

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1897.

NUMBER 50.

IN SEPTEMBER.

MORNINGS frosty grow, and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
When the rustling corn grows sere;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call,
Here and there a few leaves fall.
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet,
In September.

Noons are sunny, warm, and still,
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill,
Amber sunshin e's on the floor
Just within the open door.
Still the crickets call and creak,
Never found though long we seek;
Oft comes faint report of gun,
Busy flies buzz in the sun,
In September.

Evenings chilly are and damp,
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns, and kettle sings,
Smoke ascends in thin, blue rings;
On the rug the children lie,
In the west the soft lights die,
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out, sweetly, lingers long,
In September.

TIME.

TELL THE MAN ON-THE BAND STAND
HOW YOU USE YOUR SPARE
MOMENTS AND HE WILL
TELL YOU WHAT YOU
ARE.

Time Abused is Bad Luck.

Preaching is right and good in its place, and scolding often times plays an important part in one's life, but it is not our desire nor intention to turn the INDIAN HELPER into a scolding medium nor an avenue for preaching.

When we come across such golden words as the following, however, we can but feel that our boys and girls as well as the Man-on-the-band stand should have the benefit of reading them.

We often hear said:

"I would read this good book, or I would do that if I only had the time."

The energetic, live person, who makes every

moment tell for some good purpose never speaks thus. Even if he works at hard labor 10 or 12 hours a day he finds time for mental improvement.

It is not time we lack, it is the DISPOSITION.

We are lazy or indifferent.

We ALWAYS have the time to do what we WILL do.

"To use time aright," says the learned person who speaks through our selection to his young friends, "have a system.

Shape everything to it.

Divide the twenty-four hours between work, recreation, sleep and mental culture, according to a scheme that suits your judgment and circumstances.

Then make things go that way.

The scheme will quickly go to pieces unless backed by persistent purpose.

When you work, work.

Put the whole mind and heart in it.

Know nothing else.

Do everything the very best.

Distance everybody about you.

This will not be hard, for the other fellows are not trying much.

Master details and difficulties.

Be always ready for the next step up.

If a bookkeeper, be an expert.

If a machinist know more than the boss.

If an office-boy surprise the employer by model work.

If in school, go to the head and stay there.

All this is easy when the habit of conquering takes possession.

It is wholesome in this connection to read what men have accomplished who have once learned the art of redeeming the time.

Study the causes of the success of Benjamin Franklin, of Lincoln, of Garfield, of Sir Michael Faraday, of Agassiz, of Edison.

Learn the might of minutes.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life

(Continued on last 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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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
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.

Miss Botsford is over a hundred miles from the railroad teaching among the Indians out west.

Miss Bourassa, '90, who has been a teacher with us for several years was transferred this year to Ft. Hall, Idaho. We have not learned how she likes it there, but her many friends here do not like the change.

A CARD: CARLISLE, Sept. 21, 1897. TO THE EDITOR OF THE HELPER: I beg to leave through the folds of your paper to thank the kind friends and employees of the school who so kindly remembered me during the recent illness and death of my wife. GEORGE FOULK.

Miss Lillie Wind, ex-pupil of Carlisle, who is now practicing her profession of nursing in Hartford, Connecticut, says in a recent letter to a friend which we had the pleasure of reading, that nurses are in great demand. She has been working very hard all summer, but now is resting for a few days, having just pulled through, under the directions of an excellent doctor, a serious typhoid case—a Yale student. She has all she can do, but in order to do justice to her patients and to herself, she was obliged to take a brief rest. We shall look for Miss Wind on a visit next Commencement, as she partially promises in her letter.

