

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1898.

NUMBER 36.

WHAT IS JUNE?

SKIES of azure, warm and fair,
Gentle breezes, fragrant air,
Glints of honeysuckle gold
On the fences gray and old.
Briar roses, sweet and pink,
Cheerful pipe of bobolink;
And, as dawning grows from dark,
Cleaving flight of meadow lark,
Caroling his morning praises,
Fields of buttercups and daisies,
Wild strawberries on the hills,
Racing, laughing, gurgling rills;
Wilderness of brake and fern
At the roadway's every turn.
Reeds and grasses, long and lush,
Berry blooms and elder brush;
Woods with tenderest shades of green,
Not a shadow on the scene,
Not a shade of woe, nor ruth,
Nature's pulsing, buoyant youth,
That is June.

MR. WHELOCK ON THE MOVE.

Interesting letters come from Mr. Dennison Wheelock, who is out visiting the Indian Training Schools, with the view of selecting good musicians to make up a band for the Paris exposition, in 1900. He is being treated with cordiality all around, and here are a few personal observations gathered from his letters:

On Sunday evening, the 12th of June, Mr. Wheelock was at Haskell Institute, and made a brief address before the students gathered for evening service. He says: In the audience were several from Carlisle—Miss Mosher, Peter Powlas, Isaac Baird, Frank Jones, Samuel Townsend and others. Some of the pupils spoke very well and Dr. Dixon gave a splendid talk.

As far as I could see, they certainly did everything to show their interest in what Carlisle does and is going to do. Superintendent Peairs and Dr. Dixon as managers of the school are a team and full of right ideas. Superintendent Peairs being a graduate of the Kansas University a friendly feeling between it and Haskell exists which will result in great good for the school, and which was not before felt.

The Haskell band played for my benefit. They have a good band, but are unfortunate in having poor instruments.

I left Haskell on Monday evening and reached Chilocco about noon Tuesday. As at Genoa and Haskell, Chilocco has had its share of the rains. In fact I was caught in a shower going from Arkansas City to the school.

I found Superintendent Taylor a very pleasant gentleman. He received me cordially and said he was only sorry that he could not send his whole band along.

Chilocco has a nursery which contains over a million trees covering a hundred acres, and they have a very large herd of cattle.

I left Chilocco on Tuesday evening and arrived at Cheyenne, Oklahoma, at noon to-day. They are in the midst of their closing exercises. The school under Mr. Veits has had a prosperous year. The exercises have been very interesting and I enjoyed them greatly. The different games and sports by the boys were very good.

At the evening exercises the one pleasing feature was a military drill by a number of little boys, commanded by a small boy. They went through the movements of company and platoon formations with the precision of veterans, and ended with an exhibition in manual of arms. The students were neat in appearance and their entertainment showed careful training.

This is my first experience with Indians—the real blanket-covered and painted Indians.

Many Cheyennes are here in attendance upon the closing exercises of the school, and their wigwams are to be seen on the hills about.

The Arapahoe School is near the agency. I saw Misses Mable Buck, Ida Warren and Mr. Kish Hawkins there.

I am now on my way to Grand Junction, and will be there Saturday morning. After that Ft. Lewis, then Albuquerque, N. M., Phoenix, Ariz., Perris, California, Carson City, Nevada, Ft. Hall, Idaho, Chemawa, Oregon, Puyallup, Washington, Ft. Shaw, Montana, Ft. Totten, North Dakota, Flandreau, S. Dak., and Wittenberg, Wisconsin.

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.

Price—10 cents a year.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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.

The Indian band concert at Cave Hill Park on Saturday night was excellently rendered and was highly appreciated by many music lovers.—[Carlisle Daily Herald, 20.]

At this writing we have 581 pupils in country homes for the summer, and 271 at the school. There are more applications for workers than the school can supply.

