

# The Red Man and Helper.

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FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1901.

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

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above—  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—  
From those deep cisterns flows.

Oh holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice prayed-for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE RAMBLER V.—"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."

The calm of a summer night falls with  
a soothing restfulness upon the care-en-  
cumbered spirit, and the quiet hours  
glide by unheeded.

The harvest moon, full-orbed and fair,  
stands in the eastern sky.

The low lying mists and vapors magnify  
it and envelop its placid face in a deli-  
cately saffron-tinted halo.

The landscape lies bathed in a soft, sub-  
dued light, broken here and there by

No prince in state will come to break  
this spell!

Slowly rising towards the zenith, this  
queen of the night throws off her misty  
veil, and stands forth a chastened, silvery  
face floating in infinite calm on the ex-  
panse of milky sky. Scattered wide, a  
few dim stars gleam out like lilies on the  
placid surface of a summer lake.

The spell of silence deepens!  
No sound tells of life or toil, save the  
distant, half-suppressed coughing, cough-  
ing of an over-worked engine in the sleep-  
ing town, struggling in its ceaseless effort  
to capture the subtle current that minis-  
ters to man's multitudinous needs.

At intervals, from a distant farm house,  
the barking of a watch dog comes faintly  
on the drowsy air.

It is now the hour of midnight. Nature  
awaits with bated breath the entrance of  
a new day; the old one lingering as  
though reluctant to join its sisterhood  
of departed ones gone to the eternity of  
the past.

How many wasted! How many filled  
with sorrow! How many replete with joy!

The clock in the distant tower, with  
weary beat and slow, tells off the noon-  
hour of the night. One—two—three—  
eleven—twelve. It is an hour of mystic  
significance. The moon stands high—soft,  
silvery, silent, looking down upon a world  
at rest. Yet here and there a haunted  
soul, Orestes-like, knows not the boon of  
repose.

Historic associations are about us. His-  
toric reminiscences throng upon us. They  
come to the fervid imagination like spirits  
from the "vast deep," searching unseen  
for medium of expression.

The time, the place, the mystery of  
silence and shadow, the subdued beauty  
of the scene enhance the dreams that un-

In open glade near yonder spring wild  
and fantastic forms leap and gesticulate  
in satanic orgies with hideous din about  
a lurid fire.

In the very shadows of this peaceful  
vale we hear a shrieking, fighting, frien-  
dized mob of savages in demoniacal revels.

The illustrious Franklin and his fellow  
commissioners are on the edge of the little  
settlement in uneasy wonderment at the  
commotion so greatly in contrast with  
the dignified council of the afternoon.

"Rum did it!"  
These are the bronzed children of the  
forest whose children's great-grand-child-  
ren now sleep peacefully in yonder halls,  
dreaming of future achievements await-  
ing them when they attain their manly  
and womanly estate.

Those mad with the white man's rum,  
make a pandemonium of the peaceful  
scene.

A treaty with the great colony of Penn  
in 1753 has just been completed.

Franklin tells the story. Hear the  
philosopher in the logic of that quaint  
time, and do not say temperance senti-  
ment has not grown: "And indeed if it  
be the design of Providence to exterminate  
these savages in order to make room  
for cultivators of the earth, it seems not  
improbable that rum may be the approv-  
ed means"!!! Benjamin, thou art wise  
as the children of light!

Hear the grandiloquent logic of the  
humiliated lord of the forest, when again  
his head is clear, and he realizes, as the  
toper always does, that he is no longer a  
free man but a slave to his appetite.

"The Great Spirit has made all things  
for some use; that use it should always  
be put to. Now, when he made rum, he  
said:

'Let this be for the Indian to get drunk  
with, and it must be so.' "!!!

Yea, verily, to the besotted man his  
appetites and passions become the "God  
wills it" of his beastly desires. A fool's  
philosophy is always thus.

Five years later we see Colonel Stanwix  
at work clearing this ground of its mam-  
moth oaks and lithe hickories, removing  
the encumbering stumps and throwing up  
feeble fortifications to stem the assaults  
of savagery, and thus save the infant  
colony, a mere ripple of civilization on a  
wild and barbarous strand.

His work is rewarded; his purpose is  
attained. He saved the day by his ardu-  
ous toil, and fair "Carlisle" with her op-  
portunities, becomes, after long years, a  
possibility.

During Revolutionary days we see the  
quaint, clumsy Hessians of Trenton de-  
feat (those who had not been sent to Win-  
chester, Va.,) hard at work upon the origi-  
nal, rambling barrack buildings, long since  
destroyed. Only the massive walls of the  
old Guard House remain of their enforced  
effort. "They builded better than they  
knew."

The old barracks stand for a century, a  
place of strength for the colony, the com-  
mon-wealth and infant nation grown to a  
brawny youth.

Then these grounds become the scene  
of exacting, martial activity. Cohorts  
of cavalry under arduous drill dash  
across yonder field in swift evolutions,  
preparatory to going to the front to par-  
ticipate in the fierce fratricidal strife; to  
save a nation's life, and to insure a "gov-  
ernment of the people" to the world.

Should America go down, man through  
the ages would have lived, suffered and  
died in vain. It was for freedom's flower  
he waited, and the last is not yet.

