

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

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Number 34.

## DRIFTWOOD.

**F**AR out on the surging billows  
Of the ocean rough and wild,  
We see stray pieces of driftwood,  
Dashed high by the wind and tide.  
The sea gulls float gracefully o'er them,  
The ships sail proudly on;  
But the driftwood floats on the waters,  
Worthless, neglected, alone.

There are hearts on life's stormy ocean,  
That drift through the fleeting years,  
Alone, midst the troubled waters,  
Deluged by grief and fears.  
Be kind to those children of sorrows,  
Ye loved ones who ne'er feel strife,  
Remember the floating driftwood  
Has saved full many a life.

## DO THE INDIAN OFFICERS HAVE GOOD COMMAND OF THEIR COMPANIES?

This question has been asked the Man-on-the-hand-stand and he can say in reply:

"Yes" and "No."

The non-commissioned officers, having learned to obey before they were appointed officers should know how to secure willing obedience from those in ranks; and some of them demand it and get what they demand; but how do they do it?

Not by fierce, ugly tones in giving orders.

Not by speaking to those under them in a gruff, harsh voice, such as made THEM angry when THEY were in ranks.

In all matters of work or action the true officer LEADS, and his men follow.

Of course, when the men are in line, they are subject to such orders as:

"Right face!"

"About face!"

Or what ever the command is, and they must obey on the second; there is no chance to lead. The officer has but to command.

To that extent the military drill, so much opposed by some Peace people, is grandly beneficial. Every school boy and girl in the land should have some of it. It is specially beneficial to the Indian student from camp, who knoweth nothing of time and taketh all he

wants in the performance of his round of small duties and pastimes.

So when the boys are in line with an officer in front giving commands, there is never any trouble. All soon learn to move as one body.

But when an officer is placed in charge of a squad of boys who are detailed to do some disagreeable work, and they lag and seem to take no interest in their work because they do not like it, that is the time for the officer to say, and if he has the true metal of an officer he does say:

"Come on, boys!" And the boys follow.

He jumps into the work himself and the others do the same.

We read a little story this week which is a striking illustration of what it is to FOLLOW a leader, rather than to be pushed and punched and commanded roughly.

There was an emigrant family from some foreign country, probably from Poland, Hungary or Ireland.

The family consisted of father, mother and nearly a dozen children.

They were at a railroad station out west, something like Chicago, Kansas City or Council Bluffs.

They were all carrying bundles and bags, and there was great confusion and noise in the station.

The mother and children were afraid and did not know what to do.

They hung back frightened at the uproar of moving trains, steaming, panting locomotives and shouting trainmen.

It was necessary to hurry through the gate for the train was almost ready to start, but the father could not make the children go forward.

He punched them and shoved them and yelled at them, but they were all the more frightened and hung around their father.

Then the gate man caught the father by the shoulder and shouted:

"Go through the gate yourself! They will follow!"

The man did as he was told, and the children were glad to follow their leader.

# 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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*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.

Haskell Institute, Kansas, is having Commencement exercises this week.

At the Phoenix School, the nights are so pleasant and the rooms so hot that many of the pupils and employees sleep out on the porches.

The Industrial School News, printed at the Scotland Orphan School, up the valley, came out in patriotic colors and a poem for the occasion bordered with flags, on Flag Day, last week.

The weather has been so warm in Phoenix, Arizona, that one of the ladies was heard to wish that she was an angel. She said she meant the little bronze angel under the fountain at the lagoon.

The classmates of Simon Palmer will be glad to know that he has successfully passed the examinations which admitted him to the Senior class at the Bloomsburg Normal School. We congratulate him.

Susie Baker, who went home to Montana a short time since writes a very interesting letter which would please everyone and parts of which we will print in the July Red Man. She is enjoying better health, and Laura Eagle who went with her has been taken charge of by her people.

Little Ellen Brito was looking in the box for the mail. Turning to Miss Luckenbach she asked, "Why is your name Look-in-box?"—[The Native American, Phoenix, Arizona. The little daughter of one of the Indian members of our force once likened Miss Luckenbach's name to "Look-in-a-book," and all who heard it thought that was good, too.

There is a team of baseballers among the Poncas who call themselves the Ghost Dancers.

On Wednesday evening, Miss Stewart gave a strawberry party to all the small boys and some of the small girls on the lawn near the Sloyd room. It was a large company, but the evening was a perfect one and out-door games were freely indulged in, while the merriment resounded throughout the grounds.

