

The Red Man and Helper.

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

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FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1901.

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

Reward.

BRAVE is he who valliant wields
A sword upon the battlefield;
He wears a shining wreath of fame,
And History repeats his name.

Greater reward than fame or pelf
For him who triumphs over SELF;
God only knows the battles fought
Within the heart and still of thought.

T. CHALMERS DAVIS.

THE RAMBLER IV.—"IN THE TWILIGHT."

"The twilight hours like birds go by,
As lightly and as free—"

A Carlisle sunset!

Who can paint it?

A Millet, a Turner, a Claude Lorrain
might approach it.

A Ruskin might almost find adequate
expression in his chaste and varied vo-
cabulary to touch out the sketch.

Our attempt is futile. We see in part.
We enjoy in part. Power of expression is
wanting to paint the glory of earth and
sky.

We sit with other mute souls on the
piazza of the administration building and
see the gorgeous coloring come and go as
the sun sinks slowly to rest, and know that
only once will that picture be presented.

Each evening new combinations of color
and cloud form, and new atmospheric
effects awaits us.

The Japanese connoisseur, it is said,
will present but one of his magnificently
executed satin scrolls a day to his art lov-
ing guest. Nature has taught him how
most to enjoy form and color; how not to
thrill unduly, and thus jade the power to
appreciate the beautiful.

As we sit, the shadows lengthen.

The sun, a mass of burnished gold, un-
certain, irregular, almost liquid in its ra-
diance, slowly touches the empurpled
mountains with its western limb. An in-
definable haze steals across the level
landscape. Is it golden? Is it crimson?
It veils the distant hills, and their deep
blue tones are less sombre, less distinct
in the varying rays of the declining sun.

A great bank of cumulose clouds afar
encircle the declining god of day in fan-
tastic shapes, like mountain walls with
turrets and battlements. They expose be-
yond an infinite expanse of sunlit sky, a
mighty sea of yellow glory, with here
and there upon its rippling bosom a fleecy
cloud craft tinged with streaks of vermil-
ion and gold.

These great bordering cloud masses are
fringed with silver and beaten gold, show-
ing here and there mighty banks of color,
crimson and orange and nameless com-
binations that no artist's brush is clever
enough to rival.

Deep purple shadows lie between the
highly colored cloud masses.

Pink and orange and creamy tints fill
in the intervening cloud fields, as they
are touched by the reflected rays or hide
from the quivering shafts of the dying
sun.

Higher toward the zenith the great
masses give way to flecks of mist and
cloud wreaths in dainty pinks found else-
where only in the sea shell.

Here and there the high colors give
way to pearly grays, and creamy whites
or fade and die away into vast fields of
infinite blue.

And such a picture every night! Ever
changing, never monotonous, exhaust-
less, free! A symphony of color for the
eye; what a concord of sweet sounds is to
the ear.

Evening after evening it is there. See

it! Interpret it! Let its radiant beauty
enter and uplift our souls! It is God at
work in His infinite power, expressing
himself through material things accord-
ing to the laws he has impressed upon
them. We may know His laws. We
may know HIM.

But back to earth!

The day's labor is ended!

The campus is wrapped in deepening
shadows! They bring out the rich green
in all its velvety softness.

What a sight!

Carlisle at play and recreation!

The dark foliage of the trees, and the
sombre gray of the buildings throw out
in bold relief the many groups of girls in
white in the foreground, and boys in
gaudily colored athletic clothing far away
in the quadrangle by the boys' dormitory.

Here, there, everywhere are picturesque
groupings, at games, in conversation, in
relaxation—a picture ever changing, like
the colored designs in a kaleidoscope.

The joyousness of youth, the wild aban-
don of the care-free child is here. It is
their's but once, let them revel and grow
strong!

The young at play, unconstrained, in
every move give us the very poetry of mo-
tion. Here there and everywhere are
games in progress—croquet, tennis, base-
ball, leaping, wrestling, and groups in con-
versation. Activity, animation, life is
the dominant note of the picture.

Here on the steps sits a group of watch-
ers in pleasant converse, bright cheery
faces; quick active minds, ready with
nimble tongues to be mirth-provoking as
the hard contested game of croquet on the
green sward before them turns for or
against the doughty warrior who has
fought many a bloody and bloodless
battle; who fights to WIN, with mallet,
pen or sword—fairly, honestly, always,—
because he is RIGHT.

Two other games are in progress here;
and there's another, and still another
yonder.

Many voices ring out; white forms
glide here and there in chase of each
other. Peal after peal of laughter rings
upon the still evening air.

The little company by the trees at the
girls' quarters are rendering a sweet little
bit of song. A few with deft fingers are
still at work upon some trifles to adorn
their makers at the next social; but
gathering shadows compel them to
cease.

That group of boys from the "far away
summer isle" are talking, talking with
halting accents and slow, to master the
sibilants and gutturals of the northern
tongue.

They are gaining on the citadel of En-
glish speech. They will win, and be loyal,
earnest, free Americans.

In large-eyed wonder, and soft summery
sounds they tell their experiences, their
aspirations, their hopes.

Earnestness counts for half the battle.

"America is but another name for
OPPORTUNITY."

See the picturesque group about the
flagstaff! High still floats the glorious
symbol of our nation's grandeur.

Slowly it descends as the twilight deep-
ens, amid a silence that speaks of rever-
ence and love.

Back of the school building the open
grounds are still bathed in the last rays
of the departing sun.

