

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 37

HOW TO REMEMBER JUNE.

J-U-N-E—that's June you know;
The fairest of months to come and go.
There are so many things to remember
it by;
The currants that shine by the garden walk;
The dear little birds that almost talk;
The blithe little bees that rock as they please
In the roses nodding on every stalk;
The breezes frolicking high and low;
And the meadows wide with their strawberries
hide
On every side—that's June, you know.

WHY DO INDIANS LIKE TO WEAR EAGLE FEATHERS?

People sometimes wonder why Indians are so fond of eagle feathers, and our friend Jeremiah Hubbard of the *Indian Moccasin*, a long time worker among the Indians as a missionary, explains it thus:

Among many of the tribes only those who have been in battle and slain an enemy can wear them.

If an Indian wears five eagle feathers in his hair, it means that he has been in five battles and has slain one or more enemies in each battle.

But if he has been in battle and has slain no foe he is not entitled to wear any.

The fashion of wearing feathers is according to prescribed rules.

Some can wear the feathers stuck in the hair so that the top points forward, some backward and others straight up.

They are fixed into a hollow bone in which the feather turns one way and then the other with the movement of the head and also by the breeze.

Those who have never won the feathers have to go to those who have, and ask them to fix a feather in their hair for the dance to which they are going.

It is believed by the Indians that if they put on an eagle feather with their own hands before they have won it, they will become bald headed.

A SURE WAY TO SUCCESS.

What the editor of the *Farm Journal* has to say to the "Hired Man," in a recent issue of that valuable paper, is excellent advice to us all, and especially to those of us who have gone out to live in country homes.

"To begin with," he says, "When you agree to do a thing, DO it.

And then he goes on to say:

"Whatever you do, do faithfully, as much so as if you were doing it for yourself. Your employer will not fail to notice this and commend you for it.

Around the house be tidy, respectful and obliging.

Be no TIME SERVER; the longest day speeds quickly away.

Let each hour show an honest return.

You are at the present time receiving for your work better wages than any man in your condition, anywhere else on the face of the earth.

Do as nearly as you would want a man to do for you if YOU were hiring, as you MAY be sometime, and success will surely be yours."

HE COULD NOT DRINK A LITTLE.

Dr. Samuel Johnson at a certain dinner party was urged to take a little wine.

He replied, "I can't drink a LITTLE, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult."

He meant moderation.

SOME JUVENILE DEFINITIONS.

"Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out "

"A sob is when a fellow don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself."

"A fan is a thing to brush warmth off with."

"Salt makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

"An umbrella is a friend who has many ups and downs in the world."

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,
BY INDIAN BOYS.

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

PRICE—10 CENTS A YEAR.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from
the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it,
some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

The oiled harness laughs and refuses to
grow old.

We are not getting all the rain. The Pacific
Coast is deluged in some places and there
is much rain between here and there according
to the papers.

A missionary worker writes: "The HELPER
is a bright spicy little paper and we read it
as regularly and with as much interest as we
do our own church or town papers."

One of the little boys in the country wants
permission to buy a bicycle, for when he
comes back again and is detailed for office
orderly it would be such a handy thing to
have.

It is said that Big Tree, the famous war
chief of the Kiowas, was recently baptized by
the Baptist Missionaries near Anadarko,
Oklahoma, and he has since been holding
Camp Meeting.

The ball game between the Indians and
Palefaces Wednesday proved to be very interesting
and took ten innings to decide, and resulted
in a victory for the Paleskins 13 to 11.
—[Genoa (Nebr.) Leader.]

The sad news this week of the death of Rev.
Dr. Edgar, of Wilson College, Chambersburg,
casts a gloom over our school. Dr. Edgar
was well known in the Cumberland Valley
and his death will be seriously felt.

Repeat the following rapidly: Six thick
thistles sticks. Strict, strong Stephen Stringer
snared slickly six silky snakes. 'Tis all a
sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham, Sam.
The bleak breeze blighted the broom blossoms.

Levi Levering, of Bellevue College, Neb.,
writes that Rev. Peter O. Matthews, who was
at Carlisle during the fall of '87 and made a
speech before the Indian students in the old
chapel was to deliver the address in Bellevue,
before the G. A. R. on Decoration Day. Levi
is about to go to the Omaha Agency to spend
his summer vacation.

How to Read.

When a boy I began to read very earnestly,
but at the foot of every page which I read, I
stopped and obliged myself to give an account
of what I had read on that page. At first I
had to read it three or four times before I got
my mind firmly fixed; but I compelled myself
to comply with the plan until now, after
I have read it through once I can almost re-
cite it from beginning to end. It is a very
simple habit to form in early life, and it is
valuable as a means of making our reading
serve the best purpose.—[Lord Macaulay.]

