

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU?

IT SEEMS to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't
sound.

And I'd have stillness all around.

Not really stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly-tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of the birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, 'now, how does it seem to you?

—EUGENE FIELD.

REPORT BY MR. ARTHUR T. TIBBETTS, SIOUX INDIAN SECRETARY, OF RECENT VISIT AMONG INDIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

FORT PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA,
February 10, 1904.

I reached Chamberlain late at night as the train was delayed, but a member of the Committee was waiting for me with a team to take me out about 25 miles. The wind was from the North and it was snowing and very cold, so we decided not to drive out that night, but wait till morning.

My friend had a tent, a small stove and some bedding, but it was too cold to sleep, so we stayed up all night and talked about the Indian Association work.

The next morning (Saturday) it was still snowing and colder, but we started and finally, although nearly frozen, we reached the place where the Association meeting was to be held, and found all the Association members waiting for us.

The ladies had prepared supper and about sixty young men were present. I conducted the meeting and afterwards answered questions about the Association work, and organized a Bible Study class.

As we did not want to travel on Sunday, we started out again that night and drove fifteen miles to the next association. I conducted meetings in the morning, afternoon and at night. After my address at the night meeting, a well educated Indian young man made a public confession of Christ. He had been brought up among white people, had a good reputation and a good trade as a blacksmith, but had always opposed the church work among the Indians. Everybody was glad to see this young man converted. Before leaving, I organized another Bible study class.

On Monday we drove back to Chamberlain where we camped out again, and I returned next day to Fort Pierre, where I am making my headquarters for the winter.

His Report for the Year 1903.

Arthur T. Tibbetts reports concerning his work for the past year among the young men on the Sioux Indian Reservations that the various lines of association work of former years have been kept up and strengthened and that new features have been added.

In June and July six association training conferences were held on as many different Reservations, attended by from 100 to 400 young men each. These training conferences lasted for four days each, and the program included Bible study, conference on methods of Association work, missionary topics and information concerning other Christian work; and industrial education from the standpoint of the Indian.

At the conference on the Pine Ridge Reservation a professor from Lincoln University, gave four lectures followed by conference on stock raising and marketing. At the conference on the Yankton Reservation, the head farmer of the San-

tee Normal Training School, gave four lectures on farming, followed by conferences, taking up all kinds of practical questions and problems in the daily life of the Indian farmer. This emphasis on Industrial education in connection with the Association conferences, has not only proved of practical value to the Indian young men, but has greatly increased the influence of the Association over many not formerly interested.

Mr. Tibbetts has visited nearly all of the forty-five Sioux Indian Associations scattered over the different Reservations spending from one to four days at each. Most of these are away from the railroad and have to be reached by team, sometimes in very severe weather.

One of the great problems in work among Indian young men at this time is that of the returned students from the Government Indian Schools, many of whom having a little education without Christianity become demoralized after their return to the Reservations. By emphasis on Industrial education and by personal work, the Associations, and Mr. Tibbetts personally, have been able to interest and help quite a number of these returned students, and at least six of them have been led into the Christian life.

Mr. Tibbetts has prepared three separate courses of Bible study during the past year; one course for the older men who are not able to read, another course for those who have not attended school away from the Reservations, but are able to read in the Dakota language; and the third course for returned students. Many of the Associations conduct classes in each of these three courses. In this work the missionaries and native pastors cooperate heartily as teachers, and Mr. Tibbetts estimates that over 1,000 young men are enrolled in Bible study.

Three new Association buildings have been erected during the past year, one on Pine Ridge and two on the Cheyenne River Reservation, making thirteen in all of these inexpensive headquarters for the Christian Indian young men, and used by them not only for their meetings, but as reading rooms and places of social resort.

AN EASTER STORY.

Translated from an Old German Legend by
Sara J. Porter, for the "Red Man."

Far away in a quaint old Flemish City lived little Freda.

Her home was but a bare and cheerless garret, where she lived with her old grandmother.

Many a time they were hungry and cold, but the bright sunlight often streamed into the room, through the one little window where, lighting up the dismal room grew a beautiful lily, the pride of the child's heart, the one precious and lovely thing in the world to the poor little girl, who watched and tended it with loving care.

And it repaid her, for it bloomed brightly, seeming to hold in its golden chalice, the sunshine, long after its rays had gone from the little window.

Freda loved her lily and treasured its beauty in her memory, while out on the bleak, cold streets of the city earning the scanty living for herself and her old grandmother.

One Sunday morning in early Spring, little Freda found herself watching the crowds of gaily dressed people, who with prayer books in hand were passing in long procession toward the old ivy-covered Cathedral, whose resonant bell chimed out the glad tidings of Easter morning.

Wrapped in her little grey cloak, Freda stole softly down the stairs, and out upon the street following the people to the church.

She glided softly in and sat down on a bench near the door.

Visions of heaven passed through the

child's mind as she gazed upon the beautiful place. Light of prismatic hues streamed through the stained glass windows each one of which was a poem in itself.

Soon the notes of the grand organ resounded and the surpliced choir in clear young voices sang the Easter Anthem.

