

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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THE TREES.

THE lovely trees, the trees,
The sheltering trees,
We'll plant them here year after year—
The useful trees.

The sun will smile upon the leaves
When morning light appears:
The winds will whisper soft and low
Through many coming years.

The traveler here may stop and rest
At noontide's sultry hour,
And feel his weary soul refreshed
Beneath this leafy bower.

—Farm Journal

ARBOR DAY.

This is the month for tree planting for shade as well as for fruit, and it is the wise farmer who plants, plants and keeps on planting.

It is quite feasible to combine fruit and shade, and this can be done with the apple, the cherry, the shagbark hickory, the Russian mulberry.

There is a difference in apples—the Baldwin makes a fine tree for shade; so does the Greening; so does the Bough.

The catalpa is a very useful tree—the western variety—speciosa; the osage orange is good; so also the dogwood. If a small tree is needed, nothing so good as the dogwood.

The sugar, Norway, star-leaf and purple maple are standard varieties, and no one can make a mistake in planting any of them.

The oaks are best of all—the three best being scarlet, pin, willow oak, and English maple.

The white birch and the golden oak add a pleasing variety to a group.

By all means let us plant trees this spring even if we are very busy and they cost something; they add to the value of the farm. —[Farm Journal.

THE CARLISLE WAY COMMENDED.

In the issue of the Philadelphia Daily Evening Telegraph, Miss Louise Satterthwaite, Editor of woman's page, has this tribute to pay to Carlisle's way of making Indian young men useful and self-supporting.

This is a week of great excitement out at the Carlisle Indian School. For this is the time when many brave youths and timid maidens are sent out to their various country homes, where they learn the white man's and white women's ways of living and working. Not only do they learn, but they help to lift the burden from many a worn-out farmer and his ever toiling wife.

In fact, so valuable have their services proved that every year there are three or four times as many applicants as there are pupils.

Year by year, the list of applicants grows larger; a woman is indeed envied by all her neighbors when she is so favored as to get one of the willing and faithful helpers.

And up in Bucks county the farmers say they would not know what to do, so scarce has become farm help, if it were not for the Indian boys.

In most cases these Indian children are entirely ignorant of the duties of the house or farm.

That is just the very reason they are sent out; for Colonel Pratt believes and has devoted his life to prove that belief, that the way to solve the Indian problem is to give the Indian a chance and let him solve it for himself.

Not to give him a reservation and make him stay thereon, giving him money and food, and letting him degenerate just as fast as any of us would under like conditions; these conditions being utter idleness, a state of pauperism which the gift of money always tends to create, thus removing all incentive to energy or ambitious effort.

Being compelled to go to the reservation school and the reservation church and forbidden to take up life outside of the reservation, our Indians in the West

are segregated with just the same strictness as if they were a colony of lepers instead of being what they are, a noble and self-respecting race which only need a chance to prove themselves the ambitious compeers of their white brethren.

It seems indeed pathetic when one considers the miserable plight of this unfortunate people, whose ancestors owned and enjoyed this same country of which we are proud.

To be allotted a scanty and inferior portion of land and be told to stay thereon; chained, as it were, like a dog to his kennel; and meanwhile from all over the world foreigners turn their eager steps to this land of liberty; come here and plunge into turmoil and win for themselves what they can of prosperity.

But the Indian, who, of all peoples, should have first right, has not this chance, but is set off by himself, given money with which he buys whiskey, and so forgets his wrongs and hastens his way to the grave.

Colonel Pratt has done what he could to change this order of things.

They are thrown with the white people and work alongside of them as well as they are able.

Ignorant they certainly are, and their intelligence in the majority of cases is not of the quick or sympathetic order.

But they are doggedly persevering and pathetically willing and anxious to improve.

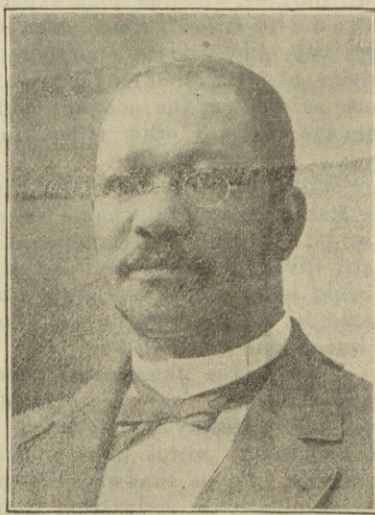
The girls make incomparable nurses for babies or small children, as all Indians are children lovers. And they grow to love their little charge, which they always tend with patience and loving care; and when the time comes to say good-bye many bitter tears are shed.

So far Colonel Pratt's idea has been triumphantly vindicated.

He says educate the Indian and then turn him out with the rest of the army of bread winners to make his own living—not condemn him to a miserable reservation existence.

And the majority of Carlisle graduates are today filling honorable positions in the world, as teachers, as nurses, as housekeepers; in many cases they go on with their study in other colleges, some taking up law and medicine.

NORMALS GOOD FORTUNE.



W. H. CONCILL.
President Normal College.

The Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Normal, four miles north of this city, on the Meridianville pike, is to have a \$10,000 Carnegie Library building, the generous gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

It gives the Mercury very great pleasure to congratulate Prof. W. H. Concill on this rare good fortune that has come to his splendid school under his able, wise and devoted administration. And wish to congratulate Mr. Carnegie too, knowing he desires to place his benefactions where they will be duly appreciated, where merit and worth deserve such recognition, and in this instance he has made no mistake. In this expression the Mercury feels that it freely and fully

voices the best sentiment of our entire people, white as well as black, and their congratulations will delight to join in those of the Mercury thus expressed. A few review facts may not be out of place. As its readers know, the Mercury takes pleasure in honoring Prof. Concill, for he honors himself and the people he has lived amongst all these many years.