We have a letter from Mrs. Rebecca Eastman, Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, whom we think is our little Rebecca Bigstar of twenty years ago. They have recently lost a little daughter, and are sad at heart, but have found a dear baby girl, she says, for whom they have no name yet. Her husband is cook for the Indian Police. She has seen Amy Crowdog recently, whose husband is working at the store. Amy does not look in good health.

Arrangements for a grand Indian celebration on the Fourth of July are being made at Anadarko, Oklahoma. One of the numbers on the program we see is an oration by Delos Lonewolf, who is called on the dodger, the most eloquent Indian in the United States. Delos will make a good speech, no doubt, even if rated a little high. He graduated at Carlisle in '96. There will be a parade and a war dance. We are sorry for the latter, but suppose the white people asked for it.

William Leighton, of the Crow Agency, who graduated from Carlisle in '96, is dead. It is always a painful duty to record the death of our pupils, but we are thankful to our friends who inform us of the sad news. J. G. Morrison, class '93, living at the same agency, says the deceased passed away June 12th, of consumption. Frank Gordon writes that before his death he requested that his friends at Carlisle be informed, and that he spoke of Major Pratt as his best friend. William when here was a popular student, a member of the Y. M. C. A., and tried to do right.

Miss Botsford dropped in upon us on Tuesday evening, giving everybody a pleasant surprise. For the past year Miss Botsford has been teaching in the public schools of Ft. Dodge, Iowa, and previous to that was Superintendent of the Kickapoo Indian School, Kansas. After she left Carlisle, she tried her hand at teaching in several localities among the Indians, first among the Cherokees of North Carolina, and afterwards at Standing Rock, North Dakota, and other places. She is on her way now to Washington, and her old home in Connecticut, and will be with us for a few days.

Nearly all the teachers expect to attend summer school somewhere.

To some Indians thunder is the Great Mystery's war-whoop, and the sun is his eye.

Six hundred and sixteen pupils out in country homes at this writing. 333 present.

Miss Robbins entertained the young gentlemen of her school room last Thursday night.

Where does this disagreeable catarrh trouble come from? Climate? NO! Lying in the damp grass.

The game on Saturday with the Country Club of Harrisburg was won by the Indians; score, 10 to 1.

Mrs. Lindsay, of Huntingdon, with her children, is visiting her mother, who is cook at the teachers' club.

Professor Bakeless attended the Commencement exercises of his Alma Mater—Lafayette College, last week.

Miss Margaret Mosser of Carlisle was a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt at dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Walter Fickas and Miss Mary Cover of Shippensburg were guests of Miss Newcomer on Wednesday.

Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of the Indian Schools of the United States, is with us, and will remain a few days.

Miss May Learn, teacher in the Wilkesbarre schools, and a classmate of Miss Bowersox at the Bloomsburg Normal, is visiting the latter.

Kitty Silverheels, 1900, came in from her excellent country home, and will work at the compositor's case again until future prospects develop.

Miss Senseney gave her choir a reception on Saturday night. Vocal and instrumental music, games, refreshments and a fine time were enjoyed.

Who can forget Miss Bowersox' last Sunday night's vivid illustration of the clear spring protected by a barrel in the middle of a muddy river?

Mr. Brock and Miss Senseney sang "Love Divine," by Henry Smart in a manner that captivated all who heard them, last Sunday afternoon at service.

Several of the girls gave a party and refreshments to a number of their young gentlemen friends and some of the teachers on Monday night. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

Miss Alice McCarthy, 1900, left on Wednesday evening for her home in Minnesota. She has been living with Congressman Eddy and wife in Washington, D. C. since Commencement.

Governor Joseph Francis, of the Penobscot Indians, Old Town, Maine, was a visitor this week, and took with him his daughter Grace for her summer vacation.

The Red Man editors have been invited to the Commencement exercises of the college of St. Francis Xavier, Carnegie Music Hall, New York City, June 25th.

Mrs. Eastman addressed the school at the opening exercises on Wednesday and told the story of that wonderful Indian of New England of the last century—Samson Occum.

Mr. Jack Standing has been helping the printers over a bridge for a day or two. Jack is getting to be a good caseman, but if he keeps on growing we shall have to put the case-stands on stilts.

If taking books from the library is an indication of much reading Charles Bender is the greatest book-worm among the students, and Arnold Smith the next. The former has taken out 21 books, during the year, and the latter only a few less.

