

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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TO EVERY MAN A WORK

NO MAN is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do:
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life than lie
Unmindful on its flowery strand
Of God's occasions drifting by.

Better with tensioned nerve to bear,
The needles of this goading air
Than in the lap of sensual ease forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike will
to know.

—WHITTIER.

WHO CALLS?

"Progress" contains a most excellent address to the graduates of the Indian Industrial School, at Regina, North West Territory, by Professor Baird. We re-print a part of it for the benefit of our graduates as well as for all of the readers of the HELPER:

There lies a river not many miles to the north of us here which I suppose most of you have seen and on the banks of which I suppose perhaps some of you were born—a river called by a pretty French name, the Qu'Appelle.

Qu'Appelle.

It is a name which in English means "Who calls?"

This River is a remarkable one and its valley makes a deep impression on everyone who has travelled along it, and indeed on everyone who has even seen it at all.

The deep cleft which it makes through the prairie, the winding stream, the peculiar shaped hills which border the valley—bare on the north side of the stream and covered with wood on the south side—all this makes an impres-

sion on the beholder which can never be forgotten.

"Who calls?" it says.

And you know there is a strange and weird legend told of the way in which the River got its name.

It is a story how an Indian in the valley heard voices in the air—strange voices that led him on, and on, and on.

There is a lesson in this for every one of us.

Whether we live on the banks of this River or not, the air is for us full of voices; and what I want to try to do for you to-day is to help you to distinguish some of those voices so that you may hear them more clearly and be ready to obey them more heartily.

Who is it that is calling you? Listen to the voices and if you listen attentively you will hear at least these three:—

Your country is calling you.

Your people are calling you.

God is calling you.

Your Country is Calling.

It is surely very plain that your country is calling you.

The Government has watched over you and done what it can to take care of you all your lives long.

It has made mistakes no doubt sometimes, but honestly and faithfully it has tried to do its duty in the way of giving you an education.

The building in which we are met here today, the staff of this school and all its appliances show how really the Government is interested in your welfare.

And now it is calling you to leave behind everything that is mean and base and ignorant and become citizens with a lofty ideal before you.

Your country invites you to share with all its other citizens the responsibility which belongs to those who live in this land.

I do not speak to you as Indians: I speak to you young men and young women who are leaving a high school or a college and going out into the world to take up responsibilities and to make a living for themselves.

Your country is calling you to live worthily.

(Continued on last page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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 Cherokee Training School, Cherokee, N. C., held Commencement Exercises on the 16th, to which we were invited.

The Pottawatomie Indian Boarding School, Hoyt, Kansas, has very neatly printed invitations out for the Third Annual Exhibition to their school, held the 18th.

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, invitations for Commencement and Graduating Exercises for the 23rd, have come to hand. They graduate from the Senior Commercial Class; Senior Normal Class and Ninth Grade of Grammar School.

Invitations to the Graduating Exercises of the Indian Industrial School at Genoa, Nebraska, for June 22, were received, and the program accompanying the invitation makes us want to attend, but distance and official business prevent. It is Genoa's first graduating class.

Neatly printed invitations to and programs of the closing exercises of the Albuquerque Indian Industrial School for the 22nd have been received. We notice that Annie Lockwood is to have an essay on "Value of education" and Stya Kowacura is to play the piano for the occasion.

There are those at the school now, who were here when Dr. Grinnell, of Pasadena, was school physician, years ago. We remember his son Joseph. We used to call him Joe, didn't we? Finely engraved invitations were received this week to attend the Graduating exercises, on the 21st, of the Throop Polytechnic Institute, California. He seems to be the only graduate from the College, while there are 15 from the Academy and ten from the Sloyd Normal.

A large hay-wagon, in the bottom of which were some stray straws, serving as seats for Miss Richenda Pratt, Miss Irene Daniel, Miss Nickerson and others with Chaperon Mrs. Sawyer, drove out at the guard-house gate last Tuesday evening, on the start for Holly. They formed but the beginning of a load of young people from town. Mr. George Foulke had hold of the reins as the four prancing livery horses danced to the tune of tooting horns. It is best not to know the hour of return, but it is safe to say that the young people had a good time even though the straws were scarce.

The school was greatly favored on Tuesday evening with an address from Dr. Josiah Strong, of literary fame. He had come on a visit, and Capt. Pratt asked him to give us a talk, which he kindly consented to do. He spoke specially to the Indian boys and girls. He did not speak to them as Indians, but as young people struggling for advancement. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke of his youth," was the foundation stone of his talk. The school had sung in a very spirited manner, "My country 'tis of thee," and Dr. Strong felt the spirit of the song as he had never done before. No people in the world had a better right to sing "My country," in all its meaning than had the Indians of the United States in singing of this their native land.

He referred to the blessing of work in a way that was forceful, and held his audience bound in attention. He had written to a hundred prominent men at one time, asking them of their boyhood days, and all but two or three had answered that they had risen to prominence through hard work. They were poor, as boys, and had to struggle to get through school and college. His illustrations of self-mastery, and the importance of governing oneself will be remembered.

