The Red Man & Helper.

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FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper Vol. I, Number Fifty.

A SKY SONG.

NE night a star baby, way up in the sky, Grew tired of shining, and how she did cry!

'Oh, mother, dear mother, I'm hungry,"

"Please give me my supper and put me to bed."

Then went the star mother, on wings of true love, To a bonny bright Dipper that sparkled above,

She took it and hurried to the Milky Way stream. And brimful she filled it with rich milk and cream.

She fed the star baby; and with cuddle and croon She rocked the sky cradle-the cunning new

-- [Boys and Girls.

THE RAMBLER—NOONTIDE AND THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

A noontide calm!

Not a leaf rustles.

The vertical rays of the July sun fall with tropical fervor.

The shadows of the trees lie in dense black masses upon the lawn, flecked here and there with gold, a mere glint where

The grounds are deserted; only a faint far-away murmur of voices, not unlike that would save the Union. the sound of distant waves, falls on dull-

No zephyrs in the upper air whisper through the tree tops.

the branches; they too take a noonday HEARD.

The low droning of the insects seems far away.

self-constituted protector of the girls' of the canine tribe as ever wasted wheaten ommended as sedatives only bread, has betaken himself from the burdens of dog life, to peace and quiet ness. within his castle walls.

der the rays of the pelting sun, while the energy. air from the metal roofs quivers in ascending columns.

The "darkness visible" through the open doorways suggests a cool retreat.

There is a brief period of quiet restful-

ness during the luncheon hour.

Then forms begin again to move with dreamy, leisurely movements, suggestive where duty calls.

Some recline for a brief time in of visitors to see the "Indian School" picturesque groups upon the grass beneath the trees.

A few are prevailed upon to bring out dant.

the balls and mallets.

ame of croquet Strokes are slow and studied.

The game is of short duration, for sweltering offices await the players, and two mile walk, through a sweltering atduties multitudinous.

And soon swift fingers fly across the written page and over the clicking key-

And like the "unwilling boy to school," we see the genius of the scissors and pasteresult of her raids upon the "Chemawa not so coldly upon me." American," the "Land of Sunshine," and other valuable exchanges.

news from the outside world to this float- a group of curiosity seekers and starts on the daily routine of that popular school

ing island of savagery.

His advent awakes no enthusiasm now. -nth time this week. At length Aeolus has deigned to give his bag strings a gentle twitch, and a puff same inarticulate way. of air in the tops of the trees starts a whispering that surpasses the surrepti-

tious eddy and flow of quiet talk among the choir lads and lasses, on a Sunday afternoon, while their saintly leader is devoutly conning her prayer book on the Amen end of the Amen pew.

apper rate

Great fleecy masses of clouds, like huge ships with all their canvasses to the breeze, float grandly on the blue expanse, as on a summer sea. How restful to gaze the peaceful deep,-calm-infinite-our own little world with discomforts and cares is gone. We are back into the realms of childhood again, dreaming quaint dreams and solving the riddles of the universe, with fervent fancy of child-

The breeze freshens; it dives to earth; sweeps across the landscape, through the they are just like other people." windows, plays havoc with the papers, and brings a half suppressed sigh of relief to the weary workers.

On the steps of the small boys' quarters sit Christopher, George and Abraham planning out to minute detail the great things they'll do by and by.

A shrill whistle from within runs Christhe sunbeams peep through the deep foli-topher's fleet on a sunken rock, frightens George's warlike steed, and makes Abraham forget the peroration to the speech

There were castles in Spain, too, that tumbled with a crash.

Ruins all ruins!

No birds play at hide and seek among azza advertise those who would be cies.

Gentle tones! Gentle tones! These tell of refinement and repression.

On the balcony of the teachers' quarters Old Mr. "Black Joe," the chivalrous, a swaying form is trying to read, but the attention flags and the eyes are heavy. building,-as surly, snarling a specimen We know some books that could be rec-

The lawn mowers are doing a full busi-

The sound is so energetic that we rec- kitchen. Each building seems crouching low un- ognize it as inculcated Bucks County

Can one tell the difference?

Indeed, he can!

A Jersey move is still more forceful and prolonged.

The ubiquitous sparrows are astir and quarreling in yonder linden.

What's the row?

A little hurry and scurry, flutter, some of Southern clime, hither and thither shrieking and chirps and then it subsides. Nothing serious. Here comes a company

"A guide?"

"Certainly," says the courteous atten-

"Orderly," in a raised tone brings to Enthusiasm is wanting for a brisk view a chubby little bronze face with a tremor of July characteristic stealing upon his members.

So are we all of us at the prospects of a

No escape, my lad!

For the courteous attendant reading the lad's preferences in the matter, shoots at him a look so invigorating from a cold blue, black or gray eye, that with a shiver pot drag her reluctant feet toward the he thinks: "There comes a frost, a chill- attendance upon the Summer School. sanctum, bearing on her arm a reticule ing frost and nips my afternoon siesta. I of mammoth proportions, containing the go! I go to the ends of the earth! Look

Like a harbor tug, puffing and snorting with impatience, he hurls out his invisihis trip around this little world for the

The same questions answered in the

"The school building?"

"Yes! Indians study."

Hessians?'

"The bakery and kitchen?"

"Yes, Indians eat bread."

"The sewing room?"

"Yes, the girls sew."

"Laundry?

"Yes, really they do like a change of as did our own ancestors in the primeval familiar friend. forest of central Germany a short millenten, quite. It is so easy to forget some the whole conference. things.

