

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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THE THINGS I MISS.

AN EASY thing, O Power divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine,
For summer's sun shine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank thee for the things I miss?
Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;
Grief turns to blessings, pain to balm;
A Power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still;
And then my heart attains to this—
To thank thee for the things I miss.
—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

ARE WE GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR?

To those of us who have some idea of going to the World's Fair, what others say of their visit to the largest of all World's Fairs is always interesting.

Anne Rittenhouse, who writes for the Philadelphia Press, has a letter dated June 16, which is bright and broad enough for all to enjoy and profit by. Here are a few of the things she observes:

Before She Enters.

The difference between this exposition and the Chicago Fair is in the automobile. Here a hundred of them fly around like bumble bees. In the days of Chicago Fair this transportation was not invented.

If you want to keep this exposition beautiful, both at first sight and as a memory, it is better to hold eyes and nose closed when getting through the environs.

The peanut vender is not only in his glory, but he has a hundred rivals. Ramshackled hotels, or rather lodging houses, are squat down here and there in the muddy roads, saloons are frequent, every kind of fakir is ubiquitous, and disorder and dirt are complete.

The tramping of feet and falling of rain plow up the ground into a Spring field which catches tomato peelings, cans without vegetables, lemon skins and sausage rinds, as though they were seeds sown for a future harvest of hash.

Every minor trade flourishes and proprietors galore announce their wares in stentorian voices.

As soon as you escape the man who bellows through a megaphone into your ear that this is the only place in the world where you can get a full course dinner for 15 cents, you run full tilt into a redfaced spieler, who waves a bunch of sausages like bananas in your face, while he persuades you to eat with the tempting remark that you can pick off your choice and have it cooked while you wait.

Tin horns, megaphones, sideshow "barkers," announcements of food of every kind, cooked in every way, with drinks of every imaginable build, go to make a Babel that would be a worthy rival of the original one.

It is impossible to avoid it at any entrance. It is the inalienable privilege of the free and equal brotherhood. It is squalid, disorderly, without picturesque-ness.

It is a fair in itself, and sits, intrenched about the exposition walls, like a cloud of carrions, living on the leavings.

Inside the Grounds.

Once inside the baffling and maddening turnstiles, which always turns the wrong way and brings you up against a row of wooden bayonets, the stranger feels like sitting down on a log, buying a map and catalogue, counting one's money and wondering how many weeks it will take to get around.

It is so vast, its distances are so magnificent that one's first feeling is that of utter hopelessness. Technically it covers the area of the Paris, Chicago and Buffalo Fairs put together.

It is too big.

The last impression of this is almost worse than the first.

Many people tell you they have been there a month and have just begun to sift out the chaff from the wheat.

Three Essential Movements.

There are three methods of transportation that one should spend money on at once, and do all three of them in one morning. The intra mural should be taken to find out how few places it can take you; the automobile to get a bird's eye view of the great spaces and what they are filled with; and the rolling chair for downright enjoyment and a face-to-face view of everything.

The principal buildings that make up the world's exhibit must be gone through willy-nilly. If you are interested in what they contain so much the better for you. A chair, a guide and a five-dollar bill are the triptology that make this easy.

From the moment you enter the gateway you hear nothing but the Filipino reservation. So you save that for dessert.

Some of the people go there all the time, and all of the people go there some of the time.

You put the Anglo-Boer war down for an evening spree when you have not forgotten to buy a box of absorbent cotton to stuff into your ears.

You don't have to go near this reservation to be reminded of it. It has made the timid imagine there was a thunderstorm every minute in St. Louis. The roar and rumble of its terrific artillery sounds like the dissolution of creation.

The Pike.

The Pike you reserve for every evening. It is the rendezvous for every one, respectable and otherwise. The prudish and the gay are jumbled there together.

The Garden Spot of the Fair.

Artistic by sunlight, it is a child's idea of heaven by electricity. The sunken gardens, the swift-flowing lagoon, the white monuments pitched into the sky, the ornamental white buildings, domed and stately, lined up as though they stood in architectural review, the terrific cascade flowing over pale green steps, flinging itself out from the open doors of a building that might have been erected in Constantinople; all these devices of man's modern ingenuity to allure and excite the senses is the best bit of this Louisiana Exposition.

Rising above this foreign coloring and scenery, the Terrace of States projects itself by steps which take a Hercules to mount into a plateau that is a mingling of gleaming statuary and colored lights. Here the wise ones dine.

Over this arc the sun goes down, either white or crimson; here the lagoon stretches shadowy and mysterious at the base, its covered gondolas gliding under bridges, and its gondoliers caroling the folk songs of Venice; here come the strains of a dozen bands, playing sadly through the dusky twilight; beneath on the terraces, far down through the sunken garden, out through the Place de St. Louis, stroll people of every nation.

The light falls on a fakir from the far East, on the glittering howdah of an elephant, gruntingly carrying laughing girls, on the yellow uniform of a Filipino scout, on the shirtwaist girl of America, on a ringed and rouged dancing girl of Cairo, on a blanketed, painted INDIAN CHIEF from the reservation.

The Moment Every Body Looks For.

The great moment comes slowly. Every one has told you to look for it, but it never ceases to shock and delight. It is the turning on of the electricity. It is at its best in this marvelous middle space, whose central figure is the masterly statue of Louis le Grand. Nowhere near him does a single figure or portrait or bust of Napoleon or Thomas Jefferson rise to taunt him with his lost possessions.

The lights twinkle first in the sunken garden, then creep and intertwine like a nest of snakes along the facade of every building. They dart and gleam and spring into prismatic glory along the out-

line of every monument, tower, dome and doorway. They fling themselves into the presence of the stars to the point of rods and wheels and flagstaves.

It is the most beautiful moment that one can get at the exposition.

The cheapness of some of the buildings, the badness of many of the pathways, the ugliness of the redtrolley stations filled with lunch-eating loungers, the blotches, made by building materials dumped on rain-soaked ground are smoothed out in this panorama of light. They are absorbed, obliterated.

