

The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XVIII No. 3. (18-3)

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FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1902.

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

IN THE EVENING HUSH.

WHAT witchery dwells in the evening gloom
When the fire burns low and shadows roam
Like flitting ghosts where the dim light falls

In flickering shapes on the dusky walls?
What spirits come when the heart goes back
And moves again over the darkened track—
That walked with me through the Long Ago,
In the evening hush when the lights are low?

What shadows over the dim room creep
To silent mourn or to pause and weep
And place a wreath on some crumbled tomb,
Half lost in the dust of the ancient gloom?
Forgotten shapes that in silence come,
When the ears are dulled and the lips are dumb
And only the dream tides ebb and flow
In the evening hush when the lights are low.

Gray Spectres out of the vanished Past
Come stealing forth; and all flying fast,
The mystic ones from the future greet
And clasp white hands as the winding sheet
Unrolls, quick flooding the haunted room
With the scent of a long-dead rose's bloom;
And memory visions come and go
In the evening hush when the lights are low.

Ah! Always thus in the eerie time,
'Tis night and day, I can hear the chime
From the deck of Fate, on either hand
From the curtained Past and the unknown land
I have dreamed about but have never seen;
And I hark to both as I sit between,
While the white ones mingling come and go
In the evening hush when the lights are low?

There are ghosts of dreams that I dreamed when young;
When Hope her shimmering bright scarf flung,
All jeweled, streaming adown the sky,
And Love's bright chariots thundered by,
Bright dreams they were; but the brightest now
Are they of the palest and care-lined brow,
When the ghosts of the days come and go
In the evening hush when the lights are low.

The firelight dies and the night is here;
The flickering shadows disappear
To roam again in the far-off land
And beckon me with a spectral hand,
Ah! well! not long till I, too, shall be
A silent one of the company,
And haunt the gloom and the firelight's glow
In the evening hush when the lights are low.
—LOWELL O. REESE, in San Francisco Bulletin.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

One of the first pictures of an Indian School coming within our knowledge was given to us thirty five years ago by an old Comanche interpreter by the name of Horace P. Jones, who was for more than forty years an official interpreter of the Government for the Comanche Indians. When Mr. Jones began his service the Comanche Indians were located on the Brazos river in Texas, under the care of an agent by the name of Leeper. Mr. Leeper was greatly interested in the education of Indians and immediately started a school. Having no buildings, he provided the teacher with a paulin, which is a large sheet of heavy duck about twenty-five by thirty feet in size.

As it seldom rained in that country protection from the sun only was necessary.

The paulin was stretched on a ridge pole with side poles near the edge to form a flat roof. Slab desks and slab benches were provided. The teacher employed was a lame man, one leg being considerably shorter than the other and much bent, and he walked with a cane.

The school-house was in the midst of the camp. The teacher had a good sized dinner bell and when it was time for each session of the school, he would start out through the camp with his cane in one hand and the dinner bell in the other, walking among the teepees and ringing his bell as he went. Each of the young Comanche boys and girls had provided himself and herself with a cane and as the teacher passed their teepees, they would fall in in single file behind with their canes and imitate the teacher, each crooking a leg and limping along after him to the great merriment of all the Indians, agent and others, until they rounded up at the school house. It having become a matter of some personal interest to us we looked up the report of that school, which reads as follows:

COMANCHE AGENCY, August 18, 1858.

SIR: I have entered upon the labors

of an Indian school at this place, and it was truly gratifying, at the opening of the school, to see the interest that the Indians felt, in having their children educated to speak the English language. On the day we opened the school there was a full attendance of all the chiefs and all the heads of families. And after Colonel Leeper, the special agent, had addressed them through the interpreter, with regard to the utility of having their children educated, and the intention of the Government in so doing, their head chief made a very lengthy speech to his people relative to their future prosperity. I have been in council among the various tribes of Indians, but I never before witnessed so much concern among any other tribe, nor saw such willingness to give the names of their children as students.

There is now a great avenue open for much good to be done for these Indians, and as I have been appointed as teacher to instruct and superintend this school, I pledge myself to the agents, the Indians, and all whom it may concern, that I will devote all my talent, skill, and individual attention to their instruction, for all the children under my charge are very attentive to gain information, therefore I am well assured that in a short time we will be able to make as full a display of improvement of the young in our school as in any other Indian school in the United States or elsewhere. The following is a table or list of the students.

Male students with their ages.

No.	Name of students.	Age.
1	Baish.....	10
2	McThero.....	11
3	Hogthey.....	9
4	Thasbaway.....	13
5	Thu Cocksway.....	15
6	Peck-po-wa.....	16
7	Theckema.....	14
8	Haird.....	9
9	Weno-u.....	10
10	Onabisth.....	17
11	Tampa.....	18
12	Hunter.....	19
13	Sequas-sa.....	12
14	Thisero.....	10
15	Thurin.....	8
16	Moheba.....	7
17	Maney.....	11
18	We-thib.....	9
19	Howanna.....	11
20	The-quass-ber-ra.....	12
21	Timishua.....	15
22	Opanna.....	11
23	Wa-tonaba.....	9
24	Somark.....	8
25	Homorequa.....	10

Female students.

No.	Names.	Age.
1	Quinotah.....	20
2	To-to-quah.....	18
3	Channan.....	22
4	Yock-ca.....	16
5	Passa-yack-ca.....	24
6	One-wan.....	10
7	Nemo-rockamo.....	25
8	Cami-ra.....	20
9	O-ne.....	19
10	To Pecha.....	24
11	Nema-veta.....	17
12	Pe-hu-ri-ka.....	23

The Indian students are very attentive and spend from six to eight hours in study each day.

The following table shows the number of books in our library.

McGuffey's Eclectic First Reader.....	3
The Elementary Spelling Books.....	6
TOTAL.....	9

Number of books wanted in school:
The Pictorial Spelling Books are preferred, if they can be obtained,
of which we want..... 36
McGuffey's Eclectic First Reader..... 12
TOTAL..... 48

RICHARD SLOAN, Teacher.

R. S. NEIGHBORS, Esq.,
Supervising Agent Texas Indians.

There is no such thing as commonplace except in your own mind; no such thing as beauty except in your appreciation of it.

GENERAL LOGAN AND THE VETERAN.

An old Confederate who Would not Give up his Guns.

