

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1898.

NUMBER 39

LONGING.

OF ALL the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;—
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE OFT-REPEATED QUESTION.

"Do the Carlisle girls return to camp and put on Indian dress as soon as they get home?"

We are asked this question almost daily, and when obliged to say "Yes," in regard to a few cases an expression of distrust as to the wisdom of educating the Indian comes over the face of the questioner as much as to say "I thought so."

Then we go on to explain that those who stay away from the tribe long enough for the life of our life to take hold, when they graduate from our school, having taken in all the benefits of our outing and consequent individual experiences they have the same aspirations that we have.

There are representatives from every prominent tribe of Indians in existence who have gone through our school, hundreds of them, leading useful and self-respecting lives, caring for themselves and friends, and entirely independent of the Government.

But the few who came with no knowledge of civilization and who remained here but a year or two and then went back to the old ways count more, with some people, against education than the well-to-do thousands count for the system of education carried on by the U. S. Government.

"I am so discouraged over the work here,"

writes an energetic teacher of an Indian school in Utah. "We have some very intelligent children and I have girls here that are model housekeepers while at the school, but the moment they leave the school and enter the wigwam they attire themselves in their squaw-dress and live the life of the squaws."

The writer can fully appreciate every word of this, for she, too, has passed through those experiences while teaching among the Indians of the plains; but here it is different; we do not have the same discouragements to contend with.

Instead of going to camp to spend their vacation, at a time when they are still weakly climbing to higher and better things of life, our girls go into good homes where the mothers of growing families become their mothers, and patiently teach them along with their own children the necessary details of right living.

HOW A LITTLE ACT TRAVELS.

Our actions are sometimes heard of by people far away.

We frequently give to ourselves by a very small word or deed a reputation for good or for evil, when we least suspect that we are making any impression.

One of our boys did something in Sioux City, Iowa, the other day.

It was this:

He went into a shoe-store to buy a pair of shoes.

The salesman seeing that he was not a blanket Indian began to talk with him.

The salesman was so pleased with the Indian boy's gentlemanly bearing that he sat down and wrote to a friend who lives near Boston, and that friend is a friend of the writer, so through her we get the information at Carlisle, how the Indian boy behaved in a store in Sioux City.

The boy was Albert Hensley, and he did not know that his actions would be reflected away over to Boston and from there back to Carlisle.

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

ALWAYS turn out on the right when on a wheel.

The Mountain Pink of Utah is the Indian paint brush.

Madam Rumor says that Mr. Sowerby and Miss Bowersox go sight seeing in Chicago at times when not engaged with Summer School work.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Joseph Adams on June 12, at his home in Oregon. Joseph was assistant teacher at Haskell for a short time and won many friends by his gentle and courteous ways.—[Haskell Leader.

When the fuse on the switch-board in the laundry blew out the other day causing the manufactured lightning to play around in unpleasant flashes it was amusing to see the washers and ironers pile for the windows and doors.

Miss Carter writes from Chautauqua that the Carlisle teachers there—Miss Wood, Miss Paull, Miss Robertson and Miss Weekley, besides herself are comfortably located and are anticipating a good season of study and lectures.

The wheat crop has been damaged fifty per cent in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory by rust, but Indian corn is good everywhere and promises to bring a good price. Eufaula will have corn to sell this year.—[The Indian Journal.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has had the pleasure of looking upon the shadow faces of Susie Farwell Glenn and her husband. Their home is in Montana, and if the old gentleman may be allowed to say so they are a very handsome couple in a picture.

Harry Kohpay, industrial teacher at the government school, has tendered his resignation. Harry is one of the brightest Osage boys on the reservation and his change from imparting his learning to pupils to farmer only denotes a desire to work and manage for himself.—[The Osage Journal.

Mr. Kohpay is a graduate of Carlisle, class '91.

From all the departments we learn that the new girls are taking hold of the work nicely, giving evidence of excellent training in schools they have gone to before coming to Carlisle.

The Annual Number of the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, Leader, has a twelve-page illustrated supplement. The views are of the photographic process and there are 21 of them, giving to one who has never visited Haskell an excellent idea of what our sister institution is, like.

A recent letter was received from the Missionary at Cubera, New Mexico, asking for Emma Seawitsa's church letter. The many friends of Emma are full of hopes that she is improving in health and strength. A short note from Emma herself to one of her friends says that she has been quite ill but is better.

That came near being a serious accident when two bicycles went crushing into each other in front of the large boys' quarters last Monday, sending both riders to the ground more forcibly than was becoming. Why did the accident happen? Because one of the riders turned out on the left instead of on the RIGHT.

Dr. Winslow and his corps of assistants at the Ft. Shaw Industrial School, Montana, according to the Montanian, are solving the Indian problem, and could all the Indians be placed under the care of such able instructors, the question would soon be ended. A description of the Commencement Exercises, held June 28, is full of interest and shows that Ft. Shaw is progressing as she should.

