

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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NUMBER 49.

## WHAT TO LOOK FOR.

**D**O not look for wrong and evil;  
You will find them if you do.  
As you measure for your neighbor,  
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness;  
You will meet them all the while.  
If you bring a smiling visage  
To the glass, you meet a smile.

Let Hars, fear; let cowards shrink;  
Let traitors turn away;  
Whatever we have dared to think,  
That, dare we also say.

—LOWELL.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a faithful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

—BONAR.

## A MAN, IS IT, YOU WISH TO BECOME?

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 only 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 of 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 this 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.—[Sunday School Times.

## THE SMALL LIE.

It is easy to be honest and true when we know we shall be caught if we are not, and knowing that if caught we shall be made ashamed of ourselves, but when we almost KNOW that we shall NEVER be caught, then it is not so easy to be exactly honest. We WILL tell the small lie, when we think that nobody will find it out. Even so-called Christians do that, but they ARE found out, and that is why they lose friends. To be honest in every LITTLE case in life one must EVER be on the watch. The meanest people on earth are those who are continually doing little acts of deception and telling small falsehoods, and at the same time think they are capable of advising others. "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

## AS WE SPEND OUR MOMENTS SO WILL WE BE.

"Time is the stuff life is made of," says Benjamin Franklin.

Every man has exactly the same amount of it in a year.

One improves it and reaps great results.

Another wastes and reaps failure.

The first class they call lucky; the second, unfortunate.

The unfortunates form the mass of mankind.

During the teaching of a temperance Sunday-school lesson an Indian boy, ten years old, was asked:

"What does alcohol do to a man's brain?"

He answered, "It makes him think crooked."—[Exchange.



# 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.

Nancy Renville, Sisseton Sioux, who was a Carlisle pupil in '79 and '80, is at the Genoa Indian School, Nebraska.

Miss Ella Powlas, of Green Bay Agency, Wisconsin, a Hampton Indian Student, is one of the Genoa, Nebraska teachers this year.

Alexander Upshaw, '97, has returned to his studies at Bloomsburg State Normal School, where he is working his way through, as best he can, in true Garfield style.

Master Roscoe Bergstresser of Trevorton, Pa., seeing the offer last week of 20 cents on the dollar for all subscriptions, sends a list of thirty this week and thereby makes a little spending money. Thanks! Let others try the same!

The Genoa Indian School has more pupils this year than for three years. The Indians evidently are awakening to the idea of educating their children away from home. We have had more requests this year than ever, and more pupils have come to us, unsolicited.

The District Grand Lodge No. 1 of Pennsylvania G. U. O. of O. F. now in session in Carlisle and the first meeting of the Grand Household of Ruth, No. 1, G. U. O. of O. F. on Wednesday, brought a number of our Afro-American brethren to the school, as visitors from a distance.

Want to know what Indians from 68 different tribes are doing at the largest training school for Indians in the country? Then take the HELPER! Want your friends to know? Then ask them to subscribe! 10,000 new subscribers before Christmas are what we would like and we ought really to have them without the least trouble.

The many friends of Ned Brace, Kiowa, who went home a few years ago, will be glad to learn that he is to have a wedding day. October 1st, 1897, at the Rainy Mountain school, Indian Territory. He is to marry Miss Martha Koriho, a former pupil of Haskell. We get this straight from Ned himself, in the shape of an invitation, so there can be no mistake about it. We all know that he will "brace" to the occasion, and if congratulations are in order before the happy event we extend a hearty hand-shake, and wish for the couple a long, happy and prosperous life.

Miss Paull has been transferred from the Mt Pleasant Michigan, Boarding School, to the School at Oneida, Wisconsin, and likes her present position, very much. She ought to, for, as the writer remembers the Oneida Boarding School, it is one of the best reservation schools in the United States, well equipped and superbly managed by Superintendent Pierce and his excellent wife.

Mary V., wife of George W. Foulke, the colored teamster at the Indian school for the past seventeen years, died yesterday at 3 15 p. m. of peritonitis, after an illness of about ten days. She was aged forty years and has resided at the Indian school for the last sixteen years.

The deceased was a most highly respected colored lady was very prominent in religious circles. She was a member of the West Street A. M. E. Zion Church and Sunday School, and was one of the stewardesses. She was also a member of "Golden Chain Council" and a member of the committee of arrangements for the G. U. O. of O. F. convention being held in Carlisle.—(Evening Sentinel, 14th.

The funeral services, held at the school, are in progress as we go to press. A handsome floral offering was the gift of the officers and faculty. Mrs. Foulke's loss is sincerely mourned by her large number of friends at the school, and the bereaved husband, whose faithful work and interest has called out the highest esteem and confidence, has the sympathy of all.