"Learning trades, and printing? Why

think they are a little more like other lem-his life work. people than are those people themselves.

tie and laconic Sioux boy at Hampton, meetings, when the attendants meet by who was approached by a little woman in colleges to discuss the problem of their moon-eyed wonder, and with insinuating own situation. voice and untactful question:

"Are you civilized?"

And the answer, beautifully to the point the majority to sleep before eleven.

A few student voices from the girls' pi- crack very much under trying emergen- the trustful darkness, of things too fine,

The Rambler must own to a vast deal of savagery yet lurking in his own being. He'd cheerfully change his camping place at once; he'd live in a teepee until October, if-but lets change the subject;

There is sweeping here and cleaning there; a few callers on business; a good deal of bustle and stir about the club

Some large hampers go back and forth from the laundry. Some supply wagons fly hurriedly by.

The rush of glad feet tell us that work hours have ceased; routine is gone by; and recreation and play has begun.

It is too hot for much stir, but in the quadrangular shadow of the gymnasium the tennis balls begin to fly, as graceful players wield the racket with skill and

"Thirty love!" "The deuce," you say. A clatter of bells. The supper hour! A rush of hurrying feet again. The procession moves across the campus. For the third time this day we listen to a sweet and beautiful strain:

Father! Evening shades are falling; Busy, joyous day is done; Thanks and love we bring, recalling All thy care from sun to sun. And when days no more are given, Pray we may be thine in heaven.

NORTHFIELD.

M. Walker, William Mt. Pleasant and live."-[Mayflower. John Feather have been at Northfield in

As preparatory to something we hope to receive from the boys who enjoyed this privilege, we clip from Mr. W. R. the corn was getting along, and now the Moody's article in June 29th Sunday corn is growing faster than the boy can Again the Comanche Hermes brings the ble lines of personality, attaches them to School Times, a student's description of climb down. for Bible Study.

He says:

"Mornings at the conference are devotspecialize in some form of Christian ac- over four bushels of cobs.

"Guard house,-Revolutionary days- tivity, as, for instance, mission work in colleges, the Bible study-course of some class for the coming year, and so on.

At eleven o'clock there is a general 'platform meeting,' which is addressed by some speaker of national reputation and, what is more, of real power.

The afternoons are given up to recreation of many natures and intensities,on the silent fleet, and far beyond into linen semi-occasionally, though it is said tennis and field tournaments, scrub and their great grand-fathers took as much intercollegiate baseball, swimming, or at pride in the meagerness of their wardrobes least a quiet stroll with one's 'own

After supper there is the 'Round-Top' nium or two ago. Oh, yes, we had forgot- meeting, the most distinctive feature of

The speaker stands before the halfcircle of students seated on the grass, and, bathed in the gentle light of a golden sun-Of course they are. Sometimes we set, speaks of the student's greatest prob-

Afterward there is another platform We are reminded of the gently sarcas- meeting, and finally the 'delegation'

> There is no curfew at Northfield; the mountain air attends to that, and sends

If, however, like the writer, you are a lover of the night, there is many a star Well, really, a good many of us (but that will 'dartle the red and the blue,' don't tell it) do expect our highly devel- and enough glorious fellows who will oped veneer of civilization to tarnish and sit with you on the veranda, and talk, in too sacred, for the garish day.

GRANDPA'S HABIT CLUNG TO HIM.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his it isn't the thing to be personal, "Don't ye shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on? he ask-

"Did I?" said grandpa.

"Why yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning.

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned; but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in

"Why did you do it there?"

"To shake out scorpions, or centipedes, or other vermin that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know it, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking.

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned thoughtfully.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa; "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grew strong faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let Four of our boys-James Arnold, Thos. them be growing strong all the while you

The Stories They Tell West.

A western exchange gets off the following tale from Kansas.

A boy climbed a cornstalk to see how

Four men have undertaken to cut down the stalk and save the boy from starvation, but it grows so fast they can't hack twice in the same place.

The poor boy is living on nothing but ed to meetings for those who wish to raw corn, and has already thrown down

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.

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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 it you have not paid for it some one else has

The steamers from Porto Rico are greatly crowded at this seasonof the

which we commend to the rising genera- am trying to run them UP, into a self-suption.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

do, the danger is that we shall do noth- Christ.

Some think there is small chance of ever making useful citizens out of the socalled old Indian; then our work should consist in preventing a new crop of "Indians"

Effie Marmon writes by postal card from Laguna to the HELPER: "You must ceive you I miss you very much. I hope states: I will receive you more promptly than I did at Phœnix."

Ye country boys, The Farm Journal says farming is a wonder, in that while it demands deeper learning and research for its highest development than almost any profession, it yet yields a livelihood to more persons unskilled in their vocation than any other trade.

If we all had our own way many would not work and the world would come to a stand-still. Is it not a blessing then to be poor so we have to work? Should we not be grateful that we cannot waste our life in idleness and that we are obliged to

Give us the Declaration of Independence with or without Oklahoma or give us a rest. Territoryhood is good—give us doing so with outside parties. that. Any old thing that will give us a voice in congress—give us that. We ain't important subject: particular. All we ask is a voice in our own affairs.-[The Indian Journal.

Miss Nannie Leverett formerly of Carlisle now of Bloomsburg has been a steady reader of the little Helper and the REDMAN & HELPER for years. In her letter of renewal this week she says:

"I look for the paper each week with much interest and should miss it very much. I often see the Indian girls who are now in this town and they seem bright and happy."

Some old Students.

