

# The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper Vol. II, Number Forty-one.

## WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

AND why do you throw down your hoe by the way. As if that furrow were done?" It was the good farmer, Bartholomew Grey, That spoke in this wise to his son.

He had thought to have given the lad such a start As would bring him at once to his feet; And he stood in the furrow amazed, as young Bart, Lying lazy, and smiling so sweet,

Replied—"The world owes me a living, you see, And something, or sooner or late, I'm certain as can be, will turn up for me, And I am contented to wait!"

"My son" said the farmer, "take this to your heart— For to live in the world is to learn— The good things that turn up are, for the most part, The things we ourselves help to turn!

"So, boy, if you want to be sure of your bread, Ere the good time of working is gone, Brush the cobwebs of nonsense all out of your head, And take up your hoe, and work on."

—ALICE CAREY.

## WHITE THUNDER'S SPEECH.

Several in the faculty of the Carlisle School, remember that in the early days of the school, twenty years ago, the Sioux delegations who visited us were made up of prominent chiefs, and one of the greatest was White Thunder, long since dead. He had a son and daughter here and was a friend of Indian education:

At that time Honorable Carl Schurz was Secretary of the Interior. In one of the Secretary's visits to the Sioux country at a council of the Indians, White Thunder made an impressive speech.

Here follows Mr. Schurz' own words as given in a striking picture of the incident written for the Youths' Companion:

White Thunder was a splendid model of vigorous manhood, tall and erect, with a remarkably handsome face, strong and noble features, but frank eyes, the eagle feather fixed upright in his hair.

There was in his whole appearance and expression something of chivalrous honesty, which could not fail to inspire confidence.

He advanced toward me, offered me his hand, heartily shook mine with the customary "How!" then stepped back, gathered his white blanket about him as we might imagine a Roman senator to have draped his toga when addressing the senate, and spoke as translated to me by the interpreter, somewhat in this wise:

"Great father, I have come to welcome you and to speak with you. I have long been expecting you. My heart is glad because you are here. My heart is good. I am obedient to the Great Father. What the Great Father tells me to do, I do. What have I done that the Great Father does not trust me?"

He stopped for an answer.

I was puzzled, for I did not know of anything done by the government that might have provoked such a question. So I looked inquiringly at the agent who whispered:

"I do not know what he can mean. These Indians have very strange notions sometimes."

I then turned to White Thunder and said:

"Why do you say that the Great Father does not trust you? Here I am. Your people are many thousands. I have come among you, not with an army, but

alone, accompanied only by a few friends. Is not this proof enough that I have confidence in you? What stronger proof would you have?"

When the interpreter reported these words there came from the Indians a grunt that sounded like a sign of satisfaction.

But White Thunder answered:

"Great Father, what you say is true. You have come because you know that my heart is good. And I am glad that you have come. But why have you sent soldiers upon my lands? That shows that you do not trust me, and makes me sad."

I was surprised, for I knew nothing of there being soldiers on the reservation.

When setting out upon my journey I had expressly declined to have a military escort with me, for the very reason that I wish to show the Sioux my feeling of security among them.

In answer to my inquiry, the agent explained that there was a party of government surveyors on the reservation, to stake out farm lots for the Indians; that these surveyors, being a little afraid of the Sioux, had asked for a military guard to protect them; that a squad of soldiers had been furnished for that purpose from the nearest military post, and that there seemed to be good reason for this precaution, as the Indians were night after night pulling up the stakes set by the surveyors during the preceding day, and trying to stampede their horses.

Having received this information, I spoke to White Thunder again:

"Your agent tells me that the men who survey land for you have asked for soldiers to protect their camp. I knew nothing of this. Had I been asked I would not have permitted the soldiers to come. I would have said to the surveyors that they were safe among you. But would not that have been a mistake? I am sorry to hear that your young men have pulled up during the night the stakes set by the surveyors, and tried to drive away their horses. This is wrong. It makes me sad. If such evil things are done, is it not necessary to have soldiers here for the protection of the surveyors' camp? What say you?"

White Thunder drew himself up to a majestic posture and with a wave of the hand replied:

"Great Father, trust me. My heart is good. Send away the soldiers and you will see."

I stepped down from the veranda, gave my hand to White Thunder, and said:

"I will trust you. I shall send the soldiers away this instant. They will be gone before the sun sets."

White Thunder shook my hand vigorously, and the Indians heaved a grunt which was evidently one of pleasure. The council dissolved, the chiefs mounted their ponies and rode away, and in a few hours the soldiers were on the march back to their post.

From that moment not a stake set by the surveyors was touched by the Indians; the horses of the surveyors not only remained entirely unmolested, but when one strayed away the Indians would catch it and bring it back; and they did everything to make the surveyors feel safe and comfortable.

On the following day I visited White Thunder in his teepee

The interior of the roomy tent I found to be a model of order and neatness.

White Thunder welcomed me with the easy dignity of a person whose standing in the world is above question.

With the true instinct of a gentleman

who receives a friend as a guest in his house, he entirely abstained from urging—even hinting at—any of those complaints or requests which usually form the staple of the Indian's talk when he comes into contact with a representative of the government.

He touched business only in reply to a question on my part, and then merely by expressing his satisfaction with the treatment he received and with the promptness of my order sending away the soldiers.

With assurances of mutual "good hearts" we parted, and I have always remembered White Thunder as one of the Indians of my acquaintance whose faithful portraiture would have fitted a place among Fenimore Cooper's noble savages.