The most important persons out here, those who dominate every space and beautiful vista are those self-same lunch-eating loungers.

Sunken Gardens a Picnic Ground.

At noon and dusk the sunken gardens are turned into the biggest Sunday school picnic you ever saw. Everywhere you turn at any of the feeding hours you find family parties dividing the contents of pasteboard boxes. Nothing is sacred from their improvised tablecloths. No spot is so lovely that it will not serve for pickles. On stoop and veranda, before gorgeous pavilions, on every bare spot which is steady enough to hold a sandwich, there people spread food.

In no spot does this alfresco dining look so incongruous as in those fascinating where gardens.

Here where sentiment and love should dwell at eventide, where the laurel and the lemon invoke mystery, where the gondolier is singing and the statues gleam and glisten, here is a medley of pickles, sauerkraut and canned ham.

One's first day is filled with chaotic confusion of impressions. There is much that is beautiful offset by much that is ugly. We have learned that transportation inside the ground is to be the serious subject, that food will cost all you are able to pay for it, that everybody talks to everybody else with the typical American friendliness which the other nations here are rapidly learning, and that as a whole it is very, very worth while.

It was Elihu Root, ex-Secretary of War, who described expositions as "mostly Indians and electric lights, and the lights were nearly always out."

That definition would not fit this exposition.

FAMINE THREATENS RUSSIA.

A recent despatch from St Petersburg to the papers of the United States says:

The fears expressed months ago in regard to the Russian harvest are abundantly confirmed by reports from various provinces that the harvest in Bessarabia is almost a complete failure.

The price of stock has risen, and, in consequence of the decline in wages and the number of laborers who have gone to seek work outside of the provinces, the residents of the communes of Bacheuri and Ismailsk have petitioned the Government to allow them to postpone payment of the taxes.

Many of the corn cultivators are reduced almost to beggary.

In the province of Kielf the Governor has instructed the local authorities to take all possible precautions against famine.

Frosts have seriously injured the crops of fruit and vegetables in Kharhoff Province suffered severely from frost and rain.

In the western Province of Moghileff many peasants are begging, and the official journal of the province complains of a much larger increase in theft.

Found Indian Relics.

While B. L. Jordan, a farmer living near Mercersburg, was plowing one of his fields recently he plowed up the bones, presumably, of an Indian, which were buried in the field only a short distance underground. With the bones were found some broken pieces of pottery. [Newville Star and Enterprise.]

HAPPINESS FROM WITHIN.

Happiness is a habit.

It is influenced more or less by environment or circumstances, to be sure, and it can be shadowed temporarily by sorrow and augmented by good fortune; but in the main happiness must come from within you.

Unless you obtain some happiness every day now, you will not find it on any to-morrow.

If you are restless, despondent, irritable, and discontented, from dawn till bedtime, and wear the hours away in an impatient waiting for better times, you are forming a habit which will pursue you when the better time comes.

I know what I am talking about.

I have seen it proved over and over again.

You are building your brain cells hour by hour, day by day, to think certain kind of thoughts, and no change of external conditions will undo this work which you are now engaged in.

Of course I am not addressing people suffering from some great loss or sorrow. Experiences of that nature must wear away. They cannot be overcome in a moment, or argued out of the heart, but they do not last—God has sent time to comfort the sorrowing.

It is the people who are discontented with their work, and with their environment, whom I address, people who are working for the future, and hating the present.

I believe in a progressive discontent.

It is a means of growth; but I believe in forming a habit, of being happy about SOMETHING every day.

While you work and strive to change your conditions, look around you and find a cause for enjoyment.

Think of yourself as one who sets forth on a journey to a desired goal.

Instead of shutting your eyes and straining forward to an end, open them and take note of the bluesky, the green world, the birds, the children and the lovers as you journey along.

Be glad that you are alive; enjoy the rainstorm; take pleasure in passing a word with the friends you encounter and sit down by the roadside and converse with them now and then.

Say to yourself, "This is very cozy and cheerful," and all the time rejoice that you have a goal toward which you are pressing.

Get something out of the journey every day,—some hour of enjoyment, and even if some accident prevents you from reaching your dreamed-of destination, or delays you long, still you have some golden hours of pleasure strung upon the thread of life.

And, better still, you have formed the HABIT of enjoyment—you have practiced being happy!

And when you DO reach your goal you will know how to appreciate the things that you have longed for.

Do not tell me that you have nothing to enjoy, nothing to be glad of in your present; I know better.

God never made a day that did not possess some blessing in it if you look for it.

LEARN TO BE HAPPY while you strive for things to make you happier. —[ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.]

SWISS GIRLS TO SERVE THE STATE.

Switzerland is to be the first country in the world where young girls are to serve a term in the service of the State, as young men of other countries are compelled to serve in the army.

The Swiss government is seriously thinking of adopting the plan of a female physician of Zurich, who advocates that all unmarried girls be compelled by the State to work one year in the hospitals without any remuneration. She claims that not only would the hospitals be benefited, but that the girls themselves would get a training which would be of great value to them in after life. —[Inglebrook.]

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

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.

The article on fourth page about how to breathe may be read with profit by most of us.

Royal families are not so old. The information printed elsewhere under the above caption is an eye-opener.

The meat strike does not affect us much. It would be better if people did not eat so much meat and more fruit and vegetables. If we have any pennies for our stomachs, let us buy fruit, not cake, candies or meat.

Fosipatra's country mother, Mrs. Mary Craighead, passed away at her late residence in Carlisle. The family resided at Craighead's station, near here. Mrs. Craighead was known as a very estimable woman, and she was regarded by the school as an excellent matron for those of our girls she has had in charge.

Lizzie Hays says she has a good home with kind people. She has not missed a Sunday School since she arrived there, and church only once. "There are only two of us Indian girls in this neighborhood, and they see each other only on Sundays." They like their Sunday School teacher. Lizzie celebrated the Fourth by "washing and ironing."

