

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1897.

NUMBER 51

WHAT TIME IS IT?

The Man-on-the-band-stand sent to the office, the above question, and the following clipping from an exchange was sent in reply:

WHAT time is it?
Time to do well;
Time to live better;
Give up the grudge;
Answer that letter;

Speaking that kind word to sweeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest.
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful.
Choosing true pleasure;

Loving stern justice, of truth being fond—
Making your word just as good as your bond.

THE COLORADO RIVER INDIANS.

A Misleading Statement in the "Helper," set Straight.

In the August 27th issue of the INDIAN HELPER, there appeared an article about the Indian tribes of Arizona. We drew our statements from the report of the Superintendent of the Government school near the Needles. The following letter explains the statements which are claimed as misleading. We are always glad to be set straight and thank Agent McNichols for his kind letter:

The Letter.

COLORADO RIVER AGENCY,
PARKER, YUMA CO., ARIZ., Sept. 13, 1897.
EDITOR INDIAN HELPER, CARLISLE, PA.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to say that some of the statements in the article concerning the Mojave Indians, in your issue of August 27th, are misleading so far as giving a true idea of the condition of the Mojave Indians on the Colorado River Indian reservation.

I believe that the article pretty accurately describes the condition of the Mojaves at Needles and Ft. Mojave, but with the one overshadowing error that there are Indian reservations at those places. There is but one reservation for the Mojave tribe and that is the

Colorado River reservation, the North line of which is about 70 miles South of Needles, California. Those at Ft. Mojave and Needles are non-reservation Indians and are subject to no restraining influence save what may be exerted by the Ft. Mojave school.

The condition of the 800 Mojave Indians on the reservation is quite different from those of the non-reservation Indians described in the article. The former have long since ceased to burn the personal property of a deceased Indian, or to sacrifice other property upon the death of one of their number. They still cremate their dead, but they do it in an orderly manner, at least six hours after death. Of late all funerals near the agency have been conducted by a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church now residing here. The wild orgies have given place to singing such songs as "Nearer My God to Thee," and every head is bowed in prayerful attitude. No attempt is made to hold funeral services until after the Agency Physician has examined the body and given permission, and the minister is sent for voluntarily.

While there is plenty of room for further improvement, the morals of the reservation Mojaves are much in advance of their non-reservation kindred. Promiscuous intercourse is no longer openly practiced and the habit of changing wives has been almost broken up. Christian marriages are becoming common and the sacredness of home ties is dawning upon them.

Practically all the reservation Mojaves have adobe houses, with fire places and chimneys. All have something in the way of cooking utensils. The greater number of families have "dutch ovens," and a few have regular cooking stoves. Some homes have organs and sewing machines and they are well cared for.

Civilized dress has been adopted. All the male Indian employees wear their hair cut

(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, and EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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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.

Let us be friendly to the friendless.

Be thankful for a little and you will receive more.—MARY LYON.

Every week, we get clubs of ten and two cents extra for the Souvenir of the school, containing sixty views. It is an easy way to obtain the views, a glance through which is almost equivalent to a visit.

Mrs. W. Z. Bentz, South Hanover Street gave a luncheon on Saturday last in honor of Miss Olivia Johansdotter, of Iceland, who is still with us. Miss Olivia is busy, this week, getting off some correspondence for an Icelandic paper.

Miss Annie Kowuni, '97, has entered Drexel Institute to take the private secretary's course. She will make her home with a private family, where she will work out of hours and off-days for her board. She has a free scholarship.

No student can afford to be without the HELPER. Even those here on the grounds do not learn all that is going on, till they read the HELPER. Have one for yourself! It is SMALL business to depend upon one paid for by somebody else.

Captain Pratt has sustained a great loss in the death of his favorite mare, Belle. She died of pink-eye, a disease that is contagious, there being a number of cases in town. Everything was done to save her that was possible. Black, now, has the same fatal disease.

Mr. Guy Colony, who 16 years ago was a wee boy with us when his father was disciplinarian, dropped in on Wednesday as he was passing on his wheel. Of course his old friends did not know the young man. He and his brother were on their way from Philadelphia to Huntington, their present home.

The band is practicing some fine new music. From the beginning it makes, we will have a better organization than ever this year. There is excellent material, and all they need is practice, practice, practice, INDIVIDUAL practice, to work out some of the discord. The old stand-bys maintain their usual excellence. The playing at the sociable Saturday night more than satisfied every listener.

Since vacation, a number of girls have been tried at the new shirt ironer in the laundry. Sadie Butler and Nellie O'Dell have become quite expert, and do most acceptable work. At the mangle, no one folds the clothes more neatly than Flora Ross.

Kittie Silverheels purchased a Hawkeye camera, while in the country this summer. She has learned to operate it successfully and does her own developing. Sara Smith, '97, also knows how, and expects to get a camera soon. The latter is Professor Bakeless' Assistant this year, having special charge of the reference library.

Do you want to help the HELPER help? Send us TEN names with P. O. addresses of people who might become interested in the cause of Indian education should they have a chance to read sample copies of our little paper. Some left-over copies of the HELPER have accumulated which should be out in the country working for their own support.