Miss Fisher, on her way to the Detroit Institute from Genoa, Nebraska dropped a letter at Chicago in which she says:

Christopher Tyndall called on me the other day. He came to Genoa for his two little folks. He has five children, the two older of whom have been with us the past glish but who was a sensible good student of one blood, you and I. year-Louie and Victoria, bright little adds: children.

affection and likes to talk about the old works every boys the on R. R. most mak school days. He is farming on his own account and getting on in the world.

I also had a pleasant call from Otta Chief-School in South Dakota.

DON'T! DON'T!! DON'T!!!

Colonel Pratt wrote to an interested missionary concerning the propriety of sending certain children home this year, and this is what he received in reply. The missionary said in part:

"You ask, what have you to say against side and then on the other. sending these children home?

Everything! Indeed everything!

Do not send ONE home unless compelled to do so by the armies of the United States.

dren, and I know you have a big loving all the green things that climb up the heart, keep these children in your school mountain side seem to breathe life as and help them to grow up into true Amer- does the salt sea air, and is milder and ican manhood and womanhood!

A thousand pities! No! No! Don't send have been taken!

If possible, keep them away for ten Honesty and fearlessness are qualities running down the reservation homes, but porting, self-respecting life.

Don't let them come back, except for Between the great things that we can cause, and a reason such as you are will- first sight of the Pan-American is by not do, and the small things we will not ing to give before the judgment seat of night, the buildings picked out with lines

Don't send them back! Don't! Don't!"

WE WILL GET HIM RIGHT BY-AND-BY.

It appears that another misstatement coming up, by educating the was made last week regarding Thomas Balmer, and we take pleasure in giving Thomas himself a chance to speak. He says by private letter:

Will you kindly correct that portion of go everywhere I go, for when I don't re- the article regarding my career which

> "His expenses were paid by the Home and his instruments all given him by one of the managers."

> I want all my friends to understand that with the exception of a \$60.00 loan by one of the managers my expenses have been paid with my own earnings. I am surprised that Mrs. Cox understanding this as well as she does should place that item in print. . . . With kind remembrance to all my friends, I am,

THOMAS BALMER. PHILADELPHIA, July 8th, 1901.

Richest Indians On Earth Will Go in Debt.

The Osages in Oklahoma are not allowearn our living by USEFUL occupation. ed to go in debt for purchases at the trading posts on the reservation, but it seems there is no restriction as yet upon their

The Osage Journal says relative to this

We do not care where the Indians trade although we are for Pawhuska and would like to see them stand by their own town.

We are for free trade and don't care who knows it.

When it arrives it will be one of the best things that ever happened to the Osages, and we do not believe it is very far off. But, here is the point.

Why let the Osages contract indebtedness off the reservation and not let them do so on the reservation?

It all has to be paid some time and it does not make any difference to a man in the moon whether the department or the Indians have to pay it.

James Seweayea.

In sending for the HELPER, our former student who did not stay with us long enough to gain complete mastery of En-

"I live on the farm this year Indians He seems to regard Carlisle with warm Laguna doing all well everybody good money I have had sheep and horses cows I have 135 sheeps this year and I have Paul Lovejoy works with him or for good four horses to work on the farm to troit with Indian history, paying high plows in the field, our wool now cost about 9 cents a pound sometimes cost about 8 eagle, some six weeks ago. He told me about pleasant experiences in a High that all send my best a good bye to all school boys and girls and to you."

MRS. COOK SENDS THE FIRST SPARK FROM DETROIT.

In diary form she says: SATURDAY-

Harrisburg and Sunbury vanish, and we go higher and higher, with Oh! such delicious odors from the woods, first on one

I wonder if after all the mountains are not more fascinating than the sea!

These mighty ridges standing guard over the valley farms; the river at their feet; the fragrance of the pines and If you have any heart for Indian chil- blossoming nut-trees, and the ferns and sweeter.

The sky is clouded and we almost forwe have lived in for days.

So the afternoon passes and we reach years or more, and in saying this I am not Buffalo about eight o'clock, with four other "Unless the pupils of Indian schools hours to spare.

> It does not take long to decide how the time shall be passed. A belt line runs to the Exposition grounds, and our reception was given to Miss Reel and the of electric lights against a sky so blue church and parlors adjoining. that we call it Venetian, because we have always read of the "blue of Venetian culty in having a good time in Detroit, skies.'

Any description of the Exposition will

to rest after our changeful day.

Our watches say eight-o'clock this morning, and we begin to get ready to leave the train in a hurry, when we suddenly remember that it is only seven, for you know when we go west we have Time by the "forelock."

Now we cross the river (we have seen nothing of Canada in our top berths and one-night ride), and find Detroit has a cool reception for us, but we are thankful, and get down into our bags for maps before venturing on the open cars. The National Educational Association committees are not expecting us so early, and we do not see the be-ribboned and be-badged young men who greet later arrivals, but we have no trouble in getting ourselves and our baggage out to the very pleasant part of the city to which we were assigned some days ago.

We pass under the N. E. A. banner, but do not stop to register, preferring to rid ourselves of surplus cinders and dust

We find ourselves in the midst of churches, and have enjoyed the evening choral service at old St. Johns, and are satisfied that we shall find much pleasure in exploring these wide, shaded streets at odd moments during our stay.

We are strictly "in it" today, for only the Indian department of the N. E. A. is in session. The others do not open until to-morrow. We found the meetings would be held in the Central Methodist church, only a short distance from our boarding place, and were on hand bright and early.

