

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 35 (18-35)

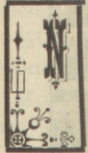
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FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1903.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. III, Number Thirty-one

MARCH.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.



O WINTER twilight chills us now, but rather,
The night is waning, and the day is near;
Far to the Northern distance, and yet farther
Fades the unheeded splendor of the year.
No flower, in truth, may cheer the eager sight,
No lonely bird is calling for its mate;
We have the sense of earth's forthcoming light,
Spring broods above the hills, and we can wait.
The meadow does not heed the warmth returning,
The starry coltsfoot still withholds her buds,
The wistful eye, far-sighted and discerning,
Can choose no spot of green amid the woods;
There is no winsome odor in the winds,
But with a pulse of living strength they blow,
Though in some hollow still the traveler finds
Half-sheltered from the sun, the lingering snow.
The Spring reveals herself in secret only
Through hidden signs we guess her mystic power,
The fields are bare, the woodlands wild and lonely,
But lo! beneath the earth she hides the flower.
The willows quicken at the river's brim,
The eager alder breaks her tawny buds,
The upland hills are wrapt in hazes dim,
And sweet impulsive life has stirred the woods.

Dora Read Goodale was born at Mt. Washington, Berkshire County, Mass., October 29, 1866. She attended Smith College, taking a course in art. She and her sister, Elaine (now Mrs. Eastman) began writing verses in childhood, which attracted attention. She has published three volumes of poetry. She lives at present in Redding, Conn.—[Phila. Press.]

A PLEA FOR THE INDIANS OF ALASKA.

A "Plea for the Indians of Alaska," printed in March 6th RED MAN attracted so much attention that there was more of a demand for extra copies than we could supply, and we had to set it up again. On learning this, Mr. Golder asked to revise the article and to make additions, and we gladly give space to the revised "Plea," with its 600 words of additional valuable information:

The disease forced and the cruelty committed on the helpless natives of Alaska has reached such a stage that to be quiet is criminal. The matter has been laid before the proper officials of the territory but they are unable to do anything under the present laws. Perhaps by bringing the subject before the public, some action may be taken and therefore I write this.

The statements below have come under my personal observation during my three years' residence in the village of Unga, Western Alaska, and while traveling along the Alaskan Peninsula. I am told that the conditions in other parts of Alaska are about the same as those here described.

In 1899 when I first came to the village of Unga there was an old Aleut, about fifty years of age, who was very sick and who died soon after. This is his story:

His wife was a native, much younger than himself and was liked by a young Norwegian fisherman. One night he came to the home of the couple, bringing liquor with him. After they had had a few drinks together, he began making advances to the woman which the old man resented; and the fight that followed resulted finally in the death of the old man and the marriage of the white man with the woman.

One day, in the spring of 1900, while going through the village, I noticed the mother of one of the school boys, apparently well. The next morning she was found on her cabin floor dead and a Scandinavian fisherman, with a whiskey bottle in his hand, asleep on each side of her. The woman was a widow and her son became homeless.

During the winter of the same year and in the same village, there was an old in-

offensive Aleut, suffering with a broken leg. One night after he and his very old wife had retired, a young, strong white man came in, dragged the old man from the bed, jumped him up and down, naked and helpless dropped him on the floor, and then replaced him in bed. A little later the old man died.

In the fall of 1901, when all the hunters of the village of Belkofsky were away and only the women and children remained, two white men came by and, noticing a young woman who seemed to please them, went into her house one night and carried her off, and when through with her sent her back.

A few years ago, so I am told, two white Kodiak hunters, while on their way to the mainland where they intended to spend the winter, stopped at a native settlement, kidnapped two women and kept them until spring.

Unga, at present, has three saloons, about one-hundred white men, healthy generally ignorant and coarse, nearly one hundred and ten persons usually classed as "natives," and not one police officer. Is it a wonder that the natives are degraded and dying? They have neither the will, nor the physical power to resist the temptations that are spread for them. I well remember one day in December 1901 when one of the sea-otter hunters, who had just returned empty handed from a two months' hunt,—came to see me and with tears in his eyes told me the following story:

During his absence several drunken white men broke into his house one night, drove his children from the house, and forced his wife. When he returned he found a battered door and a diseased wife.

It was not unusual for the school-children to come to school mornings and complain that they had been driven from their homes during the night, and had to go from house to house to beg a place to sleep. This lawlessness degrades the white man as much if not more than the natives.

When a young man of twenty takes advantage of an old native woman in a drunken stupor, and a man of fifty chloroforms his fifteen-year old step-daughter beastiality has gone even beyond its limits. These whitemen are citizens of the United States and some day they and their breed will vote for members of Congress.

Those who believe that the only good Indian is a dead Indian have occasion to

rejoice, for all the Alaska Indians, under their present environments, will soon be good:

Belkofsky	had in 1877,	149 men and 157 women.
"	" 1900,	60 " " 57 "
Unga	" 1877,	79 " " 89 "
"	" 1901,	52 " " 58 "
Morzhovvi	" 1877,	67 " " 56 "
"	" 1901,	26 " " 22 "

Graveyards marked the spots where Nicolavsky and Protasovsky flourished three decades ago. Forty-five people inhabited the island of Wosnosensky ten years ago; now it has a "bidarka" and a half hunte (three hunters.) At this rate they will all be gone very soon.