## INDIAN RELICS IN LEHIGH COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. D. N. Kern, of Allentown, an old resident of this State, gives some experiences in relic hunting:

I was born in 1849 on the second highest point of the Lehigh Mountains; I lived there for forty-eight years: two miles east of my place, at Vera Cruz, were the Indian Jasper Mines; two miles northwest, near Macungie, were 139 pits or hollows, but at Vera Cruze there are only sixty pits.

These places known so well to me from childhood up, I have never paid much attention to.

All the Indian relics I found on my farm I gave to students from different colleges, and to Prof. H. C. Mercer, who was sent out by the University of Pennsylvania in the summers of 1891 and 1892.

In 1897 I moved to the city of Allentown; in 1898 I travelled through the counties of Lehigh, Bucks, Montgomery, Chester, York, Lancaster, Cumberland, Adams, Dauphin, Lebanon, Schuylkill, Perry, Snyder, Juniata, Mifflin, Huntingdon, Franklin and Berks.

In the rural districts I travelled from house to house, and met many persons who had Indian relics.

While I was travelling in Lancaster county, I met a man who makes about twenty trips a year to hunt for relics.

I travelled with him one day and learned a great deal from him.

In October 1899 I concluded to become a relic hunter in Lehigh county.

The first half day I was out, I found 39 specimens.

The second trip I found one of the finest axes in my possession now, and I have 18. I also found some nice spears and arrows, also several scrapers, etc.

During the year 1900 I made about half a dozen trips in different directions, and always had good luck.

I began to study Anthropology, Archaeology and Paleontology, securing some books from the Smithsonian Institution on arrow points, spear heads and knives of prehistoric times.

You can read about chert, ironstone, argillite, flint, quartzite, chalcedony, obsidian, hornstone, etc., but through experience in hunting in the fields and woods, along rivers, creeks and springs, on mountains and in valleys, with some one who knows more than you know yourself, one learns some very interesting things about the Indians who inhabited this section of Pennsylvania two and three hundred years ago.

They very wisely selected their village sites, and I have explored many a one.

If I visit a new section of country, I always go to a place where I can see around, then I take the lay of the land in

view, and get all the information about springs I can; then I begin to look around for relics, and nine times out of ten I come to the good places.

Not long ago my friend Mr. Newhart and I went to a new territory. I selected a certain field that I judged good from a distance, and sure enough it proved to be an extra good field, and we secured some thirty specimens, several of which were very rare ones. The field has been under cultivation for over one hundred years, and there are lots of relics still left.

It is astonishing how blindly the farmers have worked these fields and have rarely seen a relic. If you want to be a good relic hunter, you have got to train your eyes so that you can see what is lying eight feet on either side of you, and at least ten feet ahead.

During my second year's hunting trips for relics and Indian sites, I had one great advantage. I knew nearly every man for a distance of ten miles all around as well as all the roads, lanes, creeks, fields and woods.

When I had selected a route, I would go to a farmer and ask for permission to hunt on his fields. It was never refused, and very often they informed me where to find good places. I have found as high as eighty in one day. I had the luck once to get into a field in April that was plowed for corn in the fall, and found fifty specimens on about three acres. In July I hunted for the second time and found forty.

I explored other places during the same year where the Indians had workshops, and at these places I found many knives, turtle backs, hammer stones, celts, etc.

Bears lived in many places in this section, and bear meat was a great favorite with the Indians.

I discovered that in these bear swamps I could always find axes, spears, knives and arrows.

On the farm where my great-grandfather settled in 1739, my cousin found a fine ax in 1895. This field was cultivated for one hundred and fifty years, but no one happened to see this ax before.

## FOR OUR FARMER BOYS.

Returning from the field or after a hard day's plowing it might be well to read these lines from the Sunday School Visitor, and take courage:

No gymnasium is so good for a boy as hard, steady work in the open air.

The gymnasium is only an artificial substitute for the country lad's exercise as he weeds, or hoes, or drives the plow.

So no school of character, no effort to improve ourselves by set exercises, is so good for us as the school of plain, everyday work.

We may call labor drudgery; yet it teaches patience, obedience, endurance, controlled energy, order, system, and many other necessary things.

The boy who never worked for his living always has something to learn from the boy who has been through the school that labor keeps.

## WAS IT SAFE?

"I was holding," said the late Bishop Whipple, "a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service.

"Yes," he said, "perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!"

**THE RED MAN AND HELPER.**

**THE LATE JOHN BUCKMAN ONE OF THE FIRST TO TAKE INDIANS.**

**THAT RACE.**

**ATHLETICS.**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN.

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

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

**FRIENDS' YEARLY MEETING.**

Many of our Indian boys and girls have at various times lived in Friends' families in Bucks and other counties of Pennsylvania, and in New Jersey and Maryland. Some of them no doubt have attended Friends' meetings on First days, and wondered as they sat in silence for an hour or more what it all meant, not being able to realize that the gathering of a few souls and sitting in silence with no preaching, no singing, no oral prayer or other manifestation of outward form is religious worship. But it is! With the mind in waiting upon "the still small voice within," religious thought oftentimes becomes most absorbing, and the hour thus spent is felt to be profitable.

In every community of Friends sufficient in number to gather in religious meetings on First days, there are mid-week meetings held for worship and monthly meetings for business. In most of the Meetings for worship many able sermons are frequently delivered, which prove both edifying and instructive.