John Miller, the efficient and ever faithful janitor of the school-building for the last two years, will work this summer on a farm, and then he expects to go to the Bloomsburg Normal School in the Fall, working his way through as best he can.

Who says the Indian is not ingenious, when necessity—the mother of invention, strikes him? The other morning the Man-on-the-band-stand glanced into a boy's room and saw one of the occupants in a brown study as to how to mend a black garment with a white thread. Catching up the thread he rubbed it across his room mate's shoes, on which there had been given a fresh shine. That not sufficing, however, he soaked the thread in ink.

On Tuesday, we won from Cornell at baseball by a score of 12 to 6. The crowd was large and the victory a telling one. On Wednesday, the team played Bucknell. The arm of Pitcher Pratt became very tired and a new pitcher was given the box. A few errors from an unpractised hand gave the game to Bucknell; score 8 to 3. Lafayette beat Bucknell and we beat Lafayette which shows our team is as strong as Bucknell. Our boys have played good ball throughout the season, but have run up against some strong teams, who beat them. Capt. Roberts deserves favorable mention for his management, and pitcher Pratt is to be commended for the improvement he has made this season. Coach Warner has shown the same wise judgment as in football, but the latter is rather his forte, and we expect even better results this year than last.

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JUST AS THE AVERAGE INDIAN BOY  
WOULD HAVE DONE.

When an Indian boy is given orders he generally listens attentively and asks few questions, if any. And he usually does his errand exactly as told. The little orderly boys who attend upon the offices in the administration building are fair examples of this. We have boys who could have done as well as James Smith who was commissioned to carry the message signed by 25000 American boys to President Kruger, of the South African Republic.

When the Superintendent of the New York District Telegraph Company notified the boy to perform the important task the following conversation occurred, which showed pluck and back bone on the part of the little fellow—just such pluck and back bone as most of our Indian boys possess.

It is an old story, but the Emerald of June puts it in this way:

"Jimmy, how would you like to go to Pretoria with a message to President Kruger?" asked the superintendent.

"Very much, sir," said Jimmy.

"Can you start Wednesday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any fear of not being able to get there?"

"No, sir."

"Suppose you find that President Kruger is in St. Helena when you arrive at Pretoria, what will you do?"

"Take the message to him at St. Helena," said Jimmy.

"Do you know where St. Helena is?"

"Oh, yes; it is the place the English put Napoleon."

The sequel of the story every body knows. Messenger Smith was 16 years old.

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THE ART PRESERVATIVE.

Our Indian printer boys are rather fond sometimes of pronouncing the name of the art they represent—art preservative, and some of them can tell who invented the art.

It was about 500 years ago that Johannes Gutenberg, the inventor of printing was born.

The Library of Congress at Washington, D. C., has given place to the American Indian in the pictured story of the development of the method of recording of events.

We take from Erma Shupe's description in the Watchword, that

The first picture is the cairn, which is only

a heap of boulders piled up to commemorate some event.

The next picture is oral tradition, where a story teller relates some interesting tale.

In the third picture are the hieroglyphics chiseled on stone by the Egyptian stone cutter.

Then comes the pictograph, by which the American Indian records on a buffalo-robe his story of the war.

Next in the "Evolution of the Book," as these paintings are called, is the manuscript, slowly written by the scribe of the middle ages.

The last picture of all represents Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, reading a newly printed page.

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INDIAN STUDENTS MAY  
SYMPATHIZE.

The Indian boy who in learning English becomes troubled over several meanings to one word, will appreciate the story of the countryman who stopped in front of an electric light plant.

He looked at the great building and asked a by-stander:

"What is that buildin'? Is it a factory?"

"No," replied the by-stander. "It is a plant."

"A plant, eh? What do they raise there?"

"Currents."

"What are they worth a bushel?"

"They don't sell 'em by the bushel; they sell 'em by the shock."

It is said that the farmer pulled his beard, scratched his head, and drove on down town to market his vegetables.

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ODD NAMES.

White people have odd names as well as the Indian sometimes.

It is said that there is a family in Pennsylvania by the name of Burst.

There were three children.

The little girl was called Alice May Burst, and then there were James Wood Burst and Henry Will Burst.

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Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 8, 2, 3, 10 our baseball players dislike to do.

My 1, 6, 12, 4 is a stopping place on the diamond.

My 3, 7, 6, 5 is what some girl batters could hit a soft ball with better than with a regular bat.

My 9, 4, 11, 12 if good we like to hear it when our boys are off playing.

My whole is what our student newspaper readers generally glance over first.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Bucks County farmers.