In the month of May, 1863, when General Grant's army was marching to the rear of Vicksburg, General John A. Logan was in command of one of the divisions. His command bivouacked near old Uncle Jimmie H—, a veteran of 1812, 84 years old, and as brave a man as ever lived; but now not only worn out, but badly palsied. Some soldiers, who were out disarming the people, came to his house and demanded whether he had any guns.

"Yes, I have," he replied. This answer took the officer by surprise, as most people denied having arms.

"Well, get them out, then."

"Never," said the old hero, firmly.

"Then we will arrest you."

"All right, but you won't get the guns."

During the parley some of the men swore at the veteran, calling him rebel, traitor, coward and other opprobrious names. Finally, one called him a liar, at which the old gentleman instantly felled him to the ground. To see a great strapping fellow knocked down by a palsied man was so ridiculous that the whole party burst out in laughter, and took the old man's side, yet still persisted in demanding the guns. He declared he would never surrender them but would go willingly to the nearest Major-General. This chanced to be General Logan. The general, on learning he was a veteran of 1812, arose and gave him his seat, and stood during the whole time the old man was in his tent.

"Mr. H—, you are charged with having arms concealed that you refuse to surrender."

"I have General, and I will die before I will."

Promptly the General said: Mr. H—, perhaps you have some patriotic reason, other than arming the enemies of the United States. Give me the history of these guns."

"Well, General, one of them was the musket my father carried through the Revolutionary War, and used at Saratoga and Yorktown; another I carried through the war '12, and the other still my son carried to the City of Mexico, and I would die before I would ground them or give them up."

General Logan broke out into a laugh, and said: "How long is it since they were fired?"

"About twenty-five years;" the fact being that not one of them would shoot at all.

The General said: "Mr. H—, I would go farther to see those guns than to see Vicksburg surrender. Will you let me see them, and if they are as you represent, you shall not be molested."

The old man hesitated, when the General added, "I give you a soldier's word of honor."

"Yes, sir," came now quickly from the old man, "I'll take a soldier's word of honor."

The General went with him to the place of concealment and got the guns, and they had a long talk, so cordial and pleasant, "that," said the old southerner, "I plum forgot he was a Yankee at all." The General, on his side, greatly admired the hoary veteran, and declared in my father's house that he could "take ten thousand such men and advance twice as far as Xenophon retreated, and leave the enemy in such plight that a retreat would be necessary for them also."

The General asked the old gentleman if he would accept a guard and exhibit the guns. "No, sir," said he, "none of my blood was ever under guard until to-day, and no more were those guns ever under guard."

"Well, Mr. H—, such men as you are would be an honor to any age or race, so you just put on your old uniform, and carry one gun on your shoulder and stand

guard over the rest yourself, and let the boys see them. I will leave two officers and a squad here under your command."

The story became known in the camp, and before night hundreds of Logan's rough fighters had shaken hands with the old man, and handled the guns with an admiration almost bordering on idolatry. After the army passed on, the whole country was prophesying that Grant's army would be destroyed at Vicksburg. The old man shook his head and said, with a solemn voice: "Men, if Grant fails to take Vicksburg, Logan will do it, for he's the stuff a soldier is made of."

To his dying day he declared Logan one of the noblest men of the age, adding always, "I don't believe that Grant could have taken Vicksburg if Logan had not been there."—R. H. ADAIR, in the Home Magazine.

SHEETS OF BREAD.

If you wish to dine off a sheet of bread you must go to the great American desert and ask the women of the Moki Indians to bake it for you. The preparation of the bread, in sheets hardly thicker than a sheet of paper, is a real art among the Moki women. A corner in the principal room is set aside for the accommodation of a shallow trough, walled in with slabs of stone set on end. The trough is divided into three compartments, and in these the first process of bread making takes place. When bread is to be made, a girl kneels behind each compartment. Shelled corn is then put on the flat stone in the first compartment, and with a coarse, oblong stone the first girl proceeds to rub it. The coarse meal thus prepared is passed on to the next compartment. Here it is again rubbed with a stone less coarse, and passed on to the third stage. The result is a decidedly floury meal. With a brush which is made of dried grass bound together with a string of calico, and with which the floor is swept between times, the meal is then gathered up, and mixed with water to a thick batter.

Then comes the art of the baker. She takes a single handful of the batter and spreads it over a long, flat stone under which a fire has been for some time burning. The batter is made to cover thinly the entire surface. When one side is baked she takes the bread by a corner and pulls it off dexterously, turning it the other side up. When it is done, a long, flat basket receives it, and the baker turns the edges up all around, so that the air can get at it. Sheet after sheet is baked until the basket is piled high with the blue bread, or "piki," which the baker pronounces "peka."

No salt is used in the batter, and the piki has a sweetish taste. It is usually blue, partaking of the color of the corn from which it is made. It is eaten dry or in a sort of soup. When the men go on a journey they take piki made into rolls very much as one would roll up a sheet of wet paper, the bread being about the same thickness as a paper.

The stones upon which the bread is baked are prepared by the old women of the tribe with great secrecy and much ceremony. They are very valuable, and are handed down as heirloom from mother to daughter.

The first stage in the process, so says the "Popular Science News," is the smoothing and filling of the surface of the stone with hot pitch. It is then smoked and rubbed for many days, with an accompaniment of rude chanting. As far as a white man may know, the first rubbing is with a smooth stone, the next with pieces of wood while the finished work is done with the bare hands. The result is a jet black, smooth surface, to which the piki does not stick in baking.

Why is a race horse like a sugar plum?
The faster you lick it the faster it goes.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES.

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN
ADVANCE.

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Miss M. Burgess, Sup't. of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.

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class matter.

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

Pride is as loud a beggar as want and a
great deal more saucy.—POOR RICHARD.

No sunrise, mountain top, or blossom
of June is so beautiful and so inspiring
by its beauty, as human faces at their
best. A smile is the subtlest form of
beauty in all the visible creation, and
heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles
of certain faces.—WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

When a person engages to do a piece of
work, the fact that it does not quite
come up to his idea of what it should be,
is no reason for his going back on his bar-
gain. Many a boy has lost his chances
for advancement, by being indifferent,
careless, lazy.

When the sun's rays fall vertically,
and no air is stirring to mitigate its force,
when the perspiration pours in streams
from the worker's brow, then it is that a
boy's endurance is tried. Well this boy
kept on working. He was an Indian, and
his employer said "He is a jewel." And
he is, too.

