

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1903.

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

THIS ONE HOPPED.



A little bird sat on a twig of a tree,
A-swinging and singing as happy as
could be,
And shaking his tail and smoothing his dress,
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,
He flew down in the street and went hopping
along,

This way and that way with both little feet.
While his sharp little eyes looked for something
to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop and
tell me the reason you go with a hop.
Why don't you walk, as boys do and men—
One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop;
And he laughed and he laughed, as if he never
would stop.

And he said: "Little boy, there are some birds
that talk,
And some birds that hop, and some birds that
walk.

"Use your eyes, little boy; watch closely and see
What little birds hop with both feet like me,
And what little birds walk like the ducks and
like the hen:

And when you know that, you'll know more than
some men.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
Every bird that has claws to catch prey with
can walk.

One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

"But most little birds that can sing you a song
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things—
That's why

They hop with both feet. Little boy, good-bye."
—[Our Little Ones.

FOR THE RED MAN AND HELPER]

HAMPTON'S ANNIVERSARY.

After many days of cold wet weather, Anniversary week has with its beautiful bright days been a most welcome change. On Tuesday the twenty eighth of April occurred the dedication of the fine new Huntington Memorial Library Building. This building is a gift from Mrs. C. P. Huntington of New York in memory of her late husband, who was formerly a member of the board of trustees of Hampton Institute. The building stands on the site of the old gymnasium not far from the entrance of the grounds, and the natural beauty of the structure is enhanced by a wealth of green lawn in front and on both sides. It is built of brick in colonial style, is two stories in height, and is surmounted with a graceful dome of white granite.

The exercises took place in the gymnasium which was filled with a large crowd of some 2,500 persons.

After the opening devotional exercises, Principal Frissell introduced George H. Hamlin, a Chippewa of this year's class, who gave an address entitled "Along New Trails." He was followed by one of the negro members of the class, Lorenzo Hall from Alabama who spoke on the class motto "Service Our Mission." Then followed singing by the school, and more speaking by Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University; Dr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Institute; and Canon Chapman of London, England.

The presentation of the keys of the Library building took place on the steps of the new building, whither the whole audience proceeded from the gymnasium.

Here the dedication hymn was sung by the school to the music of Haydn's hymn, the words having been composed by Miss H. W. Ludlow. The keys were presented to Mr. R. C. Ogden, President of the Board of Trustees, by Mr. Archer M. Huntington. Mr. Ogden made a graceful speech in acceptance, after which the audience was dismissed, the benediction being pronounced by Bishop McVickar of Providence.

Tuesday night an informal "family gathering" was held in the gymnasium at which the school and many of the guests reassembled and listened to facetious speeches from Dr. Robert C. Ogden, President of the Trustee Board; Rev. Alex McKenzie, D.D. of Cambridge, Mass.;

Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D. D. of Harvard University; and Bishop W. N. McVickar, of R. I.

Wednesday morning the classes, and shops, and various buildings were inspected by the visitors, including a number of the graduates and former students from Norfolk and vicinity.

In the afternoon at two o'clock the gymnasium was packed to its fullest capacity for the Anniversary Exercises.

After devotional exercises and the singing of some Plantation Melodies the programme was carried out as follows:

S. Emma Thorne of Washington, D. C. gave an attractive picture of her childhood and early school days in the country, and of her later experience as a seamstress in Washington. She then spoke of the change that had come in her life as a result of her Hampton training and how she had come to realize the dignity of labor and the true meaning of life.

P. J. Williams of Greenwood, S. C. made a strong plea for an all round training for mechanics.

Evalina Davis of Burkeville, Va. read an interesting paper on "Cooking and sewing in the country schools."

Thomas W. Alford of Shawnee, Okla. a graduate of the class of '82 and the first Indian graduate of Hampton was scheduled to speak on "the Shawnees of the present." He however was not able to be present on account of illness, and his paper was read by his youngest son, Paul Alford, who is now a student here in the Junior class.

Pierrepoint Alford of this year's class, the eldest son of Thomas and the first "Indian grandchild" to graduate gave an excellent paper on "The Shawnees of the Past"

Addie Cradic spoke on "Improvement in Rural Life;" John E. Smith on "A Changed Idea;" and Frank Trigg a graduate of '73 gave some account of his work as a teacher in the Lynchburg, (Va.) schools.

