11,000 rooms and 20 Court yards, but only to the Sistine Chapel and the picture galleries, to look at the most famous works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Guido and Murillo, which was a good morning's feast

In the afternoon we had a lovely drive on the Janiculum Hill, where we had a grand view of Rome, and the Tiber winding its solemn way through the city.

The Sabine mountains, 40 miles away, were beautiful and imposing; the lesser hills near by were lovely and historically interesting, but time was pressing, and we descended to the Colosseum, the great "Amphitheatre of Rome."

Another day we visited the "Forum," which history tells has been the scene of many famous events, and we might have been more greatly impressed with these interesting ruins, had we not so recently come from Egypt, where we had walked within greater shadows of a further away past.

We went to the Capitoline museum and looked at antique busts of emperors, and antique statues of philosophers and mythical gods.

We entered the Church of the Capuchins to look at the celebrated painting, Archangel, by Guido Reni.

We went down to the burial vaults beneath this church, to see a number of rooms filled and decorated with the bones of many thousands of the community who have been buried there since the sixteenth century.

The corpses of the monks used to be buried here for a time, then exhumed, placed, and put into a niche, until the place was wanted for another, then the bones would be dismembered and used to decorate the walls and ceilings.

Fortunately, this custom had ceased, or more room would be needed for the decorative bones.

We were shown into the classic Pantheon, the best preserved of all the old Roman buildings.

We looked upon a beautiful bronze sarcophagus which contains the remains of Victor Emmanuel.

Saturday morning, the day before Easter, we went early to St. Peter's to see the ceremony of the "holy fire" before the great bronze doors.

After that, we drove out to "St. Paul's, outside the walls."

The exterior of this church is very plain, but the interior is most beautiful, with its many pillars of fine granite, and of great height, and so beautifully polished that they shown like mirrors.

Over the spot where St. Paul and Timothy are buried, is the "Papal Altar," a bronze pavilion supported by four alabaster pillars, the gift of Mehemet Ali, former Khedive of Egypt.

We looked up at the mosaic portraits of the 263 Popes.

We returned to the city over the "African Way," making a short visit to one of the catacombs by the wayside.

We did not go through all its subterranean passages, but walked some distance in narrow, winding underground alleys, lighted only by the flickering tallow tapers we carried. We saw a few bones and got thoroughly chilled.

To write of what one sees in Rome during a three days' visit, is only to repeat

what others have related of their brief sight seeing privileges.

Nearly the whole world comes to our own fireside so easily of late years, through the attractive medium of our monthly magazines, and we have become so familiar with distant lands and their inhabitants, that the mention of a place interests us.

But there is a satisfaction in beholding with one's own eyes the objects across the "great waters," and we like to tell of what we have seen, and if the young friends of the RED MAN AND HELPER have gathered from these meager descriptions of foreign travel an added interest in history or the world beyond their own land, even the writer will not be entirely disheartened over the hastily and imperfectly written accounts.

A brief mention of our Sunday in Naples must not be forgotten.

It was Easter Sunday, and we went in the rain, on a street car to attend divine worship at a little English church.

The service was a simple one, and the plain little church was a pleasing relief in contrast to all the gorgeous display of gilt and marble and mosaic pictures that had come within our vision for several days.

On Monday we went to Pompeii.

When we think of an entire city suddenly and entirely covered with hot ashes, hidden from sight for 18 centuries, all other burial places seem less solemn, and recent excavations have disclosed the fact that these people enjoy much of what we are pleased to call "modern improvements."

We are led to ponder on our personal pride, and begin to realize the truism that "there is nothing new under the sun."

To see Mt. Vesuvius summit, one must awaken early in the morning, as soon after sunrise all the upper part is enveloped in clouds.

From the port-hole of our little room on the ship, we looked out at early dawn to see the great mountain looming up four thousand feet, and pouring out its volcanic smoke.

We were on the westward side, and the sun being on the opposite side, reflected its glory on the rising smoke, making it look to us like fire, but the picture soon grew into a cloudy and gloomy apparition.

From Naples we sailed to Villefranche, and we had our promised ride over the Corniche road on the Maritime Alps to Monte Carlo.

The fifteen mile ride was begun so late in the afternoon, that more than half the trip was after dark, but the beautiful scenery that we could enjoy before night, made us regret what we missed of lovely view of the valleys and inland seas that lay beneath us.

So steep was the grade from the mountain top overlooking Monte Carlo that for more than an hour we rode back and forth down the mountain side, all the time looking down upon the brilliantly lighted city.

We dined at nine, p. m. at the fashionable "Hotel de Paris," after which we were taken to the Casino to see the great gambling place, and the people who participated in the enticing game.

The whole house was ablaze with lights, and one must be in evening dress to enter there.

We were not clothed according to rule, but we were a party of excursion tourists, and an arrangement had been made to admit us.

The place closes promptly at eleven, p. m. We had an hour to observe.

The ship at the pier, and bank notes that

played hide and seek over the tables, would make a miser's eyes glitter.

The richness of the ladies' gowns, covered with costly lace and jewels, made us stare, but we envied not the uncertain wealth, or evidences of questionable happiness.