"Can this be Heaven?" thought Freda.

The song was ended, and the minister stood up and told the wonderful Easter story. With eloquent and burning words he spoke of the great gift to mankind.

He spoke of the example set, and urged all to help as they were able, to further the cause of Christianity. He did not call in vain, for when the boxes were laid on the altar many a gold coin gleamed on the velvet cushions.

Freda's heart sank.

"Alas thought she, I have not even a copper penny to give to him who gave himself for me."

"Must I thus reward such love, have I nothing of my own?" — "My lily! my treasure, I will bring and offer upon his altar."

Noiselessly the child passed out. Like a sprite she glided through the crooked and winding streets, passed up the narrow stair and into the garret room. Her lily stood gleaming white, in the glow of the morning sunlight making beautiful the bare room.

Tears sprang to Freda's eyes and fell upon the lily, like diamonds as she kissed its snowy petals, a last good-bye, and said:

"My lily, my fragrant lily,
My lily my golden store
For life will be darker than ever,
When it blooms for me, no more."

With resolute heart, she kept back the tears, and hastened with her treasure to the church. Pausing a moment at the doorway, for one last caress, Freda walked bravely down the long aisle, and placed her lily on the dais at the feet of the minister.

Then looking up she said in a trembling voice:

"It was my all, I give it for my Easter offering," then knelt down, overcome.

The reverend man stepped down and took Freda's trembling hand, and turning to the congregation, said:

"Now we know what the Savior meant when he said 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

Of all the gold so freely offered today, this gift, the lily is the greatest, for it represents the free gift of a heart's dearest treasure.

* * * * *

Little Freda was cared for by the good minister, who with the hearty co-operation of his congregation, removed her, and her old grandmother to a comfortable home. The child was educated in the best learning of the time and afterward devoted her life as a missionary among her own people.

EASTER EGGS.

The use of eggs at Easter was universal and is a custom far from being extinct.

What can be more commonplace than an egg?

And yet the egg, in all ages and in every country, has been the subject of poetical myths and legends.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimalou, who hatched it in his bosom.

He let it fall into the water and it broke; the lower portion of the shell formed the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid white became the sun and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were changed into stars.

English and Irish nurses instruct children when they have eaten a boiled egg always to push the spoon through the bottom of the shell in order to "hinder the witches from making a boat of it."

It is difficult to give the precise origin of the grateful custom, so universal in France and Germany and more or less

prevalent throughout the world, of offering eggs at the festival of Easter.

The Persians present each other with colored eggs on March 20 and following days, when they hold their great festival of the solar new year, and the Russians do the same at the festival of Easter.

At the feast of the Passover Jewish women are wont to place hard eggs on a table prepared for that purpose, as emblematical of their departure from Egypt.

To the philosophy and theology of the Egyptians, Persians and other heathen nations indeed, may perhaps be traced the practice of distributing and presenting eggs at Easter.

Among these people an egg was regarded as emblematical of the universe, as well as renovation of man after the deluge.

With Christians it is a highly significant symbol; in an earthly sense it is the germ of fecundity and abundance, and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within the slender shell when we offer this gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below; and then, in a spiritual sense it is symbolic, inasmuch as it retains within itself the elements of a future life and therefore is a most meet emblem of the resurrection of Christ.

—[Exchange.]

HOW THE CHIPMUNK GOT THE BLACK STRIPE ON HIS BACK.

As everybody knows, the chipmunk has a black stripe running up and down his back.

According to the red Indians he did not have any black stripe on him at all originally. They say that he got the one he now wears in the following manner:

The animals used to meet once a year to elect a leader, and, once upon a time, the porcupine was chosen for that position.

The first thing the porcupine did was to call a great council of all the animals. Then he placed before them the following question: "Shall we have day all the time or night all the time?"

It was a very important matter, and the animals began to debate it earnestly. The bear said he wanted night all the time, for then he could sleep, and sleep was much the most pleasant thing he knew of.

But the little chipmunk said: "No, I want night part of the time and day part of the time, for then we can have a time to sleep and a time to gather nuts and hop around among the trees."

The big bear and the little chipmunk got into a violent discussion over the question, and the other animals became silent and left the two to argue it out.

It was night while they were debating, and when they had got out of breath arguing, they began to sing.

"Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness!" sang the big bear.

"Day is best; day is best. We must have light," sang the little chipmunk.

"Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness," growled the bear in a deep, thunder tone.

"Light will come. We must have light. Day will come," piped the little chipmunk in his shrill voice.

And, just as he was singing, the day began to dawn and the light of morning to illumine the world.

Then the bear and the other big animals on his side of the question saw that the little chipmunk was prevailing, and set up an angry chorus, so that the chipmunk was afraid and ran for his hole in a neighboring tree.

The bear and his followers ran after him and, just as the chipmunk was diving into his hole, the big bear reached out his paw to catch him. But the chipmunk was so quick that the paw of the bear only grazed his back and he got into his hole in safety.

But you can see to this day in the black stripe on the back of the chipmunk where the paw of the bear who loved darkness just grazed the fur of the little fellow who loved the light.—[The American Boy.]

