

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XIV.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1899.

NUMBER 40

## WHERE HE FOUND IT.

**H**E HUNTED through the library,  
He looked behind the door,  
He searched where baby keeps his toys  
Upon the nursery floor,  
He asked the cook and Mary,  
He called mamma to look,  
He even started sister up  
To leave her Christmas book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,  
And knew some horrid tramp  
Had walked in through the open gate  
And stolen it, the scamp!  
Perhaps the dog had taken it  
And hidden it away;  
Or else perchance he'd chewed it up  
And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,  
Looked through the closet door,  
And there it hung upon its peg  
As it had hung before.  
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,  
Astonished was his face,  
He couldn't find his cap—because  
"Twas in its proper place;  
—[Atlanta "Journal."

## ARE INDIANS REASONABLE?

There are not many such Indian parents, but we sometimes get a letter from the half-educated mother or father who cannot see the benefits of placing their children in good country homes to get the experience that makes of their sons and daughters real men and women.

A recent letter says that "My daughter can work at home, if that is what she went to Carlisle for."

We are a student body of workers, and we are learning the "how" in a systematic way, but there is not the opportunity at the school that our pupils find in the home with educated and cultured people of business and enterprise, where there may be hardships for a boy or girl to overcome, but where the stamina is gained that enables him or her to stick to a thing till it is accomplished or till the bargain made is fulfilled and thus fitted for the overcoming of life's greater struggles.

Sometimes a girl gets tired for a little while and thinks she can see an easy way out of it

all by writing to mother at home and asking her to write to the school to have her brought in.

It is such a disgrace to come in, a failure, and such a "feather-in-the-cap" to come in with head up having fulfilled all the requirements, that we do not have many to give up when the river is half crossed.

We have a hundred successes to one failure, but sometimes that one failure is helped on in his or her weakness by a parent who lacks common sense.

The Indians as a class are sensible and easily understand the reasons of things when the good of their children is under consideration.

In the same mail with the letter above referred to, there was one from a wise Indian parent, who says: "My child is writing for money," and the father inquires lovingly if she is really in need of it.

He says he is poor, but can make some sacrifice if necessary, and will abide by the judgment of the authorities at the school, saying that he knows that the Carlisle school will do the very best by his child, even better than he as a parent could do.

Of course the girl needs no money, and he was informed to that effect.

And the Man-on-the-band stand wishes he could impress upon each member of the student body the weakness and unwomanliness and unmanliness of asking for money from home, when it is well known that nearly all the home people need the money they can get, to live. Here we have everything that is necessary for a comfortable life and many luxuries besides, and yet we ask poor father or poor mother for money to buy candy or neck-ties or water-melons or other things we do not really need.

If this hits any one let him or her hide the face and mentally resolve, "I will not send home for money." "I will not borrow." "I will not steal." "I will earn it myself or go without."



# 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.

## From One of our Soldier Boys.

Paul Teenabikæzen, ex-student, now a member of "I" Troop, 8th Cavalry and stationed in Cuba, wrote recently, and his friends will be glad to hear what he has to say. He says: "I am getting along all right in the army and I like it too. When we landed at Havana, I saw the wreck of the Maine. I had often thought I would see it some day. I did not get sea-sick on the voyage, but a majority of the boys were sick. Two days after we got here we started Monkey drilling. I suppose you and Mr. Kensler know what that is. It is turning right and left, facing, dismounting and mounting at a trot, walk and gallop. These drills we have in the morning, and carbine drills in the afternoon. But now eight boys in "I" troop are on mark duty. One of the eight is I. Instead of going to drill in the morning with the rest we have to go to our Lieut., and say our general orders, and he also asks us questions. We water our horses twice a day. The stables are a quarter of a mile from the Barracks. The drill grounds are about one-half mile.

