

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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NUMBER 31

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

COMFORT one another;
For the way is growing dreary.
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad,
There is heavy burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another
With the hand clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the look of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken;
Gentle speech is oft as manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above,
Ransomed saints and mighty angel
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel.
Where, forever they are praising the Eternal Love.
—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Printed in the HELPER by request.

ACKNOWLEDGING MISTAKES.

How it does HURT to acknowledge a mistake!

And after the rather sudden and severe lesson in this line of discipline, last Saturday night, when fifty or sixty of our Indian young men bravely and openly acknowledged a grave mistake they had made, the following excellent thought taken from the first page of the "Sunday School Times," (always replete with splendid editorial on moral ethics) is specially applicable.

The "Times" says:

It is hard to admit that we are in the wrong.

How easy to step into the line of apologetic succession, and say:

"The woman, the serpent, my temperament, my circumstances!"

Few things more surely reveal our self-love and pride than this instinctive, automatic excuse-making.

There is little hope for our growth in virtue unless we make up our minds frankly to admit the truth about ourselves, no matter how it hurts.

No man can afford to play ostrich.
Self-deception is seldom genuine, and conscious duplicity ruins.

"We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

To acknowledge our mistakes is not only wise, and marks an advance in self-knowledge, but it means self-mastery, spiritual victory.

WHEN WE PULL UP THE WEED WE
LEAVE A CLEAN PLACE FOR A FLOWER.

WAS IT AN INDIAN PRINTER?

A compositor in a printing-office was setting type at this verse of scripture:

"And Daniel had an excellent spirit in him."

But he made it read:

"And Daniel had an excellent SPINE in him."

Mr. Spurgeon said it was not much of a mistake.

All good men now-a-days need an "excellent spine."

They require to hold the TRUTH in its integrity, to believe it upon the word of its divine Author, and then stand erect and unflinching whatever opposition befalls them.

CARELESSNESS LEADS TO ILLNESS.

"What is the matter with Blank?"

"He has the Pneumonia and is very ill," replied Miss Barr, chief nurse at the hospital, to the writer who had gone to inquire about one of the printers. "I was up with him all night, and his temperature was very high."

"How did he get so ill, do you suppose?"

"O, he is careless, MORE than careless. He wears no underflannels, and he is a person who perspires profusely. He plays ball very hard, and in a dripping wet condition, with every pore open and running perspira-

(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

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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.

Maria Marmon, who was reported ill with pneumonia, in the country, is rapidly recovering.

We see by the Ft. Lewis "Outlook" that Morgan Toprock is playing 2nd baseman for their school baseball team.

Dr. Montezuma writes that he is "still on the war path and will not stop until the true Americans are absorbed into civilization." The Doctor may still be found at 100 State St., Chicago. The Chicago civilization has surely absorbed ONE Apache.

Sixty views of our school, in the form of a souvenir will be sent FREE to any one sending us ten subscriptions for the HELPER and two cents extra to pay postage. The booklet sells for 25 cents cash, post-paid. A very good idea of the school may be had by a look through these photographic illustrations.

It is not a good plan for an Indian boy or girl to change his or her name, to satisfy the whims of some friend or other. Don't do it! Don't be PERSUADED to do it! Retain your father's last name always. That is the family name. Your father's name is the name by which you will be known when you come to inherit his property. If you wish to adopt a friend's name do so by writing it BEFORE your father's name. By following the advice of the Man-on-the-band-stand, you may save yourself some trouble in the future.

The death of Julia Jonas, last week, touched the hearts of all with a peculiar sadness, coming as it did immediately after her graduation. Julia was with us six years. She came from Idaho and was of the Nez Perce tribe. She began in school No. 6, and passing through all the grades reached No. 12 and graduated with this year's class, although she was not able to take her final examinations nor to be photographed with the rest of the class. She has been confined to the hospital for three months, a great sufferer during the latter part of the time, from tuberculosis of the lungs.

At the side of her dying daughter for the past two or three weeks sat the mother, who came all the long distance from Idaho to see her daughter die, as she expressed it. She

speaks no English, but through her son who came with her, she said, "I have seen my husband and six of my children die with consumption, and I came to see this, my seventh." Julia was conscious to within an hour of her death, and took great comfort in talking with her mother.

An impressive funeral service was held in the school chapel, Rev. Dr. Norcross, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Carlisle, officiating. The casket was completely covered with flowers, offerings from teachers, friends and the Nez Perce pupils. The body was embalmed and taken to Idaho. The party in charge consisted of Mrs. Harriet Elder Stuart, Mr. Levi and Mrs. Jonas, who left on Friday evening.

Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing has returned from Nashville, where he has been in charge of the placing of the Indian exhibit, at the Centennial Exposition, in progress there. He says the Government building is not finished, but the Indian exhibit is up and in good shape. When everything is arranged as planned the grounds and Exposition will be well worth a visit. When asked what he thought of Tennessee as a climate he said it is a good climate, and spoke of the magnificent horses driven in and around Nashville. He also alluded to the large number of colored people in that section. The uneducated colored population of the South, Mr. Standing thinks, is a far more serious problem for the people of the United States than is the Indian.