Later the lurid flames at midnight tells  
of invasion, terror and devastation. The

booming gun, the shriek of shell un-  
nounces the dogs of war unleashed upon  
this quiet and fruitful valley. The bar-  
racks—material possession of that hated  
Union—are an objective point. The land  
marks of a century go down in a day amid  
flame and anguish. Rebellion cuts her  
devastating swath and sweeps on, beyond  
the old South hills, to the meadows and  
uplands of Gettysburg, there to be wound-  
ed and broken forever. Ah, the history  
within the facts has never yet been  
written. We, too, live on soil as conse-  
crated as Marathon, and in our eagerness  
"to gather blackberries" we, too, fail "to  
see the bush aflame with God."

'Tis the third watch of the night. The  
spirit of the past is still upon us.

Long years of peace, and again upon the  
scene comes an invasion in the solemn  
hours of the early autumnal morning,  
when the chill is on the air.

This, the last invasion of the Red Man,  
not the stealthy tread of the savage war-  
rior, but in the interest of peace and prog-  
ress come the children of the mighty  
Sioux, the terror unspeakable of the west-  
ern plains. These come as harbingers of  
better days and wiser ways.

"Let us have peace," the rugged man  
of war has said. These would add the  
lore and power of the pale-face to the skill  
and craft of his own race, that there may  
again be "giants in the earth."

But "Hope deferred maketh the heart  
sick."

Heroic deeds are enacted. In the silent  
chambers of untutored souls go on  
such struggles as only God can note.  
Struggles for the high estate of manhood  
and womanhood after misty ideals of an  
alien type. Failure! Defeat! Success!  
Twenty one years and the end is not yet:  
Patience, ye who faint! The end will  
come.

The goal is even now in sight.  
This primitive people will be unfetter-  
ed—free.

A grateful nation's history will record  
that it was done upon these historic  
grounds by that midnight band of trem-  
bling children and the courageous souls  
who believed in the power of an IDEA.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The moon sinks low! The Rambler  
nods!

"Tur wit turwee" from the querrulous  
old robin in the walnut tree, admonishes  
him that he has been asleep!

Patient reader, he will dream no more!

## PRINTING HELPS TO EDUCATE.

An interview with some of the teachers  
who have pupils from the printing class,  
brings out the fact that they improve  
much more rapidly in their language and  
spelling after they enter the printing  
class.

It could not be otherwise.  
No trade furnishes a better opportunity  
for a boy to get a good general education  
than printing.

In fact it cannot be avoided for any ad-  
vance made in the art educates the boy  
unconsciously, whether he wills it or not.

In nearly every other institution of a  
similar kind printing receives first atten-  
tion, and many truly artistic typographi-  
cal productions are the result; as can be  
seen by exchanges which reach this office.  
—[The Industrial Enterprise.

She—So you lost your friend in the  
Klondike. Where was he buried?  
He—He wasn't buried. He met a bear.



THE GUARD HOUSE.

At the South Entrance stands the old Guard House, which is one of the historic  
buildings of Pennsylvania. It was built by the Hessian soldiers whom Washington  
captured at the battle of Trenton, in 1776, and sent to this place as prisoners of war.  
The Guard house is used as the headquarters for the sentinels when on guard duty.

dense masses of deep shadows where the  
trees stand in close companionship.

Anon, objects stand out white and spec-  
tral in the glimmer of the moon's feeble,  
reflected rays.

The stillness and the hour throw around  
one a spell of mystery and awe. The  
busy, pulsating life of the day has vanish-  
ed so completely as to suggest the en-  
chanted palace of fairy lore, with its in-  
mates sleeping dreamlessly, oblivious  
to time.

bidden come, and will not go untold.

Suddenly the great buildings are all  
swept away by the wand of fancy; condi-  
tions of days long gone are about us, and  
the gentle moonlight over all.

We see in its stateliness—  
"—the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and  
the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-  
tinct in the twilight."

The oaks and hickories—  
"Stand like Druid's of old with voices sad and  
prophetic,"



## THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIAN

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

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

Don't wait for opportunity! MAKE it, as Lincoln did!

The recent rains in the west assures a half-crop of corn.

Margaret Fuller says, "The only object in life is to grow."

"On the other hand, the Indian's duty to the white man is to get off the earth," is the way a western paper puts it.

President Barrows, of Oberlin College, said the other day that he believed that the present craze for college athletics would have, in the end, a good result, in that it would make us a race fond of healthy outdoor sports.

The Weather Bureau unquestionably means well when it assumes the role of prophet, but experience has shown that it is better in recording what comes to pass than at foretelling what is to come.

—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

To enable our paper to exert the influence the cause demands its circulation should be doubled and then doubled again. This can be done easily if every interested subscriber would do just a little toward such desirable end.

The Mercersburg Monthly says in reference to their athletic meet with us, which we won: "One of the most enjoyable athletic events of the year was the second annual dual meet with the Carlisle Indians at Carlisle, on Saturday, May 18th."

The public school does for the Indian what no Indian school can do for him. It throws him into contact and competition with the whites, the people he must meet and compete with if he is to make any success of life.—[Colonel Pratt to a Post reporter, in Washington, on Tuesday.