To-day our ship is making fast time. To-morrow morning we shall reach Liverpool on scheduled time, and we expect no difficulty in landing.

And now, dear school paper, thanking you for your attention, we end our Mediterranean Cruise. A. L. P.

FROM POLLIE TUTIKOFF.

Miss Pollie has gone to Waterbury, Conn., to take training as a nurse.

She says by recent letter:

"The work at present is a little hard, but I enjoy it very much.

I started by working in the woman's ward, but this morning I was sent to the men's ward.

In the woman's ward I had a dear little baby to take care of, and she did not want me to leave her.

Her mother came to see her yesterday and I really thought that she would break her little heart by crying.

It was all I could do to keep back my tears.

Among the patients, there are Irish, French, German and dear knows what all here

The nurses and patients find it very hard to remember my name. We all go by Miss So-and-so.

One of the girls, as I went to the kitchen to toast bread for one of my patients happened to see my name on my apron and came up to me and asked me if she could see how my name was spelled.

After trying her best to pronounce my last name, asked if I would mind if she would call me Miss Pollie.

My room-mate is a very pleasant girl.

We have two off hours during week days and three hours on Sundays.

The other day while I was giving one of the sick women her dinner, she frightened me.

She said to me: 'Well, you will not have me to feed much longer, for I'll die to-morrow.'

All of a sudden she seized me and I was so frightened I hardly knew what to do, but I did not give up.

I enjoyed my trip up here very much. Two nurses met me at the station.

I can not tell whether I'll be accepted or not until after I have been here a month, but I am trying to do my best."

ARE WE FLYERS?

Some boys fly before a little trouble like an abandoned ship before a storm at sea.

They never put forth an effort to come about and tack in the face of the winds.

They never reduce sail, but with head-long sweep rush further and further from the port that conscience says they ought to strive for.

They cringe in cowardice.

They turn their backs upon things pure and good.

They drift to destruction.

Others with strained muscles stand at the helm and when waves of adversity sweep over them they never flinch.

They glory in their strength.

They make heroes.

They make men.—[Glen Mills Daily.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.

The Mechanical Work on this Paper is Done by Indian Apprentices.

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Address all Correspondence: Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing, Carlisle, Pa.

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

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

Editorial.

Who stops his work to sigh for the unattainable, loses his grip on the things in hand.

Who makes effective use of the material at hand, rises constantly toward his ideals.

An idle dweller in the realms of fancy is a useless being in our intense and active age; but the man who works and sees visions of perfection while he works, lifts the world to his own high level. This is a privilege accorded to the lowliest worker.

Who works in this spirit soon ceases to be a drudge, and becomes an artist. He soars above the ash heap, or the dust in which he delves, and takes his place among the great souls of the ages, who have out of the mighty realms of spirit, brought heavenly models after which to shape the material of earth.

With this spirit of work, and by the brains and hands of such workers, has the wilderness and waste places of the earth been transformed. Man has been lifted from the domain of the mere animal, and made to hunger for beauty and "peace and joy and righteousness."

Did I waste anything to-day? Did I use material in the sewing room, shops and everywhere as conscientiously as though it were my very own? How about the time of your fellow pupils and teachers wasted by you while you were being made to see that you could recite? Time is an important element in the life of the earnest man or woman, boy and girl. Who steals it, or wastes it, is a very profligate.

Truth and honor are two qualities by which we characterize a gentleman.

A man whose word cannot be relied on, a man who will deceive in act as well as word, a man or boy who betrays a trust, must expect to be looked at askance by men who abhor such actions, and not be welcomed among people who hold their word as their bond, and whose chief glory is that they can be relied upon.

Boys sometimes in moments of thoughtlessness, do that which appeals to their love of novelty and bravado, without considering consequences.

A boy who voluntarily shoulders a responsibility, and lightly treats it or betrays it, is cultivating the qualities that made a Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold possible—infamous characters, whose names are always heard with regret and pity.

Where duty calls one way, and pleasure calls another, character grows by leaps and bounds when impulse is made to yield to reason's sway, when right and duty, irksome though they be, are followed with a conscientiousness that knows no yielding.

A trick or a youthful escapade may succeed. You may deceive, escape punishment, not be found out, but afar off in the distant years, the set given to character will brand you as a man not true, not re-

liable, not worthy of the confidence of the noble and the best.

If future years show the way to have been wrong, and if right is chosen, there will ever remain the pang of remorse, the sense of weakness, unworthiness, defeat, that will haunt you as a ghost in your happiest moments.

"To be weak, is to be miserable, doing or suffering."

Stupidly Proud.

When we do not understand a word, a command, an order, it is sheer foolishness to attempt to carry it out. It is an easy matter to ask for further explanation at once, and we will have to do it in the end, anyhow, possibly after wasting time for ourselves and others, and at the expense of much humiliation and chagrin at our ludicrous or harmful mistakes.

Many a pupil in the country has done himself and his employer much harm, because he was too stupidly proud to say, "I do not understand you," or "I do not know the meaning of that word."

We are here to teach each other, and it is an honor to learn daily.

FROM PARIS.