The Philadelphia Yearly meeting, beginning always the first Second Day after the Second First day in the Fifth month, holding its sessions twice a day for a week, embraces all the Quarterly and Half Year meetings within a radius of a hundred miles or so.

These meetings send delegates to Quarterly meetings held in central districts. And the Quarterly meetings send delegates to the Yearly meetings.

There are a number of other Yearly meetings held in the United States—one at Baltimore, one in New York City, one in Genesee, New York, one in Indiana, one in Ohio, one in Illinois, but the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is the largest. This meeting has a membership of 11,270.

There are 31 schools under the care of its Monthly Meetings with 167 teachers, and 2,157 pupils.

This spacious meeting house and school connected with it covers the eastern half of the square between Fifteenth and Sixteenth and Race and Cherry streets.

A large school, of the grade of the City High school, with nearly a thousand students in attendance is carried on in buildings thoroughly equipped for the purpose. They fit students for all colleges.

Friends believe that there is no more effectual protest against vice than the moral and religious education of children.

At the Yearly meeting held this week, a large number of Friends gathered, and questions of greatest import to the welfare of humanity, including all the philanthropic interests of the country were brought up and discussed.

At the First day meetings it is estimated there were about 3,000 persons in attendance, and many sermons were delivered.

It is well known that Friends have always been interested in Indian education and have contributed large funds for that purpose.

Under the Grant policy, the Hicksite branch of Friends had charge of the Northern Superintendency, with headquarters at Omaha, Nebraska, and Barclay White as Superintendent.

As Indian affairs became gradually involved in politics the Friends withdrew, confining their aid principally to individual needs. Carlisle has been greatly assisted through Friends.

M. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Fifth Mo. 16th.

We as a school are grieved to learn through the Newtown Enterprise that John Buckman has passed away. In the obituary notice written, signed I. E., we get the following:

John Buckman, who died in Middletown township on the 24th ult., aged nearly 83 years, deserves more than a short funeral notice.

He was not only the oldest man in the north end of the township, but he was the only person residing there who lived there when a boy in 1828, and who had lived there continuously all his life.

His father's name was John Buckman, Jr., as his grandfather was also named John, so that this one was John the third; and he called his oldest son John, that being a favorite name in the family.

John Buckman was quite a noted man. He served as school director a number of years.

He was a total abstainer from all kinds of alcoholic drinks, and voted the prohibition ticket at every opportunity.

He was one of the first farmers who was willing to take an Indian boy when Captain Pratt brought them to Bucks county, twentytwo years ago, to learn farming.

John was asked one day by one of his neighbors if he was not afraid the Indian would scalp his wife; he replied that there was more danger of his wife scalping the Indian.

"Father" Burgess informs that John Buckman and he were schoolmates and intimate friends in their youthful days, and have always retained their warm friendship.

About the year 1843 or '44, when John Buckman was first married, Mr. Burgess acted as groomsman at his wedding, and the lady who was bridesmaid with him, is a well known woman in Newtown.

**FROM THREE THOUSAND MILES NORTH WEST OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

John Benson writes from Unalaska, and the letter has been three months coming:

"MY DEAR SCHOOL FATHER:—I received yours of October 4th. I hope you will accept my apology for not writing sooner. The mail-boat does not call anywhere near where I live, but there is a small sailing boat going toward Belkofski, and I hope that this letter will get there in time to get on the mail-boat.

This winter has been the most agreeable that I ever spent in this country. The coldest weather we had was on Christmas. I have had no skates on this winter. There was only two nice weeks for skating and that was all. I have not made up my mind as to what I shall do towards learning a trade or going to school again.

I was glad when I left the school and now I am sorry for it. I would like to go back to Carlisle but it takes lots of money. I did not think I made a mistake when I left Carlisle, but I see I made a big mistake.

But it is so funny, some boys when they are put in some good school or in good hands, they always think they would be better off if they were somewhere else.

I hope there is no boy now under your care that will make a mistake like I did.

If a man wants to be among respectable people he must have some education."

MARZOVIA, ALASKA.

Feb. 27, 1902.

An important fact seems to be that most men of foremost rank in greatness, attained learning, skill, ability and fame, not as the result of early advantages in either schooling or legacy, but by persevering effort in spare moments, often against poverty and the most disheartening discouragements, hindrances which they had to overcome by simple grit and self-help.—[Self-Help,

The way that race was won on last Saturday was beautiful to see.

The runner had himself well in hand.

He used only enough effort to hold his own with the best runner.

He husbanded his energies, measured his antagonist, and just at the right moment he used his reserve, brought up the distance and came in ahead.

Success in all life's races are won in about the same way.

Hard work every day, and a careful husbanning of strength for extra exertion when needed.

The methods of the athletic field are the ones most effective on the farm, in shop, in school and in the world.

The sooner we learn that hard work is a stern necessity in the winning race of life, the quicker will we school ourselves to meet the requirement.

Training, hard training, self-denying training, is the price of success.

**From An Ex-Carlisle.**

Miss Carter has received a letter from Josiah J. George, of Charleston, S. C., where he and his family are staying for a time, but he soon expects to go west. He speaks of the peculiarities of that city, which he thinks by no means compare favorably with cities in the North, and in many respects he thinks Charleston a dead or two cent town, as they buy their groceries and vegetables by the one and two cents worth, and not by pounds, pecks and dozens as in the north. He says that two thirds of the population are colored people, and many of them are better educated than the white people of the lower classes.

He wishes to get the RED MAN AND HELPER, and to be kindly remembered to his brother Gilmore, here at school, and advises him to be a good boy.