Miss Lucy I. Conger, a Sioux graduate of '97 class, gave a very pretty and entertaining account of an Indian childhood. This was followed by the presentation to the Board of Trustees of candidates for Diplomas and Trade Certificates. Included in the 80 odd names of these candidates who will receive diplomas in June are two Indians in the Normal (post graduate) course; five in the general course;

and one in the Blacksmithing trade course.

Following the exercises by the students came addresses by Mr. Washington, and Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York.

The presence on both days of a large party of distinguished educators and philanthropists, who came down from the Richmond conference, under the charge of Dr. Robert C. Ogden of New York, was a feature of the occasion and lent eclat to the proceedings.

Altogether Hampton's Thirty-fifth Anniversary can be safely scored as a grand success.

F. D. GLEASON.

AN ESTEEMED FRIEND KILLED BY A FALL

On Saturday last Col. and Mrs. Pratt were greatly shocked to learn of the accidental death of their loved friend, J. Wells Champney, the Artist. The particulars of the terrible affair are given as follows in the New York Times:

James Wells Champney, the Artist, was killed yesterday morning by falling down an elevator shaft at 5 Thirty-first Street. Mr. Champney left his home and studio, 96 Fifth Avenue, shortly after 11 o'clock yesterday morning, saying that he was going to the Camera Club to develop two plates and that he would be home for luncheon. He went directly to the building, where the club is situated on the eighth floor. He was apparently in a hurry, and disregarded the advice of James Kerr, the elevator boy, to wait for the next trip, as he was carrying a table on the top of the elevator for one of the new tenants.

Mr. Champney said that the table would not bother him, and entered the car. The table, a large walnut piece of furniture, too large to be carried other than on top of the car, was held in position by an expressman. In some manner it slipped between the fourth and fifth floors. One of the legs struck the running balance weights, jamming and stopping the car. The wire ropes slackened, and Mr. Champney found himself a prisoner. He waited for a minute and then opened the elevator door. Against the protests of the elevator boy, he attempted to swing himself to the floor below. He lost his hold on the car floor and fell down the shaft. His skull was crushed and his limbs broken.

An ambulance was summoned from the New York Hospital. Mr. Champney died

as the surgeon reached him. The doctor said that he had not suffered, his injuries being such that death was practically instantaneous.

Mr. and Mrs. Champney had their passage booked for Europe early in July. It being their intention to spend the late Summer and early winter in Russia. Mrs. Champney was notified by the police of her bereavement, and showed great fortitude after learning of her husband's death.

"We were very happy together," she said. He was one of the most beautiful characters in the world and was always lovable. His life was just like his work."

Mrs. Champney stood in the studio looking at the paintings her husband had been working on just before he left on his fatal journey. There was a large portrait of Mr. Fargo. Beside it was a pastel of a girl.

"He was hurrying to finish these," said Mrs. Champney, "that we might get away for our trip abroad."

Mr. Champney leaves a son, F. E. Champney, an architect, of Washington, and a daughter, Mrs. John Humphrey, the wife of an architect in New York. She is well known in artistic circles as "Marie Champney," a painter of miniatures. Mr. Champney's widow has a wide acquaintance through her literary works. Her maiden name was Lizzie Williams, and she was born in Ohio.

James Wells Champney was born in Boston in July, 1843. At an early age he started as a wood engraver. In the civil war he served with the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers. In 1866 he went to Paris, where he studied under Edouard Frere. After further studies at the academy in Antwerp he returned to the United States and opened a studio in Boston. During the Carlist war he made many sketches in Spain. In 1882 he was elected an associate member of the National Academy. Among his earlier works which gained for him a leading position in the art world were "Which is Umpire?" "Sear Leaf," "Not So Ugly as He Looks," "Your Good Health," "Where the Two Paths Meet," "Song Without Words," and many other favorites.

Three types of his American girl are now on exhibition at Knoedler's Art Gallery, 24 Fifth Avenue. In his earlier work Mr. Champney signed his pictures "Champ," but later gave his full name. He became a leader of the pastel school,

Continued on Last page.



