

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1894.—

NO. 45

I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

MAY not reach the height I seek,
My untried strength may fail me;
Or, half-way up the moun'tain peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me;
But though that place I see not again,
Herein lies com'fort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me;
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May ne'er fall on my way;
My path may always lead through night,
Like some deserted by-way.
But though life's dearest joys I miss,
There lies a nameless joy in this;
I will be worthy of it.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FROM THE TWIN CITIES.

ST. PAUL, July 26th, 1894.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

If you could look out to what are called the Twin Cities, St Paul and Minneapolis, you will see your humble servant and two of your Indian girls, Misses Alice Long Pole and Jean Swan, sitting in the large Union Depot of the former city waiting for our train.

We started, you remember, on Tuesday evening, the 24th—Alice for Newberg, Oregon, to live with a dear friend, and Jean for her home near Genessee, Montana.

You will also remember that both of the girls are ill and that I was sent with them to see them through safely.

Alice has been very weak, but patience itself. The hot weather, noise and excitement have been up to this point, at times almost more than she could bear, and yet not a word of complaint has escaped her lips.

Jean, too, is little patience itself. Not being so ill, she is observing more and rather enjoys the scenery as we go along.

As I sit and look at Alice, just now in repose in a large wheel chair secured by the porter, the story of herself and how she ran away from her Osage camp to live with Mrs. Bowerman, the lady to whom she is now going, comes to me as she once told it and is of sufficient interest to give in a future paper.

LATER: Beyond Bismarck, N. Dak., Alice, who was very ill all night, this morning on awakening said, "No more St. Paul for me."

No wonder! In the St. Paul station for most of the afternoon the mercury stood as high as 102. After taking the train, we were obliged to wait a half-hour in the hottest place it was ever my lot to be, and the porter being engaged, it was impossible to make Alice comfortable.

All the evening up to midnight, the heat was intense even in the moving train, and the dust simply terrible.

This irritated her throat and she coughed all night, but about one or two o'clock we ran into a delightful thunder shower. There is no dust this morning, the air is bracing, she has had breakfast and now feels more like Alice.

Mr. Man-on-the-band-stand, did you ever think of what a sameness there is in the appearance of this country along the three great lines of railroads leading from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains?

I have gone to the Pacific Ocean over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, running through Kansas, then over the Union Pacific which runs through Nebraska, Colorado, Utah and Nevada, and now this route through Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and in all the routes the same uninteresting rolling plain meets the gaze as we pass along.

Excellent country no doubt, for many pur-

(Continued on the fourth page.)

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.

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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.

"Your paper is a welcome visitor at our home each week."—SUBSCRIBER.

The fourth of the great payments of the "Cherokee Strip" money to the Indians is taking place in the Indian Territory.

John Lowry, of the Indian School at Fort Sill, Okla., has ordered ten "Stiyas," which he will dispose of to his friends there.

Myron Moses sends for the *Red Man* and says that everything went all right with him all through harvest, but that he is ready to return to the school and take up his studies.

A subscriber asks whether we give any reward for answers to the Enigmas. We would say that we do not, unless it is so stated. The pleasure of solving them is ordinarily the only reward.

The boy who works in a harvest field is storing up more health and vitality in a day, than the fashionable loungee at seashore or mountain does in a month. Hard blistered palms and a coat of sunburn may not be so beautiful as a pale face and snow white hands, but they are well worth the difference.

Our good friend Mr. George B. Brown, of Sag Harbor, N. Y., celebrated his eighty fifth birthday on July 26th. Mr. Brown is an active business man and prominent citizen of that place and to him we are indebted for many favors. The HELPER extends congratulations and hopes he may live to enjoy many more such happy occasions.

A team composed of band boys played a game of ball with a nine made up of Mechanicsburgers and Carlisle's at Williams Grove on Monday. The score was 7 to 4 in favor of our boys when their opponents came to the bat in the ninth inning, but a couple of wild throws gave the latter four runs and the game. The victors declined to play a second game on Tuesday.

The school as well as the town of Carlisle was greatly shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Samuel Wetzel, a prominent citizen and contractor of that place, which occurred Tuesday evening. When this school was started, Mr. Wetzel had charge of the alterations necessary to change it from a military post. He was then carpenter of the school for about three years and was very successful with the boys under him. The hospital was built by him with Indian labor. After leaving us, he had charge of the erection of the large Dining Hall and contracted for and built the Small Boys' Quarters. He was highly esteemed by Capt. Pratt and all connected with the school and his helpful advice was often asked and always cheerfully given. Carlisle has indeed lost a warm friend in his death. Our warm sympathy goes out to his sorrowing family. The funeral takes place today at four o'clock.