Myriads of active, lithe forms are deeply
involved in the game of games.

Now and then a shout arises over a
successful play, or a mingled jargon of
sounds as some unsatisfactory move is
made. The shouting and gesticulating
suggests the key to Indian education:

Interest him and he forgets, as does his
white brother, not to learn and grow.

Couldn't all school be baseball? Hard-
ly; it could be made as effective, though,
if ———.

In front of the small boys' quarters
are scenes indescribable. Christopher,
George and Abraham are there again and
legions of other young philosophers. The
Olympic games are in progress.

Such leaping and feats of valor! A
whole column could not do justice to the
occasion.

Beyond sit groups in quiet converse.

More shouts come at irregular intervals
from the distant athletic fields where the
giants are in training.

Music steals faintly from a distant
room in the rambling industrial plant.

It is a rehearsal of the Band with Pan-
American aspirations.

The shadows deepen, the colors fade
from the sky, twilight merges into night.
A shrill whistle calls all within doors.

The day is closing with the light.

The bat whisks through the deepening
shadows in quest of insects, giving his
peculiar squeak and querulous complaint,
like a spoiled child.

The whip-poor-will flies by with a
smothered whir-like groan, and from the
distant meadow "recites the ballad of his
grief."

There is a sudden rush to the dormi-
tories, the windows of which soon blaze
with light.

Shadowy forms glide by. Soon silence
again prevails. We hear faint in the
distance a murmur of reverent voices;

"Our father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done
On earth, as it is in heaven."

Loud and clear on the dew-laden air
in notes of liquid sweetness rises and falls
the refrain of the bugler. "Taps" are be-
ing sounded.

The strain echoes and re-echoes among
the buildings, drowsiness in the notes:

Go to bed! Go to bed! Go to bed!

G-o t-o b-e-d!!

The music dies away into a silence ac-
centuated by the sharp clear sound just
vanished.

The windows darken. The shadowy
forms have disappeared. An unbroken
stillness falls on the great dormitories.

Carlisle sleeps! Her busy day is end-
ed! Night's shadows bring her repose!
"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of
care" is upon her.

Paternal Prerogative did not work.

In these days of educational conventions
the following is not out of place:

"When my son went to college," said
the father, "I told him that I would not
permit him to join the gymnasium and
waste his time with athletics when I had
sent him there to study."

"Did he obey you?" inquired the friend.

"I told him that if he didn't, I would
simply exercise the old-time prerogative
of a father over his child and thrash him."

"Did it answer?"

"Not after the first year. Jove! when
he came back after his freshman course
he had some way got a breadth of shoul-
der and a development of biceps that
convinced me that my paternal preroga-
tive would be safer if I didn't try to exer-
cise it."

First Teacher, at institute—Do you like
Lamb's Tales?

Second Teacher—I've never eaten any,
but I like mutton chops.

SPARKS FROM DETROIT.

From the Detroit Free Press which
published quite full proceedings of the
Indian Institute held in Detroit from 8th
to 12th of July, we gather here and there
sentiments regarding the Indian work.
Our space forbids a connected recital of
all that transpired. That the meeting was
well attended, and more life manifested
than at any previous Indian Institute is
attested by several of our people who
have attended most of the former Insti-
tutes.



MISS ESTELLE REEL,
SUPERINTENDENT OF UNITED STATES
INDIAN SCHOOLS.

DR. H. B. FRISSELL, Principal of Hamp-
ton, was the President of the Institute
and Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent
of United States Indian Schools was the
Vice-President.

Sentiments.

DR. FRISSELL:

It is not easy to develop in an Indian
youth a sense of responsibility. It is
quite natural that after years of govern-
ment paternal care, for which he was
obliged to make no return, he should not
take readily to caring for himself. No
such system then as prevails in our pub-
lic schools would meet the requirements
of these young people.

There is no place where bickerings and
jealousies are more out of place than in
an Indian school where representatives of
the white race are endeavoring to show
the members of a child race how to live a
civilized Christian life.

SUPERINTENDENT N. C. DOUGHERTY, of
the Peoria, Ill. Schools:

An Indian that knows only scholastic
teaching is too often a spoiled Indian.

HON. E. O. LYTE, of Millersville, Pa.

The Indians that have been partially
taught in the lower schools should when
they were thought to be fitted for it, be
transferred to schools in which white pu-
pils were being taught.

This will be a good thing for both the
Indian and the white, said Dr. Lyte. It
will serve to show the Indian that he is
really a brother of the white man and it
may be of advantage to some white chil-
dren to see that the Indians are very of-
ten capable of doing quite as well as they
themselves can.

HON. H. C. SMITH, of Adrain, Mich.

I believe that our first duty is to fit the

(Continued on fourth page.)

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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



HON. WM. A. JONES, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Commissioner Jones was not present at the Detroit and Buffalo Institutes, but resolutions were passed praising him for his conscientious, economical, business administration.

Report of the Buffalo Institute must go over to next week.

They are putting up a new school building at Haskell.

We see by the Haskell Institute Leader that Dr. James Marvin, ex-Chancellor of Kansas University and first Superintendent of Haskell Institute is dead.

Superintendent Peairs of Haskell, made a strong plea and showing for compulsory education in his paper at Detroit, and his figures as given in Mrs. Cook's account that out of 180 workers in the field, heard from, 176 favored compulsory education, show the trend of the times.

Dr. Frissell said in his Detroit speech that the system which prevails in our public schools does not meet the requirements of the Indian youth. We find that said system, in connection with the common-sense and every-day experience that a boy or girl gets out of school hours in a good family meets the requirements admirably.

