

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1898.

NUMBER 42

## TALK.

**T**ALK happiness! The world is sad enough  
Without your woe. No path is wholly rough;  
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,  
And speak of those to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith! The world is better off without  
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,  
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf  
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;  
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health! The dreary, never-changing tale  
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.  
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,  
By harping on that minor chord, disease.  
Say you are well, or all is well with you,  
And God shall hear your words and make them true.  
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## THE PUEBLO INDIANS AN EXAMPLE OF HOW TO SHOW OUR COLORS.

The Pueblo Indians elect a head man or "mayor," in each village once a year, and their system of casting the vote for the candidates leaves no doubt as to which side every man in the tribe belongs.

There is no secret ballot there; every voter is obliged to show his colors.

The out-going mayor nominates two candidates for his office.

On the day of the election the two candidates, dressed in their finest clothes, go to opposite ends of a field and the braves come out of the town and "stand up" with the candidate of their choice, so that there are two opposing lines—the longer one, of course, being declared victorious.

Every man knows the way in which every other man voted.

It may make him unpopular with his friends to show his colors, but he does it.

He may be on "the wrong side" in that election, but he stands up.

He knows that the side for which he does not stand up will not like it; nevertheless he makes his choice plainly known.

If even a Pueblo Indian dares stand up for a principle, why cannot you?

Do you believe in your Sabbath-school class?

Stand up for it!

Do you believe in your society?

Stand up for it!

Do you believe in your pastor?

Stand up for him!

Do you believe in your church?

Stand up for it!

Above all, do you believe in Christ?

Then, stand up for Him!

Show your colors; fear not, but stand; and know that a vigorous espousal of the right is already half a conquest of wrong.—[Forward.

## A HAPPY COUNTRY GIRL.

Nelly Orme, one of our Pima girls in the country seems to be enjoying her home this summer. In speaking of other pleasures and pastimes she says:

"I have been horseback riding several times which always reminds me of home.

I have a pansy bed and my pansies are just blooming, their faces looking so smiling and bright.

The frogs and crickets are giving a concert to-night."

## GOOD LETTERS.

We have many nice letters this week from our boys and girls on farms, all except one assuring us that they are trying to help the HELPER help by getting subscriptions.

One poor boy says he hasn't time. We don't suppose he has any more work to do than the others, but while the others are willing and anxious to do something for the little paper which carries them the news of the school every week and which they enjoy as they do a letter, this one boy is indifferent.

A very small thing sometimes shows the true character of a person, whether he be absorbed in his own selfishness or whether he has a heart for other people and for good works outside of his own duties.



# 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.

Misses Edythe Pierce '98, Elnora Jamison, and Louisa Provost who are in country homes at Moorestown, N. J., and Melinda Metoxen, Zenia Tibbits and Susie Baker who are at Rydal, Pa., spent a very enjoyable day at Willow Grove Park last week. The little bird who gave the news said: 'Tis true, "Jolly girls make jolly times."

If people take the paper only to please YOU, that is all right; the little paper has its mission and will do good no matter where it goes. It does good work in showing to the world that Indians are not so different, after all, from other human beings. So don't be bashful about asking people to subscribe, for you are helping the HELPER help by so doing.

Jonas Mitchell, last year's sub-fullback on the football team, is in the country this summer doing all the hard work he can to keep his muscles in good condition for this fall's work on the team, if called upon. He doubts whether he ever had a better country place than he has this summer. He is gaining weight and practicing a little with his football in the evenings.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. H. W. Spray, who was with us for some time and then went to Ft. Belknap, Mont., as Superintendent, has his old position as Superintendent of the Cherokee School, North Carolina. We are pleased because we know that it is the one place in the service that he wished to be. The North Carolina Cherokees esteem him as a good friend and helper, and Mr. and Mrs. Spray's hearts are with those people.