All the above statements are not isolated instances. It is the normal condition all along the Alaskan Peninsula. Some of the scenes cannot, with decency, be described, but are witnessed by the boys and girls. In none of the above cases was any action taken, and the guilty parties are to-day continuing in their sinful ways.

Some of the United States Commissioners and United States Deputy Marshals appointed to protect these people are models of vice. One United States Commissioner, now in office, lives in open adultery and for many other reasons would not be tolerated in a decent community. To one of the districts was recently appointed a United States Commissioner, who is without dispute the most noted adulterer in every possible sense of the word in that district. He has right along violated the laws and has given liquor to natives and is perhaps doing so at the present time. What protection can the natives expect for their wives and daughters from such officials? Since the Government does not allow these officials any regular salary, they try and make it from fees and perhaps other ways.

The pet saying of one United States official "I am not here for my health," still rings in my ears. One United States Commissioner in Alaska tried to increase his earnings by gambling. Luck was against him, for one night he lost all the money he had, his watch followed, and then he tried to borrow from the "pot" in which he was detected by another gambler, who gave him a blow which sent him sprawling on the floor. Drunk and bleeding he started for his home falling down every few steps. I am told of a United States Deputy Marshal who increases his earnings by hiring men to get other men drunk and then arrests them and draws a fee. I can easily believe it, for when I

saw him this summer he was beastly drunk and looking for some one to arrest.

Since early Russian times until about January 1, 1903, the Shumagin group of islands and the adjoining villages composed one district, with Unga village as the head-quarters. Now the head-quarters are at Herenden Bay, Bering Sea.

There is not a family living within at least twenty-five miles from the place. Unga is about forty miles away if one goes by land and water, and if by water alone about three-hundred miles. Belkofsky is about one hundred miles nearer, etc. Some one can explain why the head-quarters are changed. What a mockery to call such procedure Justice!

We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and yet no restraint is put upon the cruelties committed on the natives of Alaska.

They are poor and diseased, but they ask no alms nor help from any one; they merely beg for honest police protection such as any human being and beast is entitled. Protection for themselves, wives and children of whom they wish to make good men and women.

Is the United States Government so poor financially and in good, honest, pure men that it can not afford to protect the lives and honor of a few harmless natives? It is the least that can be done, and it is all they ask.

F. A. GOLDER,
Teacher U. S. Public School at Unga,
Alaska 1899-1902 and U. S. Commissioner 1902.

—[RED MAN AND HELPER,
Re-printed by permission.]

INDIAN SCHOOL
CARLISLE, PA., March 23, 1903.

INDIANS CAPABLE.

The City Argus, published in San Francisco, gives the school a good notice, referring to the Commencement program, and adds:

The establishment and maintenance of this school is an effort in the right direction and should be encouraged and helped in every way. We believe the native American Indian capable of elevation and the Indian schools for children are the proper way to carry out that elevation. Col. Pratt has been a faithful worker in the cause and deserves commendation.

If it were not for hope the heart would break.



INDIAN GIRLS PREPARING VEGETABLES.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES.

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN
ADVANCE.

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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.

MISS DUTTON'S LETTER.

As promised last week, we here give a few extracts from a letter written to Miss Paull by Miss Dutton, descriptive of her trip from Chicago to San Francisco. She says in part:

We left Chicago in a snow storm and went by way of the North Western through Ogden. Just a little out of Laramie our train ran over or struck a section hand instantly killing him. That night we found we were going ten or twelve hours out of our way up through Nevada to avoid a wreck of the limited ahead of us.

This side trip took us through some beautiful scenery along Bear river. It was as good as the Niagara Gorge in some places. I wanted to get out and go fishing in the mountain streams. They must be full of brook trout.

We passed through a portion of the Rocky mountains which are rather more picturesque in winter than summer.

We finally began to climb the Sierras which at this time is covered with snow, and as we slid into a tunnel the boys began to shout and act much as the Indians do when the electric lights go out, only worse.

The fat dinky porter said we might as well settle ourselves as we had forty four miles of this snow-shed tunnel to pass through. Occasionally, we would emerge for a moment as we passed over some bridge. In places we were entirely covered by snow and in others we could see through the board sides, fine fir and pine trees. We were passing through the haunts of the great grizzly and other mountain creatures.

At last we came to the end of the sheds and began the descent. It seemed very little time till the snow began to disappear and almost at the snow line we saw an orange tree loaded with fruit and palm trees in the yard.

The country between Sacramento and Oakland seemed one unending marsh the ideal home of countless wild ducks.

Our train was run on a ferry and we knew we were nearing our destination.

I had not been in San Francisco long before my old friends, the fleas made haste to call and welcome me. They have been paying me constant attention ever since.

