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# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1892.—

NO. 14

## WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,  
Or if my parents were rich or poor;  
Whether they shrank at the cold world's  
scorn  
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;  
But whether I live an honest man,  
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,  
I tell you, brother, plain as I can,  
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay  
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;  
Whether in youth I am called away,  
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;  
But whether I do the best I can  
To soften the weight of adversity's touch  
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,  
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,  
Or on the land or on the sea;  
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,  
It matters little or naught to me;  
But whether the angel Death comes down,  
And marks my brow with his loving  
touch  
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,  
It matters much!

## THE CAMP INDIAN DOES NOT LIKE FALSE TEETH.

There is a class of Indians on nearly every reservation who make it a point to hang around the agency buildings and trading posts to beg.

They wear a half-starved look, and one who has a kindly heart can scarcely turn them away empty-handed.

But when it is discovered that the most deserving do not beg, the new comer soon adopts some means to rid himself of the presence of the cadaverous looking creatures who so disturb his mind.

An acquaintance of the writer conceived a unique plan, which accomplished the purpose without resorting to harsh means.

This friend, but a boy of nineteen summers,

learning that the Indians were afraid of false teeth, concluded to try an experiment on the begging old women who pestered him nearly to death.

One day he chanced to find in his mother's bureau drawer, (a place the young man had no business to be ransacking), a set of teeth which were of the old style on metal plate, and which had rested from use for many a long year.

There were two or three missing in the row of ivory settings which made this piece of mouth furniture look all the more grewsome.

Our friend had a large mouth and a long upper lip, so that when the false teeth were put in place over the set with which nature had endowed him, his lips came down over them in good shape, but his mouth looked more like the mouth of a chimpanzee than that of a human being.

Now comes the scene:

An Indian woman approaches, with long bony hands extended and with smile of flattery on her demoniacal face saying in Indian English:

"You kind man. You heap good. Please gi' it to me eat."

The right hand of our friend immediately goes to his vest pocket where the unique weapon of defence is kept and turning his back upon the beggar, he claps the teeth into his mouth, and then suddenly turns and hews that it is *his* turn to smile.

That is all he does!

He smiles!

While the woman, frightened out of her senses, takes to her moccasined heels, not to return to that quarter for one while.

The artifice was never known to fail with the women, while stalwart men were frequently seen to move quietly away from the presence of our friend when he took the teeth out of his pocket to examine them for a purpose.

# 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

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.

By failing we learn to go safely.

"The HELPER is a very active paper."  
E. A. L. W.

The devil never likes a man who likes good books.

The Lord gaveth us good eyes, but if we sit in front of a glaring light to study and will not protect our eyes by a shade, who can be blamed but ourselves if the Lord taketh away our sight?

A friend in Philadelphia writes that "the HELPER has been a help to me as well as interesting, and I will try to get as many subscriptions as I can, although I do not intend to try for any prize."

Fifteen days yet before January first! An energetic person could enter the contest even at this late day and secure enough subscribers easily to win the prize. Send for regulations governing the same. Twenty-five dollars is worth trying for.

Ambrose Chachu seems to be enjoying life at Mt. Vernon Barracks, Ala., where he is stationed as a soldier. He speaks highly of the good time they had on Thanksgiving day and sends Christmas and New Year's greetings to all his friends at Carlisle.

There is time yet to order "Stiya" for a Christmas present. The story is about a little Carlisle Indian girl who went to her home after she was partly educated, and it gives an account of the thrilling experiences she had in her attempt to live the better way. The book contains several illustrations showing the queer Pueblo houses and other interesting features of Indian life. Price 50 cents; by mail 57 cents. Address HELPER.

A little eight year old poring over "Stiya" declared, "O, mamma, I have read all but three chapters in that book and it is so interesting that I am going to leave it for a little while. It is just like a box of candy, you know; so good that I want to make it last as long as I can."

Prof. McDonald, editor of a prominent Educational Journal, lectured before the Indian students at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, recently. In the course of his remarks he mentioned being present at the Columbian celebration in Chicago, and in a very earnest manner declared that the best, most impressive and beautiful part of it was the procession of Carlisle boys. At the very mention of Carlisle there commenced a simultaneous clapping of hands from all over the house, and a former teacher of our school who is now at Haskell writes that "in looking over the room one could easily distinguish those who knew Carlisle by the gleam of love and pride which they bore." She says, "there is something about Carlisle that takes hold of one and which one never outgrows. Loyalty to it is a perfectly natural outcome."