The Mt. Pleasant Band, composed of boys and girls, was in attendance at the Indian Conference at Detroit. Persons who heard them speak in terms of highest praise of their quiet and modest deportment, their neat and becoming uniforms, and their well-rendered selections in excellent time. There was no straining after that which they could not do well. They pleased all who heard them, and reflected great credit upon their instructors and their institution.

Now the current is on and the trolley car moves! Now it is off; the car stops! Are we not something like trolley cars? Keep the current of "Desire to be better and to DO something," ON, and we MOVE. Throw off the current and we STOP, if on a level, or go BACKWARDS if we happen to be climbing a hill. What makes the current that runs the trolley car? The power at the electric plant. The current that moves us to do our best comes from the Higher Power. Why do we wish EVER to throw it off.

DETROIT.

From Mrs. Cook's Journal.

TUESDAY, July 9—

More of the same bright, bracing weather, with a refreshing breeze, and we feel entirely equal to the facing of the long programs which confront us when we open the green covered pamphlets with which every N. E. A. member is presented. We have no trouble in distinguishing visiting teachers on the street, for all wear two or three badges and carry this green covered booklet.

Dr. Winship gave the opening address this morning, and it was spiced with witty stories, and bright sayings, though the burden of the talk was serious,—the necessity of placing Indians on the same footing with white men. "Make Indians understand that if they don't work they can't live," was the sentence that sounded the keynote of his address.

Much of the morning was taken up in discussing compulsory education.

Superintendent Peairs, of the Haskell Institute, Kansas, received one hundred and eighty expressions with regard to this subject, from heads of Indian Schools. Of these 176 were for compulsory education, and four against it. The sentiment of the Institute seemed divided in about the same proportion.

The paper called "Introspection" by Supt. Allen of the Seneca School, Ind. Ty., was devoted to "seeing ourselves as others see us," and not as we appear to ourselves, perhaps, each in his little school kingdom. The paper held the interest of all, and won frequent applause, and made its listeners ask themselves some silent questions.

The Mount Pleasant band played at the close of the morning session, and was recalled by the enthusiastic audience. This band differs from others in the Indian schools, as it has not only boys but girls among its members.

This afternoon, there being no Indian meetings, we visited the school exhibits at the beautiful building known as the Central High School. So impressed were we with the architecture and finish of the building and its completeness of equipment that two of us exclaimed in the same breath "This building is an education in itself!"

The exhibit of school work is a fine one and includes that of several Michigan schools, and some from Illinois.

It seems a pity that the Indian School work should not be displayed here as was first planned instead of at the headquarters down town. The comparison would be an interesting one, and not to the disadvantage of the Indian schools.

This evening we have listened to an address (in the N. E. A. course) on Progress in Education, delivered by Bishop Spaulding (Roman Catholic,) of Peoria, Ill. An animated and forceful speaker, the Bishop did full justice to his great subject in the liberal spirit of the day.

WEDNESDAY—

Our mental equilibrium was somewhat disturbed this morning by the address of Prof. Woodward, Director of St. Louis Manual Training School. This gentleman has done very much for Manual Training, but he does not know anything about Indians, and as he took for his subject "What Should be Taught in Indian Schools," there were some ruffled feelings in the audience before he had finished, and had discussion of the paper been allowed a good many opinions would have been expressed that would have surprised Prof. Woodward.

He had just come from Buffalo, and said he had talked with the young Indian in charge of the Indian exhibit, who had said, "The aim of the Carlisle School is to train and develop individuals, and make them capable of self-support."

He then visited the Indian Village and realized that the Indians are too low in the scale to be treated as the white race is treated.

In his opinion, Indians must be educated on their reservations, their text books must be written for them, their own history and traditions taught them,

but the history of other nations is beyond their comprehension, and unnecessary.

Geography also, they could not understand, therefore it should be confined to their own immediate neighborhood.

This generation cannot find use for numbers any higher than fractions, so any thing higher is a waste of time and energy.

It is not necessary to give any further notes from this paper, which is so foreign to the ideas of the educators of to-day. We only hope the good Professor may some day come to know Indian schools and their results, as well as the capabilities of the reservation people.

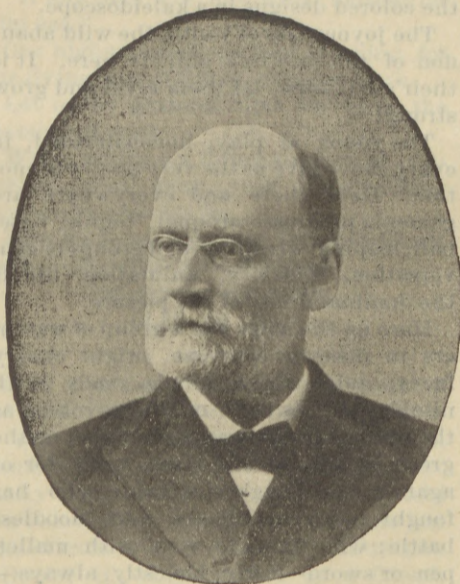
Prof. Bakeless took occasion at the close of his own paper, later in the morning, to allude briefly to some of Mr. Woodward's statements, feeling that they ought not to be allowed to go unchallenged.

He quoted Dr. Montezuma's favorite story of the man who cut an inch off his dog's tail every day in order to save him pain, instead of taking off the whole tail at once.