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THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

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

LAST SATURDAY EVENING.

COL. PRATT.

About this season every year we always have a subject to talk about that is especially interesting to this Carlisle school, and I should not be performing my duty if I failed to say something on that subject this evening.

On Thursday, the first party of boys left for the summer and, before we meet again, the first party of girls will have gone.

Sixty-five girls will go to different homes, many of them to live with people they do not know, to spend the summer in their employ.

It is an experience for each full of opportunities. I realize it is a great thing for you to go out this way the first time.

I can assure you, from the history of the past 24 years of sending children to country homes, that it is full of kindness and helpfulness to you.

The experiences you will have in endeavoring to please your employers with your work and conduct, and the opportunities you will have to learn the way, good white people live will be of greatest possible benefit to you.

I count it far greater than the school-room training you receive and far greater than the industrial training given you here.

I count it of the highest importance to you now and hereafter, as I said last Saturday night.

I count it of the greatest possible importance to the school, to the race, to the country, that you make a success of your outing, and I have every reason to BELIEVE you will.

Experience says that the girls who go out during the coming week to spend the summer away from the immediate daily care of the school, will in their conduct and work excel the boys who go out, because that has been the experience of the school.

The girls have always done better under the outing than the boys.

The reasons for it are, the girls have more intimate associations and care in the home than the boys have.

The boys have always been allowed more outside privileges than the girls.

They are not under the same immediate care of the mother in the house.

The girls perhaps have had more home kindness shown them than the boys, for the boys are in the field with the men and are allowed more liberties.

Their associates are not so carefully looked after, and so they have not all done so well; but I want to repeat what I said, that if the boys can show themselves true men and equal to meeting the difficulties that come to them because of this greater freedom, they demonstrate that they are of fine material—of the true material of which good citizens are made, who become the useful men in a community.

I do not deplore the greater difficulties for the boys, because in after life they will have great difficulties, and they need to be made ready for them.

Now, the success of the outing depends absolutely upon you.

I care not what the difficulties; I care not how hard it is to meet the demands of your employer.

He may be particular, as the girls and the boys sometimes say—scold a little.

I care not for that. The success depends upon you.

In making a success of the outing through difficulties you simply prove to yourselves and others that you have strength and judgment and character, and are more faithful and more considerate and more able than those who do not make a success of it.

And so I EXPECT success from you, because if you want to become successful men and women, capable and useful and

happy, you must have a habit of being successful.

What will prove your ability if meeting difficulties and overcoming them does not?

You see my argument is right at this point.

I send you out to meet difficulties because I know you aspire to good manhood and true womanhood, and therefore I shall expect you to make a success of your experiences and come back to the school in the fall bringing a VICTORY.

Win a victory!

Here's a case where everybody may win a victory, where every one who will, may come in a winner.

It is true some may be better winners than others, but there need be no failure.

There need be no laggards—nothing but the best reports from everyone.

I receive from patrons often the kindest letters and expressions about our boys and girls living out in families.

I received one to day about one who in one respect had failed, had shown deficiencies, weakness, but in other directions strength and usefulness. I was pleased with the latter because of the charitableness of it, because it showed that we had a kind and careful and large-hearted patron who had the real interests of the school at heart.

I read the chapter I did because of just a few words it contained.

As I read them I wondered whether your minds were following me closely, so that you could pick out the words bearing upon this particular subject I am talking about.

Charity was the sentiment all through—charity, kindness, forbearance; but the words that seem to me to be most needed and most useful to us are "Endureth all things."

How wonderful those three words!

What a duty "endureth" places upon us. "Endureth all things."

In the history of the world we have many samples of enduring, of being patient through great trials—great punishments they may have been.

That is the thought I would have us take with us tonight, and make it our thought and principle all through the summer—both those who go out and those who remain at the school—particularly those who go out.

Let these words be our guide, our helpers, for they will help all through the summer.

When difficulties come up, if we can only remember these three words out of this Book of books, and act upon them, we will have greater success.

They are sent us to help in trial—to guide.

If we can make them ours, use them, they will accomplish for us wonderful results, and the more we practice them and make use of them the stronger we will grow, the nobler and the more useful and the more successful.

"ENDURETH ALL THINGS."

That means if we are working for some one and commit a fault, and are spoken to about it, we are to be patient under it, endure it, and I want to say in addition to that, we are not only to endure a thing like that but we are to be THANKFUL for the correction, glad that someone who sees our fault is kind enough to tell us about it, and by that means help us to overcome it.

Only in that way can we make ourselves what we ought to be.

It will mean that if our work is hard, and the hours long, we will be patient and endure and be faithful in what we have undertaken to do, and so prove ourselves equal to such things. That is what makes good men and good women—good STRONG men—good STRONG women.

So let us hold on to these three words: ENDURETH ALL THINGS.

NOTES FROM A TALK BY MR. BATES AFTER COL. PRATT.

I thought you might be interested to know something of the people who live just beyond our borders on the South.