The outrageous falsehood published in the
New York Herald that a Carlisle student by
the name of Hugh Miller of the Osage tribe is
now an inmate of the Kings County peniten-
tiary, Oklahoma, for forgery, has been started
just before the passage of the Appropriation
Bill in Congress, for a purpose.

This is the season when enemies to Indian
education and especially Eastern Indian ed-
ucation, resort to many questionable expedi-
ents to disparage the work. The boy named
in the item was never at Carlisle. He did at-
tend a western school for a short time, but
was expelled on account of bad conduct. His
crime is perjury, not forgery. Did the in-
formant of the New York Herald change the
name of the offence? The flaming head lines
to the article reads "Full-blooded Indian and a
forger." "Civilization Instrumental in send-
ing Hugh Miller to the Penitentiary."

Would it be possible to secure the same
amount of space in the same great daily in
which to spread in black lettered headlines
a creditable account of the conduct of a worthy
young Indian educated in an Eastern school?

Susie Metoxen, class of '94, herself an In-
dian of the Oneida tribe, Wisconsin, is having
her first real experience among the Indians
of the plains. Soon after graduation she ac-
cepted a position as seamstress at the Lemhi
Boarding school, Idaho, and is very much
pleased with her work. The Indians in
blanket and tepee arouse her sympathy and
interest. She realizes the vast amount of
work yet to be done before they can be as the
rest of us. That country with its high moun-
tains, is different from anything she has been
accustomed to. She appreciates the oppor-
tunity she is having of gaining new and help-
ful experiences, and likes the employees of
the school, as well as the children who are
eager to learn. She says she had a pleasant
journey out, but of the ride of eighty miles
from the station to the school, she says, "I
never travelled on such a road in my life be-
fore. It looked pretty dangerous, but it is all
right though and one wouldn't need to be
frightened if they would try to be as brave
about it as they can."

A worker in a school far to the west writes
thus of two girls who would like to come to
Carlisle. "I would like to see them go, but
I suppose this is their last school year. One
of them is already sold off. It is a pity their
parents do this way."

John Webster, one of our typos on a farm
for the summer, writes a cheerful letter show-
ing that he is enjoying himself first rate.

Still damp!

Wet moon?

Beautiful roses!

Good weather for ducks!

Hard weather for baby robins.

The best cure for dyspepsia—exercise.

Too wet for strawberries to do their best.

Miss Henry, of Wilson College, is with us.

It is predicted that we are to have a hot, dry summer.

James Waldo has gone to Bucks County to visit friends.

There are lots of little chickens at both farms, just now.

The flower bed at the end of the office building is looming up.

The students had their first taste of strawberries on Monday.

There are lots of things fairer than the days of June, hereabouts.

Miss Luckenbach spent Sunday among friends in Harrisburg.

The fresh garden vegetables are much enjoyed at the pupils' tables.

The farms are furnishing a good supply of onions, spinach and radishes.

Miss Rosa Bourassa spent Sunday at her summer outing home, Wellsville.

Dickinson Commencement, this week, has brought many visitors to our school.

The monthly "turn-over" of afternoon schools to morning was made on Monday.

The First Nine plays the Lock Haven Normal School team tomorrow, at that place.

Have you ever noticed Jerome's artistic little tip of the skull-cap when he meets a lady?

Mr. Woods Walker, instructor of tinning at our school, is lying very ill at his home in town.

Philip Lavatta, whose fingers were mashed in the printing press a few weeks ago, is again at the case.

All the farm buildings and fences have received a fresh coating of white-wash and look fresh and clean.

Jessie Bluejacket won the half-pound of candy for spelling the exercise correctly, offered last week.

Miss Graff, of Blairsville, visited Miss Paul on Wednesday. She is a student of Wilson College, Chambersburg.

Several of the faculty and others attended the Commencement Exercises of Dickinson, on Wednesday morning.

Miss Shaffner, who is a graduate of the Steelton High School, attended an interesting alumni meeting there last week.

Remember, when you make a false report of Indian and tobacco, you do not deceive your friends, but you HURT them.

James Grant has gone to his home in Montana. We shall miss his cheerful presence and his good and faithful work.

Who is that little sunbeam distributing beautiful roses? Irene Campbell, and she did not forget the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Are you ready? Play.

Alice Parker and Allie Mullins have gone to live with Miss Rote for a few weeks, at the Westtown Friends' Boarding school.

Miss Isabella Wolfe, of Cherokee, N. C., is visiting her Cherokee friends here, while on a short vacation from her duties in a Philadelphia Hospital where she is taking a course of training as a nurse.