THURSDAY—

The Indian Institute came to an end with this afternoon's session.

The Hon. W. T. Harris gave an admirable talk upon the advance in school work in the United States which was dignified and convincing, because spoken from full knowledge, and altogether a delightful presentation of school possibilities for Indians as well as whites.



W. T. HARRIS, U. S. COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Miss Dissette, Supervising teacher of day schools, from Santa Fe, New Mexico, gave one of the best papers of the week.

It was called "The Future of the Pueblos," and was made bright and taking with stories of her personal experience, pathetic and humorous, but underneath rang the true sentiment that the future of the Pueblos ought to be one with the future of all Americans.

She commended the outing system, saying that those pupils who had experienced it were more useful in their homes after returning.

She had seen some boys who had been away at school who were ashamed to be seen helping their fathers plow, and who tried to appear above it by wearing their school uniforms while at work!

Surely no Carlisle student will go home feeling "above" the work to be done at home, no matter what it is.

We, who are with them at school and know of their success in country homes, cannot believe them capable of such conduct as Miss Dissette ascribed to some returned students.

We are just home from the reception which Miss Reel gave this evening at the Cadillac hotel. It was an exceedingly pleasant affair, giving all a chance to meet informally, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones.

A good many will go on to Buffalo for the convention to be held there; others will hear tomorrow's N. E. A. lectures, closing with a lecture on music illustrated by violin, cello and piano, and will then go to their homes, or to their reservation schools, refreshed by the contact with some of the world's stir and progress in the realm of thought and action.

It does us all good to get out and measure ourselves once in a while.

HER HUSBAND LOST.

The friends of Mrs. Ruth Shaffner Etnier, of Philadelphia, sympathize with her in the very serious trouble she is passing through at present. From the various newspaper accounts we select this from last Tuesday's Carlisle Herald:

Word has been received here of the strange and sudden disappearance of Chas. S. Etnier, of Phila., husband of Mrs. Ruth Shaffner Etnier, formerly of this place. On Monday, July 8, Mr. Etnier was overcome by the heat. On Tuesday morning, seemingly in good health, he took a cold bath and left home expecting to be back in time for lunch. Some time after he had gone his wife received a telegram from him stating that he would go to Camden and would not be back until the next morning. That was the last heard of him, and his wife is almost distracted, the dreadful suspense of a week being almost unbearable. Mr. Etnier is a travelling man in the employ of the Philadelphia & Pittsburg Oil Company.

Frederick A. Shaffner, superintendent of the frog and switch works of this place, of father of Mrs. Etnier, was interviewed by a Herald reporter this afternoon and stated that he had received a letter from his daughter this morning, stating that not a thing had been learned of Mr. Etnier's whereabouts. Once before Mr. Etnier was overcome in a similar manner and for a time it seemed to affect his head.

It is the opinion of Mrs. Etnier that the second attack has temporarily deranged him, and, as he had considerable money on his person, may have gone to a distant place. Mrs. Etnier is well known here, for a time being a member of the Indian School faculty. She has the sympathy of the entire community.

MR. DENNISON WHEELOCK.

The Sentinel stated recently that Ex-Bandmaster Dennison Wheelock was visiting old friends at the school. We learn today that Mr. Wheelock will be assistant to Bandmaster Ettinger, and that he will accompany the band to the Buffalo exposition, where they will play from July 29th to August 25th. Mr. Wheelock succeeds his brother James, who plays in the band, being a fine clarinetist.

Dennison Wheelock is no stranger in these parts. He is an Oneida Indian of extraordinary musical ability, and a cornetist, playing "triple tongue" with ease. As a director he is graceful and entirely unaffected, and brought the band, while here, to a high standard. Bandmaster Ettinger whose equal as a conductor would be difficult to reproduce, and the school, which the band has helped to make famous, are to be congratulated upon securing Mr. Wheelock as an assistant. Mr. Wheelock composed the beautiful, sprightly march, "Indian School Band," which has already appeared in Director Ettinger's programs.

—[Evening Sentinel, 16th.

Our former Band leader received a warm welcome when he came on Saturday, and the beautiful clear notes of his cornet already add tone to the music. He and Mr. Shongo, side by side, will give strength and certainty to this important end of the Band, allowing Conductor Ettinger to throw his soul untrammelled into the working out of those difficult parts of classic pieces which the organization is rendering with such admirable effect.

Some of the Names that Appear on the Native Work of Indians Displayed at Detroit.

Etta Na-he-no-she-hay, Ohalina Big Goose, Ahtape One Coyote, On-time-run-after-the-smoke, Peter Knows-the-country, Josie Three Thighs, John Comes-to-drink, Agnes Sees-the-ground, Owen Walking-stick, Jennie Lodge Skin, Charley Good Face —[Detroit Free Press.

Grasshoppers are doing damage to corn near the Sac and Fox agency, Oklahoma.

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

Roasting-ears for the first, on Wednesday, at the club.

Mr. Beitzel was Superintendent in charge, last Sunday.

Mrs. Anderson, mother of Mrs. Ettlinger, has returned to her home.

The very best way to have a good time is to carry it around with you.

That was the most beautiful rainbow of the season, on Sunday evening.

Study the Oklahoma Allotment scheme, last page. It is worth knowing about.

Agent Hart, of the Oneidas, Superintendent of the Oneida School, is here for a day.

Watermelons are getting good. The printers think they would like to try one for a test.

Mr. Bunnell, who came with the Alaskan children, left for Washington, D. C. on Friday.

