

The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1901.

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

FOURTH OF JULY.

YES, boys, it is well to remember
The day of America's pride,
When Congress, by grave declaration,
The rule of proud England denied.

Let singing and fervid oration,
And bells ringing merry and clear,
And waving of Star Spangled Banner
Usher in this glad day of the year.

The thunder of guns at the fortress,
With the drums and the bugles should tell,
The ardor and joy of a people
Who love their free country so well.

But remember the just and the fearless,
The wise and the honest and true,
Who shall keep in its freed m the Union
Must surely in time, boys, be you.

You will hold then the power to rescue
Our broad and our beautiful land,
From vices that deal worse disaster
Than ever did tyranny's hand

Let the youth of the nation be loyal
To principles precious as gold;
Let them be independent of follies,
More cruel than despots of old.

The lad who fights down in his nature
All idleness, weakness and sin,
Shall deserve in his manhood the honors
The great and illustrious win.

The standard of firm independence,
That judgment and virtue will fix
Can alone make the men of the future
True as heroes of Seventy-Six.

CARRIE C. DAY.

The Day We Celebrate.

-0-

There is one day of the year that patriotic citizens of the United States carry closer to their hearts than any other.

That day is the Fourth of July.

There are some who look forward each year to the day merely as a holiday, a little rest from routine work, but the thoughtful men, women and students of our land who like to think, look back over history each Fourth and remember how this nation began—how it was born.

It was on the Fourth day of July in 1776 that the Declaration of Independence was signed.

From "Colonial Philadelphia" published in an old Demorest's Magazine we get an amusing picture of this solemn event.

For days the members of Congress had differed over the terms of Declaration.

As the hot summer weeks progressed windows were opened, much to the delight of the mosquitoes and flies of a neighboring stable.

The stockinged calves of congressional legs were assailed daily by the diminutive combatants, until at last the persistency of the most stubborn member was worn out on the fourth day of July.

Now that the struggle was over the members became hilarious in their good nature.

John Hancock dashed down his great signature in such shape "that George the Third might read it without his spectacles."

"Now we must hang together," it was remarked.

"Yes" said Franklin, "or we shall hang separately."

The adoption of that Declaration planted this great republic.

We took root as a nation and grew.

We have survived many struggles and stand to-day in most respects the leading nation of the earth.

Patriotism we love to cultivate!

We love our flag, our country.

Those men of '76, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had patriotism strong in every fibre of their being.

The Fourth of July is a great educator, and the Man-on-the-band-stand wonders how many of his Indian students thought on these things yesterday, above the noise of horn and fire-crackers.

FOR THE REDMAN & HELPER] THE RAMBLER SEES THE LATE MORNING HOURS.

We will not leave the balmy morning air, the sunshine and the birds.

We will not work this day. We'll stay and study nature's varying moods. We'll see her children at work and play during these morning hours, as our mysterious little life-crafts, meet and pass, and "hail each other in passing."

The bandstand is graceful in outline; it is pleasing in color. It enhances the landscape; it is central. The spirit of sweet music hovers there, though lost, these shadowy ripples of sound, to mortal ear Memory hears them.

So here, unseen, we'll sit, the day, and dream and think, and see our fellows live and work. There is none to say me nay.

What a racket in the dining-room!

The children are coming out—the same dignified companies that crossed in martial array, one short half-hour ago! The same, yet not the same!

These are now ordinary boys and girls with voices and individuality and fun; with the restraints of discipline relaxed.

Half suppressed shouts and laughter and merriment prevail. "The small boys' hurried broken steps suggest an eagerness to be done with morning chores, and off to fun and frolic before set tasks claim their time.

Life is all before them. Let them play!

The girls are hurried and excited for a brief carnival of merry maidenhood, ere their duties of the day begin.

But the large boys, with the weight of a world on their shoulders, the fair athletic fame of the great industrial school, forget not a moment to bring out in rhythmic beat as they step, the school refrain:

Hello! Hellee! Who are we?
Hello! Hellee! Who are we?
Hello! Hellee! Who are we?
Indians, Carlisle!

And they ARE Indians. New ones in the process of remaking.

What bustle in quarters!

Housekeeping time!

Sunshine, the enemy to lurking germs, is invited to help.

Bedding, boys and girls, indiscriminately in motley array, line the railing of the long piazzas—a wholesome sight to see!

His majesty, the Sun, is gradually coming into his kingdom.

There is a suggestiveness of great executive ability in his rays.

Still, the morning air has the cool breath of the dew upon it, and gentle morning breezes play fitfully here and there, soon to hide with the birds in the tree-top.

The shop bell rings!

Now, boys are hurrying by twos and threes to duty's call, business in each energetic tread.

Do we espy any loiterers? A very few. A long line of girls stands ready to report for "details."

Merrily as the robins, upon the fresh green grass, they go forward to meet the duties of the day.

Peals of laughter as exhilarating as the sunshine and morning breezes ring out on the ambient air.

It tells of the care-free spirit of youth. And work begins, to last till the noon hour calls to rest and change and pleasant companionship.

An old blue cart goes rumbling by, and Bob, the staid old mule fans the air with his auditory appendages in curves of oriental grace.

"Girls," he says, "Good Morning!" He'd raise his hat but for the fact that he ceased to wear it long ago, lest he might forget and imitate some boys we know.

Courteous old fellow! He does not forget his teaching though burdened with a half-ton of coal. But then he is SO susceptible to training, and the course at the stables is SO thorough and characteristic!