"It is the flippant custom of these times, and doubtless was of others, to laugh when any sensible person speaks of work as man's best friend, but no more enduring truth ever was spoken. It is enduring, not only because it applies to minds that are well, but also because it bears with even greater stress upon those that require diversion from personal sorrows or afflictions."—[Phila. Inquirer,

## Cannot Keep Water From Indians.

Phoenix, Ariz., July 20.—The United States District Court took summary steps to relieve the condition of the suffering Pima and Maricopa Indians when it granted an injunction restraining the canal owners above the Indian reservation from taking water from the river and thus depriving the Indians of their water supply. The action is of much importance in that it will give the Indians water enough to prevent a famine, which caused such disaster among them last year.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Tardy justice seems to be waking at last to do what it should have done years ago.

## Still at their old Customs.

This has been a big week among the Omaha Indians, and large crowds of people have visited their pow-wows.—[Pender Times.

## COLONEL PRATT AT BUFFALO.

"Push the Indian out into life," said Colonel Pratt before the congress of Indian Educators assembled at Buffalo last week. "Let him hustle for himself. Compel him to earn a living. Force him to use his own abilities and to rely upon them for sustenance. The Indians are Indians because they are held to it on reservations, apart from opportunities to see and to learn practically anything else. The Government not only supplies them with food, but in many cases with clothing and agricultural implements.

The law of necessity compelling a man to labor for what he needs is lifted in their case, and they learn in consequence to become pensioners. The dignity of labor, its value in making a man thoughtful, inventive and physically strong and healthy is not the lesson to be learned under reservation conditions."

Colonel Pratt insists that this hurtful reservation method should be broken up; that any scheme ministering to the reservation condition should be eliminated, whether it be feeding, clothing, industrial training, schools or even missionary effort.

He would require every school in the Indian service to push its pupils out into actual contact with the other youth of the land.

By association and competition with white boys and girls the children of the red man will learn to measure their own needs and to find out their own deficiencies.

The schools furthest from the Indians and located in the choicest communities have the most advantageous situations.

—[N. Y. Tribune, July 21.

## THE OKLAHOMA OPENING NOT A LOTTERY.

Those reading the newspapers will have seen how on the Fourth of July the President issued a proclamation opening something like 5,000,000 acres in the Indian Territory to white settlement.

This allotment will supply about 15,000 farms to bona-fide settlers, and will add a rich and fertile tract to the cultivated acres of the country. Certain objections have been made to the method to be adopted, an outline of which was published last week. Some have called it a lottery scheme. In reference to this point The Outlook for July 20th says:

Selecting from the numerous applications for homesteads by lot cannot truthfully be called a lottery, and certainly it is not correctly comparable to the Louisiana Lottery, since in the latter every applicant for the prize contributed by his purchase of the lottery ticket to make the prize for which he competed, while in this case the prize is a free gift of land; and since it is estimated that there are about thirteen thousand five hundred homesteads in the areas which have been ceded to the Government by their Indian owners, and it is supposed, from present indications, that there will be from eighty to ninety thousand applications—that is, six or seven for every homestead—the method hit upon of allotting the homesteads among the applicants by lot appears to us as fair a scheme as can be well desired unless the fundamental principle of the Homestead Act is to be disregarded.

That principle was to GIVE the land necessary for a farm to any applicant, provided he would put up a house and actually occupy the place given to him.

This was supposed to secure the land, if not to the poor, at least to those who had no settled place in life.

Not merely to disregard this principle, but to reverse it, by allotting the land to the highest bidder, would be to make an application of the principle, "To him that hath shall be given," such as would be contrary not only to the traditions but to the spirit of our democratic Government.

## FROM MRS. COOK'S JOURNAL

SATURDAY, July 13.

We are on board the steamer City of Cleveland. Detroit is already nearly out of sight; we are hugging the Canadian shore still, the channel seems deeper on that side, but the broad waters of Lake Erie are just ahead, and very soon we shall be out of sight of land.

There is a splendid breeze; the lake is covered with "white caps," our party is in the best of spirits, and we plan to read and write, and get a great deal of solid enjoyment out of this day and night on the water.

BUFFALO, SUNDAY.—

That fine breeze and those picturesque white caps were too much for some of us. It was hardly more than an hour before one of our number was sadly quoting:

"Oh, Mr. Captain, stop the ship  
I want to get out and walk!"

And others of us echoed her plaintive appeal. "A life on the ocean wave" is doubtless very delightful—after you get used to it! We did not get used to it!

We find Buffalo much like Detroit in its wide streets and miles upon miles of homey looking homes. Both cities look as if land were plenty, and there was no hurry when they were laid out. Every house has its grounds.

They are very unlike many of our eastern cities where the houses lock elbows and sit with their feet in the streets.

We tried to attend service this afternoon at St. Paul's, of which we have heard much, and whose vested choir sang at the exposition grounds a few days ago, but found its afternoon services discontinued for the summer. The heat is very great, and we will not venture out this evening, but try to get a good rest in preparation for a very full week.

MONDAY.—

We have decided that the color of our railway N. E. A. tickets is very appropriate. They are red,—nearly the shade of "red tape," of which we think they are made.

We stopped off at Buffalo, but had to go down town this morning to say that we had done so, and sign our names for the many-eth time, leaving the tickets at the office (lest we be tempted to sell them to scalpers), with instructions to call for them at the last moment before our homeward journey. But we don't complain, it all adds to our education.

The Indian department is well represented here, and the members took hold of the questions presented this morning with a great deal of life.

