

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
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AWAKENING

EVER yet was a springtime,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow.
Ever the wings of the summer
Are folded under the mold;
Life that has known no dying
Is Love's to have and to hold,
Till sudden, the bourgeoning Easter!
The song! the green and the gold!
—MARGARET E. SANCTER,
in Over Sea and Land.

DEMANDS OF THE AGE.

From a teacher's standpoint the primal demand of this age, is education for good citizenship; it is the central point toward which all else must converge.

In a country like ours, a "World Nation," the pivot upon which may one day revolve the destiny of the universe, a government of the people, for the people, and by the people it is a self-evident fact that education is the safeguard of our liberties.

America is yet in its youth; still all the elements of a great World Nation are here. To our shores have come the Anglo-Saxon, (the dominant race of the world) the enterprising and original class from the various nations of Europe. We have here the conservative English, the cautious Scotch, the witty Irish, and the practical Germanic races from Northern Europe.

The Latin Races are represented by the mercurial Frenchman, the proud Castilian and the olive-skinned natives of sunny Italy. Nor may we omit our Coptic brethren of Jewish faith, or the Almond-eyed celestial of the Orient.

The African is here with his nature of careless abandon and perennial buoyancy of spirit, while our late conquests have introduced a new element—the brown races of our Island possessions.

Last comes the "Native American" encased in his armor of stoicism and bearing himself with a native dignity all his own.

The problem before us to-day is to convert this heterogeneous mass into one homogeneous whole; to imbue all with one common aim, and that,—loyalty to our government,—to develop true American citizens.

This herculean task belongs to our common schools, they are the Alembic of the nation; the crucible in which this transformation must be effected.

The child must be taught the principles of good government and the foundations of good citizenship must be laid in the school-room.

To know our government is to respect it, to be a loyal citizen who will work with voice and vote for the perpetuation of good government, one who will freely yield up life itself if necessary in defense of its principles.

To us as teachers of the public schools of America belongs the honor of making the future citizen acquainted with the laws of the land.

Our Public Schools! They are here and here to stay.

It is said that Universities of Germany turn out scholars, those of England turn out gentlemen; may we not hope (and work) that the schools of America may turn out practical men who are worthy citizens of our great and grand republic.

The teachers's work is a great work. He should be master of the situation. This age demands honesty and ability. Education is leagued with progress. Truth is the great moral lever that raises the world to higher plains.

With noble aims, lofty ideals and pure motives, crystallized into action, what may not be accomplished in such a field.

We live in a practical age; training should be along practical lines.

All true education is a growth and every fiber in the being should be developed,

In this profession we should have GENUINE men and women with clear heads,

clean hands and pure hearts. We are looking forward to universal education, and universal brotherhood. The child is the hope of our nation. Let us discipline the pupil in self-control, and inspire him for self-improvement. Give him an education.

Where the point of interest is there is the opportunity, find or make that point or leave the profession.

Michael Angelo was one day walking along the streets of Rome when he stooped and picked up a block of marble that was lying in the gutter. His companion in surprise asked him why he did so.

"There is an angel in the stone was his reply, and I'm going to let it out.

Michael Angelo kept his word and today (he traveler through Rome may see in place of that block of marble, a statue with outspread wings looking like a denizen of Paradise.

The teacher is the sculptor of something far greater than any work of art, human lives are in his hands to make or mar; to him belongs the great work of bringing out the best that is in the pupil. Be noble and the nobility that is in every soul, dormant perhaps but never dead, will rise up in majesty to meet thine own.

To educate, the very word is replete with meaning coming as it does from the Latin, to bring out, develop.

The ultimatum then is to produce a worthy "Citizen of the World" who at the close of a well-spent life in the great School of the World may be worthy to be a Citizen of Heaven.

I saw a teacher building slow;
Day after day he passed the years.
And saw a Spirit Temple grow,
With love and hope and often tears—
A mystic Palace of the Soul,
Where reigned a Monarch half divine;
A love and light illumed the whole,
And made its Hall with radiance shine.
I saw a teacher take a child,
Friendless and weak and all alone;
With tender years and passions wild,
And work as on a priceless stone;
Out of the rude and shapeless thing,
With love and toil and patient care,
I saw her blest ideal spring
An image pure and passing fair.
Upon a canvas ne'er to fade,
I saw her paint with matchless art,
Pictures that angels might have made,
Upon a young and tender heart;
And flowing deeper for the years,
And growing brighter for the day,
They ripened for those radiant spheres,
Whose beauty ne'er shall pass away.

SARAH J. PORTER.

RIVERSIDE INDIAN SCHOOL,
ANADARKO, OKLA.

METHOD OF CELEBRATING ARBOR DAY.

