

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII.

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ONE THING HE DID NOT LEARN.

YEARS and years he spent at college.
Filling up his head with knowledge—
Learning Hebrew, Latin, Greek—
Growing wiser week by week.
But one thing he did not learn—
How his daily bread to earn;
Now his time he does employ
Hunting for a job—poor boy!

MAKING A MAN.

Golden Truth from the Editorial Page of The Sunday School Times

Every man is self made, as well as God made.

Every man is as much of a man, and has as many good qualities, as he himself determines.

"What an ideal man I could create, if I had the power to combine in one man the best things I see in some of the best men I know!" said a young man.

But he has that privilege and that power.

Does he admire the tact and winning courtesy of one man, the intensity and tireless energy of another, the balance and good judgment of another, the apparently inexhaustible knowledge of another?

Does he turn in strong dislike from one man's brusqueness and lack of courtesy and polish, from another's irritability, from another's easy-going slowness, from another's carelessness and lack of method?

It rests with him as a child of God, to bring into his own life, by tireless study and practice, those characteristics he so admires in others.

It is in his power to keep out from his own life, by equal vigilance and prayer, those things that seem to him to lessen another's usefulness.

Our heavenly Father has given us a place in the world.

He would have us at our best.

And he alone can enable us to grow into the likeness of the only perfect Man the world has ever known.

A REAL INDIAN COMMENCEMENT.

The Needle's "Eye," says of the Government Indian School, at Ft. Mojave, Arizona, that the past year has been one of unusual success, harmony and advancement. In describing the closing exercises recently held there, it is interesting to read of the unique scene.

Several days previous the parents began to assemble, and by Friday morning about 300 Indians of both sexes, all "Mechike," filled the parade grounds.

Their picturesque costumes of bright, gaudy colors—red and white predominating—intermingling with the dark green foliage of the numerous shade trees which adorn the plaza, formed a picture of unique beauty as in wanton fancy they wandered here and there.

The kindergarten formed the chief attraction for the parents. They seemed to enjoy and appreciate the songs and games of their little ones as much as their brethren of lighter hue.

A "great talk" was held by Supt. McKoin in front of his quarters. A view of this assemblage would have afforded a rare treat to one unaccustomed to the sight.

After the "great talk" was finished Supt. McKoin gave all the Indians a "big eat" and a cordial invitation to the closing exercises at night. This produced a state of satisfaction and harmony indescribable.

It is but scant praise to state that all the exercises were well executed and reflected great credit upon the superintendent, teachers and pupils, but some deserve special praise.

"Some of the Customs and Beliefs of the Mojaves," a paper of rare intrinsic merit, written by Herb Kennawa, a full-blood Mojave, was full of quaint folk lore.

(Mr. Kennawa's paper will be printed in full in the August "Red Man.")

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Read some.

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER IS PRINTED by Indian boys, out
EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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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.

We find happiness in proportion as we re-
spect our work and strive to excel in it.
—[President MacAlister, of Drexel.

New mission buildings have recently been
erected among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes;
so Rev. D. A. Sanford, reports on a business
postal card.

The report that is going the rounds of the
papers to the effect that a white man represent-
ing an English syndicate married a Carlisle
girl by the name of Pretty Eyes is entirely
false.

The elaborately gotten up invitations to the
Fourth Annual Commencement Exercises of
the Chilocco Indian Training School, Okla-
homa quite take the lead in that sort of
thing.

A business letter from John Webster, '98,
who is spending his summer on a New Jersey
farm, shows good spirits and interest in his
work. In speaking of hay harvest he says he
does the unloading, which requires the hand-
ling of a fork pulled by a team of horses.

At the close of a letter from Samuel C. Deon,
so long a pupil with us, and now at his home
in Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, he gives
a very interesting piece of news. He says: "I
have a wonderfully sweet little baby boy. He
was born June 6th. He has no name yet."

