

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

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NO. 39

BECAUSE HE TRIED.

A STUDENT raised his throbbing head,
Pushed back his tangled locks and said,
"The task is done, and yet I know
The master would not have it so,
For though I've wrought with anxious care,
I know grave errors must be there."
Sadly he took his pen and sighed,
And wrote again, "Master, I tried."

The master glanced with patient eye
A down each page, and laid it by,
"Till only one, the last one, lay
Before him, then he paused to say,
"I feared as much, he never can
Be other than a stupid man."
The closing words, "Master, I tried."

Tremblingly the student came
To hear the master call his name:
Anxiously he waited near
The surer every word to hear;
He spoke, when every hope had fled,
"Master, my record," despairing said;
The grave old master slow replied,
"Success is yours because you tried."

When my life's work is all complete,
When every hour is made replete
With changeless acts of good or bad,
I know, reviewing, I'll be sad
To see the blunders written there;
And so I'll write again with care;
I'll put these words on every side,
Over and over, "Master, I tried."

SELECTED.

THOUGHTS OF THE FOURTH.

Bang! Boom!
The Glorious Fourth is here.
How many of us think of what the Fourth
really is, and what it stands for.
To most of us it is only another holiday dif-
fering but slightly from the others.
We spend millions of dollars in noise.
Fires and accidents are numerous.
We run to baseball and other sports, or go
on pleasure trips.
And when we go to bed at night how little
profit there has been for us?
How much have we thought of the occasion
which the day commemorates?
Let us pause for a while and consider.
Tomorrow is the 120th anniversary of the
signing of the Declaration of Independence,
the birth-day of the greatest and best republic
the world has ever seen.

We have grown from 13 small colonies with
their thousands to the grand nation of 45 states
and 65 millions of freemen.

Our flag is the emblem of liberty wherever
it floats, whether at home or abroad.

This country has become the refuge of the
oppressed of all lands and the home of the free.

In its wealth and resources, its products, its
schools and all that civilization stands for, it
is first.

Ought we not to be thankful to the kind
Providence who has given all these blessings?

Ought we not to love our country and re-
solve to use our best efforts to make it better
still?

Patriotism is a virtue which we should all
possess in the highest degree.

How the traitor is despised! Benedict Ar-
nold was shunned even by the English and
every true American speaks his name with
contempt.

We may never be called upon to take up
arms for our country to defend it from foreign
invaders, but we can be patriots none the less.

We can show our patriotism by fighting the
great evils, within our borders, which threaten
to destroy our country.

We can be true men and women ever faith-
ful to the right.

The foes within us are more to be feared
than those from without.

Strong drink, corruption, vice in all its
forms, will destroy a nation more surely than
an army of men.

We owe it to our country then, to live
uprightly, to defend virtue and strike down
vice, to see that our officers are good men and
true, to be always found on the side of the
right, to strive to help our fellow men, for we
do not live to ourselves alone and in helping
others, we help ourselves.

Let us therefore be true to our country, our-
selves and our God.

"He serves his country best
Who lives a pure life, and doeth righteous deeds
And walks straight paths, however others stray."

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-land-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
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.

Lillie Payne, who is at Cape May City, caught a flounder when out fishing the other day. It weighed four pounds.

The Pine Ridge Indians celebrate the 4th with a sham battle, parade, races, dances, fireworks, etc. The Declaration of Independence will be read and Chief Red Cloud will make an address. What a great pity the Indians are not able to celebrate their own independence and in a rational way!

One of the best games of base ball we have seen was the one on Saturday between the High School of Carlisle and a picked team of our boys. Ten innings were necessary, the score being 4 to 3 in favor of the Indians. It was a pitchers' battle, the whites getting 4 hits and the Indians 3. Yellow Robe struck out 15 and McGlynn 9.