The governor of each State annually appoints Arbor Day at the proper season for planting. This day is celebrated in the schools by public exercises appropriate to tree planting, with essays, songs, and recitations by the pupils, and addresses by visitors. In connection with the exercises there is ordinarily more or less tree planting. Great care is taken to make the planting ceremonies impressive by letting children take part and by planting trees commemorative of noted persons or events.

The holes should be dug large enough to contain all the roots fully spread out, and deep enough to allow the tree to stand about three inches lower than it grew as a seedling.

The roots should be extended in their natural positions and carefully packed in fine loam soil. It is a good practice to work the soil about each root separately and pack it solid with the foot. As the hole is filled, the earth should be compacted above the roots and around the stem, in order to hold the tree firmly in place. The last two inches of soil should be very fine, and should lie perfectly loose. It will serve as a mulch to retain the moisture.

Trees should be planted neither in very wet nor in very dry soil. If the soil is wet, it is better to wait until it is drier.

While it is a common custom to water at the time of planting, those who do no watering are usually the most successful.

The failure to pack the soil tightly about the roots is a common error in planting.

It causes injury in two ways: It leaves the tree unstable, to be rocked to and fro or even blown down by the wind; it also prevents the first growth of rootlets from absorbing food.

This they can not do unless good, fine soil is firmly packed around them.

Clods will not pack snugly. Likewise manure or litter of any kind mixed with the soil may prevent firm packing. Any thing that prevents the soil particles from coming into close contact with the roots is sure to be injurious. Another error is in shallow planting.

This allows wind and water to lay bare the roots, and in a short time the tree dies. Crowding the roots into too small a hole is a similar difficulty. Such errors

are more often due to lack of experience and skill than to haste.

The unskillful planter will hardly plant well, however slowly he may go.

The best way to retain moisture is by frequently stirring the soil to a depth of two or three inches.

The longer cultivation is continued, the better will be the effect upon the trees.

It should not cease in any case until they are well established and prepared to thrive without further attention.

Scattering or isolated trees can not usually be cultivated except by occasionally spading up the earth within a circle of a few feet around them. This is necessary in order to keep the grass and weeds from crowding them and retarding their growth.—[From Farmers' Bulletin, No. 134, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

THE CHIEFS WEPT.

The story is told of two Indian chiefs who were entertained by a prominent western gentleman, at a city café.

There was a little bottle of tobacco sauce, on the table and the first chief covered his oysters with it, as though it had been catsup.

Then he swallowed an oyster, going through strange contortions in the act, though he was too polite to make an outcry.

His air was sad, and big tears coursed down his cheek.

"Why, brother, do you weep?" the other chief asked sympathetically.

"I am thinking," said the first, "of my son, Gray Wolf, who was slain in battle."

"Ah" murmured the second chief, and he, too, covered his oysters plentifully with the fierce sauce, then swallowed one.

He, too in a moment, was shedding tears.

His friend said gravely; "Why do you weep, brother?"

"I weep" was the retort, "because I am sorry that you were not slain in the battle you spoke of, along with your son."

If an Indian chief could be hired to eat an oyster, the Man-on-the-hand-stand might think there was some truth in this story.

There are nine reindeer stations between Point Barrow and Bethel. The number of fawns born last year and still living is 1654.—[The Alaska Prospector.



TREE PLANTING AT CARLISLE.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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Address all Correspondence:

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as Second
class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from
the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has.COLONEL PRATT'S SATURDAY EVENING
TALK TO THE COUNTRY BOYS.

There are just about 200 of you going out to the country before next Saturday evening; so I concluded to call you together here to-night and talk to you before you go to the gymnasium for the regular monthly sociable.

I have been absent, as you know, have been fishing. I didn't catch very many fish; that was the amusing part of it, that I fished so hard and got so few fish.

I fished with a steel fishing-rod which was very flexible and hard to break. It had a large reel with 450 feet of line, and every time I put out nearly all of it because I was in a launch run by naphtha, but the fish down there were quick and would catch up with the boat. It was great sport to get a fish on. I caught several that weighed 8 lbs., but wanted to catch one of 40 pounds. My son who had no rod but fished with a hand-line caught one that weighed 15 pounds. There you are!

I read once about a man who was up in the Adirondacks fishing, who discovered a very large trout near shore and wanted to catch it. So he went with all his different inducements, but the trout would not take hold of the bait. He tried all his flies, but could not persuade the trout to take hold.

A little country boy came along and watched him a while and then said:

"Mister, would you let me see if I can't catch that fish?"

The man said "Certainly. I have been trying a long time to get him to bite, but he won't. If you can get him, all right."

The boy reached into his pocket and brought out a little mouse which he put on the hook and threw into the water. The fish saw the mouse and jumped for it at once, and so the boy caught the fish.

I must tell you my best fish story where a fish laughed at me. It occurred in this way:

I was fishing down in Texas. The

water was clear and beautiful. It was a place where fishermen had not been.

