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Marion Pratt

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 28

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand:
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

A LETTER FROM A CARLISLE COLLEGE "PREP," WHO IS AT MARIETTA, OHIO.

A letter written by Samuel Townsend to one of the officers of the school, but not intended for publication, was of course read by the Man-on-the-band-stand, and he takes the liberty to print for the pleasure of Samuel's many friends here and for the benefit of our readers in general a few extracts of special interest, knowing that it will be all right:

"The students have recitations Saturday mornings. Just about as we were going to be dismissed from my eight o'clock recitation last Saturday a fellow came up and said that the Professor wanted to see me.

I said to myself 'a horse back ride' and sure enough it was that.

I have ridden on the Professor's pony a

good many times. It is a nice little pony—very spirited. On Saturday we went out in the country about five miles.

This is a Christian College in every sense of the word.

I believe all the students are Christians of some denomination.

The students do all the Sunday School work in the different churches.

In the Presbyterian Church they have a choir of students, and they make fine music.

There are a good many singers, but I always like to listen. I expect to find you all good singers when next I get back to Carlisle, as you say you have had a Professor of Music there.

To-day is a holiday and it is a good time to make up what we lost during the week. By Monday the entire "B" class is expected to have the whole of the conjugation of "Amo" (I love) in Latin, which is quite a task for some. I have been promoted to "B" class, and am now reading Caesar. It will be some time before I will get used to it. However, I have made a beginning.

Cannon have been firing since morning. Flags are out and every body is reminded that it is the birthday of George Washington.

I suppose your school is having a holiday, also. How are all the printers? I have not heard from any of them yet. How is the Alaska printer—Henry Phillips?

I am afraid I will be out of practice setting type if I don't set some very soon.

I was down in one of the printing-offices the other day, with one of the Professors, and asked if any work could be given me. They said that work was scarce and they had enough hands just now. They expected a big piece of work in five weeks, and if it does come I could do some of it.

One of the tutors is a printer and several of the Academy boys have worked at the trade. I always make friends with the printers.

We have a literary society every Saturday morning and debate some question as the boys do there, but they are more lively here.

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Indian Helper.

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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, Manager.

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THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

Luther Kuhns writes again from Pawnee, Indian Territory, that the new minister spoken of in his last letter has arrived. We are grieved to learn of the death of Thomas Kester. He went to the Lawrence school after leaving Carlisle, and went home about Christmas time and died. Thomas was not well when he left Carlisle. Luther is still working at his trade, in the Agency Carpenter shop.

A letter from Tom Carlisle says he is breaking land, freighting and intends soon to cut logs for a house. He is making money and getting on well, at Cantonment, Indian Territory.

Constant Bread is still interpreting for the San Carlos Indians, Arizona, and making progress on the right road.

Millie McIntosh is teaching 15 miles from her home in the Indian Territory and finds no trouble in managing her pupils. She often thinks of her friends at Carlisle.

An old friend of the Captain's—Hit-to-ax, has written a very interesting letter telling of the progress of the Wichita's. From all of these letters and more, interesting extracts will be taken for the coming *Red Man*.

THE LAST EXHIBITION AND SOME OF ITS FAULTS.

Another exhibition was held last Friday night and we were pleased to notice quite a number of new faces upon the platform.

The opening speech was by Thomas Metoxen who tried to impress upon us the fact that to be a "gentleman" one does not need fine clothes, but brains, BRAINS, BRAINS. Thomas did not let his voice out

as he should have done and the audience was obliged to guess at a good part of what he said.

"Why boys may whistle but girls must sing" was shown by Sicensi Nora. It was an embarrassing subject for so young an orator but he spoke so as to be heard distinctly above the giggling of the small Apaches, whose risibless were aroused by the rear view of the speaker's coat. It did make him look like a red tailed rabbit.

Charlie Hubbard followed with Whittier's poem on Yorktown. He began in the middle of the piece and had to go back and start over. There was no disgrace in that, if he had only got it all right then, but he would persist in leaving out all reference to Washington and giving Rochambeau and O'Hara all the glory.

The cornet duet by Dennison and Edwin had but one fault—there was not enough of it.

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter represented by Benjamin, Alexander, Ida Wasi, and Miriam was enough to make even Wiggins groan for they either failed to speak at all or they spoke so low they could not be heard. Stage fright possibly, "Sublime and superb quality of reserve," probably.