A local paper announces that "Isabella C. Cornelius a full-blooded Oneida Indian from Wisconsin graduated from the State Normal School in New Britain, Conn., on the 17th of June, along with a class of about sixty bright New England ladies." Isabella is one of our girls. She took her diploma here with the class of '92, having pursued her studies under the careful oversight of Miss Edge for two and a half years preceding. She writes to a friend that she is "proud of my sheep-skin and red skin too." We are proud and glad with her and hope this may be the Commencement of a useful life for her.

Our delegates at the Northfield Conference are fully alive to the beauties and opportunities of the place, as the following extract from a letter shows: "Everything is 'out o' sight,' as we would say. Rambling over hills and through the woods invigorates a fellow wonderfully and when the sessions are going on another invigoration is felt." Tennis is a favorite recreation in that healthy atmosphere, but as our boys took no racquets with them they have to "take a back seat in that line." Last Saturday Frank Shively umpired a game of ball between Princeton and Harvard delegates and greatly enjoyed the well played game.

Dr. Montezuma, of Chicago, formerly Physician at our school, and Miss Luzena Choteau, class '92, now of the *Inter-Ocean* mailing force spent a very enjoyable time with Misses Miles, Carter, Burgess and the Eaglefeather sisters, at the Santa Fe station in Chicago, on Wednesday evening of last week. Doctor is as full of life and hope as ever, standing like a rock upon Carlisle's basic principles of getting the Indians out. He has a growing practice in Chicago. And his down town office is in a handsome building by the side of scores of others of his profession. Miss Luzena is full of hopeful projects for the future in a literary line. Her cosy office is on the 6th floor of the *Inter-Ocean* building. She took the pilgrims through the immense establishment, every one showing her, and the visitors through her, marked attention.

Levi Levering, class '90, sends us a program of the Annual Closing Exercises of the Ft. Hall, Idaho, Indian Training School, in which he is teaching. The exercises consisted of music, recitations and drills and took place on the evening of June 26th. He says he will spend his vacation in Nebraska and expects to attend the St. Paul Institute. He asks this question, "Why not have Alumni meetings of the classes of Carlisle graduates at St. Paul, (Teachers' Institute), Minn., July 20 to 25?" He will read a paper at the Institute on "Native Teachers in the Indian Service." His paper, "Does it pay to Christianize the Indian?" before the Idaho State Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies was well received.

Eight or ten little girls, under the leadership of Nina Carlisle, prepared a very entertaining little program and invited some friends to pass an hour with them on last Monday evening. The first number was a piano solo by Lizzie Peters. Louisa Cornelius gave a recitation, part in song, accompanying herself on the piano. Bessie Nick set us wondering how we would like to be an Eskimo and other little girls did their part very creditably. The audience dispersed very well pleased with their little friends and are looking forward to the next occasion of the kind, for it was hinted that the little people expect to give us something in that line once a month and we hope they will carry out the purpose.

The base ball season at the school closed several weeks ago so far as the school team is concerned, nearly all the players having gone home or to the country. Two teams known as the "Carbondales" and "Lancasters," flourished for several weeks, but they too are broken up. Picked nines, however, play every fine evening.

If you send us fifty subscriptions, (after the first twenty-five) you make a dollar. By starting the ball to rolling in some gathering, you might easily obtain fifty names in a very short time.

A sociable was held in the gymnasium on Saturday evening. Games were played and the usual good time had.

The last heard from of the California party, they were at Gallup, N. Mex.

Bang!

Holiday tomorrow!

The Glorious Fourth!

Be careful where you throw firecrackers.

Miss Silcott is back from her leave of absence.

Mr. Dandridge returned from his vacation on Monday.

Robert Hamilton has gone to the country for a visit.

Miss Cutter will spend her vacation at Amherst, Mass.

Miss Campbell is visiting friends in Pitts- ton, this State.

Louisa Geisdorf, class '96, is in from the West Chester Normal School.

Isaac Lyon, Bruce Patterson and Lambert Istone have returned from country homes.

Mary Beaulieu has gone to West Chester, where she will take Louisa Geisdorf's place.

Master John Morris has joined the printing-office force and is making himself quite useful.

