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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VII

—FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1892—

NO. 44

THE SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.



HAT are the sweetest things on earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.

A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep;
A brother's cheer, a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.

A heart where anger never burns;
A gift that looks for no returns,
Wrong's overthrow, pain's swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace.

The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise,
A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

THE AWFUL HOME LIFE.

How Howard Logan was Made to Suffer in Mind and Body and his End Hastened by Indian Customs.

A vivid picture of the true situation in regard to the last days of Howard Logan, and the trials and temptations he was obliged to endure on account of his own parents, has been kindly sent to us direct from the discouraging scene:

Our correspondent says:

"When Howard first came home his father told him that while he lived among white people is was all right for him to conform to their customs, but that after all he was only an Indian, and now that he had returned to his people he must be like them.

No effort was spared to make him one of the worst.

His father gave Sunday feasts and races and called them Howard's so that the story was circulated that Howard had gone back to Indian ways.

But although he complied with his father's wishes as far as possible, yet we have every reason to believe, that to the very end he adhered to those noble principles of Christian manhood of which his life at Carlisle was a bright illustration.

Within two weeks of his death he visited

the Missionary here, remaining three or four days.

He arrived on a very cold day, and Mrs. Findlay gently reproved him for being out in such weather.

He said he knew that he ought not, but that he felt he *must* come once more.

He had every care during his illness.

Mrs. Findlay and Mrs. Ashley kept him supplied with every thing he needed, and his sister Julia, whom they say is very much like Howard, attended him constantly.

But their house is in a low miry place, around which there is always stagnant water, and at the time of Howard's death the water came up close around three sides of the house, and Mrs. Ashley's carriage was mired a day or two before in attempting to reach him.

On the morning he died Julia begged her father to send word to the Agency, but Mr. Logan and his brother, who are among the worst Indians in the tribe, painted his body, dressed him in Indian toggery, rolled him up in a blanket and hastily buried him.

His grave was a mere mud-hole, partly filled with water.

His friends wanted to have him taken up and given Christian burial but his father objected."

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM OUR MISS WOOD, WHO IS NOW AT THE OMAHA AGENCY NEBRASKA, TEACHING IN THE MISSION SCHOOL.

News About Some of our Boys and Girls There.

We take the liberty of extracting the following:

Robert Penn died at the Mission, on June 29th at 2 o'clock A. M. and was buried that evening, just at sunset in the old Mission burying ground.

He had been with us about three weeks.

It was a gradual wasting away, and he finally went to sleep and did not awaken in this world.

Like so many others, he grew very gentle and confiding toward the end and professed belief and trust in the dear Saviour.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY.

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

BY THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The man-on-the-land-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office for fear a bill will be presented.

One of the Downingtown girls in speaking, by letter, of a visit to John Wanamaker's mammoth store in Philadelphia, said: "I did not know a store could be so large. It takes a hundred miles of steam pipes to heat it and there are over fourteen acres of floor to walk around."

Do not lay aside your books entirely during vacation. If you give but an hour each day to study you will, long before vacation is ended, be surprised at the advancement you have made, and while improving your mind you will be forming a habit that will assist you when the school doors open again in September.

We see by *The Public School*, a little paper published by the City Superintendent of public schools of Corry, Pa., that, "Miss Carrie W. Coats, our esteemed High Schools principal, has returned to her home in Wellsville, N. Y., where she expects to spend her well-earned vacation." Miss Coats writes for herself that she is off for Chautauqua.

A wish has been expressed among the good missionaries at the Omaha and Winnebago Agency, Nebraska, that Julia Logan, who was a favorite sister of the late Howard Logan, might have the benefit of the free scholarship at Bellevue College, Nebraska. Julia's friends at Carlisle, who read with tearful gratitude of the kindly attentions bestowed upon her brother and our loved friend in his last illness, can but sincerely add to this a prayer that every good that can possibly come to her, may come.

We have the information through a private letter from Rev. Joshua Given to his sister Julia, that the health of the Kiowa people at the present time is very poor. The children, young men and women are dying of measles, as many as sixty of his immediate acquaintances having died up to date. He says "It is perfectly awful the way our people are dying. I certainly believe that an evil spirit is deter-

mined to do up the Kiowas, to say nothing about the Comanches and Apaches." And yet, we venture to say that those very people would hesitate to give up any of their children to be educated, where measles can get little or no hold. Of the hundreds of cases of measles at Carlisle we have not lost a single one. Julia Given, who sends us the Kiowa news, says she is enjoying her excellent country home; is well, happy and grateful to have found such kind friends.

Prof. Woodruff, who it will be remembered served the school as principal for a short time, writes thus: "DEAR HELPER: Don't go any more to that deserted 1602 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia, but come right here to Newtown, where we are spending a few weeks, and when our time is up, stop until further directions as we are not settled for next year. Carlisle boys about here are doing well as far as I hear; some of them VERY well. Kind regards to all. Why does the HELPER say 'peas' for 'peace'? Custom?" Answer: No. Because we mean a definite number.—M. O. T. B. S.