It was on the frontier of Texas where only Indians went at that time and they did not do much fishing. The white men were afraid of the Indians.

I was fishing in a pool about as wide as the length of this room. On the side opposite me there was a wall of rock that rose from 80 to 100 feet.

The fish seemed to be on the side of the pool next the rock.

It was a long way for me to get to it, but I decided to go around to that side and see if I could not catch something. So I went around to the other side of the pool, to get as near as I could to one end of the wall.

I had to go through blackberry bushes and it was very hard to get along.

I had a bucket of minnows in one hand and my pole in the other which bothered me; finally I hung the bucket on a bush and put a few minnows in my pocket, and with my rod and line worked my way along toward the wall of rock.

When I got to the place there was a large bass near the shore with his head toward me.

He turned his head this way and that and looked at me as though he wanted to make my acquaintance.

I reached in my pocket and found that I had just one minnow left.

I put that minnow on the hook and very gently lowered it right in front of the bass.

He opened his mouth and took the minnow, but as his head was toward me, I waited for him to turn and run so I might have a better chance to hook him.

He worked his gills and then gave a little puff, and out came my hook, but he kept the minnow.

And then he sat there and looked and laughed at me.

I said to him "You rascal, I have a notion to throw my pole at you."

There was my minnow-bucket, way back hanging in the bushes, and it was too hard a job to go back and get more bait. Finally, I thought maybe I could hook him. So I rolled up part of my line, reached down and dropped the hook as near as I could to his mouth. I saw him suck it in. I pulled and after quite a tussle caught him, and had a good supper.

I met a man down in Florida, 78 years old. He was next neighbor and I saw him every day. He was from New Haven, Conn. They said he was worth six million dollars. He was a railroad builder, both of street and steam railroads. He also paved streets. He worked hundreds of men. His language rather betrayed that he was a man of not very broad education, but he had a great deal of mother wit, and heaps of common sense.

Every time I saw him he had on regular farm clothes. He said he had been coming to Florida for the last 13 years. He had orange groves and ground where

he was trying experiments in raising garden products.

He called himself a farmer. He raised potatoes and corn and other things. He had a man to help him, and worked every day himself except once and that was when he went fishing with us.

We went in his naphtha launch, and it was one of the quickest launches there.

This old man raised chickens, and though he was worth six million dollars he was selling eggs. He wanted all the extra fish to feed his chickens. He said he had gone into the chicken business for the money there was in it, and that when eggs were 35 cents a dozen there was some profit in it; but when they fell to 30 cents a dozen it hardly paid. He talked like any old farmer, but I soon saw that he did it to amuse himself and his friends.

I found out from him and a number of others that he was doing this for his health. He told me in a little confidential talk I had with him that he had broken down somewhat and so concluded it would be better to come to Florida in the winters; that he could not idle his time away, so he bought a place and went to farming. I found he was not only a builder of railroads, but the owner of railroads; he owned one out in Indiana, connecting two towns near where I was raised.

The lesson is that WORK is not only profitable, but healthful.

Now as I said in the beginning, there are just about 200 of you boys and girls going out to work for the summer. You are pioneers paving the way for something else—for somebody else, leading forward to some result, to results full of value now and for the future.

The lesson I read you was one of results. You remember how Joseph did not leave home because his father or mother wanted him to go, nor because he wanted to go himself. His was a violent, enforced absence.

He was taken a long way from home as a slave, but there were great results and a wonderful lesson which comes to us to help, and it is mostly in a word that has been flung at me more in the last six weeks than any other, and that one word is "Stick."

I heard some one say that this is one word the Indians need to learn and be guided by, to make a complete success of their cause, and this word Joseph evidently knew and used, and it guided him in what he did.

It makes no difference what we expect to do. The fellow who starts out to hunt game, if we strike a trail and do not stick to it, we do not get the game; and it is so in everything.

If we start to get an education the word that will help us most is the word "Stick."

Stick to our chances!

If we want experience and have a chance to get experience we must stay by our chances. If we want character,

worth, wealth, and who does not? we must make a record and build up the confidence of people in us.

If we want to get the best results from our labor we must have the confidence of the man who needs us. He must feel that we are the one who can serve him best.

So when you start out from this Carlisle school on this expedition—this sort of a Joseph-mission, as it were, into the country, after experience, after wider opportunities, there is one word that will serve you well, one that will bring success to you, and that word is STICK."

It is short and easy to remember.

If a fellow has a different mind in him, if his purpose is to go to the country to run away, as I am sorry to say I am led to believe was true of one of you whom I had to say to-day could not go, it is better not to start out at all. Unless you want to do right you would better not ask to go at all.

Don't pretend to do one thing when you intend to do another. Don't do that for your own sakes.

Be sure first you have a good purpose and then be sure that you intend to stick and accomplish that purpose.