We took a suite of rooms at the Occidental for a few days, but it was very hard to keep the boys quiet, so we found a boarding place in what is known as the Mission district. I tried to put Albert in school, but they had no room for him, and he is way behind in Arithmetic, so I am giving both boys lessons at home. They are studying and talking as I write. We hope our goods will come next week and we can get into a home of our own.

The boys and I walk a great deal, as much as fourteen miles in a day, looking at different parts of the city. It is all up and down hill.

We climbed Telegraph hill one day. There is a large building on its summit that was used in sighting vessels as they entered the harbor years ago before the day of telegraphs. We followed a good path and were obliged to go on all fours part of the way. I had to hold my head on after we reached the top. I am apt to lose it, you know.

We had a fine view from this vantage ground. The surrounding district is inhabited by Italians, and goats were plentiful.

When we went down we walked along and saw many of the ships loading and unloading. It is an advantage to have the boys, as I am taken for a dignified "ma" and cause no comment. The ocean boats look rather small to us. We have seen none of the fine passenger boats yet. The big ferry boats with both ends



SEWING-ROOM—MEASURING AND CUTTING CLASS.

alike ply back and forth across the bay. They lose no time in landing. Sausalita is one suburb across the bay. Albattross follow the boats in large numbers. We pass a Government prison on an island, under sentry guard all the time. We see some United States boats or training ships at anchor. Soldiers and people of all nationalities are plentiful in the city. We walked from the Presidio into the city one day. Saturday we went out to the Cliff House overlooking the ocean. The shore is not very attractive as an under tow carries all the seaweed and shell out as fast as the waves bring them in. The boys, however, found a jelly-fish, one of the simplest forms of life composed, as I often think boys are, largely of stomach. One was as large as my fist, the other much smaller. Too bad you haven't it as a side-show in Number 6. Please remember me to all my friends, the club and the pupils. Chinatown is my next issue.

Miss Dutton was a teacher with us two years ago.

MR. BEITZEL INTERVIEWED.

Mr. Beitzel has returned from North Carolina. The Cherokee School was his stopping place for a few days. Superintendent and Mrs. Spray sent greetings to their Carlisle friends and good wishes for the continued success of our work. Mrs. Spray is matron, and in addition to the Superintendency, Mr. Spray is disbursing officer for the Cherokees, and acts as advisory member of the Council of Fifteen of head-men which meets at the school. Miss Boring is teacher's club matron and assists Mrs. Spray in addition. 150 children make up the number to care for, and all are devoted to the work and to their charge. The girls building was burned two years ago, since which time they have been greatly inconvenienced and crowded for room. Instead of sending the girls home, however, the employees were wedged in where ever they could be placed, and the girls were given the employees' building. Prospects for a new building after the first of July are quite promising.

That is a mountainous country, with valuable timber upon it. The farming districts are in the valleys which are fertile and productive. Fruit grows in abundance, and before Mr. Beitzel left, peach, cherry and apple blossoms were out, and gardening had begun. Vegetation is considerably ahead of us. Farming is not encouraging business as there is no market. They exchange products for groceries and other necessities.

When asked regarding old Carlisle students, he spoke of having met Mr. and Mrs. George Wolf, who are employees. Annie George is seamstress and is very useful help, playing the organ at devotional exercises and teaching in the Sunday School. Dahnola Jessan is married and lives near the school. He is a member of

the Council of Fifteen. Shon George is on the police force and is janitor attending the office and carries the mail. Allen Whippoorwill has been working with an engineering party in Tennessee. Kamie Owl is married and lives near by on a hill side. She has a pretty little daughter. Maggie Hornbuckle is a student, and one of the largest girls. Manual Whippoorwill is one of their largest boys, is faithful, and still good at drawing and carving. He gave Mr. Beitzel a picture of the school building. Junaluski Standinger was there, having been employed elsewhere. He expects work soon at Waynesville. He has had an offer to go to Mississippi to manage a plantation, but hardly feels equal to such a big undertaking.

LAST THURSDAY NIGHT.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's banner for best speaking at the monthly exhibition last Thursday night rests between Alice Heater, whose "Greatness of Simplicity" was beautifully rendered, and George Galatkinoff who gave Gladstone's "Message to Young Men." He was fine in natural eloquence. There were several other good numbers.

Director James Wheelock being absent, Alfred Venne led the Band, their first selection being Julien's Original Napolitaine Tarantella. They played it so well that an encore was called by hearty applause.

The little Normalites always bring pleasure in their motion songs, and the piano duet "Processional March" by Caroline Helms and Lydia Wheelock showed good training in touch and expression.

The beautiful harmony in the choir's selection was remarked upon. "American Hymn" was sung by the school, whose "Hail three times, hail" came forth with a volume that says, "We take in the spirit of these words."

At the close, Assistant Superintendent Allen spoke of the importance of each speaker doing his best, as it was the opportunity of the year, for in such a large school one student could hardly appear twice. All speakers should make an effort to be heard. It generally happens that if the one upon the platform speaks so low he cannot be heard, those in the audience speak so as to be heard, although that is a discourteous act.

