

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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IT IS JULY?

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The cornflower's cap away,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist floats,
And popples flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that Tim
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
Says that Slumber-town is nigh,
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July.

—[Farm Journal.]

A WONDERFUL GRADUATE OF HARVARD.

We all have read something of Helen Keller, the blind and deaf girl, who has come into such prominence by her remarkable achievements through great difficulties, and it is always an inspiration to us to hear about what she does. We get encouragement and feel that with our sight and hearing, we should be able to make steady progress, if she who cannot see and cannot hear, overcomes obstacles and takes such giant strides up the hill of learning.

The Denver Republican has an extended "Special" of Helen Keller's recent graduation from the Harvard Annex, from which we clip:

Undoubtedly the most remarkable girl graduate of the season is Miss Helen Keller, who received her bachelor's degree from Radcliffe. She has passed the full four years' course with honors, in spite of being deaf, dumb and blind, and has done her work under precisely the same conditions as her more normal classmates who became bachelors of arts at the same time.

How Miss Keller Has Met All Requirements.

In the last year, the connection between Harvard and Radcliffe has been made closer, and at the commencement exercises recently the girls received their degrees for the first time from an officer of the men's college—Dean LeBaron R. Briggs, of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, who was chosen active president of Radcliffe this year to fill the vacancy left by the retirement as honorary president of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, whose husband was the famous naturalist.

The manner in which Miss Keller has met the requirements of the highest educational standard in this country is particularly interesting.

Born in Alabama 24 years ago, she had perfectly developed faculties until when she was about three years old an illness deprived her of sight, speech and hearing.

The training which has made possible her quite unusual scholarship began when Miss Sullivan of the Perkins Institution for the blind in Boston went South to undertake the education of the child who was then seven years old.

Five years later Miss Keller came to Massachusetts, where she has lived ever since with Miss Sullivan as a constant companion.

Although she learned to speak, to hear by touch and to see through the eyes of those about her under her teacher's guidance she was put in the hands of a special tutor in preparing to enter college, and all the while she has been a student at Radcliffe she has depended upon her own wonderful memory and her keen understanding to a much greater extent than the average college girl has to do.

Miss Sullivan has been her ears, so to speak, sitting beside her in the class room and lecture hall and repeating to her verbatim hour after hour, by the touch of her finger on her pupil's hand every word that was said.

It was impossible, of course, for either of them to take notes, and it has often

been difficult for the student to follow the discussions which came up in question-and-answer form, while recitations have been quite out of the question for Miss Keller in the conditions of classroom work, that part of her work being done in conference with her instructors during a few moments at the end of class hour.

Latin and English literature, history and economics have been Miss Keller's leading subjects since she completed the required work of the freshman year.

Most of her text books were to be had in "braille," the raised type system most commonly used for blind readers in this part of the country.

But a good deal of the collateral reading which forms such an important part of modern collegiate instruction was not available in this shape; it was too lengthy to be specially written out, and Miss Sullivan has had little time to synopsize such supplementary work.

Nevertheless, Miss Keller has shown quite uncommon facility in writing her examination papers.

Her Work Judged By The Ordinary Standard

Although her instructors have naturally taken a special kind of interest in their blind pupil the Radcliffe authorities have made sure that her work would be judged by precisely the same standards as that of other girls.

The regular examination papers for the whole class had been reproduced for her benefit in "braille" on the morning of the test by Miss Spooner, formerly of the Perkins institution, who was selected for the work by the college authorities, and Miss Keller has written her answers just as any other student would, using her own special typewriter.

Although the tremendous difficulties of her college work have kept her busy, Miss Keller has found time to enter largely into the social life of Radcliffe, which has many of the pleasanter characteristics of university life as distinguished from that of the usual girls' college.

She has been frequently seen at the gatherings of the Ider, the students' club to which practically all Radcliffe girls belong, and that she is one of the popular girls of her class is shown by her election as "Lawyer" for the class day exercises after having served as vice-president of her class in its freshman and senior years.

Among Miss Keller's classmates a large proportion come from nearby Cambridge, for the college has developed itself to university standards quietly and has assumed its present important position unobtrusively.

Nevertheless 32 states and two foreign countries—China and Prussia—are represented among the Radcliffe girls this year.

HATS OFF TO THE FLAG.

It is a beautiful thing to see how men and officers love and reverence the flag. Recently a merchantman was passed by one of the warships, and she dipped her ensign. It happened that on the cruiser the men were very busy, and no one saw the salute for a minute or so. The man who had dipped his flag stood holding it in his hand waiting for the warship's response. The officer of the deck caught sight of him.

"Jump aft there!" he shouted to a sailor, "and dip that ensign! Here's a man standing with the American flag in his hand and no one to answer him."

The lesson is a good one for our boys and girls to remember. "Hats off to the flag, boys, when it is borne along the street! Never put any lettering on the flag—it isn't the place for advertisements. It stands for all that we wish our country to be, and as such it deserves our utmost honor.—[Harper's Weekly.]

The Eskimo lives on the fat of the land.

FOOD DRUNKENNESS.

This from Chicago Chronicle shows how people get drunk, eating too much:

Thomas A. Edison is not only a wizard in matters scientific but he has a keen insight into dietetics.

He said the other day that he ate anything he wanted, but in small quantity, adding that most people eat too much.

"I know men and women who are food drunk all the time," he declared.

"Food drunk," is a happy invention to describe a notorious condition. Mr. Edison is not the only one who knows people who are continually gorged with food, with the result that their intellectuals are beclouded as truly as if the excess had been liquid instead of solid. Everyone has experienced the mental disturbance produced by occasional overeating. It is easy to see that the man who is continually gorged is continually off his mental balance. He is "food drunk," as the sage of Menlo Park puts it—non compos mentis—rendered unstable in his head by the overwork which he forces upon his stomach.

It is a common enough saying that if you want a favor from a man you should approach him just after he has had a good meal.

