

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

IT IS not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But, oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee,"
Press forward in spite of thy pain,
And prove to a cold world around thee
Thou wast not created in vain.

WHERE IS THERE A PRETTIER SPOT?

The scenes presented these summer evenings on our lawn, never grow old or tiresome to the Man-on-the-band-stand.

The campus consisting of a few acres enclosed by the main buildings, is the girls' play ground, while the boys have nearly all out-doors for their ball, their racing and their general play.

The girls' ground, which is not exclusively girls' but is used at times for all, is a perfectly kept lawn, as clean as that of a city park.

Granolithic walks curve gracefully in and around under majestic forest trees.

The bandstand, with brightly painted conic roof fringed with carved wood, adds to the picturesqueness of the scene.

After dark this is lighted with electricity, and from this stand the band often sends forth music to cheer and comfort.

But from immediately after supper until the sun goes down behind the Blue Mountain is the time when the place is lively with girls.

Take such an evening as last Monday, for instance.

There had been a holiday and every body was more than happy.

See the croquet balls moving, and listen to the jollity over the plays!

There are three different sets all going, and there is a tennis game, the girls in it actively running jumping and calling "15 love", as the game demands.

Around the flag-staff is a circle of white-aproned maidens watching the others play and having their own good time.

Over them waves triumphantly "Old Glory".

A half dozen girls are upon bicycles flying here and there; a figure now seen across the grounds as far as the eye can reach, in a breath is on the extreme opposite side.

Five girls are tossing ball to each other, one continually trying to get it away from the rest, and having exhausting fun.

There is a large circle playing drop the handkerchief. Twenty others are at "Bingo," while their cheery voices fill the air with song. Scores are promenading arm in arm, laughing and talking merrily. Groups are sitting or lounging upon the grass, now free from dew and of a brilliant green in strong and beautiful contrast with the white aprons.

To one unaccustomed to such a scene the spot would truly seem like fairy land.

Happy!

No wonder we are happy, and yet some do not know that this is an enviable spot, and never find it out until they have left it all, forever.

A GOOSE EGG.

A very interesting five-inning game of base ball was played on Decoration Day between the '99 boys and the team composed of the Alumni of the School.

The '99 braves (?) knowing that the Alumni are not all star men on the field, bravely challenged them, but as is often the case, that "boys" misjudge men by their looks, they found them a pretty "warm team."

With Pierce, '0046 in the box and Shively, '97, behind the bat, the '99 lads were allowed to make only one run, while the ex-men had the honor of taking the goose egg. OB.

The lofty minds maintain the simplicity of children.

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.

Letters from Abram Isaac say that his health has improved at home, which news his friends will be glad to hear. The fish in the lake are engaging his attention just at present.

We have good news this week of Thomas Tygar, Benjamin Green and Lillie Payne, all of whom are doing well at or near their homes, in Indian Territory.

Miss Mabel Buck, '97, arrived safely at the Darlington School, Oklahoma, and is delighted with the people and place. The little Indian children direct from the camp take her eye. She says: "I am interested in seeing the Indians in the camps, just as if I were not an Indian." She is rooming in a cottage building with three who have been to Carlisle—Miss Birch, Miss Kemp, as employees, and Miss Warren ('94). Nellie O'Dell was with her for a few days, but has now gone to her own school some distance away. Miss Mabel plays the piano considerably for the school and for social occasions.

Mr. Moses Shongo, the new assistant teacher, is a Seneca Indian. He is a noted musician and a great addition to the school band. Mr. Shongo is said to be the finest Indian cornetist in the world, a distinction which he well deserves. Prof. George, the leader of the Chemawa band, is second to none as a clarinetist, and the school is proud and thankful to have such eminently qualified musicians as these two gentlemen at the head of its musical department.—[Chemawa, Oregon, American.

Will our eminent Indian cornetist and leader—Mr. Dennison Wheelock and our superb clarinetist, Mr. James Wheelock, his brother, have to take back seats? Mr. George is known at Carlisle, as he was once a pupil of this school. Perhaps we shall some day have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Shongo play his cornet.

Decoration Day at the Indian School.

This day, set apart for the purpose of decorating the graves of those who died for their

country, was very appropriately celebrated at the school.

At 9 o'clock all assembled in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. Patriotic pieces were sung by the school, and the band played some very good selections.

Miss Simmons gave a very select reading, entitled, "The Blue and the Gray."

Capt. Faller, of Carlisle was introduced after Capt. Pratt said a few words.

Capt. Faller talked about his experiences during the Civil War and described the life in Andersonville prison.

Capt. Faller had the pleasure (?) of spending some time in that prison, and his talk was naturally very impressive, all listening with utmost attention.

Capt. Pratt then said a few words, after which the band played the "Star Spangled Banner."

While the band played, Miss Annie Gesis waved the flag.

The school was then dismissed and headed by the American flag, all marched out of the hall around the running track of the gymnasium. NINETY-SIXER.

