

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1896.

NO. 51

GEMS.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning.
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain.
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—[SUSAN COOLIDGE.

There is an inward whisper
That tells us every day
What kind of path we're treading,
And when we go astray.

The one who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the one that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat,
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

We are builders, and each one
Should cut and carve, as best he can.
Every life is but a stone,
Every one shall hew his own,
Make or mar, shall every man.

A BRAVE APACHE SWIMMING AGAINST THE TIDE.

The time is fast approaching when all Indians must SWIM or sink. But how can they ever learn to swim if they don't go near the water? The "water," such as is sure to engulf them when it breaks suddenly over the reservation walls, is not now to be found on the reservation.

The heroic spirit breathed in the following lines from Dr. Montezuma, an Apache Indian, who has learned to swim by being plunged into the water, and who is now bravely swimming the tide, with his shingle out among the shingles of thousands of others of his profession in the great city of Chicago, will give courage to all who read the letter:

CHICAGO, Sept. 12, 1896.

DEAR CAPTAIN:

* * * * *
I often think of Carlisle—the heart of the Indian question.

I find in Chicago, people are too busy to take any notice of the rights of the original Americans.

The tide is too great.

The Indians must merge and swim for themselves, sooner or later, and if they are not ready the people will not make an exception for them.

In my youth, I was favored and given the chances.

To accept the favors and use the chances required constancy and hard work.

Now the supports are taken away. I must rely upon my skill to gain my living.

Carlisle is a Government favor for her Indian boys and girls.

What Carlisle advocates is the CHANCES.

As the school begins I hope every pupil will appreciate the favor and use the chances by being obedient and working hard.

Time will come to them as it has in my case, when they must stand up alone and fight for their manhood and womanhood.

Carlisle's loyal Apache friend,

CARLOS MONTEZUMA,
100 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Playing a Game Which Takes Skill.

In a letter but a short time before, to Miss Ely, Dr. Montezuma says:

How I would enjoy a game of croquet! I remember those times that we held our breath at every stroke. I can hear:

"You are dead on him or her."

Miss Ely, I am playing at a game now that requires all my skill.

Beaten occurs on every side in Chicago.

You remember how I enjoyed the game more when I had you and Captain to compete with; I enjoy my practice, just the same, for having skilled physicians to compete with.

It is both discouraging and encouraging, day after day.

I am not down-hearted, but full of life. I often think of Carlisle with its faithful workers. I am happy that I have been in the field with you all.

I realize that I am of "the outing system;" not for a few months but for all of my life.

Yours faithfully, etc.

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.

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Miss Marianna 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.

A young son arrived at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Greer, in Johnstown, last Saturday morning. His friends and relatives were glad to see him, and will make his stay as happy as possible. It will be remembered that Mrs. Greer when with us was Miss Georgie Bratton.

An interested subscriber suggests that animals (horses or mules) should not be driven faster than a walk when attached to a cart, express or farm wagon. In light wagons, mail, milk or market, the gait should not be over five miles an hour. He has observed that this humane treatment of animals is sometimes forgotten by our drivers.

Enos Tomlinson, for several years proprietor of a confectionery store at Newtown, Pa., and well known to a great number of our pupils, died at his late residence on August 30th and was interred in Newtown Cemetery on Sept. 3rd 1896. During the past summer the deceased in company with Mr. Horace G. Reeder of Newtown, paid a short visit to our school.

A Pima boy, who knew so little English when he came about two years ago that he had to enter the Academic department at No. 1, has been on a farm now for a little over a year, and comes back to school this Fall with fifty dollars for his bank account. He went to public school four months, and earned when not in school \$63 in all, spending only 13 dollars for himself. That is business!

George Seorahnah from Laguna, New Mexico, who has been at Carlisle since October 3rd 1886, during which time he enjoyed large privileges under our outing system and earned and saved a considerable sum of money, left for his home Tuesday night. Seorahnah likes the east so well and values the outing privileges Carlisle gives to her pupils so highly that he left money to pay his way back, in order that he may return and take a permanent place offered to him.

A. H. Nash, recording secretary for the Standards, reports that the society has made a good start for the year and that the outlook is encouraging. While last year they had no orchestra at first, this year they have a very good one. The society will welcome all visit-

ors any evening they wish to come. The officers elected at the 1st meeting are: President, Francis Mitchell Cayou; Vice President, Frank Hudson; Recording Secretary, Albert H. Nash; Corresponding Secretary, Edward Peters; Treasurer, Thomas Tygar; Editor of the "Standard Panorama," Leander Gansworth; Critic, Thomas Marshall; Assistant Critic, Howard Gansworth; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Connor.