We have received an interesting letter from John A. Morrison, who returned this summer to his home at Crow Agency, where he is now working at his trade, blacksmithing. He has seen some of the Carlisle boys and they are all doing well. William Three Irons and Edward Hears Fire are quite sick. George H. Thomas and Albert Anderson are working at the Agency. John Wesley is farming for himself and George H. Hill is boss farmer for the Indians. David Hodgson is working for his brother. Joe Stewart is married and has a child one year old. Albert Anderson is married to Sarah Shavings. He was detained at St. Paul for three weeks on account of the strike. He says that when Joe Martinez went home, his father did not recognize him, he had grown so big.

Some of the Y. M. C. A. boys promised the Professor and the Doctor that they would do certain work at their hall before our two sleepy friends were up on Monday morning. The two plotters, thinking to play a joke on the boys, got up at five o'clock and hastened to the hall only to find to their chagrin that they were too late. The work had been completed and the laugh was on them instead of the boys.

Indian Day was appropriately observed at Mt. Gretna last Saturday. The band played well and was received with much enthusiasm. The singing was heartily applauded. Dr. Montezuma spoke on the subject, "What the Indians are and their future," and Mr. Standing showed in his address the advantages of Eastern education for the Indian.

Mr. Oscar A. Small, of Harrisburg, and father, and Mr. Henry Schenderlein, of West Bridgewater, Pa., were among the visitors this week. Mr. Schenderlein's son is married to a sister of Sylvania Cooper, and naturally he was quite interested in the school and its workings.

We are told by a friend that the picture of the Graduating Class has been framed and hung in the school room in the "Mary's little lamb" district by the teacher, who thinks it a very nice addition to the pictures there.

Showers!

Pay day Tuesday,

Vacation is half over.

House cleaning is going on at the office building.

The painters are at work on the School Building.

Miss Livezey, of Philadelphia, is visiting Miss Pratt.

Alpha Scott is in from the country for a short visit.

Miss Campbell spent several days in Lancaster this week.

The carpenters are now remodeling the Paint and Tailor Shops.

Professor Bakeless arrived Saturday and left for home on Wednesday.

Capt. Pratt is now attending the Convention being held at Fort Shaw, Mont.

Mrs. Given is home again from a short visit to friends in Philadelphia and Wilmington.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda took their departure Tuesday evening for Helena, Mont., where they will join the Captain.

Mrs. Campbell and the choir girls took part in a concert at Williams Grove on Wednesday. Linnie Thompson sang a solo and Dr. Montezuma made an address.

Dr. Montezuma took a short trip to Philadelphia on Tuesday, bringing back with him Albert Mulligan, who has been under treatment at the Wills Eye Hospital for several weeks.

Some of the very small boys on Mrs. Given's return looked very anxiously for an expected present, and they were not disappointed, as the satisfied look on their faces afterwards showed.

John Leslie took some excellent photographs of sights and scenes at the Sunday School Assembly on Monday. Some of them are quite amusing. He sells them for ten cents apiece.

The playing of the band at the Sunday School Assembly was the subject of much favorable comment both by the newspapers and those in attendance. The boys arrived home Wednesday night.

The heavy thunder storm of Wednesday evening afforded much needed relief from the hot wave we have been enjoying. It was especially appreciated by the farmers. Fortunately little or no damage was done at the school.

We were all sorry to have little Sarah Pratt, who has been spending a month or so with us, return to her Steelton home on Tuesday. She is a general favorite and we shall miss her greatly. She has a very warm spot in her heart for Carlisle and says she is coming back some morning.

The happiest person on the grounds was Miss Bourassa, when her new bicycle arrived on Wednesday morning. Mr. Kensler carried it tenderly up the walk and the exclamations that greeted its arrival are simply indescribable. No falls are reported as yet and the rumor that the Doctor has ordered an extra lot of arnica seems to have no foundation.

Watermelons.

The thunder and lightning yesterday afternoon were quite terrifying.

Kirkwood Smith and Hugh Leider have returned from their farm homes.

Every fine evening a picked nine tackles the school team and is invariably defeated.

Simeon George, one of our band boys, left for his home in New York State last evening.

One hundred and twenty double sets of harness are being packed for shipment to western agencies.

Mrs. Worthington is recuperating at the White Sulphur Springs Hotel, Manns Choice, Bedford County, this state.

William Lufkins has resigned the captaincy of the school base ball team, and Jacob Jamison has been chosen to fill the place.

Mr. Given, who visited our one boy in Juniata County last week, found conditions so favorable there, that we hope to open a new district in that section for the putting out of our pupils.

