

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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BE CAREFUL OF YOUR COMPANY.

A LITTLE song rings in my ear
And haunts me all day long.
And this, whichever way it runs,
The keynote of my song:
"Be careful of your company."
The little song runs ever,
"The down once brushed from off the peach
Returns again, ah! never."
Shun doubtful places, evil things,
For folly leads to shame,
Saloons don't furnish presidents,
Nor card-room lead to fame!
"Be careful of your company."
The little song runs ever,
"The down once brushed from off the peach
Returns again, ah! never."

AT THE TABLE.

Every one can do something to add to the social life at the table, says Wellspring.

And the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that Government employees throughout the Indian service may read the rest of the clipping with understanding and profit. Shop-talk, which is so natural to drift into at table, should be avoided. There is an unwritten rule at our own Teachers' Club, not to talk shop, hence we have little of it. We know of other schools who have the same excellent practice:

The Clipping.

If a person cannot talk, he can listen and ask questions and draw out others who can talk.

Good listeners are as necessary as good talkers.

Never argue at the table, but tell pleasant stories, relate or read anecdotes, and look out for the good of all.

Sometimes a single anecdote from a paper starts a conversation that lasts during the entire meal-time.

A family table, declares one writer, ought to be bright and cheerful; a sort of domestic altar, before which every one casts down his or her offering, great or small, of pleasantness and peace; where, for at least a brief space in the day, all annoyances are laid aside, all stormy tempers hushed, all brief disputes

healed, every one being glad and content to sit down at the same board and eat the same food.

It is unpardonable for any one to sit glum and silent at the table, taking no part in the conversation, showing no interest in the good cheer, and casting a shadow on the gladness.

WHY PRESIDENT GRANT NEVER SWORE.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in *The Century*, says:

While sitting with him at the campfire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him:

"General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation."

"Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied "When a boy, I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it."

I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger, and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him.

In fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane.

But, to say the least, it is a great waste of time."

A BORN GENTLEMAN.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

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Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

Emma Sky who is getting subscriptions in the country says at first she did not like to try as she was afraid the people would refuse her, but as none she has asked has refused to take the HELPER, she feels encouraged.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, the prominent temperance lecturer and missionary who had been spending a week with friends in this city left for Chicago, last Monday —[San Diego, California, items in the National City Record.

While the Pierce brothers have done excellent work on the smoke-stack in times past, it appears that last week's repairing was done by Edwin Smith and Jacob Horne. "Honor to whom honor is due," is the Man-on-the-band-stand's motto.

There are few papers that come to the school that are read with more interest by the students and teachers than the Jamesburg Advance, printed by the inmates of the New Jersey State Reformatory. "Did you see that in the Advance?" is frequently asked.

Simon Standingdeer, '99, who went home a few weeks since is ready to come back, he says. The school at Cherokee, N. C., has changed very much from what it was five years ago when he left. As to his health, he says he is quite well, which we are all glad to hear.

Eugene Tahkapeur, our Comanche, Massachusetts citizen, says he is going into partnership with a white man next year in the managing of a farm. He is now at South Amherst, near Miss Cutter's home. He says he is going to take Miss Cutter to Conway for a ride before her vacation is ended.

Edith Bartlett, in the country writes a nice little letter and closes with these words showing her occupation: "As I have the care of twins you cannot expect me to write a very long letter." "But," she says, "I have a lovely home and Mr. and Mrs. — are so kind to us. One time this summer Anna and I got up a surprise party for her sister Jean, and My! She was so surprised she did not know what to do at first. I enjoy my work as well as my pleasures."

For the encouragement of those who are working for the ten-dollar prize be it said that no ONE person has as yet sent in fifty names, so it looks as though the winner was going to get off easy; but it will not pay to stop working till the very end of the time—the first of October; some one at the last may bring in more than fifty.

A recent letter from Frank Shively, who two months ago became assistant clerk at the Nez Perce Agency, Idaho, shows him interested in mastering the details of office work, and not at a loss what to do with his spare hours. Target shooting is one of the amusements at the Agency. Now that the "cruel war is o'er" they may lose interest in the practice.

Miss Susie McDougall, '95, is now teaching in the Government Training School at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. She says she likes the place very much and thinks she will find the work pleasant. She has met a number of returned pupils, and as far as she is able to observe they are doing well. David Vanacy and Edward Jackson are attending school. Susan Rodd married and has a nice babe.

Charles W. Buck, whom so many of us remember with pleasant recollections renews his subscription, but says nothing of his doings in his far-away home, Browning, Montana. But as no news is always considered good news we will think he is doing well. It is an excellent sign that he still wants to keep in touch with his old school-home by subscribing for the little letter sent out weekly by the Man-on-the-band-stand.

The Pender Times says that Yellow Horn, the prominent Omaha Indian who had his leg amputated at Pender, Nebraska, not long since died from blood poison. After an Indian Doctor's vain attempt to cure him he was taken to Pender, when it was too late for medical skill to do him any good. Yellow Horn was one of the most popular Indians of his tribe and enjoyed the respect of a large circle of friends.