Miss Lucy Conard, of Philadelphia, is a guest of Miss Nana Pratt. In conversation with Professor Burgess, the other day, it was discovered that Miss Conard is the daughter of Mr. Calvin Conard, a near neighbor of Prof. and Mrs. Burgess when they were first married and lived near Lancaster City, this State over fifty years ago. Miss Conard's father and her uncle, Mr. Samuel Conard of the well-known firm of Cooper & Conard, Philadelphia, went to school to the Professor when they were young men and lived on a Lancaster County farm.

Our printing office foreman for two years, Mr. Leander Gansworth, who graduated in '96, taking his diploma younger than any one who has ever gone through the Carlisle course, left Saturday night for new fields of labor. Through Honorable James S. Sherman, of Utica, N. Y., the Chairman of the United States House Indian Committee, Mr. Gansworth was offered a position in a printing-office in Booneville, N. Y., at a higher salary than he was receiving here as foreman, and wisely seized the chance to get out into larger opportunities. Mr. Gansworth will be greatly missed by the students and officers of the school. He is quiet, but known only as a faithful, honest and altogether worthy young man, and he goes out into the world carrying with him the very best wishes of all at the school who can but feel certain that he is sure to succeed, if true worth wins.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT THE PRIZE-OFFER TO STUDENTS ON FARMS AND OTHER INDIANS: 1. Yes, collect the money right away. 2. People will begin to get their papers the very next mail after we receive the names. 3. Certainly, send the money to Miss Burgess as soon as you have collected a dollar or more. 4. Be careful to wrap silver money well; better send 2-cent stamps in sums less than a dollar. 5. Yes, indeed, your farm father and mother or any farm friends may help you all they wish. 6. Yes, keep twenty cents out of every dollar to pay you for your trouble. 7. The one who sends in or brings in the MOST names before October 1st gets the ten dollars. 8. Too late to begin? No. Begin any time before the first of October. 9. If you do not care to work for the prize, send TEN names anyhow.

Jacob Horne has just returned from a pleasant visit in New Hampshire among his relatives at Somerworth. In 1851, Jacob's father went to California, and in time married an Indian woman of the Hoopa Valley Agency—Jacob's mother. Jacob was one of the Y. M. C. A. delegates in attendance upon the Northfield Summer School, and took advantage of the opportunity to go see his father's people. He found his grandmother an active woman of 91 years of age. Her mother lived to be 106. He was well received and had a delightful visit.

Paul Teenabikezen, familiarly known as Paul Tee, and James Kawaykia, two Apache boys who have been with us for a number of years, left on Monday evening for their homes near Ft. Sill, Ind. Ter. They have never been to the Indian Territory, their native country being Arizona, and their kin having been prisoners of war held at Mt. Vernon Barracks near Mobile, Alabama, from whence the boys were brought to Carlisle. The prisoners were removed to Ft. Sill a few years since.

Margaret LaMere has been visiting friends in the vicinity of Philadelphia, returning this week. She saw Miss Angel DeCora, of whom many at Carlisle have pleasant recollections since she visited here not long ago. Miss DeCora is a graduate of Hampton, and took a course in art at Smith. She is now at Chad's Ford with the great artist and writer Howard Pyle, pursuing her studies.

Nancy Wheelock and our new little Alaskan girl, Kookliglook, are guests for a time of Mrs. Canfield, Ocean City.



Moonlight nights!

Good-bye, midges!

A cool wave is promised.

Mr. Dandridge has returned

That stone-crusher singeth by spasms.

The mercury hovers around the nineties.

Edgar Rickard is a little under the weather.

We will furnish all the sample copies you want

Mr. Morrett, of the shoe department, is now on his leave.

Cora Wheeler has gone to her New York home for a little rest and vacation.

Chauncey Yellowrobe is again on duty after a vacation and rest at the shore.

A number of the boys came out in white duck trousers on Sunday which leant coolness to the parched scene.

Mr. Snyder, Superintendent of the tailoring department, has gone to his home in Lock Haven, this State, to spend his annual leave.