"I would gladly pay him more wages if
he did better work, if he were more
careful and interested." Yes, and why is
he not? Simply because he does not like
the work. He does like to work, we know.
Why not drop the feeling of discontent
and do well the work that comes to hand;
do it so well that work he does like will
come his way? Whatever is worth doing
at all is worth doing well. Men and boys
who are not big enough for the moment
are not big enough for the morrow.

The person who always stays at home
has a narrow experience. The one who
travels has a wider one. He meets peo-
ple, he sees conditions and things new to
him. He gains new ideas. His old ideas
re-adjust themselves in accord with his
new experience.

His intellectual powers are quickened.
His culture is of a broader type. The
white man who is ambitious to have his
children accomplish more in life than
himself, crowds them out from home.
The ignorant pleads for them to stay
home, and not advance beyond his own
low stage. The ignorant Indian says the
same to his child, and aims to keep him
in his own low state. The white man
who knows better, or ought to know bet-
ter, urges the same proceedings for the
Indian child, but not for his own. What
must we think? This is what we do
think. The man who advocates educat-
ing the Indian in his home environment,
when that home environment is bad and
will continue to be bad, from the very
nature of conditions forced upon the pres-
ent Indian community by the reserva-
tion system, that man is narrowed by
personal or local prejudices.

VAGARIES OF THE WEATHER.

The weather reports from all parts of
the country for the past month show con-
ditions as varied, unusual, and eccentric
as can well be imagined. Fearfully des-
tructive wind and rain storms have visit-
ed many sections of the country, causing
the loss of much life and property. In
western New York, rivers and creeks
overflowed their banks, sweeping away
houses, barns and live stock, destroying
vineyards and crops of all sorts. Along
the Mississippi, millions of dollars worth
of corn and other crops that were stand-
ing half harvested were destroyed. Oats
suffered in Nebraska and fruit, in Michi-
gan, and there is great anxiety about the
flax crop in Kansas on account of the
long wet spell.

From Alaska come reports of continued
sizzling hot weather, the thermometer

registering 119° on June 21. These are
conditions never before experienced by
the oldest residents of that section.
Colorado, on the other hand, reports a
heavy snow storm in the vicinity of Tel-
luride on the Fourth of July night, the
next morning everything having the ap-
pearance of midwinter. At Silver Plume
the snow was followed by sleet. "It is
an ill wind that blows no good" and the
farmers are said to be pleased because
the snow will help to furnish water for
irrigation. In Idaho and Wyoming from
two to six inches of snow fell and the
mercury went down to the freezing point.

The weather plays many pranks and cuts
many unusual capers. Of all the vagar-
ies so far reported, the Little Chronicle's
account of a rain of rats certainly is the
most unique. According to a cable dis-
patch from Algeria, a rain of rats fell in
the Beni-Ismael region, thousands of the
animals being showered among the fright-
ened population during a recent cyclone.
The rats are supposed to have been caught
up by the cyclone while migrating from
one point to another, as rats frequently
do.

One wonders whether they might be
the same rodents that are making their
escape by thousands from the flooded
mines in this country, caught up by
a cyclone and carried over land and
sea. After all, the unroofing of a few
buildings and the uprooting of trees which
we regret so much in this section are
small losses compared to the ravages and
devastation both to life and property
wrought throughout the country by rain,
wind and lightning.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

Our soldier boy, Arthur Bonnicastle,
paid a visit to the school this week after
an absence of two years and seven months
during which he has had a very large
part of the world and had many thrilling
experiences.

Arthur enlisted in the army in Feb.,
1900, as a private, and was assigned to the
9th Infantry. After being transported to
the Philippines he joined his regiment on
the island of Luzon. They were soon
ordered to China where the regiment
participated in the relief of the Ameri-
cans imprisoned in the city of Peking.
They remained in China eleven months
and were then ordered to return to the
Philippines, and for ten months were on
duty on the island of Samar.

The regiment recently returned to the
United States and is at present stationed
at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.

Arthur says he has been in excellent
health, having been in the hospital only
twenty days after receiving a wound in
the battle of Samar last December. Al-
though he has passed through many hard-
ships and been in many dangerous posi-
tions, he is glad to have had the expe-
riences which in many respects are in-
valuable to him.

Arthur expects his discharge in Feb.,
1903. After that he hopes to go to school
for two years and fit himself for some
permanent occupation.

Just at present he has a furlough of
fifteen days, and is on his way home for
a visit with his friends in Oklahoma.
He is of the Osages and will participate
in the "big payment" being made to that
tribe this week.

Arthur is very modest about his own
personal part in the engagements in which
his regiment participated, but we know
his record has been very creditable, from
the fact that he has been promoted to 1st
Sergeant of his company which is the
highest non-commissioned company of-
ficer in the army.

Myron Moses, who has been in Cali-
fornia for some time on account of his
health writes a very cheerful letter to
Mr. Wheelock. He feels as though he
had made very little improvement, says
it was a hard struggle from January to
June, but now he has more comfort and
does not suffer at all, except when peri-
odical coughing spells come, and they are
not as severe as they were. He the Doctor
advises him to stay there while he is do-
ing as well as at present. He sleeps out
of doors and in speaking of the intense
heat says "I sometimes think with all the
tropical plants and the profusion of roses
and other flowers in this warm country,
we might with great convenience have a
few 'ice plants,' but I suppose they
would not grow." In closing Myron sends
kind regards to all his friends and says
the weekly arrival of the REDMAN AND
HELPER is a great source of pleasure to
him.

FROM MISS ANNIE BELLE MOORE.

In a letter to Miss Burgess, dated Cot-
tage City, Mass., July 28, Miss Moore
says in part:

Our first impression of Martha's Vine-
yard was not exactly favorable and we
were much disappointed when we saw
the school buildings. But we forgot that
this is a SUMMER school and the buildings
put up for convenience and not for beauty.

It is certainly a desolate looking spot
and no effort (at least, so it seems) is made
to make the place attractive to "poor
tired teachers."

Cottage City itself, however, is one of
the dearest, quaintest little villages I have
ever seen.

But as a number of teachers from Car-
lisle have been here and probably de-
scribed the place so much better than I
can, I will go on to our actual expe-
riences.