One of our little girls writes of her very pleasant home in the country, and asks for a certain kind of work when she returns to the school. She says she has never said a back word to her country mother to make her angry. "Of course we have fun, but not too much. I like the work and I don't go to the corner and sit down and say the work is too hard. Just looking at it doesn't do any good. I just go at it and do it."

Mr. Dennison Wheelock, leader of the Wheelock Indian Band who played at Willow Grove this past week was presented with a gold medal for his musical success. He was also given a silver loving-cup by the people of Philadelphia. At the last presentation there was a vast audience in attendance and a speech was made by the one presenting the cup. Director Wheelock replied in a brief speech that was heartily applauded.

Outing matron Mrs. Cook, who is on her annual rounds among the girls in country homes visited Willow Grove, daily during the time that the Wheelock Band was there, and pronounces the music fine. She saw there a number of our girls who had been permitted by their country patrons to go hear the music. Also some of the boys were in attendance at the concerts. Mrs. Cook reports that the neatest bureau both outside and in, that she has found among the girls belongs to the room of Daisy Dyke. She also reports that Leila Schanandore makes most excellent bread.

INDIAN ALLOTMENTS.

Under the new deal in the Indian Territory the red man and brother seems to be coming into his own. He has had a long siege and the conditions that have environed him at times have seemed hopeless. But the department and the administration have come to realize the real issue there. They are meeting it in land of the Five Tribes and the citizens of the tribes are emerging into citizens of the nation. And they are equal to the test.

The ability of the Indians to do his own business is being recognized and the Indian Territory is making progress accordingly — [Oklahoma Farmer.

THE BIG STORM DESCRIBED BY AN ALASKAN

Annie Coodlallook is at Barnitz, and writes descriptively of the terrible storm that visited that section recently.

Coodlallook is one of our Alaskan girls who came from the far north. She knew no English when she came, and has grown into an intelligent girl who enjoys her home and good country mother. She says of the storm:

"We were scared very much. While we were at dinner, Mr. Barnitz went out doors to see what that noise was and came in and told us to hurry to the cellar as there was a cyclone coming.

By the time we got down, the storm roared very loud. We were not in the cellar over three or four minutes until the storm had passed.

When we came up out of the cellar into the yard, we saw the ugly black cloud, going right in the direction of Carlisle.

Oh! but we were all scared.

The sky was full of flying shingles, boards, sheaves of wheat and other things all in commotion around this black cloud.

The storm scattered Mr. Barnitz's barn and wagon shed all over his corn-field and orchard and pulled up by the roots, fifty apple trees, 75 locust trees; and one large walnut tree close by the house fell on the back porch and over the pump.

When I saw the cloud going in the direction of Carlisle school I was more scared, more than ever, thinking if it could tear Mr. Barnitz's barn down how easy it could tear down the buildings at the school. I was glad when I learned it did not reach Carlisle.

Just near here, two freight cars were blown over—the wheels on the top of it look so funny.

Hope you are all well and happy and not scared like me.

It took some shade trees up by the roots by my room.

I did not sleep well that night and when I did go to sleep, I dream more about cyclones and running to the cellar.

People have been coming every day since to see the destruction, and ask questions until we have become tired of answering them.

I hope I may never witness another cyclone. Whenever I hear the wind blow I get scared.

One thing we glad not one of us was hurt and we are all well."

GERONIMO'S DAUGHTER.

This story is going the rounds of the papers:

A telegram from the Mescalero Indian reservation in New Mexico says that it is not generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless that Geronimo, the famous old Apache Chief of the southwest, who has been nominally a prisoner of war for the past fifteen or sixteen years, has a daughter living on this reservation.

Her name is Lena Geronimo, and she is now 16 years old.

Her father has never seen her and does not know that she is the belle of the reservation.

So famous has become her personal beauty that the El Paso Northeastern road is now using her photograph in the advertising picture issued by that line.

Geronimo is now making an effort to get his daughter to visit St. Louis where he is located as a special attraction of the World's Fair.

Both parties are, however, without funds and so far no one has been found who is charitable enough to send the young woman to St. Louis to visit her father.

An effort is now being made, however, to get the World's Fair people to furnish the necessary cash for the young woman's transportation to St. Louis and return, that she may visit her father.

AT SUMMER SCHOOL.

Mrs. Foster, who is attending summer school at Ypsilanti, Michigan, writes cheerfully of the good times they have.

"We are so comfortably situated here," she says "in this beautiful little town' nice airy rooms, fine board and so very reasonable. I should like to come again next year. The weather has been delightfully cool, but to-day has been very hot, ninety-eight in the shade."

Her daughter, Miss Eva, is visiting elsewhere with an aunt. Upon leaving Ypsilanti, Mrs. Foster is planning to go to Dundee for a few days.

MORE FROM MR. SCOTT.

Mr. John Foster who is hustling for himself this vacation in New York State, gives a cheery word by souvenir postal, on which is a picture of the beautiful monument on site of Otsego Hall, J. Fenimore Cooper's Home.

He says he has been so busy earning his salt that letters he writes are few and far between.

He kindly sends a letter from Mr. Scott, but having published a lengthy account last week from Mr. Scott, we will take from this letter but a few points not given in last issue, as follows:

"After riding six thousand miles I am getting used to ocean travel and my share of everything that is going; and if all ships are as good as the Mongolia there are not many hardships to encounter in crossing the Pacific.

All the way we had a smooth sea and cool weather.

When we ran into a dock at Honolulu alongside the Cruiser, New York, we made her look like a fishing vessel by the Monster Mongolia.

There was quite a crowd representing a mixture of humanity out to see the largest ship that had yet entered their harbor, and the territorial native band was playing national airs while we landed.

Honolulu is a beautiful city situated at the base of an immense volcano; "The Punch Bowl" with a crater big enough to put the whole city in.

