

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1896.—

NO. 23.

THE LITTLE GARDEN.

I HAVE a precious little garden.
I don't know just how large;
It belongs to all the world, but
I have it in my charge.
I must spade it, hoe it, rake it,
And plant it with good seeds,
Or 'twill soon be full of thistles,
Or thorns and grass and weeds.

My garden is not for cabbage,
Potatoes, beans and peas;
And the seeds that I must plant there,
Not common things like these.
I must plant this little garden
With love and truth and right.
For its fruits will then be golden,
Its flowers all be bright.

If I plant the seeds of hatred
I'm sure to reap in tears;
If I sow the seeds of doubting
I raise but dread and fears;
If I sow for God and heaven
Sweet joys I always find.
Now this pretty little garden
Is my heart and mind.

—YOUTHS' INSTRUCTOR.

GOOD WORK PAYS!

Shine The Heels.

"There!" said Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush, "that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed.

His father continued:

"My boy, your shoes look badly. Pick up the brush and make your shoes shine; when you have finished come in the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes his father said:

"I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him that whatever is worth doing it all is worth doing well.

"This boy went out to serve in a gentleman's family and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed.

"His employer was pleased and took him in to his shop.

"He did his work well there and when sent on errands he went quickly and was soon back in his place.

"So he advanced from step to step until he became a clerk and then a partner in the business.

"He is now a rich man and he is your father.

"He is anxious that his son Harry should practice the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go out to service and black boots and wait at a table and do any service that was required of me.

"By doing things well I was soon trusted with more important ones, and finally accumulated the wealth you are now enjoying."

FOOTBALL INCIDENT.

During the last football season, the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, sent a team of young red men into the field which competed with credit against some of the strongest playing clubs in the country. Among other engagements they played a match with the Duquesne club in Pittsburgh and came off victorious.

The bearing of the Indian lads was so courteous and manly as to win applause from all of the white spectators. After they returned home they received a cartoon from the defeated club, with a letter stating that it was "from some of the many friends whom you boys have made in Pittsburgh by your gentlemanly playing."

The sketch was drawn with spirit, and represented at one side the contest between the red and white men at Fort Duquesne in 1795, the Indian falling beneath the shots of the settler. On the other side was their contest in 1895, the red man standing, football in hand, victorious over his white brother; and lastly, a picture of the captain of the Indian club as

(Continued on last 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.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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 sale, on Saturday, of condemned property, brought quite a company of buyers. Mr. Kensler cried the auction.

"The educated Indians are decidedly different from those in the west which I have visited," writes an Ohio subscriber.

We have been requested to print the answer to the "I" conundrum which won the prize. The answer that the committee agreed upon reads thus: Because it is in the centre of bliss while "e" is in hell and all the others in purgatory.

James T. Robbins, an old and much respected resident of Penn's Manor, Pa., departed this life on the morning of February 27, after an illness of about two weeks, aged 79 years. For the past eight years, Mr. Robbins has had in his employ almost constantly one or more of the Carlisle Indian boys, to all of whom he was ever a kind and considerate friend, beloved and respected by each one of them.

A Quiet Wedding.

At one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Josiah George of the New York Agency, and Miss Elizabeth Wind of the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, former pupils of Carlisle, were united in marriage, by the Rev. Dr. Fry-singer, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Carlisle.

The ceremony took place in the teachers' parlor before a small company of guests, special friends of the bride and groom.

The parlor was decorated with potted plants and flowers, and the guests stood as the wedding party entered and took a position at the south side of the room. Messrs James Wheelock and Joseph Adams, groomsmen, headed the procession and were followed by Cythia Webster and Susie Farwell, bridesmaids, the bride and groom coming last.

The bride was dressed in robin's-egg mohair with cream chiffon at the neck and carried a bouquet of white carnations, and the groom wore a plain black suit. The ring ceremony

was used which seemed on this occasion particularly solemn and impressive. After congratulations, refreshments were served, Messrs. Simeon George, brother of the groom and James Flannery assisting. At two o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. George left for Syracuse, New York, where Mr. George has accepted a position in a wagon factory as polisher of springs, at which he is able to earn good wages.

As the happy couple passed out of the door to take the herd for the train, the shower of rice which fell upon them would have been pronounced terrific had it been a weather phenomenon.

The arrangement of the wedding was under Miss Carter's supervision and everything passed off pleasantly. The presents were numerous consisting chiefly of silver, china and linen.

Mrs. George is a graduate nurse of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, and was assistant nurse at our school. She is well known in town, having carried through successfully several critical cases of illness, and will be greatly missed professionally as well as socially.

Mr. George was one of the leading clarinetists of our band and was assistant foreman of the wagon and blacksmith shop. He is a band leader of some repute, having held that position in various places. He has many friends at the school who wish him well, and the two have the best wishes for future happiness from a host of friends.