The philosophy of the advice is apparent enough.

The man who has his stomach full of food is more or less stupefied.

He is in the primary stage of the condition which is fully exemplified by the gorged snake.

His faculties are blunted. Hence, he is likely to accede to requests which he would promptly refuse if he were in full possession of his judgment.

He is "food drunk." Mr. Edison is right and his theory is shared by a good many shrewd physicians nowadays.

A man can fuddle himself with the contents of a beef platter as well as by emptying a wine bottle.

PUSH AND WILL-POWER DOES IT.

What was the first really important thing you did, Mr. Edison? asked a friend. "I saved a boy's life."

"How?" "The boy was playing on the tracks at the time I saw he was in danger, and caught him getting out of the way just in time. His father was station master, and taught me telegraphy in return."

That brave deed of the young lad led to the opportunity he needed, and today he is the foremost inventor and electrician in the land.

The boy who is ever ready to do his best even if it is necessary to dare, will likely find recognition and the opportunity to make a man of himself.

When Edison was just beginning his career as a telegraph operator he was in Memphis, and happened to be out of a job. He received a telegram from Louisville, Ky., offering him employment.

He had no money but he had a good pair of legs which he was not afraid to venture on, and, though the distance was four hundred miles he was up at Louisville on time.

Difficulties vanish before the boy or man who determines to win success in spite of circumstances.

When Edison became famous some one asked him if any of his discoveries were accidental.

"No," replied the great man. "I never did anything by accident. When I finally decide that a thing is worth doing, I go at it and make trial after trial until it is accomplished."

This is an answer to the foolish habit some have of "trusting to luck."

Luck comes to one who "goes about a thing worth doing and makes trial after trial until it is accomplished."

Where there is heaven in the heart, there will be heaven in the house.

—[C. H. SPURGEON.]

WHAT TO EAT FROM THE FINGERS AT TABLE.

It is sometimes hard to decide what one may and what one may not eat from the fingers.

Bread, first of all. But it should not be buttered in a broad flat slice and eaten bite by bite. A small piece of bread, perferably not more than enough for a mouthful, should be broken from the bread or biscuit, buttered and transferred with the fingers to the mouth.

Then crackers, celery, olives, pickles of the small varieties, radishes and bonbons are eaten from the fingers.

Many of the dried fruits should be eaten from the fingers. Cake is eaten either with fork or is broken and eaten like bread.

Corn on the cob may be eaten from the fingers. It is with corn as with oranges—one never feels quite at his best eating either, except in the privacy of his apartments.

Authorities are constantly warning against eating chicken, game and like foods from the fingers. Chicken is eaten from the fingers, but it is inelegant.

PERSONALITY.

We often hear that so-and-so has remarkable personality. What is personality? Anna Robertson Brown in "Culture and Reform" describes this trait.

Personality is a mystery—inherent power.

We have something about us of which ourselves are unconscious.

In all our lives we never find out what it is.

If we had ten thousand photographs of ourselves, taken at ten thousand different moments unawares, I doubt if we should understand ourselves much better.

We do not know how we look.

We do not know how we behave.

And yet our looks and our behavior are making or marring our lives.

"The power of manners," says Emerson, is incessant, "an element unconcealable as fire."

We cannot all be trained alike, nor think alike when we are trained.

We do something that proves magnetic or repellant, and we do not know why.

Friends rise up to bless us whose love we never sought, and we find foes whose anger we never willingly aroused.

We speak and our words have the opposite effect from our intent.

IS THIS A JUST DECISION?

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 6.—The state board has instructed the high school board to inform four Philippine students who applied to the Dupont Manual Training School for admission that their color debars them from the privileges of the public schools. When the request that the Philippino boys be allowed free admittance to the school was presented to the board, Dr. R. E. Galvin inquired if Filipinos are not negroes. Prof. Mark said that he had investigated the law as to the separation of the races in the schools, and found that the word "colored" applied to negroes, Indians and the brown races.—[Oklahoma State Capital.]

GIANTS.

Ancient historians and other writers tell us of many tall men, but they fail to verify their facts with measurements.

Even Goliath, the familiar giant of Biblical times, has left no memory of his stature in hard figures.

The tallest man of whom there is authentic record was named Farnum, a native of Scotland, who stood no less than 11½ feet.

Orestes, the Greek, is said to have been the height of this Scotchman, but in the case of the Greek, fancy not fact, is responsible for his measure.

Tradition credits the Arabian Galabro with being 10 feet in stature.

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THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE:
MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. PRINTING
CARLISLE, PA.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa. as Second class matter.

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

It is said that billiard balls are made of milk, 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk being used daily for this purpose.

That Indian Territory editor who began looking through the exchanges a few weeks ago, searching for a paper containing no baseball item, is still searching.

The two long letters this week crowd out local matter, but at this dull season local happenings each week would hardly fill a volume. Our readers will enjoy Miss Stewart's and Mr. Scott's letters from the opposite sides of the earth.

A fitting tribute was paid Indian Territory at the National Teacher's Association at St. Louis last Saturday, when Miss Alice M. Robertson of Muskogee, Supervisor of Creek schools, was unanimously elected vice-president.—[The Indian Journal.

A prominent scientist, who has been in white homes and Indian homes, recently stated that in the Indian home he had never seen one brother strike another, nor had ever seen a child disrespectful or disobedient to its parents. May not the white child take a lesson?

A postal card from Mrs. Shaffner Etnier corroborates the statement made in our last issue, that her house in Pittsburg has been sold. Her home is to be in Los Gatos, California. She writes, "I came here very ill, dying of consumption, folks said, but I've rallied once again and am better now than since I came from Porto Rico."

Mr. Elmer Simon, class 1896, was one of the welcome visitors during the week. He resides in Johnstown, this State, is connected with one of the largest Hardware firms between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, enjoys a comfortable home there with his Anglo-Saxon wife, who is a teacher of music, having 25 piano pupils. Mr. Simon understands the hardware business from A to Izzard, and is a citizen for any community to respect and honor. We were pleased to see him, and all enjoyed talking over days gone by. Opportunity is all that the Indian needs, and Mr. Simon is a living example of that truth.