Matthew Johnson is driving the goose in the tailoring department, with several boys under him during the absence of Mr. Snyder.

The end-of-the-month sociable was held on the lawn last Saturday night with its usual good time. At least as good a time as was possible with most of our "best friends" in the country.

Professor Bakeless has returned from his vacation outing at his former home, Shamokin Dam, Pa., where his father resides. Oscar Davis spent a fortnight with the Professor, rusticated and having a good time in general.

Our dairyman, Mr. Gray, now a soldier boy at Camp Alger, came home on a four days' furlough. He seems to think that the prospects for going to the front before the war is over, is not very bright, and he expressed some disappointment.

What was an unsightly bed of clay and rocks is now a soft and beautiful athletic field of green, the recent rains giving new life to the sod. If Mr. Wike did not say to the mountain "Be thou removed," he said it to a hill of solid rock, and it was removed. Work is now centred upon the running-track.

Capt. Pratt has left the Carlisle Indian School, but no one feels very sorry, as MAJOR Pratt has come to take his place. The Major received official notice this week of his promotion in the army. It is going to be a little hard right at first to say Major Pratt, and it does not sound quite natural to the Man-on-the-band-stand, but even he hopes to conquer the small difficulty without serious trouble. Major Pratt celebrated his new honors by treating his teachers and officers to a trolley ride with a stop-off at Hartzell's for cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, and children—Master Dick, and Misses Sarah and Marion, all of Steelton, spent Sunday at the school. Dorothy Natches, one of our good Apache girls, who has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Pratt for some time, came along. Her womanly bearing and gentleness has made little Marion think that there is no one on earth quite so kind and altogether lovely as Dorothy, and if the Man-on-the-band-stand may be allowed an opinion based on observation he would say that Marion knows what she is talking about.

The trolley line was struck twice, this week, by lightning.

Miss Hulme is off on her vacation. Her old home is Mt. Holly, N. J., where she expects to spend some of the time.

Read carefully the answers to questions printed elsewhere about the prize offer, and you will understand exactly what you have to do.

Miss Rote, for several years our teachers' matron, but now of the Westtown Friends' Boarding School force, is a guest of Miss Burgess to-day.

Miss Seonia has gone to Philadelphia to spend the rest of her vacation with Mrs. Collins, with whom she lived for several years while attending school.

Misses Nana and Richenda Pratt and the guest of the former, Miss Conard, of Philadelphia attended the Presbyterian re-union at Mt. Alto Park, on Tuesday.

The watermelon party in the girls' society hall, given by a few of the young maidens to some of our young gentlemen, was an enjoyable occasion last Thursday night.

Miss Ely had her "back up" and "down" too, for a day this week. She was up stairs and down on her bed with an attack of lumbago. She is again at her desk and the Man-on-the-band-stand believes was benefited by the little change.

We have a few very venerable subscribers. One gentleman in his ninetieth year said touchingly in his letter of renewal, "I may not live until the expiration;" and at the close of another are these words: "We want the paper continued (wife and I). At three-score years we find in the INDIAN HELPER a pleasing whiff of boy and girl atmosphere, and we often feel to say 'God bless the boys and girls at Carlisle.'"

Miss Irene Campbell, whose father was for many years disciplinarian at Carlisle, and who is now superintendent of the Shoshone Boarding School, Wyoming, is here, a guest of Miss Noble. She came alone from some point in Iowa to which place she went for a little outing, with one of the teachers of the Shoshone School. Mrs. Campbell, Irene's mother, is visiting her sister in Galveston, Texas, and expects soon to return via Omaha, to take in the Exposition, where Miss Irene will join her. The latter finds many changes to note since their departure from Carlisle, and yet she says things look natural.

Miss Wood reports that she and Miss Nellie Robertson experienced a grand musical treat while at Chautauqua. Through the courtesy of Miss Senseney's friend, Mr. Dewey, they were favored with complimentary tickets to the Sherwood Piano Recitals, and words seemed inadequate for them to express their appreciation of the great compliment. Miss Wood is now at her home in Trenton, New York.