His great work is a monument for the uplifting and practical education of his race, that will live after he is gone, and it is a monument of which any man might be proud. For thirty seven years he has devotedly, self-sacrificingly and laboriously given the best of his life to this great work. So far as we know, he is the only ex-slave in the world who is or has been the president of a college, and this a great institution he was the founder of and of which he has been in the main, its guiding and ruling spirit. He has succeeded in a pre-eminent degree where most men would have failed. He has been aided and sustained by our best white and colored people, and for it all he has manifested every appreciation in the most commendable spirit. We can imagine no object where Mr. Carnegie could bestow his generous benefactions more deservedly and where they will be more wisely used than under the direction of W. H. Concill, president of the college at Normal. We will only add, that we wish Mr. Carnegie could visit Normal and see for himself the great work there deserving of his even more extended aid and generous assistance. —[The Mercury, Huntsville, Alabama.

THE SILENT FORCES IN A TEACHER.

From a lengthy article by Professor Bakeless, our Principal for several years, now of the Pedagogical Department of the Bloomsburg Normal we select the following:

The fact that pupils draw away from the school gladly at an early age can not be set down entirely to the shortsightedness and lack of judgment of youth. They, with the indefinable instinct of the animal, have a vague sense that the processes to which they are subjected there, are not the best to reach the desired end; that there are better ones if the shell of tradition could be broken, and common sense allowed to assert itself. And may they not be right?

The stress and strain, the fatigue of joyless, and uninteresting work, kill. They prefer to stop and take the consequences of their temerity, which to the wide awake practical fellow with energy, ready wit, and industry are not bad, as those acquainted with his fellow man can attest.

There are many theories advanced to account for the exodus of the pupils from the higher grades of the schools—the nature and limitations of the pupil; the necessities of the home, of self support; the attitude of parents and associates, etc. But less frequently do we hear mentioned the personality of the teacher, his lack of interest in youthful life, and in his profession; his lack of understanding of the problems the school presents, and of young people in particular. These, oftener than the too easily satisfied public would believe, are the silent forces at work to decimate the higher grades—at work so silently that even the victims themselves do not apprehend the cause of their discontent and lethargy, until too late to help themselves to their inheritance.

No ordeal or work is too hard for a boy when he is vitally interested, when he feels that the end justifies the expenditure of energy. Here comes in the function of the true teacher; to see the ends set by the school, so clearly, that he can by his force of personality alone if need be, make the youth under him believe in them and him, and work them out for their good and that of society.

The teacher who confines his efforts to formal drill work, because he has not thought, because it is easier than to vitalize

his daily task with the living things that come from the world, is putting a gulf between the school and the home, and the social environment of the pupil; chilling and deadening his own influence; and disgusting the active youth with the school.

He teaches the mere accident of speech instead of language as a mode of expression; he belittles literature to a drill in construction, robbing it of its pearls of thought. History becomes a dead thing, of facts and dates and hated examinations to the youth, because men and their living deeds that might be used as material for character building are lost in the routine of class room drill. How can a teacher teach history, when he knows the subject from a meager text book only, and has never dipped into the works of the masters? A teacher equipped for his subject is like a full fountain, that sparkles and bubbles with life, refreshing and charming by its lavish flow.

There is so much time wasted in unnecessary routine work, so much effort to perfect system, by holding a class to a mythical average that the bright boy and the dull boy, as well as the average boy alike become disgusted, and alike prefer to leave a wooden teacher to wooden forms while they go to the world for recognition as individuals, as being able to grow strong, participants in the affairs of the world.

A certain university student said of a world-famous teacher, scholar, and investigator, "He is like a huntsman with his dogs, he sees the game in the distance and hisses us on, and we bring it in." That is the spirit of the true teacher awake to the occasion, enthusiastic, earnest, inspiring, quickening to a life time of effort.—O. H. BAKELESS, in B. S. N. S. Quarterly.

THE INDIANS AND "SHARP DEALING."

Senator Quay, in the successful appeal made by him when the Indian Appropriation bill was under discussion last week, whereby a claim of the tribe of the Delawares for a large sum of money fairly due to them, was granted, made use of the following language, as reported in the Philadelphia dailies, and in the Local News:

"Where Philadelphia now stands was once theirs and by sharp dealing under the treaty made with them by William Penn, whereby as much land as a man could walk around in a day was to be ceded by them, they were robbed of many millions of dollars' worth of property.

The whites blazed the trails and used horses to help along the swiftest runners, and made the line from one bend in the river to another, so that they got far more land than the Indians intended to give.

While it is true that the phraseology of the above does not exactly say that the "sharp dealing" was carried on by or with the knowledge of William Penn yet such would be very likely to be the impression made upon the hearers or the readers of the speech.

It seems hardly necessary in this community to rehearse the particulars of that most iniquitous procedure, the Indian Walk or the Walking Purchase, whereby (in 1737 the Delawares or Lenni-Lenape) Tribe were deprived of about 500,000 acres of land on the North Side of the Blue Mountains, and extending from nearly the longitude of the present Mauch Chunk, to the Delaware River, above the Water Gap.

This wrong was perpetrated under Thomas Penn, who was not found in all things walking in the footsteps of his father.

The manner of dealing of William Penn with the Indians, in obtaining lands from them for settlement, was not only to pay the Delawares therefor, but also to compensate the powerful confederacy of the Six Nations of New York, who claimed to be, and were in fact, the Delawares' masters.

The policy of Penn was grounded in Christian uprightness and amity, and the true successors to his principles in and about Philadelphia not only took no part in the wrong of the Indian Walk, but sorely grieved thereat, raised money amongst themselves to compensate the Indians.—[JOSIAH W. LEEDS in the West Chester Daily Local News, April 12.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE: MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. PRINTING CARLISLE, PA.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa. as Second class matter.

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

To 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-BUREAU-IZE THEM AS WE DO OUR INDIANS.

INDIAN PROBLEM SOLVED.