INSPECTION.

Last Sunday morning's inspection party consisted of Capt. Mercer, Asst. Supt. Allen, Quarter-Master Kensler, Mrs. Beitzel, Miss Williams of Williams' Grove and ye scribe.

The boys in their temporary quarters, with beds and necessary tables, completely cover the spacious floor of the gymnasium, and the sight from the door was an interesting one for its unusualness.

Each student stood at the foot of his bed, and when Capt. Mercer entered, the military salute was given. When he left the building, he remarked: "How well the boys looked."

The hospital was next inspected and everything was found in excellent order. The small boys' quarters, the girls' quarters and dining hall all were visited in turn, and each received words of commendation.

In the kitchen, the great range, steam-cooking apparatus and magnificent, up-to-date tea and coffee boilers always attract attention. The spotless tables, white with scrubbing, are ever noticeable.

The kitchen boys, in their white caps, each at his post of duty, and the long train of dining room girls, as they carry the empty bowls and trays to the place of filling, made a good display of what training does.

OUR SLOYD TEACHER IN EUROPE.

Our voyage across the Atlantic was delightful, and Ireland surprised us with its fresh beauty and luxuriant verdure.

From Cork, we drove in a jaunting car along the beautiful shore of the River Lee to Blarney. Jaunting cars are peculiar to Ireland, and are used there as cabs are in our American cities. They have seats facing outward on both sides. The driver sits in front, and should he turn a corner very fast, beware lest you land face downward on the sidewalk.

The horses all have bells, and these vehicles are seen and heard everywhere.

Our great desire for eloquence led us straight to the famous Blarney Stone, and through much effort we accomplished the kissing of it—although it meant great bodily discomfort and in my case the loss of a dress, for the sleeves were pulled out by the roots.

For four weeks I have been patiently waiting for the desired result of this performance, so that I might write you a more interesting letter. I am in despair and conclude mine is a hopeless case.

You have all heard the song "They kept the pig in the parlor." As we drove through the streets of some of the old villages we were convinced that this is not merely a poetic sentiment set to melody but a truth, for there they were, comfortable as you please, and not only the pigs but the chickens and cows living in the same room with the family.

We were told that in Ireland it rains three hundred days in the year, so appreciated the beautiful weather with which we were favored, especially as we coached more than a hundred miles in Ireland and Scotland.

We felt very grand perched up on those bright red wagons—the driver in scarlet livery, gayly flourishing his long whip over the four big horses.

The coaches are so high they must be mounted by a step ladder, and they have seats enough to carry from sixteen to twenty people.

The hedges along the roads in Ireland, concealed numerous small beggars who popped out from most unexpected places, and followed the coach—sometimes a half a mile or more—especially if encouraged by a few pennies. Such rags as were worn by these children! I never saw anything like them.

The most beautiful part of all our trip was through the lakes and Highlands of Scotland.

A company of Cameron Guards in their kilts and plaidies, was a unique sight.

From Oban on the western coast, we went up the Caledonian Canal to Inverness passing through twelve locks.

Close to the water's edge rise the hills and mountains, many of them still white with snow—especially Ben Nevis—the highest crag in Scotland.

On these hills were great flocks of sheep.

It was an interesting sight to see the "round up."

The shepherds with their dogs had much difficulty in bringing to the fold a few stray lambs or obstinate older ones.

The colliers displayed wonderful intelligence and perseverance in their maneuvers.

I was reminded more than once of "Bob, Son of Battle," and feel that I want to read it again. I am sure it would be with even greater appreciation.

We also saw herds of Highland cattle with their sharp horns and long bushy hair.

We were delighted with Edinburgh, and remained there longer than anywhere else. It contained so much of historic interest.

We were charmed with its beauty and especially with the great castle standing like a mighty sentinel over all.

Throughout the city are grass plots, where children and grown-ups gather to play games.

We saw no baseball, but everywhere cricket, which is to them what our national game is to us.

It seemed a little slow in comparison. I should have enjoyed seeing a Carlisle team come in with their cheering and swift lively ball.

I am sure they would have given the people a surprise.

We were told that with very fine players, it sometimes takes two or three days to finish a game of cricket.

From Edinburgh we crossed the North Sea (at the mention of it I shudder) and landed in Gothenberg, Sweden, two weeks ago to-day!

We knew before we started that the

North Sea had a bad reputation, but were unprepared for the awful realization of its possibilities.

The way it picked us up, sat us down, and twisted us around for three days is something I can never describe.

The result was, the Captain had the dining room to himself, and the passengers—I will not say more.

Life here at Naas is most unique, different from anything we have ever known, and we are enjoying it to the utmost, even if we are obliged to work eight hours a day at Sloyd.

There is much amusement in the evenings, and it is hard to get to bed before midnight, for it is never dark here; at eleven o'clock we can see to read.

We scarcely find time for any letters, but I will try to write you again and tell you something of Naas and its interesting surroundings.

Yours sincerely,

ANNE H. STEWART

NAAS, SWEDEN, June 26, 1904.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM JAPAN.

Our former teacher, Mr. Scott, who recently received a Civil Service appointment for the Philippines, writes a letter measuring six feet in length, to his old pupils. As school is not in session, we are glad to give the letter in full that his former pupils and others may read:

NAGASAKI, JAPAN,

June 3rd, 1904.

MISS BOWERSOX:

Having spent the last ten days in Japan, and learned something about the country that may be interesting to you, I will write a letter a la Japanese, and you can give it to the teacher of No. 8 to be read to my old pupils.