Supt. and Agent Calvin Asbury of Western Shoshone, Nevada, was introduced and made a brief address. It was his first visit to Carlisle, although he had always planned to come the first opportunity. Supt. Asbury believes in constant, earnest, honest, hard work from day to day, and the good blacksmith, butcher, carpenter, or other workmen of that character was as good as the lawyer, doctor or congressman. The girl who knows how to keep a neat house or make a garment is more honorable than the one

who tries to get out of work and plays the piano.

The speaker would have us "stay with" the work we start out to do. He spoke of the beautiful farming country, and the fine homes hereabouts, and as a word for us to remember for all time he would have us understand that the world cares not what we think of our employer but much depends on what our employer thinks of us.

ATHLETICS

The annual road race for company championship took place last Wednesday afternoon, and was won by Company C whose runners scored 143 points. Company B was a close second with 139 points and the other companies scored points as follows: Co. A, 107; Co. D, 74; and Band Co., 57; Company D had only seven runners in the race and the Band had only two, the others having to be at band practice.

Joseph Hummingbird was the first man to finish and Eli Beardsley and Edward Metoxen were only a short distance behind him. Juan Apachose came in 4th; Karl Yukanina, 5th; Simon Blackstar, 6th; James Schrimpscher, 7th; Juan Osif, 8th; Ossie Crow, 9th; and Herbert Johnson, 10th.

Of the forty runners who started, thirty two finished, and they were not so strung out at the finish as the runners were last year.

The time—14 minutes and 37 seconds was excellent, considering the wind and the muddy roads, and was considerably better than last year. While the course has never been measured it is estimated to be between 2½ and 3 miles.

A base ball game has been arranged with Syracuse University to be played here on April 10th. This is the most important game so far scheduled. The base ball team is improving right along and should be stronger than last year.

For the next month the candidates for the relay teams to compete at Philadelphia on April 24th will be given special attention. Besides the one mile team it is the intention to try and develop a four mile team to enter the four mile championship.

The field has been put into excellent condition and we have one of the best quarter mile tracks in the country.

SCHEDULE FOR SPRING SPORTS

April 4—Baseball, Franklin & Marshall at Lancaster.
April 10—Syracuse University, here.
April 11—Baseball, Lebanon Valley College at Annville.
April 18—Baseball, Franklin & Marshall here.
April 24—Baseball, Lebanon Valley here.
April 25—Relay races in Philadelphia.
May 2—Annual class meet.
May 9—Baseball, Albright at Myerstown.
May 16—Dual meet, Bucknell, here.
May 25—Dual meet, State College, here.
May 30—Baseball, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg. (Two games.)
June 15—Dual meet, State College at State College.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Use animals kindly!

Col. Pratt is expected home to-day.

Mrs. Pratt spent Sunday at Steelton.

The equinoctial storm brought a cold wave.

Items ending with a dash (—) are written by students.

The best prevention of disease is a high standard of health.

Umbrellas were in demand last week. Don't say um-BER-ella!

Idleness is the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.

Those doughnuts made by the cooking class! Good? Well, nuff-sed.

Miss Weekley went out to the country Monday morning on business.—

Most of the boys in shops work with hats off. Once in awhile one forgets.

The robins seem to be holding their own very well with the sparrows this Spring.

Geo. Pradt class 1903 says in a letter to a friend that he is well and expects to go to Mexico.—

The Susans did not carry on their program last Friday on account of the election of officers.—

A new style of holding caps in the arms was introduced by Mr. Thompson in this school last week.—

The prayer meeting last Sunday evening was led by Miss Cutter and many of the girls took part.—

The normal pupils are studying the buds of different trees on the school ground; each class has a tree.—

John Londroche, class 1903, writes from his home to a friend that he is working for a railroad company.—

The lecture given in the chapel last Saturday evening by Mr. Warner was enjoyed by all who heard it.—

In the wagon-shop the boys are taught how to make spring wagons, carriages, etc. by a worthy instructor, Mr. Lau.—

Some of the trees on the grounds are just waking from their long sleep and beginning to put their spring dress on.—

Philip Lavatta a former student of Carlisle, is doing nicely at his home in Black Feet Idaho. He is government farmer for the Indians.—

After the grass-seed mixed with fertilizer was sowed on Wednesday, those living on the leeward side of the campus were not sorry.

Minnie Johnson '03 writes from her home in New York, that she is enjoying life at present, and intends to keep on with her music.—

Misses Moore and Hill visit the Invincibles to-night; Misses Smith and Stewart, the Standard; Misses Forster and Scales the Susans.

Miss Moore, and her music girls all enjoy studying about great composers. This music is played by some of the girls at the end of each month.—

Interesting letters are received from Lottie Harris who is taking a course in nursing at the Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia. She is well and enjoying her work.—

Prof. Mountz, the president of the "Carlisle Commercial College," has gone to Southern California on account of his health. His pupils have missed him a great deal.—

If the town authorities compelled careless families to "clean-up" their back yards and cellars and to remove all odorous and disease-breeding rubbish, there would be less sickness.