On Monday, at the opening exercises of school, Miss Senseney, Vocal Instructress, sang in most excellent voice and with pleasing effect Lynes' "He was a Prince," and Belmont Smith's "Creole Love Song." On Tuesday, Miss Simmons talked upon "The Achievements of the White and Red Races Compared." This from a young Indian maiden was a most thrilling and earnest appeal to the youth of her race to show to the world by their earnestness of purpose that the history of the Indian has been wrongly written, and that their motives as a people have been misunderstood. From this on, the Indian will be judged by the growing generation, who should be industrious and worthy. Every student who heard her remarks should be quickened into a deeper intensity. On Wednesday, Miss Barclay talked on "Li Hung Chang's visit to the United States." This, also, was very interesting and instructive, entering into the details of his daily life.

Mrs. Jemima Wheelock Cornelius, '90, has more trouble. Her baby McKinley, who has been ill for a time, died on the 18 h. Only a few months ago she lost her husband Jemima has passed through deep waters since she left Carlisle, and in her trials has the sincere sympathy of her many friends in this vicinity.

Miss Mary Jackson, of Washington D C. daughter of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, sends us this gratifying news of Miss Flora Campbell, '94. She says: "Mr. Kelly, the Superintendent of the Sitka Training School, writes that Flora is making herself very useful at the Government Day School, at Sitka. During Mrs. Paul's absence Miss Campbell took her place in the laundry and managed it to the satisfaction of all concerned. She also does much of Mr. Kelly's letter writing and teaches a class in Sabbath School." In the same letter Miss Jackson says: "A recent letter from Dr. Jackson, tells how frightened the natives along the Yukon were, at the sight of the first search light they saw on a steamer ascending the river." And as a bit of encouragement she adds: "Long live the INDIAN HELPER. Like so many others, I read it weekly with interest."

There was nothing much to move about your printing-office, was there? No! Only a cylinder power-press and fixtures weighing hundreds of pounds, four job presses—a half, a quarter, and two eighth medium, a paper cutter, three imposing stones, four large file-cupboards as high as the ceiling, two immense desks and four of ordinary size, eight type-cabinets, fifteen or twenty case-stands, 12,000 names in galleys, hundreds of pounds of type in cases, on galleys or in forms, the mixing of which would have made work for months ahead, a half-dozen folding tables, galley racks, standing galleys, roller cupboard, electric motor, wires for electric lighting, sink, a large work bench, two tons of paper, besides many unmentionable articles. No! It is no work to move such a printing office where superior forethought, skill and excellent judgment with a force of willing hands have full play.

The master mechanics were Messrs. Gardner and Harris, the former having entire charge, while the latter confined his attention mainly to the power press which had to be moved in sections. Owing to his experience and skill, the press was taken down, and set up in position without a break or a strain.

Through Mr. Gardner's engineering the other presses were also brought and lifted to the second story with block and tackle made by him for the purpose, and set in position without the misplacement of a single bearing or straining of any of the parts. Much credit is due Mr. Gardner, who, without seeming effort planned and executed the work.

Assistant Printer, St. Cyr, Foreman Gansworth and Journeyman Wheelock superintended all the rest, while the Man-on-the-band-stand sat one side and fanned himself. So, we are HERE, without having made a double-handful of pi. The printing-office and editorial sanctum are within the sound of the black smith's anvil, the turning lathe, the carpenter's saw, the harness-maker's needle, the shoe-maker's peg-peg, the tinner's tom-tom, the odor of paint, and the quack of the tailor's goose all of which industrial songs and smells are inspiring and NOTEworthy.

Come see us in our new quarters. Antonio Apache is here, an ever welcome visitor.

Jack Standing has become a Dickinson College prep.

Miss Cummins has gone to Washington for a day on business.

Timothy Henry, '96, is teaching school in New York State.

The new Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs is Mr. A. C. Tonner, of Ohio.

Dr. Alice Seabrook, of Philadelphia, is visiting friends in town and at the school.

Company drills before and after school and battalion drill after supper are in order.

The backs are making rapid advancement in kicking under Mr. Bull's efficient directions.

United States Inspector, A. J. Duncan, of Cleveland, Ohio, is with us on official business.

The second football team is given signal practice in the gymnasium at 8:30, these evenings.

A team composed of our largest small boys will play football with a team from town, tomorrow.

