


The Red Man and Helper.

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

THE RED MAN. This is the number  your time mark on wrapper refers to
SIXTEENTH YEAR, or Vol. XVI., No. 52. (1652)

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. I, Number Forty-eight

A SCHOOL SONG.

WE COME from, north, from south, from west
To plant our banner here;
Beneath its folds we seek the best,
No future will we fear.
We love our friends, our dear home land,
But we would join the fray,
And give our tribes an impulse grand
Along a nobler way.

CHORUS.

Then onward! Upward!
"Carlisle" our battle cry!
We'll join the workers of the world
With them to do or die.

What man has done, that we can do
If moved by strong desire,
With courage high and purpose true
We've hearts with zeal on fire.
Though oft we falter, oft we fall,
God sees the one who tries,
And those who help themselves will all
Be helped by Him to rise.

JESSIE W. COOK.

CARLISLE'S EARLY HOURS.

FOR THE REDMAN AND HELPER.]

The rumble and roar of a passing freight in the early morning arouse the Rambler from his slumber.

He is up and astir in a moment, ready for a walk and an hour of meditation.

Deep shadows still hold peaceful sway.

In the east, faint streaks of light slowly stealing along the horizon hint of the coming of dawn.

A peaceful silence prevails. The school rests as intensely as it works.

Then suddenly "Turweet-turwee" breaks in musical cadence from the throat of an enterprising old robin in the walnut tree, whose appetite is keener than the rest, and whose slumbers the early worm has haunted.

"Turweet-turwee" comes in answering call from some rival neighbor, followed by a medley of notes from relatives and friends, and ambitious birdlings whose breakfasts depend upon their own exertions.

Then begins a twitter of sparrows, as vociferous as the din on the floor of the New York Board of Trade.

An oriole, who for several summers has lived in the cherry tree, calls out in notes, sweet and clear,—a little petulant, perhaps: "Give us a rest, give us a rest," and dozes off again for a moment.

A cricket tunes up loud and shrill. Others follow, and for a season a rollicking chorus prevails.

The Rambler congratulates himself because of his privilege of hearing the impromptu concert.

Dawn gradually advances. Shadows flee. Tints rich and beautiful are reflected by the mists and vapors of the upper air.

From the neighborhood of the club kitchen come sounds of household duties begun. A benign, motherly face, appears in the doorway. A wagon occupied by a very sleepy boy approaches and stops. The boy alights mechanically, loads his baskets, and drives away to market.

Far away in the boys' dormitory sounds the persistent tinkle of the electric bell. It disturbs the kitchen brigade in the midst of a prodigious snore, the last of a remarkable series. Duty's call comes from the great school kitchen and the helpers obey with slow and drowsy pace.

The sun's first beams now clear the eastern hills, and tint the few floating clouds with a glory of color.

The long dark shadows of the trees stream across the campus, alternating with bands of rich golden light, gemmed with diamonds and emeralds of dew. Like nectar is the morning air, fresh and cool.

A rattling and groaning in the belfry

of the dining hall admonish us that the old bell is finding its voice.

With wheeze and creak it clangs.

"Rest is over work begins.
Take up your pleasures, toils, and sins.
Work-be-be-be-squeak s-q-u-e-a-k."

It has spoken, and at the windows of the dormitories many a sleepy face and ghostly form appear. Upon them the campus smiles like a benignant mother. Earth and sky seemed never so beautiful, air never so invigorating, sunshine never so health-giving and bright. Oh, why do we waste these blessed morning hours in slumber, and thus steal from our lives nature's best and rarest beauty.

The staccato stroke of a small bell from the dining-room door carries consternation to another group of mortals. A straggling procession of drowsy maidens, putting the final touches to a hasty toilet, hurry to duty at the short call. Willing hands and youthful hearts make labor light, and soon the morning repast will be prepared.

The sun rises slowly above the level landscape; the dew-drops twinkle like stars under its ray. The bird carnival continues, but with fuller and richer notes. Longer sustained are the solos, duets, and full choruses. Here and there a few early risers stroll out to inhale the invigorating air and revel in "the wild joy of living."

Again the rumble of wheels. The old herdic, grim and severe in outline, comes into view. A rich bass voice calls "All aboard," and the purveyors of food for other hungry mortals, early risers from the exigency of the case, climb into the vehicle and are off to market.

Early risers are said to be self-complacent all morning, and stupid the rest of the day. This company looks conscious of their pet virtue, early rising from necessity.

Down by the spring along the willows, a slight haze overhangs the waters; the mountains are purple in the distance, against the pearly tints of the sky.

The landscape grows richer under the more intense light.

The lazy clouds hang motionless, slowly losing the rich tints of the sunrise.

Another stir in the belfry, a joyous sound to the hungry urchin. There is a hurry and scurry to the place in line. The drone who sleeps serene to the last moment of grace, now stirs with mighty vigor of desperation, that he may yet make the line in time for roll call.

Never was the civilized garb donned so quickly.

A cyclone of energy the delinquent makes his way into Assembly Hall with toilet fair on the surface, and saves the day.

The line is ready.

The signal comes.

The line moves off with a quick snappy swing as one great tramping body.

Soon a clatter of chairs; then silence.

On the balmy morning air rolls out a volume of rich sound of praise and thanks to the All Father:

For sleep and comfort thro' the night,
For strength and joy with morning light,
For food and friends and gracious care
And all that makes our life so fair,
We thank thee Lord, and humbly pray
Thy love may guide our steps today.