An unusually large number of Indian school people are here, and it is very pleasant to renew old acquaintances and make new ones, in this throng of people whose work makes them, in a way, separate from the other branches of the N.

We recognize each other, and I imagine each one feels like giving the hunting call of Kipling's Jungle People, "We be

The addresses of welcome and the responses were all interesting, the first speaker being introduced by Miss Joyee of Detroit, and the others by Miss Reel. Mayor Mabury gave the key-note when he touched upon the connection of Detribute to the chief Pontiac.

The President of Ames College, Iowa, M. Beardshear, spoke of Pokagon, and said that though he had received much said that though he had received much course life on ship board is more or less in the way of education in the schools he monotonous."

had attended among the whites from boyhood, yet he had contributed far more than he had received when he gave to our literature "The Queen of the Woods," for it is a book of a pure hearted, large minded man.

Mr. Peairs in his response to the address of welcome, made some very bright and witty comparisons between Kansas and Michigan, in which, somehow, Kansas came out best every time.

Dr. Winship, of Boston, was asked to speak in Col. Pratt's place, whose absence was regretted.

He spoke most kindly for Carlisle alluding to his recent visit there.

The afternoon papers were few in number, owing to the absence of several who were expected. Dr. Frissell, of Hampton, discussed the subject "Learning by Doing," from which we culled two terse them back to the life out of which they get the state of simmering, sizzling heat sentences. The first "It is doubtful if religion or education can accomplish much until habits of labor are formed," the learn mutual helpfulness, we can not feel that much has been done.

At the close of the afternoon session a members of the Indian Institute by a committee of Detroit ladies, in the

We surely ought not to have any diffifor we have three kinds of time to choose from: Local, Standard and Central, The not come in here, however, as we shall local time is half an hour ahead of railsee it again later, and this was but a peep. road time, and the Mayor happily re-Now we are back again at the station, marked that Detroit people always invitour berths are made up, and we are ready ed their guests to come by local time and go away by railroad time!

MISS ERICSON ON THE WAY FROM PORTO RICO TO NEW YORK.

Miss Ericson, our former sloyd teacher, who has been in Porto Rico during the last year or so, is now on the Atlantic sailing toward her native home, from New York, having arrived in Philadelphia last week.

She, with a number of teachers and others left San Juan, on the 25th, of June, by Steamer Ponce, the fastest and finest in the Porto Rican fleet.

To use her own words:

"Scores of friends very dear to me were down to see me off as well as the others, and it was with a feeling of regret and homesickness we saw disappear the shores of beautiful Porto Rico.

I love that little island dearly and it will be my pleasure to return there in the Fall.

We are having a glorious journey. The ocean is at its best with glitter in its waves of the deepest blue.

There are no white caps in sight, a light breeze only makes pleasant the otherwise quite warm weather,

No seasickness this time. Every one is well and in good spirits enjoying a perfect passage. This is the fifth time I have crossed the Atlantic, but never have I seen it more beautiful than now.

It seems to make up to me for all my sufferings on my trip down to San Juan, when we passed through the terrible experience of a cyclone.

We have on board a party of fifteen Porto Rican children with their leader and his wife. They are going on a great round-trip in America-to Buffalo, Boston, Washington, etc.

In the fall these children are going to begin a year of school life in Baltimore. I heartily rejoice in the thought that they are going to get at least one year of good, solid American schooling.

I do hope that some one in America will notice them and give as many as possible a chance to stay longer, for they are bright and promising young people, and I am sure will do credit to their country.

It is exceedingly kind in this gentleman to take the trouble of giving these children an opportunity to see more of the world and improve themselves, for his task, to take care of them, is certainly not an easy one. That we are anxious to reach New York I need not tell you. It is beautiful here on the ocean, but of

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

The corn fields are picking up.

Mr. Harlan has his wheat cut and in. "Inculcated Bucks County energy" is

Miss Paull has gone to Blairsville, her

Sunday evening service was held on the

Remember, the fretting goose never

Our teachers are enjoying the old head rest-vacation.

Hobart Cook is with his mother in Detroit and Buffalo.

Mr. W. S. Dysert of Carlisle, has taken teachers again this year. charge of our shoe-shop.

The article from Sunday School Times on Work is to the point.

Arthur Sickles attended the Methodist picnic at Pine Grove, yesterday.

Why should society folks get telephones if not to make calls over.

Don't tell a whopper unless it is a good

school is a "floating island of savagery?"

The band will give a free open air concert at Reservoir park to-night in Harris-

Miss Stewart has gone to her home at Chicago where she will attend Summer school.

The printing-office paste-pot works this weather if the printers ARE a trifle

The Man-on-the-band-stand will give \$19 for 1901 pennies. See little story about the same, last page!

specimen of the canine tribe.

Rachel Long who is living at Colora, Maryland, says that the days there are short to her, and she thinks it is because the place.

Miss Zeamer has Miss Harne's sewing class in the absence of the latter, and Mrs. Lininger has Miss Jacob's and Miss Goodyear's classes.

The mercury has not been trying quite so hard this week to get out of the top of the glass as it did last week, but we are warm enough, thank you.

Miss Nancy Ziegler, of High Street, Miss Graham, of Washington, D. C., and a cousin of Miss Ziegler's were among the interested visitors on Monday.

Some one said she wrote till one o'clock, the other night. "Why, I heard the clock strike three when you came to bed" said her room-mate. "Oh, well," replied the first, it was that old town clock stuttering.