Miss Quinn mothered the small boys for several days this week until the return of Mrs. Given.

The engine from the farm has been brought to the school where it is being used to heat the water for the shower baths.

Miss Manderson, who has been visiting Miss Richenda Pratt, returned to her home in Philadelphia on Monday.

Mr. Weber and family have gone to Reading, where they will spend some time at the home of Mr. Weber's father.

The happiest persons on the grounds are the small boys who are supplied with fire-crackers and other noise-making articles.

Now that the school department is closed, our teachers are seeking well-earned rest or the Summer School's instruction.

Miss Richenda Pratt gave a party last Friday evening to some of her friends on the grounds in honor of her guest, Miss Manderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendren left Wednesday for Charlottesville, Va., where Mr. Hendren will attend Normal School for a time before going to his home in North Carolina.

Miss Hench has returned from caring for the small boys, to the Girls' Quarters, where she will be in charge during the absence of Misses Shaffner and Campbell.

Are you not going to enter the fifty dollar contest? You have till November 1st and with a little work ought to get sufficient names to win the prize. Start in now. We will send you all the sample copies you need.

Timothy Henry, class '96, who has been attending the Carlisle High School, left for his home in New York on last Friday. He is uncertain whether he will return. Timothy was one of our faithful printers and we wish him success.

Miss Barr started Wednesday on her vacation, which she will spend down east. She took with her Susie Farwell, who has proven an efficient help in the school hospital and who will enter the Elliot Hospital in Manchester, N. H., where she will take the course of training as professional nurse.

Miss Hill has a new piano.

The oats crop is a fine one this year.

The boat at the near farm has been repaired and made water-tight.

Miss Mosher started on her leave for Wichita, Kan., yesterday morning.

Master John Given arrived home from the Bloomsburg Normal School yesterday.

One of the little girls at the entertainment Monday evening announced a "solo by all of us."

Dahnola Jessan had his forehead cut by the mask while playing ball one evening last week.

The farmers have completed the cutting of wheat on the lower farm and are now at work on the upper.

Mrs. and Miss Hamilton started for Minneapolis last evening. They go by boat from Buffalo.

Miss Lida Standing graduated from the Shippensburg Normal School on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Standing and Master Jack, Mrs. Toompson and Misses Hill and Bowersox attended the Commencement Exercises.

Miss Bourassa attended the Commencement Exercises this week of the West Chester Normal School, from which Miss Nellie Robertson, class '90, graduated. Miss Shaffner, who is on her annual tour among the girls on farms, was also present.

Rev. Dr. Frysinger, of the Methodist Church, is at present writing reported as recovering from his illness, which came near proving fatal. This will be good news to his many friends among the pupils and employees of the school.

Mr. Ostrum, of Finland, was a guest of Miss Ericson this week. He is a graduate of the Polytechnic College of Finland, Helsingfors, and also of the University there. Mr. Ostrum arrived in this country last week and goes to Milwaukee, where he will be employed in a large iron company as draughtsman.

Mrs. Given returned to the school from Bethlehem Wednesday, bringing with her her son James, who has been suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. We are glad to report him as improving. He is now able to walk a little on crutches; though still weak, and is getting refreshing sleep. We hope to see him around soon.

Bids for supplies for the school for the present year were opened last Thursday. The lowest bidders were Samuel P. Jackson, beef and mutton; Andrew M. Kerr, bacon; Elmer E. Lawton, hard coal; Frank E. Thompson, soft coal; Robert C. Lamberton and Andrew Blair, lumber; Richard P. Henderson, salt; and U. Grant Barnitz, flour and feed.

Those who have gone home since the last issue are Lena Hudson, Ida Wasee, Louisa King, Lizzie Stands, Jane Mark, Mary Sitting Bear, Rose Trombley, Martha Bozelle, Nellie Morrison, Sarah Nelson, Amos Osage, John Y. Roba, George Connor, Elmore Red Eyes, Isaac Crane, William Carrefell, Robert Van Wert, Paul Corbett, Jonathan Clay, Nelson Porter, Ray Milligan, Martin Round-face, George Cobell, Victor S. Bear, Wm. Johnson, John Brown, David Abraham, Perry Tsamawa, James Pontiac and Jacob Shaw. Some of the above will return in the Fall.