We have the great pleasure of informing Joel Tyndall's friends of his marriage at the Omaha Agency, Nebr., on the 30th of November to Lucy Guitar, one of our good Carlisle girls. Lucy was here but about a year when she was called home on account of the sickness of her mother. Joel says she is a busy little woman, however, and is trying to put in practice what she learned at Carlisle. The many friends of this happy young couple wish for them a long and happy life together and unbounded success in all things they may undertake in the journey of life which lies before them.

William C. B. Girton, known as William C. Bull while at Carlisle seems to be having good times in his army life. He belongs to Co. I, 16th U. S. Infantry, and is stationed at Ft. Douglas, Utah. He says he goes to Church regularly, and that they keep Sundays just as in the East. The snow is nearly two feet deep and was still snowing when he wrote. He had been hunting and caught three deer.

One of our former employees whose inclination called her to other fields of labor, makes the casual remark in a private letter; "Do I like——? Oh, yes, certainly, but there is only one Carlisle, and only one such coterie of lovely charming women as I used to know at the old Barracks. The moral and intellectual tone of a school is something that is felt the moment one enters."

The *Industrial School Courier* published at the State Industrial School, Kearney, Nebraska, is one of the neatest printed and best edited papers of the class that comes to our table. We send it with the other exchanges to the boys' reading room.

There are class colors, society colors, etc. etc. and we heartily agree with the *Inter Ocean* in fixing the color for football:

No matter what their colors are,  
You'll find it always true,  
When the football game is over  
They'll all be black and blue.

Where are you going, to Harrisburg or Chambersburg? is the fashionable question these Saturdays.

Mark Evarts is working at his trade in Philadelphia, a man among men.

Mrs. Jordan is suffering with an attack of quinsy.

Mrs. Campbell's cousin, Miss Johnston, of Baltimore, is visiting the school.

Miss Emma Gutelius, of Millinburg, this state, was a guest of Miss Shaffner Saturday and Sunday.

The What-so-ever Circle of King's Daughters will give a Japanese Festival in the gymnasium Friday evening Dec. 23. Ice-cream, cake, fruit, and candy for sale.

If an idle person is the devil's playfellow, his satanic majesty has a few chums at certain hours of the day around here.

Johnnie's health does not permit him to go to town to school, so he has entered No. 7 and is getting along nicely with his studies.

Boys who obey the rules never have cause for complaint. It is only the transgressors who find fault. The same is true of men.

*Teacher:* "What joints give the greatest freedom of motion?"

*Indian girl in hygiene class:* "The lower jaw has the greatest freedom of motion."

Tessa Browning has gone to Texas to live with her old friends, Capt. and Mrs. Pileber, of the army. She was both glad and sorry to leave Carlisle where she has many warm friends who wish her well.

Frank S. Bowman, editor of the *Millersburg Sentinel*, called on Saturday last. He was accompanied by his son Linn Bowman and his chum Ira B. McNeal, who are students at Dickinson College.

Mrs. Sage is left without a cook and if she did not find the club girls very willing and helpful could hardly get along. The other morning they finished the breakfast very nicely after she had gone to market. It is such an emergency as this girls, that gives us a chance to show what we are made of.

The newly elected officers of the Young Ladies Endeavor Society are: President, Miss Ida Warren; Vice President, Miss Anna Lockwood; Secretary, Miss Ida Blue Jacket; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Alice Long Pole; Treasurer, Miss Leila Cornelius; Marshal, Miss Louisa La Chapelle; the same critic as last term.

Some foolish little girls have heads something like putty. They wait to be MADE to do things even when they know they ought to do them without being told to. For instance, one of our little girls, when asked where her over-shoes were replied, "They are over in the school-room."

"Why did you not wear them home, as it is raining and the walks are very wet?"

"O" she said, "my teacher did not MAKE me put them on."

The season is coming on now when an interchange of offerings will be the order of the day and let us all, just for once, see if the true spirit of Christmas cannot enter into the giving of our gifts whether they be great or small. Let love and good will prompt whatever we see fit to bestow, and let no thought of the return guage the cost or the quality of our own offering. To be a cheerful giver is a quality that is most desirable. True generosity does not lie in the lavishness of the donation, but in the sweet spirit that dominates and permeates, whether it be great or small.

Mr. Claudy, chief of our mailing department, went over to Reading on Wednesday afternoon to the dedication of Rajah Temple of the Mystic Shrine.

Some one is going to win the twenty-five dollar prize for sending the largest number of subscribers before the 1st of January. Not many lists have been received this week. Some, no doubt, are holding their names till the very last. All lists must be received before the new year begins, to insure a count.

Saturday last little Nina who came with her papa to Carlisle when she was almost a baby, had a birthday. She knew it very early in the morning and made everybody else know it before the day was over. She received some presents, and lots of little whippings to make her grow. The band even turned out to help celebrate and Miss Nina was one of the happiest 7-year-old girls that ever lived.