James Hill has gone from the printing-office to the stable. It generally reads in this country, "from the log-cabin to the White-House." But James' eyes were troubling him and no doubt the temporary change will do him good. We shall expect to see all the buggies, wagons, harness, herdies and horses' coats have an extra shine.

Edwin Schanandore, class '89, who has filled the position of baker, very acceptably, for several years at our school, has gone to the Indian school at Cherokee, N. C., to serve in a similar position. Edwin will be greatly missed by the band, in which he was one of the leading cornetists, and by his many friends, of which he has a host who wish him abundant success in whatever he undertakes.

The faculty team is climbing up to something like a respectable showing in base ball. The Commissioned officers only beat them by a score of 12 to 10 last Friday evening in a 4-inning game, to say nothing of the 4 runs against them which were not counted on account of not being able to finish the fifth inning. Billy Moore and Anthony Austin are good umpires. The Juveniles claim that on the evening sometime ago, when they were defeated by the faculty their team was represented by only three or four regular Juveniles, and they are eager to try it over again with the entire team present.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Lippincott of Philadelphia, were guests of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt during Commencement Week of Dickinson College. Dr. Lippincott is now pastor of the large M. E. Church at the corner of Broad and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. In the early days of our school he was Professor in Dickinson College and came out Sunday afternoons to conduct chapel services. Since then he has been Chancellor of the Kansas State University and pastor of a large church in Topeka, Kans. Both Dr. and Mrs. Lippincott have many friends in Carlisle and always receive a warm welcome from them whenever they come.

The little paper you are reading is being read by over ten thousand people. If each one of the ten thousand would send us one subscription—ONLY ONE—before next week, what a glorious lift that would be to our list! —TENTH THOUSAND in one week! TWENTY THOUSAND in all! Even then we would not have as many readers as the N. Y. *Herald*, with its false report of an Indian forger. See? Don't you want to help counteract the false notions of Indians which people have continually poured into them through questionable channels, and to help spread the TRUTH? Then send a subscription and thus help the HELPER help the Indians. You can help the HELPER help the Indians in a missionary way.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow."

Everybody, old and young, red, black and white must know the little poem which begins as above, and a good friend of the INDIAN HELPER as of well as the whole Indian race, who lives in Sterling, Mass., gives us in a private letter the following bit of interesting history in connection with the lamb whose fame has long been sung:

"Mary's little lamb was a veritable young sheep whose life began and ended in Sterling—a tragic end, alas! being tossed by a cross cow.

Some stockings which were knit from the yarn spun from its fleece were ravelled out and sold in Boston, bringing \$130 in aid of the Old South Church Fund.

I have some of it.

I was well acquainted with some of Mary's family and have seen her. I was also acquainted with the teacher that turned out the lamb.

Every one who is familiar with Boston knows of Loring's Corner Book Store.

Mr. Loring is the son of the teacher, and Sterling is his native place.

The old homestead is not far from us."

THE BOYS OF SAN RAFAEL.

A lady connected with the Military Academy, at San Rafael, California, closes a letter in which she sends three subscriptions and in which there were warm words of appreciation, with the following:

"Our boys have fitted up a small work-shop under the cottages and have made four canoes, sails and everything belonging to a first class boat.

These they are using now on the San Francisco Bay, an arm of which is near our beautiful town.

One of our boat-boys is going to be very near you next September, in the naval school at Annapolis, and others are preparing to enter the same.

Boys as a general thing are interested in other boys' work and although mountains and even three thousand miles of railroad separate us, yet I know our boys would send you greetings and be interested in all your work, as it has a foundation similar to their own and is working out their motto, which reads:

"TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN."

The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul.

BADLY OFF FOR AN ARGUMENT.

An earnest subscriber closes a business letter thus: "It is a source of regret that our legislators in Congress manifest so little interest in the elevation of the Indian race, but hope that wise and humane laws may ultimately prevail. The masses of the people seem to think that the poor Indian is of little account and manifest no regard for his present or future welfare. This is the same class who in slavery days had but one argument in its defence, 'Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?' The clinching argument of this class now is: 'The only good Injun is a dead one.'"

Some of our smaller exchanges such as the *Advance*, *Indian School Helper*, *Lyman School Enterprise*, etc., while not so impressive in outward appearance should be tendered their due desert for the many valuable articles which they publish from time to time.—[*The Signal*.

"Early to bed and early to rise will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," if he has some brains and a fair constitution to begin with, and will put in his time right while he is up.

Trees are queer things. In summer they wear all their clothes and in winter they keep them in their trunks.

Riddle.

A Steelton subscriber sends the following riddle for the INDIAN HELPER:

Within a marble dome confined,
Whose milk white walls with silk are lined.
A golden apple doth appear,
No doors nor windows to behold;
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

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