Until a young person learns to DENY himself some of the things he can as well do without; until he learns to save most of his pennies, he is ALWAYS going to be a sort of beggar and dependent. Let us do without the finest of shoes, the most costly wheels, an over supply of neckties, shiny watch chains which are mostly brass; do without watches, and kid-gloves, clothing that we want for show but do not need, bright ribbons and imitation gold pins and rings; do without these things and take good care of what we HAVE, then as we grow older we will acquire a habit of thrift and economy, (NOT STINGINESS) that will be a blessing to ourselves and to all our friends.

Two Comanche Chiefs—Quanah Parker and Big Lookingglass, with William Tivis, class '90, as interpreter, a Kiowa chief, Ah pea-tone, with John D. Jackson, Chilocco student as interpreter, and Apache Chief John, formed an interesting delegation of visitors this week, on their way to Oklanoma from Washington. Quanah Parker's wife Too-nah-suh was with him. With the exception of long braided hair which six of them wore the men were all dressed as civilized people.

"I would be ashamed to come back to the school from which I graduated, wearing long hair, as William Tivis did last week," said one of our present advanced boys. The Man-on-the-band-stand could not say a word in his defence. Tivis was very modest about it, however, and his hair was beautifully braided and worn under his coat collar as though he himself was a little ashamed of it. He is looking very well, and we hear many good reports about him.

Frogs in the throat are in fashion.
Mr. George Foulke rides a wheel.
The lawn-mowers sang their first song this week.

Mrs. Dr. Daniel is spending a few days in Washington

Matilda Jamison went to her home in New York, last week.

Miss Weekley is bravely battling with her new Silver King.

For rosy cheeked girls look into the laundry these warm days.

George Suis, ('95) is quite ill with pneumonia, in the school hospital.

Our baseball team plays Mercersburg Academy, tomorrow at Mercersburg.

What one sees depends on what one is, as well as upon what is before one's eyes.

The roads were in perfect condition for wheeling before the rain storm of Wednesday night.

The horse-chestnut by the band-stand is at present the most beautiful tree on the grounds.

Mrs. Corbett says she believes that our sewing room is one of the pleasantest in the country, and she is right.

Kiowa Interpreter John Jackson who was here Wednesday is a nephew of Emily, one of our first Kiowa girls.

The Wisteria vine in front of Captain's residence is at its very finest now, and fills the air with fragrance.

Miss Rose Bourassa has returned from Philadelphia, much benefited from treatment received at the Eye Hospital.

Was apple-tree ever more beautiful than the one by Miss Forster's door during the early part of the week?

It was a stirring meeting we had Saturday night? Indeed there was a little more of a stir than some of the large boys liked

The flower beds in front of girls' quarters and around the walnut tree have been made this week, and potted plants transplanted therein.

A game of ball between our team and Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, on Saturday, resulted in a score of 5 to 3, in favor of Gettysburg

James Wheelock and his clarinet went to Mechanicsburg Tuesday evening to assist the Dickinson law students in their presentation of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.

A man on the farm who gets mad, abuses stock, jerks the horses and bangs the implements around ought to lose his place and suffer for the necessities of life for a time.

Miss Ericson has been detailed by the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs as Instructor in Sloyd to serve at the Institutes of Indian teachers to be held at Omaha, Nebr., Ogden, Utah, and Portland, Oregon, in July and August next.

Two wheels were smashed this week through careless riding. There are times in one's life when it is quite necessary to possess a head and eyes, and one of those times is when riding a bicycle. A reckless rider will be reckless in other lines. Nearly everything we do shows character.

Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel have moved into the lower story of the house formerly occupied by Dr. Daniel's family, and look as cozy and comfortable as can be.

Mr. Standing says they "carried" him everywhere down in Tennessee. In the same parlance we might say we are having "right smart" showers this week.

Mrs. Thomas of the laundry was off duty Wednesday attending to a far pleasanter duty, that of witnessing the marriage of her daughter to Mr. Boswell, of Carlisle.

Chief Quannah Parker talks better English every time he comes East. If he would lend himself to study for a few months or a year he could talk as well as any one.

Ah-pea-tone, the Kiowa chief who was here on Wednesday with the delegation, is a brother of Mrs. Laura Doanmoe, whose history as a Carlisle pupil is well known.

Mrs. Senseney, of Chambersburg, is again visiting her daughter who is vocal instructress at the school. Mrs. Senseney is always a welcome guest at the school to more than her daughter.

The dining-hall is beginning to have a thin aspect, the effect of the summer's exit of pupils to country homes, and yet we have enough pupils left to make two good schools.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are fixing up the court of the shop buildings in handsome shape. It will contain flower beds and grass plats, and add greatly to the appearance of that part of the grounds.

Have you noticed these fine evenings that after we have been out of the snop for a whole hour, and eaten our suppers, the whistles in town blow for those in the factories to stop work. Who dares to think we have a hard time of it?