The last letter Mr. Allen received from Colonel Pratt was from Paris, dated April 16th. In it he said:

"We have had a delightful week in this most charming city, and leave tomorrow for 'Lunnen,' and the balance of our stay on this side in the British Isles.

We could hope for better weather there if we were two or three weeks later.

Yesterday we took a grand ride to Versailles in a big wagon with seven seats, four in a seat, pulled by five of the biggest and finest looking grey horses I ever saw.

There was an old Iowan horse raiser, who has been raising big horses for our large cities for years, and we took delight in looking over our team several times. We both concluded the two-wheelers perfection.

The vast palace and vaster grounds, with all their perfection of adornment, surpassed any of our previous sight-seeing visions.

The French are the Aesthetics of the world. Coarseness of any sort seems to be foreign to their natures. We all wish we could stay here months instead of days."

THE INDIAN COMMISSION.

We were gratified when Indian Commissioner Jones consented to remain in the Indian Bureau and work out an Indian policy with a second-term advantage enjoyed by none of his predecessors. We are gratified now to learn that the salary of the head of that Bureau has just been increased from \$4,000 to \$5,000. This levels it up to the salaries of the Land, Pension and Patent Commissioners, while that of the Director of the Geological Survey is still \$1,000 more. The change was made wholly on the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior without any solicitation on the part of Mr. Jones. He enjoys the compliment, of course, but being himself a successful business man, he is one of those who serve the Government from other than merely pecuniary motives. The duties of the Commissioner of Indian affairs grow each year more burdensome and perplexing as the points of contact between the Indians and their aggressive white neighbors increase, and hitherto the salary has been inadequate. Having studied that particular question on the ground at first hand, we have not been able to take the same view of the Standing Rock leases which Mr. Jones takes from his office standpoint. Nevertheless, we believe in him as a straightforward, diligent, conscientious public official, with whose judgment we regret occasionally to differ. But we have never yet found an infallible Commissioner.—[New York Independent, Apr. 24, 1902.]

Last week's Enigma was from a Philadelphia subscriber, and should have been so credited.

FROM RICHARD D. HEYL, OUR APACHE FRIEND.

Give Colonel Pratt a Welcome

To the RED MAN AND HELPER:

CAMDEN, N. J. April 29, 1902.

It gives me pleasure to see through your columns that the students are taking up and digesting the questions of the day which means so much to the American public, and I also congratulate the young debaters for the victory they earned recently, and hope also that they may take broader views of the questions that are most vital to themselves.

Such men are American citizens, and as such have the right to the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and OUR rights do not come from being Aboriginee but from the Constitution and laws of the United States.

It is our citizenship, also, that is, or ought to be, OUR protection.

Let us try to be strong, with an eye single to PRINCIPLE, and SELF-reliant to the point of wilfulness in carrying out our resolves; have kindness, tact and dignified suavity, not being too impetuous, but quick, firm and thorough-going with a heap amount of SYSTEM.

Trials and triumphs are sometimes very near together, and this victory should be an encouragement to us in times that seem especially dark, and it is a familiar adage that, "The darkest hour of the night is just before dawn."

Now if things seem darkest to us, we may confidently look for the coming day when NOT WORDS but DEEDS, nor "DODGING" but being on the firing line in the army of industry; and in the main, Carlisle School depends on the rank and file of its students, whether its battles are lost or won in the future, and also we cannot always have the good teachers and Supt. R. H. Pratt with us to guide us in our future life; so victory will be with those who are best prepared.

The knowledge of mathematics, mechanics, drawing and the other sciences which aid us in our daily toil may be imparted, and on the spread of such knowledge depends the continuance of the industrial supremacy of Carlisle School, which its Superintendent has brought up to so high a standard, and we hope that EVERY student will show that Col. Pratt's life-work has not been in vain, and that on his arrival from abroad Carlisle may give him a welcome that will make him strong in mind, body and soul.

THREE TIMES THREE CHEERS FOR COLONEL R. H. PRATT!

"Praise not thy work but let thy work praise thee: For deeds, not words, make each man's memory stable. If what thou dost is good, its good all men will see. Musk by its smell is known, not by its label."

THE WIND.

If it is true as the Philadelphia Press states editorially that "The Wind is a Vitalizer," we had enough on Saturday night had it been bottled up to provide vitality for the multitude for a long time to come.

Those who were fortunate to be in first floor rooms on the leeward side of the houses were not disturbed, but those in second and third story rooms on the windward side of shakly old houses were well shaken up in mind and body.

Carlisle has rarely, if ever, experienced such a continuous high wind as raged all night.

No roofs were lifted, however, and we have much to be thankful for.

A paragraph in the editorial referred to states:

The absence from schools during calm weather is more than three times the average for all other kinds of weather, which of course includes the very cold, the very wet and the very windy weather, as well as the normal. It is in the calm weather that the children are not feeling well, and it is then that the diseases peculiar to childhood are most prone to visit them. The criminal records show less assaults, disorder and violence during calms than at other times. There are more policemen laid off, more errors made by clerks in banks and a larger number of deaths when the air is stationary, or nearly so, than when it is in motion.

ATHLETICS.