We haven't had ONE WHOLE day of
sunshine since we came, notwithstand-
ing that fact, we have both enjoyed our
stay here and are glad we came.

The bathing is fine, though there is no
surf, but that is an advantage to some
people.

Miss Stewart and I took a trip over to
Nantucket last Thursday on an excursion
boat.

It wasn't a very clear day and winter
wraps were very comfortable, but as our
time here was so short we felt we ought
not to lose the opportunity.

It took us two hours to go over; at one
time we were entirely out of sight of land.

Neither of us was seasick, though the
sea was a little rough on the ride home.

As soon as we landed, we found a little
old-fashioned train waiting near the
wharf, to carry us over to Siasconset, a
little village about eleven miles from
Nantucket.

It is built right on the coast and is
made up of fishermen's ancient huts, some
of them remodelled into quaint little sum-
mer homes for the people of Nantucket and
elsewhere.

The beach is fine for bathing and to
the north of the village is Sankaty Head
light house, situated on a high bluff,
a revolving light acknowledged to be
among the best and the apparatus the
most costly on the coast.

There are a number of little "Gift Shops"
in the village and we went into one or
two to see what they had to sell, but
found nothing we cared to buy.

These little huts are very low, and
while I would be very comfortable in one,
I am afraid Colonel Pratt would have to
sit down, all the time, if he lived there.

At Nantucket we visited an old wind-
mill, built in 1746 which was quite a curi-
osity.

There is also an old house, built in 1686
which is shown to visitors.

It is said to have been the most elabor-
ate of any then erected.

On the chimney is a figure of raised
brick work in shape like an inverted U,
which many have supposed is to represent
a horse shoe doing guard duty against the
witches of the time.

We took the boat for home at half past
two, having spent a very happy four
hours.

Saturday we took a walk over to see
the East Chop light house, and from the
point had a most beautiful view of Vine-
yard Haven Harbor, where were anchored
about thirty-five vessels of different
descriptions, mostly three and four mast-
ed schooners.

This is considered one of the safest har-
bors on the coast.

Then yesterday we saw fully as many
vessels, if not more, sailing out on the
Sound, which was certainly a beautiful
sight.

The other morning we were delighted
to see four war vessels pass us toward
the horizon.

We were told they were the Alabama,
the Massachusetts, the Texas and the
Kearsarge. Two of them were very
large, while none of them looked small.

The fog has been very dense for several
mornings past and we have been waken-
ed quite early by the dismal tones of the
fog horn.

We leave here Wednesday morning for
Boston, regretting that our stay in Cot-
tage City must be so short.

The printers had a watermelon treat
on Tuesday afternoon.

Mary Kadashan who has been out for
a week is again at the case.

THE NEW CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG.

The plans for a new Capitol building at
Harrisburg promise a structure in every
way worthy of the resources and power
of the great Keystone State.

Mr. Joseph M. Huston has been se-
lected as the architect. He has been the
most enthusiastic over the undertaking
and has conceived his plans in a broad
comprehensive way with the one idea in
mind, he says "of recalling the hot
sun and glaring marbles of old Greece,
but the virile, strenuous life of America. It
must typify those things that have made
the country great and recall the history
of the great State of Pennsylvania."

The decorative work will be divided
between Mr. George Gray Barnard, who
will have charge of all sculptural orna-
mentation and Mr. Edwin Abbey to whom
is assigned the interior mural decorations
in color. There will be forty-two groups
of statuary of heroic size, for which Mr.
Barnard will receive \$300,000 and Mr.
Abbey will have \$150,000 for his interior
decorations. The sum of \$4,000,000 has
been appropriated and the building is
expected to be finished by the first of
January 1906.

The artists and architect are working
to preserve the unity of the idea,
representing the "Romance of the Found-
ing of a State," says the Harrisburg In-
dependent, in the paintings that are to
start in the Governor's reception room
and running in a series through house,
Senate and Superior Court, to end trium-
phant in the great dome.

They are to picture the chronicles of
Pennsylvania even from the days when
William Penn, an Oxford undergraduate,
had begun to dream of a Utopia in the
new world, rather than of successes at the
Court of Charles II. Then comes the
epoch of exploration, the life of the In-
dians, with whom the treaties were made,
and then the march of the settlers. Swedes
and Dutch, Quakers and Scotch-Irish,
Welsh, Dunkards and Moravians are to
file across the walls, to be followed by
panels representing the Anglo-Saxon
battle with nature and the conquest of the
lands material wealth.

Forestry, the bridging of streams and
rivers, the mining of coal and iron and
boring for oil, are to be pictured, as well
as Pennsylvania's pre-eminence in all
modes of transportation from the past of
pack caravans to the present of limited
trains running at ninety miles an hour.
The great men of the State are to be re-
membered, as are the commonwealth's
achievements, and in the Supreme Court
Chamber are to be panels typifying
"Traditional Law," "Written Law,"
"Roman Law" and "Justice."

This last named room is to be the only
one in the building which is distinctly
Greek in treatment. The general color
tones, including the great favril glass
dome, are in delicate pinks and yellows.
The Senate Chamber is to be executed in
green, gold and mahogany; the House in
autumnal tints, and the great dome in
white, gold and yellow, with brilliant
touches of red and blues.

The main hall is to be made the distinc-
tively decorative feature of the building.
Opening upon the various corridors
through six pairs of bronze doors bearing
in relief scenes of pivotal importance in
national and state history, it will include
statues of four of the greatest figures in
Pennsylvania's development. Beneath
the wall paintings and the lunettes of
glass mosaic will run two legends wrought
of that same material. One reads "Ye
shall know the Truth and the Truth shall
make you free," and the other, which is
the sentence from Leviticus which is en-
graved upon the old bell in Independence
Hall: "Proclaim liberty throughout the
land to all the inhabitants thereof."

It is proposed by Mayor Vance McCor-
mick to transform West State St. direct-
ly down which the building will look, in-
to a boulevard with parks down its centre.
The steps from this avenue to the Capitol
will rise eighty feet wide, flanked on ei-
ther side by statues and fountains, and en-
ding in a paved court, broken by sunken
gardens. The statue of General Hartranft
is to remain in its present position and
will be at the head of the first flight of
steps.