Very interesting Commencement Exercises
were held at the Santa Fe, New Mexico, In-
dian Training School on the 21st and 22nd.
A good account of the proceedings has been
furnished for the August "Red Man," by one
of their force of workers. We see that Hugh
Soucea, class '94, of Carlisle gave a creditable
oration upon "The present, the Golden Age."

A cheery letter from Julia Ladeaux says
that she arrived safely at Pine Ridge, South
Dakota, and found her brother George living
in a very comfortable home. She feels very
proud of her brother, for doing well. She has
heard of a number of Carlisle students who
are on the good road. Some are not. Julia
thinks the Agency a very lonely place. Lydia
Biddle Ironaglefeather was met by her father
and mother at Valentine. Robert Horse and
Maggie Oldeagle are married and doing well.
Lizzie Stands is working at the Mission School,
about four miles from the Agency.

Mr. Dennison Wheelock who returned from
the Oneida reservation, Wisconsin, last week,
reports that his people are doing as well as
they can under the circumstances. They
have improved their farms but will have
poor crops this year as the weather there has
been too cold for a good yield of grain.

Martin Archiquette, class '91, is teaching at
the Menominee Boarding School.

Josiah Powlas, class '91' is still teaching a
day school with good success.

Thos. Schanandore and wife Zippa, whom
he recently married are well and happy as can
be.

Mrs. Jemima Wheelock Cornelius, class '90,
whose husband died last winter at their home
in Wisconsin, has become the mother of a
son, whom she has named McKinley.

Professor Bakeless of the Northfield party,
says by letter that they arrived last Friday.
They have gone into camp and the boys are
quite hilarious. He thinks their cooking is
surely going to "stick to the ribs." All are
taking great interest in the meetings, and
have listened to several most inspiring ad-
dresses. The Indian boys are making a good
impression and are treated most kindly. Jam-
ison has pitched one game of ball.

Amy Dolphus says that Emmeline Patter-
son, Wanady Parker, Sara Kennedy and she are
living together in the country and have lots
of fun along with their work, "We do not
mind the work, though," she says. "Wanady
and I are the waitresses and Sara and Em-
meline are the cooks. The Indian girls are
going to give an entertainment at the end of
next month. I hope that we will not fail "

Leila Cornelius, '96, who finished the
Private Secretary's course at Drexel this Spring,
wore for her graduation dress a handsome
summer material which cost when made up
just 63 cents. The Man-on-the-band-stand
liked that, and so did Miss Cornelius' friends,
who said she looked as well as the rest of the
graduates, some of whom wore expensive
dresses.

Robert Hudson, '98, is rustivating at his
home in Western New York. He has already
visited several towns of interest, among others
Jamestown. He has looked around among
the printing offices and been well treated.
Robert intended to work in a store this sum-
mer, but has wisely concluded to spend as
much of his time out of doors as possible.

Katie Grinrod, '89, who for several years
has been practicing her profession of nursing
in the great city of Philadelphia, requests a
change of address in street and number. She
says she envies us these warm days as she
finds the city anything but cool.

Joseph Evans, of Blackfeet Agency, Mon-
tana, has a unique way of renewing his sub-
scription. He says: "Dear HELPER: It has
been a long time since we lost sight of each
other. You will please find enclosed ten cents
to keep company with me for a year."

Edward Marsden has gone to Ann Arbor,
from Cincinnati, so he says by postal card
directing change of address.

A subscriber from Plainview, says she
has taken the HELPER for ten years and still
wants it.

Market is full of cherries.

Oh, these dreadful midges!

Wait till the apples are ripe!

Making excuses is never excusable.

Humidity brings humility to all who wear curled bangs.

Messrs. Kemp, Norman and Pierce are off on their annual leave.

Delightful weather thus far, but just now a warm wave is upon us.

The fence around the three blades of grass has had a coat of red paint.

Phebe Brown has gone to spend the summer with relatives at Pittsburg.

Miss Bowersox has gone to Washington to take in the lions of the Capital City.

Joseph Adams has returned from Hunters' Run very much improved in health.