Mexico has a population of about 13 million—probably 10 million are Indians and three million Mestizo and Spaniards.

Among this number a distinguished Mexican gentleman, an official, told me that there are only about 300 who have much common sense.

The whole condition of the country is so entirely different from anything you can imagine, and I will give a short sketch of the industrial conditions.

When Mexico was conquered by the

Spaniards the land was divided amongst the conquering soldiers and officials, the land was granted in very large tracts or blocks—some of these 200 miles square, all belonging to one family.

The Indians living on these estates were given to the man who received the land, and they had the power to treat the Indians just as they liked.

The Indians were caught and sent into the mines to work, and as he is not like a caged canary, but is accustomed to the fresh air and clean winds, they died by the thousand; a low estimate gives 3,000,000 Indians killed in mining operations.

In the agricultural districts, the conditions there today are very much like forced labor. If an Indian is in debt he cannot leave the estate on which he works until he has paid his debt; so they really occupy a position similar to slaves. If he gets into debt even to the extent of \$60 or \$70 it is impossible for him to pay off that sum with the wages he receives. They are treated very much as were the Russian serfs before being freed.

To give you a picture: Some years ago some friends and myself acquired a plantation near Vera Cruz, and I spent five or six months down there, during the winter season, inquiring into conditions of labor and industry.

The laborer begins work at half past five in the morning and keeps at it till half past five, receiving 37½ cents a day in Mexican silver, which is about 15 cents in our money.

On this he must feed his family.

It is therefore not extraordinary that he runs in debt.

Out of this 37½ cents, he was obliged at the time I went down there, to buy three glasses of rum a day, and the amount was deducted from his 37½ cents, 2 cents a day, for a glass of corn meal and water; so he would have 11½ cents a day left for himself and his family. You see it is not strange that a boy finds himself \$60 or \$70 in debt before long, from which he cannot release himself.

That is the condition of labor on the other side of our boundary varying somewhat with the locality, and it is the same system whether the labor is in the mines or on agricultural property.

Their food is a pan cake made of Indian corn and water. On the large plantations there is a woman for every ten Indians who does nothing but grind corn by rolling a stone rolling-pin over a flat stone, afterward mixing the ground-meal with water and baking it into tortillas.

The tortilla is very nutritious, but the nutrition to be got from the supply they have is too small for a working man, and a ration of black beans is usually added. Bananas are grown in the gardens and chili peppers furnish seasoning. The bananas are the sweetening.

The clothes are simple drawers and shirt of white cotton, sandals, the tall conical hat, and the serape that is used as a cloak or a blanket.

The condition in which the Spaniards left the country was exceedingly bad.

There were revolutions and discontent on every hand.

The Mexicans had no idea of the meaning of the word "country."

The tribes had been very much broken up. It was something similar to the situation that might have existed here if the Sioux were sent to Mississippi to work in the cotton fields, and the Choctaws to work in Northern Dakota, or mine in Maryland.

The Spaniards having conquered the country, they broke up the power of some tribes by distributing them in great bands and giving them or selling them as the case might be, to large land owners, so that the cohesion and tribal feeling of the Indians was broken up.

In many districts of Mexico we have very few Indians living to-day along those rivers, lands which they originally inhabited.

You may have read of the Yaqui revolution.

They were the Indians living near the Yaqui River.

Some years ago the Mexican Government made a treaty with them, that if they would build a canal the Government would pay for it, and they should have agricultural advantages along this canal.

So the Yaquis signed the treaty, but after the canal was built the Government forgot its promises, and sold a great part of this land to strangers.

The Yaquis naturally resented this, and have since been in rebellion.

The President, Don Porfirio Diaz is

head and shoulders above the general population. I think him by far the most able man on the continent of America to-day. He has been in office some twenty years and has really made a country out of distinctly hostile States.

If you go to Chihuahua or Vera Cruz, you will find he has welded the populations together so that they really understand the name "Mexico," and instead of spending their time in murdering and marauding, he has brought about such a condition of affairs that the Mexican public credit (?) the foreign debt, is something like 12 or 14 points higher than the English Consol, and 30 higher than the Spanish.

The President is half Indian.

Yvarez, who turned the French out of Mexico was a full blood Indian. Both these gentlemen come from the state of Oaxaca, a mountain district which has produced many other men of prominence, governors of states, etc.

Many of these have traveled in Europe and are respected there. They are well educated in every sense of the word. Many can speak French and English, besides Spanish.

They are men who are acquainted with the affairs of the world and know what the world means.

They have gone through hard training to bring about their present stable political condition. Instead of being a home for bandits, the City of Mexico is one of the safest and most progressive, and has a better government than any other in America, except Washington.

In talking about various matters, I mentioned to the President that I felt more secure in walking about the city at night than I did in New York or San Francisco or London.

There are about as many Indians in the City of Mexico, 250,000, as in the United States to-day.

The President understands political matters, and has observed affairs in Europe and elsewhere and applied such action as has given to the people of the Capital more security than in the East End of London, in Liverpool or Hull.