Mr. Campbell has not yet abandoned the idea of trying to get an Indian company for the war. He is in receipt of letters from many of the Indian boys, now men, who were under his care while at Carlisle and in closer touch with him than anyone there, asking him to form such a company. He stands ready and only awaits an opening for them knowing that they will acquit themselves nobly and will stand by their colors and guns.—[Indian Guide, Shoshone, Wy.

Donald Campbell will be a "big Injun" at the Midway entertainment to be given under the auspices of the ladies of St. Mathews' Church in Laramie. Irene Campbell met with what might have been a serious accident. Mr. Burnett was bringing her home from the Agency in a buggy when the horse slipped and fell, throwing Irene out of the buggy and under the wheels. Mr. Burnett held the horse down until Irene scrambled to her feet, a very muddy and a very much frightened little girl, but uninjured.—[Indian Guide.

Mr. John Steele, of Carlisle, dead? We can hardly believe it! The sad news came out to the school on Wednesday, that he had suddenly died, and a perceptible gloom was cast over the entire school population. Mr. Steele was highly esteemed especially by the large boys who came in contact with him. His store in town was a rendezvous for advice, for counsel, for sociability, for helpfulness. When with the boys he was one of them. He was especially interested in their athletic sports, and was enthusiastic over football. He has given prizes, personally, at various times to Indian winners, and frequently, at his own expense went long distances to see the Indians play a good game. He thoroughly believed in the power and capability of the trained Indian. With our students who have returned to their homes in the west he was a faithful and helpful correspondent. Mr. Steele was a very popular man of Carlisle, and his loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends, while the Indian boys will feel that they have parted with a beloved brother.

Fourth of July—the next holiday.
Miss Cochran went home, Saturday.

Rain was the queen of the May just passed.
Shall the bicycle path to Harrisburg be a
“go”?

Lockhaven was the scene of Mr Snyder's
holiday festivities.

Miss Senseney and her choir enjoyed a little
social on Monday evening.

Miss Forster was with her home friends in
Harrisburg, Sunday and Monday.

Misses Hill and Bowersox spent Sunday at
the home of the latter, up the Susquehanna.

At a game of ball with Lehigh, on Wednes-
day, we were defeated by a score of 8 to 2.

Mr Horace Reeder and his mother Mrs.
Reeder, of Newtown, are visitors as we go to
press.

Master Fred Welsh, son of Dr. Welsh, of
Bloomsburg, Pa., was a guest of Prof. Bake-
less for a few days.

Miss Fleety Payne has been serving as head
matron of the Worcester Academy, Vanita,
Ind. Ter., for several weeks.

Mr. Eaton, son of General Eaton, of Wash-
ington, was a guest at Capt. and Mrs Pratt's,
on Sunday and Decoration Day.

John Garrick has painted in water-colors a
large picture of the Spanish and United States
Fleets in battle, which is well worth looking
at.

Ever see a real circulating library? There
was one this week when the books from the
gymnasium were being carried to the school
room.

Strange, isn't it? But the ring of the trol-
ley-bell on the last car out in the evening has
a significant language of its own, known to
but few.

From western exchanges we gather that
more rain has fallen in Kansas and Oklahoma
during May, than here, and we thought we
had quite enough.

The Bachelors tendered Mr. Jas. Wheelock
a birth-day party on Wednesday evening, at
which toasts and refreshments were indulged
in with great enjoyment.

The Juniors have chosen orange and white
for class colors. Jacob Horne makes an ex-
cellent critic, not being afraid to speak out
when he sees need of improvement in certain
lines.

The United Evangelical District Conven-
tion, held in Carlisle, last week, visited the
school in a body, on Thursday, and carried
away, individually, many points relative to
the capability of the Indian as a learner.

On Sunday, Mr. Jack Standing, passed an-
other mile-stone in his life, and his 14th
birth-day was remembered by the family in
various ways. One present which he greatly
prizes is a late history of Cuba, given to him
by his father.

“Why don't you have the foot-power scroll-
saw,” asked a visitor of Miss Ericson of the
Sloyd department. “I would not have one,”
she said. “I teach hand-work only, with no
machinery beside the common tools to use by
hand. It is the only proper way to teach
Sloyd.”

The brightest day for many weeks was the
1st day of June.

Carrying stone for the crusher is no light
work, and it makes muscle.

Miss Nana Pratt, with Minnie Findley and
Margaret LaMere as representatives of our
King's Daughters, attended the King's
Daughters' Convention held in Philadelphia,
this week. A number of girls living in coun-
try homes also were there.

Miss Mary Seonia gave to her little brother
Harry, a boy party on Monday evening. Who
says they did not enjoy the cake and ice
cream the best of all? Others who did not go
were favored with saucers of the delicious
cream, sent to them.

Mrs. and Miss Reasoner, who have been visit-
ing Mrs. Given, left on Friday last for Phila-
delphia where they expect to spend a few
weeks. The latter has been with us all win-
ter, and has made many close friendships with
members of the faculty as well as with stu-
dents, and others. She was the life of any circle
in which she found herself, and will be
missed greatly by the social element of the
school.

