

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1896.

NO. 46

ALWAYS GROWING.

WHAT do you do in the ground, little seed,
Under the rain, and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?
"Why do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,
When the bough springs to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?
"What, do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,
With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water-grass,
Never at rest, I see you pass.
"Why, do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?
"Hol! do you not know?
I grow."

Always growing! by night and day
No idle moments we see;
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us be able to say,
In the goodness of God
We grow.
—Our Little People.

PAINTING OUR FLAG STAFF.

The flag-staff at the United States Indian School at Carlisle, stands 93 feet above ground.

On the top of it is a black knob.

It is the pride of our school to keep this knob shining and black, and the staff white as white, hence every year or so it must be painted from top to bottom.

But how is this done?

Are brushes tied to poles long enough to reach the top?

No.

Do the painters climb to the top with ladders?

No.

The staff is in two parts fastened in the middle with mortise, tenon and wedges.

Half way up the pole, and fifty feet from the ground there is a platform just about large enough for two men to stand upon.

To reach that platform, spikes are driven into the lower half of the pole, and it is an easy matter to climb by them to the half-way station.

Our boys frequently go up there to view the country round about.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Gardner and Louis Greenbird mounted this mid-way platform, and loosening the wedges let down the upper half of the pole.

Then they painted the knob, and by ropes and pulleys the pole was lifted gradually.

Twenty boys had hold of the rope that did the lifting, while Mr. Norman and Albert McCauley manipulated the guy-ropes, fastened to the extreme top.

"He-oh, he!" called Mr. Jordan, and then all pulled steadily, lifting the pole three or four feet.

Mr. Gardner and Louis held with one hand and painted with the other, until the space was covered, then:

"He-ho, he!" again, and another lift was given.

Thus the work went on until nearly at its full height the slender but heavy staff began to swing a little, and the situation for the painters became intensely interesting.

By vociferous directions and emphatic gesticulations, however, the pole was steadied and fastened securely.

The work was watched by scores, many of whom learned a valuable lesson of difficulties overcome by skill and good management.

A DEPLORABLE PICTURE.

The writer on a recent trip through Arizona noticed at one of the stations a wrinkled old Indian woman. She sat on the sands of the desert; sat in a heap with chin resting upon her knees in a most dejected manner.

The burning sun beat down upon her bowed head as she gazed listlessly at the people in

(Continued on 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, and
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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

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.

The public schools of San Francisco began on the 3rd of August, giving the Carlisle visitors there, an opportunity to look in upon them. Miss Carter was especially interested in the Kindergartens of Oakland.

We judge from a recent letter from Mary Barada at Cape May that Martha Sickles, Lillie Payne and herself are enjoying the sea breezes. They say they are learning to clean fish and open clams but have not learned to swim like a fish. They have a nice bathing place and expect soon to go boating on the ocean.

Don't be bold, but do not be too TIMID about asking people if they would not like to take the best weekly letter in the world for ten cents a year—five weeks for ONE CENT. If we double our circulation we shall be able to print on better paper. Enlarge? Never, for we wish always to be only a LETTER, but we would like to improve our dress.

The following order was made for the guidance of all persons using bicycles on the school walks: 1. Speeding on the walks is prohibited. 2. Riders must lessen their speed and ring bells when within fifty feet of (a) Entrance to the gymnasium; (b) East end of girls' quarters; (c) East end of teachers' quarters; (d) Groups or individuals on or near the walks; (e) Entrance to buildings when any one is entering or leaving same. 3. Riders should go around pedestrians who are using the walks.

Among those in attendance at the San Francisco Indian Association, personally known to many Carlisle workers were Dr. W. N. Hailman, Superintendent of Indian Schools and President of the Association, Superintendent Potter, of the Chemawa School, Oregon, Superintendent Mary Gaither, of the Umatilla School, Oregon, Mrs. Allen, wife of Superintendent Allen, of the Perris School, California, Mrs. Betts, known to us as Miss Gutelius, now wife of Superintendent Betts of the Pyramid Lake School, Nevada, her sister Miss Gutelius, Mrs. Jessie Cook, of the Pima, Arizona, Boarding School, Misses Prudy and Edna Eaglefeather, of the Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia.

Of the 10,000 inhabitants of Carlisle, the INDIAN HELPER should have a subscription list of at least a thousand. Only about 300 Carlisle people take the little letter and those three hundred would not be without it for a great deal. The Man-on-the-band-stand has FIFTY DOLLARS IN GOLD tucked away down in his stocking for the boy or girl or man or woman who sends in the most subscriptions before the first of November. September and October are the very best months in which to work, and now is the best time to begin. We have received no long lists yet. The Offer is just as good as new. It is not an imposition to ask a person to take such a ten-cent paper as the HELPER, so full of just the news about Indians that every person ought to know. Start at once, and send for sample copies, free!