Mary Jane Wren is delighted with her country home. Mrs. Hanes, superintendent of the Sunday School she attends, recently gave a picnic at which the Indian girls in the vicinity of Masonville, N. J., had an enjoyable time. The girls were invited to sing, which they did, and to speak, also, but none save Mary responded, and she spoke a part of "Independence Bell," which her class gave so nicely here upon one occasion.

Henry Old Eagle met with a narrow escape at Penns Valley last week. He was at the station and waiting for a train to pass before attempting to cross the track; as the last end of the passing train went by, he started over not seeing a train approaching from the opposite direction. The engine struck the horse and killed it, and broke the wagon in splinters. Henry was badly bruised but received no serious injury. We MUST keep our eyes open when near a railroad track.

Some of the Indian boys were invited by the girls to a supper at one of the cottages on the "reservation." The boys said they never had a better supper, even in a New England home. Electa Cooper and Lizzie Young were the matrons—good ones too.—[*Talks and Thoughts*, Hampton, Va.]

We see that our brethren of the Educational Home and Carlisle "crossed bats" on Decoration Day, and both sides had the satisfaction of winning one out of two. We hope neither club will mistake by coming down here to play with us.—[*Talks and Thoughts*.]

In a private letter from the Oneida reservation we read with pleasure the following lines: "Jemima Wheelock is a dear, good girl, one of Carlisle's choicest fruits—a good help to us among the people in the church."

Jas. Y. Miller writes with pride from his country home that he worked all day the Fourth. He says it makes him tired to do nothing.

That cool wave has passed north.

The tin-roof of the store-house is getting a fresh coat of paint.

The printing-office roof is being painted by Mr. Norman's boys.

Nellie Barada wishes that she has a lovely home in the country.

The large boilers are being cleaned out and repaired for winter use.

Miss Lottie Cutter left on Monday morning for her home in Massachusetts.

Malcolm Clarke and Master Don are taking violin lessons of a professor in town.

A riddle recently received must have an answer before we can publish the same.

Cora Cornelius shows her interest in the HELPER by sending in some subscriptions from her country home.

Superintendent Coppock, of the Chilocco Indian School, I. T., was with us again for a night on his way west from Washington.

Peter Alexander went to Junction, attended to some important business and returned in just 13 minutes. Who can beat that record?

Mr. Woodward, of Harrisburg, Assistant Commissioner of Pennsylvania to the World's Fair, was a visitor on the grounds on Tuesday.

Miss Campbell has returned from her vacation rest, and now Miss Shaffner takes a little turn before starting out among the girls in country homes.

Miss Grace Maxwell, niece of Miss Luckenbach, left for Philadelphia, on Friday. Miss Grace made many warm friends during her short visit with us.

The boys who are helping to shovel the winter's supply of coal into the various bins are having hot, black work of it but are getting a good deal of fun from it nevertheless.

Capt. Pratt, Miss Shaffner, Mrs. Campbell, the choir and the band go to Mt. Gretna, tomorrow, to take part in the celebration of Indian day at the Chautauqua assembly.

The new bass-drum is 38 inches in diameter and from under Mr. Norman's artistic brush comes out handsomely lettered "Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.," in ornamental letters.

Nina enjoys her new croquet set very much and the Man-on-the-band stand enjoys seeing her sharing it with the other little girls when they are careful not to break it. He does not like selfish little girls.

Along with the other vehicles that have been getting a fresh coat of paint and repairs is little Irene's tricycle, which her papa kindly fixed up for her and made to look and run very nicely.

Mr. A. L. Snyder, of Blairsville, took a vacation walk from his home across the Alleghenies to Carlisle, to visit his friend Mr. J. B. Given. The two are Lehigh classmates. He went back by train, having had an enjoyable visit at the school.

Midges again.

Huckle-berries?

Master Bert Ralston, Daisy Dixon's cousin, is visiting Dr. Dixon's.

Laura Long goes to live with Miss Edge at Downingtown for awhile.

Misses Ida Johnson, Ida Warren and Nellie Carey have gone to Cape May Point to spend a month at the sea shore.

Through a private letter we learn that Mr. and Mrs. Bennett who recently went to the Quapaw Mission, Indian Territory, are spending their vacation in the East.

A message from Elgin, Ill., informing Mrs. Given of the death of the Doctor's mother, was forwarded to her in Kansas where she is spending her vacation.

At a place in Bucks County where Charles Buck is living, a bolt of lightning struck a tree under which 26 sheep and a cow were standing for protection from the storm killing every one of them.

Mr. George Gregory, former superintendent of the Government school at the Kiowa Agency, Indian Territory, and newly appointed superintendent of the Ft. Hall, Idaho, school, visited us this week. He is a special friend of Mrs. and Miss Hamilton.

Dr. Dixon and family have returned from their old home in Indiana, where they took the remains of the Doctor's mother who died so suddenly on the 28th ult., the particulars of which were printed in the HELPER of July 1.