The new Alaskans were photographed by Photographer Choate of High Street last Thursday.

If the weather prophets would stop predicting fair-weather the rainy spell might come to an end.

Those oat-midges will be the death of our nerves and angelic dispositions if they do not depart soon.

Miss Senseney is Assistant-teacher in the summer school she is attending in Chicago. Good for Carlisle!

Isaac Seneca, 1900, has gone to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency to take the position of blacksmith.

Nancy Seneca, '97, who has been nursing in Philadelphia, has gone to her home in Irving, N. Y., for the summer.

Sara Pierre, who is spending her vacation on the Pacific slope, says it is so cool there she has to wear her cape most of the time.

Dennison's cornet made everyone want to sing at the Sunday service; it was so natural and pleasant to have him in his old place.

Robert Bruce, Myron Moses and Fred Smith spent Sunday at Atlantic City, to get some cooling whiffs from the waves of old ocean.

Mrs. Nelle Lloyd Love, of Illinois, an old-time friend of Miss Ely's, and Mrs. Zeamer of North Hanover St. were callers on Friday evening.

Miss Anna Bietzel of Carlisle, called to renew her subscription and to have her address changed to Millersville, where she expects to reside.

The Indians specially should be interested in Edna Dean Proctor's arguments in favor of Maize as the national floral emblem—see last page.

Mr. Walter, instructor in tailoring, has gone to New York City to spend his vacation with Mrs. Walter. The shop is closed for the present.

Professor Bakeless returned from Detroit and Buffalo on Sunday evening, and was in charge of the school during the absence of Colonel Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Kunkel of Nashville, Tennessee, and the Misses McMillen of Carlisle, were among the interested visitors in our Sanctum this week.

Mrs. Rumsport, of the teachers' club force, has gone to her home in Huntingdon for a brief vacation, and took Melinda Metoxen with her for a little outing.

The Carlisle Volunteer said in a two-liner that a trip through the Indian school buildings is a two-mile walk. It seems more like ten miles to some tired visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy LeRoy Stevick, of Denver, after several days at the Buffalo Exposition are taking a trip on the St. Lawrence then through lakes Champlain and George, then to Boston and back to Carlisle by way of the ocean to Baltimore.

FOUND: A pair of steel-framed spectacles in the bed of geraniums between where the trolley stops at this end of the line and the laundry. It is believed that some one attending the concert last week dropped them. The glasses may be had by calling for them at this office and proving property.

Miss Weekley and her sister spent Wednesday on the Battle Field of Gettysburg.

Professor Bakeless says that many of the horses and mules he saw in the west wore hats.

Miss Weekley has with her a very fine parrot. The sisters leave for their home in South Carolina in a day or two.

The stove bay-window on the south side of the tailor-shop must be more useful than ornamental, although the carpenters did as neat a job as they could under the circumstances.

Colonel Pratt was in attendance upon the Indian Teachers' Institute, Buffalo, this week, and made arrangements for the accommodation of the Band before his return yesterday.

The Band was prevented by rain from playing in the Harrisburg Reservoir Park last Saturday, and started for that popular place of resort as we went to press yesterday afternoon.

Sophia Americanhorse, under Miss Noble's able instructions, is "chief-cook-and-bottle-washer" at the teachers' club, in the absence of Mrs. Rumsport, and she cooks things just right.

It will be remembered that Daniel Varner, the writer of the letter, last page, married Lilly Arquette at our school, and their many friends are pleased to learn of their useful career since.

We have sunsets at Carlisle. Study Rambler's poetical description of the same! This word picture is a good language lesson to say nothing of the pleasure to be derived in forming the picture as one reads.

The last arrivals from Alaska find the weather rather warm. One of the boys says "The hot make dark my eyes." He means that he grows dizzy. They are getting on well, and care will be taken to keep them cool.

In the Inter-scholastic Athletic Contest held in the Stadium Pan-American, last Saturday, we see that Albert Nash, who graduated from Carlisle, in '97, and is now a student at Drexel, Philadelphia, won the 880 yards run and the five-mile run.

Castulo Rodriguez who returned from his near-by farm home on account of not being able to stand the heat, has gone back to try it over again. He is determined to make a success of everything he undertakes, if such a thing is possible.

Miss Mary Carnahan, who has been teaching in Porto Rico visited the school on Tuesday. She was on her way to Marysville, Tennessee, to see her mother. Miss Carnahan returns to the little island in the Fall, and will take her mother with her.

Louis Whiteshield says that Oklahoma Country is "very alone some" and the Indians put in a large part of their time lying one side and smoking long pipes. He is farming and is tanned good and dark by sun burn. He wants the REDMAN & HELPER.

Maud Snyder was one of the girls to go to Mrs. Canfield's, Ocean City, this week. We shall miss her beaming countenance on fold days in the printing office. Among other girls who went with Maud, were Lydia Wheelock, Minerva Mitten and Pliga Nash.

The Man-on-the-band-stand feels it in his bones that he is going to get a good lot of subscriptions and renewals now that the first year of the combine of Helper and Redman is nearly out. If any should ask him which bone, he would say his WISH bone.

Industrial Park is what the shop court has been named, and it is a pretty little spot with grass of green and flower beds and young trees. Now STOP cutting across the corners and wearing short-cut paths! Mr. Thompson has planted the geraniums so there will be some system in coloring and shading of the flowers when in full bloom. They are watered and taken care of. Let us SHOP people and bachelor hall men show our appreciation by going around instead of wearing unsightly paths.

