

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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**T**HERE are songs enough for a hero  
Who dwells on the heights of fame;  
I sing for the disappointed—  
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence  
For one who stands in the dark,  
And knows that his last, best arrow  
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,  
The eager anxious soul,  
Who falls with his strength exhausted  
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence,  
With a sorrow all unknown—  
For those who need companions,  
Yet walk their way alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers  
Who share love's tender pain;  
I sing for the one whose passion  
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit-comrades  
Have missed them on the way  
I sing, with a heart o'erflowing,  
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system  
Must somewhere keep in space  
A prize for that spent runner  
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect  
Unless it held some sphere  
That paid for the toil and talent  
And love that are wasted here.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## HOW WE SPENT THE FOURTH AT CARLISLE.

At eleven o'clock, fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds, last Sunday night, all was as quiet as death, with scarcely a breath of air stirring. The night was clear and hot, while all humanity seemed asleep, save the man in the moon, who beamed so brilliantly upon the hammock-sleepers on the balconies that they could not go into that dark repose so necessary for complete rest; but, they swung to and fro, and fanned themselves by their rocking as they dozed and between times winked back at the grimaces of the sole inhabitant of the orb of night.

Finally, when the last mosquito had sung its closing cantata on the lobe of the would-be dozer's ear, the old town-clock gave a resound-

ing first-stroke of the midnight hour, when as if by magic:

"Boom! Whang! Rattle-te-bang! Whack! Thwack! Whackle-te-crack! Fire-te-sc'z," went hundreds of battle-sounding reports from every quarter of the town, almost at the same instant, while the bell on St. Patrick's Church rang out the only patriotic peal that was heard that night.

On the school grounds one lone little scizzer added to the general din.

In an hour or so, all was quiet again until about three o'clock in the morning the small boy at the Indian School began to knock on his school-mother's door for his self-purchased ammunition which had been denied him the day before, and with which he wished to begin his Fourth of July.

The urgent demand from this irresistible but only true young American could no longer be denied with propriety. The morrow was here and the small boy was to realize his school-mother's promise.

Pop, POP, pop, from the small cracker, the medium sized cracker, to the one that sounds like a cannon and makes people with nerves jump, were heard all day long, amid loud shouts of merriment.

It was a day for the nervous old and disgruntled young to go off to the woods, for the young Indio-American was to hold sway, in his own good way, to celebrate Independence Day. He owned the day.

As evening approached, ominous clouds hugged the horizon off in the south, while flashes and rumbling of heaven's fire-works were seen and heard. The rain did not come, but instead a most beautiful sunset, of brilliant red over the line of mountains blue, with here and there streaks of feathery white clouds giving the national colors in vivid array and making a fitting salute to the news which came about that time that Sampson had given to our nation a present of a Fourth of July

(Continued on last page.)



# The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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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 or if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Miss Fisher, of the Genoa Nebraska Indian school force, is spending her annual leave at her home in Detroit, Michigan.

We hear through Miss Sarah Smith, now at Oneida, Wis., that Albert Silas, who went home a few weeks since, died on the 2nd inst., of consumption. The deceased will be mourned by a large number of schoolmates and friends in the East.

Having a hard time of it is not to be counted among the sore burdens of life. Having an easy time of it is much to be dreaded. Nerve and unflinching pluck get temper and fineness out of hard times, not out of hammock swinging. Only out of stress and strain comes the clear grit which tells. God pity the man or woman who has never had a hard time of it! —[Sunday School Times.

Letters from Mr. Dennison Wheelock show continued interest in the new experiences he is having in the West. He is observing closely as he goes along and is learning things which will be of great benefit to him. His recent letter speaks of the pleasant times he had at the Ft. Lewis, Colo., and Santa Fe, New Mexico, schools, and of the many friends he met at Albuquerque, N. M. Edwin Schanandore, '89, is there and is married. Supt. Allen and wife (who was Miss Ida Johnson at Carlisle,) have a beautiful babe. Julia Dorris, (ex-Carlisle pupil) is employed there and is doing very well.

