

The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1903.

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

CLOVERS.

THE CLOVERS have not time to play;
They feed the cows, and make the hay.
And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.
And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.
Then when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew,
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the whole long day;
For clovers have no time to play.
—The Outlook.

JUNE.

Sweet! June, the month of flowers and leafy trees
The month of sunshine, birds and busy bees,
The month when happy lovers seal their fates,
The month of sweetest young girl graduates,
The brook sings low within its fern-fringed bed,
And strawberries on the low damp lands are red,
And city boarders come prepared to stay,
And steal the peace of farmers' wives away.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

The "Indian question" seems to be likely to settle itself in a normal way, according to the bread and butter law, after all. Now that the negro problem has come to the front of discussion the red man has a chance to show what he can do when left to work out his own passage to civilization without so much advice.

The other day, on an interurban car, an Indian with all the evidences of his race in his countenance, but dressed in the conventional business suit and derby hat of the white man was seated very quietly. He was taking views of trolley lines and their occupants with the same air of interest in worldly affairs that other civilized persons do. No reversion to the wilderness type was apparent in his dress or manner. Had he been in Europe he would have been an indistinguished part of the motley crowd of races that are assimilating European civilization and would not have aroused a remark, but here an Indian on a street car is still a little of a curiosity.

This relation ought to pass and will soon. The Indian develops too much business sense, when he takes to business at all, to be regarded as out of the reckoning of American business and industrial life. It will be industrial life that must first absorb the Indian, and that, preferably, in small places. There is little doubt that the Indian is still a good ways behind the white man in the race, but the results of Indian education are proving that he is gaining and anxious to gain, even faster. He can do better things than make baskets and bead-work and draw reservation allowances; and it is his right to be taught to his fullest powers instead of to his second rate ones. We have made profit out of the Indian in the wrong way for both parties.

In Monday's news from the northwest were two items that show that the Indian will work and that he will look out for himself in a business way. From the agent of the Grand Portage reservation comes the report that the Indians of his section have earned by their work as laborers in mines and the woods \$10,000 which has been distributed among them by the Government. In South Dakota the Rosebud reservation Indians will meet this week to decide upon the question of making more money out of the surplus lands of the reservation which have been granted to the cattlemen.

From this and from other co-operative signs of the times it is plain that the Indian will not much longer remain outside of the influences of trade and contact with business that form such educating powers to the rest of us. Instead of being a ward of the nation he will, by his own initiative, and the right help, become an individual of the nation. We make the most of the Indian problem ourselves now.—[Minneapolis Times.



THE DINING HALL BUILDING On the lower floor is the dining room with seating capacity for 1000 On the upper are the Sewing room, Dress fitting room, Cooking class room and sleeping apartments. On the right of the picture is the laundry

HAPPINESS AND COOKS.

Why is not the following clipping from the Public Ledger, especially apropos at the close of this favored year of our school wherein so many marriages have occurred and some are yet to be. It is gratifying to those who are left, to be able to pass on such advice as is found in this article:

More marriages are brought about by music and moonlight than the world dreams of, and more marriages are spoiled by careless cooking and cold roast pork than by cooling affections or lack of love.

Novelists write a great deal about broken hearts and blighted hopes, and the world weeps over the pathos and pity of the whole business. But how many people are there in the world with a tear shed for the ruined digestion that is at the root of the whole trouble?

A large proportion of housekeepers, doubtless misled by the apparently cast-iron digestion of their younger brothers, entertain the idea that all men are endowed with constitutions of a dust destructor, which can consume tin cans, old umbrellas and coal ashes with equal impartiality.

How many mothers, sisters and wives there are who will retire to bed with a clear conscience, leaving out a supper to be consumed by their late returning man-kind, consisting of such items as potted lobster, cold veal, cold suet pudding, apples, cheese and cold pancakes!

Such a meal, consumed at a late hour, is as surely calculated to produce death, sooner or later, as a diet of sawdust and tenpenny nails. Yet they wonder why Harry or Dick or Charley is so difficult to rouse, and so cross the following morning, not dreaming that the unfortunate youth in question has naturally been spending a night of terror with an imaginary stake driven through his chest, whilst he has been chased through streets of houses without shops or doorways by herds of green cows in fireman's helmets!

Is it humanly possible for him to be kind and considerate and chatty at the breakfast table after such a night, when his last evening's supper weighs as heavily on his chest as though he had swallow-

ed it in its native can, label and all, and his head feels like a concertina.

History has revealed that the great Napoleon practically missed his chances at the battle of Leipsic through having partaken too freely of a leg of mutton stuffed with onions.

It was doubtless cooked badly, and affords us a terrible example of the far-reaching results of bad cooking.

IT DEPENDS UPON THE POINT OF VIEW.

A business man of Kansas, who has friends at the school, writes that he has just made a visit to Oklahoma. He says at the close of a business letter that the Indians are "rapidly being crowded out of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, but the white man has made Oklahoma a transformed land in a few years. My sympathies have always been with the Indian, but after all he is a very worth less fellow."