After a pleasant journey of 18 days in crossing the broad Pacific, including a stop-over of a day at Honolulu, the "Paradise of the Pacific" we found ourselves in Flowery Japan. On board the "Mongolia," the largest ship that carries the American flag, we did not experience much sea-sickness and could not get homesick, for with music and jolly company on board and plenty of late books to read, the days passed quickly by while we sailed over the vast watery solitude, with not a sign of life in sight until the cheering of the Jap sailors on board informed us that they were in sight of their native land.

Landing at Yokohama for 4 days it gave us a good chance to study the wonderful people, who love their country better than those of any other nation and who are so rapidly reaching a high state of civilization.

While there I went to the Capital city, Tokio, an hour's ride by the little cars no larger than Carlisle street cars, that they locked us into. But the Japs are not a large people and don't need as large trains as Americans.

Tokio is one of the large cities of the world, has electric cars and paved streets, and is quite up-to-date. The streets are narrow, however, and all of the buildings are low, seldom more than two stories, and the stores would more properly be called shops, with all the goods exposed to the passers by.

In a rikisha, a little top buggy, drawn by a well-muscled fellow called a Jin-rikisha, dressed in a racing suit like the Carlisle boys wear, we were drawn at a brisk trot for 5 hours over the city, saw the Imperial Palace, where the Mikado lives, and a great many other places of note.

What will interest you most perhaps will be something about the Japanese schools. I visited several, at Yokohama and at Kobe, and while I could not speak their language at all yet I learned something of their methods.

English is taught in the Japanese high schools and they learn to read our language there, but very few can talk it at all.

At Kobe, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Yamamoto, a teacher in the schools there, who was an interpreter for Gen. Chaffee during the Boxer troubles in China, and he took me through the best schools in Kobe, a city of 200,000, where they have 35 large school buildings with about 30 teachers in each school.

The rooms are all small with brick floors, seated with desks with flat tops. The furniture, and woodwork, inside and out is never painted. The lack of paint spoils the looks of the streets and buildings in Japan.

They have school 6 days in the week, beginning each morning at 8 o'clock. At

the end of each hour the pupils are dismissed for recreation.

Fencing seems to be the exercise most popular on the playground.

They also chose sides and had relay races, one side carrying a red flag and the other a white.

When they come in from the playground and take their places at attention, by the side of their desks, and all is quiet, the teacher bows low to the pupils and then the pupils all together bow low before taking their seats.

If a pupil comes forward to speak with his teacher he first bows low to her and then does not speak until he is recognized, and then bows before leaving.

Nowhere have I seen so much politeness shown.

A class in geography was studying the map of Japan. After the teacher had his say and the map was taken away, the teacher would ask a question. Instantly the hands would go up, (always the left hand.) Then the teacher would call the name of a pupil, the hands would go down together and the pupil called upon would rise and recite. In all the classes they seemed to follow this method.

In arithmetic, they did not seem to understand the processes. The Jap has a good memory but his reasoning is poor.

They use Arabic notation the same as we do, as well as the arithmetical signs, but their work was very slow.

On each desk throughout the school was a counting frame composed of beads on wires and they learn in school to do their counting on this instead of in their heads.

They use these frames in nearly all the stores, even in the postoffice and the banks, and they cannot figure out a small amount of change when a purchase is made without this frame.

In beginning a writing lesson, the pupils took out what looked like a square stone. This they wet on top and for a couple of minutes rub with a stick until their ink is mixed. Then when the teacher gives the word they all take copy-books and write the strange looking characters with a brush.

Their drawing is splendid, and I saw some fine work done in the schoolrooms.

Their singing is as poor as their arithmetic. They seem to sing always in minors and to have no idea of harmony, yet they have lots of it and seem to enjoy it.

In one room there were no seats, but the girls were seated on the floor on mats. The teacher would play a strain on an organ, and then the rows of girls would take turns in rising and singing it. When they were all through, another strain would come from the organ, and then it was very pleasant, you know, to listen to it repeated 20 times. But while they lack a great deal of having as good schools as you have in America, yet they show very much interest in their work, the discipline is perfect, and they seem to be well graded.

Boys and girls are always in separate schools.

Outside each room is a rack where they keep their umbrellas and wooden shoes, so their rooms are very clean.

School dismisses at 2 o'clock, then the boys have military drill for two hours and the girls have sewing classes.

All wages are low in Japan.

Their idea of America is a place where everybody is rich and happy. Several boys told me that they were saving money to go to America to school.

Teachers get only about 20 yen (\$10.) per month. The principal of central school, Kobe, gets only 45 yen (\$22½) per month. Laborers get as low as 40 sen (20 ct.) per day.

A rikisha man will haul you 5 miles for 10 cents, so a little American gold goes a long ways.

Many of them live on 10 cents a day, but their wants are simple—only a little rice and fish for food and for dress—only a "kimona" a loose gown and sash that both men and women wear and wooden shoes that cost a cent apiece, yet in spite of their poverty, they are happy and good natured, and always treat each other politely.

The national air of Japan, a war song to the tune of "Marching through Georgia" is heard everywhere.

Every Jap boy is whistling it and if one closes his eyes he might imagine he is in America. They are great copyists, and they got the tune from the great nation across the sea that is Japan's best friend.

They have no Sunday in Japan and

the foreign churches here are poorly attended. About two thirds of them are Buddhists. Temples are plentiful in all the towns. Inside of them is a large idol, an image of Buddha.

People go into these temples, pull a rope which rings a bell above the idol, I suppose to wake him up, then bow before him, drop a coin in the box and their worship is done. But they worship their country most of all.

Every Jap is patriotic and the streets are hung with flags everywhere.

The emperor has forbidden fire works and fire crackers, or any demonstration that will cost anything during the war, for Japan is a poor country.

But although Russia is a rich country, Japan, with her brave and determined little soldiers in the field and the economy practiced at home, is going to win this war. As an example of this economy the lady teachers of Tokyo, although their wages are small, agreed to pay 10% into a soldier's fund for use in the war.