And thus the day begins. Nature brings a message of gladness and beauty, and love to us. She strengthens us for our duties. We are happier and better for this earlier hour, alone with her.

The birds, the trees, the flowers, the sun and the clouds, the balmy air, the sparkling dew, the shifting shadow, all come as a benign influence, enriching and ennobling the lives of those whose souls respond to their silent but forceful language.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

W. R. Draper, in the June Outlook, has an article upon the above subject, in which at the close he sets forth the situation as follows:

Within five years all of the tribal councils are to be entirely abolished and the Indians will either have to become citizens of the United States or leave it.

A bill known as the Curtis Act, which was passed by Congress in June, 1898, provides for the winding up of the affairs of the Indians of the Five Tribes, and this work is now being carried out by the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes.

This Commission is composed of three members and a large number of clerks and assistants. The members of the Commission are Messrs. Tams Bixby, Thomas Needles, and C. R. Breckenridge.

Henry L. Dawes is official chairman of the commission, but as he has not even been in the Indian country for the last five years, I do not count him as an active member.

The active work of reconstructing the Indian Territory, so as to make it a fit place for white people to inhabit, devolves upon Tams Bixby, formerly Congressman from Minnesota.

Mr. Bixby has succeeded in bringing about law and order, untangling the many errors of the past, and placing the end of the redskin in sight, so far as he is officially concerned.

The laws already passed by Congress provide for the establishment of town sites in the Indian country, where lots can be bought and sold in fee simple.

Town-site commissions have been appointed by the Commission, and are now at work laying out towns in such places as they deem proper. All of the old towns which were started by the Indians will still be used as towns for the white people who will flock into the Territory when it is opened.

The Indian Territory is a veritable paradise for white people, and it is expected that thousands will settle there when given an opportunity.

It is composed of the reservations of the five tribes—Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Seminoles.

The total area of the Territory is about 32,000 square miles.

The greater portion of the land is fit for farming purposes, although thousands of acres of fine farming land is now being used for grazing purposes because white men cannot get satisfactory terms for renting the same, and the crops are supposed to belong to the Indian, thereby giving the white renter no absolute assurance that his summer's work will yield him anything.

Of course there are a great many thousands of acres of land planted in cotton, wheat, corn and oats.

Wheat is shipped out by the million bushels, and at one little station of only three hundred people over six million bushels of wheat have been shipped every year for the last five years.

Some of the squaw men have large pastures and ship large quantities of baled hay.

I know of several squaw men who have become wealthy by having the hay on their fenced domain cut twice each year and carefully attended to.

The land is well watered and droughts are unknown.

The general elevation of the country is 1,000 feet.

There are about twenty million acres

of land in the Territory and nearly all of it is of value.

In the Choctaw Nation there are many productive coal-mines.

The last few years the mines near South McAlester have proven to be the best in the West.

The Territory is exceedingly well adapted for fine stock raising, being clothed in an abundant coat of grass and checkered with many clear streams.

Heretofore cattle-raising has been the leading industry in the Indian country, stock-raisers from Texas and elsewhere renting the land for a small sum per acre.

But lately, white farmers have ventured in, and it is more profitable to the Indian to rent his land for farming; he has gradually done away with the big ranches.

The streams abound in fish, and game is plentiful in the forests.

There is a law against hunting in the Nation and shipping the game outside of it.

The work of reconstructing the Territory is being pushed rapidly, and the Commission expects to have all of the Indians enrolled very soon, and the allotments made by January, 1902.

This is indeed quick work when one understands all of the labor connected with it.

The Commission is now at the work of enrolling the Indians.

This is really the first active work that has been carried on toward the dissolution; all work prior to this has consisted merely in having talks with the Indian officials and endeavoring to get them to consent to final enrollment.

About three hundred men are employed in taking the final roll of the Indians.

They go from place to place, and the Indians come to their camp and there give their testimony which determines whether they are entitled to become citizens.

It is estimated that it will cost the United States nearly \$5 per head to enroll and allot to every Indian his land.

The requirements to get on the citizenship roll of any of the Nations are many.

In the first place one must either have Indian blood in his veins or be closely related by marriage to some Indian by blood.

Those white people who have married Indians are entitled to the same rights as the full blooded Indian.

The freedmen, or the descendants of the slaves of the Indians, are also entitled to head rights.

About two per cent of those who apply for citizenship are rejected.

It is a common thing for negroes to come to the Territory from other States and try to get on the freedmen roll.

Many succeed in passing the Indian officials, but few get past the United States Commission unless they are entitled to enrollment.

The scenes about the enrollment places are unique.

The Commission holds its sessions in a huge tent.

The Indian who desires to enroll must answer a long list of questions about his relatives, what prior rolls he has appeared upon, how long he has resided in the Territory, and finally make affidavit to everything he has said.

A perjurer is deprived of any rights he may really have.

About fifty Indians are passed over by each enrollment party daily.

There is an enrollment party in each Nation, besides the large corps of survey-

(Continued on fourth page.)

THE RED MAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN

The Mechanical Work on this Paper is Done by Indian Apprentices.

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Address all Correspondence: Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing, Carlisle, Pa.

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

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

The Haskell Leader, Kansas, is out this week with a half sheet.

The Mount Pleasant Indian School held its closing exercises on the 21st.

The Native American, Phoenix, Arizona, has closed down for the summer months.

Miss Daisy Dixon will teach Latin in the Hiawatha, Kansas, High School next year.—[Haskell Leader.