We learn by letter from Miss Jackson, former matron of our girls, that she has accepted a position at Stanley Hall, Minneapolis, Minn., the school in which she boarded last summer, and was so pleased with.

It is reported that the Agua Caliente Indians have been molested for years by Stock holders, who have at last succeeded in getting their land. Now the Indians are about to leave their homes. They know not where.—

We note the return of two of our former pupils, Miss Sophia M. Warren and Mr. Oscar Davis from the Carlisle school. Both are members of the graduating class of 1903 and therefore have vowed to uphold and exemplify the cause of Indian education and to champion the Carlisle school.—[The Chippeway Herald, White Earth, Minn.

Mr. Samuel Houck, with whom George Willard lived for a time, at Berwick, and his son William L. Houck visited the school on Wednesday.

Mr. Warner and Mr. Denny, his assistant, have been working hard getting the track team in shape. As the track is for running upon, the students are requested not to misuse it by jumping or playing ball on it.

The boiler house came into use again on Tuesday, after a season of very pleasant weather during which but little heat was needed. The picture of the boiler, last page, shows Engineer Weber inspecting the firing.

"I have one of the nicest classes, in the Normal Room; and as the time approaches, for our parting, it casts a little shadow over our spirits. The little children are so helpful. I have learned to love them" says a pupil teacher.

Look long and admiringly at our campus now, for in the whole season through the green is not so fresh and beautiful as that which comes with the first young grass of Spring. And where is a campus more free from litter?

Annie Kowuni wrote from Albuquerque, N. M. that she is well and enjoys her work out there. She says "I am still a Carlisle student if I am away out here." She often wishes she could hear from more Carlisle friends.—

Oh, yes, there is grape-fruit and grape-fruit, but never did grape-fruit so touch the palatal spot of the grape-fruit lover as that grape-fruit which Colonel sent from Florida, served several times recently at the teachers' club.

That baker who went to sleep on the dough-trough may have been tired, but a more appropriate bed might have been found. It may prove to be a hair-breadth escape. The Man-on-the-band-stand saw him through the window.

Vol. 1, No. 2 of the Indian Herald, devoted to the Interests of the Indians and those who work among them, published at Tama, Iowa, has come to our desk. It is a neat publication of magazine style and full of interesting Indian news.

Mrs. A. M. Biles, of New London Pa., where Felicita Romero is staying, has had a disastrous fire which burned their large barn, built by her grandfather, one horse and 175 chickens. The people succeeded in saving four horses and their farm implements.—

Mr. Thompson has adopted a new plan to punish the tardy boys. The boys who are late over three times during the week have to work all day on Saturday, those less than three times have to work as many hours of their free half-day as they have tardy marks.—

Mr. Warner was observed walking over the Athletic field when rain was more than pouring down. "That's the time to see where the field needs filling in. Where standing water is, there must be a hollow," he explained. "Sure enough," replied the on-looker.

Girls, once in a long while, on some football or basketball occasion, we might show our good feelings by clapping our hands and even laughing aloud, yes, a shout or two might be not out of place, but sque-e-e-e-a-ling is awful! A squealing girl hurts the ears of well-bred people

When last we heard from Amy Dolphus class 1903, she was stopping at a town near her home, being unable to travel the rest of her journey on account of bad weather and roads. She gave an account of a man who was frozen so badly that it was necessary to have his arms and legs cut off.—

A box of California oranges arrived this week for Col. Pratt, with the compliments of Edwin Schanandore, class '89, who is now employed at the Sherman Institute, California. The affectionate thought which prompted the gift is most grateful, and Col. Pratt has a treat in store for him upon his return.

We are greatly pleased with the present trolley service,—every half hour and a Mechanicsburg trolley between some of the half hours. If we could have every thing to our liking, however, we would enjoy a car from town later than "the 9:05-evening-last-car-out." People from the school attending evening entertainments in town often have to walk home, to say nothing of evening callers at the school who are obliged to leave earlier than the conventional seasonable hour, to catch the last car in.

Several "took in" Crane, in David Harum, at Harrisburg, last Saturday.

The Preparing of Vegetables, first page is an every-day sight in Mrs. Crosbie's department.

Mr. Reuben Briggs Davenport, Special Writer, Philadelphia Public Ledger, was a visitor at the school on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bigelow of Amherst, Mass., called one day last week on Miss Cutter. She was visiting her son Dr. Bigelow who lives in Carlisle.

Sophia American-horse says by letter that Louis Trombly and Oliver Wall are employees at the Shawnee School where she recently entered the employee force.

Mrs. Hawkins came over from Steelton on Monday evening to attend the Fort-nightly Club, of Carlisle, which met at Mrs. Pratt's. She returned the same evening at 9:53 in company with Mr. Hawkins who came on the 9:08 train to meet her.

The Senior class has elected the following officers: President, Walter Matthews; Vice-President, Daniel Eagle; Recording-Secretary, Victor Johnson; Corresponding Secretary, Fred Brushel; Boys' Treasurer, Salem Moses; Girls' Treasurer, Lizzie Wirth; Reporter, Henry Markishtum; Critic, Charles Williams.

