

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

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Number 35.

THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Ruler, at whose voice divine
Storms gather darkness and the lightnings
shine;
Whose wrath the thunders speak, whose mercy
reigns
In genial sunbeams o'er the tranquil plains;
Whose hand the wheels of revolution rolls,
Impels the war-fiend, and his rage controls;
Guard and defend and make us still thy care.
Ah, this, my dear, beloved country spare;
First save us from corruption's fiend,
Through darkness softly whispering as a friend:
Thy wondrous power, most mighty God of hosts,
A dreadful vengeance hovers on our coasts,
We look to thee for light; thy guidance leads
To peaceful measures, or to martial deeds;
Oh, grant us peace, but if that cloud shall burst
With war's deep thunders, let our cause be just;
Thy patriot arms their gleaming swords may draw
In brave defence of liberty and law.
If war's dire portion is to be our share,
Sovereign of nations, all our hearts prepare;
United, independent, brave, and just:
Our country's cause our aim; in thee our trust.
—[GEORGE EMERSON SHUEY, in Religious Telescope.

The Fourth of July.

This is the nation's natal day!
Throughout the land let joy abound;
Let old and young join in the lay,
In one loud, glad, harmonious sound.

Long live the nation of the free—
God bless her daughters, fair and bright;
God bless her sons, so brave and strong,
And fill the earth with freedom's light!

The great statesman Charles Sumner had this estimate of the Declaration of Independence that gave our NATION its birth.

"The Declaration of Independence has a supremacy greater than that of the Constitution, more sacred and inviolable, for it gives the law to the Constitution. Every word in the Constitution is subordinate to the Declaration. The Declaration precedes the Constitution in time, as it is more elevated in character. The Constitution is an earthly body, if you please; the Declaration of Independence is the very soul itself."

HIGH-TONED "INJUNS."

When the boys were away, the other day, an old Italian became very indignant at some

prank and began to berate them in warm language.

One of the boys stepped up and said:

"See here, partner, these Indians are getting too high toned to be scolded that way. If you are so rough they are liable to get wild again and scalp you. Better be gentle with them and request them kindly to do differently."

The old fellow changed his tune and offered to shake hands and make up. —[Native American, Phoenix, Ariz.

NOTES FOR THE INDIAN FARMER BOYS.

The cow is a good catcher of flies, but there will be a short stop before the pitcher if flies bother her much, and she will not make a good baseball player.

Cream may be the best part of the milk, but have you noticed that it is the only part that gets whipped?

Some may think that farm pay is small and they would rather work in the city.

Let us see!

What do you get on the farm if you are hired by the month?

You get your board.

You get your washing.

You get your mending.

You get a limited amount of nursing in case of sickness.

You get your wages whether it rains or shines.

You get the fresh country air and good food.

In the city shop, pay stops when work stops.

If you are off for a day, no pay.

Board does not stop. You have to pay board whether you get pay for work or not.

City air is not good air.

Strangle worry before worry strangles you.

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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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.

Howard Gansworth '94, and Caleb Sickles, '98, are enjoying life at the seashore, while making some wherewithal to further their education in the Fall, the former being now a Princeton Senior.

Neat and tasty programs and invitations to closing exercises from various Indian schools throughout the West have been received, among others the Fort Belknap School, Montana, Frank Kyselka, Superintendent, sends out an attractive program, also the Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the Chemawa, Oregon, schools.

The Annual Number of the Haskell Leader has been received. It is an illustrated issue containing the proceedings of their Commencement and plates of the various graduating classes—the Industrial Department, Normal Class, Commercial class and several individual pictures. Mitchell Barada, '98, Carlisle, takes Haskell's Commercial diploma this year.

Earle Whitman and George Head arrived from Carlisle, Penna., on Monday morning, very glad that their hot and dusty trip was over. The boys are looking well and were warmly greeted by their friends. They say their chicken lunch did not reach by "miles," but admit that it lasted three days.—[Native American, Phoenix, Ariz.]

Director of the Band, Dennison Wheelock and family have left us. Mr. Wheelock has gone to seek other fields of usefulness, and with his family will remain awhile at Mrs. Wheelock's former home, Leech Lake, Minnesota. It is with profound regret that their many friends at Carlisle see them go. Mr.