Not what we learn, but what we remember and apply enhances the usefulness of mule or man, of bisterous youth or maiden fair.

The mail has come on the brawny shoulders of a swift-footed Comanche. He knows that the presiding genius of communication would metamorphose him should he deviate a moment from schedule time.

There is a hurried movement toward the office, expectancy on every face.

Each heart yearns for a letter from home or sundered friends.

Morning greetings pass and pleasant repartee. The reigning divinity of the postal mysteries tosses high the leathern sack, and with a dexterity that astonishes the waiting throng empties and distributes in a continuous shower its freight of messages to gladden or annoy.

This is a ceremony of silence and solemnity. Each, now with bated breath, opens her box. By breadth of smile and leisureliness of the return stroll, as each examines her mail, one may determine the nature of the missive.

That is a letter from home. It brings serenity and repose to the face of the recipient; nothing violent or emotional. The news is good.

That is a "dun." It is pushed hastily back into the envelope, and a far-away look comes into the eye.

That is a business letter of little moment just now. It gives to the recipient an added swing of importance.

That man has gotten his usual copy of yesterday's "daily" late again, and a circular from the A.B.C. He feels a languor stealing over him that only "hope deferred" can bring. He is aggrieved that the divinity of post is heartlessly unconcerned. A second-hand envelope would have made him happy for a moment. A prosaic, matter-of-fact world this! Some things are just what they seem.

Oh, see the lingering step and absorbed manner of Helena! A romance there surely! She passes the "giddy throng," absorbed in the message—of—of—. It must be from—him. It isn't at all Long years of practice have made this dissembling an art that conceals art. No Romeo in that deal, to cause pangs of jealousy and steal the roses from the cheeks of less favored maidens. This is Eden, with Adam out of it. It is a success, too. A "Dream of fair women."

The spirit of work is upon us. The office force is absorbed. The actuating genius of the place has been at his desk for some time. All scatter to duty and the campus seems almost deserted.

Busy little orderlies hurry hither and thither like winged messengers of Zeus.

A few leaden-footed ones move with halting gait to posts of grim duty, resolved to do—as little as they can, and reach the noon-tide hour with "health that waits on appetite."

A fine herd of cattle goes leisurely across the western edge of the campus to pastures fresh and fair. They are under the guardianship of two little herders, who dream dreams and see visions all these morning hours. And of course they fail to see "Old Jersey" lead her reprobate comrades in a giddy dance of death across the newly sodded terraces, the pride of some unfortunate householders. "In the midst of life, we are"—sometimes out of humor.

The sun has lost his early serenity. His rays fall with telling force. He is getting down to business, and keeping cool becomes the distinct province of the great rumbling ice wagon which passed some hours since.

The glimmering heat rises from the gaudily colored roofs. Workers begin to perspire and make uncomplimentary remarks about the weather. A bird now and then gives a twitter, a mere twinkle of sound, and is silent. The drone of a few insects is heard and noon approaches.

In the distance the voice of the lawn mowers is heard in the land. A half-dozen boys have been doing energetic work with them all morning. How velvety the soft green grass appears under their watchful care.

Can Indians work?

Do they?

See them, ye incredulous, and believe! But that brigade of rakers! We will not comment on their efforts. Their tread is measured; their movements slow and spiritless.

"Wanting is what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant
Where is the spot?"

That's just it, Robert. We schools judge the "spot" or blemish to be in that smiling boy, who thinks life too much of a joke to get serious and down to work at raking hay. He will do great things by-and-by!

Oh, will he? Yes—

"When all the old colors have faded
And all the young critics have died."

Indian boys are no lazier than other boys. An occasional one can crowd the Saxon's proud descendant handsomely in their unique domain of indolence.

The bell peals out the dinner hour.

The wheel of industry ceases.

A little respite; a little preparation, and the same orderly procession moves again to the dining room with "measured tread."

Soon we hear the harmonious roll of many voices—the rich soprano, the deep toned bass blending in:

Noon has come with peace and cheer,
In the home we hold so dear,
Swift and bright the hours go by,
While our pleasant tasks we ply,
And for all thy bounty's store,
Lord, we thank thee evermore.

The Strongest Animal in the World.

The flea is the strongest creature for his size, jumping two-hundred times his own length.

The flea also has more sense than any other insect.

He can be tamed and taught difficult tricks.

Showmen have exhibited troupes of trained fleas, teaching them to draw tiny carriages, driven by flea coachmen, and supplied by flea passengers, while firing a tiny gold cannon is another accomplishment of the trained flea.—[Progress.

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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IN ADVANCE

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

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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

"For what grander, holier purpose under
heaven does a human being need knowl-
edge than for the training of children?"

—Horace Mann.

Among the invitations to the Indian
School Commencements, one came from
the Wind River School. The program
accompanying the invitation looks invit-
ing.

It speaks well for the Agent of the
Cheyennes and Arapahoes that he refused
to allow his Indians to hold a barbarous
sun dance to celebrate the Fourth at
Cantonment.

Lyman Abbott says:

"The emancipation of mankind is al-
ways wrought out by a forlorn hope. In
moral conflicts, at least, numbers never
count. Only the few have faith and
courage, and faith and courage alone
gain battles."