That is the common western belief among business men, but it will not be long before those very people will be hunting Indians to serve them, but not until they become full fledged citizens of the United States.

When the Indian has a vote he will stand on an equal footing with his white neighbor in Oklahoma.

We can take our Kansas friend and show him business men of Indian blood, who from the standpoint of the average western man could not be called Indians.

But we understand our friend The old-time blanketed Indian or the later long-haired individual of Indian blood who lives off of his annuity and rations and does as little work as possible is a worthless fellow.

There are Carlisle graduates out in that country and elsewhere, bankers, real estate men, merchants, tradesmen and workers in all the business lines that we find the white man following, and they are successful.

A little girl who lives in a city flat, returning from a visit to the country, said to her mother, "I do wish we lived in a house out-of-doors."

When We Visit the Pennsylvania University Again, we may Think of this Story.

Benjamin Franklin was a hearty eater in the good old days before the vending of lightning rods became a profession.

When history caught one of her first glimpses of him, he was eating a roll in the street.

After he laid the cornerstone of the Pennsylvania hospital in the happy reign of George II, he was a frequent visitor in the halls of that institution. His labors there being arduous, it chanced that he frequently felt hungry at work.

He appeared at the hospital gate one day with a big tin box under his arm.

Disregarding the gaze of the corridors to the dispensary brushed aside a few cobwebbed breakers from a shelf and in their place planted the tin box.

"What might this be?" queried his friend, Dr. Rush.

"This," said Ben Franklin, "is Poor Richard's bread box. Help yourself."

The box was filled with penny cakes. When the supply ran out, Ben Franklin bought more cakes.

That was 150 years ago. Since Franklin's time, the new hospital has grown to be one of the most noted in the world.

Yet an old tin box, much battered and dented, stands on a shelf in the drugroom, and it contains cakes and ginger snaps.

Whenever the resident physicians or nurses visit the room they go to the box, take out a cake and eat.

When the cakes are gone, the hospital steward charges the box afresh.—[The Advance.

DUTY OF AIMING HIGH.

Not what we are, but what we would be, is our measure in God's sight. We may not be responsible for our failure to reach a high attainment, but we are responsible if we fail to strive toward that attainment. One who takes as his pattern the Perfect Life, is likely to do better than one who only wants to be as good as the average. It is in view of this truth that Lowell says, "Not failure, but low aim, is a crime."—[S. S. Times.

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.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE INDIAN.

When President Roosevelt's train was within a few miles from the town of Pocatello, Idaho, it was met by a band of Indians from the Blackfoot reservation.

They raced with the train into town. Among other things that the President said in his Pocatello speech was:

"I was glad to learn that many of the Indians under your care are traveling along the white man's road and beginning not only to send their children to school, but to own cattle and property.

"The only outcome of the Indian question of this country is to gradually develop the Indian into a property-owning, law-abiding, hard-working, educated citizen—in other words, to train him to travel the path that we are all trying to travel.

"When he is doing his duty he is entitled to all he shall receive, exactly as square a deal as anyone else. In the last analysis, what America stands for more than aught else is for treating each man on his worth as a man."—[Dispatch to North American.

INDIANS COMPLIMENTED FOR THEIR WORK.

A special to the New Mexican Review is as follows:

PROGRESO, N. M., May 18.

A great deal has been written at one time and at another about the "so-called" failure of this great and good government of ours in its efforts to civilize the Indian and make of him a factor in the development of the country, especially of New Mexico. The "outs" in politics are always howling at the "ins" about the "reckless" and conscienceless extravagance of every man connected with the Indian bureau from the committee on Indian affairs down to the "skinner" that hauls freight to the agencies.

"They say" that the Indian "appears" all right in school, but that as soon as he is turned out into the hustling world he relapses immediately into his original barbarism, throws away hat and shoes, dons a breech clout, leggins, moccasins, and a Navaho blanket and at once becomes a wild man again. Is this true as a rule? Or is it the exception?

This writer has but one case in point to refer to and judge from and that is the case of a bunch of forty-two young men from the United States Indian Industrial School at Santa Fe who are now working on the Santa Fe Central Railway, laying tracks with a machine, surfacing, lining, spiking, bolting and anything necessary to be done. After ten days' close observation and a study of their habits, manner of getting hold of their work, and the way they stick to it, the intelligence and skill they exhibit, is not excelled by any 42 men picked out of the 200 working on the Santa Fe Central railway on this portion of the line, of any race, color or "previous condition of barbarism."

They are fully equal to the best. In their cheerful and ready obedience to the orders from the superintendent and his lieutenants, they excel all others. In their social relations with each other and with the other races with whom they come in contact, they are kind, cheerful and even playful after a hard days' work. Their manners are superior, especially in the dining cars, where their "table" habits, as compared with those of the genus "American hobo" would make an American blush for his race. The personal habits of these young men show that they have the seeds of civilization sown pretty deep in their minds, for they are exceptionally clean.