The closing exercises of the Lac du Flambeau Indian Boarding School occurred on Wednesday. The program looks inviting, and we would like to be there.

Miss Nancy Wheelock, of the Worcester City Hospital, Mass., writes that she is getting along very well. Every one she comes in contact with seems very nice to her. She is on night duty.

Chemawa's invitations for Commencement have been received. They bear green covers and are printed in gilt, and from the wording of the program we judge they will have an interesting time.

Neatly printed invitations and programs for the Flandreau Indian School Commencement Exercises have been received. The programs have parchment covers with 1901 cut in, and green ribbon showing through the open ornamental figures. They are tied with pink floss, giving a very pretty effect. June 26th is the day set.

Among other good letters this week relative to our paper this one comes from Saxon, Alaska:

"I greatly appreciate the REDMAN & HELPER. It is a splendid publication for young and old. Readers should support the paper, for it is worth twice the price you ask. I hope your circulation will increase until you have readers in every part of the world."

This is the last number of Volume XVI of the RED MAN AND HELPER. Now is a good time to begin taking the paper—at the beginning of the new volume. Our next issue will be Volume XVII, No. 1. The subscription list has run down to about five thousand as against 10,000 of the little Helper, but having received a number of kind words recently regarding the "good things" that appear from time to time in our columns, we hope to increase the circulation during the coming year.

There it is again! To get a big crowd at Pipestone City, Southwestern Minnesota, on the Fourth of July, the first four-hundred braves of the great Dakota Indians are advertised to be there, arrayed in the "splendor of barbaric fashion." They are to dance wild dances, have a barbecue and big feast and are to show off themselves bedecked in paint, feathers, beads and porcupine ornaments. The facts are, that only the more-than-half-white-semi-educated-washed-out Indians are the ones who make up the bulk of such a party of pretend-to-be wild parad-ers. But it is fun, and the people like to be gulled.

IT DOES WORK.

"The idea that the educated Indian should not return to his people, but should go out among white men, compete with white men, and thus finally be absorbed, may be correct in theory but it does not work," says the Northern Light.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to ask the writer of the above statement if he has ever seen the process faithfully tried. If as much thought and courage were displayed in bringing about this desirable end as there are in the methods to encourage students back to their homes, the truth of the outing theory would soon manifest itself.

"A few years' education" continues the Northern Light "does not eradicate love for home, an instinct which the Indian has even more developed than the white man"

Why should we continually harp on the theory that education for the Indian eradicates love for home, any more than we should expect education to eradicate love for home from the white youth? Because one loves home is no reason why he should always remain at home. Had every man remained at home, from his babyhood up, who would have discovered America? and where would the missionaries be? We wonder if the writer of these statements is now at his native home? And because he has found a field of work away from his native home—away from father and mother, has it lessened his love for home and parents?

ULYSSES FERRIS AT MANILA.

Last week a letter from Joseph Gouge told of a very pleasant surprise in meeting Ulysses in Manila.

This week we have letters from Ulysses himself from which we will take interesting extracts:

"My dear school father," he begins to Colonel Pratt. "Being on old guard today and work all done I had nothing to do but to go to my trunk and take out my REDMAN & HELPER, and peruse the back numbers of that valuable paper.

A wise choice it was in selecting the name Helper, for a helper it certainly is, in passing the weary moments of a soldier's time here in the jungles of Luzon.

As I was reading those numbers my thoughts drifted away far over the sea to the place where 'life and its value' was first brought to my full realization, and the place where I first got an insight into this great living world of ours.

Truly, Carlisle Indian school is to the red man of the forest a light upon the hill that guides him in the path of righteousness, onward and upward to civilization and liberty.

When I last wrote to you I addressed you as Major.

But in reading over the HELPER I meet a new man, a Colonel, a stranger to me in uniform, but when I turned to his picture in the Commencement Number, I found a friend.

It was at Carlisle that I cast my Indian uniform to the four winds, and donned the Blue, the uniform of the Republic, and went forth as an American to protect and defend the folds of the Starry Banner which was then shown so much disrespect here in the Philippines.

But to-day the Stars and Stripes wave in triumph over the Filipino and his home

* * * * *
When Dewey sank the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and sent many lives to the bottom of the sea he was suddenly brought before the public and almost worshipped by the whole world, and his countrymen conferred upon him the highest rank in his branch of the service, and even strewed flowers in his pathway.

A man who has penetrated the wilderness of the western hemisphere and

brought forth a people, a race, submerged in the very depths of ignorance and placed them upon the field of liberty, giving them an equal chance to run in the race of civilization, instead of driving them further into the wilderness and corralling them like animals on reservations as whites want to do; the man who has freed the only genuine Americans from ignorance and savagery and converted them into American citizens; the man who has accomplished such a noble work is certainly equal to that one who sank the greatest fleet afloat on the waters, or to the man who won the greatest battle on land.

May the students of Carlisle awaken from their slumbers and take upon themselves the questions of their race.

Now is the time, begin at once and work together so that you may be able to walk out into the world prepared to fight the battles of life like true American citizens worthy to be under the protecting folds of the Starry Banner which so many of your schoolmates have gone out to defend."

The above letter was dated May 10th. In one to Mrs Cook, dated a few days earlier, he says:

"We have been on the move more or less all the time since last February.

The Volunteers being sent home, the Regulars must garrison the whole archipelago, and so we are divided up into small detachments from 15 to 30 men in a place.

The U. S. Gunboat landed men at Ragay and the natives opened fire on them as they came into town, so the gunboat shelled the town and left it in ruins.