The entire city is shaded by large tropical trees with overhanging branches. Every where were flowers and shrubbery giving the aspect of a garden.

On the street corners are maidens and women sewing flowers into wreaths.

Everybody wears a wreath around their neck or hat band, and the air is full of sweet odors.

The native girls have rather comely features, but they need some lessons in physical culture to make them more graceful.

They are almost as dark as negroes.

The boys are the best swimmers in the world, and as our ship came in they swam out to meet it and would dive for coins that the passengers threw from the deck, and got them every time.

On shore everything was new to us.

Over our heads were hanging bunches of bananas and cocoanuts, while on every hand were oranges, lemons, limes, glanders in red and white every where, and large spreading banyon trees with roots hanging like whiplashes from the limbs.

The houses are mostly made of bundles of straw, some of logs and stone, while some are neat American cottages.

We visited quite a number of metropolitan buildings that would be a credit to any city.

Times are not good there and work scarce and wages low. They blame the United States for interfering with their sugar market.

I noticed quite a mixture of nationality. The dark skinned natives predominate. Sign boards read in English, Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese.

After a day's stay in the Islands, which is remembered as a pleasant one we left for the long journey to Yokohama after 13 days steering to the westward over the watery solitude we heard the lusty shout from the Japanese on board, and we knew that they had sighted their native land.

A Jap gunboat came out to meet us and guide us through the narrow harbor for 5 miles past the mines and forts and then we landed in a launch to take us in the city.

Took dinner at a Jap restaurant, sat on the matting and ate rice with chopsticks; and then returned to Yokohama through the green farms or patches rather, for I didn't see one bigger than four rods square.

Hard to get any war news here. No signs of war only the number of soldiers and sailors on the streets and big crowds 'rubbering' at the shop windows where over-drawn pictures of the war are exhibited."

SCOTT.

It is great fun for our little girls to get permission from their house-mother to run around the house bare-footed these warm days.

MR. HALDY WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DROWNED.

Prof. Lew Haldy, a graduate of Dickinson College, and for a time Assistant Disciplinary of the Carlisle Indian School, turned up at his home in Lancaster, at 5:30, Wednesday evening, (last week) safe and sound.

It will be remembered that his mysterious disappearance from Phoenixville, where he taught school created a sensation. This was on March 31, and when he returned to Lancaster, he walked into his mother's home, on North Lime street, as one returned from the dead. The joy of Mrs. Haldy, may be better imagined than described.

Professor Haldy said overstudy and worry about the affairs of his official position had so unstrung his nerves that he simply determined to disappear, and this he accomplished so quietly and completely that not a clue was ever obtained as to his whereabouts. He walked to Trenton, N. J., and soon secured employment on a farm near that city. There he remained until last Saturday, when he went to Baltimore. On Monday he went to Westminster, Md., and, being unable to find employment, walked to Lancaster, sixty-five miles, having no car-fare. His greatest regret now is the worry he caused his mother.—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel.

BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY.

Biography:

Samuel Chapman Armstrong.

Life of Dwight L. Moody.

Up from slavery, by Booker T. Washington.

Passages from the life of William Penn.

History:

Young folk's History of Germany, by C. M. Yonge.

Young folk's History of Greece, by C. M. Yonge.

History of the English People, 4 vols. by J. R. Green.

Heroes of our war with Spain, by Clinton Ross.

Following the flag, by C. C. Coffin.

Description and travel:

Florida, by Sidney Lanier.

Life at West Point, by H. Irving Hancock.

Nature:

Ways of wood folk, by W. J. Long.

Wilderness ways, " " " "

Education and Culture:

How to get on, by B. B. Comegys.

Getting on in the world, by W. Matthews.

Fiction:

Treasure Island, by R. L. Stevenson.

Day's Work, by R. Kipling.

Silas Marner, by George Eliot. (contains Amos Barton and The Lifted Veil.)

Stiya, by M. Burgess. (2 copies)

How he made his fortune, by J. A. W. D. Witt.

Military Belle, by H. C. Parkhurst.

Juvenile:

Nellie's Silver Mine, by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.

Colonial Boy, by Mrs. Nellie B. Eyester.

Boy I knew; Four Dogs, by Laurence Hutton.

Jimmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore."

A FARMER PRINTER-BOY.

Printer Jonas Jackson is living near Belvidere, N. J. where Miss Burgess, when quite a young girl, set type in her father's printing office, when he was the editor of the Belvidere Apollo. Jonas intends visiting that office. He says by letter:

"It is now two months since I left the case, still I think I can take a composing stick and set as rapidly as when there.

I am proud of my country home, as these patrons are just what the outing system demands and are doing justice to it. Of the different places I have been, I consider this the most pleasant home.

While I have been here, I have taken part in two debates and in both of them my side came off victorious. The first was between the young men on the marriage question. The last one was very interesting, as our opponents were young ladies. The question was:

"That the women of today are better adapted for home making than those of two generations ago. We had the negative and we won."

Miscellaneous Items.

Smart shower early Wednesday morning!

Pass the bananas, after reading the 4th page story.

The carpenters are roofing Mr. Thompson's residence.

The new cottage back of the dining-hall is fast nearing completion.

Workmen are busy renovating the inside of Capt. Mercer's residence.

Some of the printers are working outside to get fresh air and football muscle.

Capt. and Mrs. Mercer made a trip to Philadelphia in the early part of the week.

On Monday, Miss Bowersox left on her annual leave for her home in Lewistown, Penna.

Inspector Nesler has gone to Cherokee, N. C., but will return to Carlisle in the near future.

The Methodists held their annual picnic last Friday, a number of our boys and girls attending.

Esther Allen and Ruth Coombs were guests of Miss Clara Anthony on College street to tea, on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Barr spent Friday and Saturday in Philadelphia, and brought back with her one of our country girls who is ill.

