

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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SMILE IT DOWN.

EVERY one who loves you
Loves to see you smile,
Loves to see you cheerful
And happy all the while.

Smiling comes so easy!
Do not wear a frown:
If you feel one rising,
Always smile it down.
—Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE KIND OF PLUCK THAT WINS A PLACE IN THE WORLD.

Most of the Indian boys and girls who went to the World's Fair remember Marshall Field's big store in Chicago, and will be interested to read this story of a plucky cash boy in that store who secured a gain in his salary.

The regular salary of a cash boy is \$3 a week.

The youth in question thought he was worth more and hunted up the manager to tell him so.

"I would like to get a raise," said the boy; "I think I ought to have it."

"My boy," said the manager, "you are making just what is given all the cash boys, and I don't see how I can accommodate you."

"I know," retorted the dauntless youth, "but my mother is a widow and she has five children. I can't afford to work for \$3."

The boy's assurance amused the manager, who, jokingly, advised him to see Mr. Field.

Now Mr. Field's visits to his store are few and far between.

He is rich enough to be above the details of business, and when he entered the store an hour or so after the conversation between the manager and the boy, his coming was in the nature of an event.

The boy heard of his arrival and at once headed for the millionaire proprietor.

Watching his chance he slipped upon the magnate and said:

"Are you Mr. Field?"

"I am my son; what can I do for you?"

"You can raise my salary, please, I can't work any longer for \$3 a week."

"I don't attend to those matters. You will have to see the manager."

"I have already seen the manager, sir; and he referred me to you."

The boy's manner impressed the millionaire, and he said:

"My boy, you are making \$3 a week. That is a pretty good salary for a youngster. It is more than I was making when I was your age."

"Well," said the boy, quick as a flash, "maybe you weren't worth any more."

Mr. Field laughed.

Then he saw the manager.

"That boy," he declared, "has too much pluck and wit to work for \$3."

The next week the juvenile hero of this tale drew \$4, and promotion isn't far off.

RICHARD DAVIS.

The above name is familiar to all who knew Carlisle in her early days.

Richard is an ex-Cheyenne pupil, and married one of Carlisle's Pawnee girls. They lived for several years in the east, Mr. Davis following the dairy business. He had charge of our own dairy for a time. A few years since, Mr. and Mrs. Davis moved to the Cheyenne Agency and are now living on their own farm.

We do not often hear from them, but Mrs. Bushman had a letter from Mrs. Davis recently and she writes most cheerfully of their home and prospects.

They have five daughters. Richenda and May who were born in the east, are now going to school at Anadarko, 70 miles from home. Mrs. Davis says they are big girls. They call the youngest two their Oklahoma girls.

There is some talk of Richard coming east with a party of chiefs who will visit Washington on business connected with the tribe.

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.

Those slings now used by the small boys are dangerous to the life of our birds. The birds are our friends. Let us not kill them!

One of our boys in the country did not get his HELPER regularly, and in his letter asking us to look up the matter, puts it in this way: "The HELPER does not miss me, but I miss it and must have it."

An ambitious woodpecker is trying his pecking proclivities on the upper part of the flag-staff, and has succeeded in almost burying himself in the wood, while the boys who are watching him daily are wondering if he is weakening the pole.

We see by clippings from the Denver Republican that the Indian School Service Institute held at Colorado Springs is well represented by Indian workers throughout the field. On one of the programs we notice the name of Miss Rosa Bourassa, Carlisle '90, as chairman of the teacher's department for one of the days. Maud Echo Hawk, a Pawnee who came to Carlisle when a mere child years ago figures conspicuously in a partly sensational account. Miss Echo Hawk went from Carlisle to the Lincoln Institute, Philadelphia, from where she graduated, and is now teaching in Hope Indian School at Springfield, S. Dakota.