GRAND SUMMER OFFER.

FIFTY DOLLARS cash will be given to the person sending us the largest number of NEW subscriptions before NOVEMBER 1st, 1896.

Begin immediately! These long summer days when picnics and excursions are in the wind, and summer boarders have plenty of money, is just the time to make a bold strike. A hundred subscriptions may be obtained in a day at a picnic if you go about it in a business way.

Ask every body you meet to take the **INDIAN HELPER** printed by **INDIANS** at the United States Government School at Carlisle. Tell them the little paper is full of interesting stories of Indians in camp and Indians in school.

Send in the names as fast as you get them. **THE MONEY MUST ALWAYS ACCOMPANY** the names.

That you need not work for nothing should you not be so fortunate as to win the prize, keep for yourself two cents on every subscription you send after you have sent **TWENTY-FIVE** names at full price.

For amounts less than a dollar two-cent U. S. postage stamps are acceptable.

FOR ACCIDENTS.

The Fourth of July, with its numerous mishaps is here, and we reprint the following from an exchange, which may prove of value at this or some other time. Of course, a doctor should be sent for if the case is serious, but sometimes a doctor cannot be secured immediately and relief may be given or life saved if prompt action is taken by those present. Try to commit it.

If poisoned, take mustard or salt, tablespoon, in cup of water, and swallow right soon.
For burns try dry soda, and wet bandages too; if blistered then oil and dry flannels will do.
In children's convulsions, warm baths are the rule. (With castor oil dose, too), and keep the head cool.
Give syrup of ipecac when croup's in store;
For fainting, stretch patient right out on the floor.
To soak in hot water is best for a sprain.
Remember the rule and 'twill save you much pain.

WAS IT YOU?

There was somebody who said an unkind word which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was thoughtless and selfish in his manner and mode of living. Was it you?

There was somebody who harshly criticized the actions of somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but faults in the belongings of his friend. Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book, and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who never stopped to think who was hurt by the sarcastic word. Was it you?

There was somebody who, day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?—[*Ex.*]

If the devil catch a man idle he will give him a job.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

"*Pearson's Weekly*" tells a story of a telegraph lineman who has to his credit as brave a service to a comrade as a soldier might render on the field of battle.

A few years ago two men were at work upon a telegraph pole standing many feet above a line of railway.

A wire had broken, and they were repairing the damage. The wind blew fiercely from the east, and the pole rocked to and fro.

Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position.

In doing so he pushed his companion; who, taken unawares, fell backward.

He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over among the wires. For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word.

Then one of them said:—"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break."

As he spoke a wire did break.

Both men, hanging together, were in danger of being precipitated to the track below.

"Well, mate," said Bill, "one of us has got to drop. It's a big drop to make, but as you're married and have three children, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang on a little longer."

Another wire broke. One more might drop them both. Bill made up his mind. "Good-bye, mate," he said to the other. "Good-bye," answered his companion, the tears running out of his eyes.

Bill dropped. It was a fall of forty feet.

He fell among some rough stumps of bushes, and rolled down an embankment.

Then he rose, and called up to his companion:—

"I'm all right, mate! I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant.

When the poor fellow reached it and had told his story, he fainted away.

The doctor found that he had broken both his arms and one of his ribs; but his brave action had very likely saved his companion's life.—[*Youth's Companion*].

Enigma.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 11, 6, 10, 7 is the opposite of sweet.

My 17, 9, 14, 15 is a measure of time.

My 5, 13, 4 is a piece of wood.

My 12, 8, 1 is what the tailor aims to give.

My 16, 2, 3 is a very important article.

My whole is an occasion of much noise.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Vacation.