We were all glad to find Colonel Pratt had arrived. In his talk he discussed the condition of the New York Indians at some length, showing how civilization fails to civilize as long as the reservation is maintained.

Addresses of welcome and responses to the same filled the hours appointed, leaving the afternoon and evening free for visiting the exposition.

TUESDAY.—

It is curious to note the growth of sentiment among Indian workers toward the final mingling of the Indian pupil in the general American life. It is evident this year at the Institute as never before.

Col. Pratt was the first speaker this morning, and gave his thoughts upon "The best means of helping young Indians to give up tribal life and cope successfully in the affairs of civilized communities."

He placed his well known views in new lights, emphasizing anew the theories which he has had time to prove true.

Supt. Peairs of Haskell, followed in a talk upon special schools.

He thinks there are too many Indian schools already. That pupils should be prepared to take special courses in white schools which are already well equipped. He also thinks it would be a great gain if pupils could be required to pay something, either in money or work, for their education. They would then appreciate something of its worth.

Supt. Brown, of Pine Ridge, said that the value of labor must be taught the Indian race somehow, and they must be

turned out to work for themselves like the rest of mankind, and that if we could bring that about by abandoning all schools for a year and letting them grow up to weeds it would pay a hundred fold. The mass of the people will never amount to any thing under present conditions.

Supt. McCowan's paper was upon the irrigation of the arid regions, but he, too, was in favor of the scattering of the Indians which must come sooner or later.

Miss Viola Cook's paper on the teaching of domestic industries, had the same trend of thought.

Miss Hultman, of Grace School, gave some very practical hints on "What to do in the night school."

Supervisor Wright talked about discipline, and started a discussion that required an extra session of an hour and a half to settle. A healthy difference of ideas prevailed, and all got their notions thoroughly shaken out and aired, but it is very likely that each one will go home and conduct his disciplinary tactics on pretty much the same lines as before, for in the matter of discipline men are all a good deal like the man who said, "I am perfectly willing to be convinced but I would like to see the man that can convince me!"

But the thought that seemed to come out on top was that discipline must be shaped to mould character, and cannot, therefore, follow any hard and fast rule.

THURSDAY.—

Yesterday morning a variety in the program was made by the introduction of the Rev. Mr. Ferrier, superintendent of a Canadian Indian school, a most forceful and interesting speaker, who showed us some points of difference between the Indians and schools on the other side of the border line, and those on this side.

Their schools are supported in part by the Government and in part by some religious denomination, after the manner of the contract schools which we have done away with.

They have no day schools to prepare the pupil for the boarding school, and there are few industrial schools; it was plain to see, however different the conditions, that the aim is the same—to make men and women who shall be practical and self-supporting.

Miss Watson, of Fort Lewis, told, in an excellent paper, how best to develop free expression in self-conscious children.

This morning, Miss Dutton, of Carlisle, read an admirable paper on the Kindergarten work in Indian schools.

We had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Mr. Lincoln, of the Thomas Orphan School on the Cataraugus Reservation. His invitation to the Institute to visit his school was so cordial and hearty that we greatly regretted our own inability to accept it.

The pupils who have come to us from there have given us a very kindly feeling towards the school.

Many excellent ideas have been brought forward at the meetings this year which will be helpful in our work.

Miss Reel is to be congratulated upon her success in making the Indian institute a department of the N. E. A. for, while it may at times be held in cities at an inconvenient distance, and the attendance then will be small, it has already proved an aid to the teachers, bringing them in contact with the leading minds in educative lines, and giving them an opportunity to compare their own methods with others in exhibits of school work.

Altogether there are numerous "ear marks" on the Institute showing distinct progress, and giving promise of greater intelligence more intelligently applied.

Announcements of the marriage of Estella Mishler, class 1901, to Richard H. Garwick, Spring Brook, Wisconsin, for July 20th, have been received. Estella's friends extend a heart full of good wishes for her future happiness.

On the 10th inst., Charlotte O. Horne, class '98, was married to John P. Cochran, at the residence of the bride's mother, Hupa, California. Lottie's many friends at Carlisle extend congratulations and best wishes.



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

The old Souvenirs are all gone. People are not over-dressed these days. Those band caps surely cap the climax. Thermometers bear watching these days.

Those Hilton apples touch just the right spot.

The Band played at Boiling Springs last night.

Lillian St. Cyr is doing clerical work in Miss Ely's office.

The fire-test bells in town have become a familiar sound.

The sun picks its victims mostly from the ranks of drinkers.

Miss Anderson, sister of Mrs. Ettinger, is with us for a visit.

Miss Williams of Williams Grove was a guest on Wednesday.

It seems never too warm for Miss Noble to put dressing on the salad.

The Band played for Mr. Potter yesterday at eleven A. M. on the bandstand.

William Paul's Oboe beginneth to be heard in the best and clearest of tones.

The farewell Band concert to-night! And the Man-on-the-band-stand weepeth.

It is a good plan to put off till to-morrow the clothes that are too heavy today.

Standing Buffalo, the noted Ponca Chief, died July 3rd, at his home in Oklahoma.

Hobart Cook and his mother spent Wednesday afternoon picnicking at Mt. Holly.

Mrs. Bakeless, John and baby Catherine returned last Wednesday from Milroy, Pa.,

Lon Spieche has made a stand for his snare drum which shows considerable "Injunuity."