Whenever you use the opportunities that come to you for any wrong purpose you make a mistake against yourselves, for we are always educating and training ourselves.

The fellow that is known to be thoroughly reliable, who attends to his work, who is all the time trying to improve himself in that work and shows it by his every action, by all that he does, is the one who is going to win the confidence of others and fill a higher place, and having learned to rely upon himself he will become a real leader like Joseph.

But the one who cannot or will not rely upon himself and who gives way to his desire to go back to a useless life had better be dead.

I emphasize the "Dead" because he is dead timber already.

He hasn't the purpose and energy that will make him useful.

He won't fit in anywhere.

He is useless.

He is not strong enough to go through the process.

He has a rotten place in him that will make him unfit for every service, and he will surely be thrown aside.

There are too many such people in this world.

Girls and boys who are going out this summer, I give you as your guide this one word "STICK".

Remember all during the summer that I said to you, "STICK"! And when you have finished your summer's work you will say, Thank you my superintendent, for giving me this word. It helped me all the way through."

Now there are some things that happen in the country that come to me now and then. You all sign the papers. First, you ask to go out.

You sign a paper making a request to go. You promise in that if I will let you go you will obey all the rules. Then you are given another paper having the rules that are laid down to guide you and your employers. You sign that. So you twice promise that you will obey all the rules.

Read those rules once a week. You have a copy.

Read each rule and as you read ask yourselves:

"Have I obeyed this rule? Have I done what I agreed with the Colonel, I would do?"

And on to the end, consider how every rule has been carried out; and then if you find you have not obeyed fully any rule make up your mind you will start right again and obey that one and all the others.

They are good rules, made after 23 years of experience. We have remodeled and improved them from time to time, as we have learned what you need.

They are good rules, calculated only to help you, I am sure.

They will help you if you will let them help you by obeying them. If you break them you do it to your own hurt.

I leave out everything else, every other interest you may have, and say, you do more harm to yourself than to anyone else when you break the rules.

Here in this Carlisle school you are a great many Indians. You are compelled to be together. You talk with each other and lean on each other.

Now, you cannot get two fellows together that are quite equal in character. It is harder to get together three who are



CARPENTER GARDNER AND HIS INDIAN BOYS COPING THE STONE FENCES ON OUR
SCHOOL FARM.

equally strong in character. If three are together, one of them is pretty sure to be weaker than the others.

The object in sending you out is to teach you to rely upon yourselves, to teach you to stand alone. The man who can lean upon himself, who can depend upon his own judgment, is the one who will succeed.

To teach you independence is very largely our purpose in the outing.

I deplore all the time, and you know I do, all systems that congregate Indians.

It is bad for the country and for the people themselves to congregate in one neighborhood those of any one nationality. Such people do not become Americans easily, and under such treatment, never fully. They never give themselves to America, but it is the fellow who comes from a foreign country and strikes out alone and makes himself a part of what is going on about him, who determines to make himself a citizen of the country, who succeeds.

By doing that, he says "I intend to be a real live, thoroughly useful American."

He makes a success of it. He becomes of worth in the country. He becomes trusted, and you will find him placed in positions of responsibility, which fully use all the abilities he has.

He is the man who becomes the governor of a State, or Senator.

Senator Nelson, who came to this country as a boy, became first a member of the House of Representatives, then governor of the great State of Minnesota, and is now a Senator of the United States.

It was the same with Mr. Schurz who started this school. He was Governor, a General in our Army, Senator and then Secretary of the Interior. They are men whose opinions are respected by all our people, who stand to the front in our country.

And so our purpose in sending you out is to make you individual.

Now, if you congregate together on Sundays you defeat that purpose.

You get on a wheel and go off to where you can find other Indian boys and there you talk things over.

There is likely to be one mischievous boy among you, and he can make lots of trouble.

Don't go with such boys!

Associate with the good people about you. Learn to lean upon yourself and not upon each other.

Insist upon going into classes with others who are not Indians.

If the superintendent wants to crowd you all into one class, tell him the Colonel does not want him to make an Indian reservation in his Sunday School.

Don't be put into a class of only Indian boys or girls with some man or woman for teacher who wants to keep you together and make a special Indian class of you.

Such people help to keep you special and Indian, and build prejudice against you.

Avoid Indian classes and Indian reservations in Sunday school or church.

Be careful in all these things and you will have a most profitable summer.

The March 24th edition of *Uber Land and Meer*, published at Stuttgart, Germany, a sort of Harpers' weekly illustrated, devotes a full page to 7 half tone views of our school. A very good description of the work accompanies the illustrations in which the writer speaks of Col. Pratt's "conviction that it was quite possible with right handling to make the red race partakers of the blessings of civilization, and of the well prepared plan laid by Colonel Pratt before our German compatriot Karl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, in 1879 for the founding of an Indian school, its purpose being to give a large number of Indian children of both sexes, who during the school term would be entirely independent of influence of their distant parents and tribesmen, a training and education fitted to their peculiar needs and circumstances." Miss Forster translated the article.

