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THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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WHAT TO DO.

TALK Happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woes. 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 fatal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm nor interest nor please
By harping on that minor chord—disease.
Say you are well, or, all is well with you.
And God will hear your words and make them true.

FROM LOS ANGELES—THE LAND OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS

The representatives of the Carlisle School at the Indian Teachers' Institute which convened at the same time that the National Educational Association was in session at Los Angeles this month, were Major and Mrs. Pratt, and Miss Richenda, and Mrs. Cook, the first and last named being the official representatives. A letter from Mrs. Cook has just been received and is so full of interest that we are sure she will pardon the making of some of it public.

She says in part:

"The boxes containing the educational exhibit of our school arrived at the last moment. I have the exhibit in position, and it compares favorably with the other exhibits. We have more specimens of industrial work than the others. Phoenix and Perris have quantities of embroidery and drawn work.

I pinned a large part of the drawing to strips of cheese-cloth and hung them across the corner of two adjoining walls. The work is greatly admired.

I was asked while I was putting it up if it were the New York State exhibit.

Los Angeles is alive with teachers, and a

person who wears not a badge of some sort is the exception.

Every train was boarded by some members of the Welcoming Committee before it reached Los Angeles, and the teachers presented with the N. E. A. button, which is a very dainty one—a green palm leaf on cream white, with gold lettering a-top of all.

Programs, fruit and flowers were distributed to the teachers, and when we went to register, every one came away with two or three stems of beautiful carnations.

There is much enthusiasm among the visitors in spite of the fact that it is 'unusually' hot, and there has been little rain for two winters; really, things are not what I have seen them here.

We have not suffered from heat, however, for there has been a fine breeze most of the time, and every night I have slept under a blanket. Last night I needed two.

The opening meeting of the institute occurred yesterday morning. Major Pratt, Assistant-Commissioner of Indian Affairs Mr. Tonner, Ex-President Gates of Amherst College, now of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and others, spoke.

The Major went to the meeting without his breakfast, almost directly from the train.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda are looking well and expect to get a good deal of pleasure out of the side trips which they intend to take.

I am in Pasadena and find it not quite so convenient during the meetings, but we get ever so much 'climate' going back and forth on the electric cars.

Hobart has grown to be quite a big boy and we are making the most of our time getting acquainted over again.

I have seen nearly all the Indian service people whom I have known in various places, and met a number that I had heard of.

The Superintendent of Indian Schools, Miss Estelle Reel, is making a favorable impression. She has not yet made a public address, but she has talked a great deal in her line to individuals.

Dr. and Mrs. Grinnell inquired after all their old Carlisle friends."

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School
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.

The news that comes from our teachers who are away at the various summer schools is quite inspiring. Miss Cutter who is at Cold Spring Laboratory says: "We are having a delightful time in a lovely, quiet country place, with fine instruction and good company and good food. We have the combination of woods, hills fresh and salt water. I never saw so many sea animals alive. Fiddler-crabs are very common, and it is a fine place to study birds. My work is cryptogamic botany, and we have studied the lowest forms—the Myxomycetes. Next we take up algae and then on to mosses and ferns. Professor Lindsay, of Dickinson College, is expected and will study bacteriology. Professor Stevens, of the same College, is here studying cryptograms."

Mrs. Given, Miss Carter and Mr. Thompson are studying at Chautauqua.

Miss Senseney, vocal music instructor, who is at Marblehead, Massachusetts, studying music and methods says the people there are very much interested in Carlisle and she sends for photographs and literature that will interest inquirers.

Misses Cochran, Paull and Barclay are studying biology at the Mt. Gretna, Pennsylvania, Summer school.

Miss Wood who is attending Summer School at Martha's Vineyard seems to be very happy. She says she has been fortunate in finding a pleasant home in every respect at reasonable rates. She likes her instructors; weather is delightful; old ocean is fine and new acquaintances charming. She is busy and expects to be, but will find some time to rest. Forty miles of concrete pavement makes her sorry she did not take her wheel.

If a person grasps his fork at table as one would hold a spike through a cat-fish head while skinning it, there is something wrong with that person's "bringing up." Nothing tells so much against a person's early training as the awkward manner of holding the fork in left hand while cutting something on plate at table.

Miss Lillian Complainville, '98, who is one of the force at the Grand Junction, Colorado Indian school, is attending summer school for a part of her vacation at Colorado Springs

We learn through a friend in Oklahoma that Sadie Alfrey, one of our Carlisle girls was married on July 8th to Deforest Antelope, Disciplinary at the Cheyenne School, at Darlington, Okla.

We see by the Los Angeles Times that Miss Bourassa, class '90, Carlisle, who is now teaching at the Phoenix, Arizona, Indian school, was in attendance upon the Institute of the Indian school service.

At the Twelfth Annual Commencement exercises of the Hatboro High school held June 30th we see by the program that four of our Indian girls—Misses Fisher, Moon, Wheelock and Doxtator contributed a quartette.