Mabel Buck did not remain at Pittsburg as she expected to, and is with us again.

Mr. Standing has gone to Western New York on business connected with the school.

We are favored with a good supply of wholesome, cool cistern water. No Conodoginitis for us.

Dahnola Jessan is acting foreman of the printing-office in the absence of Leander Gansworth who has gone to Northfield.

Miss Keto, sing? Why who is she? A brother, dear, to Amos; and both have by presenting bills made their smart names most famous.

The fine carnations brought to a number of his friends by Samuel Gruett when he came from the country, were much appreciated.

There is no cheaper or more pleasurable way of fanning oneself these warm evenings than a brisk trolley ride to the cave and back, and many do it in that way.

Miss Sharp of the teachers' club, is off for a vacation. She went first to Shippensburg, and will visit Jersey Shore, this State, and elsewhere before she returns.

George Suis is out and around after quite a serious siege of Pneumonia and complications. His friends are delighted to see him looking so much better.

Miss Burgess left last evening for San Francisco to visit her parents. Miss Rote, formerly of the teachers' club, met her in Harrisburg to accompany her to the Pacific Coast.

The new lawn-mowers receive the grass as fast as it is cut. They do not sing as loud as the old ones, and do more work. Not always the loudest singers perform the most work.

It was the Music Teachers' National Association that Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Senseney attended in New York, last week. There were from twenty to twenty-five thousand music teachers in attendance.

It is said that Jonah Shawadasa keeps the cleanest garden of any around. He works at the Hilton's, and he is not ashamed to show his garden at any time. Maybe, sometimes, when he has to pick cherries, the weeds get a little ahead of him, but he soon downs them. He is a good cherry picker, too, for he does not put two in his mouth to one in the bucket.

Tickets to the insane asylum were ordered the other morning by two of our responsible helpers, who did not intend to become inmates except for a short time—just long enough to pay a visit in the interest of the school culinary department.

Miss Shaffner has the latest. Her brother and sisters joined in a birthday present of an electric light for her bicycle. All she has to do is to turn a switch and the light goes on. Some of the rest of us around here are waiting for a storage battery to help their wheels up a hill, then they, too, will be happy.

The style of saying "Don't you know?" at the end of every phrase seems to be the rage just now. For instance: "It was so warm, don't you know? and the trolley was so full, don't you know? that, don't you know? I thought I wouldn't go, don't you know?" Who can say, with honesty that it is a nice style? Is it not more of a habit?

Mrs. Standing has a new tricycle and it is a beauty. Let an old bicycle rider get on a machine with three wheels and go right off! If he doesn't break his neck it will be more good luck than good management. Two or three experts tried Mrs. Standing's wheel on Monday evening and ran aground on account, no doubt, of over confidence, while Mrs. Standing's first effort was a complete success. It is because she had not learned the swing of the bicycle.

No lemonade quite equals the Indian school printing-office beverage by that name. Into a pitcher not the cleanest or daintiest, is poured the lemon juice and sugar. The lemons are squeezed by the old-fashioned hand squeezer, and mashed with the sheeps-foot. Then the concoction is stirred with a reglet. The drink is never strong enough to interfere with the work. Indeed the sitters set all the better, while the setters may take their turn at sitting, and the press goes straight on, with electric speed.

Hunters' Run has been a popular resort for two or three weeks. On Saturday, David MacFarland went as driver for Miss Barr and Miss Delia Randall. On the way they met Mrs. Thompson whom they invited to go along, but the horse thought he already had a big load, and immediately fainted. Another team was procured at the livery which took the party in fine style to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Howe, who gave them a warm welcome. In the excitement of starting they forgot their lunch which had been faultlessly prepared. But they ate it in imagination and enjoyed the feast.

Miss Lida Standing came very nearly having a serious accident in town the other evening. She was riding on High Street and attempted to pass between the train and two horses, one of which was being ridden. One horse turned and kicked her off her wheel, and she fell only a short distance from the train. She was taken into a drug-store near and soon recovered, so that she was able to mount her wheel again and ride home. The bruises sustained did not prevent Miss Standing from going the next day to Shippensburg to attend the Commencement exercises of the Shippensburg Normal, from where she graduated last year.

