

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 49

## HEALTH ACROSTIC.

### A GOOD A, B, C, LESSON.

There are some things we need to be told over and over, and a different version helps to give emphasis.

As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet ;  
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet ;  
Children, if healthy, are active, not still ;  
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill ;  
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well ;  
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell ;  
Garments must never be made to be tight ;  
Homes will be healthy if airy and light.  
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,  
Just open the windows before you go out ;  
Keep your room always tidy and clean—  
Let dust on the furniture never be seen ;  
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air—  
Now to open your windows be ever your care.  
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept ;  
People should see that their floors are well swept.  
Quick movements in children are healthy and right ;  
Remember the young cannot thrive without light.  
See that the cistern is clean to the brim ;  
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim ;  
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain—  
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.  
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue ;  
Xerxes could walk full many a league.  
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep ;  
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

### TSKA-TOOS, OR, A GRATEFUL INDIAN WOMAN.

"Kit-e-ko pau-peeches gi' it to me."

The speaker was a Pawnee woman, poor, thin and half-starved, and as she held out her hard bony hand for money she was a pitiful looking being.

It was a habit of Tska-toos to go around to the Agency houses about once in so often to beg, whether she was in much need or not, but this morning her face bore unmistakable signs of great distress.

"What do you want money for?" the kindly woman of the house asked.

"My pappoose heap sickee," answered the Indian woman with tearful eyes as she gathered her old and tattered blanket grimy with filth around her shivering form, for this was a morning unusually bleak and cold for that mild Indian Territory climate.

A nor' western, the dread of the inhabitants of that section, was blowing.

Crops had been a failure. The ration supply had about given out. The beef cattle issued in bulk in the Fall had nearly all died of disease and hunger. No immediate relief could be gotten from Washington. It was too bound up in red tape. The contents of the employees' cellars were fast growing to small proportions, and the streams were so high that no provisions could be freighted the 110 miles, for some time to come. It looked as though we should all starve together.

The village was full of hungry men, women and children that winter and great was the suffering of humanity. To attempt to supply one with needed food or money meant a complete turning over of the contents of your cellar or pocket-book to the hundreds of suffering mortals who would immediately surround the house.

What to do in this particular instance was a difficult question. The kind hearted mother could see in her mind the dying Indian child in a distant lodge. She did not doubt the word of Tska-toos, for a moment, for how could any of the children be anything but dying?

To turn a suffering sister with dying child from her door she could not as long as there was a morsel of food in the house.

"I have no paupeeches," she said. "I have little to eat, but here are some sugar and coffee and bread for your baby."

"Now-a-adee! Now-a-adee!" repeated the forlorn creature as she brightened up and approached the white woman. "Great is my thanks, O, woman with a big heart?" was the meaning of her words freely translated, and as she spoke she stroked the arm of the white woman from her shoulder down to her fingertips. "My pappoose no dead, Good bye," and she darted off in Indian trot, toward her lodge some six miles away.

But is an Indian truly grateful?

We will see.

Although many of the tribe died during that hard winter and the following summer

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

# The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

As 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 a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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.

Word comes from New Mexico that Cyrus Dixon and Andreas Sandoval are married.

We are rejoiced to hear that Charley Dagnett is getting better and expects to return to Carlisle this Fall. He may bring with him a party of pupils from the Quapaw Agency who desire to come.

Juan Cordero is going to school at the Albuquerque Government school, and sends for the HELPER. He says that he enjoys reading it very much. He is working there the same as here in the carpenter shop. Some of the Albuquerque pupils are off in the mountains camping for a little vacation.

The electricity in Friday night's storm flew around lively. In the Captain's office where two telephone wires centre, the bells rang and a general sizzling along the lines was heard. The wire leading from the stable to the office carried a bolt that set the wooden box containing the bells, in a blaze. It is right to say that the party sitting near the box concluded to move her seat about that time.

Who are the best business men in the country, those who have always lived at home and hung to their dear mother's apron strings, or those who have branched out from home and made a way for themselves, independent of father's and mother's help? Soon the country will be asking, Who are the best business Indians, those who stayed at home and took all the aid from the Government they could get and depended upon the Government for support, or those who started out bravely for themselves, secured an education, and then made their own way in the world independent of the Government?