Miss Hill has returned from the World's Fair and we hope to interview her regarding her experiences before the next week's issue.

Mrs. Canfield, head of the Sewing Department, has gone to her home in Kentucky, on her annual leave. She will also take in St. Louis.

A car load of tin-ware and harness made by Indian apprentices will be shipped this week to various Indian Agencies of the west.

Misses Ruth Coombs and Esther Allen attended the First Presbyterian Church picnic yesterday as guests of Mrs. Mil-lard Thompson, College Street.

In response to our request for a new name for our paper, the pupils and employees have offered many suggestions, which will be acted upon by a committee.

Printer Ignatius Ironroad is trying his hand at carpentering for a few days on the new cottage. He had a hand in studying out the plans for that building and is interested in seeing them worked out.

An important part of the large press having broken, we were obliged to run the RED MAN, page by page, on the Half Medium Platen press, this week. The register is not good, but the reading matter can be made out.

Printer Louis Paul is used for a part of the time in his out-of-door-work-for-air-and-exercise as hose holder, over dry spots of grass. When mowing in the school cemetery he said he did not mind the cheerless surroundings of gravestones and mounds.

Mr. E. B. Fox, of Arlington, Va. and N. M. Ambrose, of Washington are Accountant Experts, with us. They are going over General Pratt's accounts, and are courteous, agreeable gentlemen. Mr. Ambrose has been somewhat under the weather for a day or two.

Miss Wood is rusticated at her home in Barneveld, N. Y. They are having delightful, cool weather, and it being so beautifully clear and bright between storms they forget about the rain at intervals. She expects to return to Carlisle about the 15th of August.

Levi Williams kindly sent us from his country home a new subscription. If each of our "out" boys and girls would send us only FIVE names, our list would go up 3000 in one jump. Try it, ye farm boys, ye country home girls! Send us FIVE names and ONE DOLLAR, and you keep the extra QUARTER.

The boys' quarters, which have been undergoing a complete inside renovation of plastering and painting will be ready for occupancy in a few days. Disciplinarian Thompson has two offices now, with door between, and there are other changes. The wiring of the building for electric lights is under a new and better system, and an electric alarm bell or gong is one of the improvements which will be greatly appreciated by students and caretakers alike.

Dr. Diven is slightly under the weather.

The Thompson guests are tennis players.

Accountant Fox of Washington is a croquet player.

Mrs. Nori has returned from her visit down country.

The shop-court geranium beds never made a better showing.

Miss Gertrude Veitch, returned to Philadelphia yesterday.

Printer Frank Jude plays nearly every afternoon with the Lindner baseball team.

While it rains here, it RAINS in Oklahoma, according to the papers of that section.

Miss Hill's kitty made great demonstrations at her return, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Gardner, wife of Carpenter Gardner, and her sister and friends from a distance were visitors yesterday.

The night wetting of grass was put to a stop by the deluge from the clouds on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Mercer brought a cook with her from Philadelphia, Wednesday night. Capt. Mercer was called to New York and did not return till to-day.

Chief clerk Beitzel and his force of clerks are busy over the regular accounts which come at the end of the fiscal year. Miss Yarnell is detailed to assist at clerical work.

Joe Baker can mow off a croquet patch for a set of players as easily and almost as quick as he can catch a baseball on the diamond, and everybody knows that Joe is an expert at the latter.

Dr. Bender, of S Hanover Street with friends from a distance were callers last Friday. The Doctor was at one time our school physician, and his old friends always give him a warm welcome.

Those bugle calls at 3:30 Wednesday morning, from soldiers passing through to Gettysburg, may have sounded well to some people, but others were annoyed at being awakened from their early morning nap.

We are having a rest at present from the Sunday afternoon service. When the weather favors, the lawn services on Sunday evening are much enjoyed. Mrs. Beitzel led last Sunday evening very acceptably.

On Wednesday Miss Sara Pierre took all the little convalescents at the Hospital to Mt. Holly by trolley on a picnic tour. They boated, swung, drank in the good air, and had a delightful time all around.

In a letter received from Frederick W. Brushel, class '04, now in Wisconsin, to one of his friends here, he says that he is well and that he likes his work very well. Fred was always a good worker while in the school.

Miss Nellie Robertson left on Monday night for a month's visit with friends and relatives in Minnesota and Dakota. Miss Robertson is a close worker at her office desk, and a vacation cannot help but prove very profitable to her.

Miss Smith, now at her home in Erie, is enjoying life. She visited New Castle before reaching her home. As there are very pretty drives in the vicinity of Erie she was anticipating making good use of horse and carriage. Later she intends going to summer school at Chautauqua.

Printer Matilda Garnier has returned from her country home at Wellsville, her part of the work of a large family being too great a tax upon her strength. Almost ill when she came in, she is improving while going about her regular duties.

Mrs. Margaret Peter, teacher of the Indian Day school at Big Pine, California, arrived last week bringing Margaret Bower, one of her students to enter Carlisle. She stopped off at St. Louis a day or two, and from here went to Washington, D. C. and Maryland.

Louis' Bear got one of his fingers badly mashed, and Miss Speer jokingly asked him if he did that to get out of work, little thinking that in a few days her own hand was to be accidentally burned. It would have been impolite for Louis to have turned the joke, but Miss Speer realized that he might have done so.

Mr. Weber and his boys are going over the steam-heat plant, refitting and shining up for winter.

Eugene Warren, class 1901, anticipates a visit to Carlisle in the near future, so he informs his friends by letter.

The Wheelock Band has left Willow Grove, and they go to Pittsburg next where they expect to play, and then on to Ohio.

Type-setting, job-printing, press-work and pi distribution, mixed with water-melon and lemonade is not disagreeable medicine for the printers.

The printers observed from the windows that Patrick Verney is not as much of an expert handling the weed sickle, as he is in "sticking" type.

The father of Willie and John Foster died in Alaska. They are small boys, well beloved by their schoolmates, who sincerely sympathize with them in their grief.