The special letter which went to the country boys and girls this week we hope will fill them with a spirit to WANT TO DO SOMETHING for their friend THE INDIAN HELPER. If you cannot get 10 subscriptions get FIVE, or even ONE. Try to get more than ten! Ask someone at a public gathering to speak for the little paper. Then it will go! Send for sample copies for distribution. The commission alone is worth working for, then if you get the prize all the better.

It is astonishing how nicely a DIME carries if wrapped in paper and encased in an ordinary envelope, provided the latter is addressed to the INDIAN HELPER, for a year's subscription. Don't you feel like sending us just ONE? Let it be the name and address of somebody who OUGHT to become interested in the uprising Indian, and your dime may do a world of good.

Mrs. Bull, whom so many at Carlisle remember most pleasantly since she was here last year with her husband, is now at Chautauqua. She says it is quite like old times to see some of her Carlisle friends who are at Chautauqua. Mrs. Bull retains her interest in the school and HELPER and often sends clippings picked up here and there. Below is one taken from the N. Y. Sun of July 16, and will be of interest to all who know the boys at the seashore:

"A New Jersey seaside hotel, where I have been this week," said a man yesterday, "has a dozen waiters who would make an old plains-man jump out of his chair when he first laid eyes on them, though, as a matter of fact, they are better natured than the average waiting maid. They are all Indians from the Government school at Carlisle, Pa., except the head waiter, who is a Princeton sophomore.

"The Indians take a great interest in athletics, and one of them, Albert Nash, a graduate of the Carlisle school, was one of the winning team in the relay races at the University of Pennsylvania. Another of these waiters is Vincent Nahtailish, who was taken prisoner as a child in the Apache war. For a time he was confined at St. Augustine, Fla. Edwin Moore is the high jumper of the group, who distinguished himself at the Fourth of July games. Healy Wolfe, another Indian, is a little chap who came from Alaska, and he is very proud of the fact that he served Capt. Pratt, the director of the Indian school, as orderly. The names of some of the other Indians are Edward Peters, George Muscoe, John Garrick, Edward Rogers, and Joseph Scholder, and while their appearance as waiters does not suggest the ultimate solution of the Indian problem, it does indicate that they can adapt themselves to the surroundings at a summer hotel, and that is something that many a white man finds difficult.

The Princeton student referred to is Howard Gansworth who graduated at Carlisle in '94

Band-director, Mr. Dennison Wheelock, who has been on an extensive trip, visiting nearly all the prominent Indian Industrial and Training Schools throughout the west including those on the Pacific coast, in the interests of the band, returned on Wednesday. On his way east he stopped at the White Earth Agency to see his wife and baby Edmond. He says he found them well and having a fine time. The last school visited was Wittenberg, Wis. A number of recruits for the band have come in and we expect to have the best band we ever had along about January. Much practicing and hard work will be required before we can reach our World's Fair point, so many of the old players having left. Our aim is perfection, regardless of our being Indians, and we will get as near to that point as possible. Away with the notion that "They play well for Indians!" Our football team plays very well for Indians and for any other race, and so will the band.

The HELPER has offered by special letter to students on farms, \$10 to the one sending or bringing in the largest number of subscriptions by the 1st of October, and in addition, 20 cents on the dollar. This offer is good for any Indian, anywhere. Send for subscription blanks and sample copies.

In asking for sample copies state the number you want.

When you fill up the subscription blanks send you, drop a card, asking for more.

Yes, if you are working for the prize, send us the money and names every time you fill a blank of 10, and you may keep 20 cents on every dollar you collect.

Two cent stamps are acceptable in amounts less than a dollar, in payment for subscriptions.

A hot wave is coming.

Is it fun to go to early market?

The rains have started the grass, again.

The rains this week have made all vegetation to smile.

Miss Jacobs of the sewing department left yesterday for her vacation.

The newly sodded athletic field looks in fine condition since the recent rains.

Luzena Jackalie is the champion white-shirt maker she having completed 40 thus far in July.

The inquiry all around one morning this week was "What was the matter with the bell?"