This town is not so small as I thought it was before I came here; it has very many people. On the Fourth of July evening nearly all of them came out in front of the Barracks to see the fire works. Everything was quiet in town that evening except in front of the Barracks. I do not see window panes here. Instead of that they use iron bars for windows. Oxen are used mostly here by the natives. I find here that fence posts grow to trees again without root. They have made me think that I have grown some since I came here. The climate is very hot and the streets and roads are very dusty. Fruits are plenty and grow wild. I have not eaten any yet except cocoanut and orange. I have found many friends in the cavalry."

We see by the Osage Journal that George Conner's father was murdered in Missouri a few days ago. George went home this summer. His father is said to be one of the leading men of the Osage tribe.

## The Late Christine Redstone.

Mrs. John F. Russell, with whom Christine lived for some time has these words to say in a private letter: "Although familiar with the general condition of our Christine's health we were, indeed, greatly shocked to hear of her death. We had not realized that her end was so near. The intelligence has cast a deep gloom over our family, as, during the long period she was an inmate of our home, her sunny and affectionate disposition completely won our hearts, and she was to us as a daughter. I had a letter written to mail to her, enclosing a little gift of money with which to purchase some delicacies, when your letter came. It seems sad to think that she will be with us no more, but we know that in His doings there is no mistake, no random stroke, and we are comforted by the assurance that she is now reaping the reward of her many Christian acts of love and kindness. She is truly a consistent follower of the Master, and a girl of whom no fitting eulogy can be pronounced. She has left with us an example well worthy of emulation. The sympathies of myself and husband are with your school in the loss of so promising a pupil. Her place will be hard to fill. We have, however, the blessed hope of the renewal of the fond ties and affections so rudely sundered, where no cloud shall enter to overshadow their lustre."

Melinda Metoxen writes of the enjoyable times she and the rest of the girls in the vicinity of Westtown and West Chester are having this summer. They were given a party by the Friends on the Fourth, of which she speaks highly, and the girls appreciated the kindness shown them. Melinda lives with the Superintendent of the Friends' Boarding School at Westtown and certainly has a pleasant country home. We do not wonder she likes it.

The Band will play on our own band stand tomorrow, Saturday, evening the following pieces: 1. March, "Iroquois"—Losey; 2. Overture, "Belle of the Village"—Bouillon; 3. Albumblatt—Wagner; 4. "General Lee's Two Step"—Baldwin; 5. Euphonium Solo "Les Rameaux"—Faure; 6. March and Chorus from Semiramide—Rossini; 7. Piccolo Solo, "Canary Polka"—Cox; 8. March, "Major Olivier"—Rinquet; 9. "Star Spangled Banner." Time 7:30.

We occasionally get word through private correspondence from Henry Redkettle '97, who is still clerking in a store in South Dakota. He cherishes fond remembrance of Carlisle, and hopes to visit the school before very long. He has had all sorts of experiences since he left, and again has gotten used to the winds of the prairie, which so nearly use up the average easterner. The tenor of his letters shows that he still keeps up his general reading. There is no "backward slide" in his side expressions of wit and description.

The mescal being taken by the Osages this week at Hominy produces to the consumer a vision of God. Unless the usage of mescal among the Osages is stopped some of them are very liable to see their real God.—[Osage Journal.



Mrs. Given and Miss Carter are expected home to-morrow night.

Miss Hill has gone to Peake's Island near Portland, Me., to spend her vacation.

Building operations are at a standstill owing to delay in receiving certain materials.

Virginia Eastman likes medicine "tandy," and she generally knows where to find it.

Sunday evening service was held upon the lawn, with the bandstand as platform for the leader.

Mr. James Wheelock has gone to Wisconsin on business for the school. He will visit his home at Oneida.

Edgar Rickard will rusticate at his father's place on the New York reservation, and return to school in the Fall.

Mr. A. J. Standing, Jr., familiarly known as Jack in these parts, attended the Presbyterian picnic with some friends at Pen Mar on Tuesday.

The Man on-the-hand-stand stole a peep at the photograph of a very pretty baby, this week—Thomas Schanendore's, whom they have named Hilton.

Instructor Snyder of the tailoring department made a little trip among the boys on farms in the vicinity of Bloomsburg, and reports conditions in a favorable light.