Within forty minutes of Harrisburg by railroad is one of the most interesting and successful educational institutions in the world. The round trip can be made, in elegantly appointed coaches drawn by swift locomotives over a smooth road bed through some of the most beautiful rural scenery in the world, for seventy-five cents. Yet how many residents of this Capital not especially interested in education, or who were not compelled by business, have visited the Indian School at Carlisle maintained by the government of the United States?

From the first permanent settlements in America until after the close of our Civil War, the Indian problem had been continually wrestled with by statesmen, churchmen and philanthropists, but until the founding of the Carlisle School and other similar institutions, though this has been the largest and most successful of all, almost no progress had been made towards its solution. The Indians had been treated as foreign nations with whom war was waged and treaties were made, only to be violated by the whites as the frontiers were advanced westward and the reservations were coveted and appropriated by the white settlers. The Indian was generally looked upon as incapable of civilization and to train the male Indian to habits of industry and the arts of peace was considered beyond the realm of hope. It was some years after the close of the Civil War that General Philip H. Sheridan, the hero of Missionary Ridge and the victor of Cedar Creek, who had seen long service on the western frontier, said that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

Up to the time that Lieutenant Pratt, now Colonel Pratt and head of the great school at Carlisle, brought the first detachment of Sioux boys and girls to the East to be educated, the Indian was viewed by the philanthropist as a creature to be taken care of and fed by the government and by the average citizen as a hopeless savage whose extermination with the advance of civilization was inevitable. But the Indian problem is no longer a problem. It has been solved by industrial education and in this great work the splendid school which lies almost at our doors has taken a foremost part. There thousands of boys born to the idea, fostered by the traditions of countless centuries, that any form of labor was fit only for squaws and that they could with dignity exert their physical strength only as hunters or warriors, have become educated men, skilled in husbandry and the various mechanical trades. Almost as many girls whose eyes first opened to a prospect of perpetual slavery and grinding servitude to the men of their families and tribes, have become educated, self-respecting women, mistresses of the arts of the household.

At Carlisle now there are 1,040 students about three-sevenths of whom are girls and four-sevenths boys. Since Col. Pratt in 1879 received permission to open an Indian school in the old military barracks at Carlisle, 5,135 pupils have been trained there of whom 1,930 were girls and 3,205 were boys. Of Indian schools which

were almost unknown a generation ago, except for some very small beginnings made by Christian missionaries. There are now about 150 of which more than 100 are on the various reservations while the rest are planted in the midst of a high civilization, like that at Carlisle which is the largest and most successful and practically the pioneer and exemplar of them all.

A citizen of Harrisburg who wants a day's outing could hardly spend it more pleasantly or more profitably than by a visit to Carlisle where are the beautiful grounds of the old military post. The perfectly kept buildings, the teeming school rooms and the busy shops, filled with polite, earnest, industrious, intelligent, self-respecting aboriginal boys and girls, will be a revelation to him and an assurance that the American Indian is no longer a savage but a man and often a gentleman.—[Harrisburg Patriot.

WHAT TEACHERS SHOULD SEE AT ST. LOUIS.

In connection with the coming meeting of the Congress of Indian Educators at St. Louis, which will be held June 25, to July 1, the teachers who attend will be able to take advantage of the rare and invaluable educational opportunities afforded by the various departments of the Exposition.

As it is never possible to see everything at a World's Fair we give a few hints as to the special exhibits which will be likely to possess the most interest and yield best results to careful study.

Naturally, first come the exhibit in the Educational Department.

The great value of an educational exhibit lies in the opportunity for comparison.

The best system of education and the most successful methods of the great educators of the world can here be studied and valuable lessons learned.

One of the features of this exhibit is a series of instantaneously taken pictures of actual school life and methods.

Manual training schools in operation, with pupils at work, and the actual instruction of the deaf, dumb and blind will be especially interesting to Indian teachers. No teacher can visit and study these exhibits without being interested and benefitted beyond possible previous anticipation.

All the teachers will of course feel a special interest in the Palaces of Agriculture and Horticulture. The exhibit of hardware, heating, lighting and ventilating apparatus, etc. will be valuable to Superintendents.

The Department of Anthropology will be particularly instructive to Indian teachers. Man's achievements, as set forth here from the standpoint of race, will assist the teachers in the work of training the Indian child to develop his own possibilities, that the transition from his former ways of living and looking at life may be gradual. The section of Ethnology, illustrating racial development, is full of suggestions for conducting the education of the Indian logically, step by step, adopting the best in the tribal life to the needs of modern conditions.—[From the Indian Department at Washington.

A 1900 GRADUATE.

John Warren, left guard on the Varsity foot ball team will coach the athletic teams of the Chilocco Indian school, Oklahoma territory, this coming year.

His position is that of coach and general athletic director.

He will take charge at once.

When the St. Louis Fair opens he will take his men there and remain during the summer and until the football season commences.

Besides coaching the football team Warren will have charge of baseball and track athletics.

Warren has had a long and successful record as a football player. In 1898 and 1899 he played on the Carlisle team. In 1900 and 1901 on the Indiana, Pa. Normal school team and in 1902 and 1903 with the Minnesota team. In 1902 he played right tackle and won his "M," in 1903 he shifted to left guard where he played throughout the season. Many critics placed him on the all-western team.

—[University of Minnesota Daily.

Albert Sheldon went to the wood shop to work. It is expected that he will get along nicely as his work in sloyd is excellent.

FROM OUR FIRST SLOYD TEACHER, MISS ERICSON NOW IN PORTO RICO.

We are having delightful weather, but very little heat yet, and the rains have only just begun. Picnics and outings of various kinds are about over.

It is now nearly five years since I came to this country, and what great changes I have seen in San Juan! What a number of active Protestant churches we have! Sunday schools and public schools, industrial schools and high schools are numerous.

All are well attended, and it cannot be said about the young Porto Ricans that they are not willing to learn.

At my particular school there has been a great rush for some time to get ready the work for the World's Fair. For a school of not quite two years existence the work is good. I am sorry our prettiest sloyd models cannot go, because there has not been time to finish them. We are now busy with inlaid work in designs made of this beautiful native wood in many colors.