Poor Fannie, Colonel's hound, was locked by accident in the store-house, and had a sorrowful time for twenty-four hours, while her friends were hunting her high and low. Maybe she wasn't glad when Mr. Bennett, her care-taker, unlocked the door. She climbed all over him.

One of our subscribers this week is Lieutenant Retlinsky, of the Russian Imperial Battle ship, Retvizan. Mrs. Retlinsky writes from Philadelphia: "We shall keep that newspaper as a nice remembrance of our visit to the Indian school which interested us so much and left on us in every way such good impressions. We request the pleasure of being your subscribers."

Among the visitors on Tuesday was an Englishman and some ladies. The gentleman was so impressed with the steadiness and faithfulness of the women and girls at the laundry that he insisted upon donating a dollar for a treat, and ice-cream was ordered out from town, which the workers found very refreshing. He was liberal in other quarters also. We are not faithful and polite for money, but such a show of appreciation is gratefully received.

Have you noticed the bright star in the eastern sky these evenings? Well, what's its name? Don't know? Don't care? Neither does "Black Joe" care. But wouldn't it make us angry if any one would say "You are as ignorant as a dog?" Ask somebody about the star! Don't let us be ignorant on such everyday, plain things as the moon and the largest star, when we can learn just by asking! There is a star by the side of the big one. They seem to be travelling west together. What are they?

Miss Barr took Kooklilook to Ocean City on Friday last, and spent a few hours with the fifteen girls now at Mrs. Canfield's in the Illinois-on-the-strand. Esanetuck is there and is making herself generally useful as bell and chore girl. The others are having good times, going in bathing when they have certain hours off duty, and seeing the sea-shore sights. They like their work and are looking well. The girls did not quite eat Miss Barr up, but were glad indeed to see her, and showed it in many lovable ways.

Miss Carrie Weekley and sister Miss Cora arrived on Monday night from Porto Rico with six students for Carlisle. The sisters have many interesting things to tell of their years' experience in the beautiful island. The sad side of the picture is the distress among the poorer classes, many of the school children being hungry most of the time. Some of the well-to-do families are land poor and have not the means to provide an education for their children. We now have forty-five Porto Ricans and they are earnest in their efforts to learn English and all the thrifty ways of the Americans. Although averse at first to manual labor they are turning in and making the best of workers, and in that way are gaining strength of body as well as of character. When they learn that the average American gains comforts and good standing through HARD WORK, they are willing. One little girl said the other day: "I don't care for hard work. I want to learn to be an American girl and learn all."

Mrs. Ewbank's friends at Carlisle are glad to hear directly from her again. She was at Detroit, looking well and happy, and as earnest and enthusiastic as ever. She had many messages for her numerous friends at Carlisle. She was accompanied by Miss Frye, another of Mt. Pleasant's strong workers. Judging by the showing made of school work, school workers and band, Superintendent Nardin, of the Mt. Pleasant school, Michigan, has reason to feel very happy over the successes being scored at his school. We congratulate him.

Susie McDougal, class '95, now a teacher at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, was at Detroit. She is the same earnest, quiet, little woman she always was at Carlisle, doing her work well and happy in doing her duty. She plays one of the cornets in the band well, and is heart and soul in her school work. We are glad for Susie's sake, glad for her pupils and glad for Mt. Pleasant.

WILLIAM MT. PLEASANT AND JAMES ARNOLD AT NORTHFIELD.

William Mt. Pleasant, in a little account of their trip, says in part:

From the car window, the waving grain with its golden hue, the vast fields of green corn and distant hills were pleasant to look upon.

We took steamer from New York to New London, Conn., and from the deck I saw innumerable boats and steamers of all descriptions. The great city was beautiful as the last rays of the setting sun formed a back-ground to the view.

As we passed under the Brooklyn bridge I looked up and saw what an enormous structure it is, and on turning round beheld another in course of construction. It is known as the East River Bridge. The night on the Sound was pleasant.

Northfield Seminary where the Conference was held is on a high bluff overlooking the Connecticut River. The buildings are some distance apart and quite large, and the view at the seminary is fine. The long rows of tents near an adjoining woods added much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

The platform meetings in the auditorium in which prominent speakers gave addresses to the student body came at eleven o'clock each day. In the evenings there was a series of meetings beginning with a Round-top meeting at 7 o'clock, another platform meeting at 8 o'clock and at 9 o'clock a delegation meeting.

The Round-top meetings were held on a little knoll, the students sitting upon the groundmaking a large group. Addresses were made by those interested in the foreign field. This particular place has made many a young man decide to be a foreign missionary or a Christian worker in this country.

It is here where D. L. Moody was buried at his own request.

After the first meeting everybody stood in reverent attitude around the grave of the greatest Evangelist.

The afternoons were spent in athletic sports, baseball, tennis, racing and swimming while some strolled away in the near-by hills.

I cannot estimate the benefit to be derived from the Conference. A young man who goes there cannot help feeling benefitted in every possible way after being in contact with so many Christian students. I think the greatest benefit of all is that it stirs a young man to a desire for some sort of Christian activity.

James Arnold Says in Part.

The chief aim of the Conference is the assembling of the representatives of the various associations throughout the world, to discuss and formulate plans for promoting the Christian work among Young Men. The time is well employed, each division of the work receiving careful attention.

First, is the Missionary Institute, from which men receive calls to enter the foreign fields and spread the Gospel.