The finding of a paying oil field in the
Indian Territory, at Redfork, upon lands
of the Creek Nation, will add vastly to
the wealth of the Indians, but it will
greatly weaken the security of their hold-
ings. The white man may be depended up-
on to push his way wherever subter-
ranean deposits of petroleum shall lure
him on.—[Phila Press, June 29.

Hall Caine says:

"In one important particular America
is master of the world. Already that
amazing country absorbs all the races of
the earth and every race that it absorbs
it feeds and strengthens. It is a sure
though astounding fact that no civilized
race whatever has been known to decline
on American soil."

Henry Drummond said of us:

"I always come back from the States as
from a bath of life. I do think they are
the most wonderful people under the sun."

Margaret Scholder, writes from Mesa
Grande, California:

"I have received so many nice letters
from students in their country homes,
telling of their lovely homes, people etc.,
and it has made me very homesick for
Carlisle. I am rapidly improving in
health. I shall always remember with
great pleasure the two happy years spent
at Carlisle, and regret that I could not
stay longer."

Mrs. Cox, founder of the Educational
Home, Philadelphia, wishes it stated
through our columns that Thomas Balmer,
who graduated last week from the De-
partment of Dentistry, Pennsylvania Uni-
versity, leaving Carlisle in 1894, having
been here nearly two years, was admitted
to the Educational Home, fourteen
months after, and was sent to public
school. He graduated from the Gram-
mar school in June '97, and was admitted
to the High School in September of the
same year. He was very anxious to
learn dentistry, so in his second year they
allowed him to leave the High School.
He studied bookkeeping at the Drexel In-
stitute for a short time and was coached
by the Chaplain of the Educational Home
until he was qualified to enter the dental
department of the University. His ex-
penses were paid by the Home and his
instruments all given him by one of the
managers. We are glad to add this to
our former statement.

MRS. GIVEN GOES.

Mrs. L. B. Given has left us.

For twelve years she has mothered the
small boys of our school, her family
averaging nearly all that time over 130
little souls.

In nineteen years the small boys' de-
partment has had but two matrons, Miss
Ella Patterson, now Superintendent of
the Government School at Ft. Apache
having served for seven years previous to
Mrs. Given's taking charge.

Dr. O. G. Given came to Carlisle in the
fall of 1882, the family following in May.
He served as resident Government Physi-
cian for seven years, when in May 1889,
the Angel of Death visited this peaceful
and happy home, and took the loving
husband, kind and gentle father, and
faithful and efficient worker from our
midst.

The position of Small Boys' Matron
was vacated the same year, and Mrs. Given
was urged to take the place. She re-
luctantly consented to try for a year.

Her extreme motherliness, governing
through love and bona fide interest in her
Indian boys, as genuine as that shown
her own sons, James B. and John G. who
grew to gentlemanly and cultured man-
hood in the company of their little broth-
ers in red, won the heart of each individ-
ual of this unique and interesting house-
hold.

The small boys' quarters has been a
model for neatness and orderly arrange-
ment, and the two small boy companies
always presented a tidy and gentlemanly
appearance.

The machinery of details carried out
daily in these quarters, without friction
or fuss during all these years would make
an interesting chapter for a story, suffice
to say that the management was as near
perfection as we ever expect to see.

Mrs. Given goes to her son, Mr. Jas. B.
Given, now a banker in Ponca City,
Oklahoma, his brother John homing with
him and when not in school assisting in
the growing business. She will stop on
the way to visit friends and relations
near Chicago and at Holton, Kansas.
The school loses a most valued and be-
loved worker and the small boys an in-
defatigable and loving Christian mother.

MISS WOOD WRITES.

Miss Wood intends spending a part of
her vacation at Chautauqua. She writes
that on her way to Cheshire, Mass., they
"passed within sight of Branx Park, close
by the battle field of White Plains, and
Washington's head quarters, and through
a country picturesque and beautiful.

It was a succession of broken ranges,
lofty hills and narrow valleys watered by
pebbly brooks and meadows made white
or yellow with daisies and buttercups.
We passed through many little towns
with the life and prosperity that sum-
mer boarders bring.

After a few days of resting, my sister
and I attended the closing exercises of
Williams College Commencement.

The last twelve miles of the trip we
went by open trolley through a beautiful
green valley bordered on one side by the
Hoosac mountains and on the other by
the Taconic range which separates it
from New York.

Greylock, the highest point in the State
stands sentry over all and belongs to an
isolated group a little to the South.

Leaving the trolley we climbed a short
but rather steep hill and found ourselves
upon a knoll from which the college
buildings rear their intellectual heads.
I cannot describe the view, but felt deep-
ly its influence.

Dr. McCosh has said:

It struck me as a spot at which the Last
Judgment might be held with the Uni-
verse on the slopes of the encircling hills!

The main street, broad and shaded by
fine rows of magnificent elms and maples
extends a mile through what appears to
be a fine park of 125 acres.

Over this beautiful expanse as smooth
and velvety as our own lawns, are scat-
tered the college buildings proper, the
club houses and private residences.

The buildings though varied in arch-

itecture and representing different ages—
the oldest one having been erected in 1790
and the youngest in 1900—have a family
resemblance, due perhaps to a certain at-
mosphere of stern morality and conser-
vatism that characterizes Williams Col-
lege.

The exercises in the church, which
were of the usual character and very in-
teresting, were followed by a street pa-
rade, headed by a band, Oh, so very infer-
ior to ours that I felt sorry for them.
Next in the procession came the faculty,
clad in vestments whose colors indicated
their degree; then the student graduates
and alumni.