Ada Smith writes cheerfully from her country home, saying that she is well and getting along nicely. She doesn't believe that she could find a better home. She had a happy 4th, although the rain spoiled some of the fun. Emaline Patterson and Agnes White live about a half mile from her. She always looks forward to the coming of the HELPER with pleasure.

William Pollock, a Pawnee Indian ex-pupil of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, has joined the U. S. 1st Reg. Vol. D Troop. When at San Antonio, Texas, he wrote to his friend Samuel, (we suppose Samuel Townsend, a brother Pawnee, ex-pupil of Carlisle and now foreman of the printing-office at Haskell,) an interesting letter, a few sturdy sentiments of which are as follows:

"At last I am going to see civilized people fight against half barbarians as they term Spaniards. Sometimes it seems hard but I have put myself thus far and will stay with it. I am not going to predict any or do any boasting, but I'll only say that in the memory of our brave fathers I will try and be like one of them, who used to stand single handed against the foes. Being the only full-blooded Indian in this troop I am somewhat a conspicuous character. Some folks at home thought I was very foolish to put myself into such a situation where dangers of all kinds are inevitable. If my mother was yet living I would not take any such step; my brothers, they are all men and will not worry about me but will rather be somewhat proud of me even should I fail at my duty as a soldier under the service of the U. S. Government."

Miss Nana Pratt is at the sea-shore. Absolutely no vegetables, is the fear now. The berries and other fruits are drying up. The oat-midges on Wednesday were simply maddening.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt have returned from Washington.

Rarely has the campus looked so burned and thirsty as it does now.

Mr. James Wheelock, '96, visited friends in Bucks County last Sunday.

Jacob Horne, of the Northfield party, is visiting friends in New Hampshire.

The Northfield boys played one game of ball with Brown and were defeated by a score of 9 to 10.

The leaves on some of the large trees near buildings with tin roofs are literally roasted alive.

Printers Samuel Paul, George Welch and Stuart Hazlett attended the Methodist picnic yesterday.

Ray Funk is spending a few days in the South mountains, a guest of Mrs. Howe, at Hunter's Run.

Miss Ella Rickart has been visiting the Hampton Normal Institute, Virginia, and is expected home at this writing.

To save the young trees the boys have been watering them evenings—a very unusual thing for this section of the country.

Miss Barclay and her mother left on Monday for Huntingdon, this State, the former to attend Summer School. Miss Seonia left on Tuesday for the same school.

There is a place near Northfield, says Robert Emmett, where a person may sit on a stone in Massachusetts, rest one foot in New Hampshire and one in Vermont.

This week, the sad news of the death of Mrs. Barret, of Wellsville, Pa., was received with sorrow by a number of our girls and others at the school who knew her.

Miss Ericson arrived from New York on Saturday and left Monday night for Bay View, Mich., where she will attend the Summer University and take lessons in mechanical drawing.

It was hard on that farm failure when he went to the office to ask permission to go to the picnic and was refused. He ought to have known better than to ask.

One of the young men who went to Northfield brought back a mustache, which Kolli-look, the little Esquimaux with whom he sometimes plays croquet on the hospital grounds does not like. She says, "O, hair, hang down, no good."

Mr. Sturm has returned from his home at Milford, West Virginia, where he has been spending his annual leave. Boating, fishing, picnicing and every sport natural to that salubrious climate he has indulged in, from his own account.

The sodding of the 150,000 square feet inside the running track of the new athletic field will be done this week, except the part on which the stone for the track is piled. This will be removed as fast as the stone can be crushed for the track.

Miss Emma Johnson, of Oklahoma, for a short time a pupil of Carlisle, is in Chicago, attending the Cook County Normal, says Miss Bowersox.

Mr. Dandridge has gone south on his vacation. He will spend some time in Baltimore, and he says he intends to see Cervera at Annapolis before his return, if such a thing is possible.

Mr. Lewis Ely and wife, of Pineville, Bucks Co., are visiting Miss Ely, Superintendent of the Outing System. On Monday, in company with Mr. Burgess, they visited the Battlefield of Gettysburg.

Emma St. Pierre is getting the reputation of a professional domestic baker in her country home. The Man-on-the-band stand hears that one has to go a long way to find as good bread as she can make.

Miss Nancy Seneca, '97, who has been here spending her vacation from the Medico-Chirurgical hospital Philadelphia, was called upon to nurse the babe of Mrs. Charles Berg in town which has been quite ill. Miss Seneca went back to Philadelphia yesterday.

Miss Nannie Leverett, of Bloomsburg, Miss Margaret McKnight of Pittsburg and Miss Rebecca Henderson of Carlisle formed a company of visitors that went the rounds on Wednesday. Miss Leverett is the daughter of Dr. Leverett, who in the early years of our school, was rector of the St. John's Episcopal Church of Carlisle, and made frequent and welcome visits to the school.