They have learned other things too. Some letters that have been handed to the writer for mailing (and they all write letters) are beautifully written, some in fine Spencerian and others in fine vertical writing. But the most astonishing thing

about them to the writer is their love of music. Some of them play the mouth organ with as much feeling and expression as he has ever listened to. They read, too. They have a good many books with them and it is a very common thing to see a dozen pouring over their books out of working hours. So it seems there are two sides even to this question of educating the Indian and making a man of him. The side represented here is not much in evidence yet, but it will be later on, and "some sweet day" we will all feel if we do not acknowledge the fact that Uncle Sam does not make failures. He always "gets there, Eli" sooner or later; and the day will also come when the superintendent of the Indian school will be honored for his work.

We may add that for more than fifteen years Carlisle boys have been employed by the railroads of New Mexico, Arizona and elsewhere, and their records as workmen have compared favorably with that of the men who have worked by their side.

We See by the Indian Herald that :

The Omaha boarding school is to have a new water system.

They have 1,500 square yards of new cement walk at the Riggs Institute, N. Dak., and they are to have a new dairy building.

The boys and girls, too, have military drill at the Pierre Indian School, S. Dak., and that as early in the morning as 6:25.

The school motto of the Seger Colony school is: "I say! I say! I say! Stay! Stay! Stay! I say! I say! Stay with it! Stay with it! Stay with it!" (That would be good for a yell.)

They have a new team of dapple grays at the Oglala boarding School, Pine Ridge, S. Dak., and are going to have a new barn. The employees have worked together harmoniously for the past year. They have opened a new reading room. Two hundred native elders and elms have been transplanted to their school yard, and their Indians recently received \$81,740 in payment for depredations committed upon their property by men among the whites who were subject to the authority of the United States.

They have had a poor crop of maple sugar at Pine Point School, Minnesota, this year. The Pine Point plant is in a very dilapidated and unsanitary condition, and it is rumored that it will soon be abandoned.

The primary pupils of the Ponca school, Whiteagle, Oklahoma, have a cow of their own. They take all the care of the milk in the school room, churn, make cottage cheese, and find a market for their butter at the employees' club. Silk-worm culture is a new departure in the schoolroom.

Two splendid teams and a Carlisle surrery have been purchased at the Cantonment training School, Oklahoma, and

they have a splendid herd of 80 heads of cattle.

The Uinta School, White Rocks, Utah, has about lost the honor of being considered a runaway school.

Bad colds are the latest at the Osage School, Pawhuska, Oklahoma. Each pupil in the school owns his or her own garden plot.

The literary society at Lac du Flambeau, Boarding school, Wisconsin has been a successful feature of the school during the year.

They have a new flag-pole at the Phoenix School, Arizona.

The Flathead Agency School buildings have been treated to a coat of kalsomine. A gun club has been organized among the employees.

A part of the lawn at Winnebago, Nebraska, has been enclosed by a railing, painted white, to keep the children from using it as a play ground.

At the Grand Junction school they will plant seven bushels of cow peas this Spring as an experiment.

One hundred trees have been recently set out at the Browning Boarding school, North Dakota, and they will be irrigated from the pumping station.

The Yakima Agency Indians are famous for their beautiful baskets, some of them selling as high as \$15. \$45,000 is to be spent this year to reclaim hundreds of acres of land for the Yakimas.

They have much rain at Haward, Wisconsin. The Industrial teacher, Mr. Getter, graduate of Haskell, and Miss Rose Wolfe, graduate of Genoa, were married recently, and attended the Tomah Institute, Wisconsin, on their bridal trip.

A boy's home is being erected at Ft. Shaw, Montana. They are to have a new irrigating system. They are planting trees and shrubbery around the grounds.

Preparations are being made for a grand Congress of all the Catholic Sioux, to be held next month at Standing Rock, and some of the Indians in the vicinity of the St. Francis Mission, Rosebud, South Dakota, will have to walk if they wish to make the trip, as many of them have lost nearly all their horses.

A HIT.

The Indian band of the Carlisle Industrial School, under the leadership of Prof. J. Reilly Wheelock, made a big hit at the Rehrersburg Sunday school picnic, which was one of the largest ever held here. It was attended by about 5,000 people. There were over 800 buggies, carriages and spring wagons. The receipts amounted to \$357. People from Reading, Lebanon, Pottsville, Hamburg and intervening points began to come into town at an early hour and by 3 p. m. the woods and town were crowded with people. —[The Reading Eagle, May 19th.

The hardest thing to understand is how people will persistently follow customs that destroy them—the tobacco habit, the drink habit, the mescal bean habit, for instance.

THE SOPHOMORES.

A very pleasing little program was carried out by the Sophomores last Tuesday evening in the Music Room, before a few invited guests. It was the closing exhibition for the year. The class song "The Sophomores" was the first number. Then an address by the President, Albert Exendine, in which he encouraged all to do their best, even if mistakes were made. It is better to make mistakes early in life when they may be corrected by teachers and others, then to have them trouble us later in life. He spoke upon the importance of being able to tell in public what one knows, and that practice is what is needed to become an able and intelligent speaker.