Miss Jones has left Carlisle expecting a position as teacher at Carson City, Nevada. Carlisle loses a good teacher to the gain of Carson. Her friends wish her well in her chosen field.

Company A of the fifth Regiment of Boys' Brigade Harrisburg, visited the uniforms and carrying guns.

Gray have a little daughter.

A bran-new baby has arrived at the home of W. H. McCrea, Esq., in Newville,-[Carlisle Evening Sentinel.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Mc-Crea, when with us was Miss Jane Weist.

The printers are having blisters on their this rehearsal: hands from hard outside work, and are proud of the toughness of muscle that digging cellars, wheeling and other work cians gave one of those inimitable conmakes for them. We hope to have the champion football team again this year, if strong arms, legs and backs make a good team. At any rate we are out of doors, half days, for the air and sunshine and health there is in out-door exercise, and we are doing legitimate work, feeling glad we are MEN enough to do men's ing glad we are MEN enough to do men's

—Rossini. She has a sweet voice, knows
work. A man who cannot do man's work how to control it perfectly and sings with out of doors loses caste.

Porto Rican contingency this week with a little visit in which she spoke with nearis a guest of Mr. J. Grant Schwarz, Camp

Amelia Metoxen and Lizzie Dennis who remained at Steelton all through the whooping-cough siege of the Pratt children deserve special mention for their faithfulness and willing attentions. They are now with us.

Miss Weekley, who has been teaching in Porto Rico with her sister this last year is expected in a few days. She comes this way on her way home to South Carolina. Miss Weekley expects to be one of our

Mrs. Walter and Miss Walter left for New York City on Monday, where the former will attend the Columbia University Summer School. Miss Newcomer came in for a day from Shippensburg and is now in New York with the Walter's to attend the same school.

Ladies wee, with trailing dresses, parasols and flowing tresses, come to Grandone like the Kansas corn story first page. ma's once in while, and make every-Do you note the Rambler hints that our body smile. Who are they? Where are chool is a "floating island of savagery?" they from? Are they cousins of Tom Thumb? No, but little, sure they are, and they came from near and far.

Charlotte Bigtree is said to be acceptable help to the Sunday School at Birmingham, N. J.. singing in solos and duets besides helping in the general singing and reciting. "We have learned to love her very much since she has been in our neighborhood," says one interested

The weeds took a start while disciplinarian Thompson was taking a rest, but the way the scythes and sickles have been Girls, sick Black Joe on the Rambler flying this week around the fence corners if he calls him a surly and snarling and by-places where weeds like to grow, is a satisfaction. We are already beginning to hold up our heads and be proud again because of the neatness of

Mr. Beitzel has been burning the midnight oil, at least electric light lately over the school accounts and contracts. The form in which everything has to be put up for the Department would make an interesting study for a Philadelphia lawyer. There are many trying balances to make right, and the copying done by Mr. Nori is no small task.

Mr. Bunnell, Government teacher, Woods Island, Kodiak, Alaska, arrived on Wednesday with seven boys and four girls, all Aleuts. The party was seventeen days on the way, having stopped one day in Seattle and one in Chicago. They were ten days on water. Mr. Bunnell is full of interesting stories about 'ife on the Aleutian Islands, two thousand miles northwest of Seattle, and we hope to snatch some word-pictures from him.

Last Saturday Night's Concert.

The public rehearsal by the Band last Saturday night brought hundreds out from town again. The first Overture, Morning, Noon and Night in Viennaschool last Saturday. They were a sol- Suppe, charmed every one and the other dierly looking set of young men in their selections were well played and thoroughly enjoyed. The striking feature of the Red babies, black babies and white evening was Mrs. Ettinger's Solo, Inflababies have come to live with us at our matus from the Stabat Mater. Her high school, but this week a tiny Gray baby notes sustained in clearness and sweetarrived at the near farm. Mr. and Mrs. ness above the Band accompaniment ed back and said: are delightful and her wonderful range of voice is a study. She shows great culti- doesn't lock his own shop. I should not vation and each appearance is a new treat. Mr. Shongo's cornet solo, Arbucklenian Polka, was warmly applauded.

The Carlisle Evening Sentinel said of

About 1,000 Carlislers enjoyed another rich treat Saturday night at the Indian school when Band Master Ettinger's musicerts. The Band appears to improve with each concert. Mr. Shongo, the cornet soloist, played "Arbucklenian Polka"— Hartman, in a manner to win the admiration of all.

A highly appreciated feature of the concert, and one of the best, was the singing of Mrs. Ettinger, (wife of the bandmaster) "Inflamatus From the Stabat Mater" admirable expression.

Miss Guiteras of Cuba, delighted the WEDNESDAY NIGHT'S BAND REHEARSAL.

A conservative estimate will place the ly all, individually and in Spanish. She number of people who gathered from town on Wednesday evening to listen to a musical program that had been announced, at 1500.

While the rehearsal of Saturday night was a pronounced success, as is attest d elsewhere in our columns, the concert on Wednesday evening following surpassed anything ever before given in the open air on our grounds.

The evening was perfect, the music delightful, and the large audience seated in assembly form before the bandstand was

most orderly and attentive. Sousa's Waltz—La Reine de la Mer was a captivating opening piece, and Suppe's Pique Dame, always enchanting was superbly played, but not until that wonderful and difficult Selection from Wagner's Rienzi was rendered did the musicians show the technique, pliancy and perfect subserviency to the Conductor's masterly control that places our Band surely in the first class of such organizations. In this, Assistant-Conductor Mr. James R. Whe lock, rendered a clarinet solo that was highly appreciated.