The writer met recently on the train coming East from San Francisco an educated Philadelphia gentleman who had never heard of the Carlisle Indian School. He did not know that his own great government was carrying on such a work as we are doing. There may be others in the land who are ignorant on Indian matters. Let us hunt them out with the HELPER. The HELPER should have a circulation in every neighborhood, village, town, borough, city and state in the Union, to let the people know that there is an UPRISING of the Indian. Canvass your neighborhood, and receive cash for your services, retaining 20 cents on every dollar you take in; (No discount on amounts less than a dollar,) and the person who gets the MOST subscriptions before November 1st will be rewarded with fifty dollars.

Miss Ely's office is busy arranging for the return of pupils for the opening of school. A number of our students, seeing the superior advantages offered by a country school of English speaking children, have asked to remain out for the winter. Others wish to remain merely to work during the fall months for the sake of the wages and experience. They will then go to school and be ready for Spring work, without having to pay their transportation, thus saving more than the pupils who come in and go out again, are able to.

The last session of Congress gave us the money for a new laundry building, 45x138 feet. The walls are up and it is now ready for the roof. It stands between the printing-office and the dining hall. It is a one story brick building of modern architecture. The stationary tubs, ironing tables, electric motor, counting tables and the drier will be all in one room which will have a cement floor. There are two fine rooms in front to be occupied by the Superintendent of the laundry and a teacher, and along the front of the building there will be a balcony.

A subscriber from Baltimore in her letter transmitting a renewal of her subscription says, "I can truthfully say this little paper has helped me to know more about the Indian than I would know or read about in our daily papers. It almost seems as if I knew the people at the school, I take such an interest in what I read about them. I hope it will continue many, many years in its work of usefulness."

Eleven more days of vacation. Tomatoes, and plenty of them for all. Miss Luckenbach returned on Monday. Ho, for a bicycle picnic before school begins! School will begin on the first of September. Joseph Lujan left for his home in New Mexico, on Saturday.

The little poem on first page was printed by request.

Base-ball every evening, but no games have been reported.

Some of the new pupils are taking hold of croquet with a vim.

Jacob Jamison has gone on a visiting tour with the Carlisle Base Ball Club.

The school social was held on the lawn on Saturday evening and a good time enjoyed.

Mr. Snyder has returned from Lock Haven, where he has been spending a two weeks' leave.

The Y. M. C. A. Bible study was attended by several of the girls on last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Standing's leave began yesterday. He and Mrs. Standing expect to spend some time at the sea-shore.

On last Thursday evening the King's Daughters and the Y. M. C. A. held a joint meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall.

Walter Gardner who has been spending his vacation from the town school, in our printing office, is a little under the weather.

Mr. William Morris, Secretary for the Mayor of Albany, N. Y., and cousin of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, is a guest of the latter for a few days.

Kitty Silverheels, who was brought in from the country with the typhoid fever, is improving nicely under the care she is receiving at the hospital.

Who was the boy who went to sleep on his cart of dirt, fell off, and was nearly run over by the cart? Never mind! The Man-on-the-band-stand knows.

Mrs. Gomp and son of Albany, N. Y., Mrs. Coble, of Elizabethtown, Pa., and Mrs. Coble, of Mechanicsburg, friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, were here on Monday.

Miss Garter is spending the last two weeks of her vacation among friends in Stockbridge Mass., her old home. She left for the scenes of her childhood on Saturday, having arrived from San Francisco on Thursday.

A young Indian girl recently in crossing the plains noticing that "Saloon" was above the doors of many of the houses in small towns hardly large enough to call towns, said: "Oh, I wish there were not so many saloons in the west."

Miss Lydia Hunt, superintendent of the San Carlos Indian school, Arizona, visited our school this week, on her way to Washington from Western New York, where she has been spending her vacation. Miss Hunt looks as though life in the West agreed with her. She says in some respects Carlisle seems like home. It will be remembered that Miss Hunt was one of our teachers some four years ago. She left, yesterday, for San Carlos.

Standing Conditions of the Fifty Dollar Offer.

Time, November 1st, 1896.

Money must accompany the names.

After the first twenty-five names the contestant may retain 20 cents on a dollar.

State with every list sent that the names are to be counted in the fifty dollar contest.

Those not wishing to join the contest may retain 20 cents on the dollar on all lists of ten or more names.

All the sample copies needed will be sent to canvassers.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! What's that? O, our new hose carriage, and it is a fine one.

Word from Mr. John Given, who went as escort to Elgin, Illinois, with his brother J. B. Given, ill with inflammatory rheumatism, writes that the latter was very tired when he arrived but is resting well now. He intends trying electric baths.

Juan Osif has proven himself the champion potato-bug picker of the season, having made nineteen and one-fourth quarts. Little Levi Willis has done well to pile up five and three-fourths quarts. Indian boys in earnest are better for potato vines than Paris green.

Wheeling by moonlight is fine fun. It would not do to tell, however, that the ruts are not easily seen and in avoiding them, handle-bars lock arms and couples go rolling down hill together. But that is part of the fun for those who are not in it.

Mr. and Mrs. McCain, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, are guests of Miss Luckenbach. Mr. McCain knows something of the details of a printing-office and asked leading questions showing a deep interest in the Indian printer. Mrs. McCain who was Miss Rondthaler is a niece of Miss Luckenbach.