REPAIRING THE STONE FENCES ON THE SCHOOL FARM.

THE REDMAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A
YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE:
MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. 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.

To make a man a man he must at least
be made to feel he can be a man and have
a chance to become a man and to remain
a man, whether he be white, black or
red.

The doctors are agreed that a good way
to make a man sick or keep a man sick is
to keep him in bed and tell him he is sick.
The infant will continue an infant if al-
ways treated as an infant though he grow
to man's estate.

Educate, train and otherwise manage
our foreign emigrants the same as we do
our Indians, for ten years, and Uncle Sam
will lose his identity and be in the throes
of dissolution, from indigestible and in-
soluble race problems.

We induce the degenerate of foreign
lands to emigrate and scatter among us
in America, and in a few years they be-
come useful citizens. We persuade and
compel Indians to remain in communi-
ties by themselves, away from all associa-
tion with citizens, and then find fault be-
cause generations come and go and the
Indians do not rise to useful citizenship.

If one-fourth the money spent on
Indian youth, to hold them to tribal and
reservation conditions under the claim of
fitting them for American citizenship
through home education, had been spent
in helping them to migrate from the tribe
and scatter among our citizens, like for-
eign emigrants, there to get their Ameri-
canizing education and industrial train-
ing, our perennial Indian problem would
now be well evaporated.

EASY FOR A NATION TO BE INCONSISTENT.

If one were asked to name the strong-
est proof of the virility of the American
race, he would not be far wrong if he
pointed to the fact that we are able to re-
ceive and assimilate the enormous immi-
gration which pours like a flood year by
year upon our shores, without losing our
strongly marked characteristics either in
the nation or in the individual. How
vast is this immigration is shown by the
statistics of the number of cabin and steer-
age passengers landed at the port of New
York during last year, in which all previ-
ous records were surpassed. Of cabin
passengers there were 139,848, while the
enormous total of 574,276 steerage passen-
gers was landed at this port. The previ-
ous year the figures were 128,143 cabin and
438,868 steerage passengers; while in 1900
137,852 cabin and 403,491 steerage passen-
gers were landed in New York City.

Evidently the tide of immigration is
rising steadily. But just to think of it!
Over half a million of foreigners of all na-
tionalities, composed chiefly of the very
poorest and most ignorant peoples of Eu-
rope, are absorbed by this country, so
easily and naturally, that beyond the
mere registration of numbers, this multi-
tude makes, for all evidence to the con-
trary, no visible impression upon the rou-
tine of our daily life. The explanation of
our easy assimilation of these heterogen-
eous millions is to be found in our magnifi-
cent public school system, which is un-
doubtedly the chief agency in making the
immigrants' children who are native by
birth, native also in sympathy and train-
ing.—[Scientific American.

"Straining at a gnat and swallowing a
camel," was one of the similes used by
the great teacher. His application of it
was to individuals but probably no indi-
vidual case in the history of the world
was ever more forceful and real than the
case of our great American nation, in its
comparative treatment of foreigners and
of the simple minded natives of our coun-
try. The fact above, that at the one port
of New York 714,124 foreigners of all na-
tionalities, chiefly of the poorest and most
ignorant peoples of Europe, can enter our
great country and be dispersed through-
out our communities and assimilated in
one year and that we cannot disperse and

assimilate 250,000 of our own natives, is
without doubt the most significant illus-
tration of "straining at a gnat and swal-
lowing a camel," that the world ever saw.
The hordes of Europe are assimilated by
being placed among us and getting into
the public schools. Ten millions of black
savages from the torrid zone are practi-
cally being assimilated in the same way.
It only shows that it is just as easy for a
great nation to be inconsistent as it is for
an individual.

For twenty-four years we have been
bringing into relations with our own peo-
ple and pressing upon the Indians so far
as we have been permitted to, the same
principles that govern the nation in its
handling annually hundreds of thousands
of foreign emigrants.