It is one thing to take a pleasure ride on the trolley and quite another thing to get stuck in town owing to lack of power and then to have to take a pleasure (?) walk out.

The swing on the upper balcony of the small boys' quarters groans as though it were in pain every time it is used, and the boys say it has not been eating green apples either.

The Eastman family, with Miss Luckenbach and others picniced at the Cave Hill Park on Friday last and had a good time boating and amusing themselves at other pastimes.

Robert Hudson, of whom mention was made last week, is an employee of the Gowanda Gas Company, New York, which controls the entire gas field in Western New York.

Major Pratt writes that he expects to visit the Klamath Agency, California and the Chemawa, Oregon, Indian school, among other places of interest before he turns his face eastward. He and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda are all well.

On Friday last Professor and Miss Davis of Pittsburg, Miss Sherard of Chambersburg and Mr. Rauch, of Princeton Seminary formed a party who was escorted through the school by our friend and former co-worker Miss Stewart, of Chambersburg.

Miss Fannie Rubinkam, of Newtown, who always has a large class of Indians in Sunday School during the summer outing, says she has five of the printers this summer—Arthur Sickles, Frank Bender, Fred Tibbetts, James Miller, and Lewis Webster.

Miss Southgate, of the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, Philadelphia, who has been a guest of the school, with Miss Nancy Seneca, class '97, who is also a nurse at the Medico Chi, has gone to her home in New Jersey, near Philadelphia. She was sorry to go away from a place she learned in a brief visit to love so well.

Miss Barr who is spending her vacation at Prince Edward's Island thinks of returning before the expiration of her leave.

Through the kindness of Miss Shields of the Hilton farm, the printers were remembered last week by a treat of delicious apples.

Miss Hulme's Night Blooming Cereus bloomed this week and was the cause for interesting visitations in the neighborhood of the dining-hall.

Mr. Boyer, of Carlisle, who took Bemus Pierce's place, serves as night watchman for the summer so as to give our working boys all-night sleep, without having to do guard duty.

On the eve of her departure for Paxtonville, last week, to spend her annual leave, Miss Bowersox gave a water melon treat to a few friends on the spacious balcony of the office building.

Lottie Smith and Sophia Wiggins both are deserving of praise for having repeated without missing a word, the Episcopal Catechism, for which they have received a certificate of honor from the Rector. The girls are living with Ellen Comfort near Abington.

The printers have distinguished themselves as "kickers" this week, owing to the indisposition of the electric motor which furnishes power for the presses. As kicking is healthful once in a while we have not minded the exercise.

The funeral of Percy Whitebear occurred on Sunday. He was a Cheyenne boy from Oklahoma, and has been with us about three years. While at his country home he contracted Pneumonia, by going into cold water to swim when too warm, and Dr. Diven went to treat him. He improved, but a relapse came upon him and he was taken with rapid consumption. The Doctor went again and brought him in, and in a few days he died. He was a bright, good, willing boy and mourned by many friends and school mates.

A very pleasant little letter from Stuart Hazlett, '99, who is now at his home in Montana, says he is well and not idle. He had been picking potato bugs the day he wrote and was tired enough. Among some ex-students of Carlisle, whom he mentions as getting on nicely, are the names of Presly Houk, Robert Hamilton, Anthony Austin, Joe Spanish, Charles Buck and others. Stuart expects to go to public school in Chateau in the fall. He says he has had all the Government aid he could expect.

Siceni Nori, class '94, has worked his way through Stewart's Business College, Trenton, N. J., and comes off with a diploma of which he is proud and has a right to be, for as he says, he got it by the sweat of his own brow. "I enjoyed my school-life very much," he says, "and although the pace set by my pale faced comrades was at times a trifle fast, I held my place in the van. It is good to be in a hustling crowd. Then it is that time awaits no man; neither is work that is hopelessly or heartlessly conducted tolerated. There is energy and enthusiasm which affords the mental faculties constant exercise." Siceni has the congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends at Carlisle. He is now with our boys who are at Beacon-by-the-Sea, enjoying the sea breezes.