The students sang the class song ac-
companied by the band. The College
color is purple, just our Junior class color,
and I felt they belonged in part to me.

President Carter, who has a fine face
and is greatly beloved by both faculty
and students, has been compelled to re-
sign on account of failing health.

Altogether it was a red-letter day, one
long to be remembered, and I have
noted down a few points to make use of
in my own work next Fall.

Last evening I attended the graduating
exercises of the Cheshire High School.
I cannot tell you about them, now, but I
am sure our sixth grade pupils could do
better."

Married.

WHEELOCK—EVERSMAN—on Tues-
day July 2nd, in Philadelphia, at the
Parsonage of the Eleventh Street Meth-
odist Episcopal Church, by Reverend
Adamson, Mr. James Wheelock of
our school, to Miss Emma Eversman,
of Philadelphia, formerly of Carlisle.

The Carlisle Evening Sentinel says of
these young people:

"The bride is an accomplished young
lady and a musician of ability.

The groom is an Oneida Indian of the
refined educated type and has been at the
school here for some years. He is foreman
in the printing office and ranks high as a
musician, being a clarinet player of un-
usual ability. He has long been a mem-
ber of the school band and orchestra and
is now assistant to Band Master Ettinger."

Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock will reside
temporarily in the rooms vacated by
Miss Jones.

Good Advice to Girls who Travel.

The young girl who is traveling by her-
self should seek information from the
train-people rather than from her com-
panions on the train.

No girl in traveling should make confi-
dants of strangers of either sex, disclose
her name, her destination or her family
affairs, or make acquaintances on the
road.

She may, however, show kind attention
to a mother traveling with little children,
amuse a wearied little one, and politely
thank any one who does her an unobtru-
sive kindness.—Margaret E. Sangster, in
The Ladies' Home Journal for July.

Not that our "old girls" traveling this
month need any such advice.

We have published several disserta-
tions on "What I will do when I leave
school." Will some Indian student kind-
ly tell us what he will NOT do when he
leaves school. The fact is, we know not
what we will do, neither do we know
what we will NOT do. Certain evil forces
begin to play upon and around us as soon
as we reach the reservation. If we are
WEAK we succumb to evil influences.
If we are strong we keep head above
water and swim to a safe point, whence
we may be able to use to some good pur-
pose the knowledge we have gained. If
ever we are weak and irresolute, is it not
at the close of our school-life? Then why
not wait till we are more settled in mind,
and strong enough to pull our little
boat AGAINST the stream of camp
idleness and easy-don't-care sort of
living too frequently found at home,
before we jump into the torrent that car-
ries to destruction every WEAK thing
coming within the sweep of its mighty
current. Why not strike OUT and away
from home until we are able?

FOURTH OF JULY NOTES.

The Fourth was a quiet one at our
school.

That was a nice rain about five o'clock,
if it did interfere a trifle with the even-
ing program.

For a time during the thunder storm it
was difficult to determine which was
thunder and which cannon cracker.

Picnicking, trolley riding, bicycling,
sewing on pet work, chatting and prom-
enading made up nearly all the time
till evening, when there was a very pretty
little display of fire-works sent up from
the centre of the campus. The balloons
and sky-rockets were admired the most,
while the flower-pots, red-lights and
smaller pieces on the side played an in-
teresting part. Mr. Mason Pratt of Steel-
ton, assisted by officers, engineered the
setting of them off.

Under the new regulations where an
Indian has to pay for what he gets it is
safe to do a business on the reservation.
"John" as Indians are generally called
have had long sieges of unlimited credit
and now they have a taste of just the
reverse, limited credit. The latter will
assist greatly in the bettering of affairs
of the Indians.—[Osage Journal.

If the Porto Ricans would JUST BE-
GIN to talk English among themselves
without being forced to, it would please
their friends and helpers at the school.
It has been quite easy to FORCE Eng-
lish speaking with our pupils when nec-
essary, but it is not a pleasant duty.
Which of the Porto Rican boys will
Captain the party and say: "Come on,
boys, let us talk English," and then talk
it? And which of the girls will say:
"Girls, let us speak English," and then
do it? It may be, however, that they
will not take such action among them-
selves, and an order will have to be en-
forced, for them to QUIT USING the Span-
ish for a time. If such an order is
made they probably will not be allowed
to speak a WORD of Spanish. If they be-
gin to speak English most of the time
without being forced, and talk only a
little Spanish between times, perhaps no
rigid order will be enforced. So mote it be!

From the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Sword
we see that Paul Goodbear and Miss
Eaglefeather were married on the 25th of
June. The ceremony was performed at
the home of Major and Mrs. Stouch.
Paul and his bride will make a wedding
tour East, taking in the Exposition at
Buffalo, and spending some time at Phil-
adelphia. The contracting parties were
at one time students of Carlisle and are
remembered very well by some of our
people.

The Annual Number of the Indian
Leader published at Haskell Institute,
Lawrence, Kansas, is a handsome little
sheet, illustrated in photo-process plate
work giving a general view of the Insti-
tute, a Haskell cabbage-field, the Normal
class of 1901, the Domestic Industrial
Graduates, the Commercial Class of 1901,
the Haskell herd and a rear view of the
grounds.

Miss Carter speaks of visiting various
points of interest in and around New
Rochelle, among others, Glenn Island, a
very pretty spot with a fine museum.
She saw there a part of the chain that
was stretched across the Hudson to keep
British ships from West Point. In the
menagerie there were black, polar and
Russian bears so well-cared for that they
did not seem to mind the heat.