Our every experience has demonstrated
that it is just as successful in the one case
as in the other and yet in spite of it all,
the nation has adopted and continues
to enlarge and utilize in the wrong direc-
tion the one (school) system that accom-
plishes such great results in one case and
would accomplish in the other. "The
very poorest and most ignorant peoples of
Europe are absorbed by this country, so
easily and naturally, that beyond the
mere registration of numbers, this multi-
tude makes, for all evidence to the con-
trary, no visible impression upon the rou-
tine of our daily life," through sending
them into the public schools and com-
pelling association with our own. In the
case of the few Indians, the Government
uses the school to compel isolation and in
order that it may seem (not be) generous,
it builds great school buildings and em-
ploys large school force for what? To bring
them into association with our own peo-
ple, which will accomplish their assimila-
tion? No! but to use the very school as a
hindering medium and influence. Verily,
"Consistency, thou art a jewel."

In this connection we again emphasize
the following editorial in the RED MAN
seven years ago. Why continue to multi-
ply unnecessary expense, and invite,
nay insure failure?

INDIAN EMANCIPATION.

If there is one principle standing out
more prominently than any other in our
American compact, it is the principle of
personal right and privilege, as opposed
to class or cast right and privilege. The
lowest born may enjoy chances of devel-
opment, prove the possession of ability
and reach the highest station.

If there is one principle more encourag-
ing and full of hope than any other in the
Christian religion, that principle is the
brotherhood of man and the fatherhood
of God.

These two principles working together
have united the children of many nations
into our one great nation, and brought
about a united language and purpose
among a people springing from almost
innumerable languages and purposes.
The most efficient offspring of this Ameri-
can principle and this Christian principle
is the public school. In its hands the old

and antagonistic habits and diverse lan-
guages are most speedily eradicated and
the common language and purpose estab-
lished. The youth of many nations gath-
ering in one school-room, under one
teacher, studying one language, contend-
ing brain with brain, and matching brawn
with brawn, have pressed forward in
friendly rivalry to gain for each and all,
the one high boon of American citizen-
ship. In this mill all are counted grain;
none set apart as chaff. The frigid Nor-
wegian, Swede or Russian, the temperate
English, Dutch or Frenchman, and even
the torrid African, all go in, and, behold
the result! None are indigenous to the
country and many were enemies before,
but here they united and conquered not
only the natives, but climate, soil, moun-
tain, river, forest and plain, and now pre-
sent a vast continent subdued and utilized
as the brightest gem in the galaxy of na-
tions.

To the question, How was it brought
about? there is only one answer, and that
is, that through associating and compet-
ing with each other in their one home,
both in youth and manhood, they all had
not only the chance but were compelled
to become thus united. No association,
no school, no struggling brawn, no busi-
ness nor labor competitions, no battling
shoulder to shoulder to down common
enemies, THEN, NO AMERICA! What then
and where is the crime which alienates
the native-born Indian peoples? The
crime is to be found in every scheme or
plan which isolates them from the same
associations, school-rooms, play-grounds,
business, labor, etc., which unified the
others. Whether such plans were sepa-
rate reservations, separate schools, sepa-
rate churches, separate governments, or
separate vernacular Indian language, sys-
tems it matters not. Ishmaelish school-
ing has borne only its proper and legiti-
mate fruit.

We say we want to emancipate this man
from his low estate. If we really believe
in our American principle of opportuni-
ty for every man, and if we really believe
in our Christian principle of the brother-
hood of men and fatherhood of God, we
must reverse the past. We must hasten
the day when there will be no Indian
schools separate and apart from other
schools to educate the idea of difference
and separation. We must hasten the
day when the difference of language
shall be broken up, obliterated. We
must hasten the day of equality and
welcome our native born, copper-colored
brother, into our midst, without any res-
ervation whatsoever. Nor is consummat-
ed, short of this, Indian emancipation.
—[COL. PRATT in RED MAN, April, 1896.

COLONEL PRATT'S MESSAGE TO THE TOMAH CONVENTION

CARLISLE, PA., May 5, 1903.

J. F. HOUSE

INDIAN SCHOOL CONVENTION,
TOMAH, WIS.

The following is my contribution to the
Convention:

Our Supervisor details me to say some-
thing on character building, because, as
he says in his letter, "It has been remark-
ed to me in the field, that the Carlisle re-
turned students evince strong and firmly
fixed characters."