Our baseball team was beaten last Friday by Lebanon Valley College. The defeat was due to inability to hit safely, which seems to be the great weakness of the team.

The second team defeated Dickinson College second team last Saturday on our field.

The relay runners were beaten at Philadelphia last Saturday. This race was run about eight seconds faster than it was ever run before by the teams in this class, and we never gave up until the last man crossed the tape. The company was simply too fast for our boys.

The Franklin & Marshall College baseball team plays here to-day, and it is hoped we can defeat them as we did at Lancaster some time ago.

The class contests in Athletic Sports, will be held to-morrow afternoon at 2.30 P.M., and judging from the number of entries all the events will be hotly contested. Medals will be given winners of first and second places, and admission will be free to all.

We do not Die.

"What's the use of saving?" asked a spendthrift pupil of his teacher the other day when she was trying to impress upon him the importance of saving some of his money. "You cannot take it with you when you die," he continued, as though that would end all argument.

The teacher's reply is one worth remembering.

"That is the trouble," she said. "We don't die soon enough. We live and become a burden on our friends or on the State, if we spend all as we go."

The sporting editor of the Philadelphia Press is very cute (?) in his write-up of last Saturday's races in calling our intelligent and gentlemanly runners such names as Corn-on-the-little-toe, Rheumatism-in-the-hip, Gout-in-the-Tibia and Sprain-on-the-shinbone. It would not take a specially smart Indian to give to the writer of that article just the name he deserves, and that on one slight glance upon his frame and visage. It does not take long for an Indian to size-up a person.

It will be remembered that Miss Dutton was called recently to California on account of the illness of a sister. We learn by letter since that the sister died just a week after she arrived. Miss Dutton will remain in California for the present in charge of her sister's children.

A letter from Casper Alford requests the new catalogue when out, and he says that the Indians near him in Common, O. T., were to receive their annuity payment, and big times were expected. He is in good health and has not seen John Powlas, with whom he went west a few months ago, since he left him at the point they parted west of the Mississippi.

The Media Ledger, an excellent eight column, four page weekly, had the misfortune last week of having one of its forms knocked into printer's "pi," caused by the breaking of a rope in hoisting. We sympathize and hope to be delivered from a like fate, having once had a similar experience, but not here.

The Haskell Institute Leader, Lawrence, Kansas, congratulates our Standards in their success in winning in the debate with the Dickinson College Preparatory school a few weeks since.

Castulo Rodriguez a Porto Rican and former student of Carlisle, writes saying that he is at Ponce, and has a splendid position. He asks to be remembered to all his friends at Carlisle.

There is a chief in Canada with the euphonious cognomen of Chief Carry-the-kettle.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

April, Adios!

Good-bye forest fires!

The oyster will now go on a vacation.

The lawn-mower has given its first concert.

The rain came, it saw, it conquered the dryness.

Fun tomorrow—Class contest day on the Athletic Field.

Next Wednesday about 65 girls will go out to the country.

A large party of boys went to country homes on Wednesday.

The regular monthly sociable was held last Saturday evening.—

Croquet on the triangle "reserve" will soon be begun, no doubt.

The Seniors think that the Freshmen banner should be green.—

Any FOOL can make money. It takes a wise person to hold onto it.

The drive-ways around the school grounds are being improved.—

Miss Rosa C. Leisher, of Irving College, was a visitor at the school this week.

Umbrellas were in fashion on Monday and Tuesday, and it was a welcome rain.

The Sophomore class has chosen red and steel for their colors on contest day.—

Mr. Bennett and his boys are setting out cabbage plants this week at the school farm.—

Spring fever? No. Farm fever takes the place of it at the Carlisle Indian School.

Miss Laura Parker gave a dinner in her room. It was enjoyed by all who were present.—

Miss Paull has nailed chalk boxes on several trees, for the little wrens to make their homes in.—

Archie Wheelock, the trainer of the Freshman class, hopes to do some great work for his class to-morrow.

Seniors have not yet been whipped at basket ball although they did not succeed in scoring, Saturday night.—

A letter has been received from Shon George, ex-student of Carlisle. He says he is a policeman at Cherokee.—

It may not be safe for us to win too many pies as prizes. It may be pies that make some of us crusty at times.

It is well to be FIRM, but to be firm without good reason runs us into STUBBORNNESS, and stubbornness is mulish.

The Freshmen are proud of Albert Exendine for his speedy improvement in shot putting for to-morrow's contest.—

The reason that the roofs on the school grounds are to be painted black is that this paint is a better preserver of the tin.—

That was a smart trick, but a pretty mean one to steal the Junior class colors which they had placed on their tree, Arbor Day.

We are glad when the day comes to write letters in the school-rooms to the home folks. We cannot always find a chance at quarters.—

Let the farm boys remember that the secret of wealth is not so much in making money as in hanging on to the pennies as they come in.