In order to make both ends meet in doing this they all agreed to walk to and from school instead of hiring rikshas; to have their hair done up European style themselves instead of going to hairdressers for the ornamental Japanese style, and to take their lunches with them to school instead of patronizing a tea house at noon.

This shows how the people stand behind their government.

I could tell you much more about my voyage, but this letter has no doubt tired you already with its length. We may be at this port for several days, yet as it takes so much time to unload the ship's cargo so that we cannot get to Manila before the middle of the month.

With the best wishes to all the Carlisle people I will close.

Sincerely,
JAS. C. SCOTT.

THE HASKELL BAND.

The Haskell Indian Band dropped in upon us for a half day, last Saturday and played wondrously well upon the bandstand.

To do honor to the occasion, the shops were closed for an hour and a half, while instructors and students upon the campus listened to the inspiring music. It seemed natural to see the Wheelock brothers (both leaders of our band, at different times) taking prominent parts.

Mr. Deinson Wheelock wields the baton with added skill and the sweet tones of Mr. James Wheelock's leading clarinet were distinctly marked above all the other instruments. Everybody was delighted.

The official daily program of the World's Fair Louisiana Purchase Exposition speaks in the highest terms of the music this organization rendered during its engagement there, in June. Following Sousa and Innes, and with Weil and Conterno as rivals they proved the fact that they really made music "pleasing to the public."

Director Wheelock was given the reputation there of leading with a musical understanding that at once established his musicianship; and musical critics here, after listening to last Saturday's concert, corroborate his World's Fair reputation.

James Flanery, as cornet soloist, played with much beauty of expression and Robert Bruce's Euphonium touches were appreciated, while the various numbers, classic and popular, wherein all joined in rich and excellent harmony, were most creditable, giving the organization a right to a leading place among artistic bands.

There are twelve Carlisle ex-students and graduates, including the leader, in this band. Among them are James Wheelock, James Flanery, Malpas Cloud, Robert Bruce, Lon Spiechi, Joseph Ruiz, Casper Peters, Junaluska Standingdeer, Charles Corson, and Edward Valley.

Mrs. Lyons, of Kansas University, Lawrence, is employed as soloist, but did not favor us with a song.

The band played on Friday afternoon and evening at Mt. Holly Park and is filling an engagement this week at Willow Grove, near Philadelphia. It is the plan of the leader to make an extended tour, and they will probably go to Europe in the Fall.

The Wheelock brothers are in the best of health and are full of hopes that they will succeed in winning popular approval to the extent of making the venture pay financially, as well as show what opportunity may do for the native American.

Miscellaneous Items.

Out-door work is at a premium.

The season has been a hard one on hay-makers.

The trolley-car jumped the track twice this week.

Mr. Colegrove has returned from a business trip to Pittsburg.

Henry Campbell is in charge of the tailor shop in the absence of instructor Nonnast.

Daniel Hashorns has gone to Maine for the summer, to be a model for Mr. Volk, the artist.

Charles Dillon is the master blacksmith during Mr. Murtoff's absence on his annual leave.

Not much transpired during the "rainy spell" in some localities except the postponing of picnics.

Miss Ida Swallow has returned from Philadelphia, having had a delightful visit among friends.

The coarse, loud laugh to be heard all over the grounds is unpleasant to all ears save the laughers.

Mr. Genus Baird, assistant printer, has gone to his home at the Oneida Agency, Wisconsin, on his annual leave.

The vacationers are too silent. Let us have some news. Do we not owe our school paper a little of our interest?

Printer Parsons did some star playing the other evening during a very exciting game of ball on the South grounds.

Oscar Rossell, one of the Carlisle Porto Ricans, who has been attending the Bloomsburg Normal, has gone to his home.

If a blind, deaf and dumb girl can go through Harvard Annex with honors, what can hinder us from reaching any point desired?

Ida Elm, who is a Hampton student, is in Great Barrington, Mass., and subscribes for the REDMAN, for she must have it, she says.

Printer Padin, who is at Point Pleasant, New Jersey, says by letter that the season at the shore is not at its full, but numbers are growing.

Patrick Verney is taking a vacation of a few days from the case, doing outside work. He wants the air, he says, but doesn't want to give up his trade altogether.

The Society Halls are being furnished with a complete set of folding chairs, with side arms for note taking. These beautiful chairs will serve as an attraction for students to become members of the Literary Societies.

On Wednesday, Mr. G. I. Bowne and his son, Master Harold, of Mt. Holly, New Jersey, were interested visitors at our school. Mr. Bowne has long been one of our country home patrons.

Do we sit and talk and laugh loud under somebody's window, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, when the occupants of the house are resting, or reading or writing? We might annoy them, eh?

Sister Superior, Felomini, of St. Catharine Hall was called away on account of the illness of her own sister, and she has the sympathy of her friends at the school. But two sisters are left at present.

Juan Santana, one of our Porto Rican boys, is now working in a shoeshop at Maynard, Massachusetts, and expects soon to have a shop of his own at that place. He belongs to a militia company and recently enjoyed camp life for a week.

The Second Presbyterian Church and Sunday School held their annual picnic on Friday at Mt. Holly Park. About fifteen of our boys attended, but, owing to the threatening weather, the girls and ladies staid at home. Those who went had a delightful time, especially in the afternoon, when the Haskell Indian Band gave their concert. Abundant provisions were served to all. Gen. and Mrs. Pratt were there, and the boys had another good talk with them.

Esther Allen, Ruth Coombs and Catherine Weber are an interesting trio, these days. One of their latest pranks was to get permission to take a trolley ride to the cave and back, which may be taken for one fare. They being children, the conductor did not call for fare, and when they returned to the school with the same money they started out with, they concluded to stay on and go again, which they did. They might still be riding, had not the conductor called for half fares.

NORTHFIELD.

Never in my life did I expect to see such a wonderful place as Northfield. The surrounding country is so beautiful that it is enough to refresh the weary minds of people who go there during the summer.