**Haskell Institute.**

All were delighted to see Miss Reel's cheery face last Sunday. It was however, a disappointment that her stay was so short. She was on her way to Chillico and left Monday night. We hope to have her here later for a longer visit.

As far as perfected the plans for Commencement are as follows: The baccalaureate sermon on June 22, Commercial class day on the 23rd, Normal class day on the 24th, and Commencement day exercises on the 25th. On the afternoon of June 25 there will be a baseball game between Haskell and the Kansas City Athletic Club team. In the evening a band concert will be given and there will also be a competitive drill.

—[The Indian Leader.

**Monday Night's Lecture.**

The last illustrated lecture of the Bickman series for this season was given on Wednesday evening by Mr. Gansworth.

He exhibited seventeen views of beautiful birds, thrushes mostly, and commented on their habits, songs and uses.

The lecture was introduced by a discussion of the mating, housekeeping and eggs of birds.

We have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the innovation of having a course of lectures all our own.

The persons giving the lectures, as well as the audience are wiser and better equipped, and the material is our own to be used again.

The RED MAN AND HELPER must express thanks to the Phonographic Institute Company of Cincinnati, for a copy of their "Business Letters" pamphlet, a very neatly printed document, containing numerous business letters, engraved in easy reporting style of phonography, with a key to the same, for the benefit of students that far advanced in the shorthand art. Having taken lessons in that line we can appreciate the value of this work containing over 70 sample letters.

The Indian letters published in the RED MAN AND HELPER are quite interesting and are well worth reading, says the Hall Boy of Nazareth, Pa.

The Indians easily defeated Lafayette in track and field sports on our field last Saturday, the score being 81 5-6 to 22 1-6. Lafayette did not secure a single first place.

The Indian team showed up very strong, as shown by the fact that eight Carlisle records were broken.

Johnson Bradley lowered the records in the hurdle race to 16 4-5 for the high and 27 2-5 for the low hurdles.

Phillips and Charles jumped 3/4 inch higher than the previous record, and Waletsi threw the hammer nearly two feet farther than the former figures.

Mt. Pleasant lowered the record in the 1/4 mile dash, Antell did the same in the 1/2 mile. Beaver won the 220 dash in faster time, and Ruiz established a new record in the pole vault.

The long distance runners had no opportunity to show what they could do since Lafayette forfeited in the two mile run.

**Summaries.**

100 Yards Dash—Beaver, I., first; Harding, L., second. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Charles I., first, Beaver I., and Clark L., tied for sec. Distance, 20 feet 5 inches.

One-mile Run—Antell I., first, Metoxen L., second. Time, 4 minutes 48 2-5 seconds.

120-Yards Hurdle—Bradley, I., first, E. Haldeman, L., second. Time 16 4-5 (record.)

Putting the shot—Waletsi, I., Phillips, I., tie at 37 feet 5 inches.

440-Yards Dash—Mt. Pleasant, I., first, Raub, L., second. Time, 53 seconds. (record.)

High Jump—Charles, I., Phillips, I., and Bradley, L., tied at 5 feet 5 inches. (record.)

Two-mile Run—Lafayette forfeited by non entry.

220-Yards Hurdle—Bradley, I., first, E. Haldeman, L., second, Time 27 2-5. (record.)

One-Half Mile Run—Antell, I., first; Rabbit, I., second. Time 2 min. 9 2-5 sec. (record.)

Pole Vault—Ruiz, I., first, Johnson L., Tibbetts, I., tied for second. Height, 9 ft. 8 in. (record.)

Throwing the hammer—Waletsi, I., first, Trout, L., second. Distance, 114 feet 7 inches. (record.)

220 Yards Dash—Beaver I., first, Raub, L., second. Time 23 2-3 seconds. (record.)

Next Saturday the track team will meet Bucknell at Lewisburg in the third annual dual meet. These contests have always been very exciting and close and the one this year bids fair to be as close and exciting as the previous ones. In 1900 the score was tie, 52 to 52, last year the meet was undecided until the last event was finished. This was the 220 yds. hurdle race and Johnson would have won it but he unfortunately fell while jumping the last hurdle, and Bucknell won the event and the meet by a narrow margin.

Bucknell has a stronger team than ever this year, and last Saturday defeated Dickinson by a larger score than the Indians did; so it will be seen that our boys will have to do their very best to win from them.

The terrible disaster caused by volcanic eruptions in the Islands of Martinique and St. Vincent, in the West Indies, is one of the most appalling in modern history, as over forty thousand persons have perished by the molten lava and burning cinders; ships have been sunk and general desolation prevails in the path of the fiery ravager, and by late reports the danger has not yet abated. Most of our readers have no doubt read the details of the disaster.

The "Caddo County Record" is the latest venture in journalism seeking an exchange with us. The first number of this weekly issued at Fort Cobb, Okla. presents a creditable appearance, and comparing the length with breadth in form, it is no doubt intended to fill "a long felt want."