To wear a vest one day and throw it off the next so as to show a handsome shirt front is a splendid way to catch cold, and when a person catches a heavy cold he never knows where it will end. Nearly all throat and lung troubles start with a cold, and we Indians who have not the strongest lungs in the world cannot afford to be careless. Many people, however, who have inherited weak lungs from their parents, manage to live long and enjoy life merely by taking care of themselves.

Miss Barr is trying her best to think up some way to raise money for her hospital sitting room. She thinks the girls deserve a more attractive spot to sit when they are convalescing. The room is comfortable as it is, but is cheerless. A new carpet, some bright pictures, some lace curtains, a window for plants, etc., etc., would help to make it more attractive, and the slow convalescing period more endurable. Maybe some kind Santa Claus will remember the Carlisle Indian School Hospital Sitting Room.

Miss Florence Wells, of Alaska, has come to us from the Clarion Normal school where she attended a term. Previous to that she spent four years at Northfield, Mass., attending Mr. Moody's school. She is one of the party of six Alaskans brought East several years ago by Dr. Sheldon Jackson at the time Henry Phillips came. Four of the party were girls who went to Massachusetts. Miss Wells has come to Carlisle to learn some of our methods of teaching the Indians, and no doubt will take hold with the true Carlisle spirit—"Never give up the ship," till the victory is won.

A very thoughtful letter has been received from Albert Bishop, class '92, who has entered the Normal School, Fredonia, N. Y., showing that he understands making the best use of his opportunities. After leaving Carlisle he spent a month at home, but says: "I soon saw that it was not to my advantage to remain longer. I was not idle there, but determined that the bonds of a reservation should not hold me in any manner. Often have I thought of Capt. Pratt's strong talks and advice and I intend to follow the course he has advocated. His talks have formed impressions that time cannot efface."

## THE HEELS OF THE BOOTS.

What does it indicate when the heels of the boots are not blacked?

The boy is not thorough.

He only does what he is forced to do.

If he had a thought that he would pass muster among people if he did not black his boots at all, they would never be blacked.

Boys laugh at girls and say they pay too much attention to their clothes.

How do boys like to see their sisters with soiled collars, buttons off their boots; a ruffle hanging on their dresses?

It is the evidence of a true gentleman or a true lady when the clothing worn is in order, suitable to the occasion.

Dress and the way it is worn are indications of character.

If the heels of the boots are blacked, you may be pretty sure that the man or boy is thorough in whatever he undertakes.

He learns his lessons not because he must, but because he desires to learn.

When he is sent to clean up the campus, he rakes the dead roots and leaves in a pile for burning; there are no stray piles hidden in the bushes near the fence.

He blacks the heels of his boots.

TOM BEAT.

"Rob," said Tom to his friend, "which is the most dangerous word in all the English language to pronounce?"

"Don't know."

"Well," said Tom, "it is stumbled; because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha, ha," said Rob, "that's not bad. Now I've one for you. I saw it one day when reading the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know of a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"Now, what's that?" asked Rob faintly.

"Beleaguered!" cried Tom, triumphantly.

Word comes from a Massachusetts acquaintance that our educated Apache friend, Dr. Carlos Montezuma, who is practicing medicine on an Indian reservation in the far west, says he wishes greatly to visit Carlisle in the Spring. Dr. Montezuma will be a welcome guest at Carlisle whenever he wishes to come.

As welcome as sunshine,  
In every place,  
Is the beaming approach  
Of a good natured face.

When a camp Indian girl rides horseback she mounts her pony in the same sensible way that her brother does, and that is astride.

There is more power in a soft answer than there is in a ton of gun powder.

The brightest prospects are often ruined by indolent habits.

### Enigma.

I am made of 23 letters.

My 15, 12, 9, 6 is the home of birds.

My 1, 2, 14, 17, 16 is a place for clothes.

My 7, 8, 3, 5 is the name of a prominent star.

My 20, 11, 4, 10 is a very common disease of late years.

My 22, 21, 13, 4, 18 is what Indians do a great deal on the reservations, and some in Bucks County do too much of it for their own good.

My 6, 19, 23 is a sensitive part of the foot.

My whole is what is engaging the minds of many a Carlisle Indian boy and girl as well as teacher and officer at the present time.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Common Sense.

### STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra. Cash price 60 cents for the two.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappoose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo, of Piegan Chiefs. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir combination showing all our prominent buildings. Cash price 25 cents.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing marked and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after. Cash price 20 cents each.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (8x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice '90, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of buildings. Cash price 50 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Philadelphia. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13 1/2 x 20 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir-size for 7 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums will not be sent.

For The Red Man, an 8-page periodical containing a summary to all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year for twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.