We combine bright red, green, golden yellow, cream, rich, dark brown, etc. and I dare say the effect is astonishing.

The Domestic Art department sends a fine collection of dainty Porto Rican drawn-work and embroidery which compares well with similar things from other parts of the Island.

I hear good reports from your Porto Rican pupils and hope they will continue to make use of their rich opportunities at Carlisle.

Our Commissioner of Education, Mr. Lindsay, is in the United States at the present making arrangements for the 600 Porto Rican teachers whom he expects to send up for summer courses this year. A great number have announced themselves ready to go, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the Commissioner will prove successful, for such an experience will greatly profit these young teachers.

LUTHER WILL NOT DIE.

Mr. H. E. Burgess, of Chicago, on reading of the recent train accident to the Sioux Indians on their way to Europe, and learning that an ex-Carlisle student Luther Standingbear was one of the wounded, in the Maywood hospital in Chicago, went to see him the other day and reports having had an interesting talk with him. He found him in good spirits expecting to be out soon. He was cut and bruised about the head and his hip was dislocated, but was fast on the way to recovery. He remembered Mr. Burgess personally and talked of his Carlisle friends affectionally. He has given up his European trip but is planning to go to the World's Fair at St. Louis. Luther impressed his caller as being intelligent and of a kindly refined nature. We are glad to get this good news.

Mr. Burgess, who had long experience with the Pawnee Indians when but a mere boy, and who became thoroughly conversant with their language and customs, as well as the customs and sign language of many other tribes, further says:

"Noticing the letter from Mrs. Platt in the RED MAN about the name Nebraska, I would say that the Omahas call the Platte River 'Ne-par-a-ska;' and as far as I could learn, the name signifies, broad, spreading, flat water, the same as the Pawnee name Kits-kah-toos.

No doubt the name came from the Omahas as they were at the great Missouri River gateway of emigration, and I know of many words in use among the Nebraska Indians that were interpreted or transmitted by emigration from the Ojibways. In the sign talk of the South west—the diplomatic center of authority) the Platte is styled the Silver-shining stream.

I was glad to read Daniel Eagle's tribute to Sitting Bull—Tatanka Iyotanke, for I have ever regarded him as the true savage Napoleon."

On Monday morning, Band practice began regularly from 7:30 to 8:30. Conductor Lamar will designate students to receive individual training, and, they will be excused from work for a period not exceeding one hour each day they receive such instruction. He goes at his work in a manner that impresses, and we are sure in a short time he will have the left-over material worked up into a good musical organization, which is always appreciated by the school and the public outside.

ATHLETICS.

The Indians defeated Lebanon Valley College on our grounds last Friday 5 to 2. The visiting team was composed of strong players but they were out played by the Indians whose playing showed considerable improvement over the other games played this year. Charles pitched a masterly game, and Green who played behind the bat on account of Captain Nephew being laid up with a sore finger did very creditable work for a new man.

Score: R H E
Carlisle 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 1-5-9-2
L.-V.-C. 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0-2-4-4

Villanova College played here last Tuesday and our team again won a decisive victory. The day was very cold and windy and some loose playing was the result, but the Indians played much the better game as the score shows. In this game the heavy hitting of the team was the feature, Jude, Nicolar and Mitchell doing the best work at the bat.

Score: R H E
Indians 3 0 2 2 0 5 1 4 0-17-18-4
Villanova 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 1 1-6-13-5
Batteries: Indians Charles and Green. Villanova, Cassidy and Sullivan.

The base-ball team will play a return game with Lebanon Valley College at Annville tomorrow. This will be the first game away from home. The boys have made an excellent record thus far, and it is hoped they will not spoil it by over confidence and carelessness.

The annual class contest in track and field sport will take place next Thursday one day earlier than was announced on account of the next country party leaving on Friday. The same rules will apply as were in force last year in counting points as follows: firsts, count 5; seconds, 3; and thirds, 1. All Indians at the school are eligible to enter and compete for the medals, but only members of the classes can score points. The class scoring the most points wins the class championship banner.

After the class contest the number of men at the training table will probably be reduced.

Those who make the best showing and who are likely to win points in the dual meets,—about twelve or fifteen men will be retained.

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. Won 20 to 0
" 15, Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle. Won 5 to 2.
" 19, Villanova, at Carlisle. Won 17 to 6.
" 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.

Mentioned Incidentally.

Chief (?) Spotted Elk, not forgetting his duties, has paid Supt. Odell several visits and did not forget to mention, incidentally, that frequent donations to him, for valuable services rendered would not be out of place.—[Oglala Light.

Many at Carlisle know Supt. Odell, and appreciate the situation.

Regret cannot uproot wrong.
Labor is the salt of our lives.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

THOMAS SLOAN TALKS TO US.

Last Friday evening the Societies did not hold their usual meetings which were deferred till Saturday night, and the students all gathered in Assembly Hall to hear our much esteemed visitor, Mr. Thomas Sloan, of Pender, Nebraska.

He gave a quiet but deeply earnest address, and we can but wish our stenographer had been present to take it word for word.

He was thankful to Colonel Pratt for the privilege of being with us, and he felt like one of us. He is a graduate of Hampton and attended the Agency school before going there; and is proud of the schools that helped him, but to Colonel Pratt is due the thanks of all Indians, as the Hampton and Carlisle opportunity was brought about through him.

He spoke of how the returned students are hampered by false conditions when they go back to the reservations. It seems almost impossible for them to advance, so hindered are they by friends and foes. He would have us have some purpose in life and work for that purpose. In our association with business people, general ability and special preparation are absolutely necessary.

He deplored the drinking habit that many Indians have.

help conditions, as those who buy will build homes among the Indians, and will introduce a new and better life.

Mr. Sloan is a lawyer, and can practice before any courts of the United States in-

The sale of the inherited lands is going to cluding the Supreme court.

Study hour these cold nights is no hardship. Indeed we like it.

