

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XIV.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899.

NUMBER 34.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BETTER to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep thro'
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder."

A FAMILIAR SIGHT TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN AMONG CAMP INDIANS.

Lizette Kinsinger of Oklahoma writes thus of familiar scenes, for The Watchword:

While I was sitting in the tepee I watched some of the women wash the dishes.

I want to tell you how they do it.

They had many dishes, and they were on the ground where they always are, and three or four dogs were engaged in licking them.

After they were licked thoroughly, the woman took a rag and rubbed them, and then set them in an old box which serves as a cupboard. The smallest dog spied some crumbs among the dishes, and he got into the box and crawled all over them unmolested.

No one seemed to think he was doing anything out of the way, and sure the poor, half starved dog felt he was doing just about right.

A Sick Indian.

To some of our cultured Indian boys and girls the above description will be as repulsive as it is to any refined person, although the Indian must admit that the picture is a true one. And Miss Kinsinger's description of the sick Indian is also true to life as observed by the Man-on-the-band-stand:

A few days ago a girl came to me for medicine for her father who had sore throat.

I sent a gargle, and told her I would come out to see him next morning.

When I got there he was outside the tepee with a blanket wrapped around his head and neck, but barefooted, and it was a cold day, too.

When I told him he ought to put on his shoes and stay inside, he only laughed and pointed to his blanket, as much as to say, I am sick in the throat and not in the feet.

I went again the next day to see the sick man and found him very sick, at least he acted as though "he near die," as they say.

He had tonsilitis, and I am sure he was not feeling very comfortable.

He was stark naked to the waist, with only a blanket around the hips.

It is their custom to have no clothing on when sick.

I meant to go to see him to-day, but did not get so far as that when I was out.

I heard he was out, so I hope he is better.

But when the Indian is out it does not mean that he is well.

He generally keeps moving about for fear he will die if he keeps quiet.

I have noticed here that when any of the children faint or have some similar attack, as they sometimes do, the other children will jump them up and down with all their might to "make them alive again," as they say.

INDIANS, GENTLEMEN.

The Chilocco Indian school second nine defeated our home nine easily last Saturday. The game ended fifteen to thirty-one. The Indian boys played a good game, and their actions were manly which exhibits to their white neighbors that their instructions at Chilocco have not been in vain. It might be well for many of our own race of people to pattern after the Indian boys while away from home. A white man was not requested to accompany them to look after department. —[Kay County Sun, Blackwell, 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.

Price—10 cents per year

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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.

There are three d's which if all would watch more carefully the health of people generally would be better, viz, Drinking-water, Damp, and drains.

The Fort Mojave School, Arizona, John J. McKoin, Superintendent, has sent out very neat and attractive programs of their closing exercises, to be held June 16th.

The mandolin practice is pleasing to hear except when the Band is on the bandstand rendering some fine part of a classical selection. That is the time for the mandolin player to wait awhile, especially when out on the balcony. We must think of others **SOME**-times.

The following is the program for Saturday evening's concert on the bandstand:

1. Overture, "The Belle of the Village"—Bouillon;
2. Waltz, "Jolly Girls"—Vollstedt;
3. March, "Dreadnaught"—Dalbey;
4. Grand Selection, "Martha"—Flotow;
5. Caprice—Mazurka, "Magnolia"—Dalbey;
6. Peer Gynt Suite,—Grieg;
7. Minuet—Paderewski;
8. Hail Columbia—Fyles.

One of the sentences much quoted on the baseball ground by ye rooters is "He's up in the air." But the truth was never so strongly felt as when during the game last week, a balloon with a man dangling by a rope attracted the attention of all and stopped the playing for a few moments, and as we were watching with breathless suspense to see the man leave the balloon to come down to earth as advertised, a wag on the bleachers, called out, "He is up in the air."

Principal Rishel, of the Atoka Baptist Academy, Indian Territory, writes encouragingly about the interest his pupils take in the HELPER, and says he recently attended the Armstrong Academy, a boarding school for Indian orphan boys near Caddo, and that "the boys stood high in their examination and showed excellent drill in their declamations and choruses. One afternoon was given to field sports, consisting of military drill and a match game of baseball, in both of which the boys acquitted themselves nobly."

A joke on the Major is a rare thing, hence worth recording. For instance, the other morning at breakfast in his talk before the student body, he was telling them of a negro who had risen to eminence through perseverance, and as he talked grew very earnest in his desire to show that race need not hinder the progress of a person. "Why," said the Major, "this man is as black as my hat." Here a perceptible smile spread over the entire audience and the speaker did not understand the joke until he started to leave, when Miss Miles suggested that if the negro alluded to were no blacker than that hat he was not very black. Then the Major understood. He nearly always wears a black hat, but now has a new light felt, which he waved aloft while his boys and girls broke out into a hearty laugh in which he himself joined.