The Band serenaded Judge Henderson and family at his mansion across the meadow on Friday evening.

The other day one of the Alaskan boys asked permission to go see the "government," meaning Col. Pratt.

Miss Ely has been suffering for a few days with quite a severe attack of lumbago, but is better at this writing.

Misses Mary and Clara Anthony of North College St., were guests of Miss Peter to tea on Wednesday evening.

Dr. E. L. Volgenau, of the Agricultural Department, Washington, is examining our cows for tuberculosis.

Mr. Morrison, Principal of the Maryland school for the Blind and teacher, Miss Martin, were among the visitors yesterday.

Such a rain of errors as we have once in a while in the printing-office is the rain that the weather man does not predict.

This week's "Rambler" again carries us in imagination and poetic fancy to heights above the common-place. Let us try to follow him!

Sculptor Kaspar Mayer, of the American Museum of Natural History, is with us taking casts to enable perfection of Indian groups.

Mr. Shongo's cornet solo, a selection of Hartmann's, played Saturday night is perhaps his best. He had to respond to the applause with an encore.

Mr. Mason Pratt, who for a number of years has been identified with the great Steelton Iron works, was recently advanced to greater responsibility and salary.

In some places dog days have but begun, but here they are over, for an order has gone the rounds that all the dogs on the grounds must be invited to leave.

Lydia Wheelock who is at Ocean City writes that they are all having a delightful time, and go in bathing when time permits. Asenoth Bishop is head cook.

Little Esther Allen, daughter of Superintendent Allen of the Quapaw school, charmed all who met her on their recent visit. It will be remembered that Mrs. Allen was Miss Ida Johnson, when with us.

It will take a person reasonably well versed in the names of popular authors to read, "A Literary Nightmare," last page, understandingly. Try it, ye Indian and Porto Rican students!

Five girls arrived yesterday from Unalaska, in the care of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Newhall, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission of Unalaska. Another boy and girl accompanied the party East.

One of the easiest ways to earn a dollar is to solicit for the REDMAN AND HELPER. Get instructions and business cards from the printing office! Your first subscription will pay for 25 Agent's cards.

We see by the Boonville Herald, N. Y., that Leander Gansworth, class '96, figures quite frequently in some of the I. O. O. F. doings of that thriving place. Leander is at work upon the Herald.

Josie Morrell writes that she arrived safely at Miles, Washington, and that she enjoyed the trip. From Spokane the train ran slowly. She was met by her papa, and was delighted to see him.

Robert Bruce, our Euphonium soloist, was at his best, last Saturday night in Levy's Whirlwind Polka. He played well, and the audience showed their appreciation by loud applause, to which he responded with an encore.

We are willing to stay away from Buffalo, Chautauqua, the shore and every other place as long as the Band makes such delightful music of evenings, and Mrs. Ettinger favors us with her remarkable singing; but now they are going, and what are we poor stay-at-homes to do?

Mr. Dandridge, of the Keams Canyon, Ariz., Indian School, and formerly with us, is East on his vacation, and promises a call. The Band boys and others with the party saw him in Harrisburg last Thursday night after the concert. He is looking somewhat thinner but very well, and is in good spirits. Mrs. Dandridge has gone to Los Angeles for her annual leave.

On Saturday night, while the horns were resting, Colonel Pratt gave a solo talk, and it was not so low we could not hear it, either. There were no uncertain tones in his words. Superintendent Allen of the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory made some very happy remarks directly to the point, and he was followed by Superintendent Brown, of the Oglala School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. His remarks were also well received.

This summer's open-air rehearsals of the Band when people were publicly invited or not, have been the means of educating our tastes for a high grade of music. Scarcely a student would now be satisfied with the playing of the ordinary circus or street band. Overtures and other selections of the first grade alone will satisfy us now. The Band has a repertoire of nearly 200 pieces, so there is always a pleasing variety—no two evenings alike.

Fully 1200 people heard the band concert on Saturday evening. It was another grand event in the triumphal series to which Carlisle's have been privileged to listen. Sousa's new march, "The Invincible Eagle," was quite popular. Excellent shading was displayed in the William Tell Overture and Paderewski's ever familiar Menuet came in for a liberal share of applause. Messrs. Shongo and Bruce were liberally encored for their work on the cornet and euphonium respectively.—[Volunteer, July 22,

Superintendent Potter, of the Chemawa, Oregon School, the largest Indian school on the Pacific Coast, spent yesterday at what he is pleased to call this "his old home." Mr. Potter was with us in the early nineties, and since his work began at Chemawa has built up that institution into a prosperous school. He will spend a few days at the home of his boyhood, in Hamilton, Canada, and expects to visit the Pan-American while there.

He says of Mr. Campbell, formerly disciplinarian of Carlisle now Assistant Superintendent at Chemawa, and of Mrs. Campbell, his wife, formerly vocal director here, that they are very well and happy, and that Mrs. Campbell is planning to come East on a little visit.

**A PARTY OF LITTLE ONES.**

It was a whole company of bright, lively little people—25 in all—and they had a delightful time.

The occasion was a party given in honor of the visiting grand-children from Denver and Steelton.

It was also the birthday of little Marion Pratt of Steelton, and she was crowned with a wreath of flowers as a mark of distinction.

Place:—Colonel Pratt's residence and the campus in front.

Time:—Tuesday afternoon and evening of this week.