Much of the Spring nature study in the upper grades bears on agriculture—such topics as soil study, Germination, Cultivation of the soil, and the general work of the farmer at this season.

Which do you prefer in your sleeping rooms, fresh air or poison? You can have the latter without costing you anything except your life. The former is also free if you will only open your windows and let it enter.—[Chemawa American.

Colonel Pratt, Mr. Allen, Miss Weekley and Mrs. Munch each received a pair of shad from Mr. and Mrs. Pusey, patrons of the outing, in Maryland. They are Susquehanna shad, and were sent by express. They are very large and fine.

One of our subscribers of longest standing is a Carlisle citizen, Mr. J. D. Meck, who calls with friends frequently, and occasionally hands in a clipping of special bearing on the Indian. He is an interested visitor and is always welcome.

A review of the life of Christ in which twelve girls told stories of incidents in His life was held last Sunday afternoon at two o'clock in the girl's society room. It was clearly evident that the lessons received during the winter had made an impression as facts were clearly stated. Elizabeth Knudsen sang and the meeting was very pleasant.

The Freshmen have chosen red and blue for their colors and "Excelsior" for their motto. They have been very busy practicing their songs for the class contest next Thursday. The following officers were elected at the last class meeting: President, Monroe Coulon; Vice-President, Benjamin Trombla; Secretary, Daisy Dyke; Critic, Albert Screamer; Treasurer, Elsie Schenandoah; Reporter, Roger Venne.

"I intend to be a lawyer," said a noble Junior, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thought "What is there to hinder?" Nothing but lack of the quality that Colonel Pratt endeavors to drive into us at all times—STICK. But if we run away from the present purpose of getting what we came for—the Carlisle diploma, it will take very little to turn us from our purpose of being a lawyer or anything else we hope to become.

One of the handsomest invitations we have received in many a day came from Dr. Caleb Sickles, 1898, who takes his diploma from the College of Dentistry of the Ohio Medical University this year after a few years of strenuous study. He is one of a class of thirty and we extend congratulations to another noble and trusted son of Carlisle. We do not fear but he will show by his well-doing that it pays to be educated and to have a purpose in life, and thus help to put to shame the ignorance of white people, who say that our red brethren are not capable of taking on education in its highest forms.

BUSINESS EMBARRASMENTS OF A

CARLISLE FRIEND.

We are grieved to learn of the closing of the doors of the Citizens' Bank, of Ponca City, Oklahoma, of which our long time friend Mr. J. B. Given is the President. It seems but a few days since several Carlisleers enjoyed a visit there, and were invited to look through the well-equipped and very pleasant business apartments. That the firm will be on its feet again and doing business at the same old stand is gathered from this very complimentary notice taken from the Ponca City Daily Courier, of April 11:

The city was startled this morning by the report that the Citizens' Bank had closed its doors. As usual in such cases all kinds of reports were soon in circulation, and in order to arrive at the facts in the case a Courier representative called upon Bank Commissioner Cooper and secured the following statement:

"The liabilities of the bank amount to \$53,000 and the assets to \$64,000.

On account of heavy withdrawal of deposits and inability to realize on loans, the reserves of the bank were drawn down to a point where the bank commissioner and the officers of the bank considered that the interests of depositors would be best subserved by closing the doors of the bank and receiving no more deposits. It will require time to convert the assets of the bank into cash. There will ultimately be only little if any loss to the creditors of the bank."

That, in substance, is the situation as given us by the bank commissioner in an interview this morning.

The feeling in the city is one of utmost confidence in the integrity of the bank officers. The business has been carefully and capably conducted and the closing is due solely to the cause stated by the bank commissioner.

No citizens stand higher in the confidence and esteem of the community than J. B. Given, president, and Geo. T. McCandless, cashier, of the Citizens' Bank. They are honorable, capable and energetic business men, and general regret is expressed for the temporary embarrassment which has overtaken them. They have turned over every dollar's worth of property they own to increase the bank assets for the benefit of creditors. No doubt is expressed that they will pay every cent of indebtedness and again engage in business with an unimpaired credit.

A 1900 Graduate.

Isabel Cornelius after leaving Carlisle taught a white school in New England for a number of years. Then she went to her home at Oneida, Wisconsin. In a letter to Mrs. Kinney, Hartford, Connecticut, she speaks thus of her last move:

"On Easter Sunday I will change my name and enter a new life, which I hope will be a happy and blessed one. You must settle with my sister Nancy for all this changing and moving about. She must answer for it, for I am only following her example and consented because I wanted to be still happier. She seems so contented and happy since her marriage that I thought you would not object a bit if I did the same thing. I would like to tell you all about Mr. Denny, but I am afraid I might praise him too much. I have left the Hospital (Oneida, Wis.), and am at home again. I shall soon have to begin on my dress, as I expect to make it myself."

Mr. Denny is Wallace Denny's father. It was Isabella's sister Nancy who made an enviable record for herself as trained nurse in New England, a few years since.

The Man-on-the-band-stand saw Mrs. Pratt stoop and pick up several unsightly pieces of paper which a strong wind had blown on the campus, and he thought she must be a Civic Club woman. The campus is kept in good order as a usual thing, but if the school were one great Civic Club and each member felt duty bound to do as Mrs. Pratt did—pick up stray pieces when entirely convenient to do so, what a wise move it would be.

The baseball game between the Band and Printers the other evening was only two innings in length, which would not be counted a game ordinarily, but time after supper is very short these evenings, and the players must be prompt and play fast to get in more than three innings at the most. The Band out-played the printers and ran up a big score, but the printers want another chance to play a real game, and then will abide by the results.

HE IS FIRING A LOCOMOTIVE.