It was a surprise to the natives that a gunboat five or six miles away could lay their homes in ruin. Ragay is an inland town and they thought it perfectly safe from the gunboat which was out in the bay.

We live on the coast, and I have often gone down on the beach which is of coral formation and gathered many beautiful specimens of coral, which I would so much like to send to Carlisle.

There are acres and acres of it here, and is such a grand sight to look upon.

Many kinds of beautiful fish can be seen swimming in around the coral.

The bay is full of man-eating sharks and a strange fish called Stingarees. They are circular in shape, flat and about two or three feet wide.

They have a little sword-like blade which they use for stabbing purposes.

LeRoy Button seems to be enjoying himself on Negros Island.

Samuel Barker and Hugh Leider were well the last I heard of them."

MARK PENOI IN MAINE.

Mark Penoi, class '96, has gone to spend the summer with a family in Maine. In his letter telling of his experiences on the way we find these words:

"From New York we took the steamer Puritan, of the Fall River line.

When I first stepped aboard, I was much astonished, it being my first experience. I thought I was in some magnificent palace.

We went under the famous Brooklyn Bridge and steamed up Long Island Sound.

I stayed on deck till dark. At eight o'clock I took supper and then explored the interior of the vessel.

I was assigned a very nice and comfortable berth, and soon went to sleep.

At five o'clock in the morning we took the train for Boston, and from there went by train to Portland.

In Boston we went through the busiest part of the city by trolley. It seems to me the streets were narrow, having so many outs and ins.

From Portland we took a small steamer going to Orr Island in Portland Harbor. We went from one island to another, landing from right to left. Every time we landed the weather beaten islanders would come to the landing to greet friends.

The people who have homes on these islands are rather rough in appearance owing to being exposed to so much weather.

Their chief business is fishing. They are out early in the morning and

remain till night, and have to go miles from shore.

Sometimes they stay out all night, and sometimes they remain out six weeks at a time in all kinds of weather.

Their earnings are 75 cents to \$1.50 a hundred. It depends upon the different kinds of fish.

Our cottage stands on a high hill facing the ocean and there is a very beautiful woods back of it.

The summer season is now fully opened although it is still very cold for this time of year.

A fire in the fire-place is necessary in the mornings and evenings.

Many fruit trees are only in blossom.

The summer cottagers are now fast coming like birds from the south.

The people up here have Boston baked beans every Saturday or Sunday.

We are 22 miles east of Portland.

Four boats run back and forth from here to that city."

Athletics.

The baseball season is over, and although the Indians have not defeated any of the large colleges they have won from nearly all the minor colleges, and made a good showing in the games with such teams as Yale, Brown and Cornell; and on the whole the season has been one of advancement.

The schedule of games was much harder than ever before, and the Indians, although an unknown quantity in baseball, have drawn good crowds wherever they have played, and have always had a good share of the crowd with them, as shown by the cheering.

We will lose some of our good players, but there is material in the school from which good players can be developed by indoor practice in the cage next winter, and we should have a stronger team than ever next year.

Football.

The familiar sound caused by the foot coming into contact with a football is beginning to be heard around the campus, and now that the baseball season is over the thoughts of the ambitious athletes are turning toward the greatest of college games.

Our football prospects for next season are somewhat of an unknown quantity, and it will be hard to tell what kind of a team we will have until the candidates for the team appear upon the field next September.

Quite a number of last year's team have left school, and it will be hard to find men of weight to fill the places of some of the big fellows that are gone, but it may turn out that smaller men who are ambitious and willing to work hard, will prove of greater value to the team than some of the big fellows who will be missing, and who had to some extent lost interest in the game.

At any rate, there will be an excellent chance for plucky and willing players to get a place on the team this Fall, as there will be so many vacant places to fill.

The team will be light in weight, lighter than ever before, but we will have to make up for that by fast and fierce playing.

The players will have the best football clothes and armor to protect them, a good training table and every advantage that any college team has, and if we don't have a better team than ever before, it will not be because of lack of effort.

The schedule arrangement is a good one and includes games with Harvard at Cambridge, Pennsylvania University at Philadelphia, Michigan at Detroit and Cornell at the Pan-American Exposition.

The final game will be with Columbia at New York the same as for the last two seasons.

The completed schedule is as follows:

Sept. 21	Lebanon Valley College, here.
" 28	Gallaudet College, here.
Oct. 2	Gettysburg, here.
" 5	Dickinson, on their field.
" 12	Bucknell, at Williamsport.
" 16	Haverford College, here.
" 19	Cornell, in the Stadium at Buffalo.
" 26	Harvard at Cambridge.
Nov. 2	University of Michigan, at Detroit.
" 9	Annapolis Naval Academy, at Annapolis.
" 16	University of Pennsylvania, at Phila.
" 28	Columbia, at New York.

Man-on-the-band-stand's Corner.

Shade trees are in demand.

Mrs. Warner has gone to Buffalo

Have you heard Miss Quito sing?

The days have already begun to grow shorter.

Miss Nana Pratt arrives from Brooklyn to-night.

Mosquitoes have "bills" to burn, so say we all of us.

The large walnut and other trees have received a trimming.

Mrs. Lininger of the sewing Department is taking her annual leave.

Mrs. Cook is attending the Bloomsburg Normal Commencement this week.

Miss Richenda Pratt made a business trip to the city of Brotherly Love to-day.

The nest of wood-peckers in the tree in front of the dining-hall is watched with interest.