Miss Beech is at her post of duty in the Library in the evenings from 8 to 9 o'clock, and gladly gives what aid she can to the boys who are interested in reading.

Minerva Mitten and Elnora Jamison, '02, who are employed at the Nadeau school, Kansas, said in a letter to one of their friends that they are well and enjoying their work.

Zoraida Valdezate, class '04, one of our Porto Rican girls, writes a friend that she is having a very nice time at the sea shore, Asbury Park, where she is working for the summer.

The ground around the old guard-house is to be nicely sodded. The bare rocks and ugly humps will all be graded down and an unsightly entrance to the grounds made a pleasant place to look upon.

Mr. Sprow the instructor in the tin-shop was called back to the school to pack the 58 boxes of tin-ware to be shipped to different agencies. He hopes to finish his vacation after the packing is done.

It grew so dark in yesterday's storm, that all office people had to turn on the electric lights to continue with their work. The storm did not prove a severe one although indications were bad in the beginning.

Miss Cutter has gone to Washington D. C. to spend her annual leave with sisters and friends. We miss her greatly in ye sanctum of the REDMAN where she assisted ye editor most acceptably, during the last ten days of her stay.

Miss Moul has returned from St. Louis. We did not ask her and Miss Hill, Why is it that the St. Louis Fair is larger at night than in the day time, but no doubt their experience told them that at night a very foot was an acre.

It has been reported by friends at Winnebago, Nebraska, that Frank Beaver, class 01, has trouble with his eyes, and it is feared he may lose his sight. His friends at Carlisle hope it is an exaggerated report, and that blindness will not be his sad fate.

Few people care to trifle with the telephone during such a storm as yesterday afternoon. There was a call and Mr. Beitzel reminded the one about to take down the receiver that their was a chance of getting a sudden headache. The receiver was left on the peg for a time.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson and Newton Thompson, sister and brother of our Disciplinarian, and Mrs. Thompson's mother Mrs. Craft, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. Miss Thompson is one of Albany's progressive school teachers, and Mr. Thompson is a Senior at Harvard.

Mr. Gottsworth, who is steam-plant man in the winter and campus gardner in the summer, is pleased that the students have taken excellent care of the edges of the grass along the walks this year. There is a marked improvement over other years, hence a very little patching with sod is necessary.

Twenty new bath-tubs, enamelled iron and up to date in every particular have been placed in the girls' quarters; 10 are to go in the small boys' quarters and 20 in the large boys' qrs. We are in hopes of getting a "low instantaneous heater of 2500 gallons capacity. All of these in addition to our shower baths will furnish excellent facilities for bathing.

FROM THE PINES IN MAINE.

In a letter to Mrs. Canfield, Ayche Saracino writes;

"How are you dear people at Carlisle? It seems hard to realize that dear General had to leave, but I sincerely hope he is relieved of the Indian question and is taking the much needed rest.

Since June the fourth, we have been enjoying Maine's balmy breezes. We came from Rosemont, Pa. to our present home situated on the banks of the little but beautiful Lake Sebago.

How beautiful it is to be among the beauties of nature! We hear nothing but the rustling of trees and singing of birds and enjoy the fragrant odors of the pines.

Along the lake, at quite long distances, we see cottages or rather camps, and the lake is dotted at all hours with boats and also bathers who are our nearest neighbors.

Today, I took my first lesson in bathing and I thought it great fun, receiving many duckings of course. We go out canoeing quite often, but neither of us know how to row, so a member of the family generally takes us. We hope, however, to paddle our own canoe soon."

FROM MISS SCALES.

RAY HEAD, N. J. July 20, 1904

"Ray Head was reached over the Pennsylvania via Philadelphia and Camden.

It is an hour and forty four minutes from Philadelphia, two hours twenty minutes from New York, and one mile from Point Pleasant, N. J.

Our cottage has the great Atlantic for its front yard, and is situated a quarter of a mile from the Beacon-by-the-Sea.

At the latter hotel, as you doubtless remember, Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel passed some time last summer, and there eleven of our students are summering, or you might say "seasoning."

Five of the lads have called on us. Ray Head is named from its location at the head of Barnegat Bay on which there is delightful sailing, fishing, and crabbing.

At Barnegat Light House the bay merges into the ocean.

Carlisle's sons and some Ray Head residents met at the bat yesterday, to the defeat of the latter—with a score of 10 to 8.

Mrs. Bingham and I wish to be remembered to all non-inquiring friends."

THE HASKELL BAND.

The Haskell Indian Band gave concerts on June 29 and 30, at Richmond, Indiana, at the Driving Park, east of the City.

The Band had been playing at the World's Fair, at St. Louis and are taking a trip east, and will return to the Fair later in the season.

To say that the band delighted every one who attended the concerts, is but slight praise. The playing exceeded the expectations of the audiences.

It is also to be noted that the members of the band made a fine impression on all by their dignified and refined manners and manly bearing. It was remarkable that men of such youthful appearance should be such accomplished musicians. To the readers of THE RED MAN, Dennis Wheelock, the leader of the band and Mr. James Wheelock, leading clarinetist are not strangers, and it is gratifying to their friends to know that their splendid genius is recognized throughout the land.

HELEN V. AUSTIN

It sometimes happens that an outing student sends for the REDMAN requesting us to take the subscription money from his bank account. The same name may have come in on another list a few days before, and thus the student gets a credit of two years, when he intended only one. This explains why a double entry is made on his individual bank-book. It would make the book-keeper some trouble to go back over the office books to credit the 25 cents to the student, and the student is not a loser, in that he gets the full value for his money in the two years' subscription. Should any student be dissatisfied with the extra charge, if he would call at the printing office, the matter could be easily righted by refunding him the money.

ROYAL FAMILIES NOT SO OLD.

When it comes to "old families" the Mikado of Japan can fairly assert that his family stands at the head of the list, for his ancestors have been rulers of Japan for 2,550 years, according to a fairly well authenticated genealogy.