Second: There are classes arranged that afford helps in Bible study. Aside from these classes, there is one termed a personal worker's class. Practical talks are here given, which contain many helpful suggestions, on winning men for Christ.

Careful investigations of the working plans of several of the Associations were made. This afforded an excellent opportunity of choosing some one of these plans that would suit our field of labor.

The State delegation meetings were the final ones of each day's program. At these meetings, the Student Secretary and other officers of the State came into a closer touch with the men and learned the actual difficulties and needs of the Associations under their supervision.

The close of the Conference was regretted by all. The work was very successfully planned and carried out and every one seemed well pleased; all were benefitted.

James returned by way of Boston and other points of interest, and what he says of these we will leave for another issue.

(Continued from first page.)

Indians for useful citizenship, and then to clothe them with citizenship, and to then put on them the responsibilities of citizenship. I do not believe that one Indian can civilize another; they must be removed from the tribe, and be assimilated.

GEORGE W. NELLIS, Supt. of Sac & Fox Agency, Iowa:

For the Indian child, if he can be freed from the deterring influences of his native environment, there is a future.

If the States are justified in using compulsory measures in securing the attendance of white children at school, surely the general government, in its effort to prepare the Indian youth for citizenship, is justified in employing similar measures.

SUPT. ALLEN of the Seneca Indian School, Indian Territory:

The country has been looking for the end of distinctive Indian schools, and we merit censure if the next few years does not witness the close of many of them and the education of their former inmates side by side with other children.

DR. A. E. WINSHIP, Editor of the Journal of Education, Boston:

The reservation and ration systems are obstacles to progress, and pauperizing to the Indian, and the red man must be brought to the full realization that he must work for his living the same as any other man.

THE OKLAHOMA ALLOTMENT.

In opening the Wichita and Kiowa reservations to homestead settlement the Secretary of the Interior has chosen a method of allotment which seems to reduce to a minimum the disorders attendant on any rush for title in newly released portions of the Federal domain.

The plan about to be put in operation has been criticised as new-fangled and un-American by "sooners" and "boomers" who have figured in the mad races for virgin acres encouraged under the old "devil-take-the-hindmost" system of entry and settlement.

In so far as it leaves to chance alone the determination of that title which was formerly established only by a desperate personal struggle for possession. The new scheme may jar, perhaps, with the more strenuous traditions of frontier life.

But by eliminating the incentives which the old method of entry offered to collusion, force and lawlessness, the proclamation just issued wisely forestalls a repetition of the discreditable scenes of ruffianism and brutality which marred the opening of certain portions of the new Oklahoma Territory to settlement twelve years ago.

The plan of allotment to be put in force in the distribution of homesteads in the two newly purchased reservations puts every applicant for land on absolutely fair and equal terms.

The two areas ceded by their Indian owners can be divided into about 13,500 homesteads.

Probably 80,000 or 90,000 applications for title will be filed, so that but one would-be settler out of every six or seven could hope to find a new home within the bounds of the cession under any possible process of land pre-emption. To avoid the evils of a struggle for possession under the crude "first come, first served" method, which the vast extent of public domain to be drawn on made practicable a generation ago, what is practically a land lottery will be set up by the Interior Department to do the work of apportionment.

Between July 10 and July 26 all qualified applicants for titles must register their names at either the El Reno or the Lawton land office. Each name accepted is to be put in an envelope, and after July 29 the envelopes at each office are to be drawn at random from boxes, and the names found within them tabulated in the order drawn.

On August 6 the first 125 names on the

list are to be called and homesteads are to be allotted in turn, according to priority, to the applicants who appear.

The same process will continue with succeeding batches of favored applicants until the supply of available titles is exhausted.

The unlucky participants in this wheel of fortune arrangement will probably be human enough to sulk and grumble at their disappointment, and to rail at the idea of the government resorting to chance to smooth the application of the Federal land laws as a demoralizing novelty.

But even these disheartened critics will have the satisfaction of knowing that their failure to win homesteads was due to fatality, and not to error or injustice; while by the country at large, more philosophical because less interested in its judgment, the department's expedient will doubtless be accepted as solving with the least appreciable friction and the greatest apparent equity the problem of parcelling out the remnant of the government's unoccupied domain among the still restless and unappeased land hungry.

—[New York Weekly Tribune.]

INDIANS SURELY WOULD FAVOR THE MAIZE.

Our esteemed and celebrated friend, Edna Dean Proctor, of South Framingham, Mass., was in attendance upon the National Educational Association, Detroit, last week, and sang praises of the Maize for a National Floral Emblem.

After reading her poem on "Columbia's Emblem" which made a marked impression she said in part, and we are pleased to help in spreading her sentiments of truth on that point:

"If we are to have a national emblem let us choose one that is continental and worthy; one that will vividly suggest America whenever its name is heard or its real or pictured form is seen; one whose story is blended with our past and is in accord with our greatness and our destiny.

A national emblem can only be something full of significance to the country it represents.

The rose and the lily are dear to England and to France, because for centuries in camp and court, in council and fray, they have been an expression of the national life.

The shamrock thrills the Irish heart, because St. Patrick, when preaching to the chiefs and their clans, plucked a plant growing beside him and illustrated by its trifoliate leaves the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity.

Scotland honors the thistle because it pricked the feet of one of the Danish invaders stealing upon the army at night and his cry aroused the camp, and the enemy was overcome.

So a national floral emblem is not a thing of unrelated, arbitrary choice.