Miss Cynthia Webster, '96, writes that she is enjoying her work at Lac du Flambeau, Wis

Wallace Denny has gone to his Oneida home for a vacation, and will be back in the Fall.

If it is a change of climate you need, stay right here, for where else do you find a greater variety?

Miss Jones and Mr. D. Miller do some great team work on the croquet ground, and they are hard to beat.

Miss Steele, Librarian, has been suffering with sprained ankles, but is around again, having quite recovered.

Some people's flesh is too, too solid for this kind of weather. The Man-on-the-band-stand is glad he is not stout.

Edward Rogers, '96, Carlisle, and 1903 of the Dickinson College Law School has gone to his home in Minnesota for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell have returned from Northern New York, where they have been spending their annual leave among friends and relatives.

Miss Sara Pierre, of the Hospital force left for her home, Wednesday evening. She will spend six weeks on the Pacific coast, Siletz, Oregon.

Miss Isabella Hipple was a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt yesterday, stopping off on her way from Green Castle, to her home at Lock Haven.

Miss Jackson has returned from Clifton Springs, looking rested and well. She starts soon on her summer round among her girls in country homes.

The darning class is now the largest in the sewing department. Miss Harne having the little Porto Ricans and the new Cherokee girls.

Florence Welch left for her Wisconsin home, yesterday. Florence is one of our good girls, and we hope she will go through a higher course of study.

Some of the printers are working outside half days to get tan and brawn and muscle. They do not deem cutting weeds the worst work in the world.

Very pretty invitations to attend the Commencement Exercises of the Lansdown High School have been received from Lydia Gardner, class '99, Carlisle.

Professor Appenzeller, formerly of the Dickinson College Preparatory, now representing Cortlandt Babcock & Co., New York City, was one of the visitors on Wednesday.

Maria Castro, of Porto Rico, is doing some beautiful drawn-work on a handkerchief, which attracts the admiration of all who see her plying the needle on the beautiful piece.

An Historical Catalogue of the School is in process of compiling. It will contain a number of Miss Johnston's late pictures, never before printed, and when done will be the most complete record ever turned out. Professor Bakeless, Miss Burgess, Miss Cutter, Miss Forster and Mrs. Cook, Recorder, form the committee at work on the book.

Printers Joe Brown Frank Jude and James Miller have gone home for the summer.

The invitations which came from Bloomsburg Normal through Simon Palmer, were beautifully engraved in latest Roman letters.

Are you going home? Then run in and pay for the REDMAN & HELPER for a year, so it will follow you, and you may keep up with the news at Carlisle.

A number of promises have been made to write to the RED MAN & HELPER and we hope to get interesting stories from various quarters where leaves of absence are being spent.

LeRoy Kennedy, class '96, and Peter Sundown, both of New York Agency have come to us, the former as a clarinetist and the other a piccolo player in the Band, for a few weeks.

Since so many of the country girls have gone out for the summer, Miss Zeamer and her mending class have a little less work. They still have plenty to do, but are not in a continual rush during the hot weather.

It was a foul, and Mr. Peter Stuart, the well-known High Street Plumber, caught it on the fly. He was seated on the bleachers; time and scene last Friday's game. Good catch, and probably saved his neighbor's life.

The article "How a Lazy Boy Was Cured," last page, was printed in brief some time ago in our columns, but this week's picture has a fuller setting and the story is more impressive. It was a good cure, and one all would approve of.

Assistant-Disciplinarian Haldy has severed his connection with our school, and came around on Tuesday, giving his good-byes. In the Fall he takes a position in the Conference Academy, Dover, as Professor of English and History.

Baby Stevick's name is Gerald, and it is "nip and tuck" with him and Alexander Pratt, the baby visitor from Steelton, as to who shall claim the most attention. Neither are old enough yet to be spoiled by remarks upon their handsome looks.

Mary Morris came in and subscribed for two years, before she left for her home in Michigan. She has been to Carlisle for six years, and goes back rich in experiences that lead to noble womanhood. Her sister Josephine, another good girl, accompanies her.

Some little white boys think they cannot do any work, but our smallest boys have something to do. A company of small boys in the clothing room attracted the interest of ye reporter. They were sorting a pile of clothing to see which articles needed mending.

The Band gave a fine concert Friday evening. The selections probably most enjoyed by all were Fantasia from "Bohemian Girl" and the Symposia Waltz. Assistant Conductor Wheelock led in a number of pieces with good effect before the regular program. Mr. Shongo's solo was well received, and he was obliged to respond with an encore.

Miss Miles has been taking a rest of a few days in Carlisle, while stopping with Misses Clara and Mary Anthony on North College street. SHE does not have to go miles for a change, for she always has Miles with her. She could not have found a more cozy, restful home, however, had she gone leagues.

Mr. Jonas Ely and daughter, Mrs. William Martindell, of Newtown, are guests of Miss Ely. Mr. Ely is in attendance as a delegate upon the Prohibition Convention held in Harrisburg. It will be remembered that he is one of the twin brothers who visited their sister two years ago to celebrate their seventieth birthday.

The laundry is one of the busiest, (if the hottest) places, on the grounds. The small boys keep as busy as bees, cutting soap, and doing other and more important work. But if you should feel a little warm some day, go and work for a half-hour in the laundry, and when you come out you will feel that the hottest of weather outside is cool.

Margarite Johnnie John thinks that she has a very nice country home at Moorestown, N. J. She likes the RED MAN & HELPER. She says "I never realized before how much good one derives from reading."