This ought to settle the question whether the Indian can attain distinction if he wants to. Many of the Indians living in California we do not call Indians, although you would claim them, but Spaniards or Mexicans. Some are large land owners.

Some years ago one of the best governors we have ever had was drawn from them.

There is a gentleman (half-breed) out there, who is a large mill owner. You see his placards of his flour on every side.

One of his daughters married a New York railroad magnate; another is a European princess. They are numbered amongst the most refined and intelligent.

I mention these instances to show you that the way is open if you will equip yourselves for it.

Of course all rising is a struggle. When you leave your homes you find you must struggle.

You find the same among the animals.

The worm that goes to bed too late is caught by the robin; the hawk watches for the robin, and probably an Indian boy with bow and arrow shoots the hawk, and so on.

It is a struggle all through, and unless you realize that it is a struggle you will never be able to take a position as a man anywhere.

I would very much like to say something to you if I could that would help or encourage you to hold your own. Now your football team and your baseball team have left all through as men and as players, an excellent and very enviable record. But when the teams or the band disperse, as each must at sometime, the question is, Will you be able to stand alone?

Will they be able to hold their own when thrown absolutely on their own strength?

Will they be able to choose the strong and good over the weak and the bad.

We all have to do that, if we are going to stand as men, and this means work.

The best word of advice I can probably give you is, Keep up to the tradition of your school, and in one respect to follow my example—Avoid absolutely, all through your lives, the unprincipled, the unscrupulous, mean, base white man.

The Ponca School in Oklahoma have been having a measles epidemic.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Fine weather brings many visitors.

Joseph Rabbit has gone to his home in Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherry spent Easter in Washington.

Miss Barr has gone on a business trip to Philadelphia.

The students were served with colored eggs on Easter Morn.

For the latest "full-dress" suits see Athletic Field, 4 P. M. every day.

Mrs. Mason Pratt and little Alexander, of Steelton spent Sunday with us.

Miss Richenda Pratt spent a few days this week in Chambersburg, with friends.

Thomas Griffin, class '03, now of the Patriot office, Harrisburg, was a caller on Sunday.

Printer Louis Paul has returned from Philadelphia where he went for eye treatment.

Do you hold your fork at the table as the shoe-maker does his awl? Then you are awkward.

Felix Iron Eagle Feather renews on paper headed Felix I. Eagle Feather, Agency printer.

The bad print last week was partly due to the absence of our able foreman. Mr. Baird is again on duty.

The three "Graces" on last page were written specially for our school, by the composers whose names are given.

Miss Patridge departed from our midst on Saturday, after a pleasant and profitable week of instruction in methods.

Ellen Grinnell says by letter that she and Josephine Beresford had a happy time on Easter, at their country home.

We have special permission from Dr. Merrill E. Gates, to print the report of Mr. Tibbetts, which appears elsewhere.

In the last Indian News, of Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, we see that Henry Standing Bear, class 1891, was there on a visit.

Mrs. Bennett of the near farm, fell and broke her arm, from which she is suffering greatly. Miss Clara Anthony, of College St. assisted in the care of her.

We all remember the translator of the pretty little Easter story, printed elsewhere. Sara J. Porter is now at Rosebud, teaching her "beloved" Indians.

Misses Senseney and Steele visit the Invincibles to-night; Mrs. McDowell and Mr. Allen, the Standards, and Mrs. Canfield and Miss Nellie Robertson, the Susans.

Willie Henry has sent us a pretty, hand-painted little hatchet-program of their Washington's Birthday entertainment at Yainax, Oregon. The idea is unique, and one we never saw before.

Mr. Miller, the student's banker, has gone to Southern Mexico as the fifth inspector for the Mexican Plantation Co., of Philadelphia. He will be gone a month and we may hear from him on his travels.

The Carlisle Eurydice Club met in Miss Senseney's apartments on Tuesday afternoon, the music rendered being Scandinavian. Those of our number on the program were Miss Stewart, Miss Senseney and Miss Pratt.

On Wednesday morning Jemima Metoxen was laid to rest by loving hands in the little school grave yard. She was not ill very long and died of Spinal Meningitis. Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer officiated at the funeral services.

Edward Moore is now at Mesa City, Arizona, and is sorry he left school so soon. He is now interpreting for the Presbyterian Church there. He speaks well in his letter, of the returned students who are living at Phoenix.

Easter breakfast at the Teachers' Club was marked by very pretty table decorations of potted plants and flowers and colored eggs. The odor, as one entered the room, was like the flower-laden air of Southern California, and every one was happy.

The Young Women's Christian Association gave a reception to the first party of girls who went out to country homes, and had a very pleasant time at games and other entertainment. The refreshments were an enjoyable feature.

The Sioux Falls Journal of March 21 reports that Right Reverend W. H. Hare, Bishop of South Dakota, has been critically ill in Philadelphia. He was suffering from throat difficulty, the same malady with which he was troubled 30 years ago.

Miss Gaither, who for ten years has been in charge of the Umatilla school, Oregon, is with us for a little visit, and her many friends gave her a warm welcome. The Umatilla School has become very popular at Pendleton and elsewhere under her able management.