Nana Brown, who went to the country a few weeks ago writes that she likes her new home very much. She finds her work hard but the people are so very kind to her that her work is made easier.—

Benjamin Caswell, '92, who is the principal of Cass Lake School, Minnesota, is expecting to leave that school for a new field of work.—

Man-on-the-band-stand.

A few were April fooled.

Again balmy and beautiful!

Students' items end with a dash, (—)

How we miss the bugle since the Band left.

March was a little lion-like in her departure.

We get no bad news from baby Wheelock, so take it that no news is good news.

126 boys went to country homes on Tuesday morning. To-morrow morning 64 girls will go.

Editor D. S. Dichelberger, of the Berkeley Democrat, Martinsburg, W. Va. was a visitor yesterday.

Joel Cornelious ex-student of this school has accepted a position at the Boarding School in Wisconsin.—

The band was missed by the students at the sociable. There being no music the time seemed long and quiet.—

That account of army life given by Arthur Bonnicastle last Tuesday evening to his class mates was very interesting.—

On their way to Philadelphia last Friday night the Band played at the Old Soldiers' Re-union, in Harrisburg.

Some of the Normal pupil teachers invited their small boys who are going to the country to visit the Susan Society.—

Miss Riddle of Media, was a guest of Miss Pratt for a few days, and her genial presence was much enjoyed by all.

The plumbers and steam-fitters have painted their quarters, and material and tools now have an abode to be proud of.

The buds and birds did not like the sleet and snow of last Monday, but they are revelling in the present beautiful weather.

We celebrate our Arbor Day next Friday. The article, first page on tree planting could be read with profit, about this time.

The Misses Ferguson, and Mr. Benn representing the North American, all of Harrisburg, lunched at the school on Monday.

Miss Amanda Brown writes from her home in Minnesota that she is attending High School and is getting on nicely in her studies.—

The drawing on the black-board in the Junior room, done by Wilson Charles is artistic and highly appreciated by his class-mates.—

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

The Sophomores carry the 1903 class championship for basket-ball, having beaten all the other classes—the Seniors, the Juniors and Freshmen.

Mr. James Stuart, of Idaho, who has been East ever since Commencement, left for his home this week. He has spent most of his time in Washington.

It is reported that Arthur Sickles, class 1902, has left the Printing Office in British Columbia and has gone to work in a Canadian Locomotive shop as a fireman.—

Miss Carter, matron of the small boys quarters, is very busy this week assigning boys to the different duties vacated by the country boys who left on Tuesday.

The flag-staff is getting its spring dress of white paint. It is an interesting piece of work to watch. The upper half, some fifty feet, has to be lowered by rope and tackle.

Mr. Gansworth, who went with the country boys as far as Philadelphia, heard the Band at their stand at Gimbel's on Tuesday; their playing is attracting large crowds.

The girls of Mrs. Corbetts' class were glad to see her back this morning after an absence of about ten days, during which time her grand-daughter was laid to rest.—

We are glad to hear from Ramon Lopez, that he arrived safely at his home in Porto Rico. He did not feel well at first but says he is better. We all hope he will soon get well and strong.

On Monday evening the Y. M. C. A young men entertained the boys who went to country homes on Tuesday. Games, refreshments and speaking made up the evening's pleasures.

Miss Daisy Laird, member of our faculty has gone to her home in Iowa, where she will take a much needed rest from her school work. She expects to be able to return to us in the fall.

The pouring rain on Monday evening caused a decision for no study hour.

The general gymnastics taken by the girls for the past month consist of marching. They already show marked improvement.—

Miss Carrie Kistler was married yesterday to Mr. William Blosser, by the Rev. Detwiler, of the Evangelical Church. Miss Kistler has been an efficient employee of the school for some time.

A party of teachers went to Mt. Holly last Saturday. They had a pleasant ride on the trolley and gathered quantities of Arbutus, and enjoyed nature in all its beauty. Some of them were tired at night.—

Nature study has a prominent place in the thought and study of our pupils during these spring months. In the lower grades it is the basis of much of our reading and language work. It will make us closer and more accurate observers as well as happier boys and girls.

Mr. Reising gave a talk about Fish Culture at opening exercises of school last week. He divided the subject into three parts, viz. history of the industry; manner of hatching; transportation from one part of the country to another. The talk was very interesting and instructive.

The following officers were elected at the Standard Literary society: President, Victor Johnson; Vice-President, Bert Jacquez; Recording-Secretary, Patrick Miguel; Corresponding-Secretary, Henry Rowldges; Treasury, Patrick Kennedy; Critic, W.G. Thompson; Assistant-Critic, Arthur Sheldon; Music Manager, Phineas Wheelock; Sergeant-at-Arms, James Dickson; Editor, Tossie Nick.