Wheelock has been with us from a mere boy, and the loss of the Band as he led it will be seriously felt. There is a perceptible void in the very vitals of the school when the Band is silent, and when the personality of such a leader as Mr. Wheelock has proved to be, is missing, the sense of goneness is even more perceptible. The Band, no doubt, will start up again in the Fall, and we can but hope that in the new pupils to arrive there will be as good musicians as those who have gone. And with one united voice we wish Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock the greatest of success in all their future undertakings.

On the evening of July 3, at 8 o'clock, there will be a patriotic meeting held in the Court House, Carlisle, during which General Levi G. McCauley and Captain William E. Miller will give personal experiences. These are brave men who helped to make our country the united land it is today, and their talks will be interesting. The meeting will be under the auspices of the Metzger College Alumnae Association, and the admission price will be ten cents. A large audience should greet the speakers. For tickets apply to James Wheelock.

Wedding invitations have been received by several at the school to the marriage ceremonies of ex-student Philip Lavatta and Miss May Bartlett at the home of Mrs. A. I. Cook, Pocatello, Idaho, June 30. The breezes brought the news of the anticipated event several weeks ago and the many friends of the groom at Carlisle on hearing of the glad news will wish for the happy young couple the blessings of a prosperous life.

Rev. G. M. Diffenderfer, of the First Lutheran Church, Carlisle, who has been serving the school as chaplain for the month of June, preached his last sermon on Sunday. He is well liked, and when it comes to voting for a permanent chaplain in the Fall he will get many votes from our pupils. The other ministers of the town who have preached for us, taking a month at a time since Dr. Wile's death, each was liked in turn, and will also get votes.

Miss Annie Kowuni, who graduated in '97, and has been in the East since she was quite a small girl, left for her home in Laguna, New Mexico, this week. Miss Annie has a diploma from the Short-hand Department of Drexel Institute, and for the past two years has been employed in the clerical force at our school. She expects to return to Carlisle after her vacation is over. Miss Annie is a quiet, unassuming young lady who makes friends wherever she goes.

Harvesting.

Is China broken?

Summer is simmering.

School has closed, sure!

Big, black, bungling bugs to burn!

Get your flags ready for the Fourth!

Daylight has stretched to full length.

Mrs. Pratt spent Sunday at Steelton.

How to keep cool is the question of the hour.

More tennis played this year than for several years past.

WARM? Go to the the laundry some afternoon and get cool!

Think of the sweltering city-folk these warm nights, and cool off!

We have at this writing 631 pupils out in country homes, and 343 present.

Daniel Eagle of Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota, has joined the student force.

The mosquito, now called "the malarial bird" has not bothered us much this year.

Figuratively speaking, the printers "fell on the neck" of Mr. Kensler last Saturday for a little cherry treat.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have returned and brought with them their little nephew, Master Brewster Gallop.

The horse that went to the farm recently has been given the name of Buckstocka (Whiteface) by a Pawnee friend.

Those who are working at the top of the smoke-stack certainly have the highest and warmest calling of any on the grounds.

On Wednesday, Mr. Ralston, went the rounds of the grounds and industrial departments with a young lady friend from Colorado—Miss Headden.

Coach Warner keeps cool these days by athletic exercise in the shape of downright manual labor on the athletic field. He seems bound to have it at its best by Fall.

When a matron goes to cleaning hair-brushes with sugar instead of borax she certainly has a "sweet" time of it, but the brushes will not clean. The two cans sat side by side.

Mrs. Lavatta of Montana, wife of the brother of ex-student Phillip Lavatta, has been spending a few days at the school on her way to Washington, D. C. She has four little children with her.

A trolley-ride to Boiling Springs was enjoyed by some fifty of the faculty and a few students on Monday evening. There was a special car for the occasion, Miss Hill engineering the company and arrangements to the satisfaction of all.

Miss Cochran is doing office work in the Administration Building.

Most of the teachers are on duty in the library till the end of the month.

Miss Harriet Eck, of Millville, visited the school on Wednesday. Miss Eck was for some time instructor in dietetics at the Johns Hopkins University Hospital, and is a graduate from the Domestic Science Department of Drexel.

Take a walk down around the farm buildings and see how things are fixed up—house painting, etc. Mr. Bennett has the finest corn of any farm in this vicinity. All hands are harvesting, now. Since February, over 1100 dozens of eggs have been furnished the school.

Mrs. Lydia Hunt Wright for several years Superintendent of the San Carlos Indian School, quits the Indian service at the end of this month. Mr. and Mrs. Wright expect to go to Texas on a visit and thence East. We shall see them at Carlisle, and will give them a warm welcome.