Northfield is located on the bank of Connecticut River on a high place with beautiful views both up and down the valley for a long distance.

From the Seminary towards the southwest, about four and a half miles, is Mt. Hermon, which is a school for boys only.

These two schools have been of great benefit to young men and women of this country and from abroad. Young men and women are trained here in the various lines of industry and in work for Christianity.

James Dickson and I were chosen to represent our Association at that wonderful Students' Conference which was held from the 1st to the 10th of July. We worked hard to raise the necessary amount, but blessings always come, at the end of labor.

On our way we visited places of interest in New York City, as we had five hours to wait for our boat.

We went with two other delegates down to the Battery Park, which we were told was an interesting place.

As we entered the grounds we saw hundreds of people spending the day there.

Our uniforms attracted attention and some said we were Japanese officers, and others we were artillerymen.

We went into a building where all kinds of fishes were exhibited in glass cases.

Other water animals such as alligators, lizzards, turtles and sea-cows were in tanks. The most interesting one I saw was the angelfish. As it turned all the colors could be seen.

We next went to the Brooklyn Bridge, of which I had heard so much. On the way towards the bridge we saw a building which was the highest in the world. We tried to count the stories, but we could not see a part of it and were told that it has thirty four stories.

We came to the bridge and walked over it to Brooklyn.

We visited the Erie Dry Dock, being fortunate enough to gain admittance, and saw ships from various parts of the world, and enjoyed seeing the Shamrock, the champion of the Yatch Race.

The steamer left at 6:00 and sailed nearly all night until 1. A. M., but we slept on till 5 in the morning.

This being our first trip on the sea we enjoyed it very much. We reached Northfield about 10:00 A. M. on Friday July 1. The conference which we attended was an inspiration to all. We learned many things which will never be forgotten. The daily program was thus: 7:30 Breakfast, 8:30, Missionary Institute, Conference on Student Associations; 9:30, Normal Bible classes, Normal Bible Mission Study classes. At 11:00 Platform meeting in the Auditorium; and dinner at 12:30.

The afternoon was devoted to recreation until supper at 6:00.

At 7:00 an open air meeting was held on the hill named "Round Top," and at 8:00 a meeting in the auditorium.

Each morning and evening addresses were given by prominent speakers, from home and abroad.

The object of the conference is to promote the personal welfare of thousands of young men in colleges and other institutions. It is to give them a clear idea and view of Christianity and to help them in life's purposes.

The attendance was over 600 from 132 institutions.

A sad thing that happened was the drowning of two Yale students. Notices were put up to prevent going down to the river without guides. We helped in getting them out of the water which was about 15 feet deep.

A memorial service was held in honor of the young men. Their friends gave testimonies that they had been earnest and influential Christian workers in their school.

—IGNATIUS IRONROAD.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Rubinkham, of Newtown, Pa., has returned to her home from the hospital in Philadelphia, where she has been undergoing treatment. She will probably return to the city in the Fall for more treatment, as her face trouble is not altogether cured.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS.

Boys, do you know that the library is the place where you can meet some of the best friends you will ever have—books? Two hours of play after supper should be followed by one hour, or at least half an hour of reading.

Library Hours for Summer.

The library will be open from 8:30 to 11:50, A. M.

From 1:00 to 2:30, P. M. From 8:00 to 9:00, P. M., for boys only. On Holidays from 8:00 to 10:00 A. M. Saturdays, from 9:00 to 11:30, A. M.

Notice:—Open in the evening for boys only.

A BIG STORM.

A big storm, which for severity was almost unparalleled in the history of this part of the Cumberland Valley, swept for several miles southwest of Carlisle on Tuesday. Much damage was done to crops, buildings were wrecked or unroofed and trees torn to pieces, but, fortunately, no lives were lost. Our school did not suffer, but the funnel-shaped cloud was seen by several of our people.

The storm began at noon, several miles south of this town and followed a zig-zag course over a part of the country, its path being about 250 feet wide and fifteen minutes being occupied in passing.

The appearance of the intensely black low lying cloud, which some say looked like the dreaded Western cyclone, caused terror and wild flight from fields, where hundreds of men are working this week, say the local papers.

The velocity is estimated at over forty miles an hour by some people. The storm laid waste everything in its path, uprooting trees, carrying fences many yards, destroying crops, blowing out buildings to splinters and spreading destruction generally in fields while telephone and telegraph wires were put out of business.

Miss Daisy Laird, a former teacher, has come to the front as an inventor. We received a dozen "Tip-Top Spool Tops" from her this week. They are small arrangements to put into the end of a spool of thread. In unwinding a needleful, the thread slips naturally into a folded lip, where it cuts itself off and remains for the next user. The little device saves teeth, time and temper and a lady's work basket may be kept in order by using the "Tip-Top Spool Top." Fifty cents a dozen is the price and they may be had by addressing D. C. Laird, 1823 Oakland Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

Asenoth Bishop, class of 1904, writes that she is at work for a family in Buffalo, N. Y. and that her employer told her she might consider that her home as long as she wished. She expects to take a business course at night school, next winter. While here, Asenoth was a faithful member of the hospital corps.

Through a new ruling for the ensuing fiscal year, in all government service, each month will be considered as having thirty days, and employees will be paid accordingly. Formerly payments have been made on a rating of the exact number of days.

Miss Sara Pierre, of the Hospital force has returned from her trip to Anadarko, Oklahoma, where she was delightfully entertained at the home of Otto and Mary Wells. On her way home, she visited the Fair at St. Louis.

Miss Scales left Carlisle, on Tuesday to visit her sister at Bayhead, on the Jersey coast. Later, she will go to her home in North Carolina.

Miss Luzenia Tibbetts, who has just graduated from the Bloomsburg Normal visited at the school, as the guest of Miss, Weekley, before leaving for her work at the seashore.

Miss Veitch gives a picnic party today at Mt. Holly Park in honor of her sister from Philadelphia, who is visiting her.