At the Commencement Exercises in Bosler Hall, last Thursday night, as Miss Cynthia E. Webster, class '96 of the Indian School, received her diploma with the others of class '98 of the Carlisle High School, we could but think for the hundredth time that that is a demonstration of the real solution of the Indian problem. Carlises nor Haskells, Genoas nor Chilcochos, Chemawas nor Albuquerquees, much less reservation schools as Indian schools, will never make of Indian youth such men and women as their speedy recovery from their present helpless condition demands. And again we say that Indian schools as Indian schools are more of a hindrance than a help, unless the supreme motive be to use every available means to get the pupils OUT on an equal footing and in heart association with the people they emulate.

We are safe in saying that never before did Ex-Capt. Bemus Pierce, of the football team, strike such a hard bit of plowing as he did this week when he tackled the packed clay of the athletic field, to make it ready for sodding. It took six horses to draw the plow, three men to guide them besides a heavy man on the beam of the plow to keep its nose in the ground. The man who guided the rear team rode a bicycle; at least it was a two wheeled affair although the two wheels were wagon-wheels and strode the furrow. As the procession moved along dragging little (?) Bemus, plunging and leaping and almost falling over the great clods of clay turned over by the plow, the picture, was a ludicrous one. But he stuck to it with all the fierceness manifested in a football match, and is hardening his muscles by such work ready for the coming games in the fall.

Joseph Adams Is Dead.

We have the sad and painful duty of recording the death of another loved member of our school. Joseph Adams, who went to his home in Oregon, a few weeks since on account of ill health died of Consumption on the 12th inst. The deceased was a character of such frankness, nobility, purity and faithfulness to trust that none knew him but to love him. Doctor Turner, of Siletz Agency writes thus of his last hours: "Joseph suffered but little and talked with a pleasant smile during his sickness. There was a large funeral, and thus ends a noble life, while so many ignoble still live." Miss Barr received a very few sad lines from him which must have been written but a few hours before his death, in which he said he was so tired. Some of the words were so faint that they could not be made out. Joseph was a graduate of Chemawa, having gone there a year and a half. When he came to Carlisle in 1893, he entered the Dickinson Preparatory at once, and before he left had reached the Sophomore class in the college proper. A year ago he went west for his health and remained in Colorado for several months. The ambition to get through college brought him back to Carlisle, and when he arrived he looked remarkably well, but the close study and effort again brought him low.

Joseph had had considerable experience with the agency doctor, which fitted him for usefulness at once in our own hospital. He was a nurse that the patients all liked and he enjoyed giving aid and comfort to the suffering. Dr. Montezuma who was physician for a part of the time writes thus to Miss Barr:

"I sympathize with you in relation to Joe. Life is a mystery. What you have done for Joe can never be estimated. You have one consolation, you have seen one boy who has been faithful and did his duty to the last moment. I consider his life a glorious revelation. He stood equal to Lieutenant Hobson. He carried his ship while the battle of life was raging on every side. Though he sank, his wreck on the road to success will be the only means to free our nation. I cannot conceive of a grander spectacle than a fallen color-bearer with hand grasping the flag and body fallen toward the enemy. Joe's death is grand, noble and sublime. Our reward is not on earth. It is beyond the grave where no disease can hinder or mar our advancement. Joseph's character was truly exceptional and worthy of imitating."

Quite a party went wheeling on Saturday, over the roughest roads that ever civilized country could boast of. For fourteen miles they ploughed and panted and puffed their way over hills and through dust and ruts and broken stones, thinking they were having a delightful time. From the ruddy faces they bore on their return the Man-on-the-band-stand may judge that they had a warm time to say the least. Mrs. Cook, a stranger to this part of the country and accustomed to California's beautiful roads, after passing, we don't know how many sign-boards pointing to Sterrett's Gap, Wagner's Gap, Crane's Gap, Doubling Gap, etc., etc., nearly went off her wheel as she sighed that so many gaps made her sleepy.

Capt. Pratt is in Washington, D. C., on school business.

The band played at Boiling Springs, last Friday evening.

Miss Forster, art teacher, has been absent for a few days.

Mr. Jack Standing is again employing some of his vacation hours with us.

Mr. Sturm, of our clerical force has gone to his home in the South on his annual leave.