Band practice will take a vacation for a couple of months, during which time the instruments will be sent away to be put in first class shape for the coming season. Several good engagements had to be refused on that account.

Misses Paull, Cocbrane and Bowersox arrived Tuesday from the Summer School at Martha's Vineyard, Miss Paull leaving for her home the same day, Miss Cochran on Wednesday and Miss Bowersox yesterday. They all report having a fine time.

The girls who picniced at the lower farm last Friday were in charge of Miss Campbell. Luncheon was eaten under the trees near the spring. Gathering apples and blackberries was the principal amusement. They returned in time for supper tired but happy.

The lawn sociable, which was to have been held Wednesday evening, was postponed until to-night on account of the absence of so many at the Sunday School Assembly. It was exceedingly fortunate that it was, as the storm would have played havoc with it.

Mr. Oliver H. Gates, Superintendent of the Indian School at Fort Stevenson, N. Dak., and wife, were among the visitors last Saturday. Mr. Gates formerly lived at Gettysburg, this state, and being called home by the illness of his father, took this opportunity of visiting the school.

The printing office boiler is being thoroughly overhauled by Mr. Weber, and as a result the 11,000 HELPERS have to be run off by foot power this week. This sort of leg exercise is not as enjoyable as running bases and the presses do not run so fast, so that we may be delayed a little in reaching some of our subscribers.

Luther Dahah and Charles Wright left Monday evening for their homes in Oklahoma. The former was one of our oldest printer boys and we are sorry to see him go, but his health has been poor of late and a change of climate was thought to be beneficial. We hope it will prove so and that he will speedily recover.

(Continued from the first page.)

poses, but uninteresting to the eye of the traveler.

After we reach the Rockies it is different. We there have wierd buttes, rugged passes, bottomless gullies and measureless mountain peaks with caps of snow to rest and interest the eye.

At this writing we are saying "good-bye" to North Dakota, and "how do-you-do" to Montana. A cool breeze verging on to cold is astir. The invalids are feeling better, train is on time and we are happy. More anon.

From your chief clerk,

M. B.

A BOY MUST BE HONEST.

There are more ways of being dishonest than by stealing.

Every body who acts or tells the very smallest lie, who pretends to be something he is not, who boasts or takes advantage in any way, is not honest.

Honesty is like the bright, open sunshine, it clears off the ground, and is sweet and wholesome.

When old Benjamin Franklin, who was one of those who carefully studied the world, and took advantage of every bit of experience which it had to offer, said: "Honesty is the best policy," he stated an undeniable fact and its just as true every day as it was then.

Out of little things a reputation is made.

Let the boys know that they have a companion, a playmate, who never cheats, who never lies, who never stoops to deceive, in any way whatsoever, who is frank and fearless, and they will not only call him a "good fellow," but when those boys are grown to be men, they will know where to find an honest man.

If one of them wants a business partner, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or wants to buy anything, he looks about for the honest boy who has gone into that particular line. No fear about him. He is honest!

Then, too, the honest boy carries an honest heart! He is fearless. What he is to be afraid of?

He has never condescended to do anything which he wishes to hide.

He may not be perfect, he may have done foolish things or stupid things, but he has not lied about them, and left them to be found out long afterwards, and make people think there are many more stories of the same sort hidden away in his life.

No! Every body knows about it.

And then, too, honesty is such a safeguard. The boy who lives where every one can see every thing he does, who never deceives, will be spared nine out of every ten temptations.

That tenth temptation he has strength to resist, for to him is given the might of a pure heart.—[*E.*]

What are the ends of education? If we want boys to become blacksmiths, we should let them go through college. No man has a right to be merely a blacksmith! He must be a man and an American citizen. He must be able to go into society and be a gentleman. Labor is not degrading unless a man does nothing but labor. He should become cultured so that he may enjoy life and have his thoughts diverted from his labor to the higher ideals that can be gained only by choice reading. We plead for this education and the needs of culture on the part of the people, because they are to be citizens and parents and members of society.

Enigma.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.

My 7, 20, 18, 10 are seen when the beggars come to town.

My 14, 12, 6, 11, 16, 22 are a blessing that, contrary to the opinion of many people, is promoted by civilization.

My 23, 6, 21 are something used by Indians in making sugar.

My 8, 17, 16, 22, 4, 13, 15, 2, 19 are three short words often prefixed to the word Indian.

My 9, 11, 8 stand for one of the states in the American Union.

My 16, 4, 20, 5, 14, 12, 19, 1 are given to Indians by the government.

My whole are sermons on the "brotherhood of man" sent from India to white people.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Such warm days.

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