What would the voters in either of our
political parties think if they had a can-
didate up by the name of Wah-shah-she-
wah-tah-in-kah? Such is the name of a
candidate for Assistant Chief of the Osa-
ges. If elected he will be an assistant
of Bacon Rind. They ought to get on
smoothly.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Pay-day.

Roasting ears.

Ping-pong is about pung out.

A cool wave is promised for next week.

Anna Howard has gone to her home in Montana.

New physiologies have been placed in fifth grade.

The man who cannot afford a Panama hat is poor indeed.

Anna Minthorn left for her home in Oregon on Monday.

Mr. Miller, of the office force, is away on his annual leave.

Clarinda Charles has returned from her visit to the country.

Joseph Trempe is now the efficient Captain of the small boys.

Miss Goodyear, of the sewing room, has returned from her vacation.

Happy is the ice man, but the coal man's day is coming later on.

Mr. Edgar Hawkins of Steelton spent last Sunday with friends at the school.

Frequent rains cause rapid growth of grass, which keeps the lawn mowers busy.

Grover Morris, of the small boys' quarters came in from the country one day this week.

George Willard has returned from the country, and is again at work in the printing office.

Hobart Cook has returned from his visit, and is busy plying the typewriter in the library.

Picnics and rain don't go well together, but the picnics of town came out ahead last week.

Miss Roberts entertained our new pupil from Utah, Miss Eunice Terry, at dinner on Sunday.

Carrie Reid has gone for a visit with her cousin Mary Pratt who is in a country home at Dillsburg, Pa.

Prof. J. L. Kistler and son of Hartwick Seminary, N. Y., called with Rev. J. Kistler of Carlisle yesterday.

The tennis courts are having a long rest as most of the devotees of that game are away on their vacations.

A line from the Indian contingent at Point Pleasant N. J., tells of the fine times they have playing foot-ball, baseball and swimming.

Paul Bero and Clare Everett are cleaning the school building and putting it in order after the calsuminers.

Miss Roberts and her force of helpers in the girls' quarters have about completed the annual house-cleaning.

Mrs. Bakeless has returned to Carlisle for a short time leaving the children with her mother and sister at Milroy.

Mr. Frank Staley Blair, of the Harrisburg Star-Independent, with a party of friends, was a caller on Tuesday.

Miss Sara Pratt, who has been visiting her grandparents for several weeks, returned home to Steelton yesterday.

No more delicious cake was ever enjoyed by the club than the angel food baked by Lillian Felix for dinner on last Sunday.

Miss Forster's vacation has been deferred for a short time in order that she may assist Miss Burgess with the REDMAN AND HELPER. The latter had a slight back-set, but is again on the mend.

Griffin and Trempe against Wheelock and Washburn have had some exciting games of croquet at noon hours back of the teachers' quarters.

Miss Roberts leaves for her home at Slatington, Pa., to-morrow. Miss Daisy Laird will accompany Miss Roberts for a visit during her vacation.

The school chaplain, Mr. Diffenderfer will be absent for a vacation during the month of August. We hear he anticipates a trip to the Pacific coast.

James Miller is in charge of the students' kitchen during Mr. Crosbie's absence. Miss Ferree says he deserves every good thing that can be said of him.

Miss Peter left on Sunday night for Vincennes, Ind., where she will visit her brother during a part of her vacation and then go to her home in Chicago.

Mr. Jordan and his force are calsumining the school rooms. The teachers when they return in September, will find the walls of their rooms daintily tinted, as Mr. Jordan's experienced hand alone can do it.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen entertained a few friends very pleasantly on the occasion of Mr. Allen's birthday.

Ask Dr. Diven and Mr. Colegrove just what "it" was that contributed so largely to the entertainment of Col. and Mrs. Pratt's guests on Monday evening.

John Kimble, Paul Segui, John Londeroche and Daniel Tortuga have gone to join the force of Indian boys employed as waiters at Point Pleasant, N. J.

Prof. Bakeless conducted the Sabbath-School exercises last Sunday morning. Owing to the small number of students present, general exercises are held in the chapel.

Mr. Edward H. Colegrove of Black River Falls, Wis., recently appointed a teacher in the Carlisle School, has arrived, and for the present will assist Mr. Beitzel with the office work.

The new concrete from the boys' quarters to the corner of the girls' quarters will be a great improvement. It is being laid deep enough so that the frosts of winter will not crack it.

The work on steam pipes was retarded several days on account of the new castings not having arrived. They are here now and Mr. Weber and his force are pushing the work as rapidly as possible.

Miss Weekley is attending summer school at Charleston, S. C., instead of Rock Hill as she expected when she left us. She writes that her mother, who has been ill, is much better and that she herself is well.

Miss Hill leaves to-day for Montreal, Canada, where she will spend her vacation with her aunt. She anticipates a delightful trip, much of the way by boat via Hudson River, Lake George and Lake Champlaine, returning by way of Boston and Fall River.

Miss Jackson in going her rounds among the girls finds a few homes that do not please her but many more that do. She has received a number of new applications for girls and many requests both from patrons and the girls themselves for them to be allowed to remain out over the winter.

Alonzo Spieche, '01 has been appointed to the position of shoe and harness maker in the Hoopa Valley Indian School, California. He will leave for his field of labor the first of August. We congratulate Alonzo on this appointment and feel sure that he will merit confidence and fill the position satisfactorily.

Mr. C. F. Shreiber of York, Pa. is taking Miss Peter's place in Col. Pratt's office during the month of August. Mr. Shreiber is a student at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. He has had a position as stenographer for a time in the office of Hammond and Bailey, at Harrisburg, but expects to resume his studies at Gettysburg in the fall.

We hear from Arthur Bonnicastle that Emanuel Powlas is still in the Philippines. He is stationed about five miles outside of Manila and is in charge of a target range. Arthur also saw William Colombe in Manila. William, after being transferred from the Fourth Cavalry to the 64th coast Artillery, came back to the United States and was discharged last May.

Mrs. Ewbank, who for a time was employed as dining room matron at Carlisle, writes Miss Ely that she has changed her address from Mt. Pleasant, Mich., to Flandreau, S. D. She is delighted with her new location and is sure she will be happy in her work there, although she was sorry to leave Mt. Pleasant and the friends there, to whom she had grown very much attached.

This is the unique way in which one of the boys on a farm who needed a little special advice, states his reply: "I return you my sincere thanks for your reasonable reproof and advice." Probably in reply to a request for the payment of a bill he says: "Had I known that my worthy — had been in want of the sum mentioned his unaffected modesty should not have been put to blush by suffering him to ask for it."