**Man-on-the-band-stand.**

Locust blossoms.  
Typos are getting scarce.  
Flower beds have been laid out.  
Plans for vacation are working.  
June-bugs abound these evenings.  
Miss Forster's sister Margaret is here on a visit.  
Isabel Espendez likes dining-room work.—  
Freshman Seth Ear has gone to the country.—  
The Students enjoyed early radishes for dinner last Sunday.—  
Miss Jackson is very much missed by all the girls in quarters.—  
Rev. Edward Marsden of Alaska, is expected sometime to-day.  
Mr. Sprow has purchased a new piano from Troup of Harrisburg.  
Colonel Pratt gave a talk Saturday night on treachery and loyalty.  
Boys have marked out their tennis court in front of the gymnasium.  
As the weather is getting warmer, the girls are anxious for the seashore.  
The Seventeen-year Locust article, last page, may be read with profit.  
Metzger College Commencement announcements and invitations are out.  
Richard Henry Pratt, Jr., of Steelton, spent Saturday and Sunday with us.—  
Miss Talbott, a daughter of Bishop Talbott, was a late visitor at the school.  
Howard Gansworth went to Philadelphia on business for the school yesterday.  
The monthly school entertainment was held in the assembly Hall last evening.  
After a very warm day, the gentle shower early Tuesday morning proved refreshing indeed.  
In the game of ball between Lebanon and Carlisle, the Lebanons won by a score of 7 to 0.—  
The third party of about 75 boys and girls will leave for the country soon after the middle of June.—  
Our little Blanche Lay is expected to sing at the High School Commencement, at her country home.—  
On Thursday evening some of the Sophomore girls visited Mrs. Cook, and had a delightful time.—  
The Printers football team is thinking seriously of having Mr. Gansworth as their "coacher" next fall.  
Miss Elizabeth Robbins from near Pittsburg, Pa., is visiting her sister our Miss Robbins, here at the school.  
Mr. Gansworth gave some very interesting Indian stories in connection with his bird talk last Monday evening.—  
The girls are doing their best to help the two matrons who are left in charge, during Miss Jackson's absence.—  
Last Friday evening at the Susan's Literary Society, Amy Dolphus delivered an impromptu speech on Volcanoes.—  
The Junior and Senior girls who have signed for the country, all want to go to the seashore to spend the summer.—  
James Arnold has gone to Lake Mohonk, N. Y., as bugler and also to take charge of a boat house for the summer.  
Our baseball team was again defeated on Tuesday. Cornell University defeated them at Ithaca, N. Y. by the score of 12-3.  
The latest game on the grounds is the lawn bowling, recently introduced by Mr. Warner. The game is very interesting.  
On account of the weather being so very warm, a few of the boys have had their hair cut just as short as it can be cut.—  
The strawberry plants at the school farm are looking well, and it is hoped we will have strawberries some of these days.—  
On Friday Miss Wood took the Junior girls out for nature study. The lesson on the different kinds of maples was enjoyed by all.—

Mr. Nori accompanied the ball team to Lebanon on Monday.

The Chemawa Indian School, Oregon, have their Commencement May 27th.

The subject for prayer meeting last Sunday evening was "Practical Consecration."—

The dual meet in track and field sports between Bucknell and the Carlisle Indians to-morrow, at Lewisburg, will be a hard contest.—

One of the girls said to her room-mate, "The skin of our wall is beginning to fall," meaning the plaster, and she did not realize she was poetic.—

Henry Arthur, who went to the country some weeks ago, is glad that he lives so near the Delaware River that he can throw a stone into it.—

There has been a very severe dog-wood winter in North Carolina. This winter comes about the first part of May, and don't last very long.—

At the "May Celebration" at the Catholic Church, the Catholic pupils sang eight hymns, four in English, three in Latin and one in Spanish.—

Horton Elm taught No. 11 on Monday morning, as Miss Weekley had gone to visit the girls at the Bloomsburg Normal. He performed his duty well.

Margaret Kerhenaga was visiting here during the week. She has been attending school in the Country, having skipped two grades during the winter.

Miss Ferree is away and the notice on the bulletin board says "No cooking class this week." She is visiting cooking schools in Philadelphia, New York and Boston.—

Two of the most beautifully shaped trees in front of the teachers' quarters are fast losing their leaves through the ravages of a certain indescribable little worm.

Last Sunday afternoon, while taking our afternoon walk, one of the girls tried to walk through a telegraph pole, but finding she could not succeed, walked around it with a bruised face.—

The large flag, which waved from the flag-pole on Sunday, caused many a one to stop and look admiringly upon its graceful folds. The breeze was just strong enough to cause it to roll beautifully.—

On account of warm weather, study hour closed on the fifteenth of May. If the students neglect their work, it will continue until June. The students are required to get one lesson out of school.—

Mr. Sprow, Superintendent of our tin-smith department and his boys, have made very neat wire nettings for the spouts. This will stop the birds and leaves from getting in and stopping the pipes.

A game of base ball was played between a team of white boys in town, and a picked scrub team of small Indians, last Saturday. The game was very interesting, the score being 9 to 7 in favor of the whites.—

Charles Cusick, '02, writes from Cleveland, Ohio, saying that he arrived there safely and finds his new field quite agreeable. The company, he says, employs 9 or 10 hundred hands and the plant covers about 25 acres.

The harness makers received an order for one hundred and thirty sets of harness. They shipped a hundred and fifteen sets last week and are now working hard to get the remaining fifteen sets done by the middle of June.—

Miss Carrie L. Miller, now of Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Georgia, says they are in their Commencement rush, but in a few days the excitement will be over, and she will be coming north, by Boston, where she will stop to take in the sights before going to her home in Philadelphia.

The Chemawa American states that Mrs. Campbell, who has been ill with nervous prostration, was taken to the Salem Hospital last week. The change is reported as having been beneficial, and her early recovery and return to Chemawa is hopefully looked for by her many friends, with which hope her friends here heartily coincide.