Many attractive games had been arranged by ye older members of the household, one of the most picturesque features of the scene being the flying of gay-colored Japanese kites by the boys. Some would go up if the small legs went fast enough to create a breeze, and some would not go up, but those that did not fly were enjoyed as much, apparently, as those that did, and the down kites next the beautiful green of the grass, were even prettier than those in the air.

Then the little girls had fans with paper butterflies fluttering their pretty wings in the breeze as they fanned, and some to make the butterflies flutter more, ran and fanned as they ran.

Such fun!

A large water-cooler was placed under a stately tree and glasses made convenient for the thirsty tots to help themselves.

But one happy scene not soon to be forgotten were the tables set in the large wall-tent that has been standing between the office and Colonel's house for some time, and the guests grouped on the grass underneath the trees, as the dainty, three-cornered sandwiches, animal crackers and layer cake, whipped cream piled high on full-glasses of whortleberry sherbet, candies "done up" in fringed fancy papers, etc., were passed.

Mrs. Van der Mey, the obliging cook, spared no pains to make the edibles attractive in appearance and delicious to the taste. The romping, throwing of bean bags and other games gave the children a remarkable appetite, and they ate as though it tasted much better than everyday food in the house.

Those present were:

Miss Elizabeth Norcross with her niece Mary Louise Foster;  
Rebecca, Harry, Webster and Margaret McKnight;  
Margaret and Julia Shearer;  
Margaret, Julia and Hugh Morgan;  
Wilson Murray;  
Albert Weber;  
Norman Thompson;  
Sarah, Richard, Roxana, and Marion Pratt;  
Laura, Mary, Nana, Roy, Theron and Dorothy Stevick.

**THE HARRISBURG CONCERT.**

The Star and Independent, July 19, says:

One of the largest open-air gatherings of the season attended the concert by the Carlisle Indian School Band at Reservoir Park yesterday afternoon and evening. It is estimated that over ten thousand people were at the park during the day. The concert by the band was one of the most delightful rendered at that beautiful resort this year.

The solo work of Mr. Shongo on the cornet and that of Mr. Bruce on the euphonium was well received.

The Patriot says of the same concert:

J. B. Ettinger, the director, who has been training the band for its appearance at the Pan-American Exposition, was in charge. Mr. Ettinger has the band thoroughly under his control and has accomplished some wonderful improvement in it. The organization yesterday rendered the most difficult selections with ease and precision. A number of the lighter airs, such as those from "Hodge, Podge and Co.," caught the ear of the people and brought round after round of applause.

There was no intermission in the evening. The people would not have it and the time allotted to recess was given over to music not on the program.

A pleasing innovation at the evening concert was the introduction of vocal music. Mrs. J. B. Ettinger, wife of the director of the band, sang "Stabat Mater" and another selection, winning an encore from the delighted audience. Mrs. Ettinger has a well-cultured and beautiful voice.

The Telegraph says.

The famed Carlisle Indian band fairly outdid itself and created an impression which will insure a still warmer welcome in Harrisburg in the future. Every number of the elaborate program was rendered in an almost perfect manner and was received with applause.

**THE WHITES DEGENERATING.**

When the registration of applicants for quarter sections of land in the reservation to be opened in Oklahoma closes next Friday it is believed there will be at least 150,000 names on the lists.

As there are less than 13,000 allotments over 137,000, or every nine out of ten will draw a blank and will have to seek a home and a livelihood elsewhere.

All the events of the opening of these reservations illustrate in a most striking manner the willingness of many people to risk their all in an almost hopeless lottery.

Hundreds have spent months camping on the borders of the reservations and have consumed their little savings.

Others have surrendered permanent places of employment in order to take chances.

It is an interesting fact that one fourth of those who are registering cannot write their own names.

In a number of cases where whole families register it is found that the father and mother can write, but the sons and daughters cannot.

This proof of degeneracy is a discouraging indication of what the character of the settlers in the reservations will be.

It also makes clearer why so many are willing to risk so much in the hope of getting a quarter section of doubtful land.—[Phila. Press, July 21.

The new uniforms for the Indian Band have arrived and were worn for the first time on the trip to Reservoir Park, Harrisburg, this afternoon.

Horstman & Co., Philadelphia, made them. The caps are of scarlet with black trimmings and the word "Carlisle" appears in gold letters. Scarlet, with black trimmings, form the coat, which is the regulation army officer's blouse. The trousers are of army blue with two red stripes running down the sides.

Altogether the uniforms are brilliant and produce a very pretty effect. They fit nicely and are a decided improvement over the old style.—[Carlisle Volunteer, July 18.

John Reinkin, who lives away out in that almost-end-of-the-world place, Unalaska, writes that since he arrived at home he has been helping his father in the store through the rush of fitting out people for Nome, but as the rush is over, he is thinking some of going into the mines and working a steam engine. He is also contemplating learning the engineering trade, and thinks he will if he can enter the Union Iron Works in San Francisco. His father, he says, thinks a great deal of his children and wants to see them grow up to be useful men and women. Both his father and mother thank Carlisle for the good it has done their children.