Arthur Pratt, class '01, left for Crow Creek, South Dakota, on Monday. He has made a good record at our school as student, printer and pitcher. We are glad he does not feel so certain of his right arm as to make him have professional notions. Arthur has the making of a useful and trustworthy citizen, and his Carlisle friends wish him well.

Simon Palmer, 1901, who graduates at Bloomsburg Normal this week, has had the honor of being President of the Webster Literary Society. John Miller, ex-Carlisle student, is Registrar of the Callerlian Debating Society. Both young men have been members of the Bloomsburg football team; and so Carlisle sends forth her sons, to stand shoulder to shoulder with their white brothers.

Miss Hill has returned from her vacation trip to Kansas, and says she enjoyed every moment of the time, but did not fall in love with the Kansas winds. She has given interesting descriptions of her visit to Haskell. They have fine buildings and a full school. She met a number of old friends there, and brought greetings from them to their friends at Carlisle.

Miss Barr returned on Sunday evening from Anadarko, Oklahoma, very much pleased with the trip. She saw Mr. and Mrs. Ottó Wells, both ex-Carlisle, doing exceedingly well. They have a nice house fixed up very cozily and up to date. Their little children, Mattie and Albert, will soon be ready to come to Carlisle. In Chicago she saw Dr. Montezuma, full of life.

John Miller came down with the Bloomsburg boys on Friday to visit schoolmates and friends, all of whom enjoyed his cheerful presence for a few days. John has greatly improved in every way since his sojourn at the Normal. He likes the school, his new friends and the work, which he finds out of school hours, at which he labors to get means to defray expenses.

Mrs. Ettinger favored the gathered assembly for prayer meeting on Sunday evening with "The New Kingdom," by Tours. Classical songs from this finely trained and sweet-voiced singer is one of the promised pleasure for the stay-at-homes during July. When the Band takes its departure for the Pan-American. Conductor Ettinger will carry off his bride with him.

Last Sunday service was made very interesting by special music. Miss Senseney played as a prelude, Mendelsohn's Song Without Words, and Mrs. Ettinger sang in rare voice and expression Greely's "Come to the Land of Rest," while the choir rendered Nevin's "O come to My Dear Jesus." The subject of the sermon by Rev. Diffenderfer was "Watchman, What of the Night?"

Frank Beaver, '01, has gone to Winnebago Agency, his home. The debating society, the tailoring department, the athletics and base and football teams lose a sturdy worker and efficient stand-by. His ambition to be the best in whatever he undertakes should lead him into usefulness and prominence wherever he goes. May he carry to completion his most lofty aspirations, is the wish of the Man-on-the-band-stand.

We understand a party of footballers went out to practice with the team who made their boasts in our columns last week that they were ready to meet any who desired to play, but the published team did not put in an appearance. From the "drowned-rat" look of the boys who came from the field soon after sun-set, we should judge they had met somebody who gave them vigorous enough exercise for warm weather.

Inquiry has been made by a Virginia subscriber regarding the answer to the Enigma in Number 48. In No. 49 the answer was given "Pollywogs." It should have been "Black Pollywogs."

It required nine horses, two mules and a lot of boys to move the big ten-ton condemned boiler to the siding for shipment. Herman Niles, Henry Shinbone, Monroe Coulon and Johnson Bradley were the boys who helped Mr. Weber, and the intelligence with which they handled the lifting-jacks, and manipulated the sliding of the great weight onto the wagon was refreshing to see. The boiler goes to the maker in Harrisburg, having been replaced in our boiler house by a larger one last Fall.

Since last issue, our team won a game of ball from Bucknell at Lewisburg—score 11 to 7; was shut out by the strong Bloomsburg team at Bloomsburg—score 6-0; won a game here from the same team; and was defeated by the Country Club, Harrisburg, 6-4. The Bloomsburg team is one of the strongest school teams on the diamond this year. They played 18 games with teams of best reputation for good playing and won every game but two. Our boys defeated them once and Bucknell, once. They have a left-hand pitcher who is hard to hit.

James Johnson, class 1901, captain of the baseball team and quarterback of last year's foot ball team, has gone to his home in Gresham, Wisconsin. He intends working in Chicago during the summer, and may return to us in the Fall. James is one of the few who can indulge in and stand at the head of school sports, and not let it interfere to any great extent with his duties in more important lines. Always modest, always a gentleman, faithful as the day is long and trustworthy in every particular. We have never heard a single word derogatory to his character, and predict for him a useful and prosperous future.

We believe the most exciting game of the season was the one played with Bloomsburg Normal on our grounds last Friday. They had shut us out the day before at Bloomsburg, and our boys went into the contest with a full determination to win. We rooted to some purpose until one of their men trespassed on ground over the line a few inches, to "rattle" our pitcher. Having opened the way, our boys, principally the band, took the same privilege, and such attempts at "rattling" were rarely ever witnessed. The visitors took the joke good naturedly, but they surely did not go home thinking that Indian boys are always stolid and un-demonstrative. We do get waked up once in awhile.

OUR VACATIONERS.

Miss Wood has gone to Cheshire, Mass., and will soon proceed to Trenton, New York, to spend a part of her leave with her mother.

Miss Carter will luxuriate among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, during most of July and August.

Miss Moore has gone to Kansas, to be near parents and friends while taking a summer course in music at Lawrence.

Miss Newcomer will attend summer school in New York City in connection with Columbia University.

Miss Smith has gone to Erie by the way of Pittsburg, and will be near to Buffalo.