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Pratt, President of the Carlisle Fortnightly, and Mrs. Senseney, President of the Chambersburg Fortnightly joined quite a company of ladies from Carlisle and Chambersburg, on their way to attend a reception held at Lebanon, in honor of the State Federation of Women's Literary Clubs.

Professor Bakeless, who returned from a little visit over Sunday with his father at the old home in the northern part of the State, says he never remembers a more beautiful Spring than the present one. The mountain sides are covered with wild-flowers, and vegetation is charming in its freshness and exuberance.

Up to within a few years hardly a Kiowa could speak English, and most of their business with the Government had to be done through the Comanche tongue. In the past few years they have taken more kindly to schools with the result that a number of their young men and women can now be used as interpreters.

Miss Quinn, one of us up to Tuesday last, has been transferred to the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., at a very greatly advanced salary. The literary circles of the school will greatly miss her, and the pupils whom she has had under her charge from time to time reluctantly part with a valued friend and adviser. We congratulate Miss Quinn in this her good fortune.

(Continued from the First Page.)

tion, he throws himself down in the breeziest place he can find to cool off."

"Isn't that all right?"

"All right? No, indeed. Let the wind strike a person in perspiration and the pores will suddenly close up. That is when the mischief begins. The person becomes ill with high fever."

"How should one who is perspiring very much treat himself?"

"He should do as all our boys are taught to do, and all who are willing to listen to good advice DO do, that is they take a tepid bath and rub themselves down well after vigorous exercise. Then there is no danger of taking cold."

"But it is not always convenient to take a bath immediately."

"Then he should put on extra clothing—a coat or a sweater, and find a place to sit where there is no draft."

"Just as trotting-horses are treated?"

"Certainly! You never see a man with a valuable trotting-horse allow him to stand where the wind strikes him, when he is sweating after a trot."

"Of course not," said the writer. "Then you think that human beings who are much more delicately built than horses, should take as good care of themselves as horse-jockeys take of horses?"

"Exactly."

DICKINSON'S FIELD SPORTS IN WHICH THE INDIANS TOOK PART.

The "Daily Herald" of Carlisle has this to say of the sports of Saturday last:

The annual track and field sports of Dickinson College were held on Saturday afternoon, and exceeded in interest any ever held before by the college. The weather was delightful to contestants as well as spectators, as it was not so warm as to be enervating. The Indian School Band was seated in the centre of the field and discoursed delightful music throughout the afternoon.

The Relay Races.

The most interesting events were the mile relay races. The race between the Indian School and College teams was won by the former. The college men led by about fifteen yards till the last lap when Cayou (Indian) reduced the lead and won by a good margin.

Nash, the Indian, ran first for the Preparatory School and gave it a lead which was soon reduced by the Normal runners and when the last runner for the Preparatory School, Cayou, started his opponent was fully twenty yards in advance. Cayou rapidly

gained and passed him on the home stretch, winning by almost the distance he had been handicapped.

The Evening Sentinel said this:

They were the best ever held under the auspices of old Dickinson. The most interesting event was the relay race between the Carlisle Indian School and the college teams, in which the former won.

Frank Cayou came off best in the 100 yards dash, also the 220 yards run. Albert Nash won the half-mile run.

The Indians who ran in the relay were: Albert Nash, William Wolf, George Bacon, Frank Shively and Frank Cayou.

Had it not been for the marvelous running of Cayou and Nash, who are Preps, Shippensburg would have won the contest with Dickinson Preparatory.

THE WAY THE WORK GROWS.

A subscriber who is 73 years of age was asked to speak for the Indian at a recent meeting.

The person who presided mentioned that she had intended to take the little paper published at Carlisle.

Our venerable friend said:

"Let me send for it for you;" which she did. She also loaned her the Souvenir, which was made good use of.

Our friend says at the close of her letter: "Though not able to do much, I am always ready to speak a good word for the Indians in whom I became interested as a child."

If every subscriber would feel called upon to do even this much for the Indian and for the HELPER, it would mean a wonderful growth of circulation and interest in a short time.

The news we like to hear: A subscriber says, "Send 15 or 20 sample copies to ———. I handed to a friend the sample copy you sent which added one to your subscription list." We have a longer list this year than ever before—12,000 in all, and with a little substantial aid on the part of those interested we shall be able to keep up the number and even increase it. At least see that your friend subscribes. If each of our 12,000 subscribers would send in one new name, just see what a tremendous lift it would be to the cause! It would help the HELPER help by enlarging its field of usefulness. The HELPER puts to blush the narrators of old time, blood-curdling tales of Indian savagery. The NEW Indian, is the one we deal with.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 5, 4, 3 is a kind of carriage.

My 6, 7, 1 is a small bed.

My 9, 2, 8, 11 is a taste some apples have.

My 12, 10, 4 is a large body of water.

My whole is a class of Indian boys who were exceedingly uncomfortable all through the talk of last Saturday night

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Old Walnut.