Mr. Edwin Schanandore, '89, now of the Albuquerque Indian school force, spent his vacation at the Conn Conservatory of Music, Elkhart, Indiana. Mr. Schanandore was a skilful cornet player when he left Carlisle, and he has been practicing as the leader of various school bands ever since. We are glad to hear that he is still studying. It is when a person thinks he knows enough that he is apt to become a bore at any trade or calling.

Donald and Herbert Campbell sons of Assistant Superintendent Campbell have arrived at Chemawa from the University of Wyoming where they have been students. After vacation they will attend Stanford. . . . Ramona Potter, the two year old daughter of Supt. and Mrs. Potter died of Spinal Meningitis, at their home in El Reno after a lingering illness. Ramona was a beautiful and attractive child and her death was a severe blow to the parents.—[Chemawa American.

We are grieved to be called upon to record the death of Christina Redstone of Consumption, last Wednesday night. Christina was an Assinaboine, from Ft. Peck, Montana, and entered Second Grade at Carlisle in 1890. She was a member of the present graduating class. Her country record was without blemish and the Russells with whom she lived were greatly attached to her, and treated her like a daughter. This Spring, when her health was poor they invited her to visit them, and bought her a mandolin to divert her, showing every kindness they could have their own. Miss Noble and Mrs. Rumsport, of the teachers' club, where she was detailed, will testify to her value as a helper, and both were fond of her. In quarters, Miss Campbell gave her the kindest care during the weeks of illness before she was taken to the hospital, and her many friends among the girls and employees were thoughtful of her comfort. Always gentle, cheerful and affectionate in disposition, conscientious and reliable in her work, she had many friends. In her long illness, she was most uncomplaining, making no demands upon those who were ever ready to do for her whatever would bring cheer and comfort, and always showing pleasure for little attentions paid her. She was sweetly and consistently a Daughter of the King whose badge she wore on her heart as well as pinned upon her dress. A sweet, womanly strong and tender soul has gone to her reward. Rev. Mosser, of the Methodist church, officiated at the funeral.

Just think! Only about six weeks more of vacation.

The coal shovelers have begun in earnest, hauling coal for the winter's supply.

We see by a card from ex-typo Robert Hudson, that he is at Gowanda, N. Y.

Master Edmund Wheelock thinks he has just the nicest new little brother that ever was born.

Miss Forster spent a pleasant Sunday with Misses Paull, Cochran and Barclay at Mt. Gretna.

The floors in the Large Boys' Quarters have been oiled and it has surprised many for the change it has made.

Dr. Alice Seabrook, of the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia was on the grounds for a few hours on Saturday

If paint and calomine keep going on the walls and ceilings, at the rate they have in the last few weeks, we shall shine by Fall.

Miss Annie Morton, '98, Miss Ely's assistant at the desk, is off for a month. She will visit friends at Lansdowne and Shippensburg.

We are particularly obliged to any subscriber who informs of any error in address. We wish our list as complete and correct as possible.

Dr. and Mrs. Eastman are croquet and tennis players, and employ some of their spare moments in wielding racket and mallet with a purpose.

Little Virginia Eastman calls the Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk, "Buggy," when the latter insists on being a carriage if any kind of a vehicle.

Mrs. Peter, who left for Chicago two weeks ago, after a few weeks with her daughter, writes that she frequently thinks of us and wishes to be remembered to friends.

Professor and Mrs. Bakeless have returned, and the Professor is down to business on school work for the coming year. John's grandpa could not spare him to come back yet.

"You might know" which is heard so frequently in the printing-office and elsewhere on the grounds when a stupid mistake is made is the most effective and appropriate slang the Man-on-the-band-stand ever heard.

Mrs. Dorset, Manager of the Girls' Department, who is out among the country girls at present, writes interesting letters of her new experiences, while getting hold of and understanding the various situations.

You may see some strange numbers with your address. The first two figures refer to the volume to which you have paid and the remaining one or two figures tells the number of the paper to which you have paid.

Miss Genthner and Mrs. Brokaw, of Bellemeade, N. J., who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett left yesterday for their homes. Mrs. Bennett is suffering from a very sore thumb. Dr. Hilda Longsdorf, of Carlisle, is treating it.

Under the painters' touch and calsominers' brush the hospital is fast growing to be a place of attractive appearance, so much so in fact, that the Man-on-the-band-stand is fearful that we shall all try to get on the sick list so as to be ordered there.

Miss Weekley says she enjoys her temporary duties in charge of small boys, although she finds it no easy task, but claims that experience is worth much. Miss Newcomer has about the same to say of her hospital life for July while Miss Barr is at Prince Edward's Island.

Mr. Standing was 2 years old on Sunday last, and celebrated the event by giving the student body a rousing big watermelon treat. Some one said they would not mind if his birthday came often. The feast was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mrs. Ewbank the lady now in charge of the pupils culinary department, is presenting these days various palatable "fix-ups" made from a limited variety of foods. It is very difficult not to fall into a rut in cooking, when but few things are provided, but there IS a "homey" way of making a variety out of the same old things, which is an art to be highly prized.

The finest picture yet placed in the dining hall is one of Hotel del Monte, California, given by the Southern Pacific. It occupies the space between the windows at the north end and is well worth the trip to the dining-hall to see, this room might be properly called the picture gallery of our school, so large and handsome are the views on the walls, given by different railroad companies.

