

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

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APRIL.

A FLOOD of sunshine,
A dash of rain,
Joyous April
Is here again.

A quick gust of wind,
A sudden chill,
Wayward April
Is frosty still.

A fleet passing cloud,
A bit of blue,
Laughing April
Is nodding through.

A song of robin,
A note of thrush,
Heedless April
Comes with a rush.

A beauteous smile,
A glist'ning tear,
Tender April
Is surely here.

A clap of thunder,
A dark'ning frown,
Angry April
Is looking down.

Whiffs of violet,
Arbutus sweet,
Gentle April
Lies at our feet.

—[Exchange.]

THE CARLISLE SCHOOL TOOK A TRIP TO ALASKA.

The next best thing to going to a strange land is to be shut up in the dark, with scenes from the place you wish to visit thrown upon canvas, and an interesting speaker to tell about the country which he himself has visited.

Last Monday night we took such a trip to Alaska, and our large party was most admirably conducted thither by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the great Missionary and Government official who looks after the educational facilities of that far off land.

The first picture brought out was the map of Alaska, and it was the plainest map we ever saw.

Who can ever forget, after looking upon that map, the appearance of the coast from the

most northern point down to the Alaskan peninsula?

Although we knew that Behring's Strait was only forty miles wide, we did not have the faintest idea that there were two islands in the centre only two miles apart, and that that was the real distance between the United States and the Russian Government.

Dr. Jackson travelled those northern seas on the United States Government Revenue Cutter, and he told us the use which the Government made of the grand old ship, a picture of which afterwards was thrown upon the canvas.

"What were the points in the lecture that most interested you?" the Man-on-the-bandstand heard one person asking of another.

"Everything was interesting," was the reply, "but I thought it was very funny to be sleighing in the summer time and wearing furs on the 4th of July."

"But," said another, "wasn't that a sad story of St. Lawrence Island, where the white people carried whiskey to the natives and traded a few dollars of the vile stuff for hundreds of dollars worth of fur. The inhabitants drank the whiskey which caused drunkenness and neglect of work, and starvation followed. How dreadful for the people who visited the place the next year to find instead of living inhabitants the dry bones of hundreds who had starved!"

"Would you like to live where the the Post Office is from two to four thousands miles away and mail comes but once a year?"

"That would be bad; but those DAYS!" said the person who was speaking, "Although light is to be preferred rather than darkness, yet I think three months' day would become very tiresome."

"Yes, and think of living in a house made of skulls, even though they be the skulls of animals!"

"And keeping your provisions in a cellar built on a platform supported by the jaws of whales."

"Very queer, very queer," both sighed.

(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.

Price:—10 cents a year.

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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.

The popular line of march will soon be the fish-line.

"Invincible in Endeavor" means "Never give up trying."

Who wants the earth? This is the time of the year when potted plants want the earth.

Emeline McLean's country teacher reports of her that she stands high in her grade, is studious, ambitious, and is a very pleasant and obedient pupil.

Rev. Mr. Wile in his talk Sunday afternoon brought out this point strongly: It was not only *resolving* to do a thing but *acting* on that resolution that developed manhood and womanhood. In this connection he paid the highest compliment possible to Stiya of the story "A Carlisle Indian Girl at Home," and which he had recently read. Like the brave Carlisle girl of the story he thought how strong would we become if we would only carry out our resolutions, and we could then feel that some one would be better for our having lived.

AN INDIAN SCOUT.

Joseph H. Hamilton, of the Piegan tribe, answers the question, What is an Indian Scout? by the following, and he is about correct:

"An Indian Scout is a person appointed by the Government. He might be called a messenger, too. For he does more in carrying messages than anything else. His duty is to go wherever he is sent; to see whether the Indians are still where they are placed; to see to any stolen property, such as horses and cattle; try to get them back if possible; to find out whether there is an enemy anywhere near by; and to report where and how many; to see that no strange camp of Indians come where they don't belong; to order them away; and to see whether they would go back where they belong or not."

One of our Quapaw girls thinks the Man-on-the-band-stand would be a good Indian Scout "Because he goes around watching his

enemies, to see what he may find good or evil to say about them. He has said he would see if the boys or girls who are out on farms whether they are improving their opportunities in the best way. I wonder if he knows whether I am reciting or sitting still."

DOES THE RETURNED INDIAN PUPIL HAVE DIFFICULTY IN LIVING UP TO THE TEACHINGS RECEIVED AT SCHOOL?

"Stiya, a Carlisle Indian Girl at Home" is a story copied from life and gives a thrilling experience of a returned Pueblo girl. The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, printed on nice paper, is attractive in appearance and contains eight illustrations (as good as photographs) showing groups of children in their home life and other scenes taken from the quaint old Indian villages. Price fifty cents a single copy or \$4.00 for ten. Sent by mail or express at cost of purchaser. Postage per single copy, seven cents. Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Stupid Work.