Miss Lillie Frantz, of Lancaster, who was a guest of Miss Cochran for a few days left on Saturday.

Mrs. Cook left on Monday for her former home in Connecticut, where live her mother and sister.

Mrs. Corbett of the sewing department is taking her leave, and Mrs. Lininger has returned to duty.

Miss Cochran left yesterday for her home at Millerstown, where she expects to spend the most of her vacation.

The dry weather in these parts has injured Carlisle's famous market. Fruits and vegetables are scarce and poor this year.

Miss Peter took train for Chicago last Saturday night. She will spend her vacation among friends in the vicinity of the Windy City.

Could Edith Miller have seen how happy she made the shut-ins at the hospital by the flowers she sent from the country she would have been amply repaid for her pains.

Several of our Presbyterian boys attended the First Church Sunday School Picnic at Pine Grove yesterday. Among others Mr. St. Cyr and Robert Emmett of the printing office.

Sarah Morrett often comes out from town these quiet vacation days to see her papa in the shoe shop. He is almost alone, now, so many of his boys being out in the country.

When all the band boys arrive whom Mr. Wheelock has secured from the training schools visited, there will be 38 new ones. We expect to have a band of sixty this year.

Our school numbers at present 807. Of these 599 are in country homes for the summer. Of the whole number 369 are girls, and 438 boys. 280 girls are in the country and 319 boys.

Miss Kate Grindrod, '89, trained nurse of Philadelphia who came last week to spend her vacation, was called by Dr. Hemminger of Carlisle to nurse one of his patients at Newville.

Mr. James Wheelock has gone to Shamokin, which sounds worse than it really is, for it is only his clarinet that he will smoke there for a week or so, and that mainly by the blowing out process.

Rev. Egerton R. Young, lecturer and missionary was a visitor on Monday. He addressed the pupils assembled for dinner giving interesting experiences among the Indians of the Northwest, to which the student body gave marked attention.

Miss Nana Pratt has returned from Rehoboth, Delaware and the Palisades, New York.

Miss Hill left today for Boston. She will spend her leave in the vicinity of "the Hub."

J. H. Osborn and family of Carlisle and C. G. Smith of Cumberland, Md., were interested visitors on Friday.

After such a dry, hot period it is surprising to many that the storms to supply the parched vegetation with drink should come so gently. It sprinkles, then rains and soaks, then rains again. "Just the kind that is needed."

Thomas Marshall led the service on Sunday evening, the topic being How to make a happy home. He alluded feelingly to the homes of his people and placed the foundation principles of true home-building on the Christian life.

Miss Nancy Seneca who resumed her duties as nurse in the Medico-Chirurgical, Philadelphia, last week, after a pleasant vacation with us, says they have had quite a number of "heat" cases recently and that they have plenty of work, day and night.

Mrs. Barclay was seen upon the grounds on Wednesday, when we thought she was at Huntingdon with her daughter and Miss Seonia. She is boarding in town and will remain until Monday, when Mr. Barclay and she will go to the mountains for a time.

Little Harry Seonia loves to linger around the printing-office sometimes. He likes to see the "weels go round" and hear the click of the type, and much to the surprise of all he set up some type the other day, having learned nearly all the boxes before any one knew it.

Misses Carter and Weekley have left Chautauqua, the former to go to her home among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, and the latter to South Carolina. They went together as far as Albany, N. Y. A card from Miss Weekley says she enjoyed the trip down the Hudson and that she has had a delightful summer so far.

Miss Luckenbach is down at her desk just as though she had not been to London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool and the like. The Pennland brought her to America last Sunday morning, after an absence of from four to five weeks. She went mainly for the ocean voyage, but saw enough in the British Isles to amply repay her for the short stay. She says that now she is ready to take a continental trip.

Mr. Sowerby has returned from Chicago where he has been attending the Cook County Summer School. He says that Miss Peter arrived before he left. He speaks of having met and enjoyed Dr. Montezuma. Miss Emma Johnson was also there. Miss Bowersox will spend a week or so in Elgin, and then return to her home in Pennsylvania for the rest of her annual leave.