DeVore McMahon writes from Carson City, Nevada, that ex-pupil, George Washington, was recently married to a young lady of the Carson Indian school. He also says that all the old Carlisle boys who were at one time connected with our band are doing well.

A special Easter service was given in our school chapel, consisting of music and responsive reading. The program was printed by Antonio Blanco, in the form of a neat little booklet. Miss Rose McKeehan of Carlisle sang effectively, and Rev. Diffenderfer's talk was apropos.

Professor Preston W. Search, of Worcester, Mass., lecturer and educator, will give us what promises to be a very interesting stereopticon talk on "The Greatest Pictures of the World," to-morrow night. On Monday night Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

Mr. Mason Pratt enjoys the warm sun shiny days and is making the most of his time, walking in the open air, and resting. He is improving gradually but realizes that it takes time to become perfectly restored to health, after such a serious attack of rheumatism as he suffered.

Mrs. John F. Miller and daughter Rebecca Paull Miller from Edgewood Park, Pa., and Miss Louise Ray, of St. Paul, Minn., a sister and nieces of Miss Paull were her guests for a day, and Rebecca is still with us, while Mrs. Miller and Miss Ray are spending a few days in Washington.

Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg will be a guest of Colonel Pratt when he comes today to act as judge on the Dickinson-Franklin and Marshall debate to-night. Their question is Resolved That the United States should assume responsibility for the preservation of order in the South American Republics.

The following officers were initiated in the Standard Literary Society last Friday evening: President, Bert C. Jacquez; Vice-President, A. M. Venne; Recording-Secretary, Nicholas Bowen; Corresponding-Secretary, Jessie Davis; Censor, Louis Paul; Treasurer, Frank Jude; Critic, Victor Johnson; Manager of Music, Spencer Williams; Editor, Chiltoski Nick; Sergeant-at-arms, Patrick Kennedy.

The Catholic Easter service at St. Patrick's Church was celebrated by High Mass, sung by the Indian boys and girls of our school. Alfred Venne sang a solo. An excellent sermon was preached by Father Mahony, his text, "He has risen; He is not here." The sisters take a great interest in their Indian students, and the success of the singing was due largely to their efforts, as well as to the willingness on the part of students to take training.

That "Father" Burgess is gaining his normal condition may be judged from the following postal card to a member of the family:

With true regard I send this card to show my real condition, and also tell I'm doing well, but holding my position. I work and eat as seemeth meet, to suit my inward craving, provided that I eat no fat and of strong food am saving. So hope to rest and do my best to resume former calling, to sit in sun or walk and run, and have no fear of falling. I sleep at night till broad day-light, and then get up and dress me, and then at last I break my fast, with nothing to distress me. So for this time excuse this rhyme altho' it be informal, uncouth in sense without pretense, to make all things seem normal.

Nineteen of the printers were called upon to add a simple column of figures—dollars and cents—and out of the nineteen only four added the column correctly. They were Frank Jude, Antonio Blanco, Mary Kadashan and Esperanza Gonzalo. And yet those who missed will be very much grieved if they are not promoted in school when the time comes, and will probably blame their teachers for it. Carelessness and lack of power to concentrate the mind on the work at hand holds many a student back. The simple addition of numbers in columns belongs to the lower grades, and yet there are many in the upper schools who can not do it. They THINK they can add, but they can not. What is the matter?

APRIL.

First the blue and then the shower
Bursting bud and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide.
All things ready with a will,
April's coming up the hill.

—MARY MAPES DODGE.

DEMONSTRATE.

Goliath Big Jim is making a reputation for himself as a baker of rolls, and delicious bread. He is taking the place of the baker who left us.

When Indians are fitted in every particular to take the best places everywhere, all friends of the Indian will rejoice.

It only remains for them to demonstrate their ability, and all kinds of places will be open for them.

True worth wins, as Colonel Pratt so forcibly said the other morning at the breakfast hour.

A young person is apt to think sometimes that he can do as well as some other person of long experience, but when real responsibility falls on him he shows he is not equal to it; but more than ever, just now, are the Indians, here, one and there one, demonstrating their ability to take places of trust, and we should all feel encouraged after hearing what Mr. Bates told us last Saturday night about the high places in Mexico and California held by Indians.

If an Indian can become president of Mexico, and is counted one of the ablest men on the continent, why cannot an Indian become president of the United States, if that be desirable?

There are higher aims in life than to become President, and we want to gain the knowledge and experience that will enable us to reach the highest places in all lines.

ATHLETICS.

The base ball game which was to have been played with the University of Pennsylvania last Saturday was cancelled on account of wet grounds.

The Albright college team will be played on our field to-morrow, at 3 P.M.

The base-ball team is getting into condition, but it will take several hard games to polish up the rough edges and make them a smooth playing team.

Training table was started last Wednesday for the track candidates who were members of last year's team. There are quite a number of the new men and others who are showing up well, but it is impossible as yet to pick out the best men. Several of these will be taken to the table as soon as it can be determined which are most promising.