COMMENTS UPON THE FIRST BAND  
CONCERT OF A SERIES TO BE  
GIVEN IN TOWN DURING  
THE SEASON.

**From the Carlisle Evening Sentinel.**

About three thousand people listened with great delight and appreciation to the fine concert by the Indian band on the square Saturday evening. The program was exceptionally well rendered from beginning to end and the enviable reputation this band has sustained since Director Wheelock commenced to wield the baton, was greatly strengthened by Saturday evening's work. The people thank Director Wheelock and his band for what is considered by them a great privilege—that of hearing it in concert work.

**Communication from a Citizen to the Sentinel.**

A rare treat to the Carlisle people was the concert given on our public square, Saturday night, by Dennison Wheelock and his famous Indian band. Long before the time appointed people could be seen coming in every direction, and those who had the pleasure of enjoying the very attractive program were most enthusiastic in their demonstrations, and the great crowd assembled was evidence enough to show how popular these concerts will become. We appreciate most heartily Mr. Wheelock's generous offer to give us this pleasure fortnightly.

**From the Carlisle Daily Herald.**

The program, as published in our last issue, was rendered in a truly artistic manner, which reflected great credit upon the leader as well as the individual members of the organization.

**Comments Overheard by Our Reporter as he Passed Around Through the Crowd**

"Fine!" "Well trained!" "That Euphonium beats anything I ever heard." "Beautiful!" "Wonderful!"

"That's great!" exclaimed a prominent lawyer as he turned to a group of well dressed gentlemen. The reporter noticed that the lawyer's eyes were wide-open with astonishment and that his face bore a genuine look of satisfaction, and so reporter-like, he edged up nearer to hear the rest of the conversation.

It was just after that magnificent lead-up from the Oboe and Flute solos in William Tell Overture to the soul-stirring outburst of harmony from all the instruments.

"Yes, it is great," replied one of the men. "And I'll be hanged if I can see how Wheelock manages to get so much music into their heads. It's MUSIC, too."

"Well, they practice."

"Practice! Why they beat our town band."

"That is easily explained. Our men are workingmen and don't get the time to practice."

"Why don't they take the time."

"They can't do it."

"Those Indians do it, and they work besides."

"They HAVE to do it whether they want to or not, and they get lots of individual training."

"But, good gracious, they are 'Injuns.' Can't you take that in? 'Injuns,' I say. They haven't any BRAINS, and look what that leader is doing with 'em."

"That's so, and how in the dickens he does it, I don't see."

And the reporter could but compare the brain ability of the Indians with the thousands who stood around. If the high grade of music rendered by the Indian boys, (only school boys at that, and music written by the finest composers) does not show that the Indian has brains what can show it?

And so the Band is educating the people while it educates itself, and both are being educated together—a perfect exemplification of the Carlisle idea

WHAT IS KILLING THE INDIANS?

The Indian Sentinel speaks thus boldly in reference to the selling of intoxicants in the Indian Territory:

There is not an official in the northern district and in the employ of the department of justice but who would blush with shame at the continued and open violation of the law by the dealers of intoxicants. It makes no difference under what name this stuff is sold, its sale is prohibited by the United States Statutes if it is intoxicating. Hop Ale has been proven so a dozen or more times and we have yet to learn of a single man being punished for its sale, while the little two-bit whiskey peddlers are given the full extent of the law almost every time. Cohn, that booze vendor from Wagoner continues to ply his trade with success and without interruption. He seems to be enjoying the protection of the law in this nefarious traffic. Why not go after this man who has introduced and sold thousands of barrels of Hop Ale as well as the little Indian who sells two gallons of whiskey. They both intoxicate, so serve the same purpose in the end.

**Enigma.**

I am made of 8 letters.

My 5, 7, 4 is a small bed

My 3, 6, 5, 1, 2, 4 a boy thinks he must have in his clothing.

My 8, 7, 7, 1 is what we should do before we leap

My whole is what the entire school kept last Tuesday morning.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A pretty courtyard.