Mrs. Mary Wells, who used to be Mary Parkhurst when a student at Carlisle, was heard from this week. She and her husband, Otto Wells, who was also one of our students are living at Otto's home in the Indian Territory. The home of Mary's birth is Onieda, Wisconsin, and she must find the Comanches a very different people from her own, but she writes most cheerfully and says she likes her husband's people. She has made a camp visit of a few weeks and enjoyed it very much. But says "Of course, you may well know that I would not stay like that all my life time." Both Otto and Mary have Government positions at Ft. Sill, Otto as blacksmith and Mary as baker, to show the girls at the Rainy Mountain school how to bake bread. She says their own little Mattie is growing rapidly and talks English, and as soon as she is large enough will come to Carlisle. She is almost large enough now to go to Kindergarten. Mary has seen Nellie Carey Chandler and had a pleasant visit with her.

The Invincible Debating Society met last Friday evening and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Mitchel Barada; Vice-President, R. Moore; Secretary, Wilson Welch; Reporter, Cornelius Jordan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Artie Miller, Critic, Dennison Wheelock; Assisiant Critic; James Wheelock.

A great many books were taken to the country for study during leisure hours, and it is quite remarkable that nearly all have been returned. A very few books have been lost in this way, showing that most of our pupils are growing more careful, but the few who have lost books need something done to make them think.



A cooler wave, but hardly cool.

Let us hope that the scorching days are over.

Allen Blackchief is back from New York. Chester Smith is back from Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

Joseph Adams has returned from the far West, Oregon.

A number of boys and girls in from country homes brought subscriptions.

Mr. Wingert, of Chambersburg, Pa., was on the grounds on Monday taking in the sights.

Mrs. Senseney, of Chambersburg, spent Sunday with her daughter, Miss Senseney at the school.

Miss Ely will spend tomorrow with her Ely relatives at a family re-union, in Bucks County.

Brigman Cornelius, '97, who came two weeks ago with a party of Oneida pupils, has gone back home.

Guy Brown and James Kawaykla were the printers who returned with the regiment of farmers this week.

Humph! Work too small for you, eh? Don't like it? Watch out, you are showing what STUFF you are made of.

The football fellows are the greatest kickers at the school, but have hired a Yale kicker to teach them how to kick more.

The last game of football for the season has been arranged with the Ohio State University. They will play our second team.

Capt. Kawaykla has been detailed to assist Mrs. Given in the Small Boys' Quarters, and to have first command of Company E.

The sociable Saturday night was short but exceedingly sweet, as it was the first meet of boy and girl friends after the return of farm pupils.

Cutting of fodder for the ensilage at the near farm is about over and the cows have promise of a bountiful supply of good food for the winter.

Is it not about time for the "Amos Quito and Miss Quito" combination to cease their falsetto warbling on the lobe of the ear of the would-be slumberer?

Mr. Thompson is working on a new and original game to be played on bicycles. It will be something like polo on wheels, and a test will be given in a few days.

The Academic department has settled into regular work for the year in good shape, and with much less friction than usual, all the students helpfully falling into line.

John Given has returned to Chicago, where he will continue going to school. He seemed to enjoy his summer at home, and we are sure his friends at Carlisle greatly enjoy having him with them.

Gertrude Sherman brought with her from the country some excellent cake in which she had a hand at making. There is a little danger of the Man-on-the-band-stand's sweet tooth getting too much, but no immediate danger.

Mrs. A. Putzker, wife of the Professor of German, University of California, with her niece and nephew, Mr. and Miss Moeller, of Harrisburg, visited the school on Monday and were greatly interested.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.—Epictetus.

Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, of San Francisco, who have been guests of their daughter at the school, leave for Philadelphia and the East to-day, to visit friends and relatives in that vicinity.

Mr. W. T. Bull, ex-Yale man, whose entire attention will be devoted to coaching the 30 candidates for football, arrived on Wednesday. Mrs. Bull is also here, and both will remain the entire season.

201 boys and girls from the country returned this week. Some have gone back to other places for the winter, where they will go to school and work for their board, as many American boys have done, who have made of themselves great and useful men.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's sweet tooth has had another toothsome sweet. This time it was in the shape of a pumpkin-pie, made by Melinda Metoxen. The pastry simply melted in the old man's mouth, and the pumpkin,—well—Melinda is a cook, that's all.

Serenius Smith does the manly thing in sending his father a set of double-harness made in our shop, for which he paid with his own money. A dutiful son helps his father instead of begging money from his father to spend for things he does not need.