The sodding of the plot, between the boiler house and the walk, adds to the attractions of the grounds.

"The sun shines bright in my old Alaska home," is the way one of the Alaskan girls sings the song.

LOOKING FOR THE WIND.

I've been out under every tree.
I've looked up in the sky;
But nowhere do I see the wind
That makes leaves whirl and fly.

I wish some one would boost me up.
Some giant, tall and stout,
And let me look among the clouds:
Perhaps I'd then find out,

My papa, he is most a giant,
High up he tosses me;
But he can't reach those chestnut-trees,
That's where I want to see.

I'll have to go and ask mamma,
'Most ev'rything she knows;
P'raps she can tell her little girl
Where is the wind that blows.

—E. O. K., in Every Other Sunday.

DOES AN EDUCATION PAY?

Does it pay an acorn to become an oak?
Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus?
Does it pay to fit oneself for a superior position?
Does it pay to get a glimpse of the joy of living?
Does it pay the chrysalis to unfold into a butterfly?
Does it pay to learn to make life a glory instead of a grind?
Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life?
Does it pay to add power to the lens of the microscope or telescope?
Does it pay to know how to take the dry, dreary drudgery out of life?
Does it pay to taste the exhilaration of feeling one's powers unfold?
Does it pay a rosebud to open its petals and fling out its beauty to the world?
Does it pay to push one's horizon farther out, in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision?
Does it pay to learn how to center thought with power, how to marshal one's mental force effectively?
Does it pay to acquire power to get out of life high and noble pleasures which wealth cannot purchase?
Does it pay to acquire a character-wealth, a soul-property, which no disaster or misfortune can wreck or ruin?
Does it pay to have expert advice and training, to have high ideals held up to one in the most critical years of life?
Does it pay to make life-long friendships with bright, ambitious young people, many of whom will occupy high places later on?

Does it pay to become familiar with all the lessons that history and science can teach as to how to make life healthy and successful?
Does it pay to become an enlightened citizen, able to see through the sophistries of political claptrap and vote intelligently on public matters?
Does it pay to change a bar of rough pig iron into hairsprings for watches, thus increasing its worth to more than fifty times the value of its weight in gold?
Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibilities in one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered?
Does it pay the sculptor to call out from the rough block the statue that sleeps in the marble, and which shall tell the story of heroism and greatness to unborn generations?
Does it pay to have one's mentality stirred by the passion of expansion, to feel the tonic of growth, the indescribable satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of perpetual enlargement?
Does it pay to have four years filled with the most delightful associations with cultured people, at an age when ambitions and high ideals have not been dulled or shattered disappointment, or the unbounded faith in human nature shocked by violated pledges?—[Orison Swett Marden, in June Success.

CHOCTAWS ELATED.

ATOKA, I. T., July 2.—A communication has just been received at Atoka that Indian Agent Shoeneft is now preparing the rolls for the payment of the townsite money to the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and that the payment will begin at Atoka about the first of August.

The Indians here are very much elated over the report. They say that it will enable them to improve their homesteads and live comfortably through the dull summer months. All minors must have guardians and administrators appointed by the United States court before they can get their money.

The payment of the townsite money at this time will be a very great benefit to the people in the Choctaw nation.—[Special Dispatch to Oklahoma State Capital.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

The "Hints on Health" writer in the Presbyterian Banner lays much stress on the lemon as having health giving properties.

Firstly, the dyspeptic American, who is universal, either man or woman, with some form of digestive trouble, due to the high pressure of the complicated turmoil which we call life nowadays.

This class of sufferers is one of the largest, and to them the simple yet efficient remedy of plain lemon juice in a little hot water is a boon only to be appreciated by those who have endured distress and been relieved by that inexpensive, easily obtained restorative.

By a paradox, the acid of lemon juice, instead of adding to the acidity of a "sour stomach," seems to correct it and relieve the burning inflammation that so often accompanies that state of misery.

The lemon juice must not be taken clear.

One third or one-half of a lemon in half a cup of hot water an hour before breakfast every morning has been known to work wonders in obstinate cases of chronic indigestion.

On no account should sugar be used with that medicinal form of lemonade, because the sugar ferments in the stomach, producing more of the abnormal acid formation that has been making all the trouble.

Some sufferers cannot take so much lemon as that regularly every day; experience is the best teacher in such cases, but the value of the treatment is its regular, habitual use.

A dose now and then is of no help at all, and only serves to create an impression of distrust in the mind, which in itself is enough to react against the beneficial effect of future treatments.

The headache that so often accompanies a disordered stomach is equally amenable to the persuasions of this plain, practical little helper.

The writer has seen a violent headache, with the addition of severe nausea, relieved, and, indeed, cured in short order by the juice of half a lemon with an equal quantity of hot water.

In an extreme case like that the lemon juice can be taken very nearly clear, but it is too strong to be taken that way habitually.

CREEKS HOLD FIRE DANCE.

It is reported that the fullblood Creeks in the vicinity of the Arberka Square grounds, near Senora, have begun their annual fire dances.

Yardika Harjo, an aged Indian medicine man, is in charge of the ceremonies, which last from sunset until sunrise during two successive nights.

These dances will continue for about two months, being indulged in at intervals, or rather when the medicine man in charge is ready. The other fullblood settlements will also celebrate during the summer, but each community selects its own time.

The Creek fire dance is in a way spectacular.

All of the men and women of the community take part, but no children are included in the revels.

The men dance alone from sunset until midnight, when they are joined by the women, and all dance together until morning.

They dance in a circle around a glowing campfire, chanting and singing, while the leader keeps time by beating a tom-tom.

At certain junctures in the ceremony all bow, extend their hands over the flames, and pass on in zigzag gait. Upon the ankles of the women are fastened turtle shells filled with small gravel.

This device produces a ginging noise similar to the castinets used by Spanish singing girls.

The day preceding the night of dancing is giving over to eating the strong medicine prepared by the medicine man from herbs whose properties are unknown except to the few who brew them.