Miss Emma Cutter, and her sister
guest, Miss Charlotte Cutter have gone
to Amherst, Mass., to spend the most of
the former's vacation with their other
two sisters at the old home. It is the
purpose of our Miss Cutter to study dur-
ing the summer with her youngest sister
who teaches an advanced grade in a school
near New York City. They will also
spend some time in and about Boston.

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

Wheat harvest!

Miss Maul is taking her annual leave. "I scream!" Don't, the weather is too warm.

To get cool, think of the North pole hunters.

Rain is badly needed in portions of Oklahoma.

Too much sowing of wild oats is sure to make a man seedy.

Miss McIntire is attending Summer School in Chicago.

Many a fool thinks that money was made only to spend.

Miss Jones spent a day in Washington, this week, on business.

Miss Ferree will spend a part of her summer at Chautauqua.

The Montanian comes to us in new and much improved dress.

Ye little Jersey herders, is that so what Rambler says about you?

Did you ever think that a triumph never came without a TRY?

The sun has paid no attention to the law against scorching, this week.

Mrs. Warren H. Anderson, of Chester, is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ettinger.

Miss Jacobs, Miss Harne and Miss Goodyear are away on their annual leave.

Mrs. W. Grant Thompson has been nearly prostrated with the heat, this week.

The teachers' club girls have a new croquet set, and enjoy good times out of hours.

Why should Mr. Bennett's hound be considered a summer dog? Because her name is Fan.

The Misses Cutter and Mrs. Eckles of Hanover Street picnicked at Mt. Holly on Friday evening.

Professor Bakeless has taken his departure for the N. E. A., and Indian Institute, Detroit.

Miss Hill's aunt Miss Hill of Montreal, and cousin Mrs. Flash, of Lawrence, Kansas, are here.

Miss McIntire's name appears among the graduates published in the Indianapolis Kindergarten Monthly.

Mrs. Van der Mey knows how to tickle the palates of those who know what good food, daintily served, is.

Mrs. Cook has gone to Detroit. We shall expect some accounts of the Institute from our Detroit people.

Howard Gansworth has gone to Buffalo to take charge of the Indian Exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition.

George Balenti, like the little man he is, came in and subscribed for the HELPER before he left for his home in Oklahoma.

Miss Forster has gone to Detroit and Buffalo to attend the National Educational Association and the Pan-American.

Not satisfied with your present place? Remember that "Men and cattle always think the best pasture is in the next field."

Mrs. Ettinger has a cute little pet in the shape of a handsome bull-pup, whom she has named Kola, the Sioux word for Friend.

The Middlesex farm has been sold to Mr. D. W. Sunday who twenty-two years ago worked on it, a farm boy at \$8.25 a month.

On Sunday night a SACRED concert was given, which delighted the hundreds of music loving people who came out from town to hear it.

Miss MacAllen of Chambersburg, teacher at Metzger College, was a guest of Miss Jackson for a night. She was on her way to Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Last Thursday we all went to the circus; and the weather was unmercifully hot, but we enjoyed the performances, which were good as far as they went.

The month of June, which was to be so very disagreeable, has been one of the most pleasant within the memory of all here. The moon during the last week never shone from sky more clear and beautiful.

Cycling hath its ups and downs, especially its downs, so thinketh Lon Spiechi.

Mr. Gray, Dairyman, says the milk of the herd is falling off a little since the hot weather began.

A long needed addition to the tailor shop is being built—a sort of annex for the stove and its heat.

Miss James was overcome by the heat in the Laundry last Saturday and had to be taken to her home in town by carriage.

Mrs. Lininger has returned from her vacation and will take charge of the sewing department during Mrs. Canfield's absence at Detroit and Buffalo.

The Band last Thursday evening after the delightful concert they gave on the bandstand was treated to ice-cream by the ladies of Metzger College.

Miss Steele, Librarian, will visit Wilkesbarre, New York City, Waterbury, Connecticut and her home at Geneva, N. Y., during her vacation.

Follow Rambler from week to week. He has taken us as far as the noon hour at the school. We wonder what he will say of our afternoon doings, next week.

Miss Jackson spent the Fourth at Willow Grove Park, looking after the interests of our country girls, and Mr. Thompson was there looking after the boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell take the management of the small boys' quarters, Miss Maul, who assisted Mrs. Given this year having been transferred to the Academic Department.

The Fourth of July Holiday coming on Thursday, the day of all in the week we are the busiest, some of our subscribers will get their papers a few hours later than usual.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are doing good work in calsoining teachers' rooms during their absence. Miss Wood's and Miss Carter's rooms and halls were among the first tackled.

Miss Senseney entertained the choir girls on Friday evening. She has since gone to Chicago where she will be with friends while taking a Summer school course in music.

Teacher—"Johnnie, which is the longest day in the year?"

"June the twenty-first, ma'am."

"And which is the shortest?"

"July the fourth."

About sixty boys and girls have gone to their western homes in the last two weeks. We have been requested to print the names of those who have gone. We will give them next week.

Miss Ely says she has received one-thousand four hundred applications for Indian boys and girls to live in country homes. We have not the students to supply the demand. There are now in country homes for the summer 628, leaving 307 at the school.