Who is the ill-bred person, student or otherwise, that would dare go to the desk of another and pick up a paper or anything on the desk and look at it? That is the height of ill-manners, and if the desk be one of a superior officer, how much more marked is the act of disrespect! Nothing breeds contempt sooner on the part of an employer or officer or teacher or FRIEND than such an ill-mannered act. No one has a friend so beloved that he dare do a thing of that kind without running great risk of losing the trust that friend should feel for friend. We must keep HANDS OFF of things we have no right to touch. That is honest! That is good breeding! That is polite! And it is a rule that should be strictly lived up to, by each one of us, no matter where we are, in school or out, at home or abroad.

The need of home missionary work, was the subject at the service on Sunday evening, and the necessity of beginning at home—each one with himself and herself was dwelt upon. It is unfortunate that this feature of home missionary work is often overlooked. We get into the habit of counselling and sitting in judgment on everybody else, and forget ourselves. We need to think and talk to ourselves a great deal. Capt. Pratt led the meeting. A large number took part. Zenia Tibbitts made an earnest appeal to begin with ourselves and then with our friends and associates, and Mr. Dennison Wheelock spoke strongly in regard to the work of missionaries among the Indians.

In Capt. Pratt's absence Saturday night, Mr. Standing conducted the English-speaking meeting. He spoke of the English language as the door to civilization. An Indian in the United States without English was like a person who was not able to read, holding a book in his hand. Of what use would the book be to him? He alluded to some of the new pupils who still felt strange among us. They showed their lack of training by their walk and lounging habits. It would seem that some of them were in the habit of loafing about stores, they seemed out of their element, but he had a word of encouragement for all such, and advised them to know their opportunity and accept the wonderfully good chances that Carlisle affords. He spoke of Benjamin Caswell, '92, Levi Levering '90, and Albert Bishop, '92, whom he met at the St. Paul convention and all of whom are holding Government positions. He would have us leave the past; forget it, and use the present and future. To get anything good it takes work. We need not only to know HOW to work, but to get into the habit of work and to love it.

"Indian girls are natural nurses," says one of the country mothers who has had several of our girls and observed the care they give to the sick.

Corn husking.
Pleasantly cool!
Good bye summer!

These are just the days for the steed of steel.

The ice-man is generous as the days get cooler.

Melissa Green, '95, goes to Metzger College, in town.

Dress parade, twice a week as long as weather permits.

When are girls going to have company drill and dress parade?

The marching out of Assembly Hall is improving wonderfully.

Mr. W. O. Hickok, of Harrisburg, Ex-Yale football player, is coaching our team.

Our foot-ball team plays Dickinson College, to-morrow, at the College Athletic Field.

Tenie Wirth was elected pianist for the ensuing term, by the Susans last Friday night.

The foot-ball players look fine in their new suits of red and old gold—the school colors.

The class in mechanical drawing consisting of twenty members are doing good beginning-work.

Who held the umbrella over himself to keep the rain off while yet under a roof? Don't ask Mr. Harris.

The steam-plant men have begun to feed their hungry boilers, for the comfort of the occupants of the various quarters.

At the service on Sunday afternoon Mrs. Berry sang, in rich contralto voice and with very impressive effect, Gounod's "Entreat me not to Leave thee."

Mr. Paul Johnston and sister Miss Helen Johnston of Harrisburg, and Miss Sara Crawford of Cooperstown, Pa., were callers upon Miss Forster on Tuesday.

The shops are looming up finely. The brick-work on the second story of the western tier is above the windows. No more will they savor of old cavalry stables.

Miss Nellie Lindsay, of Santee, Nebraska, who brought a party of pupils to our school last week and visited friends in the near vicinity, left on Tuesday for her work at Santee.

The Sloyd class now numbers 70 boys and girls. The latest and youngest temporary student is Harcourt Burns who has made several small pieces, of which he is justly proud.

The tin shingles that are going on the new laundry roof are unique, and make a fine looking roof. The red is all right, but where is the old gold to make it uniform with its sister roofs, around?

There are 38 contestants for the FIFTY DOLLAR prize. No very long lists yet! The only way we can hope to get out whole is for many to join. Take hold at once and see if you can't win the prize! There is plenty of time yet. See Standing conditions, last page.

One of the boys whose barbarous parents cut great holes in his ears when a baby, earned the money last summer on a Bucks County farm to pay a physician to sew the great holes shut. Truly that is leaving the Indian behind.

Jack Frost paid his first visit this season, on Saturday night.

FIFTY DOLLARS are offered for the longest list of subscribers before the first of November.

Never sit in the desk chair of a superior officer, teacher or farm father without permission!

If you don't care to join the contest, get a few names for a friend who is in the contest, and help him along.

Johnson Adams, '96, goes to Oklahoma, to take a position as carpenter at one of the agency boarding schools.

Every Susan was present at the first meeting. What better beginning for a prosperous society year could there be than that?

The Lend-a-Hand Circle, formerly conducted by our lamented Miss Hamilton, met for the first time since her death with Miss Luckenbach last Sunday afternoon.