Miss Cochran recently rode 38 miles a wheel along the Juniata River, from Millerstown, her home, to Lewistown, stopping for breakfast at Mifflintown. "The first part of the ride in the clear, cool morning air was delightful," she writes. "The novelty of being up and stirring before the rest of the world, was also very pleasant. The scenery was beautiful; at no point was the river out of view and the hills on both sides are very rugged." There were several in the company and all were charmed with the ride.

Little Howice H. Seonia, who is living with Mrs. Collins in Philadelphia and going to public school, says in a letter describing the good vacation she is having:

"We had a thunder storm, on Wednesday last week. The streets were full of water and it did a great deal of harm.

There was a cat on the top of a four-story house when the water was pouring down.

It cried and cried and at last made a spring, and jumped forty feet to the ground and then jumped up and ran away."

Howice tells how happy she is with her sister—our Miss Mary Seonia, teacher of No. 4—who is visiting the Collinses where she made her home so many years while going to school in Philadelphia.

More visitors this week than usual. Doth that blasting make you jump? We cannot complain of this weather. School opens a week from next Thursday. Croquet has been the most popular game of the season so far.

Dr. Wile, who preaches to us on Sundays, is taking his vacation.

Miss Wilson has gone to Washington, D. C., for a little vacation.

The vacationers will be coming in about a week from Wednesday evening.

Major Pratt treated the student body at supper time on Tuesday evening to water-melon.

Professor Burgess, who is visiting the school, was ill for a day or two, but is up and around again.

The Barclays have taken up their residence in town, having rented a house on North Hanover Street.

Corn-on-the-cob for dinner was enjoyed by the students last Friday; it was their first taste this season.

The ambitious wood-pecker which tried to make a hole in the flag-staff has suddenly disappeared.

The painters are doing night work on Assembly Hall to get the decorations done in time for the beginning of school.

The new roller made out of an old steam boiler is the heaviest we have had and is doing its first good work on the athletic field.

Miss Nellie Robertson has arrived from Chautauqua, and will spend some time with friends at West Chester, before school begins.

Professor Bakeless spent Sunday in the vicinity of Bloomsburg, looking after some Indian boys who are on farms in that direction.

Miss Nana Pratt has gone to Ocean City, a guest of Miss Sarah Livezey, and Miss Richenda Pratt is visiting friends at Bryn Mawr.

A telegram from Mr. James Wheelock, who has been playing his clarinet at Shamokin for a few weeks states that he is down with the quinsy. Later: He came walking in as we were about to go to press.

A rough-rider created quite a sensation on the grounds last Tuesday morning. Was he one of Col. Roosevelt's? That remaineth a question.

The supplies for the year are coming in nicely, so says Storekeeper Kensler, and he adds that they are superior to those received in former years.

A rabbit is making its home under the guard-house. It has been chased several times but each time it manages to escape and reach its hole in safety.

Why not call the fine drive-way from the pike into the school The Indian School Boulevard? It is the best road in this vicinity and deserves the name.

Who blows the bugle these nights? Some one who has an ear for music and understands time. A little more dwell on the last dying note, however, would be pleasing.

Director Wheelock of the Band is getting everything in good readiness to begin practicing in good earnest as soon as the new instruments come, which are expected daily. There are instruments coming which were never before seen by many at the school.

Miss Weekley writes from her home in Salkehatchie, S. C., that her vacation is going all too rapidly, and yet she anticipates with pleasure the coming year's work.

Watch the step of the horses when they get on their leather shoes that Mr. Kemp is making for them to wear when they draw the heavy roller over the athletic field. Later: The shoes are on, and the horses seem to like them.

Dr. Alice Seabrook and Dr. Park, of Philadelphia, were among the visitors on Tuesday. They, with Miss Anthony of North College Street, were guests of Miss Luckenbach to dinner the same evening.

A handsome residence, so it is said, is to be erected on the northeast corner where the trolley turns to go into the Indian school. The lot has been occupied by an unsightly little house and a one-sided old brick hardly fit to live in. Lawyer Weitzel of Carlisle is putting up the residence for himself.

Mr. Dandridge keeps his huge kitchen tables spotless and as white as it is possible to make the natural wood. The other day the Man-on-the-band-stand overheard him say he would pay a round sum to the person who could discover a grease spot on them, even immediately after the dishing of meats or other food cooked in fat. The point is, his Indian boys have learned not to drop grease on the table. Some of the painters and kalsominers might take a cue from that.

On Thursday evening, Miss Campbell returned from San Francisco where she went on a business and vacation trip combined. She brought with her two new pupils from the Pacific Coast for the school and we should say about ten pounds of good flesh for herself, a direct result of a much needed rest. Miss Campbell's impressions of the City of the Golden Gate are of the most pleasant. While there she became acquainted with Miss Burgess' brothers—Messrs. F. P., W. W., and H. E. Burgess and their families.