Myron Moses is rusticated at the Hiltons Sanitarium(?) two miles out. They seem to have the medicine on Oak Hill for all the ills of life. Never a boy went there for a few weeks but he gained at once in health and strength, morally and physically.

An interesting letter from Miss Erierson says she has arrived at Philadelphia, from Porto Rico, in the hottest of weather. We will print a number of newsy points from the letter next week. She sails next Thursday for Hamburg, Stockholm and Finland.

She finds the Porto Rican girls who are with Mrs. Etnier, doing finely, and is pleased with their progress since they left their native home, a few months ago.

Among the interesting callers at ye editor's sanctum this week was Mrs. Pettinos, of Bethlehem, who was visiting friends in Carlisle where she resided for a long time. Mrs. Pettinos is a woman of travel and wide information, and her stories of visits to various points of interest in foreign lands are inspiring. When abroad last summer she witnessed the Oberammergau Passion Play which was thrilling in its impressiveness.

Mr. Ed. W. Harkness, instructor in tinning has severed his connections with the school, and in a few weeks goes with his family to Philadelphia to live. Mr. Harkness was a kind and obliging instructor, and has many friends among the boys and people at the school.

Disciplinarian Thompson and wife have returned from Albany. The former came back more tired than when he went away, having been ill a part of his vacation. He is fast improving. If work makes a man well, he found enough on hand to make him well and strong in a week.

Mrs. Rumsport, of the teachers' club culinary department, thinks that the heat of the sun as it came down on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, multiplied by what must come from a cooking stove in getting meals and baking, is a little too much of a good thing, yet she did not entirely succumb.

Mrs. Adair, of the Chemawa Indian School has been a guest of Miss Miles for a few days. She has been at Chemawa, Oregon for 12 years, and is matron of the small boys. She is very loyal to her own school and interested in the work at Carlisle. She will visit friends in Ohio on her long journey west.

Annie Goitney and Luzenia Tibbetts, '01 and Louisa Rogers, '02, are taking the course at the Bloomsburg Normal. They live with families in town under the out-going rules. Their employers and teachers speak highly of them. They have kept up well with their classes and have very pleasant relations with their classmates.

John Powlas, class 1901, and Casper Alfred have gone to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency, Oklahoma, to take positions. They have many friends here who wish them success. We believe they will succeed, as their general experience is greater than many who have gone out to fight the battles of life on their own hook.

At the Band concert last Friday evening, a delightful surprise was sprung upon the audience. As an encore, Conductor Ettinger escorted his bride to the bandstand, where she sang in rich and powerful voice "For All Eternity" by Mascheroni, accompanied by the Band. The night was perfect and the music a treat such as many pay dollars to hear.

John Warren, class 1900, now a student of the Normal School at Indiana this State, arrived Wednesday morning. He will spend his vacation with us and as far as his "blowing" capacity allows, will assist in the band, filling the great tuba with those round and rich tones that characterized his efforts in the same direction when a student with us.

Before Mr. Ely and daughter Mrs. Martindell left for their home in Newtown, last Thursday, Mr. Ely was taken quite ill, being as was supposed overcome with the heat of the previous day when in attendance upon the Prohibition Convention in Harrisburg. After taking some simple remedies and lying quietly in the cool for an hour or two he recovered and proceeded on his journey.

"Black Joe" followed the girls when they went to the station to take their departure for country homes recently, and it was pitiful to see him run after the train and stumble and cry for his friends—the girls. He soon found his way back to quarters, and has settled down to the business of guarding most jealously the domain of the girls at home. He is a great pet of everybody except a few boys who like to tease him. Black Joe is all right.

That was a welcome breeze that sprung up about midnight on Tuesday. The weather for the past few days has reminded us of Kansas, hot and dry, with a wind blowing as though it came from the nether regions. Still, we are well, and a thousand times better situated than the average city laborer in store and factory with stifling quarters for sleeping. Our wide balconies, splendid campus and green grass, shaded by fine old forest trees, make an ideal spot to spend a heated term.

THE MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

We have had a number of musical treats this week. The Band concert on Friday evening, when a large audience from town gathered, and Mrs. Ettinger favored us with one of her best efforts accompanied by the Band, was very enjoyable. This was repeated at Mt. Holly Springs on Saturday night when the park was almost packed with people from Carlisle and country round about Holly. In reference to this concert the Evening Volunteer says:

"A most delightful effect was produced by the reverberating of the pleasant melodies throughout the heights of the grand old mountains. The quiet evening made it possible for the music to be heard for some distance from the park."

Through special invitation of Colonel Pratt the St. Cecilia Quartette, of the A. & M. College for Negroes, Alabama, visited our school this week and gave us some very sweet and acceptable singing, the first being at the Sunday Evening Sacred Concert. Never did rich and full melody have more beautiful setting, with gorgeous moon looking down from the Eastern heavens through forest trees to a green campus, a picturesquely electric lighted bandstand and a delighted audience. The young ladies, Misses Sawyer, Donegan, Searcy and Garret, were sensible and good company and were pleased with Carlisle. Their Manager, S. Burford Innis is one of the Professors of the College. It will be remembered that Col. Pratt visited this College near Huntsville, Alabama in the Spring, and has a high opinion of the school and President Council.

Cannot See Into the Future.

Many of the Indians, as usual, will spend the summer visiting, says the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Sword.

When winter comes the usual result will be in evidence. The children of these visitors will be in rags and their squaws will have to beg to keep from starving.