The Kendall Collegian is a magazine published monthly at Kendall College, Muscogee, Ind. Ter. Our missionary friend, Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, Ph. D., is Professor Emeritus and Translator at the College. In the March issue of the Collegian we see a number of items regarding one of our force years ago—Miss Alice Robertson, officiating at various missionary meetings and Sunday School entertainments.

Miss K. C. McBeth, of Lapwai, Idaho, says at the close of a business letter that some of the old Carlisle pupils who walked crook for a while have pulled themselves together and seem to be doing quite well. "The conditions here have changed somewhat, which accounts for this. Julia Jonas' mother often says to me: 'I love them at Carlisle. If I were not so old I would go back to see them.' Julia's nurse at Carlisle, (Miss Barr) has a warm place in her heart."

It was an attempt to give her an easy and comfortable passage to the happy hunting ground, that Mr. Warner tenderly prepared for a watery grave an indisposed feline. He gently tied a string with stone attached, around her neck, and cast her into the bosom of a surging stream. The cat was in no sense ready to go hence, and in keeping with the tradition that every cat has nine lives she shiveringly crawled up the opposite bank and sighed as she quietly winked at her would-be comforter. We don't know what happened next.

A wedding invitation to Miss Barr in which many will be interested reads: You are invited to be present at the wedding of Miss Ella Rikert to Mr. D. J. Ripley, Thursday evening, April 2, 1903, eight o'clock, Congregational Church, Elbowood, N. Dak. Reception at the residence of Dr. Morris, 8:30, P. M. Miss Rikert is remembered as an efficient and faithful helper at the hospital and elsewhere during her school period with us, and has the best wishes of a host of friends at Carlisle in this the most important step of her life.

We learn with regret of the death of Miss Earney Wilber's father, since her return home. Two of her brothers and her father were ill with small-pox, and under quarantine upon her arrival at Shawano, Wis. And although within a few miles, and not having seen him for five years, she was prevented from being with her father during his last illness. It was her purpose, after graduation here, to enter the State Normal of her native State, at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to further fit herself for usefulness, but owing to the feeble health of her mother since her father's death she has been prevented from doing so. Miss Wilber was one of our most lovable girls, and an earnest worker while a pupil at Carlisle.

ATHLETICS.

Following the rule in vogue at all the colleges and nearly all the schools it has been decided to adopt a stringent rule in regard to students wearing the C on their sweaters, jerseys and caps. Hereafter no student will be allowed to wear a C unless he has earned it in some of the three branches of sport—football, baseball and track athletics.

Those who play in any one of the three most important football games, the ten best baseball players, those who win first race in the class contest or win points in any of the dual meets, and the winner of the annual cross-country run will be the only ones allowed to wear a C.

This rule will tend to make the wearing of the C mean something and it will be an additional honor to be striven for, and should tend to promote a healthy strife to become proficient in some branch of sport.

It is the intention to enter a few of our best track men in the open handicap games at Princeton on April the 18th. This will give some of the boys a chance to see what they can do against some of the best athletes in the country.

The first baseball game of the season will be played by our team to-morrow (Saturday) at Lancaster with Franklin and Marshall college. This is a strong team and the school is much interested as to how our team will show up.

The mile and four-mile relay teams have only three weeks left in which to prepare for the races at Philadelphia. There seems to be a feeling that some gold watches and a banner will be brought back from Philadelphia this year.

Mention was made last week of the small girls' literary society called the Wide Awakes, since which it has developed that there is a Junior Debating Club of small boys, and they gave a creditable little entertainment before a few invited guests last Thursday night in the Normal room. Frank Cook is the President, and Tracy Miller the Secretary. Resolved that foreigners should not come into this country, was the subject of debate, and while their logic was not of the deepest order and their speech not the most fluent they did well enough to be called little congressmen by some of the guests who were asked to say a few words.

The excellent article by Miss Porter on first page was read by the author at the Indian Teachers' Institute, held at Darlington, Oklahoma, March 12 and 13th. Miss Porter has been teacher at Riverside for some time, but we are glad to note that she has not been long enough in the Indian service to segregate the Red Man from the other races as a nation. We gather that she believes that what applies to one applies to all. In a private letter accompanying the article she speaks in the highest terms of Mark Peno, Charles Corson, and John Kimbal, Carlisle graduates who are employed at that agency, saying that they are a credit to any school.

The newly elected officers for the Susans are: President, Nellie Lillard; Vice-President, Lillian Johnson; Recording-Secretary, Lydia E. Wheelock. Corresponding Secretary, Mary Runnels; Reporter, Bessie Nick; Marshal, Rose Monroe; Critic, Rose Nelson. They officiated for the first on Friday night and did very well. A debate of creditable merit was entered into at the last meeting on the relative merits of scenery and music for the benefit of the human race. Mr. Stuart, Idaho; Miss Forster, Miss Scales, Mr. Davies, Miss Depeltquestangue and Miss Burgess made brief remarks at the close.