Mr. Sprow and his tinner apprentices, who the last two months have been at work painting roofs, have returned to their legitimate trade, and are now repairing the spouting on the various buildings.—

While on their way home from Washington, D. C., Mr. James Charley and Mr. Mack Norton stopped off between trains at the school to see their daughters and nieces, Misses Bessie and Fannie Charley.—

A lively dual meet took place Friday evening between the small boys and ex-small boys in which the small boys won; the points standing 42 to 47. Another meet will be held Saturday afternoon. All are invited.—

The sermon that was delivered last Sunday afternoon by Dr. E. J. Wolf, from Gettysburg Seminary, was appreciated by all who heard him. Dr. Wolf is one of our faithful patrons.—

The Invincibles had a meeting on last Friday night, but many members were absent, and the work was hardly at its best. We would advise the boys to go to the Susans to learn how to conduct a first class society in May.

On a visit to the county Poor House, not many days ago by a few girls, they spoke with some of the people there, and they then realized as never before, that we are not hemmed in so bad as we sometimes think we are.—

Mr. Allen says he enjoys taking the girls out for a walk on Sundays because it gives him a little exercise. The girls surmise that it is because he gets lonely staying at home alone, while Mrs. Allen and Esther are away.—

A number of the Standards visited the Susan Longstreth Literary Society last Friday night. Each was called upon to say a few words. They found that girls can carry on business in good parliamentary form as well as the boys.—

Notwithstanding the fact that the band members are dropping out one by one to take the benefit of country home life, the concerts continue and the music is excellent. All were pleased with the open-air concert given on Saturday evening.

Last Sunday morning Miss Bowersox gave us a very helpful and interesting talk about the Jews. She spoke particularly regarding the early life of the Apostle Paul, her favorite Bible hero. She will continue the subject next Sunday.—

A letter was received from Ella Romero, who is at Fort Wayne, Indiana, saying that she is improving in health and expects to leave her bed soon. Ella was a member of the present Senior class, and her classmates are always pleased to hear from her.

Susie McDougal, '95, now a teacher at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, is planning to attend some summer school in Michigan. She also states that Samuel Grouett, '97, has been very sick with typhoid fever, but is up again, having nearly recovered from the attack.

The Standard Society was reported as having a good meeting again on Friday evening. They always have; they are wide awake, up to date, and determined to grow. That is the spirit that will make Indians Americans in the full sense of the word.

Last Saturday while most of the school was out on the field to witness the athletic contest between Lafayette College and the Indians, some of the girls had a contest in sewing. As there was no one to judge of the results, all were pleased with what they had accomplished.—

The Susans had one of their best meetings on Friday night. The girls have a happy faculty of holding themselves down to business on every occasion. They held their regular meeting, it will be remembered, when the electric lights and the flood intervened, and had a successful meeting then. A few guests from the Standard Society were present, and expressed themselves highly pleased with the exercises and management of the Sister Susans.

Alice Lucas and Annie Coogidore sent in very creditable efforts at writing correctly the prize paragraph "English in Sound," printed two or three weeks ago. The query comes in connection with their letters: "Do try to let us know what a 'citizen pie' may be." Some of our boys designate the pie that may be purchased at a baker's establishment or wagon to distinguish it from the pie they get at their "government" table, as citizen's pie. They have been known to forfeit their pie or to give a pie for certain acts of kindness, and they are sometimes made to say whether they mean citizen's pie or school pie.

The track team from Lafayette College are certainly a lot of gentlemen—they showed that at our dual meet with them last Saturday. We were very sorry that an arrangement was not made so they could have come here the night before the meet. Their long journey here weakened them much, hence, they did not make as good a showing as they would have had they come on Friday. Dr. Newton, their coach is a pleasant and courteous gentleman, traits so often lacking in college athletic coaches. Come again, Lafayette.

The school library has received from the Standard Society as a gift, "Hadley's Railroad Transportation, its History and its Laws." This book was purchased by the society to help the boys in their preparation in debate. This is public spirit. Such enterprise deserves to win, and it will every time. We are doubly glad to put the book upon our shelves for the use of all.

We are grieved to learn that Mrs. Walter's father died on the day of her arrival at his home in Kansas City. He knew her, but his sufferings were too intense to admit of any speech. His last words were "I'm so glad. I'm going to rest easy, the Lord be praised." Mrs. Walter has the tender sympathy of her many friends at Carlisle.

Invitations have been received to attend the Eleventh Anniversary of the Industrial School at Phoenix, Arizona, May 18th to 22nd inclusive.

The Program is presented in a very neat little illustrated booklet. Our best wishes for a good and successful Commencement are tendered to the students and teachers.

The showers for several days seem to pass around us, but it may be our turn next, and the farmers, gardeners and all others will welcome a refreshing rain, for the benefit of grain, grass and all vegetation. Our campus is yet looking fine, and the new trees are coming on finely. The flower beds often receive invigorating aid from the watering pots.

The boys who were transferred from company E to company A have arranged with the small boys to have a dual meet in track and field sports on the school athletic field, tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

This will no doubt be interesting as the small boys are hardly big enough to jump over a hurdle or lift a 16 pound hammer.

Charles Dillion, the big guard on the football team, has returned from the country. He will take charge of the Blacksmith shop. The foreman, Mr. Harris, is receiving medical treatment for his eyes which prevents him from having charge of the shop himself.—

We see in the Riverside Twice-A-Week Enterprise, that a commission of three men from Southern California, has been appointed by the Government to select suitable land upon which to locate the Indians who are about to be removed from their homes in Warner's Ranch, Cal.