After the preliminary business of the class, Marian Powlas read a very interesting essay, and John Sauve declaimed in a dignified and forceful manner. The Sophomore Quartet sang, during which Vice President Frank Jude took the chair. Nicholas Bowen gave an original oration. Dock Yukkatanache's essay on Oliver Wendell Holmes, was well written and read with an understanding that impressed. Wallace Denny volunteered in the place of an absent member of the class and rendered a fine declamation on the Slave of forty years ago, and the splendid advance of the colored man of to-day, written by President Council. Wallace's Class Prophecy, however, was the feature of the evening and showed many amusing situations of class-mates. Mr. Allen gave a brief address, and the hour was at a close, having been profitable and enjoyable. The programs were printed by a member of the class—Lewis Paul.

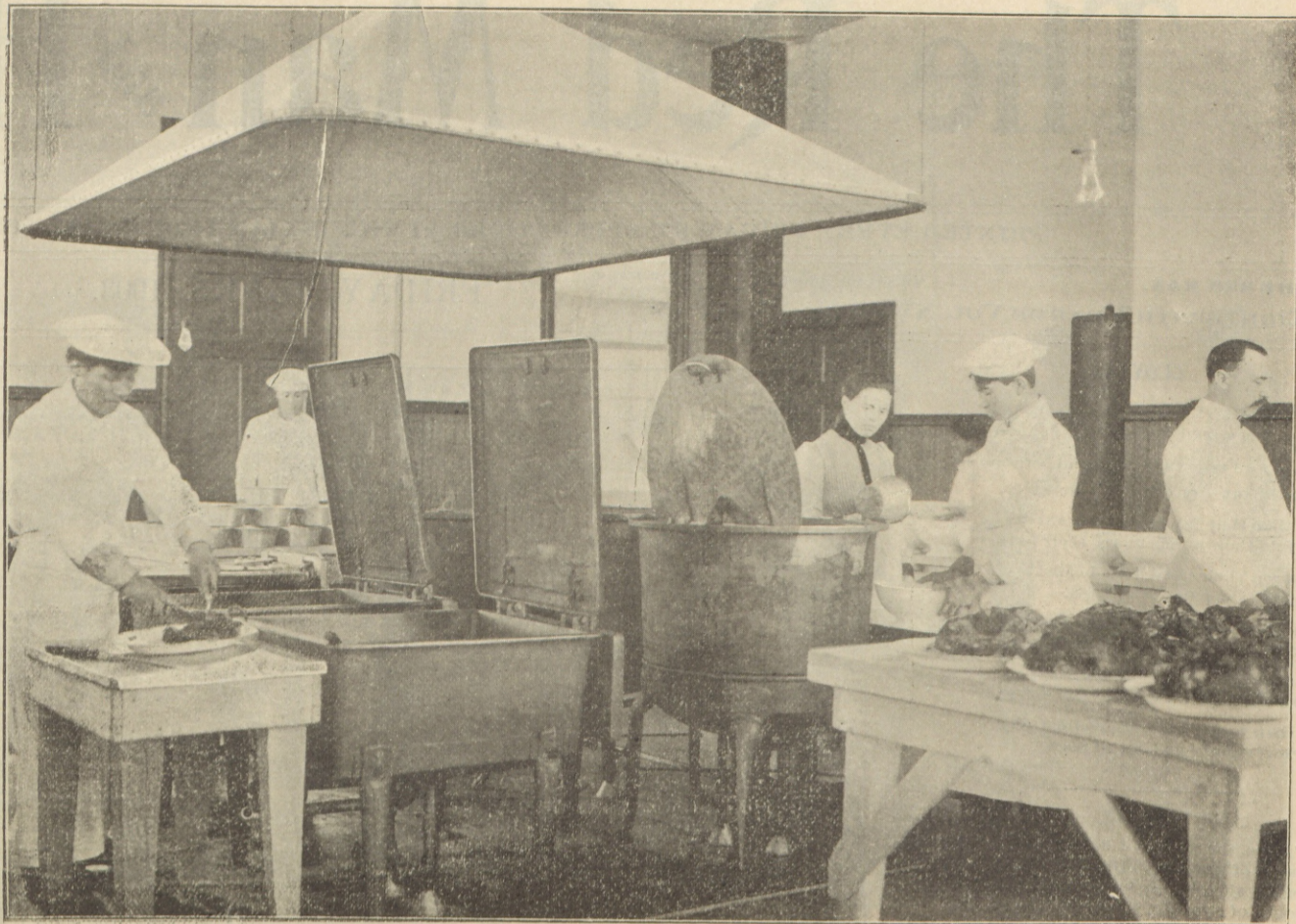
BASE BALL

The team played two games at Gettysburg last Saturday with Gettysburg College. The morning game was lost 6 to 2, although Regan pitched in rare form and only allowed three hits to be made off his delivery. The defeat was due to a few errors and poor umpiring.