Mr. James Wheelock returned from Philadelphia on Monday. He reported baby Isabel still dangerously ill not having passed the crisis. On Tuesday night the glad news came over the telephone that baby was perceptibly better, but had passed a trying ten hours, Monday night. There is now hope of the child's recovery.

A few weeks ago we printed a view of the dress-making section of the sewing-room; this week we give the measuring and cutting class, Mrs. Canfield, the instructor, at the first table on the left of the picture. It is a large department. Girls enter the darning class, then are promoted to the mending room, then to the plain sewing, and then the dress-making and cutting. The order and system of it all is excellent.

Josiah Pasaino is at his home at Cubero, New Mexico; after working for a time at Winslow, Arizona. "I am sorry," he says, "that our foreman discharged us because we would not work on Sunday." The Man-on-the-band-stand has no doubt that a young man holding such principles, and standing by them firmly, has still other principles of right which he will adhere to as closely, and that he will be rewarded by work to his taste, very soon.

On Saturday last Mrs. Corbett, our "veteran" and esteemed co-worker in the sewing department, met with the loss of her beloved grand-daughter, Miss Lulu Corbett. The deceased was a compositor in the Sentinel office, Carlisle, and was obliged to undergo an operation at the Harrisburg hospital. While there she took the typhoid fever, which caused her death. The funeral services were held in Carlisle, on Tuesday. A number from the school joined in a floral offering.

We are pleased to get news from Crow Creek, that Dr. Chas. Eastman, author of "Indian Boyhood" has another book on the way. He has received a special appointment to re-name the Sioux Indians and revise all the allotment rolls. The Doctor intends to lecture the coming season and Major Pond is making engagements for him. The Eastmans are to move to St. Paul, where they will occupy a cottage at Bald Eagle Lake this season. The children are well and all are looking forward with much pleasure to the coming season.

The Invincible Debating Society had a very successful meeting last Friday evening. The business was conducted in good parliamentary form. The program was excellent throughout, the essay by Daniel Eagle on "Benefits to be Derived from the School Societies," oration by Vaughn Washburn and the declamation by Wallace Denny being especially good. The debate on the silver question, though a dead issue, was a very live one to the debaters, Antonio Lupo and Albert Exendine who opposed "16-1", and Chas Williams and Horton Elm who favored it and who presented more arguments for their side than did their opponents. The music furnished by the Invincible Marine Band was very good. When the members learn to adapt their playing to the size of the room and "tone down," it will be better. Wilson Charles sang "My Old Kentucky Home" with good effect.—[One who was there.

MISS WOOD ON FORESTRY.

Miss Wood gave the school at the opening exercises a most entertaining and instructive talk on the subject of Forestry last week:

Some of the facts presented were that in the United States exclusive of Alaska there are 700,000,000 acres of forest. Of this 60,000,000 acres have been set apart by the Government and are entirely under its control.

President Cleveland did more for forest reserves than any other president.

The care of these reserves comes under the Bureau of Forestry which belongs to the Department of Agriculture.

The object of the American Forest Associations are to protect the water supply and reclaim waste lands.

A college of Forestry has been established at Cornell University. Work in the same line is being done at Yale and many other colleges.

Forestry is a profession. It requires a knowledge of Botany, Chemistry, and the rudiments of Astronomy.

New Books for the Library.

The following books on the subject of agriculture have just been added to the library:

Bailey, L. H.	Forcing-book	1901
"	Garden-making	1901
"	Horticulturalist's rule-book	1901
"	Nursery-book	1901
"	Plant-breeding	1902
"	Pruning-book	1902
Hunn, C. E. & Bailey, L. H.	Practical Gardening-book	1901
Bailey, L. H. Ed.	Principles of agriculture	1902
"	fruit-growing	1901
Fairchild, Geo. T.	Rural wealth and welfare	1900
King, F. H.	Irrigation and drainage	1902
"	Soil	1902
Lodeman, E. G.	Spraying of plants	1902
Roberts, Isaac Phillips	Farmstead	1900
"	Fertility of the land	1901
Voorhees, Edward B.	Fertilizers	1902
Wing, Henry H.	Milk and its products	1902

At the Carlisle School, there is a cute little literary society composed of small girls of the Normal Department. They call themselves The Wide Awakes. Mary Cooke is the president and Josephine Nash, Secretary. At an entertainment given last night in the music room the little folks did themselves proud. A debate on the question, Resolved, That hand work is of more use to the world than machine work, was discussed more pointedly than many a debate at the older societies. One of the visitors in complimenting, said, "I have been here six years and have heard many debates, but for directness, clearness of expression and originality of thought, I have never heard the debate of the evening excelled." Little Esther Allen sang two pretty little pieces, which were greatly enjoyed.

The Band has entered into an engagement with Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia, to play all of next week at their great store. The boys are to take their school books, that they may study some, so as not to lose their school grade, and under the management of Disciplinarian Thompson, their off-time will be systematized for visiting places of interest. Cramps' ship yards, Independence Hall, Girard College, Academy of Fine Arts, Academy of Natural Science, etc., will claim a due share of attention. On Sunday they will attend the churches of their choice and during the week will visit the Y. M. C. A. It will be a profitable trip if the boys take advantage of the exceptional opportunities. Director Wheelock will have his hands full in keeping track of the music.