Character, for the most part, is build-
ed out of the necessities of the surroundings.

The character building that concerns
us in the Indian service is the kind which
will make Indians useful, independent
men and citizens. We criminally blunder

when we attempt to create such charac-
ters by massing them away from the ex-
periences and the necessities for such
character. All experience establishes this.

During last year 714,000 emigrants to
America from all lands and from lowest
conditions landed in the one port of New
York, and scattered throughout the coun-
try, without creating any material public
notice and by so scattering they soon be-
come English speaking, useful Americans
and citizens.

The American character building of
these emigrant citizens accomplishes it-
self, through association.

If these adopted fellow citizens were
placed under the same system of educa-
tion, management and isolation that we
force upon the Indians, they would con-
tinue alien for generations.

Our experience at Carlisle, during
twenty-four years and with all the tribes,
warrants the statement that Indian youth
placed in the public schools and in gen-
eral association with our people build
equally as competent characters and as
quickly.

We need to get the young of the Indian
race into our public schools and into as-
sociation with the youth and people of the
country and into our general industries
the same as we do the foreign emigrant.

So then the fault for continued useless-
ness of the Indian rests entirely on the
system, for which the Government and
not the Indian is responsible.

When we begin on this practical line,
to give the Indian a fair equal chance we
will have begun the kind of character
building that will make a success of solv-
ing our Indian troubles, and not before.

Let us then abandon our present system
of attempting the impossible by segregat-
ing and isolating, and swing wide the
door of opportunities through association
to our Indian charges, and help them out
from their reservation prison-houses in-
to the contact, which will build their
characters into fullest ability for worthy
American citizenship.

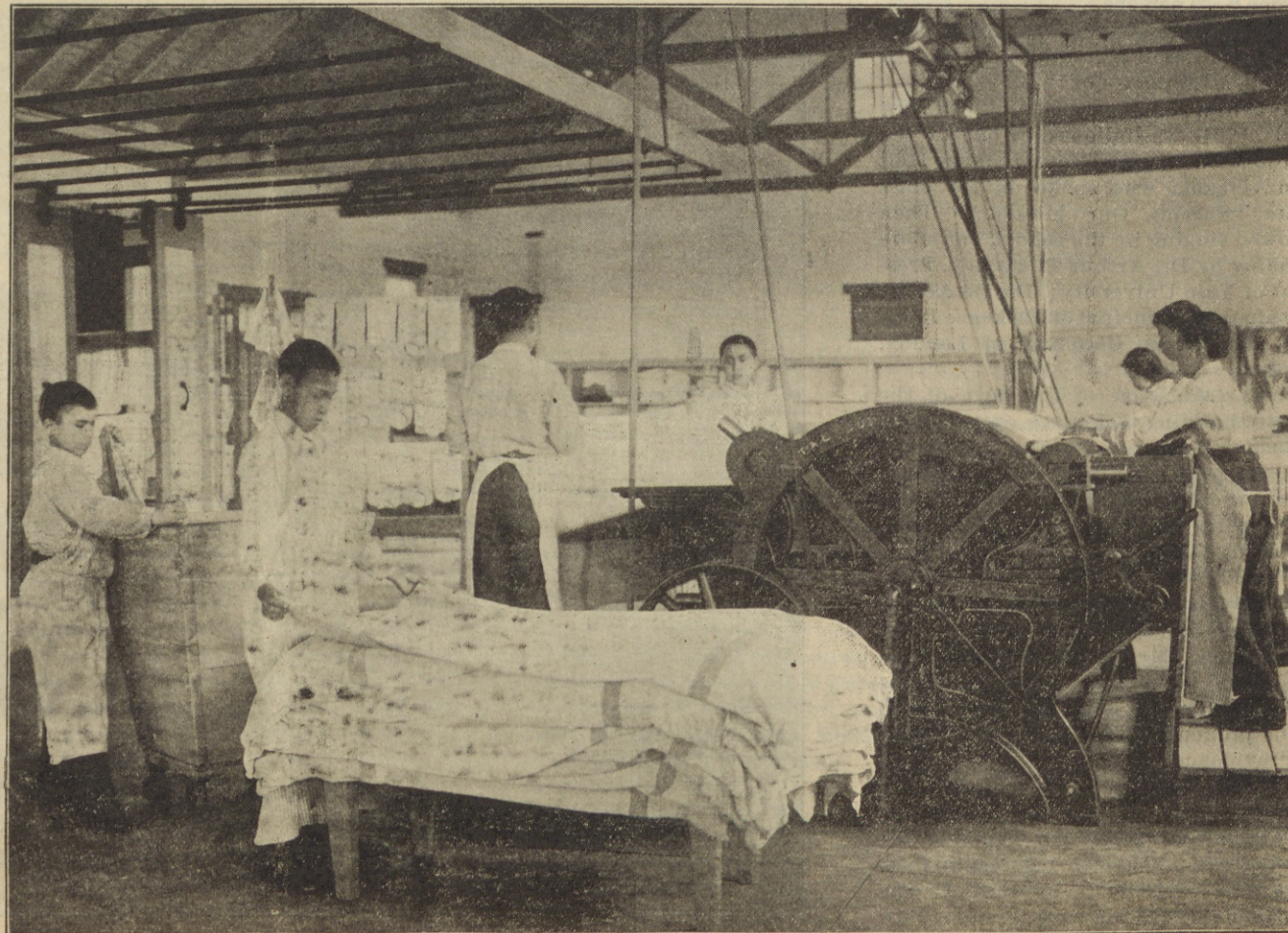
R. H. PRATT.

