

## EDUCATION OF INDIAN YOUTHS.

No one doubts the importance of education in the elevation of the Indian race. The standard of civilization in each generation is measured by the power of education in the lives of the young people of that generation. In recognition of this fact the authorities at Washington have appropriated funds for the establishment of schools in the states and for the education of young men and young women from the different tribes within the limits of the United States. These schools have no doubt done much good, but not the good they might have accomplished if differently located. The same may be said of other schools in the States. Young men and young women are taken from their Indian homes and associations and from four to eight years know nothing of their people at home only from memory and occasional reports. All these years their habits of life and associations are isolating in sympathy and feeling from their friends at home. Their education, intellectually, socially and physically, is, in so far as their tribe is concerned, a growth entirely by itself. When they return to their people after these years of absence there seems to be no point of contact at which their influence can be felt for good. The result is in very many cases one of these two things, either to not associate with their people or else to fall back in their old ways. Where strength of will and character is prominent we see the former result, and their influence for good upon their people is less than that of the whites. Their fathers and mothers then say the education of our children has alienated them from our affections. It is not good. It causes our children not to love us or to sympathize with us. In the second place the young people find themselves cut off from society. Their new habits stand in direct conflict with the habits of their people. They have not strength to stand, and so fall back to their old ways. After a few years the question arises, "What good has their education done them or their associates?" In the former case many of those who return with a desire to help their people have such a tilted style of teaching that they do but little good. They think and speak and act in a plane far above their surroundings. They do not know how to come down to their people and mingle with them, and while so doing lift them up. In the latter case they move on to a certain point, then give up all for the sake of society, and the Indians see a practical illustration of the power of their ways above civilization, and say, "Those who have tried the civilized way find, after all, that the old way is the best."

Now, what is the remedy? How can Indian children be so educated that their education shall be a lever to elevate their people after they return to them? We believe it is in the principle adopted by the founders of Indian University, viz.: To educate Indian youths so as not to sever the chord in sympathy for those whom they have left at home. This University is located at a central point in the Indian Territory. During vacations young people return to their homes and associate with father and mother brother and sisters, relatives and friends. Their friends can visit them occasionally at their school especially at the closing exercises where, with

paternal pride, they can witness the efforts their education has enabled them to make. They can see the way their children are cared for, and meet the earnest Christian teachers who instruct them. Thus the confidence and support of parents is better secured. They can feel easier about their children when they see how well they are cared for. Friends of the children also meet at these closing exercises of each year's study, and are mutually helped and encouraged in the better way. When the prescribed course of study at the University is completed and the young people return to their homes they can associate with their people, readily adapt themselves to their circumstances and extend a sympathizing heart and helping hand to help their friends and associates to a better life. Their friends can feel that each of these educated young people are one of them, not a different race. They see for themselves that education makes their children better, that it holds them and at the same time continues to unite in sympathy, and interest in their people.—*Indian Missionary*.

## THE FARM.

Write out your experiences for your agricultural paper.

Farmers' picnics and summer institutions are a good idea:

A good coat of paint upon farming tools is a profitable investment.

Don't make the public highway a barnyard, or catch-all for wagons, implements, wood-piles, compost heaps, etc.

A big weed near a tomato plant, or a hill of squash, or a big tussock of crab grass, will, in a week, take out of the soil enough of the plant food to make a peck of tomatoes or squashes.

"Naturally a boy should follow the calling of his father. That the sons of farmers so exceptionally often refuse to do, shows conclusively that there must be something wrong," says an exchange.

Some one estimates that nearly one half of the producers of farm products get an average of ten per cent. less for what they raise than they would if sufficient attention were given to the business of selling.

Prof. Roberts, speaking of the great efficiency of modern labor-saving implements and machines, says that the "boy of to-day, with his sulkie plow and self binder can rob the soil of more plant food in a year than his grandfather could in all his lifetime.

If the farmer had an evaporator, says the *Orange County Farmer*, and should diligently run it during the berry season, keeping the children occupied and hiring others to help, he could net a handsome sum, as evaporated berries find a ready sale.

Some of the farmers in the northwest have been wondering why hay could not be cut and cured in the shock like wheat and oats, and it is said that some of them have been experimenting in this direction with success. They have been cutting hay with the reaper and binder, throwing the sheaves into shocks to cure.

The business of farming has two sides; one

lies full in the glow of the warm, bright sunlight; the other is on the shady side, buried in gloom and darkness. Every man can choose which side he will live upon. The path to which diverges from a plain road, plainly, so that it cannot be mistaken. The business of farming is one in which no man can fail who uses common prudence, who is industrious, persevering, careful, foresighted, economical. It has the world's wants to supply. The farmer feeds and cloths the world, and every product of the soil has its waiting customers.

## ALL SORTS.

Wholly uncalled for—a dead letter.

A bee is very economical—in fact, quite stingy.

Why should artists not be trusted? Because they are designing men.

"This is what I call border warfare," is Spriggin's exclamation whenever he assaults a steak in Mrs. Coldtea's mealery.

Forty rods make one rood, but one rod will often make one civil, especially in the case of the small boy.

There is nothing like prosperity to cover faults and it may be said that money covers more than charity.

The small boy learning the alphabet is very much like a postage stamp—he often gets stuck on a letter.

Some men have greatness thrust upon them, especially when a fat person sits next to them in the street cars.

The man whose wife woke him up in church by sticking a pin in him says he doesn't like such pointed suggestions.

"Some men have so much genius that they can't do anything but sit down in the shade and think about it," says a philosopher.

In leap year Japanese girls who want husbands set out flower pots on the front portico as an emblem. In this country they sit out there themselves with a young man as an emblem.

One of the graduates of a female college had for her essay, "Our Crowning Glory." But the girls thought it inappropriately named, as it did not contain a single reference to bonnets.

"The born poet," truly remarked Miss Cleveland, "has no agony in his song." Indeed no. It is the poor wretch who listens to his songs who lies awake and moans for the chloroform.

"Was the man intoxicated who fell in the circus tent last evening?" asked Mrs. DeGroof of her husband. "No, the man was all right," was the reply, "he was walking a tight rope."

DR. BLITZ—"How is Col. Blank?" DR. MITSS—"He was getting along finely, but yesterday he took a relapse and died within ten minutes." DR. BLITZ—"What caused the relapse?" DR. MITSS—"One of the morning papers published a woodcut of him."

The *Merchant Traveler* tells of a small boy whose nose had been put out of joint by the advent of a baby brother with tremendous lung power. "Did little brother come from heaven, ma?" he asked. "Yes, dear." He listened to little brother's yells, and said, "I don't blame the angels for bouncing him. Do you, ma?"