Miss Ely had a chance to see herself as others see her last night, when Coogidlore played the part of "Miss Ely" in a charade called "Outing" given by the pupils of No. 6 in their school room. Indian boys knocked at the door, Coogidlore called "Come in," and with them made arrangements for them to go to country homes. They played their parts well, the dialogue being impromptu. There were other interesting numbers on the programme and the hour was a pleasant one, both to students and guests.

"May I go to the country?" asked a small boy of Miss Ely.

"What can YOU do in the country?" was her inquiry, in reply.

"I can milk," replied the boy proudly.

"Can you? Let me see! On which side of the cow would you milk?"

"The outside."

He went.

Sometimes it is brave to be a coward.

AS TO INDIAN SHOWS.

We heartily agree with the position taken by Commissioner Jones of the Indian Bureau in regard to the proposed Indian exhibit at the St. Louis exposition. It is the idea of the exposition managers to have an Indian show similar to those at the Chicago and Buffalo fairs, wherein the red men appeared in their primitive costume, lived in tepees, played games, danced their war dances, performed their peculiar religious ceremonies, and otherwise acted as the real Indians of earlier days are supposed to have done. To further exhibitions of this sort Commissioner Jones objected on the sensible ground that they are demoralizing to the Indians and utterly subversive of the ideas and principles which the government has been endeavoring for many years to instill into the Indian mind. The Commissioner says:

"It has been the experience of the department that these exhibitions work a great deal of harm to the Indian. Take a gang of bucks who have been forced to work and dress like white men, and place them on dress parade for six months, and they are utterly worthless for months to come. No living creature loves admiration more than the Indian, and it ruins him to pose before crowds who give him money and buy his photographs and make a lion of him. This was our experience with the Indians who were at Omaha and at Buffalo. They become vain of the very things we have been trying to get them to abandon."

We happen to have some direct testimony on these points from teachers of the Indian schools, who mention individual instances of Indian young men, bright young fellows, educated and civilized to a degree, who have been tempted to join these shows by the large wages offered and the rare opportunities for sight-seeing, and have come out of them afterward ruined in character and morals and utterly unfitted for earning a livelihood thereafter by honest and legitimate means. That this should be the general result of the artificial, abnormal, and altogether irregular life of an Indian show is not at all surprising. The result would be very much the same with young men of any race, grade or culture, or type of character.

As a spectacle for the curious, as a "drawing card" for those who have a passion for the unique and sensational, and possibly also for students of ethnology, these "wild Indian" exhibitions doubtless have their value, and, viewed solely from these points of view, they may appear harmless as well as intensely interesting. But regarded from the view-point of those who have the higher interests of the Indian at heart, who are concerned in his moral, intellectual and spiritual welfare, in his elevation to the status of a true American citizen, these revivals of Indian savagery and heathenism for exhibition purposes are justly looked upon as unwise and altogether reprehensible. That they tend directly to undo the work which the government is doing under many difficulties and embarrassments to better the condition of the Indians, cannot be questioned.

If an Indian exhibition is to be had at St. Louis, the more rational and enlightened course to pursue would be to collect such exhibits there as will show what progress the Indians have made in the industrial arts, in agriculture and other spheres of civilized thought and endeavor, and thus present something of what we have to show for the means and energies we have expended at centres like Carlisle and Hampton for the education and uplift of these people. It is said that young Indians are particularly clever in wood-working, and some of the furniture made in the industrial schools will compare favorably with the product of noted factories. There are also good iron-workers, and at several schools these have made all their own hoes, spades, horse-shoes, and other farm implements. The girls excel in basketry, bead-work, and lace. An exhibition of these things might not be very extensive, it is true, and it would have few, if any, spectacular or sensational features; but so far as it went, it would be encouraging and helpful to the Indians themselves and a pleasing revelation, no doubt, to many who have no adequate conception of the real progress the red man has made in the arts of civilization during the past fifty years.—[Leslie's Weekly.]

Why have a distinctly Indian exhibit? Are there not enough individual Indians who can perform works sufficiently meritorious to be placed along side of the work exhibited by their white brethren?



THE INTERIOR OF THE BOILER HOUSE.

WHAT CARLISLE MEANS.

In a long article about our school, published in the Boston Transcript, and written by John M. Oskison, author of "Only the Master Shall Praise," the writer says:

The Carlisle idea has met with some just adverse criticism, as not being adapted to the actual conditions of the Indian's life. But it is the idea that in the end is bound to prevail. Colonel Pratt is not merely an enthusiastic theorist when he says that the Indian child has as great possibilities of success as the white child, and can as easily be developed. The public, the "Eastern people" as the Carlisle pupils come to know them, are coming to see that it is no more helpful to educate the Indian and send him back to his narrow, primitive life than it is to train at Harvard a youth from an obscure, poverty-stricken New England family, and then send him back to gather stones from the poor fields.