Conductor Ettinger received continual words of commendation from all sides, many remarking upon the wonderful improvement that the players have made in the past few months.

Carlisle's popular tenor, Mr. Joseph Kissell now of Philadelphia, sang with great feeling, clearness of enunciation and in excellent voice, "For All Eternity," while Mrs. Ettinger's solo, Inflamatus from the Stabet Mater, wherein she was ably supported by Mr. Kissell, Miss Mary Eckles and Mr. Hugh Miller of Carlisle was finely rendered. This soprano voice rang out in tones of brilliancy showing that unmistakable quality which marks the cultivated artist.

The quartet from Rigoletto, Verdi, was rendered by the same singers, and the audience was again charmed, Mr. Miller's powerful bass and Miss Eckles' rich contralto contributing a large share of the enjoyment.

qua, Buffalo, Detroit, New York, the musical treat in a more comfortable and attractive spot than the stay-at-homes enjoyed last Wednesday evening.

PROPER EMPHASIS IMPORTANT.

Just a little emphasis changes the whole meaning of a question sometimes and makes a wrong impression. That is why it is important for the teacher in the school-room to insist upon proper emphasis in reading.

The other day the writer on coming out quarter ending June 30th, 1901. of the tailor shop door, at the noon hour the lady was left to lock the doors of the shops, not knowing that she had the key to one shop only, as she kept her wheel son.

"What! Do you have to LOCK all the shops?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the lady, and she thought the young man was stupid not to know that the shops had to be locked.

But he went bounding up the stairs. Be

"I think it strange that the tailor think they would leave YOU to lock all the shops."

ing his first question.

standing. If he had asked:

would have understood and explained

taste—]New York Press

FROM ONE OF OUR BOYS IN THE NAVY.

U.S.S. "DOLPHIN," GLOUCESTER, MASS., July 1st, 1901. COLONEL R. H. PRATT, DEAR FRIEND:-

"We left Washington last Monday a week ago, sailed for New London, Conn., reached here in time to witness the boat race between Yale and Harvard University Oarsmen.

The contest was a very interesting one from start to finish, Harvard being at the lead most of the time until the goal was very near reached, when there came shouts from all directions "Yale! Yale! Yale!" and Yale braced up and went ahead of the Harvard crew like a passenger train, passing by a freight train, winning the race by one and one-half boat lengths at the finish of the contest. There were vessels of all description at anchor in the harbor of New London that day, numbering about 150 in all, some flying the Yale and some the Harvard colors.

We left the next day and sailed for Boston, reaching there the next morning at 8:00 A.M. Remained there but a few hours, long enough to take some ammunition on aboard, then proceeded on to our intended port arriving Portland the next day, our Commanding Officer having been authorized to take the Naval Militia of Portland at sea for a few days at a time, we will be in these waters for two or three weeks, after which we will sail for Boston and will be in dry dock again for a number of weeks if not months. Our ship will be under repairs again the same as last summer.

We are now enjoying our summer cruise again, will not get back to Washington very soon, not till October or November some time. Sea breezes are the best of all for we seem to enjoy them very much, for we prefer being at sea rather than being in port where it is so hot at times. We have great fun fishing in the evening, when we have the pleasure to haul up a few fine looking fish called the Pollock.

Are there any more boys from the school that desire to join the Navy in the We doubt if our vacationers at Chautau- near future, there are plenty of vacancies at the present writing on board this shore or mountains have had a greater ship. Men are being paid off most every week and none come to fill their position, there seems to be some trouble to get men to enlist in the Navy now a days.

Well Colonel! The Dolphin is as good a ship as ever and I do not care to leave her very soon.

Lieutenant G. W. Logan is now my boss, he being as pleasant as my former one and we get along very nice together. We have been very busy for the past few days making out our quarterly returns for the

Will now conclude with best regards to was met by one of our Indians who thought you and to the rest of the Carlisle School

Sincerely your friend and former school

JOSEPH C. LAFRAMBOISE, Yeoman 3. C. U. S. Navy.

CHAUNCEY YELLOWROBE.

We see by The June Statement, issued by the Mutual Life Insurance Company fore he reached the top, however, he look- that Chauncey Yellowrobe who graduated from Carlisle in 1895, is a policy holder, and his photographs as he arrived at Carlisle with the contrast picture taken after his graduationare given conspicuous Then she saw her mistake in interpret- place first page. He tells the story of his life in an interesting manner, how If the Indian had emphasized the right up to the age of fifteen he had been eduword there would have been no misunder- cated in all pursuits of his people, their methods of warfare, how to make and use "Do YOU lock the shops," the lady the bow and arrow, to ride bareback on a pony at full speed, foot-racing, wrestling and the traditions and legends of the tribe, when he came to Carlisle with Colonel A Western scientist proposes for the Pratt. The first few month's trials here protection of public health, that the in a new land among strangers, and not books in circulating libraries should be being able to speak in English, is vividly periodically baked. We suggest as an told. Chauncey's father is a noble type amendment the baking of a few authors of American Indian and his mother was who are inculcating the public with the a niece of Sitting Bull who defeated Gengerms of literary slovenliness and evil eral Custer and his entire command on the Little Big Horn.

THE HOME GOING PARTY.