Professor Bakeless reports work in the academic department moving along nicely with pupils earnest and down to business.

Edgar Rickard returned from his New York home this week. He was delayed by an injury received on his foot while thrashing.

Miss Cochran has for her guest an old schoolmate, Mrs. T. L. Welch, West Virginia, whose former home was in New York State.

Every evening at 8:00 in the gymnasium, the large boys are given a little Swedish work as an introduction to regular gymnastics which will begin in a few days.

We have as fine a printing office now, as far as location goes, as can be found in the Cumberland Valley, and we hardly believe there is one to beat it in the United States.

Several footballs have been given to the small boys who are reaping much good from their use. The first line-up, took place on Tuesday, and was very satisfactory.

Christian Eastman, is being tried at quarterback on second team and gives evidence of making a good quarter. All candidates are rounding into shape nicely.

Three large boys entered our school, this week, from Minnesota: George Boswell, Richard Bozell and Charles Antell, and two girls from the same agency.

The article headed "Time" on first page, will bear reading twice. Hunt out the paragraph about conquering oneself. Then, the line about atheletic sports is good.

The nice condition of the flowers and plants in the shop-court is due to the faithful work of Frank Thomas who has had the care of them. The plants when taken up will be placed in the Reading Room and Y. M. C. A. hall.

The King's Daughters are reorganizing for the year, and hope to do earnest work. With 100 new girls in quarters, they will doubtless find much to engage their energies, if they do all that may be done to make the new girls feel at home among us, and to draw them into active Christian service.

Band concert on the band-stand, last Saturday evening.

Miss Richenda Pratt left on Tuesday for Wilson College, Chambersburg, where she enters as student this year.

The flowers in the chapel on Sundays are a "Standing" tribute of welcome to our esteemed pastor; and they are enjoyed by all.

Painter Norman and his boys touched up the new printing office in good shape before we moved. We are light, and bright and cheery, ready for visitors and ten thousand new subscriptions.

In the Saturday morning teachers' meetings, the work of the various summer schools attended by our teachers is coming up in review with much that is helpful in the way of suggestive criticisms.

Martin Wheelock sprained his ankle during a practice game of football, on Wednesday evening. It is hoped that the injury sustained is not serious as Martin is one of the "big guns" on the team.

Capt Pratt has been to Ft. Lewis and to Grand Junction Colorado, in the past week, and by the time this paper reaches its readers his face will be turned eastward. He will visit friends and relatives on the way.

Misses Sarah, Roxanna, and Marion, and Master Dick Pratt had a children's party on Wednesday afternoon at Capt Pratt's house, at which a number of their friends were invited in, and a gay and festive occasion it was to all.

Mrs. J. H. Murray of Carlisle, gave a party on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Olivia Johnsdotter, of Iceland, who is at present visiting Miss Nana Pratt. On Monday, Miss Elizabeth Gardner gave a reception in her honor.

The smallest boys are gathering up all the old cans they can find and filling them with dirt and geranium slips, for their rooms this winter. Indian boys and girls are very fond of flowers, and take great pleasure in tending them and watching them grow.

Mr. E. R. Wakefield, a trader at Libbey Minnesota, brought the Chippewa boys and girls who entered this week. Mr. Wakefield says it is his first trip East, and he is quite charmed with the country and climate. He is looking well into the workings of our school, and sees much hope in the outlook.

Howard Gansworth, '94, has gone to Princeton. He started off in high spirits and full of faith that he will get through by hard work, even though he can not at this time see his way out financially. He is ready and willing to do anything and everything he can to work his way, and the Man-on-the-band-stand believes he will make it.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society met on Friday evening the 17th, and elected the following officers: President, Mabel Buck; Vice-President, Cynthia Webster; Recording-Secretary, Melissa Green; Corresponding-Secretary, Minnie Findley; Reporter, Eliza Smith; Critic, Sarah Smith; Assistant Critic, Anna Morton; Treasurer, Annie M. Gesis; Marshall, Lottie Horn; Pianist, Lillie Complainville. The young ladies are anxious to make the ensuing year the most profitable and interesting of all.