Rev. Mr. Mt. Pleasant, uncle of Edith and Spencer Smith, came from the Tuscarora reservation, New York, to visit the school. At breakfast on Thursday morning he talked for a short time to the pupils in the dining-hall. He said he was glad of the honor of standing before such an intelligent body of Indians. He was taught to use the English language but thought he had to use the Indian language again in teaching his people, and he believed that he used better English while at school than he does now.

He told of some experiences while trying to get an education. No Carlisle student has ever passed through such hardships while in their school days as Rev. Mr. Mt. Pleasant described. At about fourteen years of age he began to feel a great desire to be educated but there was no way for him to go to school but to strike out for himself. This he did. He went about eight miles to school taking a little food with him. He rented a room and made that his home. Part of the time he lived on corn-meal mush, and sometimes he had nothing. He spoke of the bravery it required, and that while it was an old saying that Indians were brave he would nevertheless admonish the Indians before him to be brave in their school life.

He spoke of the loyalty of the Indian to the United States. Many of them had fought for their country and would do so again did necessity require it.

The newly elected officers of the S. L. L. S. are: President, Miss Cynthia Webster; Vice-President, Miss Mabel Buck; Recording Secretary, Miss Alice Parker; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ellen Thomas; Treasurer, Miss Martha Sickles; Marshal, Miss Annie Morton.

The magazines in the library are to be bound.

Lillie Eels left this week for her home in New York.

Julia Elmore, '96 has gone to her Pacific Coast home.

Miss Adelia Lowe, '96, has gone to her father in Wyoming.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A plucky Indian girl.

The bob-sled is out. It has not been of much use this winter.

Mrs. Wats and Miss Helen Beatty were among the callers on Monday.

Mary M. Shane is now Mrs. A. M. Townsend, and lives at St. Xavier, Montana.

Mrs. Bay, of Rosebud Agency, who has been with us for some months, left for the Dakotas this week.

John Edwin Bakeless is taking his first steps, and can say 'O, don't' with considerable emphasis.

The classes that have been promoted find interesting work and are going along cheerfully doing their best.

Changes in the order of study and in the text books in a few grades add greatly to the effectiveness of the work.

The heaviest snow of the season fell on Wednesday, and we have now the best sleighing we have had this winter.

Messrs. Leighton and Martinez, '96, left for their home in Montana, on Wednesday evening. They start out full of bright hopes for the future.

Miss Botsford, whom many at Carlisle remember as one of our teachers, writes a short business note from Ft. Dodge, Iowa, which shows she is still among the living and occasionally thinks of Carlisle.

Professor Kinnear, instructor in vocal music, has resigned his position. There are many here who will miss him, especially those with whom he has labored in voice culture, who appreciate his untiring efforts on their behalf.

The coming year's struggle must be along the line of LANGUAGE. Our motto from this time on must not only be "No Indian" but "PERFECT ENGLISH." So says Prof. Bakeless.

A kind Philadelphia friend has sent her check for twenty-five dollars to assist in replenishing the reference library. Such aid goes directly toward the literary training of the Indian and is greatly appreciated.

The Susans accepted the invitation of their last brother society published in last week's HELPER and called upon them unexpectedly last Friday evening. It is said the surprise was complete. Programs were not exactly in proper shape but their impromptus were quite creditable.

A company of 125 ministers of the United Brethren Church of Central Pennsylvania and 100 lay delegates attended our afternoon service last Sunday. Rev. C. J. Kephart, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the State Sunday School Association preached upon the theme: Love of God. Dr. Kephart lectured here about a year ago. The United Brethren held their annual conference in Carlisle last week.

If there are no break downs those residing in Carlisle who ordered copies of the March *Red Man* will have them delivered to-morrow afternoon. The regular mail will be gotten off as fast as pens can write the addresses.

There is still time to order the Commencement Number of the *Red Man* which is now on the press. It contains a complete account of Commencement and all the speeches of distinguished visitors present. Price 5 cents for single copy.

Emaline (McLean) Prather, former pupil of Carlisle, who was married in December, writes pleasantly of her home and surroundings in the Indian Territory. Emiline has many friends here who are ever pleased to get a word from her.

Lulu Bisnette has gone home to Pine Ridge, Dakota. Lulu has been to Europe in her day, with the Buffalo Bill show. When asked what she saw she said "Nothing," as the Indians were kept shut up and were never taken out to see the sights.

"The corners of the earth meet in our circle work," said a King's Daughter. "Last Sunday there were four letters from Iceland and one from Japan read at the What-so-ever meeting." The letters were from King's Daughters in the countries mentioned.

The girls below a certain grade were asked to gather in the assembly room for a certain purpose. It was not told them for what purpose, but the summons coming at this time of year they sort of knew by intuition, and no sooner was the word "country" said than there was a grand rush for pens. Without further explanation, 63 signed in twenty minutes, their "declaration of independence."