As per promise last week the following Indian girls love us. list comprises the names of those who have gone to their homes in the past two a little rest, because all the Indian girls or singly on different days, and some as far west as Washington, Oregon and California:

Arthur Andrews Clara Ance Libbie Archiquette Mary Mackey Aliceamericanhorse Ellen Moore Frank Beaver Jackson Brown Chas. Bent R. Buffalomeat Joseph Brown George Balenti Nick Billy Wilson Charles Joel Cornelius George Carefell Eugene Cheago Louisa Cornelius Louisa Christjohn Lulu Coates Wallace Denny Theodora Davis Susie Face Gertie Gordon Bessie Gotholda Abram Henry Abram L. Hill Lucinda Hill Bertha Henry Emma Holt James E. Johnson Frank Jude Geo. Johnson Chas. W. Johnson Alida Johnson Jas. Kishkatopi Lamon Lyon Annie Lewis Clara La Croix Joseph Morris Jas. L. Miller

Wallace Miller Dora Moses Mary Morris Josephine Morris Mamie Monchamp Josie Morrell Jos. Nash Samuel Neal Henry Nerva Ralph Ovieto Arthur Pratt Simon Palmer Mitchell Pierce Elmer Printup Sara Pierre Juanada Parker Millie Paisano George Quinn Enos Ramone Edward Rogers Henry Rowlodges Julio Romero Lucy Ramone Paul Smith Jane Schanandoah Lucy Schanandoah M. Schanandoah Maggie Starr Chas. Skippegosh Mary Tallchief Norris Vakevoy Harrison Waterman Dawes Whitebird Lewis Whiteshield Thomas Walker Florence Welch Pearl Walker

ONE OF OUR LITTLE PORTO RICANS WRITES TO HER MOTHER ABOUT CARLISLE.

We find in the San Juan News a letter from one of our girls, and by request Miguel de Jesus Martinez has translated the same. The letter says in part:

"Our voyage was a very troublesome one, because we were sea-sick, but had good treatment on board. We saw many and pretty ports, like Santiago, Manzanillo, Gibara and Nuevitas. Afterwards we continued our travel to New York.

This is a large city and a pretty one. All this is another world.

P. M., where a carriage was waiting for us and took us to the school where we met five Porto Rican girls from Ponce.

and talk quite well.

How glad they were when they saw us. they would not allow nobody to take us true.' and led us in the dining room where they themselves served us.

After having taken a bath we went to

This is a fine country. To begin to tell you about it, I think I shall never finish. find myself very well treated. The teachers are good and kind as well as the Indian girls who take us around. They are not the Indians as you thought. They are girls very well civilized.

and every one can learn what every one pennies she had brought with her. wishes, also we can learn here how to sew and cut men's and women's clothes, to breath sufficiently to gasp: iron, to play the piano, etc., all that is

You do not know, my dear mother, how ahead of the game, See?' glad I am to find myself at this school. I think when I may go there I shall be mind of the young woman. able to know how to fly, because here we we want and wish.

Oh, My dear mother, I wish you would rowfully.

see all the wonderful things that we have seen.

I do not find any word to tell how the

When I go out from school I have not weeks. They went in small companies take me by my hand and they quarrel one against the other for me, they love me so much. I find it here as pleasant that I think I am at home.

> many kisses to all my brothers and you it. and father, send me your blessing, though I am far from home I always remember you all day long.

> > Your loving daughter, ESPERANZA GONZALO.

WHY JOHN WAS PROMOTED.

"I feel deeply hurt," said a faithful and trusted clerk, "that you should promote one of my Juniors right over my head. I do not wish to seem impertinent, but I would like to know the reason."

"What is making all that noise in front of the store?" suddenly asked the manager, without seeming to notice the sheaves.' clerk's protest. "Please ascertain at once.'

"It is a lot of wagons going by," said the clerk when he returned.

"What are they loaded with so heavily?"

"They are all loaded with wheat," was the reply, after a second trip had been made to the front of the building.

"How many are there?

"Sixteen," was the third reply.

"Find where they come from."

Ten minutes later the information came

that all the wagons were from Lucena. "Very good," said the manager. "Now call John, whom I have promoted; then

take a seat and listen." "Will you see what is the meaning of

that rumbling noise in front?" he continued, when John appeared. "It is unnecessary," was the reply, "for

I have already ascertained that it is caused by sixteen wagons loaded with wheat. dollar at Lucena. The wagons carry one passed from this life is a good illustration. hundred bushels each, and get fifteen cents a bushel for hauling.'

"My friend," said the manager, turning to the old clerk, "you see now why John was promoted over you."-[Success.

1901 PENNIES.

A flustering young woman, out of breath as though from walking fast, rushed up the steps of the United States We reached Carlisle at half-past eight mint at Philadelphia, the other day and on the part of a friend: asked to be directed to the bureau of information.

'There isn't any," replied the uniform-They have been here only eight months ed messenger, a very fat man. "Perhaps I can tell you what you want to know."

"Perhaps you can, said the young wous. They were so good and kind that weekly paper. I want to know if this is

She pointed to a paragraph which read: "Among the curiosities of collection is the fact that 1901 cents now bring about \$19 in the coin market."

The fat messenger adjusted his glasses and scrutinized the paragraph.

to laugh and showed to others in the department the paragraph.

Then followed combined roars of laugh-

Through it all the young woman stood The school cannot be better than it is, expectantly fingering four bright, new

Finally the fat messenger regained his or not."

"It's a joke. Don't you see? I'll give necessary to become an educated person. you \$19 for 1901 pennies, and I'll be a cent

A great light seemed to dawn in the REMEMBER, that makes us learned.

"I dare say, it's very funny," she said, DO, that makes us useful. can learn much and good and everything "but I don't think such things ought to be printed." And she made her exit sor- long STRUGGLE, that makes us valiant-

WORK A BLESSING.