Henry Phillips, who is working at J. W. Long's shops in town met with an accident on Tuesday, which resulted in the loss of the end of his great toe and the second one considerably mashed. It was a crank that did it, but not a rusty one. Bracing himself to start the wheel of the engine by pulling the strap, the crank came down in a place where he thought his foot was not, but where it was. He is not melancholy over his hurt and will be around at work in a few days.

A number of letters containing words of good cheer have again come to hand. From far-off Helena, Montana, the following was received: "Have shown your little paper to friends here. We think it a very cheery, helpful, breezy sheet, specially interesting and profitable to read. All who contribute to it seem imbued with a happy spirit. I am glad to forward you these names for samples if you think best to send them some."

On Saturday, bids were opened for the supply of 1200 tons of coal to the school. This seems like a big lot of coal to use in one winter, but when we think of it as about the amount it takes to carry a steamer across the ocean one way, say a voyage of seven days, it does not seem so large.

"How we do miss Dennison and Howard!" said a lady as she was walking with a group of four on the path Sunday evening.

"Yes, and Jemima and Etta," said a second. "And William and Carl," said a third. "And—well—the whole party," said the fourth. And so we do.

No sounder advice was ever given than that addressed to a company of theological students lately by Dr. John Hall, of New York: "The way to get out of a small place is to be efficient in it."

Allen M. Stearns of Philadelphia is only seven years old but he is a little business man, judging from a club of sixteen subscribers for the HELPER, just received, all secured by himself.

Many good principles would take root, would we only give them time.

THE lie of an action is greater than the lie of a word.

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.

Mrs. Hamilton left for New York State last Thursday night.

A year's subscription free for fifty names to whom we may send sample copies.

Why doesn't Jack sit down to rest? Because he must always be Standing.

Misses Stanton and Rote returned Thursday night and Miss Merritt Friday morning.

Say "Renewal" when you renew, please, and oblige the Man-on-the-band-stand's clerks.

The white coating on the Large Boys' Quarters freshens up the appearance of things over there.

Walter Anallo is now trying his hand in the mailing department, so is Levi St. Cyr, temporarily.

*The Red Man* for July and August printed as one number will appear soon after the fifteenth.

Miss Phillips has temporary charge of the small boys until Mrs. Given returns, which will probably be before we go to press.

Mrs. Phillips, the aged mother of our Miss Phillips, was out from town on Monday, and seemed to enjoy her little visit of two or three hours.

Miss Merritt's duties this month are to take the girls to walk. Miss Stanton has Miss Paul's place as teacher of a few who are preparing to jump a grade this Fall.

Wm. F. Campbell, Chippewa, who graduated in our 1889 class, enters the law school of Minnesota University this Fall, with a fair prospect of working his own way through.

Why don't they often have warm bread at the dining-hall? How could they when Frost makes it? And why is the bread always good? Because they have an experienced Miller to test it.

Walter Annallo and Arthur Johnson are trying their skill at the lawn mower during the morning hours, and flinging type in the afternoon. The latter exercise does not require so much muscle.

Mr. Jordan and his boys have completed the necessary alterations in the steam-pipes, and the several quarters are now ready for cold weather. It is well to be ready in season, but please don't come yet, Mr. Cold.

Mr. Bennett and the boys at the farm are having a jolly time during Mrs. Bennett's and Barbara's absence, preparing their own meals. They declare it is fine fun, but the Man-on-the-band-stand is thinking they will be glad to see the housekeepers' return next week. We should not wonder if all would want to go to Harrisburg to meet them.

Five 2-cent stamps are all, and the HELPER will be sent to you for a year.

Eustace Esapoyhet has charge of the tailor shop in the absence of Mr. Reighter.

James Blackhawk has charge of the shoe-shop in Mr. Morrett's absence.

The harness-shop will be closed for a few days during the absence of Mr. Kemp.

Why does the press stop sometimes when James is running it? Because he is a Whee(l) lock.

Irene went to Philadelphia with her papa. Mr. Campbell is on his regular round among boys on farms.

Why is the lemon water ice at the teachers' club the best in the world? Because it is made by rote.

When does Bob feel the proudest? When hitched to the new carriage and taking the ladies out for a drive.

Miss Bender started Wednesday morning to visit girls in the country. She will be gone two or three weeks on the trip.

The hammocks at the hospital, made of barrel staves by the carpenter boys are a great comfort to the convalescent.

Mrs. Bennett has gone to visit her mother and father who live in Bucks County. She took Barbara with her for a little outing.