Miss McArthur is spending her leave at Buffalo.

Miss Roberts has gone to Slatington, and will attend the Columbia University Summer school with Miss Newcomer.

Miss Robbins is at her home at Robbins Station this State.

Miss Dutton is with friends in Michigan.

Others leave in a few days.

Open Air Band Concert Program, This Evening Friday 28th.

1. Overture—"Summer Night's Dream"—Suppe.
2. Waltz—"La Reine De La Mer"—Souza.
3. Selection from "Freischuetz"—Weber.
4. Idylle—"Evening Bells"—Eilenberg.
5. Popular Medley—"Before the Footlights"—Bendix.

(Continued from first page.)

ors and land appraisers, who are making maps so that the Indians may take their allotments as soon as they have proven their citizenship and the United States land office is opened in their Nation.

Land offices have been open in the Creek, Seminole, and Cherokee Nations.

All of the Seminoles have taken their allotments and are now waiting for the Government to make them a deed in fee simple.

About ten thousand Creeks have made their selections.

When an Indian has received his certificate of selection from the land office department, he may rest assured that he will get a deed to the track of land described therein.

Many of the certificates of selections are being sold like bills of sale to the land, so anxious are the Indians to get rid of their land.

When all of the allotments are made, then the United States will have to pay them their trust fund and allow them to do as they please with the money and their land.

The United States has already spent \$882,000 in negotiating with these Indians, and it is expected that one million dollars will be expended before the country is made inhabitable for white people.

There are now about eighty thousand Indians living there who have a head right, and only one-third of these are full-bloods.

The others are half-breeds and squaw men.

PART OF THE INDIAN EXHIBIT AT THE PAN AMERICAN.

A correspondent to the Record of the Catholic Benevolent Legion gives this description of the exhibit installed by Miss Alice Fletcher, whom we at Carlisle know very well. The writer says that the exhibit shows both her knowledge of the subject and her artistic appreciation of Indian character.

At the entrance to the exhibit is a case full of Indian relics which antedate the discovery of America.

To the initiated these are full of meaning. Then the evolution of the Indian under the influences of civilization is told in the systematic installation until the final group, enclosed in beautiful grill work, shows the educated Indian to be artist, poet, scholar and author.

This represents a modern sitting room, mainly designed by Angel de Cora, an Indian girl who graduated from the Institute at Hampton, Virginia, and is now studying art, her chosen profession, in Boston. The fireplace is a poem in wood.

A conventionalized eagle—The Thunder Bird of the Indian—in dark wood is inlaid on the light panel which supports the mantel shelf. It is placed here because the Thunder Bird is also a type of the Sun, the source of all heat and fire.

Around the entire mantel is a wood-carved scroll made up of the sacred fire sticks with which the Indian produced fire by friction.

In the topmost panel is an oil painting representing a fiery sunset on the prairie.

In the left of the picture is a group of Indian tents through which the glow of the evening fires shine.

On a knoll near the centre are an Indian maiden and an Indian brave grouped so as to indicate the formation of another hearthstone in the near future.

In this room are articles of furniture, hand-carved and inlaid with onyx. This dainty apartment is hung with beautiful portieres woven by the Navaho Indians.

Near the entrance, is a column of different colored woods arranged so as to look from a distance like a costly mosaic.

The pedestal has four faces, on which are inlaid mythological designs and symbols of Indian allegories much older than the advent of the pale face to this hemisphere, which cannot be interpreted by Miss Fletcher or any other expert in the history or religion of the American Indian.

The capital is as ornate as that of a Cor-

inthian column and reproduces four heads of Moqui Indian maidens, clusters of oak leaves and acorns, etc.

On top of this column is an ancient urn of classic shape, which suggests those seen at Pompeii and the Museums of Greece.

Around the bottom of this pedestal is a reproduction of the well-known Greek border. A suggestion of this border occurs on many of the more ancient water jugs, plaques, etc.

The exhibition is in charge of the Indian author, Francis La Flesche.

THE SAME CURIOUS PEOPLE IN CANADA AS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Fair Play writes for the Indian Advocate, published at White Fish Lake, Alta., regarding Indians being hired to make a show of themselves as Indians. It appears they celebrate in that country what is called Dominion Day, and, as at our Fourth of July celebrations and World's Fairs, people gather to be entertained. The point of view taken by Fair Play fits the present conditions at Buffalo, where there is a farcical attempt to display the wild Indian in native natural pastimes:

Fair Play says:

DEAR EDITOR:

I was grieved to see by the Edmonton papers that there is to be a disgraceful repetition of last year's performances by Indians who have been invited from the different reserves.

I heard many of the best citizens of Edmonton express their disapproval of the action of the sports committee in bringing the natives in to make sport for them.

What can be the object of those who invite these people to come and pay them to come?

The spectacle is not edifying nor even interesting.

It is not a true type of the natural Indian that is seen, either in dress or conduct.

It has a degrading effect on the Indian himself.

He is not invited in to take an equal standing with whites in games requiring agility or physical strength.

If there be a wish to help to civilize and educate the Indians, why not give a general invitation (without the offer of a bribe) to take part in the different contests?

Why not treat them as fellow men?

Let the men of Edmonton show their manhood, by reaching out and helping, even in the matter of holiday amusements, to benefit them who need to be led aright.

No doubt the appearance of Indians taking part in games, races etc., would add great interest to the day's entertainment, but why place them at such disadvantage?