When a person stands and gazes at an Indian who is busy at work doing some difficult task that requires judgment and skill and something which no one supposed that an Indian could ever learn to do, it may be embarrassing to the latter to be thus gazed at, but he must remember that the far away astonished look of the visitor comes from his having been taught in youth that the Indian is only a wild, treacherous, cruel, lazy and good-for-nothing creature. Carlisle is doing as great a work in educating the public to the truth that the Indian is a MAN and as capable of doing great things as are the people of other races, as she is doing in educating the Indians themselves.

Capt. Stouch, 3rd Infantry, Indian Agent for the Crows in Montana, has been promoted to Major and Chief Commissary of Sustainance of Volunteers, and is relieved from the duties of Indian Agent.

Wesley A. Williams, who went home about a year ago, died on the 8th of June. His mother, Mrs. Wawanosh writes the information and speaks with tender appreciation of the care given him at our school. Wesley was one of our good boys, and the broken-hearted mother has the sympathy of us all.

Is it such a serious matter as some think to separate families for the sake of an education? People of enterprise do not hesitate to go anywhere, if business or other self-interests call. This week Miss Bowersox takes her mother with her to Chicago where she will visit a brother whom she has not seen since he was a small boy, and now he is an old, gray-haired gentleman.

Miss Lois Minnie Cornelius, an Oneida Indian girl of royal parentage, was graduated with high honors from Grafton Hall, an Episcopalian girls' school, of this city, during the past week, says a Fond Du Lac, Wis., dispatch in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Miss Cornelius is a sister of three of our ex-pupils, two of whom are leading useful lives in widely separated sections of the country. One is not living.

If we may go by dates as they appear on invitations, Timothy Henry, '96, was married on Wednesday to Miss Nellie L Johnson at the home of the bride in New York State. Miss Johnson and Mr. Henry were school-mates at a district school, and some of her scholars are now members of the Carlisle School. Mr. Henry was a printer while here, and has many friends at the school who will wish him much happiness. Three cheers for Timothy!

We have it very straight that the 12 boys who went to wait on table at the sea-shore, are making a good impression, and as one of them says, "catching on" to the ways. They are enjoying the sea breezes. Board they say is only \$17.50 a week. They are treated with the greatest respect and kindness by guests.

A very interesting letter from Alberta Gansworth who is living at Lansdowne, has been received telling of pleasant times she is having in connection with her work in the country. There are many side pleasures that she enjoys very much. School is out, she says, and she passed the examinations for the seventh grade. It will take two years more for her to enter High School. She has visited the Zoological garden recently and had a fine time on the Fourth, while she rejoices with all true American girls over the news of Sampson's victory. She goes out bicycling once in a while, and is now looking forward with pleasure to the 14th when their Sunday School is to have a picnic. Who can say that Alberta has not a good home? There is everything in looking upon the bright side. If she has unpleasant duties to perform she says nothing about them, but goes to work and does them. Some other girls in the country would have more time for pleasure if they would hurry up their work. When a girl takes three hours to do one hour's work, of course she cannot get done in time to go pleasuring. To work quickly and well is one of the useful lessons our girls get in country homes.



Mr. Weber is away on a leave.

Mrs. Given is in Philadelphia.

Miss Hill spent Sunday in Chambersburg.

The hottest days of the season were Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Cochran spent Sunday at her home in Millerstown.

Miss Richenda Pratt has gone to Pottsville, to visit a schoolmate.

Miss Ericson is in New York at present spending a part of her leave.

Willard Gansworth will go home to New York State for a little rest and change.

Mr. Sowerby left on Sunday for Chicago to attend Summer School at the Cook County Normal.

There are 614 pupils earning their way to manhood and womanhood, in country homes for the summer.

Professor Bakeless will spend a part of his vacation with his father on the old homestead at Shamokin Dam.

44 boys and girls whose times have expired or are in poor health, went to their homes in the west, this week.

Miss Senseney is spending a part of her vacation at her home in Chambersburg. Miss Weekley was her guest on Sunday.