Some of the whites are away, too, but they have gone to work in the harvest field, and when winter comes they will have bread to eat and clothes to wear. Let it be remembered.

"If any would not work, neither should he eat."

One of the pleasant things connected with Mrs. Mason Pratt and baby Alexander's so-journ here for a few weeks is that it brings Mr. Mason Pratt over every week to spend Sunday. He always brings with him good cheer and a business atmosphere. The Steelton children all have recovered from the whooping cough and have now joined the little band of cousins from Denver. Don't we have a jolly time?

One of the most interesting sights the Man-on-the-band-stand has been privileged to enjoy is Colonel and Mrs. Pratt seated at table with their immediate family and ten grand children, two being too small to eat at table.

A subscriber at Martin's Creek, Pa., would like some appropriate Indian name for a country home. She says the home has been in the possession of the present family of owners for more than a hundred years, with the same house, only modernized. The grounds are large and beautiful, and a portion of the farm was at one time used as a camping and burying ground for the Indians. Will not some Indian reader of the REDMAN & HELPER suggest a name or several names for publication and give the meaning?

For a better class of English than we use in common conversation read the article first page by Rambler. We have students who read ordinary descriptions of football games and incidents exciting special interest, who could not read and make good sense of the article mentioned. It is a good piece for students to read several times over and study. Try to see the pictures portrayed in words. A mule moving his "auditory appendages in curves of oriental grace" is good.

SOME VIEWS OF AN INDIAN.

It was my privilege in 1882 to go with a delegation of Sac and Fox and Iowa chiefs to Washington City, with Major Jas. Haworth in charge of the party. On our return he got us to come by way of Carlisle to visit the Indian School.

This was the first time that I knew that an Indian could be educated like the white people; not only in book learning but in mechanical and agricultural training, as well as in other lines.

After we got home our Agent, Colonel Townsend, asked our people to send some boys and girls to Carlisle.

When this request was made some of our councilmen asked the chiefs if I made a talk while at the Carlisle school and they answered "Yes," upon which many of the leading men became so indignant that I thought they would scalp me rather than thank me for looking out for the best interests of their young people.

The time is coming when every Indian must take his piece of land and depend upon his own efforts to get a livelihood.

The Sacs and Foxes made their last treaty with "The Great Father" in 1890.

That treaty provides that the United States will hold 80 acres in trust for five years and 80 acres for twenty-five years.

The five years' clause was changed by the President so as to extend the time ten years.

This was done in 1896, so that in five years hence these Indians will hold 80 acres of land to pay taxes on or to sell.

Now, the question comes up, "How are the full-blood Indians going to pay this tax or keep from having the land taken from them, when it is understood that they are to be turned loose, as it were, at the expiration of this trust period.

They have no education, their lands are not improved; in fact few of them realize that their condition will ever change.

Why is this true?

For no other reason than that they have not thought it necessary to get their lands in a condition to yield an income.

They know they have a "Perpetual Annuity," and why bother about anything?

They have their dances at regular periods and they are all-important.

The few full-bloods who have any land under cultivation have that rented for cash, a very small sum in most cases.

This with two payments barely keeps them alive. So whether they farm or not, the money comes just the same.

I believe in what Col. Pratt says:

"God helps those who help themselves." We must learn to use the lands that are allotted to us.

The time is very short, not only for the Sacs and Foxes but for all Indians.

In a few short years the Great Father will turn his children loose.

They will be rich for a short time after selling their lands. We will have a good time while it lasts, but when it is gone it will be forever.

This temporary wealth will only be transferred to our shrewd white neighbors.

Then years ago my family received twelve quarters of land.

We now have every one improved with 900 acres under cultivation.

Every farm is fenced.

We have good orchards, and we raise wheat, corn and cotton.

We do not fear the tax collector, for we can at least get a living from these farms and perhaps enough over to pay our taxes.

I was amused when the tax assessor came to my home.

He wanted to know if I had any dogs.

We are taxed for every thing we own, even to a dog. (Fortunately we had only one.)

I never knew this when we lived as Indians on the Reservation. Our agent did not teach us these things, but we are always advised how to appropriate our funds.

I think the Hon. Commissioner struck the true key note when he recommended that the ration system be done away with and that a settlement be made with

those Indians having large sums of money drawing interest.

In conclusion I want to say that I have always had an interest in Carlisle and appreciate the great good Col. Pratt has done for the Indian race.

I have noticed the conduct of returned students and can say that there are none but who are more intelligent, more ambitious and stronger for having been under the discipline influence of a non-reservation school.

I am thankful that my children are getting the benefit of the advantages that the American people are doing for the Indian, and in my old age I can say that each one of my children has a good education and a good farm.

HENRY C. JONES.

WHAT I AM TO DO WHEN I LEAVE SCHOOL.

The following remarkable composition by a Day School pupil is sent us from Little Crow's Camp School, Rosebud Agency, South Dakota. We gladly give it space in our columns, and trust that our farm boys in Bucks county or elsewhere will read the article and pass judgment upon the theories advanced. If Mr. Medicine Eagle has learned so much of farming through theory we trust that he will some day have a chance to put his theory into practice.

I am now attending a day school and after I am done with this, I expect to attend the Carlisle School in South eastern Pennsylvania.

It is my desire to take the Normal Course there and prepare to teach my race.

I would like very much to teach in a day school among the Sioux tribe for at least five years.