CARLISLE PRINTER BOYS.

Mr. Samuel Townsend, of Pawnee,
Oklahoma, is our new printer. He and
his wife and a little daughter arrived
Saturday, 18th instant. They come to us
highly recommended, and we hope they
will like their new home and find their
work congenial.—[Chippeway Herald,
White Earth, Minn.

Our old printer, Mr. Wm. Lufkins, has
left us. We are sorry to lose him but
hope the change is for his benefit. Will
is a good printer and is said to be a good
ball player. The Herald will always re-
member him kindly and wishes him suc-
cess in his new field.—[Chippeway Herald,
White Earth, Minn.

The athletic field can now be sprinkled
by means of pipes laid by Mr. Weber and
his force.



SMALL BOYS IRONING SHEETS, etc., ON THE MANGLE.

Continued from first page

it is said by accident. A pupil asked him so many questions about pastels that he experimented and found a success so surprising that he largely confined his efforts to pastels.

Mr. Champney was one of the charter members of the National Arts Club, and was elected Governor on April 8. Two weeks ago he delivered a lecture at the club on "Pastels." Many who have not seen him since will most readily recall his skill as shown in two illustrations he made with amazing rapidity. He changed a cloud into an ideal head of a girl, outlined and completed a landscape with a few touches, and thoroughly delighted his company with what he called his "stunts."

Mr. Champney was a member of the Century Club, Player's Club, Twilight Club, Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Fine Arts Society.

Kerr, the elevator boy, who lives at 416 West Seventh Street, was arrested last night by order of Coronor Jackson and taken to the West Thirtieth Street Police Station, where he was held for examination.

ALL IN ENVIRONMENT.

The following from the Osage Journal, published in the heart of the Indian country is a striking instance of a white child becoming Indianized. By environment and education the Indian child becomes "whitemanized," "saloonized," "citizenized," "farmerized," "Christianized," "civilized" according to his surroundings and education.

The other day, says the story, old man Pretty Hair adorned himself with all the war paraphernalia known to the tribe and accompanied by his wife came and camped down near W. C. Brook's on Salt Creek, where was stopping and making her home, Mary Pretty Hair his adopted daughter.

Mary Pretty Hair made her home with Pretty Hair and Phoebe Pretty Hair up to the time of Phoebe's death, at which time realizing the serious loss of Phoebe, Mary decided to adopt the way of her own people, the whites, and accordingly made application to Mrs. Julia Del'Orier for a place as a home.

Mrs. Del'Orier immediately surrounded her with all the comforts that money could throw around her and she was apparently fully enjoying her style of living and was progressing swimmingly in learning the customs of the white people and besides was a good worker.