Hobart, referred to by Mrs. Cook in her letter on first page, is her little twelve-year-old son from whom she has been separated for two years. She will leave him again in California to go to school. Were she an Indian woman, some would say: "Is not the system cruel which separates mother and child, even though it be for the good of the child?" There is more sentiment than common-sense in such argument.

The following is the program for Saturday night's band concert on the public square of Carlisle:

1. March, "Pride of the Nation"—Clarke;
2. Overture, "Wm. Tell"—Rossini;
3. "Trovatore,"—Verdi;
4. Grand Selection, "Martha"—Flotow;
5. "The Trumpeters Dream"—Wilson;
6. "Peace Jubilee"—Beyer;
7. Comic Potpourri, "Bingo"—Beebe;
8. Waltz, "Mexicaine,"—Estrada;
9. Star Spangled Banner.

It is a good thing to be a friend of the Hilton's in apple season as well as at all other seasons. This family on the hill is continually doing something for the benefit and pleasure of various members of the school, and now comes a great big treat of harvest apples for the small boys. It is needless to say that they were full of "thank yous" and all sorts of happy feelings as they were eating, and that they did not get the stomach ache either, for the apples were good and ripe.

The attention of the Man-on-the-band-stand has been called by one in authority to two paths that are being worn across the grass plot in the shop court, by people who are too indifferent to go around. One is across the center from centre door to centre door, and the other is a short cut to the dining room and town. Come! Come! When we have gone to the expense and trouble of making a thing of beauty out of a very unsightly place, let us have enough manhood and interest to want to keep it looking well. But "you might know."

APACHE COUPLE MARRIED.

The following letter speaks for itself:

SAN CARLOS, ARIZ., July 2, 1899.

EDITOR HELPER, CARLISLE, PA.:

This morning occurred the marriage of Miss Alice May and Mr. Benjamin Mahseel, at the San Carlos Indian School, Ariz. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a small company of friends by the Rev. John Plocher, Lutheran Missionary, this being the first Apache Indian couple ever legally married on this reservation.

The bride was for many years a student of Teller Institute, Grand Junction, Colorado, and of Denver High School. Since her return to her home she has occupied a position of assistant matron at the San Carlos School, where she has won a host of friends.

The groom was a pupil of this school and for three years its efficient disciplinarian.

They will continue to reside at the school where they are valued employees.

(Mrs.) LYDIA HUNT WRIGHT,
Superintendent.

INDIAN BOYS BEAT.

At the Beacon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey, a number of our boys are spending the summer waiting on table, and doing other work demanded of them. The other day they played a game of ball with the Trenton Military Academy and won by the score of 21 to 3. Siceni Nori, '94, who is living near Trenton, pitched for the Academy team.

Caleb Sickles wrote the information in a friendly letter.

He says he is well and enjoying himself as are the rest of the boys.

The water has been quite cold most of the time, yet they go in swimming.

The weather he seems to think is delightful, indeed it has been almost too cool. When Charlie Roberts arrived it was laughable to see him running around the room "to keep warm."

THE BAND.

The great United States Indian Band composed of members from several of the Indian training schools of the country is, from all reports, doing excellent work under the able leadership of Prof. Dennison Wheelock, at Carlisle. The band now numbers over sixty pieces and we hope will even excel Sousa's and Gilmore's bands when they meet across the Atlantic. All the schools feel they have some claim on this band, and will be proud to hear of its achievements at the Paris Exposition.—[Chemawa American, Oregon.

DO WE EVER THINK OF IT?—A MORNING SCENE.

"Just think what a glorious privilege it is to go to bed without pain or the distress of sickness," says a subscriber in a letter recounting her blessings, one early morning.

"Why the good Father treats us so kindly when others are suffering I do not know."

Then our friend apparently looks up as she writes:

"Oh, how beautiful is the sky, to-day," she continues. "It is a deep blue with broken clouds floating around like ships at sea. Now the sun hides his face behind one of these clouds; now he comes out again to warm and to cheer. He is acting, this morning, as some children do after their little sulky spells, when they have been chastised by parents.

I often wonder how they can look at their parents and smile after such inhuman treatment, but they do.

The birds are twittering and happy, but there goes the old steam screecher telling the laborers to go to work. There is not much poetry in life for them, and yet WORK is one of the greatest blessings that can fall to man."

WE ALL NEED IT.

An Indian woman visited the school last month who rejoices in the name of Patience. If the name stands for an attribute of character all workers on the Reserves and in Indian schools have need of the name Patience. It's even more needful than a second or third class certificate.—[Progress.

"It is a great thing in life to learn how to forget wisely."

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get.

Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.

My 5, 4, 14, 15 sometimes comes in the eye.

My 2, 14, 13 is what we all like to receive for work.

My 6, 1, 3 is used on wagons.

My 12, 14, 11, 16, 7 is what it does not pay for the Carlisle students to be when it is time for roll call.

My 8, 9, 1, 12 is a useful garment.

My 10, 2 is how we go when mounting a hill.

My whole is something that Carlisle shop men have that most shop-men have not.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The lawn mower.