In the afternoon only six innings were played when the Indians had to leave the field by previous arrangement with the Gettysburg management to catch the train. The game was won by Carlisle 6 to 3. As there was some trouble at the time the game closed, occasioned by trying to keep the crowd back, and as it was not announced that Carlisle left the field by agreement to make their train, many thought the game ended in a row.

The games were very poorly managed and the treatment our team received at the hands of the crowd was shabby to say the least. This is the only place the team has played this year where there has been the least unpleasantness.

The Fort Totten Indian School, North Dakota will give their Second Annual Musicale, on the evening of June 12th. The graduating class numbers eleven with Miss M. Thomas, Instructor.



THE SCHOOL KITCHEN—Mr. Crosbie in charge.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

More rain needed!
Cool mornings and evenings!
Garden vegetables are drying up.
"Oh, for a drink" crieth the grass.
The hay crop will be almost a failure.
We have the finest fields of wheat in this vicinity.
There is real poetry in the little Clover poem, 1st page.
Rose Harris has gone to her home in North Carolina.
The students are grateful for the seats that have been placed on the campus.
Seven more sets of harness have been shipped to a western agency this week.
A spring wagon was sent to the Wittenberg, Wisconsin, school, on Wednesday.
Mr. Samuel A. Slack, a Bucks County patron was a visitor for a night this week.
The Young Men's Christian Association held its last regular meeting for this year on Wednesday evening.
Fireman, Johnson Bradley is spending a part of his vacation among friends in New York State.
By the papers and through letters we see they are still having winter weather in the North West.
Mrs. Munch, assistant matron, of the girls has gone to Ohio, to spend her vacation among friends.
The tanners are still on the roofs, giving a beautiful red finish of paint to the red-man's school home.
Misses Ely and Burgess spent Sunday in Steelton, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt for dinner.
Miss Sarah Pratt and little brother Alex were over from Steelton for the day, yesterday, having come by trolley.
Paul Segui and Emiliano Padin are often called upon by Col. Pratt to translate Spanish letters into English.
We are preparing for Children's Day next Sunday, and printing a special program of song and responsive reading.
Mr. Davies, teacher of No. 8 school-room has gone to his home at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, on his annual leave.
Fernando Gonzalez has entered the printing office. He has had some experience as a type in Porto Rico, hence will be a valuable hand from the start.
Miss Peter has returned from Chicago where she has spent a happy month with her mother and sisters. She looks fresh and rested and ready for another pull of a year at her duties as Col. Pratt's secretary.
Ex-student, Mr. LaFramboise, of the U. S. Navy, who has been a guest of the school for several days, has returned to his post of duty on the Mayflower, Washington, D. C. He says he gained two pounds while here.
The scene on the campus after supper is a lively one. Very often there are four games of tennis in operation and several games of croquet, to say nothing of the games of ball on the play-grounds out side of the immediate campus.
Misses Turner and Davis who have spent a few weeks at the school, the first named as stenographer, left on Monday for their home in Philadelphia. In their short stay, they made many friends who shall hope to see more of them in the future.
The Dickinson Commencement week begins to-morrow evening with the Junior Oratorical Prize Contest, and on Sunday the Baccalaureate Discourse will be given in the William Clare Allison Memorial Church, by President Reed, of the College. The exercises of the week are full of interest as one reads the program.
Ulysses Ferris writes for the address of his RED MAN to be changed from the Army to Orleans, California. He was discharged from the army by reason of purchase, he says, and received an excellent discharge. Ulysses served in the Philippines for a long time, and has a fine army record.
George Robinson writes from Browning, Montana, to Mr. Kensler, that he is living with Presley Houck, a fair printer when he was at Carlisle, and for a time he worked under Mr. Weber. Presley now has his own ranch, is married and lives well. His wife is a "lady" to use George's expression. He wishes to be remembered to his friends.

Salina Twoguns who entered fourth grade last year is now at Landenburg, and says "My country parents are very nice to me. As my country mother has told you I had examinations in the last two or three days. My grades are: History 100%, Reading, 97% Geography, 100% Arithmetic, 95%. These lessons I recited to my country sister who graduated at the Martin Academy of Kennett Square last year. I still remember your one word—"Stick" and will always remember it, too."

A friend at Bustleton who has been a subscriber for the RED MAN for years says in her recent letter of renewal: "I feel more like calling it Red Man's Helper. I do like it very much and want it again this year. Sometimes I wonder what has become of those who have left your school, and then comes a letter from one of them which you print and so I find out. I hope the school will continue its good work until there are none but "dead Indians" left in the country—dead to ignorance and superstition; for while the old ways were well enough in the past they are of no use now, and would only cause trouble to both races."

John Londroche who graduated this year, asks for an extra copy of the RED MAN and adds: "I still think of my school days and now I realize the goodness of all those in charge over us. I am still working every day without even one Sunday afternoon to myself for at least three months. I read in the paper about the dry weather there. I think we could spare a part of the rain we are having in both States, Minnesota and Wisconsin."