We notice by the Rushville *Sun* that Mr. Given arrived there safely on the 1st, with his party of Pine Ridge Sioux boys and girls.

The excavation for the new store-house is completed and all hands are now waiting only for the Appropriation bill to pass to commence the building,

Why is our mailing department well managed? Because Yamie leads (Leeds) and we always see Ben jam in to the work as though he were not afraid.

Messrs. Harris, Gardener and Norman are again at their posts of duty after a two weeks' rest and Messrs. Kemp, Morrett and Reighter have gone for their vacation of two weeks.

Richenda is a little under the weather, but just wait; in a few days she will be out, and no doubt will beat any body who dares to play a game with her new croquet set. The set was a birth-day present, but her birth-day does not come till the 25th, how is that?

A new wagon made by our wagon-makers and a set of harness made by our harness-makers were shipped Tuesday to Superintendent Rich, of the new Indian school at Ft. McDowell, Arizona. It may not be long before they will be shipping such things from their own school.

(Continued from the 17th Page.)

through sheer lack of food, Tska-toos and her sick baby pulled through.

A year and a half passed.

One summer's day the young son of the white woman took his Winchester rifle and went for a stroll over the prairies and through the ravines to hunt for wild turkey or other game.

Any one who has gone hunting in that country before becoming accustomed to the winding and peculiar streams well knows that it is the easiest land in the world for a person to lose himself.

The white youth not having learned the land marks soon became bewildered and lost his bearings.

Evening approached and he wandered about looking for a familiar tree or hill by which to guide his feet toward home.

"Where am I? Where am I?" he found himself repeating, and after walking for hours (he subsequently found in a circle) long after the sun had dropped below the horizon, and he had called his throat sore for help he lay down on the prairie tired and foot-sore to rest.

He lay till morning, and when the day began to dawn, without food or drink, tried again to discover where he was and to reach the agency.

No sound or sign was there to lead him aright, but he kept on his weary pace.

Noon came and still he walked.

He shot off his Winchester every little while to see if he could not attract the attention of friend or foe, he cared not which. But no one came to his rescue, and night again was creeping over the earth.

Never before had he stayed out alone from home. He was much alarmed.

"Can I stand it? Am I to lie down here to die and be eaten up by the coyotes and buzzards? Horrible thought!" he groaned to his lonely self.

Almost crazed with the idea he made another desperate struggle to keep on, but fell to the ground in a faint.

He must have gone from the faint into a sleep of utter exhaustion, for he knew nothing until next day, when a woman bending over him was shaking him and calling "Buxcody! Buxcody! (meaning curly head—the name given the curly-headed youth by the Indians) Wee, Buxcody! Te-keedowah? (sick) What for you here?" And again she shook him vigorously completely arousing the boy from his stupor.

It was Tska-toos. She had come upon him suddenly while out in the early morning looking for a stray horse. She recognized in him the son of the woman who had saved her boy.

He sat up and looked around, and then he

pressed his head and said "Bux keedowah" (My head is sick). Where am I? Keats" (Water)! "Give me a drink!"

The good woman ran with all haste to her lodge, a mile away, procured some crackers she had bought the day before, fortified herself with a horn spoon and a small pail, which she filled with water from a spring, left orders for another woman to follow with a horse, and returned to the youth who had fallen back again to sleep.

She aroused him the second time. Pressed the water to his lips and gave him the cracker to eat.

As she saw him brighten she talked a continuous stream: "Heap moons go way, your mamma give it to me eat. My pappoose, O, heap sick. He, my pappoose, pretty near dead. Your mamma good mamma. She give it to me eat. My pappoose no dead. Me no cry. Me heap good mamma, you."

Buxcody could but smile and thank her in the true Indian way, which pleased the woman.

In a few moments the horse came and the youth was carried to his anxious mother who by this time had the agency thoroughly aroused and men looking in every direction for him.

Buxcody was saved by a grateful Indian woman.

AUNT MARTHA.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.

My 10, 9, 5, is used to catch fish in.

My 4, 11, 1, is what we do not often object to doing three or four times a day.

My 12, 7, 2, 13, what is used sometimes to keep a building from falling down.

My 16, 14, 8, 15, 12, is what most people do at night.

My 6, 7, 2, 3, is a bad drink.

My whole is why some of the girls prefer to go to the farm to walk Sunday evenings, than any where else.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Roasting Ears.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 17 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.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand. (boudoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(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 3x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

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

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.