(Continued from first page)

is a day repeated. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

Emerson says "The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn." Sound and wholesome recreation is important in our scheme; but in this age of athletic frenzy the danger of neglect on that line is not excessive.

The real fact is that athletic sports are educating the muscles too often at the expense of the brain.

IS THE INDIAN KIND AND MERCIFUL?

Let each Indian boy and girl answer this question for himself or herself.

There is one thing sure that the way to become kind and merciful men and women, is to be kind and merciful when we are children.

Mrs. Freeland, whom we all remember so well as one of the visitors last commencement, is very much interested in the Carlisle Indian boys and girls, and when she sees a good little story in a paper that she thinks will do them good she kindly sends it. The Man-on-the-band-stand often takes parts of such pieces for his HELPER.

From "The Sabbath School Visitor", she has sent the following beautiful story of Florence Nightingale, who became one of the most famous women in the world.

Did you ever hear of her?

It was her mercy and kindness to wounded soldiers that made her famous, and she began her work of love when she was a little girl.

We are told that her first patient was a shepherd dog.

Some rude boys had hit his leg with stones, and it was very badly hurt—so badly that the men were going to kill the dog in order to put him out of his misery, for he would not let them touch the wound.

But little Florence went up to where he lay, saying, in a soft, caressing tone:

"Poor Cap! Poor Cap!"

The dog looked trustfully up into her eyes, and while she talked to him and stroked his head he allowed his leg to be examined. She was told there were no bones broken, but that the leg was badly bruised and ought to be fomented to take the swelling down.

"Fomented" was such a big word that little Florence did not quite know what it meant.

"How do you foment?" she asked.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," she was answered.

"Then that's quite easy"

And so the little girl went to work and applied the compress of old rags soaked in hot

water to the poor dog's wounded leg until he was out of danger, and on the high road toward getting well. This little girl grew up doing things like that, always doing a kindness and a deed of mercy whenever she had a chance.

So we are not astonished to read that after she had come to be a famous woman, when she would walk through the hospital to find out if her orders were being obeyed in the care of the wounded soldiers, the grateful men would turn and kiss her shadow where it fell on their pillows.

What a noble thing it is to grow up merciful and kind!

The Bible says, "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man."

ITEMS ABOUT THOSE WE KNOW AT HASKELL INSTITUTE, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Gleaned from September "Leader".

Paul Goodbear of Cheyenne reservation has been visiting Haskell for a few days.

Mrs. Lutkins returned for a few days and left us again for a trip to Colorado Springs.

Miss Mosher returned from Wichita to join the lonely few, who wield the power in places new.

Dr. and Mrs. Heineman having changed their residence from Chicago to Haskell are about settled in their new home.

A large amount of grapes has been used at the tables this month from our vineyard. Some were made into jelly for future use.

Miss Wood, one of Haskell's teachers last year, has accepted a position at Carlisle. Her pupils all regret to lose her, but are glad she is back in the service where she can do so much for the Indian race.

The practice of keeping an Indian boy or girl for numerical reasons only, ought not to be permitted. Indians like all other races, have occasionally ones that are wholly incapable of acquiring knowledge.

The long looked for and welcome electric light plant for Haskell is at last assured. The work is almost completed. The buildings will be lighted by 384 lamps. There are four large arc lamps in the circle so arranged that the grounds will be well lighted.

Enigma.

I am made of 21 letters.

Potatoes grow on my 3, 10, 14, 21.

It is hard to get rid of a bad 5, 7, 1, 21.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's presses look their best when they are 6, 2, 4, 11, 15.

My 18, 19, 9, 21 is a good thing in winter.

Some table waiters want a 12, 13, 8 before they do their best.

With sufficient 17, 16, 9, 20, 21 even a large printing-press can be made to move.

My whole is the kind of business the Man-on-the-band-stand does not particularly enjoy.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hot weather.