Misses Cutter and Newcomer continue to enjoy New York and their study at Columbia University. They spent a pleasant day with Miss Wood's friend Mrs. Clunn who is connected with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Miss Cutter remains in New York about a week longer and will spend the remainder of her vacation with her sisters at their home in Amherst, Mass. Miss Newcomer will remain in New York for a longer term of study.

Mr. Crosbie and Miss Peter left on the six o'clock train on Sunday evening. Miss Peter for Vincennes, Ind., and Mr. Crosbie for "Miles" beyond.

Five casemen set on Monday, nine REDMAN AND HELPER columns, proofed and corrected and made up for press, between the hours of 7:30 A. M. and 5 P. M. The few printers left here for the summer are developing speed and accuracy in type setting.

Mrs. Wheelock and baby Isabelle, paid a visit to the school one afternoon last week. All were interested in the little newcomer, who promises to be a center of attraction when Mr. Wheelock and his family take up their permanent residence at the school in the fall.

New Physical Geographies have been received for the Juniors. The old ones have been in use for a number of years and are too few in number to "go around." We must say that considering the time these have been in use, they are still in a remarkable state of preservation.

Bert Harris has been the helper in the school office and library during the months of June and July. He has been a most efficient and industrious young man. All his work has been done so well that it would do credit to boys very much older. He aims to understand what is wanted and to do it exactly right. Such boys are a pleasure to have about.

A very delightful porch party was given to the employees by Col. and Mrs. Pratt in honor of Mr. Allen's birthday on Monday evening. The porch was attractively decorated with Japanese lanterns and the evening passed pleasantly in conversation and games. This is one of many enjoyable entertainments given us by Col. and Mrs. Pratt that will long be remembered by those who participated.

The town of Hobart, Okla., celebrated the 4th of July by festivities continuing through three days. Among the private residences whose decorations are mentioned in the News-Republican is that of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wright (Miss Lydia Hunt). The decorations were spoken of as artistic in design and showed that a patriotic spirit as well as an artist was the designer, and it also indicated that the hand and mind of a woman was responsible for the pleasing and attractive display.

Miss McIntyre is attending summer school at Danville, Ind. She writes Col. Pratt that it has been a "good month, full of most every kind of weather, enough work and the best things to eat," notably among the last mentioned are her aunt's biscuits which she says measure fully four inches across the top. Who wouldn't go to summer school or away on a vacation if they could find an aunt to make biscuits or send hundred dollar checks, such as another of our number has received within the last week. We congratulate them both.

The "Big Payment" which the Osage Indians have been looking forward to for four years was begun on Monday the 28th, and will continue for two weeks or as long thereafter as will be necessary to complete the payment; \$395,000 will be distributed, each man, woman and child's portion being \$214.33. A company of soldiers from Jefferson Barracks was to be on the ground to insure order and protection to the agency officials and to guard the specie used in making the payment. This payment is one of the largest ever made to the Osages and it will be the cause of many business changes and improvements of all kinds on the reservation.

The rainy season seems to be general. Complaints of wet weather come from a number of our vacationers. Miss Paull writes from Chautauqua, "We are having a nice time but the weather is dreadful, rain, rain, rain, all the time. We often find a cheerful fire in the sitting room." Miss Paull says further that she and Miss Smith are enjoying the lectures, entertainments and their nature study at Chautauqua, and that Miss Patten continues to praise the boys, Joseph Ruiz and Alfred Venne, saying that they are perfect comforts in their willingness and ability. Joseph, knowing something of carpentry, has made her an ice box, with swinging shelves and other things for her comfort and convenience. It is very pleasant to hear such reports of our boys when they go out as helpers. The Man-on-the-band-stand wishes our representatives at Chautauqua a very pleasant and profitable season of recreation and study.

COMING UNCLE'S WAY.

Long the nations
Never cared
How our Uncle
Sammy fared;
Thought he wasn't
In their class
And among them
Couldn't pass.

But a wondrous
Change has come
Since our Uncle
Made things hum.
Honors shower
On him now,
And the nations
To him bow.

Just a little
While ago
Heinrich came with
Face aglow,
Grasped our Uncle
By the hand,
Praised his people
And his land.

Then the Kaiser
Wrote and wired
Thanks to Uncle
So admired;
And he's anxious
To donate
Statue of old
Fred the Great.

Next some Frenchmen
Known to fame
On a friendly
Mission came,
Now a statue
They unveil
While our Uncle
Sam they hail.

Other nations
Once so stern
Are but waiting
For their turn;
So 'tis just the
Truth to say
Things are coming
Uncle's way.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Creek Indians Ratify Treaty.

Washington, July 29.—The Interior Department has been informed that the supplemental treaty with the Creek Indians of Indian Territory, ratified by Congress on June 30, was ratified by the Creek Indian Council on July 26. The supplemental treaty modifies the original treaty in some minor respects as to allotments and enrolments, and makes illegal, unless approved by the Secretary of the Interior, all leases of lands for grazing purposes for more than a year and leases for agricultural and mineral purposes covering more than five years.

Another volume of Indian legends entitled "Wigwam Stories" has been received and added to the school library. It contains sketches of the various tribes, their traditions and myths, and stories recently told of Hiawatha and other heroes. The stories are compiled by Mary Katherine Judd and are illustrated with photographs and drawings by Angel de Cota. The cover, though Indian in character, is less attractive and not so artistic in design and color as "Old Indian Legends," by Zitkala Sa, which is published by the same company. Among the more recent stories given in this collection is that of a new and strange plant that has been found growing on the Custer battle ground. The Indians have named it Custer's Heart and they claim it has been created by some spirit which knew of the mighty courage of the white brave with yellow hair. The long slender leaves are shaped like a sabre; the edges of the leaves are so sharp that they cut the hand that attempts to tear them from the plant. The leaves are very cold and give anyone that touches them a chill.

The blossoms come in the hot summer days and are heart-shaped, as yellow as gold with a bright scarlet spot in the centre that looks like a drop of blood. It must be very carefully handled, for if the flower should be crushed the scarlet stain, the Indians claim, could never be washed away.