Superintendent Goodman of the Pawnee Agency Indian school is with us. He has been transferred to the superintendency of the Chilocco Training School, Oklahoma. He has much to say about our old friends the Pawnees, and the returned Carlisle pupils, which we hope to draw out in an interview for a later issue of the HELPER.



## WHY IS IT THAT PEOPLE LIKE A BIG STIR?

Two women came to the printing-office door, peeped in and with a tired, half-disgusted expression said:

"O, they are not working in here."

Had they stepped inside and looked around before they left, they would have found several people, each as busy as busy could be, working at desk over letters and books and at case setting and distributing type. But there was no noise, no bustle; the wheels of the machinery were not going round, hence there was no outside SHOW of work.

"There it is again!" said the Man-on-the-band-stand half aloud, "Quiet plodding doesn't count with such people."

Why, the other day, a good country woman came into the printing-office just after all hands except one had been dismissed for dinner.

This one boy had volunteered to run the press a few minutes overtime.

One press, one small boy at the press; but the little electric motor, so little it can hardly be seen down behind one of the cases was making straps and wheels and shafts and pulleys buzz, while the boy at the press had to feed papers lively to keep his fingers from being mashed.

There was noise and apparent activity, but really very little work in progress.

"Well," said the stout lady fanning herself with a large palm-leaf fan after the heavy climb of stairs:

"I'm glad to find ONE place where there is a little business going on."

## THE INDIAN CONGRESS AT OMAHA.

A recent dispatch to the Sioux City Journal states that "S. A. Combs and John Ashford, both of Homer, will, on Saturday, leave for Omaha, overland, the former having in charge 100 Omaha and the latter 100 Winnebago Indians.

The parties will consist of men, women and children, dogs, ponies, camp equipments, etc.

They will go to Omaha to take part in the Indian Congress at the Trans-Mississippi exposition, which feature of the fair will open on August 4, under charge of Capt. W. A. Mercer, agent of the Omaha and Winnebago Indians, assisted by Messrs. Combs and Ashford.

The Indians are expected to live as in their aboriginal manner and indulge in the ancient sports of dancing, racing, etc.

Capt. Mercer expects to have at least 3,000 Indians at the congress, representing all tribes and conditions."

## AN ABSENT GRADUATE, LONG SILENT.

We were pleased to hear through the kindness of Miss Hilton of the whereabouts of Henry Redkettle, '97.

In a letter to his friends with whom he lived for some time, he says that he has been roaming all over the reservation since his return to his home in the land of the Sioux, but he says he has found that there are not very many places like Carlisle.

He often wishes he had some of those Oak Hill harvest apples.

Henry is clerking in a store just at present.

He claims that there is nothing hard about the work, but he prefers working on a Bucks County farm.

He takes great pleasure in riding horse-back, but asserts that there is no great fun in riding a bucking broncho.

He can but regret that he did not continue at school longer and pursue higher studies, but hopes to get along in that country with the little knowledge he has of books.

He has three nice saddle horses and considers them as valuable as \$100 bicycles.

## BASE-BALL IN THE COUNTRY LAST SATURDAY.

What's that dust the Man-on-the-band-stand sees in the distance?

O, yes, it is a game of ball at Buckingham, Bucks County.

On one side are nine Indian boys, on the other are nine white boys.

Naylor is the pitcher for the white boys, and the Indians bat his balls away out in the potato patch.

Ah, Chauncey Archiquette is making a home-run, and another, see? He is the star catcher in the field, too.

Who is that pitching for the Indians?

Oh, that is Artie Miller. He is all right.

The game ends. What is the score?

8-20 in favor of the Indians.

## Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 7, 5, 4 is a fluid nobody can live without  
My 2, 11, 8, 12, 3, 4 is something used in stables.

My 6, 1, 10, 9 is a young animal.

My whole is in great demand all over the United States now-a-days.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A Good Watermelon.