Lieut. Joel Bernice Ettinger, conductor of the Indian Band, who, by the way, is not an Indian, was the subject of an involuntary joke on a recent trip. Seeing him with the band, and the band being an Indian organization, a lady presumed that he was one too. She precipitated considerable amusement for Mr. Ettinger by inquiring to what tribe he belonged. When he assured her that the Ettingerites were a very peaceable tribe her embarrassment was great for a time, but she soon saw the joke.—[Carlisle Volunteer.



**A MERRY THOUGHT.**

If all the little children dear  
Who are glad vacation days are here  
Should stand in a line with their books and slates,  
They'd reach across the United States;  
And then if they counted one, two, three,  
And laughed, what a long, long laugh 't would be!

ANNA M. PRATT.

**CONTINUATION OF JAMES ARNOLD'S  
NORTHFIELD ACCOUNT.**

Reluctantly we leave Northfield, but we are finally off for Boston, desirous of spending one day at the "Hub."

Our first place of interest was the monument.

We climbed to the top, which affords a splendid bird's-eye-view of the City and harbor.

The Navy Yard was a very interesting place. We saw the old "Constitution," Admiral Dewey's flag-ship "Olympia," the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius," and the "Bancroft," the "Machais" and others.

The Museum of Art was our next objective point, but, arriving too early, we visited the Library for a short time and admired the large collection of books.

Trinity Church, the Public Gardens, the Commons, Shaw's monument and the State House were other points of interest to us.

The building of the Boston Historical Society, Faneuil Hall, Quincy Market, the Custom House and many other points of interest were visited.

We returned to the Art Museum; this time gaining admission. A week could be spent here admiring the beautiful pictures and many other valuable pieces of art.

Space will not permit of the description of many other places visited. Harvard University must not be omitted, however. We enjoyed the opportunity of seeing the Alma Mater of many of our great scientists, statesmen and writers of the age.

The close of the day is drawing nigh and we have just time to reach the station to make our train for Providence, where we board a steamer for New York. As the steamer moved slowly down the bay, Providence seemed a real picture bathed in the evening twilight, with the surrounding hills forming a back ground.

There were many passengers on board the vessel, but all were very comfortably cared for.

Fortunately we awoke early and saw part of Long Island Sound before arriving in New York City. It was very interesting to watch the tugs and steamers plying to and fro.

Brooklyn bridge and those tall buildings and other landmarks, all characterize the city as the commercial center of the country.

We landed at Pier 36 and after a short walk took the elevated car to 125th St.

Grant's tomb is a magnificent structure. North of it stands a beautiful tree that Li Hung Chang planted because of his sincere friendship for General Grant.

We had time for a hurried walk through Columbia University, pausing here and there occasionally to take a glance at the most striking objects. Thence we made our way to Central Park to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where there was much of interest to be seen.

A few blocks down Fifth Avenue, lined with mansions of the wealthy, brings us to our next place of interest, the Menagerie. Here we saw a fine collection of animals from all parts of the world.

We then took seats on top of a coach and continued our journey down Fifth Avenue and then down Broadway, which is one of the busiest streets in New York City.

A bird's-eye-view of the City from the top of the World Publishing Company's building was quite a treat.

After walking across Brooklyn bridge, we returned and went to Wall St., taking a look at the large Banks and Trust Companies, that practically rule the money market of the world.

We now come to the old Trinity Church which stands at the head of the street on Broadway. We look in, and then spend

a moment in the cemetery which contains the remains of Alexander Hamilton, and others, famous in our history.

Once more the hours have slipped away and we have only a few moments to visit the Battery and take a last look at Bartholdi's Liberty Statue, and then we hasten to make our train for Philadelphia and home.

We arrived safely, with a broader horizon for having seen a little of the great, busy world, and met and heard some noble types of Christian manhood.

JAMES ARNOLD.

**A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.**

When does Mary Mapes Dodge?  
When Thomas W. Knox.  
What did Charles Reade?  
Whatever he saw Mabel Osgood Wright.  
When is it that John Burroughs?  
When he hears Edward Everett Hale.  
Why did they Hall Caine?  
To make Frances Hodgson Burnett.  
Who gave Thomas Paine?  
Hamilton Wright, Mabie.  
What made Winston Church-ill?  
Eating what he saw John Esten Cooke.  
What will make Walter A. Wyc-koff?  
I Zang will.  
Why did Charles Dar-win?  
Because he never turned his back to De-foe.

Where did Captain Frederick Marry at?  
At the Ellen Olney Kirk.  
What made Colonel Richard H. Savage?  
Hearing Charles Carlton Coffin.  
Why was Wagner Haydn away Bach?  
Because De Koven had him on his little Liszt.

What kept Charlotte M. Young?  
Helping Elizabeth Phipps Train.  
Why do we not laugh at R. D. Blackmore?  
Because we find John Greenleaf W(h)ittier.

Why came Samuel Smiles?  
Because he saw a hen reward Beecher.  
Why did Miss Mu-loch up the silver?  
Because she saw Flora Annie Steele.  
—[Life.

**COLONEL DONALDSON'S INDIAN  
COLLECTION.**

It is a fortunate thing, says the Philadelphia Press of July 21, that the Indian collection of the late Colonel Donaldson, who was one of the ruggedly picturesque residents of Philadelphia, has been kept intact and turned over to the University Museums.

In securing the collection for the University Mr. John Wanamaker has done a service to the memory of a famous collector and has also added materially to the resources of the University.