Mrs. Del'Orier and the whole family in fact had learned to appreciate Mary to the fullest extent and treated her as one of the family.

When the old man Pretty Hair adorned himself with the full equipment of war paint and bowie knives he looked the typical warrior.

Mary having been raised since a little baby among the full-blooded blanketed Osages and herself having always worn a blanket, understood the ways of the Indian, and she was quick to grasp the fact that old man Pretty Hair meant business when he demanded that she would either go back to her old style of living with him or he would kill her.

It must be said that while the threat must have been made in all earnestness by Pretty Hair it would not have been carried out.

It was certainly nothing but a bluff. But come to think of it there must have been a longing deep in Mary's heart for a life like she had always lived.

Spring was coming on and the nice spring like weather gave her an invitation to get out in the woods where she could fish and otherwise enjoy herself to the fullest extent without any restraint being put on her actions.

Be that as it may Mary has left a good home demonstrating the fact that even though of white parents by birth the fact that she had lived a life of idleness and become so accustomed to the free open air life of living makes one think that the Indian problem is a hard one to solve.

Among Annual Reports received this week, the Fifty-second Annual from the Cincinnati House of Refuge shows excellent training on the part of the instructor in the school of printing. And the statistical information therein is interesting.

The Annual Report of the Berkshire Industrial Farm, is an interesting illustrated pamphlet just received, thanks to Supt. W. W. Mayo.



TEACHERS' QUARTERS, BAND STAND AND SOUTH END OF STUDENTS' DINING HALL

A LETTER TO THE NEXT GENERATION.

In the corner stone of a new building for the boys at the Chemawa, Oregon, Indian School, a letter signed T. W. Potter, Supt., and W. P. Campbell, Asst. Supt., contained among other things these sentiments:

On this 21st day of April, A. D. 1903, at 9 A. M., the 600 pupils and 50 employees together with many friends from Salem and the surrounding country assembled around this building to celebrate the laying of its cornerstone. We have deposited in this stone as you will see our names, a short outline of the various departments as well as other relics. We hope and pray that no calamity will befall this beautiful structure, and that it may stand as a useful and lasting monument to this State and country. If storms or fire do not destroy this building, we prophesy it will last for at least 100 years. That you will, therefore, about that time open this stone and see its contents. At that date we predict there will be no Indians in this country and no Indian Schools, and that you, our unknown friends and future generations, will probably have built a large city at Chemawa, and may have used this very building for the needs of your city.

While those of us who are here today celebrating the laying of this corner stone will all be sleeping under the sod and forgotten by the world, we cannot refrain from writing you this letter, which we hope will be of as much interest to you as it is of pleasure to us, and while we wish that we could take a peep at you 100 years from to-day and see the wonderful development of science, and invention that will no doubt be enjoyed by those who are fortunate to live at that time, yet we will have no doubt to be contented with our lot and thankful we are enjoying the enlightenment of civilization and advantages of this day and age.

We have not the flying machine and many other new and wonderful things which you are enjoying, but we are proud to know that we have thousands of inventions and improvements which would astonish our forefathers 100 years ago.

Wishing you and yours happiness and pleasure which we here enjoy, we remain, Your unknown friends, Superintendent, Employees, Pupils and Friends of Chemawa School.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

It is an Indian custom to get one of the elderly people to name a new baby. One of our church couples have been recently blessed with a third girl.

They applied to an old man over eighty, who is one of the old chiefs, for a name for the child.

He has given them the choice of four names.

One is Odadetsakish, which means she stands up well.

Another is Mahakua-wakush, which means "at the pond," and is connected with a certain pond or marsh where mysterious things once happened.

The third choice is Midaha-hishish,

which signifies red basket. Women make the baskets, and this probably prophecies the little one doing particularly fine feminine work.

The last of the four is Itaodish and refers to the full and regular shape of the ears of corn that she is to grow, or that she is to resemble.

Some poetry or sentiment is embodied in them all.

It is obscure to white people, but plain enough to those who have been brought up amid Indian life.

We have called the little one Christine, and had to give an idea of the meaning of that name to the Indian parents.

They are satisfied with the idea that the baby is to be Christ's little one.