Arthur Sickles, 1902, and a printer with us, is in Nelson, British Columbia, about as far from his Wisconsin home as he can get in that direction; and is he the worse for it? We have people with us whose brothers and friends live in California. One who was born in England. There are thousands of people on this side of the great waters whose immediate family—father, mother, sisters and brothers live in Germany, France, England, Ireland, Italy, etc. Do people hesitate to go where business and inclination call on account of family ties? And yet there are sentimentalists who shed tears because it is proposed that the Indians follow in the footsteps of these people and go out into the world to earn a livelihood and be of the world the same as other people:

Our brave Arthur says in a recent letter: (and be it remembered that it is his brother Caleb, class 1898, who in a few days graduates from the College of Dentistry of the Ohio Medical University):

I suppose you are beginning to think that I have entirely forgotten about you and my promise to write once in awhile. Such, however, is not the case, for even though I have kept silent, I have caught myself wondering many times of Carlisle and the great opportunities it offers to those who go there, and the excellent rewards it brings to those who accept them.

The spring fever is raging at Carlisle and the boys move about with plows and other farm implements in their heads, but as for myself I go about with Baldwin or Richmond consolidated compounds with leaky flues and muddy coal in mine. That accounts perhaps to a large extent for the water on my brain and the muddiness thereof.

The climate of this part of British Columbia is about the same as that of Pennsylvania. Already the snow has disappeared and birds and flowers are here, and as we go a hiking from one division point to the other our whole body seems to be refreshed when we come out of the mountains suddenly into a valley filled with farms and other signs of civilization, a pleasing contrast to wild and picturesque mountain scenery.

Every work has its dangers, firing is no exception.

In fact to my mind it is the most dangerous occupation in the world.

During the short time that I have been on the road I have been fortunate to become intimately acquainted with many of the boys.

During the last three months there have occurred several fatalities, among these, three of them were friends of mine.

Just a week ago while a freight train was moving along on the main line the engineer saw a rock-slide coming and not having time to warn the fireman, he jumped and saved his own life while the other man wholly unconscious of any impending danger was swept with the engine to the bottom of the mountain receiving such injuries that he died soon after the accident.

I have fired long enough to be called a full fledged fireman.

I belong to the Brother of Locomotive Firemen.

The engineer is paid five dollars per day (10 hrs.) The firemen receive 3.25 for his wage.

The smelters, mines and sawmills near Nelson are running full blast. There are many men looking for work, and upon asking some of those into whose company I am necessarily thrown I have come to the conclusion that many are praying they won't find it.

I am well and consequently feel cheerful.

Please change HELPER address to Nelson, B. C. and oblige.

ARTHUR M. SICKLES.

We are pleased to learn of the well-doing of Emma Kickapoo who lives near Medford, N. J. It is said that while her country mother is ill, she is keeping house, taking care of a little country brother and has over a hundred little baby chickens. Good for Emma!

Misses Hill, Smith and Bowersox took a large party of girls to the cave last Sunday after Sunday school. They seldom get a walk that takes them away from the school premises, out in the country, and by the time they got back they had a happy-tired feeling and were ready for a big dinner.

Below freezing!
Arbor Day and a holiday.
Let's flood the pond again!
Robins, put on your overcoats.
Gentle boys make gentle men.
Miss Zug was a caller yesterday.
If this weather keeps up we will get out our skates.

Did you see the new moon over your left shoulder?
There were 617 dresses made during this last quarter.

A flue set of driving harness has been shipped to Ft. Sill.

Lou French is enjoying her first country, at Haverford, Pa.

Did we ever experience such cold weather so late in April?

The storm-broken tree in front of Col. Pratt's was removed this week.

Several are going to Harrisburg to-day after the exercises, for a little outing.

Trout season has begun and Messrs. Warner and Gansworth didn't catch any.

Mrs. Gail Hamilton Wood, has gone back to Sacaton, from Phoenix, Arizona.

Rev. Jesse Kirk, of Yakima, Washington, was one of the visitors of this week.

Assistant-Printer Gæmus Baird is taking a few days' leave to rest his injured leg.

Alice Denomie, head-girl in the dining-room says that she enjoys her work very much.

While we have had but a few flakes of snow, a little further north enough fell to stop trains.

The small boys were very much pleased with the candy and peanut treat from Mr. Bates.

A beautiful solo was sung by Patrick Kennedy at the Catholic Church, on a recent Sunday.

Some one has said that every true teacher has the three G's—Grace, Grit and Gumption.

Colonel Pratt was one of the Five O'clock Club celebrationists in Philadelphia last Saturday.

Two copies of Life of Roosevelt by Jacob Riis have been presented to the Library by Colonel Pratt.

The baseball games with visiting teams here have been attended with unpleasantly windy weather, so far.

Dr. E. T. Jeffers, President York Collegiate Institute, York, Pa., preached for us on Sunday afternoon.

Joseph Ruiz, class 1903, has gone to join the Haskell Brass Band, Lawrence, Kansas. He left on Tuesday evening. If they keep on in this way the Haskell Band will soon be an ex-Carlisle Band.

Quite extensive preparations on the side have been made for class songs and other interesting exercises, to-day. Arbor day is much enjoyed by our students.

We are in receipt of the Bloomsburg State Normal School Quarterly and have taken extracts from Professor Bakeless' able article therein, which see elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamar, have come to us from the Sherman Institute, Riverside, California, the former as band leader and the latter as head of the cooking department. We welcome them among us.

Mrs. Canfield and Miss Nellie Robertson visit the Invincibles to-night; Miss Senseney and some one in Miss Steele's place the Standards, and Miss McDowell and Mr. Allen the Susans.

Mrs. S. J. Nori received a very interesting letter from Lillian Ferris Wilder, saying that she has a happy home with two children and a kind good husband. George, her brother, contemplates going to Minnesota.

Printer Peter Francis has returned to the case after a brief so-journ in New York City, where he saw the inside workings of Blackwell's Island and did not fall in love with the sights he beheld nor the experiences he met.

A half educated person may be able to make two and three dollars a day in some special line of business, but it is safe to say that he could multiply that amount by ten or twelve if he were educated in books and experience to fit him for a higher grade of work.