The printers enjoy their few minutes' lessons in class now-and-then from their instructor, about the care of type and office, and general business principles.—

Mrs. Joseph Milligan of Wellsville, who has been visiting Mrs. Brown for a few days, went home last Monday morning. She brought her dear little baby along with her.—

Mr. Duke, of Shippensburg, favored the large boys' service in Y.M.C.A. hall with two solos last Sunday evening. He sang with a great deal of expression and all enjoyed it very much.—

There was a bucket of water at the head of the back stairs, and Molly Welsh came along. She took a step, when she and the bucket went rolling down the stairs. Before reaching the floor, she thought she was at the sea-shore.—

Our population at this writing is 1024—: in country homes, 532; here at the school 492.

Dust baths were common last week, but the rains have improved those conditions.

Who is not sorry that Mrs. Pratt's letters end with this week? They have been very much enjoyed.

The delightful rain on Monday and Tuesday put the running track for to-morrow's class contest, in splendid condition.

During the month of April Miss Moore's piano pupils studied Schubert's life and work, and have written essays about him.—

One day last week Miss Miles was thinking so hard about some eggs, that she forgot and rang the little dining-room bell instead of the large one.—

The Band concert given last Friday evening was again enjoyed, but if the girls had been politely quiet the music would have been enjoyed more —

Preston Pohocicut has gone to the country for the summer. He will be missed in our relay team, as Preston was one of the best quarter-mile runners.—

One day last week, there were at least a dozen robins on the campus, digging and devouring the destructive worms and insects. We hope it will be a help to the grass.—

Printer Griffin is the star type-setter of the printing-office, he having set five thousand ems in four hours the other afternoon, and his composition was quite free from errors.

The little girls gave an entertainment in their play-room on Friday evening. Some of the teachers and small boys were invited. It was all their own get-up, and was very creditable.—

The little girls had a unique way of expressing themselves in the invitations sent out for play-room entertainment. "If you are not engaged to anything else," is the way some of them read.

Mr. Weber and his boys are white-washing the fences around the grounds. But some of the boys seem to white wash themselves as well as the fence, which is a waste of material.—

Last Sunday evening, services were held in the various quarters, and Lillian Brown was the leader in the girls' quarters. Many of the girls took part, and the meeting was very interesting.—

On Friday evening some of the girls from the Susan Society tried to surprise the Standards by walking in unexpectedly, but the Standards were well prepared with the programme and carried it out with spirited promptness.—

The fires on the North and South mountains have been watched with awe and admiration, but the admiration was mixed with sorrow at the great loss of timber and the suffering and inconvenience suffered by those near the fire.

The program of the Invincible Debating Society last Friday was up to the standard in every respect, the debate being exceptionally good. The question discussed was the Ship Subsidy Bill versus the Irrigation Bill as a benefit to the country.

We expect that some of the boys and girls who have gone to the country will do their best to come in next Fall, (not before that,) with bright faces and happy hearts. Although we may miss them we know they are surely struggling for a better life.—

The Indian pupil below No. 13 school room who will write correctly the article on last page on "English Sounds", with all the words spelled as they should be spelled, will receive a "citizen's" pie from the M. O. T. B. S. Now try for the pie! All papers must be in by the ninth of May.

The Freshmen who have been doing hard studying enjoy the work and are sorry to part now for the summer, as some go to country homes, but they all will come back next Fall with more determination to study and learn, and hope to become useful men and women in the future.—

Printers Donald McDonald, Henry Smith and Levi Webster have gone to seek their fortunes and good health in the change of air and diet that a summer on a farm gives.

The roof of the band-stand has its new coat of red and gold instead of black, black, black. We are glad that there is one spot left to show up our school colors conspicuously.—

In a letter from Josephine Morrell, State of Washington, we see that she often thinks of her old school days at Carlisle, and says that Carlisle has helped her a great deal. She wishes to be remembered to all her friends.

A mistake was made last week in the Society details. This week Miss Ferree and Mr. Nori attend the Invincibles; some one in Mr. Walter's place and Professor Bakeless, the Standards; Mr. Brown and Mr. Wheelock, the Susans.

The various classes have been preparing songs and yells for to-morrow's contests. The M. O. T. B. S. hopes they will do WELL what they ATTEMPT to do, whether it be class yell or class song. Keep together! Follow the LEADER.

Miss Lena Zurfluh, of Toledo, Ohio, who has been in Japan seven and a half years, and is at the head of the girls' school at Sendai, Japan, gave a very interesting talk in the Assembly Hall last Wednesday evening. Miss Zurfluh is a friend of Miss Veitch.

Last week, Miss Smith gave a talk before the assembled classes on "Erosion and the Action of Water." This was the 7th in the series on Geology. It was a very instructive effort, carefully prepared. A picture of Niagara falls, and a good map of the region were used in illustration.

The guests who had the good fortune to be present at the little girls' entertainment on Saturday evening were particularly impressed by the excellent taste displayed in the selections given. The pieces were simple and well chosen, admirably suited both to the occasion and to those who took part.

The Band is fast losing its prominent members through the country outing. It is a wise move! The stay-at-homes will have a good opportunity for individual work, and when the out players return, the Band will seem all the better. It has been doing excellent work all the Spring, and furnishing very satisfactory music.

The Celtic is expected to arrive in New York City to-morrow, and on it we have every reason to believe are Colonel and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda. They may arrive at Carlisle on the same evening or possibly not till the next day. That they will receive a warm welcome goes without saying, and we are almost certain they will be as glad to get back as we are to have them come to us safely and well.