Our Band took the lead in the Decoration Day procession in town last Saturday and played very well. In line were hundreds of school children carrying flowers and flags, and the veterans brought up the rear. In the twenty-four years of the school's history, there has been a marked change in the appearance of the ranks of the veterans. The number is fast diminishing, and age begins to tell in the step and carriage of those who fought to save our country.



Snake Dance.

Margueretta Johnjohn seems specially pleased with her place, judging from a letter to Mrs. Munch. She says: "My home is situated on a hill side. We have chickens and cows which I love to see. My country folks are all so kind to me, and there is not time to get lonesome. I remember Colonel's word "stick" whenever there is work I do not like to do. I have been making bread for the past few days, with which the people seemed well pleased."

Miss Pearl McArthur, who is at Talkia, Arizona, says by letter that everything is going on as well there as it would be possible in a reservation school. A hospital and superintendent's cottage are being built out of beautiful white stone found on the reservation about two miles from the school. The sand, lime and lumber also come from the reservation. Unfortunately the stone was not discovered until four of the main buildings were built of adobe. There are 120 children and none of them are above the first grade.

Mrs. Allen, wife of Assistant-Superintendent Allen, has returned from Wisconsin, where she has been visiting her sister Mrs. Preston, 1889, whose husband is farming near DePere. Mr. Preston is a graduate of the Wisconsin Agricultural College, and is putting into practice some of his college science. Mrs. Allen visited the Oneida reservation, and was a guest of Superintendent and Mrs. Hart, for a few days. She saw a number of our ex-students, who sent greetings to friends at Carlisle. Many of them are doing well and she enjoyed the talks she had with them.

The Commencement exercises of Riggs Institute, Flandreau, South Dakota, is taking place this week. From the neatly printed programs we judge they are having an interesting week. Supt. Pierce knows just how.

Paul Corbett, ex-student, sends us four subscriptions on paper headed Felix Corbett & Son, Dealers in General Merchandise, Kamiah, Idaho, and says at the close of his letter: "I am still trying to follow the rules of dear old School Father, R. H. Pratt"

On May 1st, at 3 o'clock, Minnie Sice, wife of Roy Sice, died after a lingering illness. She was a fine example of what the government schools have done for the Indians, industrious, tidy and well educated. Her two little girls were always so neat and clean that they invariably attracted favorable attention. The deceased had Christian burial. One of the native women went through part of the Episcopal burial service and two others sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul," as the body was laid away. The death of Minnie Sice is deeply felt in Laguna.

The deceased is Minnie Billings, ex-student, and the clipping was sent to us from an Albuquerque, N. M., paper, the name of the paper not given.



New Mexican Women on the March.

As announced in last week's RED MAN Miss Moore left on Friday. After the entertainment on Thursday evening, Colonel Pratt spoke of her leaving and that the school was indebted to Miss Moore for her music. We shall remember her for her patient, cheerful, happy manner and her uncomplaining faithfulness to duty. As it would be the last time the student body would be marched out to her playing, she was requested to take her old place at the piano, and after all had gone the band gave a hearty yell, Rah! Rah! Rah! Miss Moore, Miss Moore, Miss Moore! and followed in splendid volume and harmony with the song we love so well—"College Chums." This brought tears to many eyes, and hasty retreats were made to cover the feelings of sadness that would be pent up no more.

MAY'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

The last entertainment by the Academic Department for this school year may go down in the records as an excellent one.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's mental banner for best speaking is swaying between Edith Bartlett and Alfred Venne, with a quarter of a point in Edith's favor.

Her selection "The Grand Canyon," was delivered with a marked degree of natural grace. She had taken on training till it became second nature, and the audience lost sight of the speaker in the beautiful scenes of the Canyon depicted.

Alfred Venne's manner was easy, graceful, forceful, eloquent and he became lost in the splendid sentiment of his subject "Our Successes," Roosevelt.

George Willard delivered Hillis' "Gladstone," producing such a word picture of the Grand Old Man, as is rarely brought to view. The speaker was earnest, manly and eloquent, showing fine command of himself, for when a June bug struck his

face he went on as though nothing had happened.

Michael Solomon, Bert Harris and Salina George were the next best speakers. Bert was very natural in his emphasis, Michael's was a long selection and showed excellent memory, while the sentiment on Hard Work was what we love to hear.

Salina George had excellent expression, which made "The Butterflies' Fad," a taking selection.

Clara Shingler's "How the River is Made," was short and well spoken but her audience was not as quiet as it should have been.

Nora Printup's "Woman's Service" was also good.

Rose Bearsoldier gave evidence of a good memory in learning such a long piece, needing no prompting.

Carrie Turkey, a number one pupil, spoke so all could hear, and Chaucey Snyder's pretty little selection "My Shadow" by Stevenson, pleased all.

The band did not take a back seat, even though many of their best players and their leader were absent, Alfred Venne commanding the baton with a great deal of grace, skill and dignity. The first selection, a Piccolo Solo, "La Gauloise" Polka, played by Willard Gansworth and accompanied by the band was a surprise to many. This was encored.

