

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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“THE world is wide
In time and tide
And God is guide—
Then do not hurry.

That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest—
Then do not worry.”

THE WEDDING.

The announcement of Miss Hunt's prospective marriage was given last week. We have now a letter direct from the scene.

Mr. R. D. Shutt, of the San Carlos School, Arizona says:

“I thought as Miss Hunt is a staunch friend of the HELPER and school in which it is published, perhaps you would like a notice of her marriage.”

The Man-on-the-band-stand thanks our unknown friend for the notice; and here it is:

On Wednesday morning, January 25th, occurred one of the pleasantest events of the season, when Miss Lydia L. Hunt was united in marriage to Mr. William A. Wright, at the residence of the bride at the Indian School, San Carlos, Arizona.

The beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Lutheran Church was performed by the Rev. J. H. Plocher, in the presence of a small company of invited friends and associates, immediately after which the happy couple took a train south for a two weeks' trip through Mexico.

Miss Hunt has been superintendent of the San Carlos Indian School for several years, where by her untiring energy and indomitable courage she has achieved a well-merited success.

Miss Hunt was formerly a resident of Sherman, N. Y., and one of the prominent educators of Chautauqua County, a graduate of the Fredonia Normal School, and a teacher in several of the largest and best schools. On last July she ably represented the territory of

Arizona at the National Educational Association at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Wright, who was formerly of Cuero and San Angelo, Texas, comes from one of the pioneer families of the above named State, and has also been in the employ of the United States Government for several years as a cattle man, where he has made a host of friends by his sterling integrity and honorable gentlemanly conduct.

The popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Wright is attested by the numerous and beautiful wedding gifts of silver, cut-glass, etc., of which they were the recipients, and by the good wishes showered upon them by their many friends in the vicinity, and by numerous letters and telegrams from distant loved ones.

IT DOES NOT BELONG TO THE GOVERNMENT.

“Don't you think you had better cover your book?”

“This book does not belong to the Government; it is mine. I paid for it with my own money.”

“Then all the more reason for you to take good care of it, for you are not as rich as the United States Government.”

The boy had not learned the first element of success, and he has been going to school for a long time. The great lesson for us all to learn is to take care of things. Take just as good care of Government property as we would of our own, and take such good care of our own things that when we go on the hunt for a good paying position our friends can say of us: “He is not shiftless, or, She takes good care of her things. He or she deserves good pay because they are careful of property.”

“No paper is more welcome to our home than the little HELPER. It is eagerly looked for each week,” says W. H. Moore, '95, of Dent, Oklahoma.

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.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

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.

The students of 8th grade, Mrs. Cook, teacher, gave another interesting debate on Tuesday evening before a few invited guests. The morning school took the affirmative of the question Resolved, That the expansion policy is a good one for the United States, and the afternoon division took the negative side. There were three appointed speakers from each division, then the question was open for discussion, each speaker taking but two minutes. The speakers for expansion were Samuel Palmer, Hawley Pierce, Edwin Smith, Frank Beaver, Frank Compeau, Ada Smith, James Johnson; against it, Herman Niles, Edward Willing, Emmanuel Powlas, Myron Moses, Edgar Rickard, George Conner, Thos. Mason, and Louis Trombla. Guy Brown presided, Susie Baker was secretary and Zenia Tibbetts served as critic. The discussion showed that those who took part had been reading and had formed decided opinions of their own. These were expressed in well-chosen language showing individual characteristics. All were earnest and spoke as though from conviction. They were handicapped by being limited in time, for no sooner did some of the best speakers get warmed up till the gavel of the president was heard, but this has its lessons in helping to think quickly and to speak to the point at once. Caleb Sickles, Edward Rogers and Corbett Lawyer were appointed Judges, who, after due deliberation decided that the negative had produced the best argument.

We are always grieved to announce the death of one of our schoolmates. Edward Hensley, who was reported last week as doing nicely, passed away on Sunday evening. He was not able to pull through this his third or fourth attack of pneumonia. His heart becoming involved there was little hope. Edward was a member of the Winnebago tribe of Nebraska. He was a band boy, a tinner by trade and a most excellent young man, beloved by all. The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Wile, of the First Lutheran Church, officiating.

If all goes well Major and Mrs. Pratt should be with us on Sunday next. They were to have sailed from Bermuda yesterday.

Miss Lillian Riddle, of Media, Pa., was a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt, who came home from Wilson College, Chambersburg, to spend Sunday and Monday.

A set of double harness made by our boys under Mr. Kemp's instructions has been sent to Quapaw for the Seneca school, and another set was shipped this week to Yankton, S. D.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bennett have arrived from Fort Shaw, Montana, where Mr. Bennett was an employee of the Indian service. They have come to live on the school farm near the school, Mr. Bennett to be head farmer. It will be remembered that about seven years ago he held the same position, but gave up here to try work in the western field. They have been to several agencies and have become acquainted with a number of tribes of Indians, gaining an experience that will serve them a good purpose in the work here. They have been among the Wyandottes and Senecas of Indian Territory, the Piutes of Walker, Nevada, the Sioux at Sisseton, S. D., and the various tribes that are represented in the Ft. Shaw school. Their Carlisle friends gave to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett a warm welcome.