Miss Richenda Pratt is home for the summer vacation from Wilson College, Chambersburg.

Garden truck and fruit begin to make students' meals appetizing. Pease for the first this week!

Simon Standingdeer's flowers in the shop court are thriving; so are the weeds and grass outside of the beds.

Miss Annie Kowuni, class '97 who took a course at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, has returned to Carlisle for a time.

Miss Sarah Smith, '97, and Deleila Cornelius who has been living with Miss Edge, at Downingtown, have gone to their homes in Wisconsin.

Mr. Harkness and his tanners are high up in the world these days, and will be forgiven if a little "stuck up" as they are giving to our tin roofs their war paint of red.

The shop boys are nearly all working outside now-a-days. Those whose work keeps them indoors exercise vigorously after supper and thus keep well and strong.

Mr. Levi St. Cyr has returned to his post of duty after a happy time at his home, at the Winnebago Agency, Nebraska. He looks brown and well, as though his 30 days' rest had done him good.

We have had scarcely enough rain to lay the dust on the high-ways this month thus far, although Hicks predicted much rain. The campus is beginning to show the lack of drink from the clouds.

Mr. Thos. Marshall, who is working his way through Dickinson College and has reached his Junior year will carry on a summer school of short hand during July and August. He already has a good class promised.

The band boys had a little treat of ice cream and cake in their band room on Monday evening after the concert on the band stand. Being of Bachelor management the feast was partaken without the presence of their more favored friends, which of course made the ice cream and cake disappear in "jig time."

Miss Shaffner returned on Monday evening, landing in Philadelphia, at ten in the morning. She said their steam-ship Pennland passed the Belgenland, on which Miss Luckenbach sailed, Sunday night, at breakwater, and they were in a gale and a very rough sea. Miss Shaffner looks well and claims to have had a delightful time every moment while absent.

Thomas Denomie, the janitor, has gone to the country and Bunn Armstrong has taken his place. It is a pleasure to be able to say that Thomas was faithful in his duties as a janitor and that we predict he will be the same in the country. He goes to the same place he was last summer, where he was highly esteemed. It is a 'good enough' name when a boy is wanted the second year.

Lee Dailey has gone to his home at Otoe, Oklahoma.

Weeds still! Oh, for a scythe that could operate itself!

Potato-bug picking is on. The small boys receive 10 cents a quart, and yet they prefer picking cherries. Funny, isn't it?

If the trolley company would send a man to cut down the weeds along the Avenue leading to the school, the approach would look better.

Miss Shaffner brought some apples from Tasmania and Australia, which were not only a delicious treat to her friends, but a great curiosity.

The farm steam-engine and boiler used for thrashing has taken its place at the end of the boys' quarters to heat the water for the bath, during the summer rest of the steam-plant boilers.

Typo Edgar Rickard is working outside on the stone pile to rest his eyes which have been troubling him for a few days. He will also gain a little ready cash and build up muscle and brawn.

Mr. Lundberg and Miss Newman, of Steelton were among the visitors at the school on Friday last. Mr. Lundberg is a native of Sweden and with Miss Ericson was at home in his native tongue.

Rose Poodyry has gone to live with Miss Edge, at Downingtown, for the summer, which means exceptional opportunities for learning everything pertaining to noble and gentle womanhood. Miss Edge has helped a host of our girls to lives of usefulness and lofty purpose.

Mr. Weber and his force of boys are tearing off the weather-worn parts of the high smoke stack, and replacing them with new. It is difficult and dangerous work, requiring nerve and ability. His chief aids are Hawley Pierce and Edwin Smith.

A young regiment of boys went to the lower farm on Monday to pick cherries. From the looks of their mouths on their return, the Man-on-the-band-stand wondered at the bushel basketfuls they brought back with them. There were enough for each student a big bowlful for supper.

Neat invitations to closing exercises have been received from the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas; and the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian Industrial School, the Albuquerque Indian School, New Mexico, the Cheyenne School, Darlington, Oklahoma, and the Chilocco School, Oklahoma, which last put out the most fanciful cards in the form of a souvenir. The Man-on-the-band-stand was only sorry that he could not attend all.