Emma Seowitsa has gone to her home in Laguna, New Mexico, where it is hoped she will regain her health, which is somewhat run down. Emma is ambitious and did not wish to go back. She preferred going out into business for herself, but she will pick up in strength first.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are enjoying themselves in the mountains of Colorado. When Captain last wrote he expected to go on a fishing excursion in the near future with his son-in-law, Mr. Guy LeRoy Stevick. He and Mrs. Pratt will do some wheeling before they return. Captain says the new grand-son is a bouncer.

Miss Wood gave the school a talk at the opening exercises on Monday, on "The Sultan, Abdul Hamid." On Tuesday, Professor Bakelless told how the United States Government destroys its Currency. On Wednesday, Miss Cochran discussed the early history of Carlisle, which was said to have been very interesting.

Louis Webster and Edwin Moore have joined the printers ranks. Not that every boy who enters the printing-office will follow printing for a living, but there is no better place to learn pains-taking accuracy and dispatch than in a printing-office. The accurate workman is the one who will most likely obtain employment, no matter what his trade.

Miss Johannsdotter, of Iceland, has felt the recent heat perhaps more than the Americans, as Iceland is delightfully cool in the summer, but she bears it cheerfully by saying that she will make it interesting for her Icelandic friends when she returns, in telling them of the American hot weather. On Saturday, at noon, Miss Nana Pratt gave a luncheon for her, to which fifteen young ladies were invited. She has been entertained in a number of the best homes in town, and seems to be enjoying life generally.



## DOES THE INDIAN EVER GET SCARED?

The following bit of personal experience from our Alaskan friend answers the question.

He says:

The International Christian Endeavor Convention for 1892 was held in the great Madison Square Garden of New York City.

At that time, it was the largest gathering of its kind ever held, and many nations outside of the United States were represented.

In every session of the Convention, for four days, the great building was crowded with 15,000 delegates. To hear an uplifting song sung by a mighty army of earnest Christians is an experience that is not easily forgotten.

My part in that Convention was simply to make a response for Alaska at the state and territorial roll-call.

When the Committee notified me of this, I began to compose my three-minute speech and commit it to memory.

I deemed it a good speech and thought that the whole Convention would be carried away with it.

It was one, as I thought, that would rival Lincoln's great three-minute speech on the battle-field, of Gettysburg.

It must be remembered that at that time I had just finished my Freshman year in college, and was not as yet regularly initiated into the brotherhood of the Sophomores.

The hour at last came for the roll-call.

No sooner had I got up and stepped out on the big platform, and the flutter of white handkerchiefs was seen in the great hall, than my knees began to shake, and I could hardly stand on them.

They would have knocked me down had it not been for the platform rails.

I filled my lungs with strong wind, but somehow the words did not come out. They had taken wings and flown.

Finally, however with a trembling voice, I said a few words for Alaska, but had it not been for the newspaper reporters, I would never have known what I uttered on that occasion. Even if I did fail, my country for the first time was represented and heard in such a gathering as that. Even if my knees almost knocked me down and my own head became frightened, I was thankful that my inner heart remained faithful. EDWARD MARSDEN.

It is wise to be more in action than in conversation, for God hath given us TWO hands and only ONE tongue.

Gumption, grit and grace will overcome most of life's difficulties.

## THE STANDARD LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Standard Literary Society of the school year was held last Friday evening. Although the evening was very warm and close a very enjoyable time was had.

The old President, Edward Peterson, called the meeting to order and when an opening speech was demanded he responded in a very interesting manner.

Then the election of officers took place, which was, as is always the case, very exciting.

The following officers were elected: President, Edward Peters; Vice-President, Clarence Butler; Secretary, Corbett Lawyer; Treasurer, Frank Beale; Critic, Thomas Marshall; Assistant-Critic, Albert K. Nash; Editor, Edward Peterson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Thomas.

Several of the newly elected officers made very good speeches, thanking the members for the honors extended.

"The Standard Panorama," was read by its old editor, Albert Nash, and was interesting from start to finish. This is claimed to be the first and oldest paper in the school societies. It is kept up by several contributors, while the editor takes care of the editorials and local items.

Since the election the paper has changed hands, but will retain its original name.

The Standard Society has open doors to visitors and gives all a welcome hand, and to those who wish to join them they offer inducements worthy to be considered. SPY.

## IT IS THE MIND WORK THAT TELLS

It is the mind work that makes us different from the herd.

Mental culture calls for study carefully planned, regular, persistent.

One or two hours a day, aiming at some distinct object, mastering what we learn, adding little by little, like a miser to our store, will in a few years make of us a broad, educated person, no matter what our schooling.

### Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 9, 6, 3 is what most people like to do three times a day.

My 1, 2, 5 is a garden tool that makes the backs of some Indian boys ache when they first go out to the country.

My 4, 10, 6, 7, 8 is anger.

My whole is what we have had quite enough of, thanks.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A warm wave.