Juan A. Chamo's "Farm Song" was well given, though such words as whinnying, splashing, milch, etc., were too much for his powers of articulation. He more than atoned for this, however, by his sonorous "Co, boss, co, boss—Co, co, co." And the gentler "So, boss, so, boss, so, so, so." Judging from his manner one might well think it was a leaf from his own experience on some Bucks County farm.

"The Indian clubs, by Apache Indians" were well swung, but where, oh, where was the music?

George Scott, Jimmy Wind, Joseph Martinez and Mark White Shield were down on the program for an exercise on Washington, but it might have been about Rameses the Great, for all that the audience could hear. Yes, we know they did their best, possibly; we are merely stating facts.

We heard about the Father of our Country, however, from five of the wee ones who gave us his history in a nutshell.

George Ladue made his debut upon the stage. It was lightning express speed from the time he left his seat till he returned, but he showed that he was willing to try.

What wonderful people next came up! It was hard to tell our little folks—Johnnie, Bertha, Dot, Bruce, Mary and Annie in the characters of Mother Hubbard, the old Indian chief, etc. Why, Bruce in his head dress and blanket was more of an old Indian than the old Indian himself, and Bertha's courtesy was perfection.

"Success" one of the best of subjects, was given by Joel Tyndall. We hope that he and all others will put into practice the noble sentiments he uttered.

"Work and Play" by Frank Bresette was clearly spoken, and the little speaker was so much in earnest that he made the house ring. Mary Natsawa, Martha Napawat, Grace Red Eagle, Stiya and Melissa Green had a lively discussion about the Red White and Blue, and after a vigorous waving of flags sang a stanza or two of the song. Little girls must remember that we have a big hall now and little voices must ring out to fill it.

"This funny world" by Isaac Williams was rather funny for he said the lines as though a pause was called for at the end of each one, but his advice not to spend your money until you have earned it, if followed would prevent much trouble.

Dennison's solo on the big horn was so low at times that we could scarcely hear it, but we all enjoyed the sweet old melody that rung out later on.

"The Common Question" was beautifully rendered by Jenny Dubray, and Robert Mathews made his word painting on the Owl Critic intensely interesting. Didn't that barber shop and its inmates stand out clearly? Couldn't we almost see the conceited fellow who thought he knew all about owls, and hear his criticisms? and then how chagrined he must have been when the owl shook out his wings and hopped down and around! "while the barber went on shaving."

Singing was nicely interspersed throughout the evenings entertainment.

S.

He who goes forth with *truth* upon his lips in his heart is a king.

The first Spring day.

Pay day Wednesday.

Sunday morning was the coldest of the season. ⁴ below.

We are grieved to report that dear baby Eunice is dangerously ill.

Falsehood runs farther than truth at the start, but it is sooner winded.

Little Richard Doanmoe has not been very well for a few days, but is improving.

Carl Leider and Ben Thomas, two of the printers are slightly under the weather.

Mr. Longstreth of Philadelphia ran in for an evening last week to call upon friends.

Joe Harris does not claim to be a pugilist, yet he "put a head" on his drum this week.

Rev. W. A. Logan of Carlisle preached for us Sunday, and gave a very impressive sermon.

Capt. Pratt presented the Boys' Library with the "Life of General Sheridan", two volumes.

Miss Morse, of Bridgewater, Mass. arrived in our midst on Monday morning. Miss Morse will temporarily take charge of the pupil teaching.

The new Herdic coach made by our wagon-makers was used for the first to carry the blind visitors to and from the station.

The reason that our boys are so expert at Indian clubs must be because they *are* Indian clubs. It seems impossible for some of the so-called superior race to get the proper swing.

The printing-office now boasts of a new wheel-barrow, made by the blacksmith boys. It is well red, too. Why shouldn't it be if it belongs to the school of the Art Preservative?

A party in honor of Miss Crane and Miss Marion Pratt who are soon to leave us was given in the Teachers' Club Rooms on Wednesday evening, Misses Irvine, Ely and Burgess hostesses.

As we go to press fifty-three officers and pupils from the Institute for the Instruction of the Blind, Philadelphia, have arrived. The particulars of this most welcome visit will be given next week.

In writing home, one of the boys says; "Last week we all had a birthday for George Washington."

"When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?"

Our pipes froze up on Sunday causing Mr. Jordan and the steam-boys considerable trouble. Thanks for their kindness in repairing damages so promptly and starting us off again in good shape.