This preparation is a violent emetic, but, strange as it may appear, every member of the tribe is always able to engage in the revel after the first effects have passed away.

The origin of these dances is not definitely known.

There are a number of traditions, all of which trace them to the sun dances of the Aztecs of Mexico, from whom it is believed the Creeks are descended.

At any rate, this has been an annual custom with the Creeks for many generations and numberless superstitions are connected with the celebrations.

INTELLIGENCE OF A DOG AND A PARROT.

"That reminds me of a very clever compact which has been entered into between a dog and a parrot out in my neighborhood," said a man who had listened to a story about a dog, "and I doubt if you could find a more forcible evidence of the dog's and the parrot's intelligence than in the compact I have in mind.

"They seemed to have established a perfect understanding of each other. How they went about the matter I do not know. I only know that the results are achieved quite as satisfactorily as if the dog and parrot in question were human beings and capable of all the processes of reasoning.

"The parrot's cage is in the back yard. It is close to the ground where the dog can reach the sliding door by rearing up on his hind legs. Between the back yard and front yard there is a gate with a latch on the side toward the front part of the house. As a rule, the dog and parrot are kept in the back yard, and the little gate which crosses the alley way and opens into the front yard is generally kept latched. A little while ago the dog and the parrot were found out in the front yard together.

"The man of the house was not a little perplexed to know how they had managed to get out into the front yard. He made up his mind to watch them for the purpose of seeing how they overcame the difficulty. The first thing that attracted his attention was the call of the parrot.

"Promptly the dog, who understood the language, responded. He walked over to the parrot's cage, used his nose to root the slide door up, and let the bird out. The dog then let the door fall back to its place. The parrot flew over to the side gate, and the dog trotted across the yard in the same direction.

"In a few seconds the parrot was busy with the latch. Using his beak, he raised the latch, and the dog pushed the side gate open with his nose. Shortly they were both out in the front yard.

"Now, what do you think of that? If that isn't intelligence, what is it? It seems to me to be intelligence of a very high order, and I am willing to put this dog and this parrot bird against anything you can scrape up, for anything less complex than a combination lock of the most improved kind wouldn't count with them."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WOMAN'S BEST AGE.

A woman in a health-food store was communicative and well fortified with facts.

"There is no reason," she said, "why a woman should not grow more attractive personally as she advances in years, provided she lives in harmony with the laws of nature.

A woman should be at her best in middle age.

She should be more beautiful at forty than at sixteen, if she is not a victim to the ravages of disease.

Most of the world-famous beauties reached their zenith at forty.

Helen of Troy was first heard of at that age. Cleopatra was considerably more than thirty when she first met Antony.

Aspasia was twenty-three when she married Pericles and was still a brilliant figure twenty years later.

Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when pronounced the most beautiful woman in Europe.

Catherine of Russia ascended to the throne at thirty-three, and reigned thirty-five years.

Mdlle. Recamier was at her zenith at forty.

From thirty-five to fifty should be the richest and best years of a woman's life."

LIFE IN OKLAHOMA.

The Asher Altruist represents life in Oklahoma as follows:

The cotton choppers are whistling, the frogs are hollering, the flowers are blooming, the lark has flown up to meet the sun, singing, "Bob White, is your wheat ripe," the politicians are hustling and the county candidates rustling.

The plow boy is between the plow handles from early until dewy eve, hollering, "Whoa, gee haw, Pete," and the lying fisherman are with us.

The present indications are that Oklahoma will harvest an abundant crop of corn which will more than make up for the loss of the wheat crop.

PERPLEXITY.

The story is told of a prominent Virginian journalist and raconteur, who is very fond of children, and recently at Cape May he made friends with a bright boy of about 10 years. One day when the boy joined the gentleman on the beach he had with him two little girls.

"And who are the pretty little misses?" inquired the gentleman, after greeting the boy.

"My sister," replied the boy with a twinkling eye.

"Which one is your sister?"

"Both is," said the boy.

"Both are," said the gentleman, reprovingly, as his manner is at such times.

The boy shook his head.

"Oh, yes," insisted the gentleman.

"Both are your sisters; each is your sister."

"No," insisted the boy: "both is my sister."

"How do you make that out, sir?" said the gentleman, with dignity.

"Each is my half sister, and two halves make one, don't they?"

Whereupon they all ran away, and the gentleman stood rubbing his chin in much perplexity.

HELPED BY HIGH OPINION.

Our dearest friends think a little too highly of us, but God has designed it so.

Who could bear their least over esteem without craving to bring his life up to it?

Then, if we succeed in this, we again find their opinion of us a degree above our new attainment—which repeats for us the incentive to a truer worth.

There is a limit to this process, but we are hardly conscious how far it operates on our characters.

And this power of the high opinion of our friends is supplemented by the power of the low opinion of our enemies,—if we are blessed with any; for just as we strive to make the first true by living up to it, we must strive to make the other false by living above it.—[Sunday School Times.

JAPANESE STRENGTH.

The Japanese, although men of very small stature are among the strongest in the world.

Any boy of fourteen or fifteen who will faithfully practise their system of producing strength will find himself, at the end of a few months, able to cope in feats of power with the average man of 25; and all this without the dangerous practice of lifting very heavy weights.

It should always be remembered that rest must always be taken after each exercise.

While resting try deep breathing.

Stand erect though not in a strained position and at each breath draw the abdomen in and throw the chest out.

As the breath is exhaled, let the chest fall inward again and the abdomen outward.

From twenty minutes to half an hour is a long enough time to devote to jiu-jitsu, and this includes the time spent in breathing during rest—for deep, correct breathing is in itself one of the best exercises possible.

In inhaling draw the breath through either the nostrils or the mouth as preferred; in exhaling always let the breath escape through the mouth.

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success.... Do you know what it is to be failing every day, and yet to be sure that your life is, as a whole, in its great movement and meaning, not failing, but succeeding?

—[PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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