Nellie Carey has again returned to Ft. Sill from Otoe Agency, where she has been employed temporarily in the school.

Miss Wood has joined the Chautauquan Summer School party who left yesterday for that popular educational resort.

Miss Louisa Geisdorff, '96, who graduated from the West Chester Normal last Thursday will assist in our girls' quarters for a time, she having arrived on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess arrive from the north as we go to press. They will spend the rest of July and a part of August at the school visiting their daughter.

The hitching post with a long pipe, down by the teachers' quarters, makes a first rate telephone, through which Mary Stone and some of her little playmates talk in whispers.

Miss McCook has gone to Ohio to spend her vacation with friends near Cincinnati. Miss Peter takes her place for a time as Captain Pratt's stenographer, and Miss Cochran will do Miss Luckenbach's work as pupils' cashier.

The Apache girls and boys who were admitted last week from San Carlos, Ariz., are being initiated into the ways and by-ways of our summer work. They take hold with spirit, and even the electric laundry does not scare the girls.

The keeping up of repairs in the small things that are apt to be neglected gives a manager a good name, no matter if he is the manager of a room, the manager of a bicycle, the manager of a company of boys, the manager of a cart or what.

Our shoemaking instructor, Mr. Morrett, with his wife and little daughter Sarah dropped in at the printing-office on Tuesday. We do not often see Mrs. Morrett on the grounds. Little Miss Sarah was dressed in her "sweet, pretty" Fourth-of-July red, white and blue dress.

The sugar-beets in spite of the dry weather are looking well, while all other vegetables are suffering from drought.

Dr. G. L. Ziegler, of Mount Joy, Pa., with the Misses Wood of South Hanover St. were interested visitors on Thursday.

Assonetah and Shelah are like lost little kittens without Miss Campbell. If it would do any good they would "mew," "mew," all the time.

Nearly all the shop boys are doing out-side work at present, while the trade instructors are busy repairing tools and preparing work for the fall influx of students.

Patriotic and very neat invitations to attend the Commencement Exercises of the United States Indian School at Klamath Agency, Oregon, June 24, were received.

Assistant-Disciplinarian Mr. Chauncey Yellowrobe, is off on his annual leave. At present he is rusticated in the mountains of Pennsylvania, but rather expects to strike west ere long.



Do you want a first class Washburn guitar at a bargain? It is an exceptionally fine toned instrument, as good as new, as it has been little used. It must be sold! Address HELPER immediately.

The sodding of the Athletic field looks like an interminable piece of work, but Contractor Wike is pushing his men as fast as possible. The part that is finished looks well and is taking hold. Boys are at work all night keeping it wet. Rains have gone around us, but for six weeks not enough has fallen to keep grass and flowers alive.

The HELPER stated sometime ago that Miss Shaffner brought with her from England some apples from Tasmania. She has been asked frequently since, how she liked Tasmania and Australia, and wishes it to be understood that she did not visit those countries. She bought the apples in Liverpool. During her visits to country girls she may be reached by letter by addressing W. C. A. Building, 18th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

The boys who are out on farms for the summer to earn money and to get health and experience, are mostly down to business. We have heard less complaints from patrons and pupils this year than ever, but we never have had much complaining. Two boys last month came in without permission and were sent back on the next train. When things are not satisfactory there is a way to proceed, and the boys know the way, hence to come in without first informing the school, does not help matters.

Superintendent Lydia Hunt, of the San Carlos Arizona Indian School, who last week brought 12 children to enter Carlisle as pupils, had with her a collection of photographs taken by herself and representing every imaginable condition and phase of Indian life in his camp. They were exceedingly interesting. She also had a lot of Navajo and Apache blankets that were the real articles made by the Indians' own hands in the curious and interesting designs peculiarly their own, which cannot be imitated.



(Continued from first page.)

victory in the destruction and capture of Cervera's fleet.

The passing showers cooled the air and when it came time for the evening's display of fire-works everybody was out feeling comfortable and happy after a sweltering day.