Glad to be Out.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson have left Hoopa Valley, California, and are now at Palo Alto. They are tired of the Indian service, and seem to see more freedom and real worth among the people outside. It will be remembered that Mrs. Simpson was Martha Owl, who graduated at Carlisle in 1897, and then went through the High School in town. She married Mr. Simpson, one of the employees of Hoopa soon after she took a position there. The roads from the railroad point into Hoopa are now in an impassable condition, and it may be months before they can be repaired sufficiently for teams to go over them.

Don't Cut The Corners.

With a very little thought we will not cut the corners and wear off the new grass. The corner at the guardhouse is the hardest one to go around, especially when we are in a hurry to the south ball-ground. But why should it be necessary to pen us in with wire fences? We know enough to keep off the grass till it gets a start, don't we?

Dr. Hillis is Coming.

Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis will lecture in our Assembly Hall next Monday evening, April 11th, at 7:30 o'clock. Tickets at Hilton's.

Miss DePeltquestangue has returned from Philadelphia to temporarily take Mr. Miller's place. She is familiar with the work, as she served in that office for some time before going to Philadelphia to take a business course. She is now equipped for clerical work anywhere.

To Civilize the Indian get him into Civilization, to keep him civilized, let him stay.

HOW IS AN INDIAN TO BECOME A CIVILIZED INDIVIDUAL MAN IF HE HAS NO INDIVIDUAL CIVILIZED CHANCES?

IT WOULD ROB THEM OF MANHOOD AND MAKE PAUPERS OF EMIGRANTS COMING TO US FROM ANY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO RESERVATE AND DOUBLE-BURRAU-IZE THEM AS WE DO OUR INDIANS.

CIVIL SERVICE ELSEWHERE.

Before leaving India Lord Curzon issued a decree which, while arbitrary in its character, is calculated to prove of inestimable benefit to England's great Asiatic dependency and at the same time must command the attention of those in that country interested in civil service competitive examinations.

Prolonged and, it may be added, costly experience has demonstrated that the system of competitive examination in India crowned the native branches of the civil service there with the worst possible Oriental element—over-educated Asiatics who, excelling in a parrot-like memory, are distinguished by an absolute incapacity to accept responsibility, by abject cowardice and by the absence of all the qualifications indispensable to administrative success.

In fact, the civil service examination system has been such a bane to India that Lord Curzon has by one stroke of the pen abolished it. Henceforth the Indian Government, in choosing its officials, not only native but also English, will no longer be guided by the results of a competitive examination, but by the suitability of the candidate as shown by the nature of his antecedents and by his behavior on probation.

Of course, there is certain to be a great outcry, especially among the Indian baboo class. But Lord Curzon's drastic reform will commend itself to all those who have had any experience of the competitive examination system, which has been dispensed with by several European Governments and by England in certain branches of her domestic administration.

There are no competitive examinations for the English diplomatic service. The reason, according to the testimony before a Parliamentary commission of inquiry, of Lord Currie and Sir Thomas Sanderson, is the necessity of the Government's making a careful selection of the officials required to represent it abroad, which would be quite impossible were the choice restricted to men whose sole merit might be their book learning, and who might be devoid of the tact, discretion, good breeding and sense of honor which are so necessary to the diplomat.—[Marquis de Fontenoy in Phila. Press, April 5.

CORNELIUS SAVED THE HERDIC.

It matters not how quiet a team is, a good, safe driver will never leave the horses where they may get the advantage of him.

It is quite the common thing for the driver of our herdic to smile and say, "Oh, they will stand," if one hesitates to climb into the boxed-up vehicle and have the door shut, when there is no one near the team.

Generally the horses are so tired they are glad to stand still, but one never knows when that "poor tired feeling" is coming over a Government horse, and the time was evidently miscalculated, last Tuesday night.

Two or three girls were about to clamber into the coach, when the driver and assistant were away from the team look-after the trunks.

The horses, having rested a few moments, were ready to go, and go they did.

A small, sick boy was inside the coach, helpless. To the wild cry of "Whoa," the horses paid no heed, but increased their speed until the danger point was reached.

The driver, Casper Cornelius, ran after the team, with no hope of catching it, as it appeared from those looking on, but he was a sprinter, and in some miraculous manner did reach the horses, and seizing some part of the rig, swung himself into the seat and caught up the lines in time to save an upset and a crash.

The driver deserves mention for his bravery and the remarkable manner in which he stopped the horses, but that he was careless in leaving the team cannot be gainsayed.

GRACE FOR MEALS.

(EVENING.)

Words by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

Fa - ther! eve - ning shades are fall - ing; Bus - y, joy - ous

day is done; Thanks and love we bring, re - call - ing

All thy care from sun to sun, And when days no

more are giv - en, Pray we may be thine in heaven.

Words and Music written especially for the Carlisle, Pa. Indian Industrial School.

NOON.

Words by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

Noon has come with peace and cheer, In the home we

hold so dear, Swift and bright the hours go by,

While our pleas - ant tasks we ply, And for all thy

houn - ty's store, Lord, we thank thee ev - er - more.

CONUNDRUMS.

What time is it when the clock strikes thir - te - n? Time the clock was fixed.