The weekly output of the shoe-shop just now is from fifty to sixty pairs of new shoes in connection with the vast amount of repairing necessary to keep an army of youthful jumpers well-shod. The new shoes are of good quality and the turnout is very creditable to Instructor Morrett.

To-day Mr. and Mrs. Scott Bushman retire as farmer and matron of the school farm. They have been faithful stewards and retire with the best wishes and highest esteem of all. Mr. Bennett and family, who have been transferred from Ft. Shaw, Montana, are their successors. They are now on the farm, having visited relatives in Bucks county—[Evening Sentinel, Jan. 31, '99.]

Instructor Harris of the blacksmith and wagon-shop, and Norman of the paint-shop with their apprentices are busy as can be on wagons in process of manufacture. In addition to our regular spring wagons, they are building two good surreys, and two buggies. A wonderful impetus has been given to the school by recent orders from the Department. It begins to look like business when the Indian Department can order work from its own shops.

Instructor Harkness of the tin-shop and his boys are at work on coffee-boilers just now. They have on hand a good stock of water-cans, pails, dust-pans, and other articles needed for school use and for shipment.

Professor Rogers, Superintendent of the Jamestown, New York, Public Schools, has gone south for his health, but Prof. A. N. Taylor, Principal, has sent the usual long list of subscriptions for the HELPER. If every city in the United States would do likewise, a more sensible sentiment about the Indians and one nearer the truth would become a part of the rising generation. The Jamestown schools are ahead, and we thank our friends of that section.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's Left Eye Observes

That Jack Frost has a frigid clutch.
That Miss Lida made a good "Topsy."
That this snow is too dry for snow-balling.
That the change of details brings woe all around.

That Miss Wood looks much better since her trip to Washington.

That a few boys are getting a little forgetful about the strict order to keep coats buttoned up to chin when outside.

That the shop bell was on time once this week.

That Joe Brown lost his mittens and had to shovel snow without any.

That Cora Wheeler took a trip to New York.

That The Southern Workman and Hampton School Record is out in new dress, assuming the pamphlet form.

That Capt. Marshall does not always say "You do That," but is more apt to call out, "Come on, boys!"

That Carlisle is good enough for Mrs. Bennett since their experience in the West.

That everybody should read "Vocal Gymnastics," last page.

That "He Could Not Help it," last page, is a fair sample of the youthful Indian stoicism.

That Misses Cutter and Wood had much to tell that was interesting about friends they met in Washington, and the schools and other places they visited.

That the snow is loved much more when there is no skating, than when it comes and covers up good ice.

That John Garrick saw stars when he fell on the ice the other day while skating with his best lady friend before he knew how.

That the "I didn't think" girl is not of much account anywhere.

That the Hiltons on their hilltop, tip-top, are keeping cool this week.

That skating is out of sight without using slang.

That Miss Ely thinks Mrs. Craft can't be beaten in making crullers.

That a person who will spit upon the pavement is too indecent to live with decent people.

That the mercury was one below, on Wednesday morning when Mr. Kensler went to market, and that the air was nose-stinging.

That the new girls in the teachers' club are falling into line beautifully, if they were a little nervous at first.

That the rising-bell does not ring quite long enough to rouse the snug-in-the-bed people at 5:45 these cold mornings.

That Robbie Keokuk is around again, looking happy on his crutches.

That what the Sunday School Times says is true: "Whether one calls the weather 'good' or 'bad' depends on a man's mood and spirit more than on the atmosphere."

That Edwin Smith had a fall on the ice that nearly made an air-hole.

That Louis McDonald is copying notes very neatly for the band.

That Allen Blackchief has this motto under the clock in the paint shop: IS MONEY.

That Mr. Norman and his boys are painting some very innocent looking guns, as they are all for show and not for blow.

That the person governs best who speaks gently and not above the natural tone of voice.

That Commencement dates are February 28, March 1 and 2.

That we have some new benches in the bandstand to accommodate the extra players of the enlarged band.

That a troublesome boy who has been ungentlemanly a number of times, to the great annoyance of the band director and the band members, has been expelled from the organization.

That the trolley car needs a fresh coat of paint.

That since Mr. Gray's return from the war we are getting more butter and milk than ever before. He and his boys get up at four o'clock to milk, and he is sparing no pains to keep the cows comfortable and well-fed.

That the HELPER has about 20 Indian bows for sale at 25 cents, by mail 30 cents. One arrow with each bow. Address HELPER, or come pick out the best. They belong to Joe Morris.

That the band came within the fraction of a second of tying the score at a game of basketball with Company A team last Saturday night at the close of the sociable. They threw the ball into the basket a second after the whistle blew. Score 2-0

That the band is getting better and better, and was at its best on Saturday night.