A letter from Marian Powlas to Miss Ferree speaks of the great help her lessons in cooking have been to her and of how much she appreciates her instruction in that line. Marian and Anna Smith attended the Presbyterian picnic at Chester Park, where they found everyone kind and pleasant and interested in them, all of which resulted in a delightful day for the girls.

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

There are many words in circulation amongst us which we understand fairly well, which we use ourselves, and which we should, however, find it difficult to define. I think that AMERICAN is one of these words; and I think also it is well for us to inquire into the exact meaning of this word, which is often more carelessly employed. More than once of late have we heard a public man praised for his "aggressive Americanism," and occasionally we have seen a man of letters denounced for his "lack of Americanism." Now what does the word really mean when it is thus used?

It means, first of all, to love this country of ours, an appreciation of the institutions of this nation, a pride in the history of this people to which we belong.

And to this extent Americanism is simply another word for patriotism.

But it means also a frank acceptance of the principles which underlie our government here in the United States; it means, therefore, a faith in our fellow-man, a belief in liberty and equality.

It implies, further, so it seems to me, a confidence in the future of this country, a confidence in its destiny, a buoyant hopefulness that the right will surely prevail.

In so far as Americanism is patriotism it is a very good thing. The man who does not think his country the finest in the world is either a pretty poor sort of a man or else he has a pretty poor sort of a country. If any people have not patriotism enough to make them willing to die that the nation may live, then that people will soon be pushed aside in the struggle of life, and that nation will be trampled upon and crushed; probably it will be conquered and absorbed by some race of a stronger fibre and of a sterner stock.

Perhaps it is difficult to declare precisely which is the more pernicious citizen of a republic when there is danger of war with another nation—the man who wants to fight, right or wrong, or the man who does not want to fight, right or wrong; the hot headed fellow who would plunge the country into a deadly struggle without first exhausting every possible chance to obtain an honorable peace, or the cold-blooded person who would willingly give up anything and everything, including honor itself, sooner risk the loss of money which every war surely entails. "My country right or wrong," is a good motto only when we add to it, "and if she is wrong, I'll help to put her in the right." To shrink absolutely from a fight where honor is really at stake, this is the act of a coward. To rush violently into a quarrel when war can be avoided without the sacrifice of things dearer than life, this is the act of a fool.

True patriotism is quite simple, dignified. The noisy shriekers who go about with a chip on their shoulders and cry aloud for war upon the slightest provocation belong to the class contemptuously known as "Jingoes." They may be patriotic—and as a fact they are—but their patriotism is too frothy, too hysterical, too unintelligent, to inspire confidence. True patriotism is not swift to resent an insult; on the contrary, it is slow to take offence, slow to believe that an insult could have been intended. True patriotism, having a solid pride in the power and resources of our country, doubts always the likelihood of any other nation being willing carelessly to provoke the explosion of our mighty wrath.

In so far, therefore, as Americanism is merely patriotism it is a very good thing, as I have tried to point out.

But Americanism is something more than patriotism. It calls not only for love of our common country, but also for respect for our fellow-man. It implies an actual acceptance of equality as a fact. It means a willingness always to act on the theory not that "I'm as good as the other man," but that "the other man is as good as I am."

It means levelling up rather than levelling down. It means a regard for law, and a desire to gain our wishes and to advance our ideas decently and in order, and with deference to the wishes and the ideas of others. It leads a man always to acknowledge the good faith of those with whom he is contending, whether the contest is one of sport or of politics. It prevents a man from declaring, or even of thinking, that all the right is on his side, and that all the honest people in the country are necessarily of his opinion.

And, further, it seems to me that true

Americanism has faith and hope. It believes that the world is getting better if not year by year, at least century by century; and it believes also that in this steady improvement of the condition of mankind these United States are destined to do their full share. It holds that, bad as many things may seem to be to-day, they were worse yesterday, and they will be better to-morrow.

Could we hard the outlook for any given cause may be at any moment, the man imbued with the true spirit of Americanism never abandons hope and never relaxes effort; he feels sure that everything comes to him who waits. He knows that all reforms are inevitable in the long run; and that if they do not finally establish themselves it is because they are not really reforms, though for a time they may have seemed to be.—[The Whittier.

WHEN YOU MEET THE BEAR.

You are Surprised, but so, Also, is He.

"There are always two surprises when you meet a bear," says William J. Long, the popular writer of animal stories, in the Outlook's Annual Recreation number, just published. "You have one and he has the other." In all the special circumstances under which the meeting may occur, the bear seems to know what he must do and usually is much quicker in decision than the man. For instance:

Once in a lifetime, as you steal through the autumn woods or hurry over the trail, you may hear sudden loud rustlings and shakings on the hardwood ridge above you, as if a small cyclone were perched there for awhile, eddying itself among the leaves before blowing on. Then, if you steal up toward the sound, you will find Mooween standing on a big limb of a beech tree, grasping the narrow trunk above with his powerful forearms, tugging and pushing mightily to shake down the ripe beechnuts. The rattle and dash of the falling fruit are such music to Mooween's ears that he will not hear the rustle of your approach, nor the twig that snaps under your careless foot.

If you cry aloud now, under the hilarious impression that you have him at last, there is another surprise awaiting you. And that suggests a bit of advice, which is most pertinent: Don't stand under the bear when you cry out. If he is a little fellow he will shoot up the tree faster than ever a jumping-jack went up his stick, and hide in a cluster of leaves as near the top as he can get. But if he is a big bear he will tumble down on you before you know what has happened. No slow climbing for him; none of the halting and looking and searching of the rough bark with his claws for a better grip, which mark his usual cautious descent. He just lets go and comes down by gravitation. As Uncle Remus says—who has some keen knowledge of animal ways under his story-telling humor—"Brer B'ar, he scrambled 'bout halfway down de bee tree, en den he turn eve'ything loose en hit de groun' kerbiff! Look like 'twuz nuff ter jolt de life out'n 'im."

Somehow it never does jolt the life out of him, notwithstanding his great weight; nor does it interfere in any way with his speed of action, which is like lightning, the instant he touches the ground. Like the coon, who can fall from an incredible distance without hurting himself, Mooween comes down perfectly limp, falling on himself like a great cushion; but the moment he strikes, all his muscles seem to contract at once, and he bounds off like a rubber ball into the densest bit of cover at hand. Twice have I seen him come down in this way. The first time there were two cubs, nearly full grown, in a tree. One went up at our shout; the other came down with such startling suddenness that the man who stood ready with his rifle to shoot the bear jumped for his life to get out of the way, and before he had blinked the astonishment out of his eyes Mooween was gone, leaving only a violent nodding of the ground-spruces to tell what had become of him.