This would place the first ruler of his family in the year 646 B. C., and make him a contemporary of Nebuchadnezzar's father.

Extraordinary as this claim to ancient lineage is, there seems to be no valid reason for doubting it, and the Mikado always begins his proclamations with "Seated on our ancestral throne from time immemorial."

The Czar is a mere mushroom compared with the Asiatic ruler as regards family.

The best he can do in the way of ancestry is to trace back to Michael Romanoff, who became Czar in 1613, only a few years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock.

And the Czar can claim descent from the Romanoff only through a roundabout way, as the male line of the house came to an end in 1730, and the direct female line expired in 1762, 14 years before the American Declaration of Independence.

The reigning family of China is even more modern than that of the Czar. Though the Chinese Emperor claims to be descended from the Sun, historically his family is younger than that of a Mayflower descendant. He is descended from a Manchu chief, who made his appearance in China in 1644, and drove out the lawful sovereigns of the country.

This Manchu chief was a successful soldier, and that is all that is known about him.

He was, in all probability, what would be called in these days a self-made man.

Edward VII., if he were not a king, would be known as Mr. Wettin, for that was his father's family name. His family trace back to 919, which is a pretty long way for a European King to go.

The Emperor William of Germany, if he were bound to have a family name, might call himself Mr. Burchard, for he is descended from Burchardus, of Zolotin, and Burchardus is nothing more than the Latin form of Burchard.

But people had no surnames in the days when old Burchardus lived, and when the family began to prosper and built a castle at Hohenzollern they took their name from that place.

The Emperor goes back in his genealogy to 1061, the days of Burchardus.

The Emperor of Austria calls himself a Hapsburg, but really the male line of the Hapsburg became extinct years ago, and he represents it only through the female side. His family name, if he had one, would be Eberhardt or Everard, for it was a man of that name who laid the foundations of the fortunes of the family in the male line in Alsace in the ninth century.—[Exchange.]

SENTENCE SERMONS.

The aimless life cannot be the endless life.

A rough diamond is worth much polished dirt.

There is no comfort where no compassion is.

They who put pleasure first are the last to find it.

Awkward deeds are better than eloquent dreams.

The finest music heard in heaven is made on earth.

No man ever reached a joy by jumping over a duty.

Wandering afar is not essential to the welcome of home.

Finding flaws in the sermon is easier than following it any day.

People who advertise their troubles never clear off their stock.

There is no promise of pardon for confessing the sins of others.—[Chicago Tribune.]

ROAST MONKEY.

It is said that the savage tribes in the interior of Brazil are exceedingly fond of roast monkey. Humboldt estimated that one small tribe of 200 Indians consumed over 1,200 monkeys during a year.

Until recently monkey meat was for sale in the butcher shops of Rio Janeiro.

Mr. Wallace, when in the Amazon region, had a monkey cut up and fried for breakfast.

The flesh somewhat resembled rabbit in flavor and had no unpleasant or peculiar taste.

BANANAS.

We eat them. We enjoy them, but what do we know about bananas. The Sister Republics prints this bit of information:

There is a vast amount of ignorance prevailing among intelligent people of the North concerning the growth, production and marketing of bananas.

Many people imagine that the natives in tropical climes step out of their huts in the early morning and pluck and eat bananas fresh from the plant, the same as they would oranges and other fruits.

Bananas ripened on the plant are not suitable for food, and would be much the same as the pith which is found in the northern cornstalk or elder.

Bananas sold in the United States, even after traveling 3,000 miles in a green state, are every bit as good as bananas ripened under a tropical sun.

This is probably true of no other export fruit.

The plant of which bananas are the fruit is not a tree, nor is it a bush or vine. It is simply a gigantic plant, growing to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet. About eighteen feet from the ground the leaves, oftentimes eight feet long, come out in a sort of cluster, from the centre of which springs a bunch of bananas.

These do not grow with the bananas pointing upward, naturally, and if the stem grew straight they would hang exactly as seen in the fruit stores and grocers' window.

This however, is not the case; the stem bends under the weight of the fruit, and this brings it into directly the opposite position, with the large ends of the stalk up and fringes pointing toward the sun.

A word of explanation concerning some banana terms. Each banana is called a "finger," and each of these little clusters of fingers surrounding a stalk is called a "hand"; the quality and value of each bunch depend on the number of hands it has.

Some may wonder how the fruit is cut from the top of a plant fifteen feet above the ground.

The native laborers cut the stalk part way up its height, the weight of the fruit causes the stalk to bend slowly over until the bunch of bananas first nicely reaches the ground, when the bunch is cut off with the ever-ready machete and carried to the river or railroad for shipment.

The plant at the same time is cut close to the ground.

The banana is a very prolific reproducer of itself, at every cleaning of the land it is necessary to cut down many of the young plants or "suckers," as they are termed, in order that they may not become overcrowded up to a certain limit; the less suckers on a given area the larger the fruit they will produce.

VALUE OF BREATHING PROPERLY.

Thousands of people die every year because they do not know how to breathe, or, knowing how, they do not fill their lungs as they should.

Thin, pale, sallow people should wrap themselves thoroughly if the weather is cool, step out upon an open porch or stand at an open window and fill the lungs moderately full, breathing precisely as one does for the most violent exercise—that is, in short, quick deep inspirations, each one occupying not over two seconds.

Use the muscles to expand the lungs and chest, and inhale all the air possible.

If the exercise causes pain or giddiness, stop at once.

This is the natural consequence of the action, and does no harm, provided it is not continued.

After a few minutes when all unpleasant feeling has passed away, repeat the effort.

This may be done two or three times within an hour or so, and should be followed up day after day at intervals of from one to several hours.

If the patient is very delicate, three times a day is enough for a beginning.

In a very short time a marked improvement will be perceived.

Another exercise with the lungs is to expand the chest with the muscles to its fullest extent, then fill the lungs and hold the breath as long as possible.