To receive an invitation and then to be handed a few dollars with the intention that they might go off some place and have a feed, would be considered by self-respecting whites, treated thus, a proof of very low breeding on the part of the host.

It is simply, in the case of Indians, taking advantage of their ignorance in the matter of the etiquette of civilization.

Is it doing as we would be done by?

It certainly does not savor of the right-minded people of Edmonton.

True manhood seeks to elevate society. Are not the Indians part of Canada's society?

We have their country by means of treaties. Have we no responsible relation to them?

This desire of white men to get them into town is not meant to help them in any way.

There is nothing to be gained by the invited ones.

They will be that much worse for the spending of their days and nights in dissipation, and those who view their conduct and know how much of their time and money are spent will not feel that they have profited by the sight.

I can fancy the Indians themselves talking the matter over and wondering

why the white man with his advantages of education, travel, civilization and Christianizing influences, has to apply to them for entertainment and is willing to pay for the same.

Some can see no good in the Indian.

Educate him as you will, he goes back to his old ways.

Too often this is the case; but sadder still is the fact that white men, who have been raised in Christian homes, have gone back and got low.

Then why condemn Indians?

Why make them objects of ridicule for crowds of people?

We hope that all who have had any part in this unwise element of sport will be so heartily ashamed of it that they will desire improved methods in the way of entertainment another year.

HOW A LAZY BOY WAS CURED.

Some of our boys and girls think they would be supremely happy if they had nothing to do. A story is given in the Pittsburg Observer telling how one such boy was cured of the want-to-do-nothing disease, and it is interesting to all whether we be lazy or not:

The story relates to the boyhood of the distinguished Berryer.

In his boyhood days Berryer was terribly lazy.

His teachers had the greatest difficulty in getting any work out of him, and he utterly refused to exercise his memory, which in latter days was to prove so retentive.

He rebelled against essays, would not study his lessons in grammar, and declined to bow his head beneath the yoke of versification.

His teacher at length gave him up in despair.

They went to the Father Superior of the college and told him that the boy would do nothing, and that nothing could be done with him.

The superior, who was a man of sense, thought otherwise. He sent for Berryer to come to his study, and said to him:

"My dear boy, work seems to bore you, and you appear to think that happiness consists in doing nothing. That being so, you may come and sit in my study and watch me work; it will not bore you, and you shall have nothing to do. But, understand, it must be literally nothing."

The boy was enchanted.

He immediately ensconced himself in a corner of the room, whilst the Oratorian Father paid no more attention to him than if he had been a piece of furniture.

The first hour passed pleasantly enough. The school boy revelled luxuriously in childish day-dreams, and from time to time remembered his classmates, and congratulated himself inwardly that he had no words to look up in the dictionary, no lessons to learn by heart.

Another half hour passed by.

Then the pleasures of idleness began to pall.

He stretched out his arm to pick up a book; the Oratorian looked up at once.

"My child," he said, "you are forgetting our agreement; you are to do nothing whatever; reading is doing something; so take advantage of the permission I have given you, and do nothing at all."

The boy was beginning to discover that complete idleness is tiresome.

So he ventured on a few remarks, but the Father did not answer.

At last, when the priest had reached the bottom of the page on which he was writing, he said:

"My dear boy, everyone has his own fates. You are fond of being idle; I am fond of work. I do not trouble you in your idleness, and I must beg you not to disturb me in my occupations."

At the end of three hours the Oratorian left his desk and went out into the garden to say his office under the shade of the trees.

"That's all right," said Berryer to himself, "now I shall be able to amuse myself."

So he, too, went out, prepared to run

off and join his companions at their games. But the Father Superior laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"My child," he said, "you are again forgetting our bargain. Playing is doing something; remain beside me, and we will go up and down this avenue; but, if you prefer it, you may go and sit down on that bench."

Slowly and reluctantly the boy sat down. He looked at his companions playing and envied them. He shuddered at the thought of going back to the room to do nothing.

Berryer had never imagined he could be so delighted to get back to his work, as he was when he had at length persuaded the Superior to let him return to his place in class.

Nor was the lesson soon forgotten.

HOW TO GET A SITUATION.

The expert workman rarely ever goes begging for something to do that pays well. People do not hesitate long over color or race if the applicant knows how to do what he claims to know.

The case of a colored man getting work is at hand and is an experience that might fit any one. The story runs thus:

At one time the owners of a certain creamery were in need of a new superintendent, and Tuskegee had just graduated a man perfectly fitted for the place. Still he was as black as black could be, and it was with some doubt that he made application.

"A colored man?" said the owners of the creamery, "Oh, that would never do!"

The applicant replied politely that he had not come to talk about color, except perhaps, the color of butter. He dropped into the details of dairy work, and finally something in his speech was particularly significant.

"Well," they concluded, "you might stay for a two weeks' trial, but there's no possibility of our hiring a colored man permanently."

The first week's make of butter was shipped, and when the returns came back it was found that it had sold at an advance of two cents a pound over any price the creamery had previously been able to obtain.

"This is very singular," said the owners. So they waited for next week's return.

Then it was found that the butter had advanced still another cent, three cents more than the creamery's best record.

The new man's methods had produced this effect, and he was at once engaged as superintendent. The color question sank into oblivion.

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

Take all my letters and I make what the CORN just now likes better than the Man-on-the-band-stand likes it.

My 7, 9, 6 is an iced beverage much drank by our people.

My 8, 2, 3 the sun is.

My 1, 5, 4 is to cut.

My 4, 6, 10 soldiers go to.

Now guess my all!

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Strawberry parties.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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