Miss Hulme is walking lame from having run against a rocking-chair in the dark. She does not say much, however, about the bruise received from a fall from her wheel a few evenings before. Somehow, that rocking chair knew exactly where the bicycle bruise was located, and hit it squarely in the centre. Rocking-chairs in the dark are very intelligent things sometimes.

The King's Daughters have been organized for the year with the following named leaders: Wayside Gleaners—The Binders, Miss Nana Pratt; The Reapers, Miss Cummins; Sunshine Scatters, Miss Barclay; Lead-a-Hand Circle, Miss Luckenbach; What-so-ever, 1st section, Miss Shaffner; 2nd section, Miss Miles; Willing Workers, Miss Simmons and Miss Bailey; The Little Learners, Miss Ericson. Their lessons in Bible Study will be upon the life of Christ as found in the four Gospels.

Miss Ely is off for her annual leave after a hard summer's pull with her outing pupils, numbering over 600. Her work is to place the pupils in country homes, make all the arrangements for their coming and going, receive reports from them monthly and attend to all the correspondence connected with that branch of our school work. Her desk is piled with letters nearly all the time, needing attention. She will visit friends and relatives in Kansas during her absence, and no doubt will return, as she always does, refreshed and rested.

On last Thursday, at the opening exercises of school, Antonio Apache gave an account of his trip through the British Colonies. On Friday, 'Seth Lowe and the Greater New York,' occupied the time, Professor Bakeless the speaker. On Monday he again spoke upon Nicola Tesla and his Electrical Researches, showing how little things change the world. On Tuesday, James Wheelock, played a clarinet solo, accompanied on piano by Miss Simmons. It was one of Hartmann's compositions and was beautifully rendered and well received. On Wednesday, Miss Lida Standing gave an excellent talk on "Lord Nelson and his Service in the British Navy." The talks at the opening exercises this year have all been spirited and much enjoyed.

New moon!

Fair week, this.

Overcoats feel good.

Good-bye, straw hats!

Jack Frost has put in an appearance.

The Normal Teachers are working faithfully.

Lone Bear, an Apache Indian, has come to us.

The Seniors are studying "Refraction of Light".

Miss Cummins has Miss Ely's desk during the month of October.

That was a jolly sociable Saturday night. A number of guests were out from town.

Miss Luckenbach made the hearts of the printers happy by a crate of peaches.

Mrs. Dennison Wheelock has a new Cleveland, which she prizes very highly.

Susie Yupie one of the new girls this year is said to be skilful with her needle.

The Indian Band is to meet the Gobin Guards when they return from Hazleton.

The new football suits for first team are fine. Red and old-gold—our school colors.

Eighth grade are struggling with the mysteries of the complex sentence, and interest.

Our first foot-ball team plays Dickinson College tomorrow, the first game of the season for us.

The Juniors are hard at work learning to write English as Irving did. They are studying his life.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are still in Denver, Colorado, at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Guy LeRoy Stevick.

Ida Bennett's button-holes are a delight to the eye; not only to the needle's eye but to the eye of the beholder.

Some of the grades are making a hard struggle for only best work in writing. A surprising advance in penmanship is the result.

Antonio Apache left for San Carlos, Arizona, on Tuesday evening. He will see what pupils down that way wish to come to Carlisle.

The last Teachers' Meeting had a survey of the work of the Chautauqua Summer school, and Manual Training of Germany and France.

This year we have been blessed with an abundance of nice tomatoes for the pupils' table. A number of gallons have been canned for winter use.

We are sorry to report that Miss Linnie Thompson, our prima donna, is somewhat ill in the hospital. We hope she will soon be better, for we miss her voice.

Any teacher wishing to use the HELPER for Supplementary Reading in her school may have, free, as many copies of any one number as will supply her school or class.

Sixty Indian boys in charge of Frank Hudson, went to the lower farm on Saturday morning, cut 18 acres of corn and were back to the school in time for dinner, and the work was well done.

The Wayside Gleaners held a gathering in party, at Miss Nana Pratt's on Tuesday evening, at which the leaders of all the circles were invited. Refreshments were served and a general good time enjoyed.

Miss Cummins ran across a new relative of Amos Quito in Washington. None other than "Anti Skeet."

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society had an interesting program last Friday evening. There were a number of visitors present.

Professor Bakeless, Misses Shaffner, Hill and Burgess were invited by Mrs. Standing to dine with Col. Duncan, Indian Inspector, on Saturday.

Some one says that Thomas Denomie is a most excellent and careful janitor. This is in keeping with his excellent reputation at his farm home.

Mr. and Mrs. Weber are to be congratulated on the birth of a new little daughter at their home. Now Albert has a little sister and he no doubt is very proud of her.

Mrs. Nortling, wife of Prof. Wm. Noetling of the Chair of Pedagogy in the Bloomsburg Normal School, and her daughter, visited our school on Monday. They were delighted with the institution.

Master Dick Pratt and his three sisters, Sara, Roxanna and Marion after an enjoyable visit of several weeks at the school, returned to Steelton on Friday last, and the very heavens wept all day.