What's in a name?—A good deal when you think of it.—[The Word Carrier.

EXPRESSIVE.

One of our good girls whose name we do not wish to give assures the Colonel that she is doing well at home in these words:

DEAR FRIEND COLONEL:

Just a line to let you know that I am still alive and still have my hat on.

(It is thought by some when an Indian girl discards her hat and wears a shawl over her head, she has gone back to Indian ways.—Ed.)

I have not gone back into Indian ways yet, and I don't intend to either.

And Colonel I still have a temper and strong will, that you so detest of my having them, and I am glad I have them, they help me on to live like a white woman.

I don't allow these Indians to pull me one way or the other, and whenever they say anything about my being too much like a white woman, they always hear my speech that I mean to be like a white woman, and I do not care for their Indian ways. I wish you could keep the boys and girls that went from here for ten years. They all seem to like it there.

PROPOSALS FOR NET BEEF, FLOUR, COAL, LUMBER AND MISCELLANEOUS SUPPLIES.

U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL SERVICE, CARLISLE, PA., April 22, 1903.

SEALED PROPOSALS, endorsed "Proposals for Net Beef, Flour, etc.," as the case may be, and addressed to the undersigned at Carlisle, Pa., will be received at this school until two o'clock p. m. of Saturday May 16th 1903 for furnishing and delivering as required during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, about 5,000 pounds bacon, 9,000 pounds beans, 190,000 pounds net beef, 75,000 pounds feed, 180,000 pounds flour, 6,000 pounds rolled oats, 13,400 pounds dried fruit, 2,200 tons coal, 48,500 feet lumber, besides assorted shop supplies, subsistence, clothing, etc.

Specifications for said articles, together with a full list thereof, may be obtained at the school. Bidders will state specifically the price of each article to be offered under contract. All articles so offered will be subject to rigid inspection. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids or any part of any bid, if deemed for the best interests of the service.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check or draft upon some United States depository or solvent national bank, made payable to the order of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for at least five per cent of the amount of the proposal, said check or draft to be forfeited to the United States in case any bidder receiving an award shall fail to execute promptly a satisfactory contract in accordance with his bid; otherwise to be returned to the bidder. Bids accompanied by cash in lieu of certified check will not be considered.

R. H. PRATT, Col. U. S. A., Superintendent.

SCHEDULE FOR SPRING SPORTS

April 4—Baseball, Franklin & Marshall at Lancaster. Cancelled on account of rain.
April 10—Baseball Syracuse University, here. Won 8 to 7.
April 11—Baseball, Lebanon Valley College at Annville. Won 9 to 4.
April 18—Baseball, Franklin & Marshall here. Won 10 to 4.
April 24—Baseball, Lebanon Valley here. Won 16 to 1.
April 25—Relay races in Philadelphia. Won.
April 28—Annual class meet. Sophomores won.
May 2—Baseball, Harrisburg at Harrisburg. Lost 9 to 2.
May 9—Baseball, Albright at Myerstown.
May 16—Dual meet, Bucknell, here.
May 22—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown.
May 23—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown.
May 25—Dual meet, State College, here.
May 30—Baseball, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg. (Two games.)
June 6—Baseball, Bucknell at Lewisburg.
June 15—Dual meet, State College at State College.

CHIEF'S TO MEET.

Chief McCurtain of the Choctaw nation has issued a call for a meeting of the chiefs of the Five Tribes at Eufaula May 20th, to urge separate statehood for Indian Territory.

The council of the chiefs will consider the McCurtain plan of holding a constitutional convention, to be composed jointly of Indians and whites, at which a temporary form of government will be organized and a demand upon congress to admit the new state to the Union in 1906 when the tribal governments are abolished.—[Indian Journal.

Ernest W. Biggs, now at Houston, S. D. wishes to be remembered to his Carlisle acquaintances.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.
Some of our shop boys can make 8, 4, 7 cups.

The same boys can make a tin 3, 2, 1 to a coffee pot.

If we 1, 2, 5 we can do almost anything.
If we are 2, 1, 3, 6 we cannot accomplish much.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 was the key word to Col. Pratt's talk on Saturday night.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Class songs.

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