That which we earn, or which we work for, is worth more to us than that which is given to us without any effort on our

dealing with his children, and all of man's experience tends to confirm this truth.

Even in Eden, before man's fall, man Good-bye my dear mother, good-bye, was set to dress the garden and to keep

> at his best, and while God was caring for him as his favorite child.

> When, later, in the wilderness, the children of Israel were being led to God, and fed by bread from heaven day by day, they had, each and all, to earn enough for a living by picking up their needful food.

> When the rich Boaz was won to an interest in attractive Ruth, the Moabitish young widow, he did not say to the laborers in his lordly fields, "Give her all the grain she needs or wants," but he said, "Let her glean, even among the

That was the better way for Ruth.

Having what she gleaned was better than would have been having what was given her in charity.

It was the same in the new dispensation as in the old.

The word of the Apostle was, as to the early Christians:

"If any man will not work, neither let

Our highest privilege is of working for our living, not of living without work.

Let us be grateful that we have the blessing of work.

When we have a living support in connection with work, that is something more to be grateful for.

May we be spared from living without work !- [Sunday School Times.

GLAD TO HELP.

It is a pleasant thought that many of Twenty more will pass tomorrow. They the men whom the world delights to honall belong to Romero and Company, of or are proud and glad to do the little, Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, humble, helpful services for which opporwhere wheat is selling at a dollar and a tunity comes to us all. An incident told quarter a bushel, while it only costs a of a beloved minister and worker who has

> Doctor G., accompanied by a friend, was one day hindered on a crowded street corner. Near them stood an old, feeble, poorly dressed woman, evidently in nervous terror at the thought of attempting the dangerous crossing. Noticing her distress, Doctor G., in his beautiful, gracious way, drew her trembling arm within his

"That was one of your flock I suppose?" "No," was the answer, "I never saw her before. But she was in need of help, and I was glad to give it."

If we have within our hearts the same spirit, if we are glad to give help when-Each one of them kissed and embraced man, producing a copy of a frivolous ever and wherever we can, we can make our lives beautiful through the doing of such small service as this, the chances for which come to us all.-[Leaves of

True Nobility.

It was at a slave market in one of Ice wagon. the Southern States, many years ago, that While he was thus engaged he began a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master who pitied his condition, not wishing him to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said:

"If I buy you, will you be honest?" The boy with a look that baffled de-

scription, replied:

"I will be honest whether you buy me

It Is Not-What.

It is not what we read, but what we

It is not what we intend, but what we

It is not a few faint wishes, but a life--[Henry Ward Beecher.

WE DON'T ALWAYS THINK WHEN WE WISH FOR GOOD THINGS.

For instance, a little boy in a story that the Man-on-the-band-stand was reading the other day in Boys and Girls, stood This is in accordance with God's best under an apple tree and said:"Iwish I was tall enough to reach that ripe apple."

The apple was fully fifteen feet above his head, and that would have been his height if his wish had been granted.

Why, Johnnie, if you were tall enough He had to work for his living while yet to pick that apple, you would be too tall to go into your home to-night without getting down on your hands and knees. Your bed would not be half long enough to hold you, and you would have to throw away all your clothes and get new ones that would cost four times as much. That would be paying a pretty big price for an apple, wouldn't it?"

ALL KINDS OF GIRLS.

A disagreeable girl-Annie Mosity.

A sweet girl-Carrie Mell.

A big hearted girl-Jennie Rosity.

A clear case of girl-E. Lucy Date. A sad girl-Ellie G.

A geometric girl-Polly Gon.

A not orthodox girl-Hettie Rodox.

A rich girl-Mary Gould.

A nice girl-Ellie Gant.

A flower girl-Rhoda Dendron. A musical girl-Sara Nade.

A profound girl-Metta Physics.

A star girl-Meta Oric.

A clinging girl-Jessie Mine.

A nervous girl-Hester Ical.

A muscular girl-Callie Sthenics. A lively girl-Annie Mation.

An uncertain girl-Eva Nescent.

An Unexpected Turn.

Mrs. Jones-Are you aware, Mrs. Skinbone, that your dog has just bitten my little Willie?

Mrs. Skinbone-What, your Willie, who has only just gotten over scarlet fever? Oh, Mrs. Jones, if anything should happen to Fido I'd never forgive you. -[Glasgow Evening Times.

Must Have Been A City Girl.

"Well, Clara, what did you see in the country?" asked a father of his little fouryear-old daughter, who had just returned from a visit to her grandparents.

"Oh, just lots of funny things," was the reply, "and the funniest of all was the hired man unmilking the cows."

It was a successful statesman who said: strong one, and carefully piloted her over. "I don't think much of a man who is not On returning he was met by the inquiry wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 7, 9, 8 is made to regulate people. My 4, 5, 1 is a small bed.

My 6, 2 is an exclamation that one is apt to make if a finger is mashed.

My 10, 11, 9, 7 is a kind of meat. My 3, 9, 1 is what we have to do to live.

My whole is a guest who came to Carlisle this week, perhaps the most welcome of any who ever favored us with a visit.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

Expirations.—Your subscription expires when the Volume and Number in left end of date line 1st page agree with the Volume and Number by your name on wrapper. The figures on the left side of number in parenthesis represent the year or volume, the other figures the NUMBER of this issue. The Issue number is changed every week. The Year number or Volume which the two left figures make is changed only once a year. Fifty-two numbers make a year or volume.

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