Farm Values.

According to the census there are 5,739,667 farms in this country, worth nearly 17 billion dollars, or say one fifth of the entire wealth of the nation. Of farm values 21 per cent is in buildings, and the rest in lands. Besides there is on the farms over 3 billions' worth of stock and 800 millions' worth of tools and machinery, making the total value of farm property over 201-2 billion dollars.

—[The Pathfinder.

AN INCIDENT IN MULE LIFE.

Once, on a mining expedition, we had among the mules a strong, rebellious young animal, that was determined to go where and as she pleased. Sometimes her fancy took her along the high places above the road, sometimes she went down below it, then she seemed to have lost something, and acted as though she expected to find it in the woods, but she had decided objections to walking on the road and so gave the peons a great deal of trouble. Finally there came to me a brilliant thought. I had a steady old horse, and they caught the ambitious mule and tied her securely to my horse's tail; it didn't hinder her to the horse, but it did fix the mule. She couldn't stop conveniently, and she couldn't get past the horse, neither could she wander up to the hilltops or climb down among the gullies without taking the horse along too, but that was inconvenient. For a time all went well, but after a while we came to a place where the road went down between pretty steep banks till it reached a stream of considerable volume. My horse went down the trail in a resigned sort of way, but the mule started along the bank and wouldn't come into the trail; the result was that presently she could go no further, and then came a tug of war, to see whether the horse in the gully could pull the mule down from the high bank or whether the mule could pull the horse's tail out. I scrambled from the saddle as fast as possible, and then the animals seemed to come to an understanding; the horse backed up as far as he could, and the mule braced her forefeet and hung her head over the bank as far as possible; and so they stood. Presently the peons came and untied them, and I declined to have them done up again; and so for the rest of the way that mule followed its own sweet will, "and a mule's will is the wind's will," and the thoughts of a mule are long, long thoughts, incomprehensibly long.—[Forest and Stream.

WHY LIGHTNING SOURS MILK.

Milk, it sometimes happens, not always will turn sour during a thunderstorm. It is not always the lightning that causes it, for the heat before the storm is often great enough to make the milk ferment. But lightning can, and sometimes does, make milk turn sour by its action on the air.

Air, as everybody knows, is composed of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen—but these gases are mixed together, not combined. Lightning, however, makes the gases combine in the air through which it passes, and this combination produces nitric acid, some of which mixes with the milk and turns it sour.

Perhaps it might be well to explain the chemical difference between mixing and combining. When different ingredients are put together without their undergoing any chemical change they are mixed, as for example, grains of sand of various colors may be mixed in a bottle. But when the property of each ingredient is altered by the union, there is a combination as, for example, water poured on quicklime, which combines with it, so that the property of each is altered.

Thus it is that lightning makes the oxygen and nitrogen of the air combine, and the result is no longer air, but nitric acid and four other noxious, poisons.

—[Detroit News Tribune.

THE MISTAKES OF ANIMALS.

It is just as easy to deceive an animal as it is to take in human beings. Thousands of birds leave a field or a garden alone merely because a scarecrow has been stuck up in the middle of it.

Fishes are constantly swallowing hooks that are hidden in make-believe flies. A dog that worried a pasteboard cat looked a truly pitiable object when he found out his error.

Show a toy snake to a monkey and it will probably scream from terror. There is no word strong enough to express the feelings of a dog that fondled an Indian rubber pup and then discovered its error. When the grampus charges a herring boat painted white its folly can only be accounted for in the supposition that it believed it to be a white whale.

On the other hand, deer that come to the river bank to drink, often do not live to be sorry that they mistook the crocodile floating on the surface for a log of wood.—[The American Boy.

EFFECT OF BOOKS UPON CHARACTER

Perhaps there is no one thing which enters more deeply into the warp and woof of one's character, than the books one reads. One of the greatest blessings that can come to a young life is the love of good books. The practice of keeping before the young, growing mind, beautiful and uplifting images, bright, cheerful, healthy thoughts from books, is of inestimable value.

The difference between the future of the boy who has formed the habit of good reading and the one who has not, is as great as that between the educated and the uneducated youth, between the boy who is brought up in a comfortable home, amid pleasant surroundings, and the one who is reared in a poverty-stricken district.

Next to the actual society of a noble highminded author, is the benefit to be gained by reading his books. The mind is brought into harmony with the hopes, the aspirations, the ideals of the writer, so that it is impossible, afterwards, to be satisfied with low or ignoble things. The horizon of the reader broadens, his point of view changes, his ideals are higher and nobler, his whole outlook on life is more elevated.

The importance of having great models, highminded, held constantly before the mind when it is in a palsied condition, cannot be over-estimated. The books we read in youth make or mar our lives. Many a man has attributed his first start and all his after successes to the books read in his boyhood. They opened up to him his possibilities, indicated his tastes, his tendencies, and helped him to find his place in life. They permit men and women to form examples that are useful in carrying out high ideals, and they bring pleasure and contentment to all.—success.

NEVER TOO OLD TO IMPROVE.

Those who think that the "old" Indian can never change his ways, might well read the following from the pen of one of the New York Tribune's philosophical writers.

People are apt to speak of adults as having their characters "formed,"

This conclusion is a great mistake, the truth of the matter being that no one has his character formed at any period of his life.

Mature people are apt to change just as completely as young folks in their twenties.

A person with a strong will and pronounced convictions may resist an environment which might alter the character, but a weak person will succumb, be he or she twenty or fifty.

Nuts to Crack.

Q.—What five proper names of one family taken together is a command from one parent to the other to punish their child?

A.—Adam Seth Eve Cain Abel.

Q.—What is the longest word in the English language?

A.—Beleaguered, because it has a league between its first and last syllables.

Q.—How does a farmer get water in his watermelons?

A.—He plants his seeds in the spring.

Q.—Why is a hen sitting on the fence like a cent?

A.—Because there is a head on one side and a tail on the other.—The American Boy.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 3, 4, 6 is a large body of water.

We hope sometime to be 2, 1, 8, 4 to beat the world at my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 which is my whole.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA—To take up work.

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