This causes a heavy pressure of air on undeveloped and defective lung cells, and, after a time, will open all of the passages of the lungs and create a condition of health to which a great many people are entire strangers.—[N. Y. Ledger]

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT RIGGS

INSTITUTE.

Nature smiled her sweetest smiles during the graduating week at Riggs Institute and coaxed hundreds of visitors to our grounds.

The evening exercises were attended by the largest audiences that have ever been crowded into the chapel, and during the day many visited the industrial departments and saw the work of the institution.

It was a week long to remember not only by those in whose honor the festivities were inaugurated but by all those who were entertained, and by those whose pleasure it was to teach and train the entertainers.

The class was the largest in the history of the school and was composed of young men and women who go out into the world prepared to take their place by the side of their white neighbors. Rev. Cave preached the baccalaureate sermon. The graduating exercises proper were held on Tuesday evening, when the friends of the members of the class and the school gathered from far and near to see these young men and women step from the sheltering walls of the school that has protected them so long, into the world of action.

The class presented a very pretty appearance on the artistically decorated stage.

The stage settings were green and white, the class colors, and the alternating white dresses and black suits of the graduates in the long semi-circle on the stage made an impressive scene. Each number was well delivered and well received and testified to many weeks of patient work on the part of both teachers and pupils. Prof. H. B. Matthews of the S. D. A. C. of Brookings delivered the address of the evening and close attention given by the audience told the interest they had in his remarks. Taken as a whole the week has been extremely satisfactory and we hope that the signal success gained by the members of the class during this week shall only be the beginning of year of successful life. Be earnest, be true to what you now know to be right and your life will be filled with all the good things it contains.—[The Weekly Review, July 2.]

OKLAHOMA A WHEAT GROWING SECTION.

Within the past six years, the wheat-growing industry of Oklahoma has become a recognized factor in the grain supply of the nation. According to the Federal census the total yield of wheat in Oklahoma in 1899 was 18,124,520 bushels, an average of 14 1/6 bushels per acre. Since then the acreage of wheat has been increased in the older settled portions of the Territory, while the thousands of new farms which have been opened up in the Western and Southwestern Counties have increased the acreage to almost double that of 1899, and the aggregate yield for 1903 was 36,000,000 bushels. In addition to the amount of grain produced, wheat is utilized by the farmers of Oklahoma as a winter pasture, thus effecting a great saving in the matter of winter feed. Many, if not most, of the wheat fields of Oklahoma are thus pastured every winter, and that too, apparently without an appreciable reduction of the yield.

RICH.

Johnnie, a bright boy of six, while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned to his mother and asked her:

"Mother, is father rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie. He's worth \$2,500,000."

"How, mother?"

"Oh, he values you at \$1,000,000, me at \$1,000,000 and the baby at \$500,000."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said:

"Mother, hadn't you better tell father to sell the baby and buy us some clothes?"

USELESS FEET.

Tribes of men with feet almost useless have been discovered in New Guinea. They live in the midst of lakes, moving about on little canoes, and possessing a few cabins built on wood piles. Their feet are so undeveloped as to be of little service for walking.

CHANGES AT OSAGE,

Capt. Frank Frantz the newly appointed Osage Indian Agent arrived in Pawhuska on Friday and assumed duties of his office.

He takes hold of his work in a business like way and will no doubt soon be familiar with the ups and downs of an Indian Agent's life.

He will have the assistance and advice for several weeks of special Agent Conser, who has been in charge here since the suspension of Maj. O. A. Mitcher, and who has gained some points of information that will be of value to Capt. Frantz.

Besides a new Agent and new lease clerk the close of the fiscal year sees a change in the Government contract physician, Dr. Harry Walker retiring. He is succeeded by Dr. Jones of Perry.

J. V. Plake who was stenographer for four years secured a transfer on account of his health and has been succeeded by his brother William Plake who comes from Chillicothe.

J. L. Baker we understand will retire from the Superintendency of the Osage schools, about August 1st and it is reported that there are likely to be several more changes among the employees at the school.

There are always more or less changes going on at all Indian Agencies but Pawhuska is getting an unusual number of them this quarter.—[Pawhuska Capital.]

HISTORICAL SOCIETY ORGANIZED.

A public meeting was held in the town building last evening when it was voted to organize a society to be known as the Stockbridge Historical Society.

Mrs. Frederick Crowninshield of New York was the promoter of the project.

Its purpose will be to study the history of the Housatonic valley and Stockbridge Indians and to establish a museum for the collection and preservation of historical relics.

The occasion was made interesting by the presence of young men and women from the cottagers who were attired in Indian and Colonial costumes.—[Berkshire County, Mass., Eagle.]

SHE WANTED CANDY.

It was Helen's first day in school, and she talked right out loud just as she did when she was at home.

Helen's teacher said, "Now, little folk, don't talk; but, whenever you want anything, just hold up your hand."

Pretty soon up went Helen's little hand.

"Well, Helen, what do you want?"

And Miss Pomeroy was surprised when Helen said, "Some candy, please."

The Korean never cuts his hair or beard.

To do so is considered a mark of dishonor to his parents, whom he strongly reverences.

Any hairs that may happen to come out and even the prunings of his finger nails are carefully saved and put into the coffin with him in order that he may go back to mother earth intact.

Japanese soldiers carry with them kettles made of thin paper—the invention of one Daiju.

The kettle upon being filled with water and the outside surface dampened, is hung over the fire; in ten minutes the water is boiling.

A kettle costs but two cents, and can be used eight or ten times.

ENIGMA.

I am made of 9 letters

My 9, 7, 2 is a small horse.

My 5, 1, 6 9 many of our little girls do every week to stockings.

My 6, 4, 3, 5 is one-fourth of an acre.

My 2, 3 8, 9, 2 is what is fast happening to Indian customs.

My whole is what we would be glad to have just now at Carlisle.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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