It is quite the habit of Director Wheelock to serenade those having birthdays, with selections from his band. So the officers and teachers, as a return for his generosity and thoughtfulness, gave HIM some band music last Wednesday evening, from which he might take a few lessons in harmony if he has a good ear. The instruments consisted of tin whistles, horns, combs, cuckoos, hand-made grindorgans, rattle-boxes, kettle-drums and the like. The Major led and had for his baton a tennis racket. It is needless to say that the man of honor, Mr. Wheelock, was extremely gratified as well as amused. "A little nonsense now and then,"—We all know the rest.

The season for college games of ball is over, but we still have some fun at the invigorating sport. On Tuesday evening there was a great game between the Juniors and the All-Americans—pick players selected from the classes below Junior grade. The team played evenly enough to make the game intensely interesting from start to finish, and hilarious applause was indulged in frequently. It was a five-inning game and resulted in a defeat of the Juniors by a score of 4 to 3.

Are we tired of working on a farm in Bucks County and do we sometimes wish we did not have to do such work and that life were easier? Then let us think of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood. It will be remembered that the boyhood of our GREAT President was spent in the roughest and coarsest description of farm work. There may be something great for us if we are faithful over the few things and do not shirk the unpleasant hard work.

Wet grass is not to sit in, lie or walk in. When the grass is taking a drink, why not give it a rest and stay out of it? Did you ever see Major Pratt, Mr. Standing, Professor Bakeless, Mr. Thompson or any sensible person sit or lie in the grass when ground or grass was damp? Why not? Because they are not ready to die, nor do they care to go hunting for colds, coughs, or rheumatism in any such way. Cannot we try to be as sensible?

Joseph Gouge, '99, has wide-awake views on the Indian question. At the close of a business letter he says, (using capitals where he underscored heavily.) "WORK is what ALL men MUST do. We'll never know how to swim unless we are forced. So it is with all Indians. They must be forced out of the reservations or they are a failure."

Another warm wave.

Mr. Kensler's "Dash" is inspecting the lower farm.

It is said that frequent and short holidays are better for one than a continuous vacation.

Wilson College having closed for the summer vacation, Miss Richenda Pratt is home.

Mr Cayou, '96, now of Dickinson College has gone to spend the summer at the "Hub." He is agent for an Aluminum Company.

Harold Parker is in Washington visiting his father—Chief Quannah Parker, of the Comanche tribe.

Edmond Wheelock is getting to be a great little talker, and he has a curl for anyone who will accept it at hand.

We would like to hear a solo on Mr. Snyder's serenade grind-organ accompanied by those "Noble" cymbals.

The feast of berries enjoyed by the student body on Saturday evening was a treat from the officers and employees.

Mr. Sowerby and Miss Bowersox with Mr. Snyder and Miss Cochran are running close games in tennis these evenings.

The hospital force was greatly pleased over a lot of lovely roses sent to them by Rose Duverney, from her country home.

The Hampton Institute, Virginia, Thirty-first Anniversary Exercises took place yesterday, to attend which several at our school were invited.

Assistant Superintendent A. J. Standing and son Jack are rusticated in the mountains near Pine Grove. They expect to be absent a week or so.

A number of our teachers are planning to attend the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna, while some are going to the New York Chautauqua.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt ran in from Steelton between trains Tuesday evening. They always bring cheer, and a little breath from the out side that is appreciated.

Allen Blackchief was hit in the back by the ball on Tuesday evening, and suffered considerably for a time, but is around and ready for another game at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Eastburn and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Cornell of Bucks County, are visiting the Bennetts. Mrs. Cornell is an aunt of Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Eastman is a great aunt.

Mrs. Stevick, who recently returned East from Denver, where she has been paying an extended visit with her son Mr. Guy LeRoy Stevick, was a guest of Major and Mrs. Pratt last Thursday.

Mr. Harlan of the lower farm can boast of as fine a field of corn as is seen in this section. His potatoes are doing well, and the boys and girls think that cherries from the lower farm are very good.

The wagon-makers and painters have repaired the farm wagon to look like a new article. When asked which were the old parts a few pieces of iron were pointed out. Wheels axles and all of the wood work are new. If blue is true the color is all right, although the "black chief" is putting on a few touches of sombre.

A warm reception is given these days to those who go to the near farm, on the part of the family of grayhounds still in their infancy but at the jumping age. They are very interesting young dogs.

Follow the Band concert to-morrow night with program in hand. We should know the names of the pieces and the composers. Any one may have a HELPER by asking a printer for it, if wanted for this purpose.

The Mandolin Club under Professor Morrow, of Harrisburg, is beginning to produce good music. On Saturday last, ye reporter was invited in, to hear the practice, and was much pleased with the pieces rendered.

Wednesday was Flag Day and Mr. Harkness, tinner, was the only patriotic shopman. Old Glory waved over his door all day. In the evening the band played at the exercises at Bosler Hall, Dickinson College.

The band went to Harrisburg on Tuesday night to play for the Democratic Convention. We are Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, Woman Suffrage, anything, when band music will help to bring the Indian into recognition.