Fortunate is the person who happens to
make a side-trip through Ella Rickert's kitch-
en over which she presides at the hospital.
Attracted by savory odors, the Man-on-the-
band-stand's clerk sauntered through there
the other evening and was treated to some de-
licious cake. Ella says she likes to cook,
which fact is very evident from the neat ap-
pearance of things in general and the delicious
smells emanating from that quarter at meal
times.

Much enthusiasm was indulged in by the
Indians yesterday, says Tuesday Evening's
Sentinel, Carlisle, owing to their victory
over Dickinson. * * * *

For the Indians Hudson put up the star
game, being especially effective at critical
stages. He was ably supported by Mitchell
and the rest of the team as the score will show.
The result was never much in doubt and few
sensational plays were made. The deciding
game of the series will be played next Monday,
when a close contest may be expected.

Score:

Dickinson	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2
Indians	0	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	6

Miss Barr arrived from Oregon on Wednes-
day. It will be remembered that she went
home with Joseph Adams, who was in a run-
down condition. She speaks in highest terms
of Joe's father, his step-mother, and all inter-
ested in him at his home. They are good-
hearted, sensible people and Joe will have
every attention and care that loving hands
and hearts can give. The trip was a trial to
him, but it is hoped that his health and
strength will return. Miss Barr is full of inter-
esting incidents of her trip. She visited the
Chemawa school; saw Mr. Potter, Mr. and
Mrs. George and others. John Brown, who
went home ill, she says, is well and strong.
The George baby, Lavinia Florence, was so
sweet and pretty she wanted to bring it back
with her. The band played for her and she
has many pleasant things to say about the
people and things she saw at that famous In-
dian school of the Pacific slope.

AN INDIAN BOY ON THE ROAD TO LEARNING.

In an Indian school, not far distant, there is a young boy who has not much money to spend for himself, but he somehow manages to get hold of enough to pay for a daily paper.

He reads his paper whenever he has a spare moment, and he always knows the news.

"What's the news?" "What's the news?" his companions gather around him and ask.

"Where is the Spanish fleet?"

"What of Schley?"

"Is Admiral Cervera bottled up?"

"How about Wanamaker?"

"Is Dewey all right?"

"Who's ahead in base-ball?"

All such questions he meets with the complacency of a lawyer who feels certain of his case, and gives the information asked for accurately and fluently.

But the satisfying part to the Man-on-the-band-stand is that the boy has unconsciously taken the most direct route to great learning.

He not only reads, but reads understandingly and thoughtfully, so as to make himself able to TELL what he reads.

While giving pleasure to his companions in relating to them the news, he is getting ahead of them by using the faculties they are too indifferent to use and will LOSE if they do not use.

Of what value is it to read if we are not able to TELL what we read?

INDIAN CHILD GAMES.

Last week we gave a description of a game played by the children of the Omaha tribe of Nebraska, as told by Miss Fletcher. Miss Fletcher has written more about the Omahas, perhaps, than any other one tribe, although her study of Indian folk-lore has not been confined to one people, she has gone into the inner life of a number of the most prominent tribes.

Here is the description of another game played by Omaha children:

The Ou-nae-the-ga-he.

The name of this game in English is "To-make-a-fire-place."

The youths build a fire outside the camp, and the oldest becomes the leader.

He takes a stick and thrusts it in the ground before one of the party, saying,

"We will have so and so to eat."

The one challenged takes up the stick, throws it back to the leader, and starts in search of the food.

He is not always particular as to the manner of obtaining it.

When the youth returns, he hands the article secured to the leader, who proceeds to cook it.

When all is ready, the company approach the leader, two by two, to receive their portion of the feast.

The leader hands it over, crossing his arms so that the one opposite the leader's right hand gets the food held in the left, and the one opposite the left hand receives what the leader holds in his right.

If any portion remains after all are served, there is a general scramble to get it away from the leader.

The youth with the longest hair is placed at the end of the circle, and his companions wipe their greasy fingers on his locks.

NEWS FROM OUR OMAHA PUPILS AT HOME.

Rev. W. A. Galt, Presbyterian Missionary among the Omaha Indians in Nebraska, says at the close of a business letter that he has been a missionary there for four years, and adds:

I think the Omahas are progressing rapidly and the Carlisle school deserves a good share of the credit.

I saw Mr. Mitchell Barada ('98) a few days ago making garden for his mother and later, planting corn for his father.

Mrs. Joe. Tyndall, formally Miss Lucy Guitar, recently returned from Wittenburg, Wisconsin, where her husband is a teacher. She came home because of ill health.

Miss Daisy Esau has been acting assistant seamstress in the Government Boarding School as a supply for two weeks.

Mr. Louis Levering had to have one eye removed to save the other. This has hindered him very much in his work.

Mrs. Thomas McCauley, mother of Albert, now in Carlisle, recently gave a good talk at a Sunday School conference on "How to study the Bible at Home."

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 10, 5, 4 is said to be mightier than the sword.

My 6, 3, 1 is the kind of weather we had much of in May.

My 7, 9, 8 is what runs out of some trees.

My 6, 12, 11, 4 is a common little bird.

My 2, 11, 4 is a commoner big bird.

My whole is something that is in quite demand among our boys, these mornings.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A thunder-bolt.