One of the most interesting places on the grounds to visit is the blacksmith shop, especially when the anvil is ringing to the tune of busy Indian boys working without an instructor, as now, when Mr. Harris is off on his vacation. Isaac Seneca is in charge and has two or three boys under him. The deftness with which they hammer bolts, braces, clevises and what-not into shape handling red hot iron with the ease that putty is manipulated in the fingers, speaks volumes for the instruction they have received and would be a revelation to those who think that Indians can never learn to work skilfully.

The lawn-mower is already at work on the lawn of the new athletic field.

The $\frac{1}{4}$ mile running track is 20 feet wide. The foundation stones to the depth of a foot or two are laid and half way around, medium sized stones which went through the crusher are down. There will be finer stone still put on and the whole covered with locomotive sparks, then rolled and packed according to approved methods for making the best kind of a track.

Does the Government put so much expense upon your athletic field? No! The money comes from the athletic fund—money earned by the boys themselves at the various games.

FROM THE BOYS AT THE SHORE.

Myron Moses, one of the fourteen Carlisle Indian boys who are waiting on table at the Beacon-by-the-Sea, N. J., writes:

The sea-breeze seems to have blown away all thoughts from the school for the time being. We do not think much of anything outside of working hours but our own pleasures, of which we have a great many.

The sea-bathing seems to agree with us all, and the school rules of "bathing at least twice a week" is strictly observed by all; we sometimes bathe two or three times a day.

Robert Emmett who went recently writes:

On the 9th we played a game of baseball and were beaten by the Bay Head fellows composed of first team pitcher of the University of Pennsylvania, first team catcher of Princeton and other regular players of different colleges; score 5 to 1. We are having good times and all are getting fat.

A GOOD INDIAN NOT DEAD.

Charles Coons a Pawnee Indian from Oklahoma visited the school recently. This was his first visit since the removal of the Pawnees to Oklahoma and the change which had taken place since that time left but few familiar places. What education he has, was gained in the old Pawnee boarding school which he attended 26 or 27 years ago, when the main portion of what is now the boys' building was the one and only building on the grounds.

The writer spent a very enjoyable hour listening to his story of what this country was when the Pawnees roamed over it long before the paleface had encroached upon them.—[The Indian News, Genoa, Nebraska.

Harry Coons, (not Charles unless, he has changed his name,) was well known by the writer, when he, Harry, was a boy, attending school in the A-cah-cod-ic-pah—red house, as the Indians called the big red brick, at which time Mrs. Burgess, now visiting Carlisle was principal of the school; and we are pleased to learn through Supt. Goodman, of the Pawnee Indian school who recently visited us, that Mr. Coons has turned out to be a trustworthy man of business, respected by all who know him.

NEWS FROM THOSE WE KNOW.

From the Pender Times, Nebraska, we get the following news about people we know: Harvey Warner, ex-pupil, has moved his family to the Winnebago Agency from the Omaha Agency. He is the Omaha interpreter. Rev. Mr. Copley, wife and Mrs. Wade are visiting friends at the Winnebago and the Omaha Agency. Mr. Copley was the pastor of the Omaha Mission Church at the Omaha Agency, years ago, and Mrs. Wade so well known and beloved by our Omaha and Winnebago boys and girls, has been in Alaska, doing missionary work. Frank Tyndall, ex-pupil, received quite a gash in the head the other day while working with a wheel-scraper.

INDUSTRIOUS INDIAN.

Johnson E Adams, '96, seems to be doing well at South Oneida, Wisconsin. He says he is working at his carpenter trade, and has more work than he can do. He has not missed a day since last April and finds no time to loaf nor to take many pleasure trips. He recently put up a house for Benjamin Wheelock, ex-Carlisle pupil, and one for Mrs. Jemima Webster, class '90, Carlisle. He draws his own plans and does all the work himself except the raising of the buildings. He speaks of a number of houses he has built and expresses pleasure at having so much to do. He says he cannot thank Carlisle too much for all the good things he received while here—his education and his trade. He is earning good wages and is able to save some as he goes along. He intends going to his home in Michigan when he has done at Oneida all he has promised.

DENY OURSELVES WHILE YOUNG— BE COMFORTABLE WHEN OLDER.

Those who love to spend money and to have a good time as they go along, usually say very unconcernedly: "What's the use of saving? I believe in LIVING while you live. We have only one life." Yet the wise and prudent young person will look forward a few years. When we look around us and see so many people who are getting old and have nothing to live on, working at hard day's work, shovelling coal, breaking stone, plowing and the like, we pity them. Let us look well into the future and provide for that time! We are young now and can stand the sacrifice of some things we very much enjoy. SAVE half we make if it is only five cents a day. Make our money work for us, and in the time of need or old age we will have something to fall back upon. "WILLFUL waste brings WOEFUL want."

Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.

My 1, 15, 16 is the locomotive organ of a fish.

My 9, 13, 14 is the locomotive organ of a man.

My 12, 11, 10, 10, 9, 13 is what drinkers mostly carry in their pockets.

My 3, 2, 8, 4, 10 is what chickens do at sundown.

My 5, 6, 7, 3, 13, 4 the farmer boy does when he comes home from school.

My whole is what the Carlisle Indian boy and girl is anxiously waiting for.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Heads-up collars.