Mrs. Helen Gordon Clunn, of New York City, was a guest of Miss Wood for a day or two this week. Mrs. Clunn has charge of the home on 23rd St. and 4th Avenue, the head-quarters of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. She is an old time friend of Miss Wood, and has friends and relatives in Southern California, well-known to Professor Burgess, with whom she took pleasure in talking over prospects and familiar scenes in that land of sun-shine. Miss Wood and her guest went to Gettysburg yesterday.

On Friday last Donald McDonald, as an invited guest of Mr. H. K. Deisher, of Kutztown, Pa., paid him a visit. Mr. Deisher has been interested in Indians for many years, especially the folklore and relics of the Delawares, and requested to be placed in correspondence with a Delaware student if any on our roll. Donald wrote him, and an interesting pleasure trip resulted. He returned on Tuesday, full of the delightful time he had in travelling the hills and dales of Berks County with his newly-made friend, searching for relics, and caves inhabited by the Indians a hundred years ago. Donald appreciated the kindness shown him by all the people he met, and feels that he learned a great deal.

THE STANDARDS.

The Standards meeting last Friday evening was enthusiastic, and for the most part good. Every debater should work hard to understand the question, and be prepared to talk readily and fluently, using facts and stating them clearly.

Big words without ideas back of them make the speaker ridiculous.

Every once in a while we have one of these self-constituted orators without thoughts, studious habits or knowledge, bobbing up serenely, and convulsing his audience by his absurd conglomeration of words, and absolute dearth of ideas.

He fumes, and rants, and sits down in utter oblivion of the fact that he has made himself ridiculous. If we have fallen into this state of things it behooves us to change at once.

We should do our best on every occasion; work hard, but not attempt to play Webster or Clay or the silver-tongued orator of the Condoguinet.

We should be our natural selves, painstaking, earnest, simple and truthful.

The successful speaker never begins by extemporizing.

There must be a basis of hard work as well as fluent vocabularies somewhere along the line of preparation.

Wendell Phillips said his master pieces of oratory owed their success to a hundred nights of delivery back of them.

He worked and talked.

Many ambitious in this line talk and talk.

JOINT ENTERTAINMENT.

The Sophomore and Freshmen classes gave a joint entertainment last Thursday evening to which the faculty and a few others were invited.

They had neatly printed programs, printed by one of the class and everything was in an up-to-date style.

The Presidents of the classes, Joel Cornelius of the Sophomores and Horton Elm of the Freshmen, made opening addresses.

Matilde Garnier gave a piano solo, Thos. Gardner an oration, Ruth Kocer an essay, Edith Bartlett, Delfina Jaques, Wilson Charles and Walter Comah rendered a quartet, Nicholas Pena read a class Prophecy, George Robinson sang a solo, Albert Exendine delivered an oration, and Ella King played a Mandolin solo. A laughable dialogue enacted by Philip Tousey, Phineas Wheelock, Wallace Denny and Henry Mitchell ended the programme. Considering that the affair was gotten up solely by the students, without the aid from their teachers, (indeed the teachers did not know what was to be presented) the entertainment was a success.

In these class entertainments talent shows itself that we do not discover by other means, and when not run to excess the class entertainment is a good thing.

When the teachers met on Tuesday after school at the regular teachers' meeting period, instead of the usual deep study which they generally to enter into, they were greeted with refreshments of another sort, even ice-cream, cake, etc. from their leader, Professor Bakeless, which proved to be as great a surprise as it was enjoyable. On this particular occasion they were going to the cave for their meeting, but it rained, and the ice-cream was all the more enjoyed.

Even the old walnut tree is now leafing. Just think! Two weeks ago the trees on the campus bore old dry sticks as branches. This week they are beautiful in foliage. Where did the pretty green leaves come from all of a sudden? Do we care? Or are we like the animals who rest beneath the shade and know not, while caring less.

Yesterday morning Mr. and Miss Burgess and Mr. Wheelock were the recipients of a little basket of flowers from Peter Dobrovolsky, to celebrate May day. He made it himself, no doubt, and handed it in modestly at the entrance to printing office.

THE WALKING PURCHASE.

Among the various negotiations by which the Indians in eastern Pennsylvania were led to surrender their domain to the superior race, was the famous "Walking Purchase" of 1737.

No event in the history of this region gave so much dissatisfaction to the Indians, as the making of this alleged unjust bargain.

The first release of Indian title effected in the province, was brought about in 1682, before Penn's arrival, by his Deputy Governor, Wm. Markham. This embraced all the territory between the Neshaminy and the Delaware as far up as Wrightstown and upper Makefield townships.

In 1682 and '83 Penn himself made other purchases, among which was the Shackamaxon treaty of historic record, made under the old elm tree at Kensington, Philadelphia.

In 1686 it has been claimed, that the Indians granted to him a tract of country commencing on the line of the former purchase.

No copy of the treaty or deed was preserved, if any was made, and the extent of the purchase remained undecided.

Settlers however began to throng into the lower part of the country, which it was supposed had been purchased, and they soon pushed above the forks of the Delaware and Lehigh rivers.