One of the best bands in the city last night was the one from the Carlisle Indian school. It must be admitted, however, that yesterday was not the first time Indians made white men dance to their music.—[Harrisburg Patriot.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett have greatly improved the looks of things around the near farm. White-wash and a general pick-up have done wonders. The crops, too, are looking well. We are going to have plenty of peace in the near future.

Miss Weekley's class, Number 9, "set up" the strawberries to a few of their friends gathered in the Susan Longstreth Literary Society Hall, last Friday evening. They intended to have a lawn party but rain prevented. The evening was greatly enjoyed by all.

Prof. Bakeless is a temporary widower, Mrs. Bakeless having gone to her father's home for a brief visit. When she returned to the school a few weeks ago, Master John wished to remain with his grandpa, and thought he never would care to come to Carlisle again, but we learn he has changed his mind so delighted was he to see his "Mamma, dear," this week.

Miss Eva Johnson, class '89, is with us for a brief visit. Miss Eva has passed through many and varied experiences, in the Indian Service and elsewhere since she left Carlisle. The position from which she recently resigned on account of the climate not being agreeable to her was teacher at the Ft. Mojave School, Arizona. She received a warm welcome, and we are glad to have her with us.

Mrs. Pratt and daughter Miss Richenda, leave this evening for Denver, Colorado, stopping to spend Sunday in Chicago, with Mrs. Twyman whom many at Carlisle remember so pleasantly. From there they go to visit Mr. and Mrs. Guy Leroy Stevick at Denver, until joined by Major Pratt on his way to attend the Los Angeles, California, Indian Institute in July. Mrs. Pratt and Miss Pratt will accompany the Major to California, and on his return East intend visiting a sister in St. Louis and other sisters in Indiana.

DOES GOD SCOLD?

Do WE scold? is a good question for each to ask.

What is scolding?

Is correction scolding?

No. It is the DUTY of those in charge of young people to admonish wisely. To correct and advise, sometimes sharply, if gentleness does not suffice.

But here was a little girl who must have heard a great deal of scolding from her mother.

Some mothers are tired and fretted with cares and troubles, and seem to get relief in scold, scold scolding their children.

So this little girl startled her mother one day by saying:

"Mamma, does God scold?"

The mother felt a little ashamed of herself and replied:

"No, child. No!"

"Well I am glad that he doesn't," said the child, "for scolding always makes me feel so badly, even if it is not my fault. I don't think I would love God so much if he scolded."

This item was taken from the Religious World, not for the benefit of boys and girls who do wrong and then when corrected say so easily about the one in charge: "He is a scold."

But if we speak to those under us in a cross petulant way, then we deserve to be called a scold.

THE INDIAN FATHER'S EXPERIMENT.

An Indian had four sons.

He had heard so much about the best way to bring up boys, that he determined to train them all differently and see which way was best.

The eldest he fed well, and let him do as he pleased; consequently, he spent most of his time between meals on his blankets.

The second he sent to the sweat bath every morning, but allowed him to seek his own pleasure the rest of the time.

The third was well fed, but made to work hard.

The fourth was sent to the river every morning for a cold bath, fed well and made to work moderately.

The first died shortly after he became a man.

The second grew old before his time, had gray hair and wrinkles at forty, and died while still in his prime.

The third was a great worker, and became a rich man, but died before he was old.

The fourth was the most active and strong of all.

He was a great worker, became rich and did not die till he was a very old man.—Translated by H. W. C., for Progress.

BICYCLE WISDOM

Ye bicycle rider, paste these in your hat!

Politeness is like a pneumatic tire—there isn't much in it, but it eases many a jolt in the journey of life.

A pleasant disposition, like oil in a bicycle bearing, reduces friction and prevents a world of wear and tear.

The world, like a bicycle, would soon come to a stop were it not for the cranks.

Like a link in a bicycle chain, we may not amount to much individually, but collectively we make the wheels go round.

Like a friend in need, the handle-bar is appreciated only when the road is rough.

Life is like a bicycle run; some worry, fret, and scorch along, and soon reach the end, while others take it easy and enjoy life as they go.

TO KEEP THE LUNGS HEALTHY.

Breathe deeply.

When out in good air stand so as to breathe long and slowly filling the lungs completely; hold the breath a second or two, then blow it out slowly. Do this eight or ten times.

Go through with this exercise several times a day, as long as you live, and it will do much toward keeping the lungs healthy, and the tendency to consumption can be overcome.

Draw the breath in through the nose, not through the lips.

Nearly all physicians say that people do not breathe deeply enough. When we remember that air makes blood, and the strength of the body depends upon good blood we can see good reason for following this advice.

HOW ABOUT IT.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if what Dr. John Hall said at a Princeton Commencement would apply to the students of a Government Indian Training School.

The eminent Doctor of Divinity said regarding college students:

"Many a student goes through college much as an auger goes through a log. There is a great deal of twisting and screwing and noise, and he comes out somewhat less sharp than he went in."

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 7, 6, 10, 11 is the greatest force in the world.

My 4, 5, 8 is one of the most useful domestic animals.

My 2, 3, 9, 1 disturbs some people in summer.

My whole was a very welcome guest last Friday morning and made everybody happy.