After that time for the rest of my life, I would like to live on a ranch; not in this dry climate, but where there is plenty of moisture and a rich soil.

I do dearly love the farm life. I can fence a farm off and divide it into fields and build straight fences too. I can also build a barn, house, shop, dairy-house, poultry-houses and cattle-barns.

I do claim that I can set out an orchard.

I can raise corn, wheat, sugar-cane, buckwheat and hay. I also claim that I can handle poultry and stock properly.

I expect to rise early in the Spring mornings, plow my corn-fields in the month of April and May after the ground becomes dry enough, then harrow it cross-ways, then plant it with a check row planter.

I will then cultivate it three times with the harrow and cultivator after the corn is up.

In September, I will have this cut into shocks, then husked in October and stored away in my corn-cribs.

The fodder and corn I will feed to the cattle and ponies in the winter season.

I will try and have the wheat fields plowed and harrowed, also leveled off in a similar manner that I get the corn fields ready.

This will usually be done in the month of August and September.

In the latter part of September or fore part of October, I will put the wheat in the ground with a wheat drill.

If the ground is properly drained and plenty of snow falls through the winter season and will not be bothered with the wheat fly. I expect to raise a good crop of wheat and have it harvested in the month of July.

I will want at least five acres for an orchard. I will have it well under drained with tile. Then I will try and secure good fruit trees; will plant them 40 feet apart both ways.

The orchard when young, I expect to plow it every spring, scatter manure on the roots of the trees and will use every means to keep the worms and certain flies away from the trees.

In the latter part of the summer and

through the fall, I will scatter ashes around the roots of the trees.

Such fine fruit that I will have in my orchard—apples, pears, plums, quinces and peaches I will have in abundance.

It will be the joy of my life when I reach old age to have my school-mates, acquaintances and friends to come and see me. I will place before them some good cider-apples and other fruits, popcorn, hickory and walnuts in abundance.

A warm, comfortable house, with a nice woodfire and a fire place in winter time.

I will also take my friends along with me to the city in my surrey or wagon, to the markets and other places of business.

I will try to make them happy in every way that I can.

BEN MEDICINE EAGLE.

GEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

Hang out our banners.

Shakespeare.

Hurrah! boys, hurrah!

Fourth of July.

Independence now, and independence forever.

Daniel Webster.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Thomas Ken.

Give me liberty; or give me death!

Patrick Henry.

Our Federal Union; it must be preserved.

Andrew Jackson.

The people always conquer, they always must conquer.

Edward Everett.

Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

'Tis the star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key.

To the memory of the MAN, first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. (Eulogy on Washington.)—Henry Lee.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as a day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore. John Adams.

Words and Expressions Sound Alike.

We often find that our students get erroneous ideas regarding certain things, when explanations seem to have been clear and they appear to understand. The following incident from the Youth's Companion fits in very well with some of our own experiences:

Ruth was watching mamma for the first time prepare some hominy for breakfast.

"What is that, mamma?" she asked.

"It's hominy," said mamma.

Ruth still looked puzzled; and pretty soon she said again:

"What is that?"

"Hominy," mamma answered once more.

Somewhat impatiently Ruth looked at her, and said: "Why, I don't know HOW MANY!"

Teacher.—"Willie, what's the masculine of laundress?" Willie.—"China-man!"

EDWARD HOAG AT FORTRESS MONROE.

"What a busy place is Hampton Roads," he says by letter to Colonel Pratt. "This is one of the most historic bodies of water in the world. It is a great harbor where the navies of all countries could find room to anchor.

And Old Point Comfort is a famous resort owing to its beautiful location, its mild and agreeable climate and the excellence of its Hotels, the Chamberlain and Hygeia, which are popular with all classes of pleasure seekers and especially with Army and Naval officers.

Fortress Monroe is one of the largest fortifications over which the stars and stripes float, and is garrisoned by a regiment of soldiers.

Skirting the shores of Hampton Roads is the village of Hampton, where are located the Hampton Institute and the National Soldiers' Home.

I would like to spend three months every year here and the remainder of the time out at sea.

Our next port will be New York, Brooklyn Navy Yard, where U. S. S. Monongahela will commission.

We hurry from place to place without having time to relish the pleasures of any."

The Stars Told a Different Story.

On the Fourth of July the Hales had a celebration in rivalry with their next-door neighbors, the Graysons.

The Hales hung a big flag out in front of the house.

"It's the one my papa had for his regiment in the war," said Mary Hale.

Later in the day a bigger flag was hung out from the Graysons', and John Grayson announced over the fence that it was one that his ancestors had in the Revolution.

This made a great impression upon the Hales until one of them came to count the stars.

There were thirty-two stars on that flag!—[Ex.

The Motto of This Age.

There is often a tendency on the part of some to feel that without a full equipment of apparatus they can do nothing. Boys and girls afflicted that way should take a course in reading Robinson Crusoe and Jules Verne's Mysterious Island.

If you haven't tools or facilities for your work, make them.

If you can't make them, do the work without them.

There is scarcely a thing done by modern machinery but what was done nearly as well before by hand.

The motto of this age is "Do something."—[Puget Sound Indian Guide.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

We all like 8, 3, 4 things.

My 2, 7, 6 is a part of the wheel in a watch.

My 8, 5, 6 is a pony.

My 4, 1, 8 is what people who play games like to do.

All of my letters make the only cool and comfortable thing that comes to the Indian School about the Fourth of July.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hot weather.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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