A checker-board table, inlaid with different woods, was made by Samuel Sannoque and presented to Colonel Pratt. It is a beautiful piece of work for any artist to be proud of, and the Colonel appreciates the gift very highly.

THE NAVAJO BLANKET.

Out in the land of little rain,
Of CANYON rift and cactus plain,
An Indian woman, short and swart,
This blanket wove with patient art;
And day to day through all a year,
Before her loom, by pattern queer,
She stolidly a story told,
A legend of her people, old.

With thread on thread and line on line
She wrought each curious design:
The symbol of the day and night,
Of desert and of mountain height,
Of journey long and storm-beset,
Of village passed and dangers met,
Of winds and seasons, cold and heat,
Of famine harsh and plenty sweet.

Now in this paleface home it lies,
'Neath careless, unsuspecting eyes
Which never read the tale that runs
A course of ancient, mystic suns.
To us 'tis simply many-hued,
Of figures barbarous and rude;
Appeals in vain its pictured lore,
An Indian blanket—nothing more.

—[EDWIN L. SABIN, in Youth's Companion.

THE WAY INDIANS ARE TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. J. I. T. White is from Porter, I. T., where her husband runs a store. Porter is a brand new town, and is now in the boom state. There are a great many Indians about Porter, and they are the store's best customers.

When Mr. White went to the territory, says the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette, he supposed the Indians would demand as low priced goods as it is possible to sell, but found out that the redskins were not just as he sized them up.

The Indians want the sportiest things on the market.

They turn up their noses at cheap clothes, and want loud colors and costly garbs.

When Christmas came it was natural to suppose that the Indians would also want costly sweets as well as costly clothes, and Mr. White was surprised to find that the Indians passed up the high priced candies and bought the cheapest kind possible.

The most they could get for the money was the kind they wanted.

The Indians argued that they ate the candy and no one saw it, but with the clothing it was different, as every one saw the clothes they wore.

The red man is much more particular about what he puts in his stomach.

PORTO RICAN TEACHERS COMING TO THE STATES.

A general despatch from Washington to the public press, early last week states that 600 Porto Rican teachers are coming to the United States to spend a portion of the summer in sightseeing and course of normal study.

A considerable number of them will be accommodated at Cornell, Harvard and other colleges.

Samuel M. Lindsay, Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico, was a caller on the President on the 7th, to submit the plan for the excursion, and to urge such aid and co-operation as may be possible from the general government.

The President approved the idea of helping the Porto Rican teachers by study and travel in this country, and the plan will be encouraged by the government.

The use of government transports to bring them here has been authorized, and private subscription will be forth coming to defray the general expenses of the party.

The Man-on-the-band-stand and our Porto Rican students hope they will come to Carlisle.

THE FARM BOY.

What the Farm Journal says of the boy in general is just as applicable to our Indian boys who by their well-doing make themselves wanted on the farm:

What would a farm be without a boy on it? It is what the boy does that is the life of it.

He is a person of consequence, pretty useful, and generally in demand; he is capable of doing hundreds of small chores that his elders would not do, or could not do.

The odds and ends fall to his lot; he is generally happy, glad to run to the post-office and fetch the cows; and if he can harness up correctly, liable to be called upon anytime by the women folk.

So, of course a farm would not be well stocked without a good, live boy on it.

MOVING PICTURES AMAZE THE INDIANS.

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, visited the home of the Moki Indians in Arizona to witness the weird snake dance which those savages have practiced at intervals for centuries.

While near the home of the Mokis he set up his moving picture machine and made a film showing Apache Indians and cowboys in horse races and in feats of daring while on horseback.

The film was developed and proved to be excellent.

A year later Mr. Holmes visited the same region again and one night gave an exhibition for the benefit of the natives.

The Indians observed the pictures which Mr. Homes threw on the screen, which was stretched on the side of a store building, with stolidity, and made no comment until the moving picture machine was started and the film made in the neighborhood a year before was thrown on the screen.

"Then there was almost a riot," said Mr. Holmes in telling of the affair.

"Several of the Indians who had taken part in the races the year before had died, and when they were shown on the screen, riding for dear life, their friends were amazed.

The dead had been brought to life. It was astounding.

"The Indians gazed at the picture, then looked at each other as if uncertain that they saw what they saw.

Then they began talking excitedly, pointing at the moving images of those who were dead.

It did not strike the savage mind as unusual that live men should appear on the screen and be moving, but with dead men it was different.

"When the film had all gone through the machine the Indians hastened forward to examine the white cloth on which the pictures had been shown.

They fingered it nervously, raised it to look behind it, held it up to look through it in a vain endeavor to find the solution to what was to them a mystery.

They paid no attention at all to the machine that had projected the picture.

All of the magic, to them, was in the cloth."—[New York Tribune.

AN INDIAN FRATERNITY.

Some time ago the Pennsylvania University urged Mr. F. A. Mackenzie to make a special study of the so-called Indian problem, and as a first step he accepted the position of head teacher at a government boarding school, having two assistant teachers, and at the Shoshone Agency, Wyoming Territory, 145 miles from a railroad, he studied the subject in the characters and faces of the 175 blanket Indian pupils of the Shoshone and Arapaho tribes.

Six or seven hours of the day were given to work in class rooms, to which were added the piano and organ playing, the superintendence of the Sunday school and occasional preaching.

Then he gathered into a fraternity leading intelligent Indians who, with unanimity of motive, object, and worthy ambition, should, if able take the following pledge:

"I believe that the Indian has certain inalienable rights, among which is that of freeing himself from the bondage of ignorance, superstition and enforced poverty, by education, religion, and self-support. I believe that by united effort Indians can become independent American citizens, and free themselves from the injustice which ignorance or cupidity may have imposed upon them. I therefore pledge myself to further all efforts for the advancement of my race in education, morality, and civic rights; to discourage and oppose all backward tendencies all immorality and crime, and to work for the time when all red men shall be brothers in love and purpose, proud of their people, and influential among the united races of America."—[Indian's Friend.