The audience always likes the song from the little normal students. Two little boys spoiled it a trifle by their self-consciousness, but the selection was pleasing.

The piano solo by Blanche Lay and Agnes White—"Les Sylphes," Bachman, charmed the audience. The touch was sylph like and the performers showed an utter absence of stage-fright.

The musical selection that stirred everyone, however, was "Fatherland," rendered by the school, with voices in unison, and in such richness and volume that we cannot soon forget it. It was a fine closing piece for the year, and the singers sang with a spirit that showed soulful understanding.

Then the closing selection by the Band, "War Songs of the Boys in Blue," Laurendeau, made the Colonel lose himself in war recollections, and he told how the "Boys in Blue" often mustered their courage through those songs. In his descriptions we could see the long lines of men on the weary march, and hear the songs as they passed from one end of the line to the other. No one could tell how much those songs did to save the United States. Music makes the heart glad and helps on the world. He spoke of the future outlook for our school as being bigger and better than ever, and reminded us that experience has much to do with our success, as experience shapes the destinies of people.

Taking the program in its entirety, the stage setting, the speaking, the music and all, the last entertainment for the year was a pronounced success.

The Indian Herald, devoted to the interests of the Indians and those who work among them, and published on the 25th of every month at Tama, Iowa, is certainly a newsy little sheet. Judge from the extracts selected from its columns, printed elsewhere. Price 25 cents. Let's all subscribe.

Lloyd Nephew, 1st base-man of our base-ball team, has a sprained ankle.



INTERIOR OF GIRLS' ROOM
Mrs. Munch assists in charge of girls' rooms.

THE MESCAL BEAN FEAST.

Many have wondered what this habit is that is said to be ruining the Indians, body and soul.

An Osage writes to his fellow tribesmen through the columns of the Osage Journal:

"You people of mescal bean habit are going to destruction by false teaching. Who could make such a mistake? To my opinion, this mescal bean eating is only a habit, it is injurious to the body and death is lurking in its depths. This mescal bean habit is worse than the liquor habit. Why not quit this habit and worship the true God!"

The same paper, which is published in the heart of the Indian country, where it is possible to make a study of the mescal custom and its effects, describes the feast as follows:

The primitive Indian is fast losing those characteristics that peculiarly distinguished him. But among the few ceremonies peculiar to the Indians which have met with no changes is the "mescal feast."

The mescal bean is a product of New Mexico. The feasts are a frequent occurrence.

They partake somewhat of a religious meeting, in that numerous prayers are made for the welfare of the tribe and for the leading members thereof.

When a mescal feast is to take place a large tepee is erected by the squaws, holding about twenty-five persons, who are seated Indian fashion around the circle upon blankets.

Under the outer edge of the blanket and protruding therefrom a large quantity of wild sage is passed. This scents the tepee.

Now the remainder of the space in the tepee is bared, and a large horse-shoe is formed in the center. Inside of the horse-shoe a few sticks of wood are placed and a fire kindled, and the place is then ready for the beginning of the ceremony.

After washing and combing their hair painting their faces, donning their buckskin suits and getting together the necessary paraphernalia to conduct the feast, they don their mescal blankets, a very bright, fantastic one, and with a finely beaded bunch of eagle feathers in his hand, each Indian files into line and the start is made to the mescal tepee.

At the entrance to the tepee a halt is made and a prayer is given by the Indian who has been previously selected as mescal chief.

After the conclusion of the prayer all file into the tent and take their respective seats, the mescal chief and his two assistants being seated opposite the entrance of the tepee in front of the toe of the horse-shoe.

A pashoe is then selected as a kindler of the fire, whose duty is to keep the fire during the night, and at certain times during the ceremony make from the ashes of the fire designs of moons, stars, etc. After numerous prayers, the chief outlined his evening's work, giving his ideas of how the ceremony should proceed. This talk is eagerly listened to and the followed to the letter.

The chief then takes from a silken pouch which is kept in a larger buckskin sack a large number of mescal beans, which he proceeds to distribute among those in attendance.

These are eaten by the Indians during the night in a manner which in itself is peculiar.

They chew the mescal, which in size is about the same as a dried peach, until it has been reduced to a pulp, and then roll this into a little ball and after a number of gestures towards the fire and to the large mescal which is placed on the toe of the horse-shoe by the chief, they proceed to swallow it.

Afterwards they blow upon their hands, rub their arms and chests and assume their best posture and maintain the same stolid indifference to all that surrounds them.

After a few mescals have been eaten, they then bring forth the tom-tom and a small beater, made from a wild gourd filled with beads, and which has the same musical qualities as any rattlebox.

These are then taken up, first by the chief and one of his helpers, and they sing four or five songs in weird, Indian style, and then the instruments are passed to the next Indians.

Speeches are then made by some of the Indians.

The whole time between this and daylight is taken up with speeches, prayers and songs.

In the morning at sunrise one Indian is

called upon to give a dance to the morning sun.