The band boys are somewhat disappointed because the Homestead affair has cut them out of the pleasure of encamping with the State troops at Mt. Gretna. They were going upon the invitation of Capt. Watts of the Gobin Guards of Carlisle.

The HELPER made a statement last week that the Undines and Indians had had a 7-inning game of ball which resulted in a score of 17 to 1 in favor of the Indians. We since learn that the Undine team at that time was a scrub team, there being but four regular members playing, and the score stood 17 to 4 instead of the numbers given.

Farmer Hetrick who resides near Carlisle, employed Philip Lavatta, Harry Kohpay, Jos. Martinez, and Malpass Cloud to help harvest. At the close of the two weeks' work he invited all the other Indian boys of the neighborhood to spend an evening and partake of refreshments. Reuben Wolfe, Jas. Wheelock, Andrew Medlar, David Abraham, Luther Dahah, and Edward Campeau were the favored guests. Mr. Hetrick's own sons, Messrs. Robert and John, entertained the visitors with violin music accompanied on the piano, by their sister Ella. Mr. Robert Hetrick and David Abraham each sang a solo. After lemonade, and as the boys say "nice cake, each one having enough" which means a great deal when a boy says it, they all sang the old familiar hymn "God be with us till we meet again," and departed for the night, feeling exceedingly grateful to Mr. Hetrick for the pleasant evening, which they can never forget.

(Continued from first page.)

Two Crows and others of his relatives were present.

The women wailed about his grave and the words of Christian service were mingled with the wailings of paganism.

They said he was not buried according to their customs, but as Robert desired it otherwise, they were grateful to us for pleasing him.

Lawrence Smith and Benjamin Lawry made me a Fourth of July call.

The former remarked that he did not think that the M. O. T. B. S. ever looked out this way.

I wished so much that he would cast a glance just at that moment to see what I did—two muscular looking young men, nicely dressed and scrupulously neat; two pairs of hands hardened and calloused by *real work* which spoke volumes, and two pairs of clear, bright eyes that looked one square in the face and assured one of upright living on the part of their owners.

I wish, too, the old gentleman's *ears* might have been directed this way to have listened to such bright, witty and intelligent remarks from these same young men, which made me wildly patriotic though ten miles from cannon and fire-crackers.

Lawrence went to work *at once* on his return from college for the summer vacation, and is earning, *really earning* not simply receiving, thirty-five dollars a month as assistant-farmer.

A score for Carlisle's Outing System.

Lawrence said this morning, it was on a Pennsylvania farm that he learned the meaning of hard work, and that it was good for him.

Benjamin is working his own farm and two others.

He has about sixty acres of wheat, corn and flax. Has broken fifteen acres of new ground, expects to break fifteen more this Fall and will cut any quantity of hay.

He works from morning until *night*. I emphasize night because the Indians generally quit work at three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

James Wolf is A No. 1. I think his country friends would be highly gratified with the results of their training.

He has nearly a hundred acres under cultivation, has bought himself a new wagon, harness and farming implements, attends right to business and attends Church regularly.

The young men who do that on either of these reserves are **HEROES**.

Drunkenness is still on the increase, and the women are becoming as bad as their husbands.

It is simply terrible.

The Indians themselves are beginning to realize it.

The Omahas held a council, recently, and the one hundred present, many of whom were badly addicted to the habit, promised to do all in their power to drive whiskey from their tribe, and they also contributed \$2,000 to be deducted from the grass money as a fund for prosecuting offenders of the law against selling whiskey to Indians, or in any way to lessen the evil.

Enigma.

I am made of 21 letters.

My 2, 12, 14 is what we do in the dining-room.

My 11, 12, 3 is what the boys use to strike the ball with.

My 7, 8, 1, 20, 19 is what we hear every day to call us to quarters.

My 11, 8, 10, 1, 5 is what a carriage is sometimes called.

My 18, 21, 12 is a girl's name.

My 4, 16, 12, 9, 6 is what comes out of a baby's eyes when he cries.

My 17, 18, 15, 16 is what we use to sharpen our knives and skates.

My 9, 19, 6, 13 is what a person does when he gets tired.

My whole is the most noted battle field in this country.

LUKE PEQUONGAY.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Ruth-ians.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

1. For one subscription and a 2-cent stamp extra, a printed copy of the Pueblo photo, advertised below in paragraph 5. Cash price 5 cents.

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache cut out, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra. Cash price 60 cents for the two.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced payson in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo, of Piegan Chiefs. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a nominal combination showing all our prominent buildings. Cash price 25 cents.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing marks and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after. Cash price 20 cents each.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice of 80, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of buildings. Cash price 50 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, returned Carlisle Indian girl at home." Cash price 50 cents.

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6x8½ and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Phila. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 19x24 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing offer and sold for 75c. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces B. whole size for 7 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premium will not be sent.

For **The Red Man**, an 8-page periodical containing a summary of all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year of twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.