Spencer Smith, who has been ill for some weeks from inflammatory rheumatism, not being able to raise his hands to help himself, left for his home in New York, last evening under the care of his uncle, Rev. Mt. Pleasant. We hope he will find a place where he may have as many comforts and conveniences as here enjoyed, and that he will speedily recover.

On Thursday evening last, John Leslie made a sudden departure for his home on the Pacific slope. He went without saying good-by to some of his best friends who awoke on Friday morning to find him gone. It was not a run-a-way, but only a sudden ending of a plan contemplated for several weeks. Mr. Andrews, the photographer in Carlisle in whose studio John was a steady attendant, said, at the close of a business note next day: "There was a gloom all day yesterday in the gallery." John made friends wherever he went and his genial presence will be greatly missed at Carlisle.

The Indian pupils of the Methodist Sunday school appeared before a large audience in Bosler Hall last night and gave a very pleasant entertainment, the programme of which was published in yesterday's issue. It was "An Evening With James Russell Lowell," the selections being from that author. The music was a prominent feature of the program and included numbers by several of the prominent members of the band and also by some of the school's distinguished vocalists.—[*The Evening Sentinel*.]

(Continued from first page.)

he was carried, laughing, off the field in triumph by both shouting teams.

Beneath was written the suggestive word, "Revenge."

If the manliness and magnanimous courtesy of these Indian and white clubs were shown by all football players, the prejudice of many thoughtful men and women against the game would be lessened if not removed. When instead of making men more brutal it teaches them self-control, good temper, and the generosity which can applaud a victorious foe, its discipline is wholesome.—[*Youth's Companion*].

INDIAN NAMES.

The queer sounding names we often hear Indians called are frequently the results of ignorance in interpreters.

At one time the children of a prominent chief whose name was Chips, were students at Carlisle.

It was afterwards ascertained through a Missionary of the tribe, who was thoroughly conversant with the language and a good English scholar that the name in Indian really meant Remnant.

While Mr. Remnant would have sounded rather strange, Mr. Chips was no more euphonious and was not correct.

The English meaning of some of the names appended to a recent treaty, it is said, were, Got-Badly-Married, Long-Time-Asleep, Was-Going-to-Move-and-Didn't, Will-Not-Stand-Still-in-the-Night, Bad-Old-Man, Come-at-Night, Last-to-Awake.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S HEROINE.

The following is going the rounds of the papers:

"Miss Jane Eyre, who has just graduated from the Pennsylvania Normal School, is a full-blooded Pawnee Indian. She took the name of Charlotte Bronte's heroine, whom she greatly admires. She has gone West to labor for the advancement of her people."

When Jane Eyre was a small girl in the Indian camp at Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory, she was known to the writer, who was then a teacher in the agency day school.

Little brown-faced Jane, with blanket over her head was brought to the day school, and she has gone through all the progressive stages from the camp day school to the Agency Boarding school, on to Carlisle for a short time, then to Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, and through the Pennsylvania Normal.

The writer gave her the name she bears, and will watch with interest her future career.

KAFFIR.

"Where did you get that peculiar corn?" the writer asked of Miss McAtee, who is visiting the school, and who at the time was explaining the properties of a strange-looking, bushy plant she held in her hand.

"I brought it from Oklahoma," she replied.

"Do they raise it there?"

"Yes, they have raised quantities of it in the last two or three years, but it is an imported cereal."

"Where from?"

"From Kaffrairia, Africa."

"There must be some special reason for the importation," said the writer.

"There is. Kaffir bears the hottest winds, and thrives in the hot sun. It will grow under conditions of heat and drouth that kill American wheat and corn. For that reason it was introduced as an experiment into Oklahoma,—that land of sunshine and drouth."

"I suppose it is mainly used as food for cattle."

"By no means. Delicious griddle cakes are made from the flour; and the beauty of it is, the flour is so cheap—only a cent a pound. Cattle, however, enjoy the fodder, and will leave any other food for it."

"And is it wholesome?"

"Very. It is better, however, to mix it with other food."

"How is it ground?"

"In ordinary mills, and the flour looks something like buckwheat flour."

"How does the plant look in the field?"

"It grows about four feet high and looks like broom corn. By the way, I will leave this specimen in Professor Bakeless' hands, where all who wish may have a chance to examine it."

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 7, 6, 8 is useful in a school.

My 8, 2, 3, 4 is what people take when they have a 8, 6, 5, 11.

My 8, 6, 4, 7 is a part of the hand.

My 8, 6, 10 is a kitchen utensil.

My 8, 9, 11 is mightier than the sword.

My 4, 2, 8 gives expression to the mouth.

My 7, 6, 2, 4, 7, 6, 10 brings me my INDIAN HELPER every Saturday morning.

Our teachers smile when we do 1, 9, 3, 4.

My whole was a very great friend of the Indians and well known in history.

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