At this time a bone whistle is blown by the chief, which brings forth the daughter of the party giving the feast, attired in the most gaudy fashion.

She brings them a bucket of water, which is passed to all to take a drink. Before the water is passed, however, a long blessing ceremony takes place. The water having passed, and each one having satisfied his thirst, they then bring in the mescal feast, which consists of three dishes, the first being a large dish of parched corn, soaked in syrup, the second being a large dish of blackberries and the third being a shredded meat sprinkled with sugar.

This partaken of, the assembly is dismissed by a farewell prayer by the chief. The only apparent effect of the eating of the mescal is that it seems to prevent one from getting tired.

FROM THE FARM JOURNAL.

We are sure our regiment of students on farms for the summer as well as their patrons will take in the truths herein told by one of the best Farm papers published:

Close the barn doors at night.

From hearing casual remarks made by several farm helpers we conclude that they do not like to be ordered to do things, that a polite request or even a suggestion is often sufficient; that they do not like to have more than one "boss," and that the farmer, and not his boys or his wife, is expected to be that one; that they like to have regular hours so far as possible, and that courtesy, kindness and consideration for their comfort and welfare as human beings will usually be appreciated.

No man in the world should be more free from worry than the farmer. Why? Because worrying is selfishness, and the farmer worries less from Nature and Nature never is selfish.

Now don't slide off a load of hay onto a pitchfork; and do not ride into the barn on a load so high that you'll be bruised or scraped off. Be careful.

The easiest way to forget a trouble is your rest to halve and your work to double.

As between luck and pluck, give us pluck every time. Luck may help some, but pluck does the business.

The opportunity of a lifetime must be seized during the lifetime of the opportunity.

Whenever a toad is found it should be carried to the garden and every effort made to induce it to stay there. Toads are the best friends of the gardener, as they live on grubs, worms, flies and other troublesome insects. The gardener who knows his business will cultivate the toad.

Almost all of our great presidents have been brought up in the country, and most of them worked hard on the farms.

ALMOST TOO PERFECT.

Prospective Employer—"You don't drink?"
 Applicant—"No sir."
 "Don't gamble?"
 "No, sir."
 "Don't smoke?"
 "No, sir."
 "Wouldn't touch the filthy weed, eh?"
 "No, sir."
 "Never swear?"
 "Never, sir."
 "Consider it a vile habit, I suppose?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, I guess I'll try somebody else. I wouldn't feel quite comfortable if I had a hired man so much better than I am myself."—[Ex.]

How to be Healthy!

Drink water and get typhoid.
 Drink milk and get tuberculosis.
 Drink whiskey and get the jimjams.
 Eat soup and get Bright's disease.
 Eat meat and encourage apoplexy.
 Eat oysters and acquire taxemia.
 Eat vegetables and weaken the system.
 Eat dessert and take to paresis.
 Smoke cigarettes and die early.
 Smoke cigars and get catarrh.
 Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration.

Drink wine and get the gout.
 In order to be entirely healthy, one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.—[Southwestern World.]

A young man of Indian blood, who is working his way among the Anglo-Saxons in this State feels the responsibility of his position as in a letter he says: "Woe unto me if I make a misstep. Here as elsewhere the Indian has enemies as well as friends, and the only way we can fool the enemies is to pay strict attention to business, and live down all trails and habits that breed prejudice."

A man who might carve statues and paint pictures, spending his life in making mock flowers out of wax and paper, is wise compared with the man who might have God for company and yet shuts God out and lives an empty life.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

This sage advice was given by an aged priest: "Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle, never brush it off until it is dry."—[The Indian Herald.]

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.—George MacDonald.

Take the Sunday with you through the week. And sweeten with it all the other days.
 LONGFELLOW.

SCHEDULE FOR SPRING SPORTS

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 meet 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. Won 5 to 3.
 May 16—Dual meet, Bucknell, here. Won, 61½ to 42½.
 May 22—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown. Lost, 4 to 12;
 May 23—Baseball, Lewistown at Lewistown. Won, 10 to 8.
 May 25—Dual meet, State College, here. Won, 65 to 39.
 May 30—Baseball, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg. 1st. Lost 6 to 2; 2nd. Won 6 to 3.
 June 6—Baseball, Bucknell at Lewisburg.
 June 9—Baseball, Bucknell, here.
 June 15—Dual meet, State College at State College.

Dr. William Dickman Physician and Miss Dellar McKnight, seamstress of the Grand River S. Dak. school, were recently married.

Emigma.

I am made of 6 letters.
 My 1, 2, 4, some people do too much at baseball games.
 My 3, 4, 2 may be what our 2nd team did too much last Saturday.
 My 4, 5, 3 might be good for some players going to bat-tle.
 My 6, 5, 3, 4 is a game that our boys often play.
 My whole is the way our second team came home, and the way our Porto Rican students who played their fellow countrymen attending Dickinson Preparatory and College, left the home grounds, last Saturday.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Ungentlemanliness.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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