Captain Pratt's house is receiving an overhauling. Floors are being replaced, rooms altered to suit convenience, stair ways changed, etc. While this work is going forward Capt. and Mrs. Pratt and Misses Nana and Richenda are occupying the east end of the teachers' quarters—rooms vacated by teachers who are away on their vacation. Captain seems to feel quite at home in their sitting room, as it is his old office.

HOW THE LITTLE INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS PLAY IN CAMP.

"There are many games played by children which mimic the occupations of mature life," says Miss Fletcher, than whom no one knows more on all matters pertaining to the real life of the Indian in his home.

"Going on the hunt, with all the stir of preparation, taking down and putting up tents, the tall stalks of the sun-flower serving as poles; the attack of enemies, the meeting of friendly tribes and their entertainments—all these furnish incidents for days and days of play," she continues.

"Deft-fingered children make toys out of clay, modeling men and animals, and also any articles they may have seen white men use, even to the fashioning of houses after those seen at the agency or mission.

There are silent games, as well as noisy ones.

Two persons will sit and stare at one another, to see who will laugh first.

Sometimes boys and girls play at the following game, which is called "Ke-tum-bæ-ah-ke-ke-tha,"—contending with the eyes by looking.

A number of young folks may be together, when suddenly one of the number will call out, "Tha-ka!" whereupon all must repeat the word, beginning at one end of the circle round to the other.

After this word is spoken, silence must be maintained; no one must even smile.

Whoever breaks the spell is punished.

Water is poured over the offender, or his head snapped with fingers.

Sometimes children play this game after they are put to bed, and many a sober face with dancing eyes peers over the covers, until sleep comes, and morning breaks the spell."

CARLISLE IS PUTTING INDIANS ON THEIR FEET.

Rev. Sherman Coolidge is an Arapaho Indian. We all remember how he looked on the platform last Commencement Day along side of other prominent men. He has been travelling since, and when asked by a reporter the other day whether he considers the school at Carlisle to be filling the needs of the Indian youth, Mr. Coolidge replied:

"Yes, it is doing what the nation wants to do for the Indian. Its object is to put him on his own feet, and make him self-reliant and self-supporting."

The gentleman declares that it is all "bosh" to say that the graduates of the school go back

to barbarity when they return West. He has never known an instance of this sort. Of course, those who attend school for only a year or so, and who get but a taste of civilization do sometimes go back to their old ways, but he has known many cases where even these have kept bravely to the ways they have been taught here.

He considers the family life which the pupils have when they are sent out into homes for a time, one of the most valuable of their experience.

BURDETTE SAYS TO BOYS:

Don't smoke, my boy.

It makes you stupid, so doesn't advance you in athletic sports.

It makes you nervous, so it doesn't make you a better shot.

It makes you smell like a taproom, so it doesn't make you pleasant company.

It doesn't do you a particle of good; it makes you appear silly and ridiculous; it is as disagreeable and offensive to yourself as to anybody else; you don't get a bit of comfort out of it, and you know it, so don't smoke.

GOOD MANNERS.

This is what the Farm Journal says:

Young man, if you want to be polite never take the arm of a young woman with whom you are walking. It makes her mad nine times out of ten.

Another thing the same paper says:

If you want to know a woman's true character, linger after the guests are gone and listen to what she has to say about them.

We have received copies of the INDIAN HELPER published in the school located at Carlisle, Pa.; also The Red Man from the same institution and find them very interesting and instructive papers. We hope to be placed on their exchange list as they are on ours.—[Industrial School Record.]

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 5, 4, 2 is what chases cows.

My 10, 7, 8 has not much peace where a cat is.

My 13, 9, 11, 3, 15 is a sour fruit.

My 14, 6, 12 is best not to do in business.

My 13, 1, 5 is a boy.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not know of a single Indian boy who would object to my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Pilot Mountain.