We gain strength by overcoming resistance. Take a person from a poor environment and put him in a good environment and it is a great blessing. These Indian boys and girls were specially blessed having been transplanted from their home surroundings to a new and better environment, he said.

We used often to see Indian boys working here-a-bouts in good clothing and in their white shirts. It really required a great deal of talk, much tact and some punishment to lead them to see that best suits and white shirts did not look well on boys at work, but now-a-days we see little of such foolishness. We work when we work, and wear work clothing; we play when we play and wear play clothing; we rest when we rest on Sundays and holidays and wear clothing that goes with such occupation, and thus keep the respect of our friends who are thrifty and wise. But once in awhile, even yet, some dude of a fellow has to be reminded to change his clothing.

Those who went yesterday to the Northfield Summer School for Bible Study, as delegates from our school Y. M. C. A. are Professor Bakeless, Thomas Marshall, Joseph Blackbear, Frank Cayou, Jacob Jamison, Louis McDonald, Edward Peterson, Leander Gansworth, Ralph Taylor, and Vincent Nahtailsh. They have taken a tent, and who says they will not have a delightful as well as profitable time?

Our summer school of printing has advantages that we cannot give in winter. The workers are mostly all day, and each man can remain at a special piece of work till the job is completed, and there is more opportunity in summer for individual instruction.

Wedding announcements are out for the marriage of Reuben Wolfe, class '92, and Rose May Corden, on June 30, at the Genoa Indian School, Nebraska. The happy couple has the best wishes of friends at Carlisle.

Have you heard Miss Keto sing?

Vacation.

Canteloupes?

Stuart Hazlett has joined the typo-brigade. The Misses Bird, of Philadelphia, are guests of Mrs. Spray.

We hope all will read Prof. Baird's address on the first page.

537 of our students are now out on farms; 225 at the school.

The best wheeling is on the slate road across the Conodoguinet.

The school-rooms are undergoing their vacation calsoining and cleaning.

Some of the roofs of the buildings which badly needed paint are getting it.

There is no trouble in getting volunteers to go to the lower farm to pick cherries.

Mr. and Mrs. William Scott of Jenkintown, were guests of Mrs. Thomas this week.

Mr. Kensler has been in Philadelphia for a week. He says the city is all there.

Chambersburg can boast of fine roads, but what's the matter with enterprising Carlisle?

Miss Campbell is taking part of her leave, visiting friends in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

Joseph Adams is rustivating at Hotel de Howe in the South Mountain, at Hunters' Run.

The entire lot of school wagons has been renovated and made to look "something-like" again.

The country roads in the vicinity of Carlisle are abominable for wheeling. There is work for the L. A. W. in this section.

How do the Indian girls use their education after they go home? Read "Stiya." 50 cents post paid; address HELPER.

Miss Hulme, Miss Cummins, and David McFarland are booked for California with the Christian Endeavor excursion.

Julia Williams, class '97, who has since graduation been teaching at our school, left for her home in Michigan last week.

The bakery keeps up to time. Never has better bread or ginger bread been turned out, than since Taylor Smith took the management.

The Souvenirs are going. 60 views of our school post paid, for 25 cents, or FREE for TEN subscriptions and two cents extra for postage.

Art teacher Miss Forster spends a part of her vacation hours in sketching scenes in the meadow, bringing out very pleasing results in light and shade.

The shop-court park is beginning to put on an attractive appearance. A nickel collection was taken up from students and faculty with the result that a very nice variety of plants and flowers has been placed in the large heart-shaped bed.

Delia Randall is here. She has finished her course at the New Haven School of Nursing, but expects to return to that city to do private nursing. Delia has made a success at her work thus far. She looks better than we ever saw her, and there is a purpose stamped in her every move which bespeaks further success.

According to science the growing boy or girl who will not sit erect and stand erect will very likely die of consumption before he or she is thirty.

Misses Hill and Bowersox are bound to make the grass grow in the new plat in front of their rooms, if watering and care will bring it up.

We hear casually that Dr. Daniel likes his new field of labor in Montana, and that he is Superintendent of the Sunday School, at the Blackfeet Agency.

Mrs. Bakeless was called to her home in Milroy, on Sunday, on account of the illness of her mother who had swallowed a chicken bone, which caused great suffering for a time.

The mowing of our large lawn by mower is not half so tedious or tiresome as to go around the paths with hand shears and cut the grass which the mower does not reach. Yet the service is performed by willing boys, and the lawn and walks look the better.

Three blades of grass were growing fine, in field twice eight by ten, but those three blades were in decline while tramped by feet of men; so little fence with corners square and lumber from the mill, was built around the grass with care; now sheltered by a hill.

Alex. Upshaw, '97, who has been attending school at Bloomsburg, ran in upon us, last Tuesday. He is going to Northfield as a delegate from the Bloomsburg Y. M. C. A. Alex. is looking remarkably well, and says he has to study "hard enough," to keep up with his classes.

Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Senseney left on Tuesday for New York, where they will spend a part of their annual leave in the study of music, which is in the line of their school work. Miss Kittie Nickerson, of Meriden, Connecticut, a niece of Mrs. Sawyer has been visiting her aunt for a few days and went with her to New York.

Bandmaster Dennison Wheelock, wife, and baby Edmund arrived Wednesday from Wisconsin, it being the expiration of Mr. Wheelock's leave of absence. We have not seen Edmund, but have heard his musical voice at a distance and judge that Wisconsin is a good place to develop lung capacity.

Joseph Blackbear is spending a happy and well-earned vacation in New York. He visited Mr. and Mrs. Gallop in Jersey City, went thence to Albany and to West Point. His day trip down the Hudson he turned into a profitable history lesson. From New York he went with the party to Northfield, to Mr. Moody's Summer School for Bible Study.

Which one of the little orderly boys is careless and lazy about his hat? No, sir, not Healey; but, b—, b—; Well, we will not say, now. We will wait a little longer. He stops, too, when sent on an errand. The other little boys are real little business men. You never see them stopping to talk or to look at things, but they go STRAIGHT to the place they are sent and hurry right back. THEY show the beginnings of successful business men. The little lazy boy will never be a successful business man, unless he changes his ways.

ly, so that you may serve her and be better able to advance her interests as one of the nations of the world.

Your People are Calling You.

This is a cry that you have heard already, I am sure, and that you will many a time hear again.

I am glad to think that the fathers and mothers of some of you are Christians; but in some cases very likely this is not so, and out of the dim light and imperfect knowledge which they have, they are asking you to help them so they may see more clearly the Light which is life.

They tell you again and again that you have had opportunities and advantages far greater than fell to their lot, and they urge you to do what lies in your power to better and brighten the lives of your own people.

A great sadness has come upon many of the older men and women of your people.

Their habits of life and their way of earning a livelihood have changed greatly since the white man came among them, and in many cases they do not understand why it should be so.

Let it be your part to show that you can adapt yourselves to this new mode of living.

The future of the Indian race in our land depends very greatly upon young men and women like you.

If you prove worthy, the way will be opened for other of your people and great comfort and peace and usefulness will be theirs because you will have shown them the way in which they can make the most of their lives.

God Calls You.

He speaks to you with a still, small voice; but it is a voice to which you must not fail to give heed.

It is the voice of conscience within you.

Through that, God speaks to you and invites you to spend your life in the way in which it will do the most good.

Some of you are going out to live among white people, I am glad to know.

Others of you very likely will find yourselves making a home among your relatives.

But important as it is that you should make a wise choice in regard to the place where you should live, it is far more important that you should live your life in the right way; and the way in which you can make the best use of whatever abilities you have, the only way in which you can make the best use of the education you have received in this school, is by giving heed to the voice of God within your own heart.

I am glad to know that you have heard this voice already; that you have declared your intention of obeying it; that you have professed yourselves on the Lord's side. God has spoken sweet messages to your hearts. Live near to Him. Do not allow yourselves to spend your time in company where God's voice is not heard; and the blessing of God will be with you.

INDIAN GIRLS AT THE ZOO.

It is not all work and no play for our country pupils. Lettie Scott writes of what a pleasant time she and several of the girls had recently. She says:

"On the 9th of this month Mrs. Satterthwait, daughter of Mrs. C. B. Shoemaker, sent an invitation to all the Indian girls of Lansdowne to go to the Zoological Garden with her. This was, of course, accepted by all the girls and we were lucky to have our country people let us go.

We took the trolley at 9:30 o'clock A. M. with our big lunches and went just as fast as the trolley could go. We would probably have gone faster if it was in our power, for we were all very anxious to see the (monkeys) animals.

We arrived at the Zoological Garden about 10:30 o'clock.

The first building we went through was the building where the lions, panthers and other animals of the cat family belong.

After we went through the Lion House, the next thing we had to do was to get ready for the monkeys; and the way to prepare for them is to have peanuts.

When we reached the Monkey House we were very much disappointed to find it closed, so all we had to do was to go around and look at other animals which were enough to keep us busy laughing.

After we went round to a few houses we were caught by a disease that was contagious so we had to look for a medicine, and the best medicine we found was our lunch.

Mrs. Satterthwait and Izora were very stylish.

When they ate their dessert, which was strawberries, they sprinkled pepper over them (but I must say it was accident.)

After dinner we spied the new Monkey House, so now you can just imagine us having our fun.

My paper isn't large enough to tell you all that happened that day, but I can tell you we had all the fun we could have had that day.

We left the Garden well paid for our trip, but we cannot make Mrs. Satterthwait realize how thankful we are for her to spend her time in taking us out for a pleasure."

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 4, 6, 7, 2 is the round top of a building.

My 5, 8, 3 is a large body of water.

My 1, 6, 5, 8 is a beautiful flower.

If we do not 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 during the summer vacation we shall find in the fall that we have rusted, mentally.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Car-
liste Indians.