Miss Shaffner must have been very hungry when she visited the printing office the other day, for she did not leave it without making a pi, the very sight of which scared her so that she could not eat it after all.

Leander Gansworth, '96, addressed the Union Y. M. C. A., at the Methodist Church in town, last Sunday. He told of the work of our school Y. M. C. A., which organization was highly spoken of from the platform.

Mr. Charles W. Harvey, State College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association was with us over Sunday, dividing his time between the Indian School and Dickinson College. There was an extra meeting held on Sunday.

We are now "fixed" in our new quarters, the last finishing touches having been given by Mr. Weber in bringing the water pipes, and Mr. Harkness in suspending tin hangers for the oil drops.

The girls have come in flocks to the printing office this week to see us in our new home, and they are ever welcome guests. It is the opinion of the Man-on-the-band-stand that they ought to visit the shops more than they have in the past, to keep in touch with the industries.

Indian Inspector Duncan left on Tuesday evening for the West. He did not inspect us regularly, but rather visited the school. A stranger to all when he came, he has left a very happy impression of his kindly good intent, as a gentleman of large business experience, and of his interest in the general welfare of the Indian.

Rev. Mr. Wile gave the picture of Zaccheus in a vivid manner last Sunday afternoon, and from his wicked life drew some very useful lessons. 1st, Zaccheus did not grumble at fate, but by pluck and perseverance secured a good vantage ground from which to see Jesus. He was hospitable. Every heart has a good side if we only know how to reach it.

(Continued from first page)

short and many other prominent Mojaves including the chief, now wear their hair after the manner of white men. Of course all the school boys have their hair cut.

About 250 Indians attend religious services every Sunday and many of the older Indians attend night school conducted by Rev. M. J. Hersey, who for two years has been doing a great work here.

The greatest drawback to the advancement of the reservation Mojaves is their visiting to and fro with their wild kindred at Needles and Ft. Mojave. As the latter are nominally attached to the reservation they come here for medical treatment and when other means of subsistence fail. The younger reservation Indians go to Needles to seek employment and to be free from the civilizing restraints of the reservation. This tends to lower the standard on the reservation and brings in those diseases that are the particular foe of the Indian race.

Trusting that you may do justice to the quiet, industrious and rapidly improving Mojaves of the Colorado River Reservation,

I am Respectfully yours,

CHARLES S. McNICHOLS

U. S. Indian Agent.

HOW NICE THE LITTLE INDIAN BOYS ARE!

Of course, the speaker, who was one of the Administration Building clerks, did not mean to intimate that the BIG boys were not nice, but a particular occasion and an interesting occurrence upon that occasion brought out the remark of our heading, while the interviewer questioned as follows:

"Why are the small boys so altogether nice?"

"Well," continued the speaker. "We were working over our papers and trying with all the intensity we could muster, to accomplish some difficult figuring and letter-writing, in a very limited time, while the shouting of the small boys at ball, just out-side, annoyed us almost beyond endurance. Their shrill little voices rang through our ears enough to give us the head-ache.

"Is that their play-ground?"

"N-no, I think not," said the speaker somewhat hesitatingly. "I don't know that they have ever been told not to play on the grass plat between the Administration Building and the Guard House, and I do not blame them for choosing such a very pleasant spot to play. They were having such a happy

time that we disliked very much to disturb them at their fun."

"Did you stop them?"

"Yes! We were obliged to. We could stand it no longer, but the little fellows were so nice and gentlemanly about it that they pleased us very much."

"How did you manage?"

"I went out among them and stood perfectly still. Then they gathered around me and I said:

'Boys! You are having a real good time?'

'Yes, ma'am,' they responded wonderingly.

'Could you have just as good a time over there on the ball ground? You know that our desk work requires a great deal of hard thought, and your noise hurts our think.'

'Yes, ma'am! Yes, ma'am!' one after another exclaimed, catching the spirit of the speaker, "and in a twinkling of the eye they darted off, leaving the grass plat clear and quiet."

THE TUNE IS TURNED.

A young Indian maiden, graduate of Carlisle, is earning her living in one of the large cities of the United States.

One evening, not long since, she wished to go to hear a lecture in which she was very much interested, and which was to be delivered in a hall out in the suburbs.

This is why she said she did not go:

"I had no one to go with me out there, and I was afraid to go alone—vice versa of 100 years ago.

The white people then were afraid to go out of their homes for fear of Indians; to-day the Indians are afraid to go out of their homes for fear of the dreaded white man."

An encouraging letter from Lillian Payne speaks of a number of the returned students who have places of trust or are going to higher schools of learning. Ben. Green, Mamie, Pearl, and Jessie Bluejacket, and herself are attending a Commercial College in Vanita. Thomas Tygar has a position in a store. They have been having very dry weather, not a drop of rain for over seven weeks.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

Mr. 7, 8, 4, 6 is the name of a politician of Pennsylvania of whom nearly every one has heard.

The Emperor of Russia is called my 2, 5, 1, 3.

My 11, 4, 9, 10, is the end of a kite.

My whole is what the patched-up carpet in the new editorial sanctum resembles, forming a study for an artist.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Moving a printing-office.