The bric-a-brac and other effects of the late Miss Hamilton are being packed for shipment to her mother in St. Paul. Misses Ely and Luckenbach have been delegated to take charge of the things. Many friends of the deceased have been remembered by keepsakes which will be cherished along with the memory of the loved one so suddenly called. We miss her at every turn and feel that her loss to the work is irreparable.

The many friends of William Petoskey were pleased to see his beaming countenance again this week. William is an old student of Carlisle and one who is always welcome in our midst. He came from Michigan with a party of 7 boys and 4 girls. Miss Rosa Bourassa is in that country and it is through her that the pupils made known their wish to enter Carlisle. William says the crops are good in Michigan and need his attention, hence he remained but one day.

Miss Kate Grinrod, class '89, arrived Saturday to spend a week's vacation from her duties as trained nurse in Philadelphia. "How is Philadelphia?" she was asked after the usual greeting. "Oh, too well for trained nurses," she said with an eye to business; "But," she added, "I cannot complain. I have been busy ever since I graduated two years ago." "What kind of cases do you like the best?" "Typhoids and diphtheria," she responded with a professional air that was very pleasing to her old teachers.

(Continued from First Page.)

the train. A half-asleep cat looks in the same way at a passing object of no interest to cat life.

The bare and scaly feet of this creature protruded from beneath a much worn rag, tightly drawn across her scrawny limbs for a skirt.

Her wizened face bore the marks of a half-century of hardship, privation and suffering.

Her gray locks were scraggy and full of filth, and her long bony fingers resembled the claws of a half-starved gorilla, as she scratched the unwashed scalp of her wretched head.

What was she thinking about?

It is safe to say nothing, or as near nothing as it is possible for such an object in the shape of a human being to think.

"Is that a specimen of the noble red man?" queried the writer to herself.

And whose fault is it that thousands of Indians are allowed to grow into just such mummified looking creatures without having seen the light or tasted the blessings of Christian civilization?

A great responsibility rests somewhere.

HEAT WORTH MENTIONING.

The conductor on the train which conveyed some of the Carlislars to the San Francisco Indian Association, on nearing Mojave declared the heat at The Needles, where the road crosses the Colorado River into California, was so intense during the day, that life was a burden to some people.

"How do you stand it?"

"Stand it! The Needles is the only place on earth I can live," said the conductor who was suffering from some sort of throat trouble.

"How hot does it get?"

"So hot," said the conductor in all earnestness, "that we can break eggs in a frying pan, set the pan out of doors and the sun will do the cooking."

"It is a fact," chimed a passenger from Phoenix, Arizona. "Why in Phoenix, the hens are watched, and as soon as one lays an egg, the egg is immediately picked up by a child detailed to watch."

"What for?" asked the travellers.

"So that the sand and sun will not cook it."

Noticing the Indian girls in the party she continued by way of information:

"You know Phoenix is where there is a large Government Training School, for Indians."

The travelers noticed for themselves that at Mojave some of the forlorn old Indian women who came to the train, carrying babies in their arms for which they charged a nickle a peep, wore sandals cut from old boot legs and tied on in the most curious way, to protect their feet from the burning sands.

SOUNDED THE SAME.

Did you ever try to master a foreign tongue?

No?

Then you can not fully appreciate the difficulties that the Indians meet in their efforts to master the English language.

Words of the same pronunciation and different meaning naturally trouble our pupils, but the running of sounds together in rapid conversation often times produces odd and discouraging misunderstandings.

Rarely, however, do we meet a misunderstanding so complete and interesting as found in the following story related by that famous old Governor of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, wherein both the participants were English speaking.

One day, at a political gathering, he was approached by a well dressed individual, who shook hands warmly with him.

The Governor was a bit bothered and confessed he could not recall the hand-shaker's name.

"Why, you must remember me, Governor," said the latter. "I am from Richmond. I made your shirts."

"Why, of course," said the Governor, with all a politician's tact. "Gentlemen, this is my very excellent neighbor, Major Shirts."

GOOD NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

By request we print the following from *Zion's Watchman*:

To sit and dream like a monk in his cell about being free from the flesh and becoming absorbed in God, as if the end of existence terminated in self, is piety joining hands with stupidity. Christ intends the good man to be, not a Dead Sea which only receives and stagnates but an Ezekiel River, which makes everything live whither it cometh.

All that we obtain we are to pass along. The widow shared the last bit of meal she had in the barrel and the last drop of oil in the cruse. She acted like a Christian. To be a Saint is not simply to be set apart, but to be set apart for use.

Be not simply good—be good for something.

Let your piety make you a greater spiritual force.

Even holiness may become selfish, and certain it is that many persons seeking holiness are nothing more.

Christ not only told the disciples to "tarry," but also to "go," and they were given the first command that they might the better fulfill the second. Oh, "be good for something."

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 3, 4, 5, 2, 7 is what a person's head sometimes does.

My 7, 5, 6, 2, 1 the Navajoes own in large numbers.

My whole is what is liked greatly by the average Indian boy and girl.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Cooler weather.