The person who begins the first of October and makes a business of it, stands just as good a chance of winning the fifty dollar prize as the one who began when the prize was first offered.

Miss Quinn has moved into the room formerly occupied by Miss Hamilton, putting in her own furniture recently received from Washington. She may not be quite ready for a "house warming," but her friends are patient.

Rev. D. A. Sanford, Episcopalian Missionary among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who brought a party of pupils from that quarter three weeks ago, was again with us on Tuesday, having stopped over on his way to Oklahoma, his field of labor. Mr. Sanford is full of right views about Indian education, and believes thoroughly in giving Indians all the outing that it is possible to get them to take.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday last and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Edith Smith; Vice-President, Nancy Seneca; Secretary, Cora Cornelius; Treasurer, Dollie Wheelock; Marshal, Olive Yellowface; Reporter, Lottie Horn; Critic, Miss Nellie Robertson; Assistant Critic, Miss Mary Bailey. Visitors present were Mrs. Burns, of Wilmington and Miss Carter.

The following subjects have been brought before the school at the opening exercises, this week: Tectorium, as a Building Material—Miss Weekley; Michael Faraday and his discoveries as a Scientist—Miss Cochran; The International Fair at Buda Pesth and the Millenium Anniversary of the Magyrs—Professor Bakeless. Mrs. Sawyer gave a talk on Leschetizky and played a selection written by him—"The Two Skylarks."

Our school is starting this year under auspicious omens. We never carried so many on roll; never were there so many asking to come to Carlisle; never was the school more prosperous; never did we have a better outlook; never better health; never were prospects better; never more pupils outside making manly and womanly records; never were students down to more solid work; never did they seem happier at their work, and never did we have a more harmonious circle of workers than just now.

BRAINS ARE NECESSARY.

"He is only a printer."

Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy.

Who was the Earl of Stanhope?

He was only a printer.

What was Prince Edward William and Prince Napoleon?

Proud to call themselves printers.

The present Czar of Russia and the Duke of Battenburg are printers, and the emperor of China works in a private printing office almost every day.

William Caxton, the father of English literature was a practical printer.

What were G. P. Morris, E. P. Willis, James Gale, James Parker, Horace Greely, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax?

Printers, all, and practical ones.

In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of large cities and towns.

It is not EVERY one that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary.—[*Progress*.]

Who Can Guess the Last Names of Some of Our Printers?

(1) Discoverer of North River; (2) First name of the same discoverer; (3) Writer of a great dictionary; (4) The way a buckwheat cake should look; (5) A great educator of New England and Arbor Day Man; (6) An eminent Apostle; (7) A Copper vessel; (8) Instruments used in cutting corn; (9) A wheat grinder; (10) What a three-year-old would naturally say after eating something very good.; (11) What every one is who has a regard for truth.

RUM!

All printers will understand the following enumerated evils of rum: It gets into our heads, throws us off our feet, puts us out of register and sorts, batters our forms, makes us to see *s on a cloudy night, causes us to make a wrong use of our *l's* and knocks down the standing matter of others, brings us to *ts points* with our best friends, reduces us to the condition of *floor pi*, gets us into the wrong box, brings us before the bar, and prematurely puts a period to our existence.

GLADSTONE'S TEXT.

Mr. Gladstone has the following text emblazoned over the mantelpiece in his bed room: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is set on Thee".

A '94 STUDENT.

Miss Florence Wells has gone to Chemawa, Oregon, to enter upon her work as teacher in the Government Indian School at that place.—[*The North Star*.]

At the sociable and concert Miss Wells, Mr. and Mrs. George honored us by their presence. Miss Wells comes as a teacher, Mr. George as Industrial teacher and band master, and Mrs. George as assistant nurse.—[*The Chemawa American*.]

Miss Wells graduated from Carlisle in '94, and Mr. and Mrs. George are former Carlisle students.

A DISASTROUS CALAMITY TO NATIONS.

A colored waiter dropped a platter with a turkey thereon, and a gentleman remarked:

Never have I witnessed an event so fraught with disaster to the various nations of the globe.

In this calamity we see the down fall of Turkey, the upsetting of Greece, the destruction of China and the humiliation of Africa.

The devil keeps the weak-hearted from starting for heaven by making them believe the way is all up hill.

A man who will not stand up and fight for his rights when he is right is but of little account in this world.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.
My 5, 9, 10, 1 is a soft shell-fish.
My 6, 10, 11, 4 it does not pay to be.
My 7, 10, 9 is sometimes boxed.
My 2, 3, 12 is used too much in summer.
My 8, 9, 4 is no use to do over spilled water.
My whole is what some of the Indian boys and girls are joining in. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: When the bell rings.

Standing Conditions of the Fifty Dollar Offer.

Time, November 1st, 1896.
Money must accompany the names.
Names must be new.
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.

Two-cent postage stamps in amounts less than a dollar are acceptable.

All the sample copies needed will be sent to canvassors.