We are pleased to see frequent allusions to Rogers—class 1897, now a student of the University of Minnesota, in their Daily. The last item mentions Rogers and two others as having distinguished themselves on the diamond. With Rogers we feel sure it is not at the sacrifice of his studies.

The people of Southern California are having very warm weather; oranges are plentiful this year.—

Chemawa Oregon is to have a brick dormitory for the large boys erected in the near future at a cost of \$25,000.—

APRIL FOOLS.

THE April fools! the April fools!
 What happy folk are they!
 The white flowers deck the cherry boughs,
 And daffodils are gay.
 The bluebird calls, the redbreast sings,
 The blackbird pipes all day,
 And they believe—the silly things!—
 That birds and flowers will stay.
 'Tis wind and frost and scorching skies
 That makes the April fools grow wise!
 The April fools! the April fools!
 What happy folk are they!
 They're light of head and light of heart,
 And dance the hours away.
 Young Love, with fluttering purple wings,
 Blithe Hope for them is new;
 And they believe—the trustful things!—
 That all they say is true,
 Sweet simpletons! but who would frown
 And shake their air-bull castles down?
 For dark were life, and full of sighs,
 Should all its April fools grow wise!

—MARIAN DOUGLAS, in Christian Register

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

I once ascended Mount Washington with a party of friends on horseback, and we were overtaken by a violent storm, followed by a thick blinding mist.

After our rough scramble over slippery rocks it was a woeful disappointment to find on our arrival at the "Tip-top House," that we could not see any object two rods from the door.

But late in the afternoon the clouds began to roll away, and one mountain after another revealed itself to our view.

At length the sun burst forth and over-arched the valley of the Saco with a gorgeous rainbow; we came out and gazed upon the magnificent panorama with wondering delight, and as the rays of the setting sun kindled every mountain peak with gold, we all exclaimed "at evening time it shall be light!"

My experience on that mountain top is a striking illustration of the experience of God's people in all ages.

Faith has had its steep Hills of Difficulty to climb, and often through blinding mists and hustling storms, Unbelief says "halt," and Despair cries "go back!" But hope keeps up its steady, cheery song, "It will be better further on."

The poor old patriarch Jacob wails out that all things are against him, and that he will go down to his grave mourning.

Wait a little.

Yonder comes the caravan from Egypt laden with sacks of corn and bringing the good tidings that Joseph is the prime minister of Pharaoh's government!

To the astonished old man at evening time it is light!

The office of faith is to climb to the fact that behind all clouds, however thick, and all storms however fierce, God is on the throne.

It is the office of hope to look for the clearing of the clouds in God's good time.

If we have no storms we should never appreciate the blue skies; the trials of the tempest are the preparations for the after-glow of the sunshine.

We ought never to think it strange that difficulties confront us; or trials assail us; for this is but a part of our discipline, and in the end all things work for good to them whom God loveth and who trust him.

It is according to God's established economy that we should be exposed to temptations, and often to trials which threaten to drive us to despair.

All this is to teach us our dependence upon him.

No climb of duty is so high, so steep, or so hard, but God is standing at the top!

No honest work for him is ever entirely in vain.

I will go further and affirm that no honest prayer was ever yet uttered in the right spirit, and failed to get some answer; if not the thing asked for, yet some other good thing has been granted.

And oh, how often God surprises us after a long day of struggles and discouragements by a glorious outburst of light at evening time!

This beautiful passage of the bright eventide is finely descriptive of a Christian old age.

Some people have a pitiful dread of growing old, and count it a disgrace.

They possibly think that if the line in their family Bible that records the day of their birth were subject to the fashionable process of the "Higher Criticism," it might prove to be erroneous!

But if life is spent in God's service its later years may be well described in the quaint Scotch version of the ninety-second Psalm:

And in old age when others fade,
 They fruit still forth shall bring;
 They shall be fat, and full of sap,
 And aye be flourishing.

—[Presbyterian Banner



CARLISLE INDIAN BOY WORKING FOR A PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

THE ART OF AVOIDING COLDS.

It is better to avoid a cold if possible. Many have this art: others seem never able to acquire it.

It is to a certain extent a matter of constitution, of habit, of manner of living and of mental hygiene, the mind cure if you like to call it so.

Some persons instinctively know the moment a cold begins to come on, and by stamping their feet hard on the floor and mentally defying it, break it up at once.

Others sit down by a hot fire and drink very hot water and get into a perspiration, then go to bed.

Others inhale very hot air before a hot wood fire for a few times.