The Indians believed that their lands were being encroached upon, and they had several meetings with the proprietaries to carry out the measures of the treaty of 1686, and to definitely fix the limits of the ceded territory.

The first was held at Durham, below Easton, in 1734, another was at Pennsbury in May 1735, and the negotiations were concluded at Philadelphia, August 25th, 1737.

The last meeting resulted in an agreement that the treaty of 1686 should be consummated, and the extent of the purchase was decided in a novel manner.

The proprietaries were to receive such portions of the Indian Territory as should be included within a line drawn north-westerly from a point in or near Wrightstown as far as a man could walk in a day and a half, and a line drawn from his stopping place straight to the Delaware, which was of course the eastern boundary.

James Steel, Receiver General under Thomas Penn, took measures to secure men for the performance of the purchase-walk.

It was proposed that he should walk with two others, who were actively to engage in competition, and that Timothy Smith, Sheriff of Bucks County, and John Chapman, surveyor, should accompany the trio, furnish provisions, etc.

The time fixed for the walk under the treaty was Sept. 12, 1737, but it was postponed until the 19th.

The preliminaries were all arranged in advance, and Edward Marshall, James Yates and Sol. Jennings, all noted for their powers of endurance, and one of them undoubtedly the champion of the trial walk, were employed by the proprietaries to make decisive effort.

It was arranged that the Indians should send some of their young men along to see that the walk was fairly made.

The walkers were promised five pounds in money, and five hundred acres of land.

The place of starting was fixed at a well known point, a large chestnut tree near the Junction at the Pennsville and Durham roads, at the Wrightstown meeting-house, in Bucks County, very close to the northern boundary of the Markham purchase.

Marshall, Yates and Jennings stood with their hands upon the tree, and as the sun rose above the horizon, the signal was given by Sheriff Smith, and they started.

Their route was as straight as the irregularities of the ground and the numerous obstructions would permit, and it was for a number of miles along the Durham road, which was then a road little more than name.

It is said that Yates led the way with a

light step, and next came Jennings, with two of the Indian walkers, while Marshall was last, a considerable distance behind the others.

The walkers reached Red Hill, in Bedminster, in two and a half hours; took dinner with the Indian trader Wilson, on Durham Creek, near where the old furnace stood, crossed the Lehigh river a mile below Bethlehem, at what is now Jones Island, and passing the Blue Ridge at Smith's Gap, slept at night on the northern slope.

The walk was resumed at sunrise, and terminated at noon, when Marshall, who alone held out, threw himself at length upon the ground and grasped a sapling, which was marked as the end of the line.

Jennings first gave out about two miles north of the Tobickon, and then lagged behind with the followers until the parties reached the Lehigh river.

He then left for his home, in what is now Salisbury township, in Lehigh Co.

Yates fell at the foot of the mountain, and on the morning of the second day, was quite blind when taken up, and died three days later.

Marshall, the champion of the walk, was not in the least injured by his exertion, and lived to the age of 79 years, dying in Tinicum, Bucks county, Nov. 7, 1789.

Solomon Jennings had settled on a farm which is now the Jennings farm, only three miles from my present home.

D. N. KERN,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

NOTE.—The walking purchase above referred to, although under the direction of the Proprietary government of the Province, was never sanctioned as just by Wm. Penn or his religious followers, who lived on terms of good will and friendship with all the Indian tribes of Eastern Pennsylvania, and their neighbors.

Besides other evidence on this point, a recent work, well authenticated, by Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College, on referring to the "deed of 1686 of doubtful authenticity," remarks:

"In order to secure undisputed possession and drive out the Delawares who had always been more than friendly, a despicable artifice was resorted to which will always disgrace the name of Thomas Penn."

Also, "In a treaty in 1728, James Logan said that Wm. Penn never allowed lands to be settled till purchased of the Indians."

The general provisions of the 1682 or Elm-tree treaty, seemed to be provided for or understood in all the treaties he solemnized in person, and in a valuable work on the American Aborigines, it states that Wm. Penn, his descendants, and the State of Pennsylvania, always purchased the right of possession from Delawares, and of sovereignty from The Five Nations."—[Ed. RED MAN.]

ANNA LEWIS

who finds herself away out in Arizona says:

"I have been away from the school more than a month and I long to see the weekly paper. Though I hear from friends occasionally, I know not all that happens at the school.

I am about 15 miles from Phoenix. The miles seem long on these barren plains.

I was lonesome at first but have become reconciled and am very well satisfied now. Though it is very hot here I have a cold. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Dagenett have charge of a Day School under the supervision of the Santa Fe school.

I find enough to do to keep me busy nearly all the time, without going away to work.

Mr. Lewis Nelson, my aunt's husband, is a thrifty man. He is teacher of this Day School and he also has a little store. He has a large ranch too.

I have been to Phoenix several times. Remember me to all my friends there at the school."

A JOKER AMONG BIRDS.

It is said that the bluejay is the most persistent practical joker in the feathered kingdom.

He will conceal himself in a clump of leaves near the spot where small birds are accustomed to gather, and when they are enjoying themselves in their own fashion will suddenly frighten them almost to death, by screaming out like a hawk.