That Edythe Pierce, '98, left for Morris, Minnesota, on Tuesday evening to take a Government position.

That Miss Luckenbach's office has had built from ceiling to floor and from door to door, a large file cupboard for business papers. This has been a long felt want, and the carpenters are to be congratulated on the neatness of their work.

That the bicycles are taking a rest.

That the ground-hog could not see his shadow yesterday, so the back-bone of winter is broken according to old-timers.

That the bugler these nights brings out better "taps" than was ever heard before at the school. The last beautiful dwell being specially fine.

That base-ball is beginning to be played (in mind.)

That John Bakeless says he wants to "west his weawy bones" when he is tired.

That Mr. Snyder likes to send his friends to the printing office to see a type-louse, and that the printers like to send their friends to the tailor shop to see a goose that never gets fat enough to eat.

That Miss Fisher of the Genoa, Nebraska School has been heard from, and that she is keeping very well.

That Miss Bessie and Master Jarvis Butler are with their mamma, Mrs. Butler, for a few days on their way South, the former to attend school in Washington, D. C., the latter to live with his grandpa, in Virginia, and go to school.

That Capt. Marshall's whistle has the grip.

That Miss Shaffner had a narrow escape. The vessel she sailed on for Europe last year was the Rhyndland, and on Tuesday night the same vessel was cast upon the sands of the Delaware beach.

That a noisy woman or girl who calls vulgarly through the halls for one she wishes to see does not make a respected officer.

HE COULD NOT HELP IT.

Since skating began there have been times when the ice was thin at the edges, and a few air holes were scattered here and there.

The pond is not of dangerous depth in many places, so it was the delight of the venturesome boy to go as near to the edge as he could without getting in.

Yet every once in a while a boy would go in all over and have to fly to his quarters for dry clothing.

This became very troublesome to the superintendent of the quarters, who, at length, gave positive orders that this sort of amusement must be stopped.

A few days later:

Scene: Clothing room of Small Boys' Quarters. Boy scantily attired, with hair dripping, seated near the radiator; clothing suspiciously spread on steam-pipes.

Enter the superintendent of the quarters who sees at a glance:—

Skating pond;

Air holes;

Disobedient boy circling around a treacherous hole;

Ice gives way;

Boy submerged;

Goes back to quarters a shivering but not a wiser boy.

Superintendent speaks: "Oh, Bartholomew Man-not-afraid-of-a-woman(!) HAVE you been in the water?"

Boy: "Yeth, ma'am."

"Why, Bartholomew, did you do this?"

"Please, I couldn't help getting wet!"

Then after a few remarks on the perversity of the human heart, and its inclination downward the superintendent asks:

"How did this happen, Bartholomew?"

With a beseeching look, the boy answers:

"I jutht taking a bath!"

BEER ROTS.

The head bartender of a well-known downtown saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer drawers have, in addition to losing several of the fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members.

"Beer will rot iron I believe," he added. "I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar.

Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron.

If I were a temperance orator, I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe leather? I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it, not much."

—[Mail and Express.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

We cannot expect perfect enunciation on the part of our pupils, but an audience has a right to expect a public speaker to enunciate so that the half of what he is trying to utter can at least be guessed.

There is not a teacher here or anywhere else but recognizes the necessity for oral gymnastics in the school-room.

"We do drill. We drill very often," our teachers say, if asked.

But the Man-on-the-band-stand ventures the assertion that such is the rush to get over specified ground and the impossibility of reaching the goal so evident, that if anything is neglected in the daily routine it is the drill on elementary sounds of the English language.

If these drills were NEVER omitted. If every pupil were as certain of his vocal drill as he is of his dinner, our enunciation as a school would be as certain to improve.

If we cannot speak plainly we are laughed at, and it matters not how well informed we are, our usefulness is impaired.

This vowel drill is not alone needed in the lower departments of the school.

It is needed in every department.

There is scarcely a child—white, black or red, but needs very much more of the vocal gymnastic drill than he receives in the Primary, in the Grammar, in the High School, in all of his school life.

The best schools pay large attention to this, and the Carlisle school probably drills more in this line than any of the other schools in the country, but if there is neglect at all it would be better if it never fell on the vocal drill.

Some think time is more profitably spent upon the consonants than on the vowels.

Experienced teachers claim that the consonants will take care of themselves, or with a very little attention will fall into line if the vowel sounds are well learned.

Even those tribes of Indians who find certain labial and dental sounds difficult to make, get them perfectly if the vowels are well learned.

Ten minutes a day for each division will accomplish marvelous results and give us better speakers at our public exhibitions.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 4, 5, 7, 6 is a covering for the face.

My 1, 11, 10 runs from trees.

My 14, 3, 8, 9 the average Indian boy likes nearly as well as he does a story.

My 12, 13, 7, 8 is what some fat people would like to be.

My 2, 11, 12 is a covering for the head.

My 13, 3, 12 the sun is.

My whole is what calls some of the Indian boys up earlier than the others these winter mornings.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: One thousand scholars.