Miss Jackson left here last Saturday for her month's vacation, and after her return she expects to visit the country girls.—

**THIS IS THE YEAR FOR THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS—LOOK OUT FOR THEM!**

Locusts are of several varieties, and belong to the grasshopper species of insects, their predominant features, at sight, being long legs and their lengthy thread-like antennae, or head appendages.

The locusts of the old world are mostly migratory in their habits, and are notable for the immense swarms in which they periodically move, and prove destructive to vegetation.

Our Mountain Locust variety also, is noted for its ravages, moving in vast multitudes, and often swooping down to earth and cleaning up all green vegetation, in some of the western portions of the country.

The Seventeen Year Locust, sometimes called the cicada or harvest-fly, remains in the larva state in the earth for seventeen years, when the pupa emerges from the ground nearly full grown, in a kind of thin, rough shell, crawls mostly in the night, to the trunk of a tree, to a limb or shrub, where it remains for a short time, and then bursts from the shell, which is left upon the tree, and comes out a full fledged hopper with wings; ready to eat and sing, their appetites being by no means dainty, yet preferring the best food within reach.

Their song is said to be produced by friction of their long hind legs against parts of their wings, making a style of instrument, not quite like an Eolian harp, yet one perhaps which our musical students can examine, if they shall chance to see or hear any of these tuneful winged insects.

This is the year for the return of these locusts from their long Rip Van Winkle slumber.

They have appeared in many localities, but I have not seen or heard of any yet in this vicinity.

In 1834, when living in Bucks, my native county, in my youthful days just before reaching my teens, we had immense numbers in nearly every neighborhood, but they did not move in swarms to devour vegetation as with the smaller mountain locusts of the west.

Many were devoured by poultry while young, and when handled, they seemed innocent, until near the time of their maturity and exit, after depositing their eggs for a future crop, many persons were stung severely, and being considered dangerous, people had to be cautious in their contact.

After 1834 I saw them again in 1851, but in greatly reduced numbers, as their forests haunts had been disturbed by the plow and other causes, and they were in still smaller numbers in every return, this being the fifth periodical visitation within my memory, if I chance to see any.

I cannot take space to describe the insect further, but invite the attention of students and others for a fuller examination to suitable works on entomology.

WILLIAM BURGESS.

**THE MUSTANG DISAPPEARING.**

Not many people in the Indian service on the western reservations but have ridden or driven the tamed mustang for pleasure or on business bent, and have studied both his good and bad qualities, withal acknowledging him as a friend in time of need. These people with others who know the sturdy little animal only from a distance will read with some degree of regret while recognizing the truth of these words from the Arizona Republican, published in the heart of the mustang country:

Thirty years ago, the mustang and the jack rabbit were two of the commonest pests in the West.

On every plain and mesa, in each spot where a particle of green food found a livelihood, beneath the shelter of a dusty sagebrush or a thorned mesquite, the little, hardy, shaggy cayuse and the long-eared, alert and rapid jack rabbit browsed in peace and quietude.

A rider across the arid wilds of the great Southwest could count, if he desired, hundreds and thousands of the wiry, wild

horses, and from every bush a jack hurried away from the path of the traveler, a gray streak, scurrying over the sand and gracefully sailing over obstructing brush—the kangaroos of America.

Now not a mustang can be found in a day's travel, or a week's, and only an infrequent jack breaks in on the monotony of a desert ride.

Twenty years ago 200,000 mustangs were scattered over the ranges in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

As the bicycle grew in favor the horse decreased in value and the mustang became an outcast and an outlaw.

He intruded on the cattle ranges and was shot for his pains, the cowmen intent on saving the feed for their stock.

He ventured among the sheep flocks and the coyotes feasted on his carcass.

Everywhere he was a worthless reprobate, an interloper and valuable only as a target for the revolver of the vaquero.

By inbreeding the species grew smaller and the mustang's finish was perceivable.

**Adopted by the Indians.**

The extremely low price of high grade Eastern horses put the cayuse out of service, and his only haven of refuge was among the Indians.

The red men harbored him, fed him and tamed him, and to-day on the reservations can be found the last of his race, disappearing as did the buffalo, but from a different cause.

His extermination was rapid and somewhat of a mystery.

Many stockmen attribute it merely to degeneration, but closer observers assert that many thousands of the ponies of the desert were surreptitiously converted into canned beef, and are even now being served over eastern tables and army messes, as a select product of the cattle range.

Be that as it may, the mustang is no more, and has been replaced by a higher and finer breed of the equine species.

Over plains where once roamed the vast herds of mustangs, which, by the way, were doubtless the offspring of horses brought over soon after the Spanish invasion—now feed as fine horseflesh as can be found anywhere in the world.

**A PECULIAR BURIAL.**

One of our Osage girls in speaking of the old burial rites of the Osages said in her school composition:

"When the Osages were not as civilized as they are now they were always warring.

In one of these battles one of the most prominent men in the tribe was killed and buried on Osage Hill.

Of course I do not remember when he was killed, but I have seen his remains many times.

The way he was buried is very peculiar.

There are four very large stones set up around him, something like a house, and one stone covers him.

The stones are not connected together but are open at the corners, so we could see in.

When they buried him they put in all his belongings with him—his blankets, tin-cups, plates, his powder horn and a great many other things.

I have been told that for a long time after his death his family and friends would bring him fresh food, thinking he would get hungry and need something to eat.