Some of our pupils who perform clerical work and should know better, seem not to have learned the abbreviations of "first," "second," "third," etc. It not only looks stupid but intensely funny to see some of their business papers come in with "2th" (twoth) for "2nd," "3th" (threeh) for "3rd," or "3nd, 22rd, etc. If they would think to place the figures before the last two letters of the written word they would have no trouble. For instance, where is there a letter "n" in the word "third"? Then why do you say "3'nd"? Don't you see it is "r"? 3nd does not read "third," it reads "threend" and who ever heard of such a word?

What is said of "Stiya, a Carlisle Indian Girl at Home."

"Thanks for the touching story of Stiya; I hope that such instances of suffering may become more and more rare."

"Thank you for the two hours' enjoyment I had in the company of Stiya. After the introduction, I was so fascinated I could not get away until she had completed her narrative. God bless you and help you in your great work."

"The book is indeed very interesting and should meet with a ready sale."

Mrs. Grinnell writes a bright letter from her home of sunshine and flowers, Pasadena, Cal. She says: "I cannot begin to tell you how delightful it is to live here. I feel something as a citizen who expressed himself down town the other day, to the effect that he 'would rather be a hitching-post in Pasadena than live in a brown-stone front elsewhere.' She says Fordy is a head taller than when he left Carlisle, and is proportionately heavy. Joe and Bessie are in prime health."

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 matter, 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.

Measles, in a mild form has struck us. Peter Cornelius has gone home to Oneida, Wisconsin.

Mack Red Wolf left for his home in the Indian Territory on Wednesday evening.

Herbert does not mind measles if his mamma reads Stiya to him.

Baby Pratt looks very cute in her picture perched upon her Grandpapa's shoulder.

Eliza Peckham sprained her ankle while roller skating, but not seriously.

Charlotte Wilson certainly "takes the cake" this time. No, the boarders at the club take the cake which Charlotte made. It is *the very best* up to date.

Mrs. Bennett paid her respects to the printing-office and "renewed a club." She says they have a force of new boys at the farm but she thinks they will work in very well.

Mark Evarts, 1st. Sergt., Co. A. pays the following tribute to the late George Ell who was a member of his company: "George Ell was one of the best boys in my company, obeying every command and always respectful. I am very sorry he has passed away."

Kish Hawkins has gone to his home at the Cheyenne Agency, Indian Territory. Kish since January 1st, has served us as assistant Disciplinarian, and performed his duties faithfully and well. We wish him a long and successful life wherever he chooses to live.

No *lady* would speak in loud tones on the street, especially on Sunday when going to church. The line of Indian girls was criticized pretty severely two Sundays ago by a stranger and the M. O. T. B. S. was very much mortified to hear that our so-called modest and dignified girls talked so loud while going along the street as to arouse comments.

The following team has engaged to play the Dickinson College nine a match game of ball on the 18th: Harry Kohpay, p., Morgan Toprock, c., Edwin Schanadore, 1. b., Josiah Powlas, 2. b., Thomas Barnett, 3. b., Jos. B. Harris, s. s., Fred B. Horse, c. f., Mark Evarts, Capt., r. f., Robert Penn, l. f.; Substitutes, Henry Froman and Frank Everett.

Mr. S. Edward Paschall, of Philadelphia, and a friend of Prof. Woodruff, of that city, who was once with us, called this week and seemed very much interested in every thing he saw, especially in the printing department, he having been one of the craft. He made some just criticisms for which we are thankful. Our aim is perfection but with apprentice and amateur labor, subject to continual change, we cannot expect to turn out work equal to an office where all the hands are professionals.

Don't be so generous! If a one-legged man or other person with a very long face meets you on the street and begs for money don't be so willing to give. Ten chances to one the person is a worthless wretch who will take the money to buy whiskey. The beggars are beginning to find out that our boys have kind hearts and they know who to ask for money. They get what they ask, too often, and then the beggar laughs up his sleeve. It is right to give to *needy* people, but to give to the common beggar often does more harm than good.

Cecelia Loudrosh and Clara Faber have returned to Millersville.

Sixteen girls went to country homes Tuesday. Miss Dittes accompanied those who went on early train as far as Harrisburg.

Richenda has read Stiya twice over and pronounces it very interesting. Don would not give it up till he had finished.

Many hearts are grieved over the sad news of the death of Jennie Connors a few days since at her home in Indian Territory.

Malcolm Clarke walks comfortably on crutches and no doubt will soon be out at his old games.

Miss Hunt spent Sunday at Pittsburg. She confirms the reports of the papers that La Grippe is doing sad work among the inhabitants of the Smoky City.

"To how many guests did *each* Standard speak on Friday night of their sociable?" asks a critic. "Some of the guests were approached by very few members. It is not necessary to leave your friend in order to exchange a word or two to a third party, and so make more than *one* feel at home," he continued, and the M. O. T. B. S. thinks it a good point.