The large girls can get more real enjoyment out of a mouth organ if they have a good player and some one to call off the figures than from any other amusement. They are graceful in their movements and have some very pretty figures.

Miss Irvine's accounts of some of the girls in the country round about Colora, Md., are very encouraging. They have good homes and kind people to look after their interests. Of course, they *should* do well.

A little subscriber says she is going to make a nice little book, from the numbers of her INDIAN HELPER.

Last summer some of the girls instead of eating the green walnuts as fast as they dropped from our campus trees, gathered them and kept them until now. This week they have been having walnut parties and enjoyed the delicious kernels ten times more than if they had been so silly as many were to devour them greedily before they were fit to eat.

The tug-of-war with Dickinson last Friday night resulted in the defeat of our boys. Peter Cornelius was our anchor man and the others were Thos. Metoxen, Esapoyet and Charles Wheelock. Dickinson got the drop by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, then our boys pulled them $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches straight. After that our referee was ruled out, and as the Indian boys had to "go it blind," they lost $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, making a 3-inch victory in favor of Dickinson.

Since our last issue, four new States have been admitted into the Union—two Dakotas, Montana, and Washington Territory. Dakota is divided into two states, but what they will be named is not settled. Perhaps North Dakota and South Dakota. Perhaps Tintah, or Oglalla or Isantanka. These are Sioux words. The last one means American Citizen, or literally, Big knife, (sword), as the whites were first called by the Sioux. Tintah means Prairie. If the Man-on-the-band-stand were asked to give a name he would say Oglalla.

Now we will have four new stars on our flag.

(Continued from First Page).

To-morrow, I am one of the principal speakers on the affirmative.

The question is to give Union Soldiers pensions. I hear that the opposite side will attack us hard. I met my colleague and asked him if he was ready to fire off. He said he was. His brother is on the negative and he said we would do him up.

Several of our club have left. They have gone out to teach or do anything to earn money to put them through the next term. There are some hardworking students.

We have two tables at the club, and ours few in number, is called the upper house. When anything is in question, we always 'refer it to the upper house.' and then we all vote.

Some time ago a question arose whether we should have buck-wheat cakes in the mornings for one week, or chicken. Some of the others came to our side for buckwheat cakes and we were victorious.

They are the happiest lot of fellows you ever saw.

There is always a joke on somebody. The gentleman of the house is just as jolly as the rest and takes part in the fun. He calls us his boys."

The Right Kind of Boys.

Don't laugh at the boy who says *we* when talking about his work, whether he be in an office, or at a trade.

If he is put in a responsible position, and made to feel that the performance of certain duties rests with him—is it any wonder that he thinks he is an important member of the firm?

It is not self-conceit which prompts him to say, "we do so and so," but his interest in the work?

He is proud of his place. He is thinking about his business. He likes to have people know that he is working in a business way.

He makes his employers' interest his, and is proud of its credit and reputation.

This spirit was shown a short time ago, when a holiday being given to our school, a chorus of voices responded to the permission, with "We can't take holiday now, this work must be finished," thus showing that the work in hand was their interest and the completion of it depended upon them.

All honor and credit to the boys who say *we* in the right spirit.

Idleness is the hot bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the canker-worm of felicity

THE INDIAN HELPER is a deserving little paper printed at the Carlisle, Pa., Indian Industrial School, by Indian printer boys. As it is a *helper* to the Indian boys and girls—615 of whom are on the roll at present, and 181 now out on farms—and as it costs only 10 cents a year, not one-fifth of one cent a week, we hope many of our pale-faced boys and girls will subscribe for it. It ought also to be a *Helper* to them to learn how eager the young Indians are to learn, and how well they do learn.—[*The Now and Then*.]

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 8, 3, 6, 7 is what a clock keeps.

My 2, 1, 10, 7 is what most Indian boys enjoy running.

My 5, 9, 4 is what naughty children do sometimes when they are angry.

My whole is the study that many of our boys and girls enjoy the most.

Pied Names of Things we Have to Eat.

Erbda	Tema
Vgayr	Tpsoacot
Ooinsn	Iftru
Iecr	Ltmoaae
Uhsrn	Eake

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMAS: 1. The Indian Helper. 2. Bravissimo.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 15 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

For THREE new subscribers we will give the picture of Apache baby, Eunice. Send a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once. If the stamp to pay postage on premium does not accompany the subscription list we take it for granted that the premium is not wanted.

AT the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called *The Red Man*, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for *The Red Man* we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.