Instead of his eating the food, animals came and devoured it."

**TRY IT, YE SORE-FOOTED!**

A prominent chiropodist says that foot-comfort is much enhanced as the spring weather approaches if all callous places on the feet are made perfectly smooth. This can be done easily by using a fine pumice-stone every morning after the bath. The pumice-stone should, of course, be wet, and if rubbed daily over the points on the feet that have hardened, the places can be made and kept smooth. After a corn has been removed, too, a light rubbing daily of the place where it has been will often prevent its return.—[Church Progress.

**INSPECTED UNAWARE.**

A writer in Will Carelton's magazine, "Every Where," by the way of giving some very sound advice to young men, as to the necessity of doing one's best at all times and in all situations, relates some very interesting incidents.

"Haroun Al Raschid used to prowl about the city of Bagdad, so well disguised that his best friends and worst enemies did not know him. Being invested with the responsibilities of government, he determined to know its details, and to have a near hand at their managing. He often discovered things that needed sudden and drastic remedies.

Victor Emmanuel, many years ago King of Italy, used often to mingle in the crowd, unknown, imagine himself one of the people, and thus get much nearer in touch with them, both physically and mentally.

"It is not an uncommon thing for shrewd business men to disguise themselves and interview their assistants as strangers. They thus get a tolerably exact idea of what is going on in their absence. Many mysterious promotions and discharges are really caused in that way.

"A young man in New York was suspected of playing poker through the long watches of the night, and was asked about it by 'the old man,' his employer. 'I can't afford to have any one in my employ who divides his shrewdness between business and cards,' he said.

"The young man, with a half-dozen poker-chips in his pockets, stoutly denied the accusation. Only a few evenings afterward, he was completely cleaned of all the filthy lucre he had brought along with him, by a grayhaired, imperturbable old gentleman, whom he had considered 'an easy mark.'

"As he rose to go, his recent contestant gave him back his money, lifted a wig slightly, thus discovering the fact that he was his employer, and remarked:

"You need not come to the office tomorrow. Your money will be sent you. Use what money you have left, not in gambling, but in looking for another place. When you find it, put your whole attention on it, and let poker alone."

**A WISE CAT.**

It is said that a man in Point Pleasant, N. J., had a cat that seemingly grew tired of home life and wanted to see the world.

It boarded a train for New York some days ago and was discovered by the brakeman when half way to the city.

He, poor man, could only surmise where kitty came from, but he had a warm place in his heart for all animals, and has kept an eye on her till the train reached the city.

On the return trip at each station, as the brakeman opened the door she would rush to the platform and remain there until satisfied it was not her home.

At Asbury Park she jumped to the platform, but evidently realizing her mistake, jumped hurriedly back again as the train started.

When Point Pleasant was reached she leaped from the train with an I-am-at-home air, feeling quite the most distinguished cat in the neighborhood, having traveled a distance of over 150 miles

**Government to Collect Tribal Tax.**

South McAlester, I. T., May 6.—The Chickasaw nation in extra session at Tishomingo passed an act turning over the collection of the tribal tax to the United States government. Hitherto the tribal officers have endeavored to collect the tax, reporting refusal to pay to the federal government, which then proceeded to eject cattle and owners. Indian Agent Shoffett and Inspector J. George Wright will now make the collections through the Indian police, retaining expenses from the gross sums. The tax is 25 cents per annum.—[The Indian Journal.

Self-inspection is the best cure for self-esteem.

**BEGIN ON THE INSTANT.**

A prominent man, writing a special message to young people, said:

"Begin right, and right away," is a motto which would have saved many a youth from disaster.

Nothing is more delusive than delay.

I have known more people come to grief through procrastination, indolence, and dillydallying, than from almost anything else.

There is nothing else quite so destructive to the energy which does things, or which so paralyzes the executive faculties as a habit of dawdling.

"The only possible corrective of it is to determine stoutly to begin, on the instant, the task before you.

Every moment's delay makes it harder and harder to start. It is the beginning which is difficult.

If dawdlers could only once be set in motion, many of them would run awhile; but they lack the power of initiative.

"Shun the fatal habit of 'putting off,' as you would a temptation to crime.

The moment you feel a temptation to dawdle come upon you, jump up, and then go with all your might at the most difficult thing you have to do.

"Everybody admires a boy who, like a race horse, is always ready to start.

A ready boy makes a prompt, efficient man.

Somehow, readiness and promptness seem to brace up all the other faculties, and raise their value to the highest power.

They follow in line when promptness leads the way."

Mother: Grace, you musn't eat your ice cream so fast. There was a little girl once ate her ice cream so fast that she died before she had finished it.

Grace (age 6): What did they do with the rest of the ice cream, mamma?

**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.	Indians lost—14 to 8.
" 16.	Dickinson on Indian field.	Indians lost—9 to 4.
" 20.	Cornell, at Ithaca.	Indians lost—12 to 3.
" 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 18 letters.  
My 16, 15, 14 a cat sometimes gets.  
My 8, 7, 3, 2, 5 is a very common name for a dog.

My 6, 9, 1 boys may grow to be.  
My 10, 12, 18, 18 attracts crowds.  
My 6, 4, 11, 14 is a gathering of athletics.  
My 8, 13, 9 is to regret.  
My 5, 17, 10 is what wash-women do with clothing.

All the letters in me in consecutive order, make what many people have said about the school grounds this Spring.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Swell Head.

**SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.**

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