On the lawn in front of Major's residence Wednesday evening, "Twenty Questions," "It," refreshments and a gay and merry time were the features of a parting "send-off" from Major and Mrs. Pratt to teachers and other vacationers about to leave for the summer.

Cards "In Memoriam" of the late Edward Higginson Williams, M. D. who died at Santa Barbara, California, December 21, last, were received this week. Dr. Williams was a staunch friend of the Carlisle Indian School, and of the Indians in general, and his life was full of good works on their behalf.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society Hall serves for other purposes rather than purely literary, and at no time does the room seem more homelike nor are its tasty drapery, carpets, pictures, rugs, tete-a-tete chairs and other furnishings more enjoyed than during a social event such as occurred last Thursday evening when the Juniors held a reception. A few of the Seniors were invited, and the evening passed off pleasantly.

One of the interesting visitors of the week was Mrs. Sanxman, of the Sitka Indian School, Alaska. Mrs. Sanxman has been a missionary of the Presbyterian Board for a number of years. It will be remembered that her husband and his friend Rev. Paul, father of our Willie, were lost while in a boat on a missionary trip in Alaskan waters. She is as a mother to Healey Wolf, who with the other Alaskan children were delighted to see her.

DESERTED?

Report has come that one or two of the Indian boys in the navy have deserted, and that one was caught and will have to suffer several years' imprisonment.

Terrible!

They need the lesson, but it is hard to think of them shut up in prison.

They made a bargain with the Government to serve the country for three years, and then broke their promise.

We **MUST BE CAREFUL** what we promise, and must be **SURE** of the bargains we make, but when we **DO** promise and **DO** make bargains, if we wish to become men and women of honor, and if we wish to have friends who will trust us, we **MUST** keep our promises, especially our business promises.

JUAN EPACHOSE WENT FISHING.

His employer in the country gave him a holiday. The good time he had we will let him describe in his own unique way.

He says:

"I went to the river, some of the white boys fishing, and they ask me if I wanted to help.

I said, "Yes I like to fish."

We fish all day.

We had our dinner at half past three o'clock.

Sometime I stand in deep water come me up my neck.

After dinner two boys went to get wagon and mule and take the fish to sell them.

When they come back we fish again.

Then we stop at nine o'clock in night, and I maked 56 cents that day.

Good thing I make money.

A TRIBUTE TO DIRECTOR WHEELOCK.

The Carlisle Evening Sentinel says:

Prof. Dennison Wheelock, for the past eight years the talented leader of the Indian School band, has resigned his position and will leave next Thursday for Minnesota, where he will take a few months' vacation. Mr. Wheelock is undecided as to what he will follow in the future, but his musical ability will enable him to get a position without any difficulty.

He has been leader of the Indian band since 1892, and the present popularity and excellency attained by the band is to a great extent due to his efforts. He is a fine cornetist, having played this instrument since 1885, when he joined the band. Mr. Wheelock has

become very popular in the community and his many friends and admirers regret to hear of his leaving and predict a prosperous career for him.

THE OLD INDIAN'S TENT.

Progress, that good little paper printed up in Canada at the Regina Indian School is generally full of bright and interesting things to read. Among other short stories of a recent issue is this:

These are the words of an Indian who is standing on the brink of the grave.

I am now an old man.

My tent will soon fall down.

I am not sorry. It is worn out and of very little use to me.

When I get it again it will be new and clean, without any rents.

I do not care to live when I can no longer help my people.

We are Indians still, and have many of our old ways and customs yet, but inwardly we are different. Many of us have new hearts.

We have love and worship there now instead of hate and strife.

THE BEST KIND OF HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

A very recent despatch from Los Angeles, California, says that both the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific officials are conferring with Thomas E. Hughes, a large vineyard owner of Fresno, Cal.; in regard to a plan to relieve the destitute Pima and Papago Indians on the Gila Reservation in Arizona.

Labor for the vineyards is difficult to obtain, and Hughes promises to transport the Indians from Phoenix to Fresno at his own expense, provided the roads will make a low rate, and pay them good wages for labor.

The superintendent of the reservation has consented to the plan, provided that the authorities at Washington agree, and they have been appealed to.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 4, 10, 5, 6 is the name of a very popular babe at Washington D. C. a few years ago.

My 8, 2, 3, 11 is not a fair ball.

My 9, 7, 12 is pleasure.

My 1, 11, 12 is what an expert may catch a ball on.

My whole is what many of our boys and girls are thinking about just now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Baseball news.