On what did Noah live when he was in the ark? On water.

What key is the hardest to turn? Don - key.

If a pig wanted to build himself a house, how would he set about it? Tie a knot in his tail and call it a pig's tie (pig - sty).

What ship has two mates and no captain? Courtship.

Why are tears like potatoes? Because they spring from the eyes.

What is the keynote of good manners?

B natural.

Why is the letter O the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Because it is found oftener than any other in doing good.

In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

What was the longest day of Adam's life? When there was no Eve.

Why are fowls the most economical creatures that a farmer keeps? Because for every grain they eat they give a peck.

What will turn without moving? Milk.

MORNING.

Words by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

For sleep and comfort thro' the night, For strength and joy with

morn - ing light, For food and friends and gra - cious care And

all that makes our life so fair, We thank thee Lord, and

hum - bly pray Thy love may guide our steps to - day.

EGG-ROLLING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

For one day in the year—Easter Monday—the President's back yard is open to all the boys and girls of Washington for a sort of all-day picnic.

In some parts of the country Easter Monday would be rather early for an outdoor frolic, but down along the Potomac River the grass is usually green by Easter time, and the sun shines down with a bright glow, so that the air is warm and balmy.

Preparations for the egg-rolling are usually made in Washington homes on the Saturday evening preceding Easter, and before the sun is very high on Easter Monday groups of boys and girls are seen on their way to the White House carrying baskets of lunch and supplies of decorated eggs.

All day long they play games on the velvety lawns and romp up and down the hills, skip ropes, sail boats in the fountains, etc.

The colored eggs take a prominent part in the games.

The littlest folks roll their eggs down the hillocks, the bigger boys and girls, "pick."

Two boys and girls strike the ends of their eggs together, and the one who first cracks the other's egg wins it.

When the sun goes down in the afternoon a tired but happy crowd of boys and girls troop through the gates homeward, while the White House grounds are a sight—eggs and egg shells are everywhere, orange peel, peanut hulls, the remnants of cake and bread, fruit, and paper bags litter the beautiful grounds.

Whenever there are any children in the President's family, they, too, come out with baskets of colored eggs and join in the fun.

Years ago, the egg rolling at Easter was a common custom throughout the city of Washington, grown-up people all joining in games of rolling eggs down every hill in the neighborhood, but for several years past the custom has been confined to boys and girls on the White House lawn.

While the grounds around the President's home are always open to visitors, and any one may go in, there is not the same freedom on other days of the year as on Easter Monday.

Signs reading, "Keep off the grass," and "Please do not pick the flowers," warn visitors not to make too free with the grounds.—[Epworth Herald.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

- March 30, Franklin & Marshall, at Carlisle. Won 7 to 5
- April 2, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Cancelled on account of wet field.
- April 9, Albright College, at Carlisle.
- " 15, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle.
- April 16, Open.
- " 19, Villanova, at Carlisle.
- " 23, Lebanon Valley College, at Annville.
- April 30, Harrisburg A. C., at Harrisburg.
- May 4, Gettysburg, at Carlisle.
- " 7, Lindner A. C. "
- " 10, Wyoming Seminary, at Carlisle.
- " 16, Williamsport A. C., at Williamsport.
- May 17, Williamsport A. C., at Williamsport.
- May 23, Lindner A. C., at Carlisle.
- " 28, Open
- " 30, Gettysburg (2 games) at Gettysburg.
- " 31, Bucknell, at Carlisle.
- June 4, Penn Park A. C., at York.
- " 8, Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster.
- " 11, Albright at Myerstown.
- " 11, Lebanon A. C., at Lebanon.
- " 15, Harvard, at Cambridge.
- " 16, Fordham College, at Fordham, N. Y.
- " 17, Seton Hall, at South Orange, N. J.
- " 18, Lafayette, at Easton.
- " 22, Bucknell at Lewisburg.

ENIGMA.

- I am made of 12 letters.
- My 11, 10, 8, 6, 12 is what school boys sometimes write to each other.
- My 4, 5, 9, 8 is what we should do when we do wrong.
- My 2, 6, 6, 3 if we do we will find knowledge.
- My 8, 1, 7, 3 is what some people make of duty.
- My whole is what would help every Indian boy and girl to learn faster than they do now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Easter eggs.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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Kindly watch these numbers and renew a week or two ahead so as to insure against loss of copies.

Address all business correspondence to Miss M. BURGESS Supt. of Printing Indian School, Carlisle.

APPLES A CURE FOR BAD HABITS.

To get rid of as bad habits as the drink and the tobacco habits, their victims ought to be willing to try almost any remedy, but there should not be a day's delay in trying the cure recommended by John T. Stetson, director of pomology at the World's Fair.

He advises that when one has a crav-

ing for a smoke, an apple be substituted; if a drink of liquor is desired, take an apple in its place; if there is a tendency to something desperate, sit down and quietly eat an apple and reflect over it.

One advantage of the cure lies in the fact that if the apple-eating habit should be contracted, it is healthful, and not as expensive as the other habits.—[The Watchword.