Some horses go firstrate as long as they have a safe bit in the mouth and a skilful driver behind them. Let us be sensible, and go along in the right way, managing ourselves without a bit or a driver. Some think it is hard to do right. It is *not* hard. The easiest way every time is the right way. The wrong way leads to trouble and is hard.

Like the musical old gentleman belonging to the Invincibles, the Man on-the-band-stand still retains his youthful interest in music; so he has been listening to the note-drill given in the various singing classes. Many of the pupils do exceedingly well but he wonders if others who look as though they do not care, understand what a good opportunity they are missing. He knows which classes sing best but will not tell this time. In the music room nineteen pupils take lessons on piano or organ. Here, also, the old man could tell if he would, who are doing the patient, faithful practicing; but he will only speak of one—the only boy in the class—Johnson Adams, whose well-practiced lessons make his teacher's heart glad.

George Ell Murphy, one of the Piegan boys from Blackfeet agency, Montana, while jumping, some three weeks ago, burst a blood-vessel in the lungs and died on Tuesday, from the effects. In his stay with us of less than two years George Ell had endeared himself to all who knew him—ever faithful, kind and true. All was done for the dear boy as he lay on his bed of sickness that human agency could contrive but in spite of every effort of skill and patience, although at times there was a shadow of hope, the flow of life-blood continued until he peaceably passed away. Rev. Mr. Wile officiated at the funeral service. The casket was covered with the choicest of flowers and as the friends of the dead boy followed his remains to the grave there was deep and sincere mourning.

(Continued From the First Page.)

"But didn't we all wish we could ride behind those reindeer which carry people over the ice and snow faster than a Cumberland Valley Railroad train?"

"Whew! That would be fun," the M. O. T. B. S. heard one of the boys exclaim.

"But the boats that could turn a summer-sault in mid-ocean and bring its passenger right end up with care were perfect little wonders."

"How would you like to be fastened in a boat like that?"

Dr. Jackson said the skin coats the natives wore were better water proof than the best stuff of that name you could find in Boston, New York or any civilized city. The coats are made of the intestines of the walrus, and the men when dressed in them and tied in the boat look as though they were ready for an emergency.

"Weren't you surprised to hear that some of the Esquimaux were tall?"

"Yes, and to hear Dr. Jackson say he had seen some who were over six feet quite took my breath, and he says they are a very strong people too. He spoke of a woman he saw pick up 230 pounds of lead and carry it with ease.

"The way the men try to beautify themselves by wearing sleeve-buttons punched through the under lip was curious and painful to look at and certainly not to be admired, and the pictures of things with which the natives paint their faces must make them look hideous and certainly make us glad that we have reached a point of civilization far beyond and above that.

The totem poles were interesting, as well as the mode of burying the dead; but when the Dr. told how the old people were knocked in the head when they had finished their usefulness there was a subdued exclamation of horror.

An Esquimaux woman's mouth is a whole workshop in itself. Her teeth are brought into use to perform the office of a vice, a saw, a chisel, a knife, a pair of scissors, a grindstone, a crowbar and what not, hence are worn down to the very gums before the woman is thirty years of age.

The dogs in that country must have strong teeth, too, and remarkable digestive organs, for they eat up their own harness if left where they can get at it.

We do not envy the Esquimaux his dwelling house and do not think we would ever want to enter one.

To enter a house at a little hole in the top

and then crawl on hands and knees through a long dark entry, bumping our heads as we go along would be too much.

And what splendid air there must be in one of those houses, where there is no possible chance for ventilation! (?)

"The bathing arrangements of the native Esquimaux would suit lazy people, but the sigh of disgust that passed through the company of Carlisle school travellers last Monday night when the Dr. said the native of that country never was bathed from the day he was born till he died, plainly showed that we were not quite so lazy as that.

Dr. Jackson seemed very proud (and he has a right to be) of having planted the highest school in the world—at least the *highest north*, and we hope the best of results will follow the effort to educate our red brother of the Arctic region.

Finally, when we began to retrace our steps and took a grand jump down to Sitka, feasting our eyes with a long look at the beautiful bay dotted with islands, than which the world can boast of none more beautiful, nobody was tired and all felt they had made a most agreeable and profitable journey to the land of snow and ice, and each in his heart sent forth to Dr. Sheldon Jackson a vote of thanks for the rich treat.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 5, 1, 4 is what makes children happy.

My 2, 11, 7, 8 is a drink that turns the noses of men red.

My 9, 12, 3 is what we must do with our eyes if we would learn.

My 6, 9, 10, 10 is the body of a ship.

My whole is what every Carlisle boy and girl finds it pays to do.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Alcohol.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the *INDIAN HELPER*, we will give the person sending them a photograph group of the 17 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 6 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, (bondoir) 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 9x11 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

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

(Persons wishing the above premium s 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.