The young man, country bred, broad shouldered by reason of his work on the farm and out-of-door life and university trained is welcomed into the cities, where he is invaluable in carrying on the world's work.

A man who had official relations with a certain tribe of New York Indians once said to Colonel Pratt:

"You can't do anything with those Indians in the way of teaching them to work; they pick a few berries, raise a few ponies, and putter around a little; but they can't do real work."

Colonel Pratt replied:

"You are a druggist, employing a number of assistants. Did you ever try to train one of these Indian boys to your business? Did you ever think that here at Carlisle we could furnish you with an intelligent and capable boy to help you in your business?"

The man said he had not, that he had taken it for granted that the Indians could not work effectively because they never had.

Keep the boy away from water, and he'll never learn to swim; teach him to swim and then keep him away from the water and your teaching is wasted.

Turn to Colonel Pratt's theory of education: In the first place the Indian can be taught to do a part of the every-day work of the world effectively; he should be taught to do this work in the proper environment, where it is done best; and when he is fitted to do the work he should be permitted and encouraged to go forth among all men and do it in competition with all men.

"Do not feed America to the Indian," he has said, "for that is a tribalizing and not an Americanizing process; but feed the Indian to America and America will do the assimilating, and annihilate the problem."

That is what the Carlisle School means to-day, and that is in a very great measure due to Colonel Pratt.

Only the weak yield to despair.

TOO SMART.

The following story is printed by request:

There is such a thing as being too smart; and yet it is a form of bad breeding which is effected by some boys and girls of a certain age. Everybody likes to see young people bright, but that is different from being offensive and impertinent.

A pert boy of this kind was employed in the office of a general manager of a certain railroad. The manager was usually absent between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and the boy was left to answer the questions of all callers as politely and clearly as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed and quiet-spoken old gentleman came into the office and asked for the manager.

"He's out," replied the boy, never raising his eyes from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?" queried the old gentleman.

"Nope."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that time now, isn't it?"

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly pointing to a clock on the wall.

"Oh, yes, thank you!" replied the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I reckon you can, though this isn't a hotel." And then he chuckled in a silly manner.

The gentleman was still standing, and the boy was still seated and reading.

"I would like to write a letter while I am waiting," said the caller. "Will you please get me a sheet of paper and an envelope?"

The boy condescended to rise and get these articles, and, as he handed them to the gentleman, he asked, "Anything else?"

"Well, yes," was the answer. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by this, and, eager to show how smart he was, said: "I'm the youngest of old Thompson's kids."

William was the name that was given to me by my godfathers and godmothers at my baptism, but I 'most always answer to the call of 'Billy.' See? But here comes the boss."

The "Boss" came in, and seeing the stranger, walked up to him and politely said: "Why, Mr. Harrison, how do you do? I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

But the youngest of old Thompson's kids heard no more. He was looking for his hat.

Mr. Harrison was president of the railroad, and the boy heard from him that day. Anybody who needs a boy like "Billy" could no doubt secure him, for he is at present out of employment.

"There's no hope this side of the grave for the man who knows it all—on the other side the devil don't want him—the Lord won't have him."—Samuel Salt, in "ADAM RUSH."

SHORT OF SS

"We are thorry to thay," explained the editor of the Skedunk "Weekly News," "that our compothing-room wath entered lath night by thome unknown thecoundrel who thtrole every 'eth' in the ethtablithment and thucceeded in making hith ethcape undetected."

"It hath been impothible, of courthe, to procure a new thupply of etheth in time for thith ithue, and we are thuth compelled to go to preth in a thituation motht embarrathing and dithtrething, but we thee no other courthe to purthue than to make the betht thtagger we cau to get along without the mithing letter and we therefore print the 'Newth' on time, regardleth of the loth we have thuthtained."

"The motive of the mitherable mithereant ith unknown to uth, but doubleth wath revenge for thome thuppothed inthult."

"It thhall never be thaid that the petty thpite of any thmall-thouled villian hath dithabled the 'Newth,' and if thith meet the eye of the detethtable rathcal we beg to athure him that he undereththimateth the rethourceth of a firth-clath newthpaper when he thinkth he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabet. We take occathion to thay to him, furthermore, that before next Thurthday we thhall have three timeth ath many ath he thtrole."

"We have reathon to thuthpect that we know the cowardly thhkunk who committed thith act of vandalthm and if he ith ever theen prowling about thith ethtablithment again, by day or by night, nothing will give uth more thatithfaction and pleathure than to thooth hith cowardly hide full of holeth."—[Boston Transcript.]

Enigma.

I am made of eight letters,
My 1, 7, 4, 5 is what lives in water.
My 3, 6, 8 is a member of the head.
My 1, 6, 7, 8 is what we should always be in our dealings with each other.
My 1, 3, 6, 2 comes when one has broken a rule.
My 6, 4, 5, 3, 4 is what some of the boys have to carry at the boiler-house.
My whole is one of the things that our boys and girls get more than anything else when they go to the country.

MARY KADASHAN.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Vaccination.

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