A limited amount of fire-works had been purchased—just enough to illustrate how the nation celebrates her Fourth of July night. Roman candles, sky-rockets, flower-pots of gorgeous fire balls, spinning wheels and balloons were sent up.

One of the balloons was in the shape of a huge elephant, the ascension of which was perfect. As the figure began to expand, astonishment was depicted in the eyes of all. "Jumbo" was read clearly from the sides of the translucent figure with flaming interior, and soon he began to rise.

The children shouted and were wonder struck.

Never before did we see an elephant go up bodily in the air.

Up, up, he went, and cries of "Good-bye, Jumbo!" were heard on all sides. Many scrambled to the fences to watch the progress of the vanishing monstrosity as it passed off two or three miles to the east. Then the white aproned bevy of girls and the shouting boys came running back to the flag-staff in wild delight to see what else was to happen.

The display from beginning to end was very pretty. As the purple, red, green, yellow and other colored fire balls from Roman candles and rockets were sent popping toward the sky, the little girls made choice of colors crying enthusiastically:

"That's mine! That's mine."

One observing Venus peeping from behind a light cloud called:

"See! See! A balloon has stuck fast," and her little joke was apparent to all who heard it.

About nine o'clock the whistles in the various quarters began to blow for the students to go to bed, and soon all was quiet again, save the merriment that came from a little company of guests—teachers and officers—who had been invited to seats in front of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt's residence and who, before separating for the night, cracked jokes and smacked lips over the delicious ice-cream served as a cooling and appropriate close of a warm but enjoyable holiday.

#### A USELESS TOOTH.

"Why was So-and-so sent home? Do you know?" asked a boy of a person whom he thought could answer. "Is he sick?"

"I think not," said the person addressed. "But I have heard for some time about his evil habits, his unclean thoughts and his direct influence for bad over his associates. He is a sort of moral leper and a leader in bad ways. You know how one such fellow often times starts a whole crowd in the wrong way."

"I know that," said the questioner, "but I don't think he is much worse than some of the other boys, after all."

"That may be; we must be very careful, however, not to judge until we have all the facts. The boy you mention, to my actual knowledge, has been given every opportunity to get out of his evil ways and to improve. All his teachers and caretakers have been very kind and patient, but he seems determined, in the face of everything that can be done, to choose the evil rather than the good things of life and to carry every one with him that he can. He is, as you say, a good worker and a seemingly quiet, inoffensive boy, but he is like a certain kind of troublesome tooth."

"How is that?"

"The bad tooth being in a continual state of soreness, good teeth near by are prevented from doing their part of the chewing necessary for healthful mastication of food. It lies quietly in the jaw, until the whole atmosphere becomes vitiated.

"Such teeth are sometimes doctored by the dentist, are they not, and made as good as new?"

"The offensive part of this tooth was once carefully removed, the nerve was treated with good medicine, and the tooth seemed for a time as though it were going to be of fair service again."

"That is the way I mean," said the questioner. "It seems to me that Carlisle stands in the position of a great dentist. If a tooth can be saved it is her duty to save it. If we had to lose our teeth as fast as they become a little decayed, there are some people who never would have any teeth."

"But after a while the fabric of this tooth, about which I am speaking, began to crumble, and there was nothing left for the filling to hold to."

"Put on a crown!" said the questioner, who evidently has had considerable work done in his own mouth.

"That is very good dentist theory," smiled the person addressed. "And if there were the slightest hope of preserving even the root, the best and speediest remedies would be applied, but when the root is troublesome making the tooth of no account, the wisest thing to do is to get rid of the entire tooth so that the good teeth near may not become contaminated and made weak and useless by the soreness of the one good-for-nothing member. See?"

#### Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 8 is something to rest on.

My 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 is something that men need in order to shave.

My 1, 3, 5 is a domestic animal, much appreciated by the Carlisle students.

My 6, 7, 8 is what we must do to live.

My whole is what the Carlisle School has enjoyed this week. W.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEKS ENIGMA: Cherries ripe.