Numbers 7, 8, and 10 school-rooms have closed. Mrs. Cook, teacher of No. 10, is detailed to assist in the small boys' quarters and to take Mrs. Given's place when she goes on her vacation. Miss Robertson, No. 7, will assist in classifying "clippings" and magazines in the library. Miss Carter, No. 5, will take the Normal Room one session in addition to her own. Miss Cochran, No. 8, will assist Miss Ely in Mr. Sturm's absence on his vacation. Miss Boyersox of the Normal room and Mrs. Sawyer, instructor in instrumental music are cataloguing in the library.

ELEPHANTS.

"How do they feed elephants?" asked a little Indian boy of his teacher?

"I was reading about the feeding of elephants in the Army of India just the other day, and this is what I read," replied the teacher:

"When meal time comes the elephants have to fall in line, just as our boys and girls do for school.

Before the line are great piles of food.

The food is rice and it is done up in packages."

"Paper packages?" asked the boy.

"No. The wrappers are leaves and the packages are tied with grass. Each package weighs two pounds.

When all is ready the master calls out: Attention!

Then each elephant opens his mouth wide and men stand off and throw the packages into their mouths.

It is not hard to hit the mark because the elephant's mouth is so big."

"Why do they feed elephants that way?" was asked.

"So that there may be no waste. Not a single grain of rice is lost when fed in this way, but if the rice were put on the ground or in a vessel of some kind the elephants would waste a great many grains with their long trunks."

"How much does the man feed each elephant?"

"Ten pounds—five of those two pound packages."

SLANG.

By your words you are known.

If you use language that is vulgar, low, or full of slang, people will think that your thoughts are low minded.

Slang is used by the uneducated, by those who are careless and lazy-minded.

Good English is a sign of good breeding.

Bad, slangy English is a sign of vulgarity, and a low mind.

To use slang is to degrade yourself in the eyes of respectable people.

Good language elevates the mind; for we must not forget that language is the expression of thought.

"Getting 'blowed up' doesn't mean just what it used to, does it?" asked a looker-on as one of the wheelmen was blowing up his tire, by the office building.

He begins to learn when he begins to know that he does not know.

HE IMPROVED HIS TIME.

Within the past few weeks the whole civilized world is ringing with praises of the noble deeds of a young man who has become distinguished because of his superior education.

Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson was selected by Admiral Sampson because of his high standing as a student—one who in his young years had learned nearly everything possible about an ocean steamer, how to manage one, and knew more of the real condition of Santiago harbor than any man of the four thousand in the great fleet, all of which he had learned from books and maps.

When a cadet at the Annapolis Academy some of the students poked fun at him because he devoted so much time to his books, instead of fooling it away on sports and the many other temptations to be found in all schools, both of high and low degree.

It is of such stuff that heroes, and great men generally, are made, the world over.

It is the study of good books that counts above everything else.—[Jamesburg Advance.

THE LITTLE MICROBE.

The little microbes that cause consumption get into our lungs through our mouths and noses as we breathe. So we cannot be too careful about the air with which we fill our lungs. The Man-on-the-band-stand has seen boys pass a mouth-organ from one mouth to the other. It is not safe! Who knows but that one of the boys may have consumption microbes in his lungs, and how easy it would be to transfer some of those very microbes to your lungs if you take into your mouth a mouth-organ into which he has been blowing his bad breath. Don't do it! It is unclean as well as dangerous.

Some people are almost insane on the subject of microbes. All we advise is to use common sense. A person with ordinary intelligence knows the dangers of passing mouth-organ from mouth to mouth, and pipe from lips to lips.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

President Porter, of Yale, has said that the greatest gain of a college course is in teaching a student to do what he ought to do, when he ought to do it, whether he wants to do it or not.

Enigma.

My 5, 6, 8 is the metal in some cups.

My 3, 7, 3, 7, 4 is a good beverage to drink.

My 1, 2 is the abbreviation of one of the most prominent Southern States.

My whole is what some of our pupils are longing for and which is sure to come very soon.