Mr. Joseph Blackbear who has charge of the large boys' quarters in the absence of Disciplinarian Mr. Thompson and Assistant-Disciplinarian Mr. Yellowrobe, says the rush of getting the home pupils off is over, Cornelius Jordan being the last to go. The system of sending pupils home in small parties is much more satisfactory all around, than to have large parties go all at one time. About fifty in all have gone home since the close of school.

Bruce Patterson has gone to Albuquerque. His health having failed somewhat it is hoped that the high and dry air of New Mexico's sunny climate will benefit him. Bruce has been with us since he was a very small boy, and has many friends in this section of the country besides students and officers of the school, all of whom wish him well. Superintendent and Mrs. Allen of the Albuquerque school will spare no pains to restore him to health. Bruce is a printer. Who knows? Maybe he will help start a little paper for the Albuquerque school.

The ten boys—Thomas Marshall, Robert Emmett, George Wolfe, Linas Pierce, Edwin Smith, Edgar Rickard, Eugene Warren, John Dillon, Jacob Horne, and James Kawaykla,—have returned from Northfield feeling that they were greatly benefited, physically, mentally and spiritually by the change, the meetings, and association with the Christian manhood that there assemble each year. Three Dickinson College young men camped with our boys. In the mornings from eight to twelve or one, they attended meetings, while after dinner when the work was done up they employed the time roaming around, resting and what they would, until the evening meetings began. All declare they had a fine time.

HOW MUCH DOES A BOY COST?

The Man-on-the-band-stand feels like asking how much does a girl cost, but the following good recitation for a boy found in the Chicago Advance, would be just as good for a girl.

Evidently it was given by a white boy but when the Carlisle Indian boy and girl reads it let them substitute the word CARLISLE for "parents" and they will get some sort of an idea how much they each cost.

The Recitation.

It does not take as much money to live in the country, or a small town, as it does to live in the city.

I read the other day that it cost \$5,000 to bring up a city boy and educate him and dress him well.

I said to myself, "That is because everything in the city has to be bought and living is high."

But I began to study the thing, and I found out that even a country boy cost his parents a good deal.

When you count what a boy eats and what he wears, and the schoolbooks he has to have, and the doctor bills that have to be paid when he gets the measles or the scarlet fever, he will cost his folks at least \$100 a year.

I guess if a boy is pretty bad to smash things or to kick his shoes right out he costs more than that.

So when I am 21 and old enough to do for myself I shall have cost father more than \$2,000.

Mother cooked my victuals, made my clothes and patched them, washed and ironed for me, took care of me when I was a little fellow and whenever I was sick, and she never charged anything for that.

If she were dead and father had to hire all that done, it would cost him another \$100 a year more and that's \$2,000 worth of work mother will have done for me by the time I am a man.

Four thousand dollars for a boy!

What do you think of that?

These are hard times.

When parents put \$4,000 on a boy, what have they a right to expect of him?

Is it fair for a boy to play truant at school?

Is it fair for him to play ball, go in swimming or hang around town all the time, when maybe his father's potatoes are not dug nor the wood brought in for his mother?

Is it fair for him to disappoint them by swearing and drinking?

Some of our parents have put about all the property they have into us boys and girls.

If we make spittoons and whiskey jugs of ourselves, they will be poor indeed.

But if we make good citizens and substantial men they will feel as if they had good pay for bringing us up.

WHAT A BOY DID IN SPARE MOMENTS.

Are there any Indian boys who could answer to this story?

A thin, awkward boy came to the residence of a celebrated school principal and asked to see the professor.

The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else told him to go around to the kitchen.

He soon appeared at the back door and repeated his request.

"You want a breakfast more likely," said the servant girl.

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should like to see Professor Blank if he can see me."

"Clothes, maybe you want," remarked the girl.

"Can I see Professor Blank?" asked the boy, with the most emphatic emphasis on each word.

The girl for the first time stopped her work.

"Well, he is in the library. If he must be disturbed, he must, I s'pose."

And she whisked him off to that room, remarking as she opened the door:

"Here's somebody terribly anxious to see you, sir, so I let him in."

The professor laid his book aside and talked with the boy with increasing interest and soon took down some books and began to give him an examination which extended even to Greek, and every question was answered correctly and promptly.

The professor was amazed and asked the boy how he managed, with his apparent poverty, to accumulate such an amount of knowledge.

"Oh, I studied in my spare time," answered the boy brightly, and with the utmost unconsciousness that he was an example even to the man before him.

Here was a boy, a hard working orphan, almost fitted for college in the spare moments that his companions were wasting.

Truly are spare moments the "gold dust of time."

Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.

My 2, 6, 7, 8 is a place larger than a town.

My 10, 9, 11 is a dush fellow.

My 14, 13, 15, 12 is an instrument for fishing.

My 5, 3, 4, 1 is what people frequently ride in when they go long distances.

My 7, 16, 3 is a beverage.

My whole is what the Carlisle school is suffering just now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Cool weather.