Of course they scatter in every direction, and when they do so the mischievous rascal gives vent to a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.

If he confined his pranks to such jokes as this, however, he would not be such a bad neighbor to birds smaller than himself, but when he amuses himself by breaking the eggs in their nests and tearing the young to pieces with his bill he becomes a pestilent nuisance, and they often combine their forces to drive him out of the neighborhood.

They do not always succeed, for he is as full of fight as of mischief, but a severe conflict teaches him that they, too, have their rights, and this induces him to mend his manners.

WHAT MAY COME FROM A BUSHEL OF CORN.

A saloon keeper's estimate of what the liquor traffic gets from a bushel of corn is this:

The distiller gets four gallons of whiskey which retails at \$16.

Out of this, the Government gets four dollars.

The farmer who raises the corn gets fifty cents.

The railroad gets fifty cents.

The manufacturer gets four dollars.

The retailer gets seven dollars.

The consumer gets drunk.

AWAY UP IN ALASKA.

The Orphanage News Letter, the sprightly little paper published away up at Wood Island, Kodiak, Alaska, in speaking of the Government school there says among other encouraging items:

"Mr. A. N. Evans has had charge of the school which is still taught in our school room. Nearly all children of legal age and some younger ones have been enrolled. The night school sustained by the orphanage has been continued with a total enrollment of thirty including our older children."

NEW WAGONS.

Muscogee, I. T., April 5.—The Dawes commission yesterday received five new wagons for the purpose of carrying enrolling parties to different sections of the Cherokee nation. The cavalcade will leave Muscogee Thursday, April 10, and go overland, accompanied by two stenographers, two teamsters and a cook. There will be two teams and wagons for each party. There will be four parties out who will spend from a week to ten days in each place.—[The Indian Journal.]

KINGS AND PRINCES LEARN TO WORK.

The Prince of Wales is said to have learned in his youth to make stockings.

His son, the Duke of York learned the trade of rope-making.

His cousin the Czar Nicholas II. can plow, sow and reap.

The Emperor William is a practical typesetter.

King Humbert is not only an excellent shoemaker, but cobbles also to perfection.

Oscar of Sweden handles the ax with dexterity.

THE GREAT VALUE OF SAVING TIME.

Thrift of time is as necessary as thrift of money, and he who knows how to save time has learned the secret of accumulating educational opportunity. Men who regard it as sinful to waste money, waste time with a prodigal's lavishness because they do not understand the value of short periods of time; society is full of people who might enrich themselves an hundredfold and make their lives immensely more interesting if they learned this commonplace truth.—[May Ladies' Home Journal.]

ENGLISH IN SOUND.

A magazine gives the following unique composition, written by a twelve year old girl:

"A right suite little buoy, the son of a kernel, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a dear.

After a thyme he stopped at the house and wrung the belle.

His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest.

He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face and a feint mown of pane rose from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fere her guessed would not weight, but when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site.

'Live poor dear. Why do you lye hear? Are you dyeing?'

'Know,' he said, 'I am feint.'

She boar him inn her arms, as she ought, to a roam where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him up warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went forth as hail as a young hoarse."

HOW TO PACK A TRUNK.

This from the May Ladies' Home Journal may serve as a lesson to those who are packing their trunks these days preparatory to going to country homes:

If there be one principle more than another to be observed in packing it is that the heavy things go at the bottom of the trunk, even though one is sure that it is to stand on end half of the trip.

A CHEAP WORKMAN.

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" Eli Perkins once asked a commercial traveler.

"No. I do it for nothing."

"Well," said the lecturer, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain on your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul,—and for nothing! You do certainly work cheap,—very cheap."

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

- April 5. Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster. Indians won—7 to 1.
 " 12. University of Pennsylvania, at Phila. Indians lost—15 to 0.
 " 16. Susquehanna, at Carlisle. Indians won—15 to 1.
 " 19. Dickinson, on Indian field. Indians lost—2 to 1.
 " 23. Dickinson on Dickinson field. Indians lost—12 to 6.
 " 25. Lebanon Valley at Carlisle. Indians lost—4 to 1.
 May 2nd. Franklin & Marshall, at Carlisle.
 " 14. Gettysburg, at Carlisle.
 " 16. Dickinson on Indian field.
 " 20. Cornell, at Ithaca.
 " 24. Allbright, at Myerstown.
 " 30. Dickinson, on Dickinson field.
 " 31. Bucknell, at Carlisle.
 June 6. University of W. Virginia at Morgantown
 " 7. University of W. Virginia at Morgantown
 June 9. Waynesburg College, at Waynesburg.
 " 10. Washington & Jefferson, at Washington, Pa.
 " 14. Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
 " 18. Bucknell at Lewisburg.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 12, 7, 14, is something that Noah knew more about than we do.

My 10, 9, 11 some small dogs are called.

My 13, 4, 5, 6 comes on unused iron.

My 3, 8, 2 is a noise.

My 11, 1, 2, 5 slovenly women use in their dress.

My whole is the name given to our shop-court flower garden and surroundings, and it is a good name.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Indian boys.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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