Others inhale hot steam from a steam kettle, being careful not to bring the steam too near the mouth and nose and burn them, but throw a blanket over the head and let the hot steam come under it, and inhale it as hot as is convenient.

A cold is a sort of nervous disease, caused probably by a nervous shock from cold air on the neck or base of the head, or abdomen, or back or feet or legs.

These are the parts most susceptible. By toughening the skin and its nerves they bear cold air better and thus colds are avoided.

The habitual cold bather rarely has a cold, but many do not think they can bathe regularly and so the skin becomes more and more sensitive, until finally the very least change of air produces a bad effect.

The number of persons who have almost or quite emancipated themselves from colds by hygienic precautions is large and is growing larger every year, but there remains multitudes still in bondage, and it is for such these hints are given.—[Journal of Hygiene.

ABSTAINERS GET BETTER WAGES

It is said of Mr. Andrew Carnegie that he had added ten per cent to the wages of his employees on his Scottish estate on condition that they become total abstainers.

A temperance writer, desiring to secure a personal expression from Mr. Carnegie as to his attitude in this respect, sent him a letter asking if he would kindly advise him as to the truth of the above statement, and also inform him what measure of success had followed this policy.

The reply has just lately been received, and is as follows:

"Men are not required to be total abstainers, but all who are can obtain from me a gift equal to ten per cent of their wages, with my best wishes, upon stating that they have abstained for a year. I consider total abstainers worth ten per cent more than others, especially if coachmen, yatchtmen, or men in charge of machinery. Indeed, I prefer them for all situations.—A. C."

In view of Mr. Carnegie's experience in the industrial world, this opinion is of inestimable value.

CHEROKEE SLAVES IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Indians bought negroes to do their work almost as soon as the whites did.

When they were driven from Virginia, North and South Carolina, and other States, this beautiful territory was given to them.

They brought their slaves to their new home.

They were enrolled as Choctaw citizens in 1880.

Many did not know that they were free until that time.

They took the names of their Indian masters.

They are like the Indians in appearance and disposition.

They learned from their masters two good lessons—obedience and industry.

They have inherited the Indian temper and traits.

About one-third of the Choctaw tribe are Choctaw negroes.—[Mrs. J. B. Crowe, in Over Sea and Land.

THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST.

Riding one day over the plains at the head of a long detachment of men, General Custer made a sudden change of direction at the head of a column.

As the men reached a certain point, they rode off to the right, rank after rank, as if an invisible hand had smitten them out of their course.

The curiosity of those at the rear of the line was excited, and as they approached the point, they looked carefully to see what had caused the change of direction; and they found in the desert a bird's nest full of tiny eggs.

A long detachment of men had turned aside rather than crush that bit of life in the universal aridity.—[Hamilton W. Mabie.

ADDITION ENIGMA.

- People wipe their feet on me.
- Add 2 letters and the trash-burners use me to start their fires.
- Add one letter and I am a bird's "other half," or a husband or wife.
- Add 5 letters and I am the substance of which the tailor boys make their coats.
- Add 5 letters and I am like a good mother.
- Add 3 letters and I am a woman who manages the domestic economy of a public institution, as Mrs. Crosbie, for instance, or Miss Weekley.
- Add three letters and I am type on a galley ready to print, or I am what exudes from a sore finger.
- Add four letters and I am spread on floors in summer.
- Add three letters and I am old enough, or ripe.
- Add 5 letters and I am what our Indian boys sleep on.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Fresh Air.

SURE TO EARN A LIVING.

Gov. John G. Brady in a recent letter says:

"I am indeed interested to learn that you did so well in the fish business. You have gone far toward solving the problem of doing true gospel mission work among these native people. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. The work of teaching these native people day by day to earn their daily bread should be the most pressing work after their conversion. If a young man starts out with industrious habits he is surer to earn a living than if simply 'educated' as that word is often used."—[The Orphanage News Letter.

WHERE THE FIGURE IIII CAME FROM.

Have you ever noticed that the face of our clocks have IIII instead of the Roman numeral IV? This is how it happened.

When the first clock to keep accurate time was made, its maker, Henry Vick, carried it to Charles V, of France, who looked at it and then said, "Yes, it works well, but you have got the figures on the dial wrong."

"I think not, your majesty," said Vick.

"Yes, that four should be four ones."

"You are wrong, your majesty."

"I am never wrong!" exclaimed the King in anger. "Take it away and correct the mistake."

The clockmaker did as he was commanded, and as a result we have IIII, on the dial of our clocks.—[Boys' World.

"It is a clean, neat, and up to date paper and I certainly do not wish to miss any of its issues," writes F. O. H., Columbia, Pa., regarding the RED MAN.

SCHEDULE FOR SPRING SPORTS

- April 4—Baseball, Franklin & Marshall at Lancaster.
- April 10—Baseball 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.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expiration.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

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