A FELLOW.

The word fellow has so many meanings that one has to be guarded in the use of the term.

There are Odd Fellows, fellow students, school fellows, fellow workers, etc., but generally when we speak of "a fellow," using the word by itself we mean a person of low rank.

We may say of a person of our own station or age, that he is a good fellow or a smart fellow, and so on, but, — Well —

The following incident will illustrate the thought of the writer:

An Indian boy returned from Capt. Pratt's office where he had been sent on an errand.

"I hope you did not disturb the Captain; was he busy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was he doing?"

"O, hé was talking to two fellows."

"Indian boys?"

"No, sir."

"Tramps?"

"No, sir; two white fellows."

"Do you mean two gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir, and they were two nice looking gentlemen."

"Well," said the person doing the questioning, "I am astonished to hear you calling two gentlemen, 'fellows.'"

But the boy did not know that he had done an impolite thing.

He knows it now, however, and we have no doubt is grateful for the lesson.

CHILOCCO AHEAD OF CARLISLE.

The "Mirror" of Wichita, Kansas describes a scene enacted at the Chilocco Indian Training School, Oklahoma, which excels anything of the kind ever witnessed at Carlisle.

In the spectacle described over 2000 rabbits and 250 Indians participated, besides several dignitaries who witnessed the exciting affair.

Rabbits had become very destructive to the nursery on Chilocco school farm, and the chief object was the extermination of the troublesome cotton-tails.

Accordingly 250 boys armed with sticks and clubs described a circle about 5 miles in circumference on the school farm.

As the young Indians advanced to the center, clubbing every bush, great numbers of the light footed pests were seen, running from one side of the circle to the other in the effort to escape, becoming bewildered that they fell an easy prey before the onslaught of the boys. As a result of this drive over 1000 rabbits were killed, and those not exterminated were frightened off the school reservation.

A TRIP TO HUNTER'S RUN.

To Hunter's Run they thought they'd go, to spend a day so fine, and found that train to Hunter's Run went 23 to nine. 9:37 they were told, but FORTY-seven is what took hold.

At nine and twenty-five o'clock, no sign to go was "given" The "carter" for the baggage came, but no one to be driven. Twelve minutes more and train would go; to make it then, there was no show.

"Go on!" I through the 'phone will speak," said one then standing near. "We'll make them hold the iron steed; so go ahead! Don't fear!" Though sun was hot and hunters blue, straight down the lane the runners flew.

An orderly to take valise, went after on the fly, and when they all had reached the train, with heat they thought they'd die; for did they stop to have some fun? No! Fast they went—on hunters' run.

But here the story does not end, for lying on the table, two tickets for the Hunters' Run, were hidden without label, found there by one who's always 'round, and for others on the bound.

"What time? What time?" cried Ely bold. "Three minutes more to spare? Run orderly! Run as for gold! Go bring a wheelman here!" Wheelman with tickets jumped the gate, landing them there ere 'twas too late

PILED LOGS ON THE ENEMY.

A Christian missionary, on his first visit to an Indian tribe, preached in abstruse terms on the doctrine of the resurrection.

Two or three days after, he passed the grave of an Indian which had been covered to a great depth with logs and stones.

Inquiring the meaning of this strange looking mound, he was informed that two men who listened to the interpretation of his "Sunday talk" had piled stones and logs on the grave of their enemy to prevent his rising from the dead.—[Progress.

Sixty views of our school post paid, for 25 cents, or FREE for TEN subscriptions and two cents extra for postage.

Enigma.

I am made of seventeen letters.

My 15, 11, 4 is a figure.

My 8, 3, 6, 12 is a small insect.

My 13, 16, 6, 9, 14 hurts.

My 7, 10, 1, 2, 6, 17, 4, 2, 9 is a beverage to be avoided.

My whole is a national monument.

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