Colonel Donaldson had a unique opportunity when getting the material for his work on the public domain, and, later for his report on the Indians in the census of 1890, to collect costumes and ceremonial objects that played an important part in Indian life.

He had the knack and instinct for collecting and the broad and comprehensive knowledge that made his collections unusually valuable.

Had the Indian collection been dispersed elsewhere it would have been a great loss to the city, and the outcome is a happy one for all concerned.

**What Makes a College?**

What makes a college or university? Is it buildings, or brains? James A. Garfield put the answer in a sentence when he said: "Mark Hopkins on one end of a bench and myself on the other would be college enough for me."

It is the power of the teacher's personality, his embodiment of the spirit of scholarship, not fine buildings or great endowments, which gives the college power.

In Germany a school-boy or urchin seen with a cigar or cigarette between his lips would promptly be pounced upon by a vigilant guardian of the law, and made to suffer condign punishment for his temerity.

**FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD.**

A fool and his money soon parts is a maxim that will stand as long as the world is inhabited by the human race.

Not over two months ago one of our brightest young Osage full-bloods received \$1300 back annuity.

This was given to him in the shape of a check.

The check was soon broken and several were on the ground to borrow from him.

Others wanted to trade him out of it, but he withstood the charge of them and went away with the money still in his possession.

He went out to camp and the first thing he did was to call every Indian in sight up to the lemonade stand and set-em-up.

Just as another Indian, said, he wanted to act big and we did everything we could to make him think he was big and then laughed at him for acting so.

Today he has not got a thing to show for his money and only has about three hundred dollars left.

He has acted the big man all the way through and has the satisfaction of knowing he has led them a merry gait while it lasted.—[Osage Journal.

**INDIAN FESTIVITIES.**

The medicine men are now in great demand.

This is the time of year when he is in his glory.

He is the fire-maker, not in the stove, but between the ends of four nicely cut hickory sticks placed with the ends pointing to the four cardinal points.

This fire is very sacred and is built for busk time.

These busks or green corn celebrations are being held all over the Creek nation.

These celebrations may be a good thing for the Indians.

They fast and drink an herb that vomits them very thoroughly.

They claim that new corn eaten without cleaning the stomach causes people to be sickly all the year.

We have noticed that after this ordeal they will eat great quantities of green corn, fresh beef, pork and in fact almost anything that they can lay their hands on, and it does not make them sick.

—CHAS. GIBSON,  
in the Indian Journal.

**PRACTICAL EDUCATION NEEDED.**

The call keeps coming from the business world for more young men with good practical common-sense educations.

President Forgan, of the First National Bank of Chicago, testified to this when in an address at Lake Forest university the other day he gave the following as the requisites for a young man seeking business employment:

1. To be able to write a legible hand and to make good figures and place them correctly.
2. To add, subtract, multiply and divide rapidly and accurately.
3. To be able to write a clear, brief, grammatical letter with every word spelled correctly.

Comparatively few candidates, even among high school and college graduates, he says, can satisfy these simple tests.

**He Missed his First Wife.**

A speech which had a pathetic as well as an amusing side is said to have been made by an old New Hampshire man on the occasion of his second wedding.

"Neighbors," he said to those who had witnessed the simple ceremony, "you all know that this good friend that has consented to marry me is something of a stranger in our town.

Now I feel kind of insufficient, being only a MAN, to make her acquainted with everybody as quick as I'd like to.

So I'm a-going to depend on you women folks," he added, with a confiding smile at the members of the gentler sex, "to make her feel at home among us, just as my first wife would do if she was here to-day.

I miss her consid'able all the time, but more'n usual on an occasion like this."

**A SOCIETY GIRL WHO WAS TOO LAZY  
TO READ.**

Many a girl in society in her effort to appear what she is not places herself in a ridiculous light. The following from an exchange illustrates the point.

It was at a dinner party, where a "grave, thoughtful man" said to a pretty girl:

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott! Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy, "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous descriptions. One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's Emulsion," he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that its the best thing he ever wrote."

**NOW LET TOBACCO DEALERS BEWARE.**

Governor Stone has approved the recent passage of the bill by the Legislature and it is now a law.

It provides that any person who shall sell or give to another person under 16 years of age tobacco in any form shall be subject to a fine of \$100 and thirty days in jail.

This bill was presented by Mr. Lock, who secured its passage despite the bitter fight made against it by the Tobacco Trust.

"Do you mean to say a boy might smoke cigarettes constantly for a week without any particular harm resulting?"

"Certainly."

"Why, it would kill him."

"Of course, but that wouldn't be any particular harm."—[Philadelphia Press.

**Enigma.**

I am made of 36 letters.

My 31, 29, 33, 36, 7 is what people sometimes shed.

My 20, 5, 30, 4, 6, 22, 9, 25, 26 is what a man may do with his coat.

My 2, 13, 16, 14 is the part of a stocking which wears out first.

My 3, 11, 12, 19, 15 is what the ambitious student tries to do.

My 33, 12, 23, 30, 17, 18, 19 is all that Indians need to make them the same as other people.

My 27, 28, 35, 20, 7 is what corn does these days.

My 8, 10, 1 is what fish are caught in.

My 34, 24, 21, 32 is not a pleasant thing to have on the neck.

My whole was the key-note to Colonel Pratt's talk last Sunday evening at the service on the lawn.

**ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:  
Such a terrific hot wave.**

**SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.**

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