To be truly symbolic it must have been interwoven with the story of the country and the people, and its associations with them must be potent and enduring.

One plant we have, widespread and distinguished enough to symbolize our country, and that is our stately maize—the golden corn.

It is wholly and absolutely American. It grows from the lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean.

It was the grain of the aboriginal Americans. It saved the lives of the first European settlers, and it has been a vast factor in the civilization of our continent.

It is singularly beautiful and lends itself with grace to varied forms of decoration.

It may be commercial—royally and grandly commercial—but this is its least claim upon us as a national floral emblem.

It is invested with the tradition and sentiment and poetry of all the American ages.

For the broad country how can we fail to choose the unique, distinguished, historic plant, the maize—the corn?"

If you want to forget all your other sorrows, get a pair of tight shoes, says the Des Moines Leader.

DANIEL VARNER IS GETTING ON WELL.

By letter to Colonel Pratt, he says in part:

"As to the general news of the West, no doubt you get it through the newspapers, but as to myself and wife I will give an account of what we have been doing since we left Pennsylvania, in the winter of '94.

In the Spring of '95, we got a job in a shingle-bolt camp, my wife as cook and I as foreman, which lasted four months, and our earnings put us on our feet in good shape; that is we got all that we needed for housekeeping.

In September we went hop-picking and saved up \$74.75 during that month, investing two-thirds of it in groceries for the winter.

In the Spring of '96, I had four and a half acres under cultivation, in potatoes and other garden truck, and the Fall of the same year I was a candidate for Justice of the Peace, and was elected for a two years' term. The more cases I had the more there was in it for me.

During my term I had three State cases one of which is serving a five years' term at Walla Walla for forging a check.

Following my expiration of the Justice of the Peace I was elected Road Supervisor for a two-years' term, and in that office I received \$2.50 from the County for every days' work I did on the roads. I would have all the way from ten to seventy men working at a time. Last year the County gave me \$500.00 to work on county roads, and when the work was done they gave me a written recommendation for any such public work, and for the last three Springs I have been appointed or deputized assistant County Assessor.

It would last about a month at a time at \$2.50 a day.

At present I am interpreter for the Tacoma, Seattle, and Interurban Railway. They are buying a right of way from the Indians across the reservation. My fees are \$65.00 a month. It may last until August.

At other times I find plenty of carpenter work to do. So far, my wife and I are making good use of our schooling. Colonel, your little motto often occurs to me:

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

My wife joins me in sending regards to you and your employees.

PAUL TEENAH, OUR SOLDIER CUBAN CORRESPONDENT.

We are specially favored to have such widely scattered correspondents. Paul says in his last letter many things of interest. Among others:

You have done me more good than if you had left me at home with my people. Cuba is a pretty lonesome place for Americans to live except at Havana. That is like a city in the United States.

Everything here is very beautiful to people who have never seen them before and a man can enjoy himself by going around and seeing things.

We are all glad that the rainy season is about over for we have had shower baths, every day, morning and afternoons for two months!

He speaks of the Fourth and how it was enjoyed, and the excellent three meals that were spread for the soldiers, but he hopes that the boys and girls at Carlisle had a better time.

The soldier boys now are enjoying mangoes, being tired of other fruits. They have no bad sickness. They do not know whether they are going to be ordered off that island this year or not. There is money to be made in Cuba by running pack trains. Men get from 40 to 50 dollars a month.

Teacher—What is the function of the iron in the blood?

Tommy Tucker—It's what makes the finger-nails.—[Chicago Tribune.]

A Simple Life is The Best.

Booker Washington said recently in a Sunday evening talk to his graduating class of 87 colored people who were about to start out to do for themselves, and we think the advice is good for us all:

"Don't go home and feel that you are better than the other folks in the neighborhood because you have been away to school.

It would be better for you to not have had any education than for you to go home and be ashamed of your parents and not want to help them.

Go home and lead a simple life.

Don't be ashamed to go to church and Sunday-school, to the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor Societies.

Show that education has deepened your interest in these things."

A Long Headed Fellow.

A bright boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and promised ever to shun it, one day visited a rich uncle who was not a teetotaler.

He offered the boy a glass of wine which he declined.

Wishing to see how far he could be tempted he urged the boy to drink, and finally offered him the gift of a watch if he would drink.

The boy declined, saying:

"Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler, I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch, I may later on have to pawn it to get bread."

Growth of a Great City.

The whole island of New York was originally bought of the Indians for an equivalent of about twenty-five dollars.

To-day New York has a population of about 3,500,000, which is exceeded by only one other city—London.

Its wealth is enormous; its annual expenditures are more than twice those of the Republic of Mexico, and almost one-third as much as those of the German Empire with its population of 52,000,000.

And it has become the financial center of the world.—[July Ladies' Home Journal.]

Must be Hard-up for Arrests.

An Indian who could not speak a word of English was arrested in Yuma, charged with having used "profane and vulgar language."

It is suspected that the complaining witness had to employ the services of an interpreter in order to discover this breach of an ordinance.—[Yuma Sentinel.]

Enigma.

I am made of 20 letters.

My 11, 10, 8, 20 burns.

My 13, 15, 17, 1 are very useful animals.

My 3, 14, 2, 9, 3, 4 is a good place to go to.

My 7, 18, 6 nearly all like to do.

My 19, 5, 16 is a big tub.

My big 12 is what some people are troubled with.

My whole is what Carlisle was glad to get rid of a few days ago and hopes will never return.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The cool wave.

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