A BLIND TEACHER OF SEWING.

It is reported that the Sewing-School at Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia has been presided over by a woman who has been blind nearly all her life, and for nearly a quarter of a century has taught sewing without being able to see one of her pupils or the work they do.

She is able to tell by the sense of touch alone whether or not a girl is doing her work properly.

She knows the sound of each girl's voice.

WHAT HE WANTED FIRST TO SEE.

Last summer Colonel Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian school, and Prof. L. Webster Fox, of the Medico-Chirurgical College, this city, visited various Indian tribes in the western and north-western parts of the United States. While in Sitka, Alaska, they visited the island of Metlakahla, where a mission had been established by Father Duncan among the tribe of Tsimshian Indians, who occupied the island. Among the many pupils who were being partially educated at this mission was a bright little Indian boy 13 years of age, who was suffering with a cataract of the eyes. The father pleaded that his boy might be brought East for two purposes, to try to have his eyesight restored and to have him better educated.

Professor Fox, felt satisfied and so assured the father, that if he had the boy at the college, his vision would be restored. About two weeks ago this Indian boy, whose adopted name in English is Elwood Mathers in company with three other young Indians suffering with eye troubles, arrived in this city.

Mathers was taken before a class of 500 students at the Medico Chi to be operated on. The Professor, in trying to divert the attention of the boy from the operation, asked him what object of interest he desired to see first when the operation was completed and vision restored.

The boy promptly answered, to the surprise of all, "I want to see the street Benjamin Franklin walked on with the loaf of bread under his arm."

On being asked who Benjamin Franklin was, he answered, "A great statesman, who discovered electricity and invented a cooking stove."

Upon further questioning, he said he wanted to see Independence Hall, where Liberty was proclaimed, and, if possible, to put his hands on the Liberty Bell.

The operation was a perfect success and the little Indian, Elwood Mathers, has not only had his desires satisfied as to what he wanted to see, but has also been shown a great many other things which have made a deep impression upon his mind.—[G. H. H. in Reading Times.

TRUE SELF-MASTERY.

Mastery of one's work comes through mastery of one's self.

Laggard inclinations, cowardly fears, weak haltings in the face of known duty need the relentless whip of self-mastery.

But no man is master of himself who thinks he is his own master.

Every indwelling power of mind and body, every burning determination, every urgent demand upon self for service, ought to get its vigor and temper from that command of self which is the utter yielding of self to God's will.

Only here is resolution and power for service, and the right control of the whole man.—[Sunday School Times.

Wroth a Fortune.

When things don't go to suit you, don't sit down and sulk like a small boy. Be a man, look the situation square in the face and consider how best to surmount the obstacle.—[Honey Grove Citizen.

That advice is worth a fortune to any young man who will take it.—[Denison, Texas, Herald.

The First shall be Last.

The Indian was the first man to set foot on American soil, but until he is given a decent chance to assert his rights under a respectable government he's going to be the last man to boast of such a distinction.—[The Denison Herald.

The End in Sight.

The end of the Chicasaw tribal government is in sight. The election for government to be held this summer is the last that will ever be held.—[Denison Herald.

The man who finds not God in his own heart will find him nowhere; and he who finds him there will find him everywhere.

DAVID SWING.

The best things are nearest,—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—IMPRESSIONS.

FUN, ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE AND ABUSE.

Prof. C. H. Albert, of the Pedagogical Department of the Bloomsburg Normal in an essay on in the Normal School Quarterly says:

Every boy and every girl that is good for anything is fond of fun. And, even, an old man or an old woman who has lost all relish for fun is a pitiable object.

But there are, first of all, two lessons to learn:

First, that while fun is good and wholesome in its place fun as a business is a poor use of life;

Second, that there is a world-wide difference between fun and foolishness or wickedness.

Sympathize with children in their innocent fun; and join them in it, on proper occasions.

But never allow them to think that they are put in this world merely to have fun.

And teach them to know the difference between innocent fun and so-called fun that makes some person, or some animal, miserable or uncomfortable.

Tying a tin dipper to a dog's tail, or annoying a school-mate by hiding his books or in some other way, is often thought to be great fun.

But it is such fun as demons might be supposed to enjoy.

This is not real fun, but foolishness or worse.

And, if we stop to think a minute, we shall find that a great deal of fun of this kind is going on.

Most of the Hollowe'en tricks, the hazing in schools, and the like, must be put here; but they are not the whole of it.

I have read somewhere, a story of two wealthy French boys, who, while walking out one day, found the wooden shoes of a peasant near a hedge, while their owner was working in a field near by.

"Come," said one, "let's hide the old fellow's shoes, and then hide and see what he will do when he comes out."

"Oh, no," said the other, "let's put a franc in the toe of each shoe, and then hide and see what he will do."

This they did, and concealed themselves till the peasant came out of the field.

When he put on his first shoe and found the money, his demonstrations of surprise and joy were very amusing.

But when he found the other, he knelt down, and began to thank God for the money, and said aloud that he could now buy some medicine for his sick child.

These boys found out that there are two kinds of fun.

I have often thought that I could tell more surely than in any other way, what kind of a boy, or a man, one is, if I could be sure what kind of fun he enjoys most.

Let us believe, then, that good fun is good for boys and girls, or men or women.

But let us remember that fun as a business for life, is not good.

Too bad, Isn't it Girls?

One of the most unfavorable signs of the times is the fact that so many of our boys leaving school before their education is completed. The girls as a rule go on the gradual displacement of men by women in the various walks of life is to continue until this thing is changed.—[Denison Herald.

This is the law of benefits between men: the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.—SENECA.

ENIGMA.

I am made of 11 letters.
My 9, 7, 8 gentlemen tip.
My 5, 6, 3, 4 blacksmiths do with iron.
My 1, 2, 11, 10 is the part of the apple all school boys eat when hungry.
My whole is an unpleasant feature that seems to continue too long at the Carlisle school just now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S: All dark.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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