INJUN SUMMER

Yep, sonny, this is sure enough Injun summer. Don't know what that is, I reckon, do you?
Well, that's when all the homesick Injuns come back to play. You know, a long time ago, long
afore yer grandaddy was born even, there used to
be heaps of Injuns around here—thousands—mil-
lions, I reckon, far as that's concerned. Reg'lar sure
'nough Injuns—one o' yer cigar store Injuns, not
much. 'They wuz all around here—right here where
you're standin'.

Don't be skeered—hain't none around here now,
leastways no live ones. They been gone this many
a year.
They all went away and died, so they ain't no
more left.

But every year, 'long about now, they all come
back, leastways their sperrits do. They're here
now. You can see 'em off across the fields. Look
real hard. See that kind o' hazy, misty look
out yonder? Well, them's Injuns—Injun sperrits
marchin' along an' dancin' in the sunlight. That's
what makes that kind o' haze that's everywhere—
it's jest the sperrits of the Injuns all come back.
They're all around us now.
See off yonder; see them tepees? They kind o' look
like corn shocks from here, but them's Injun
tents, sure as you're a foot high. See 'em now?

Sure, I knowed you could. Smell that smoky sort
o' smell in the air? That's the campfires a-burnin'
and their pipes a-goin'.
Lots o' people say it's just leaves burnin', but it
ain't. It's the campfires, an' th' Injuns are hoppin'
'round 'em t' beat the old Harry.

You jest come out here tonight when the moon
is hangin' over the hill off yonder an' the harvest
fields is all swimmin' in th' moonlight, an' you
can see the Injuns and the tepees jest as plain as
kin be. You can, eh? I knowed you would after
a little while.
Jever notice how the leaves turn red 'bout this
time o' year? That's jest another sign o' redskins.
That's when an old Injun sperrit git's tired dancin'
an' goes up an' squats on a leaf t' rest. Why, I kin
hear 'em rustlin' an' whisperin' an' creepin' 'round
among the leaves all the time; an' 'where once'n a
while a leaf gives way under some fat old Injun ghost
and comes floatin' down to the ground. See—here's
one now. See how red it is? That's the war paint
rubbed off an' Injun ghost, sure's you're born.

Purty soon all the Injuns'll go marchin' away
again, back to the happy huntin' ground, but next
year you'll see 'em troopin' back—th' sky jest hazy
with 'em and their campfires smolderin' away jest
like they are now.

Copies of this famous cartoon, in the size and
colors shown and framed under glass, can be obtained
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