

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1893.—

NO. 20

A BIT OF POTTERY.

THE potter stood at his daily work,
 One patient foot on the ground;
 The other with never slackening speed
 Turning his swift wheel round.
 Silent we stood beside him there,
 Watching the restless knee,
 Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
 "How tired his foot must be!"
 The potter never paused in his work,
 Shaping the wondrous thing;
 'Twas only a common flower pot,
 But perfect in fashioning.
 Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
 With homely truth inspired:
 "No, marm; it isn't the foot that kicks;
 The one that stands gets tired!"

After all depend upon it, it is better to be worn out with work in a thronged community, than to perish with inaction in a stagnant solitude; take this truth into consideration whenever you get tired of work and bustle.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

GRANDMAMMA'S STOCKING.

By special request of a good friend of the HELPER, we re-print from the *Bombay Guardian* the following touching story of the eminent and lamented Philip P. Bliss. Being too long for one issue of our little paper we run it through two numbers:

Just whenever Sankey's songs and solos are sung, there the name of Philip P. Bliss is familiar and dear. Philip was a poor boy. At the age of fourteen he left his home and commenced work on his own account on a farm and in lumber woods, getting as little sometimes as five dollars per month and board, saving carefully all of his earnings and using them for an education. In the course of time he began to study music, and finally wishing to attend a normal music school at Genesee, N. Y., he attempted to raise the needed money, when he met with discouragements. He was living at the time in Rome, Pa., with a very

respectable Christian farmer, whose daughter he afterward married.

A portion of the farmhouse was occupied by the grandmother. Grandma and Mr. Bliss were great friends. One day, being discouraged in trying to get money for the music school, he went into grandma's room, and throwing himself down upon the old-fashioned lounge gave vent to tears. Grandma was astonished, as she had never seen him otherwise than good humored and bubbling over with mirth and fun. Grandma was a little, short, straight, kind-hearted old lady; she wore a white frilled cap and a large white apron. She came to the lounge and said:—

"Why, Phil, what is the matter? Has there anything happened? I didn't know you could cry so. Tell me what it is, quick?"—standing with her hands upon her lips and her face stamped with deepest concern.

Phil answered, "Oh nothing, grandma; it will be all over in a minute." But grandma insisted upon knowing all about it at once. So Mr. Bliss opened his heart and told her of his ambitious desire to go to the music school, which would most likely have brought a rebuke from any other member of the family but grandma. His tears, however, reached her good heart. He told her of his inability to raise the necessary fund, and that after a good cry he would give it up, and grandma should see no more tears.

"Well Phil," said grandma, "how much money do you suppose it would take to go to the — what kind of a school did you call it?"

"It would take a good deal, grandma."

"Well, how much?"

"It would take as much as thirty dollars."

"Thirty dollars! why, Phil, thirty dollars would buy a good cow."

"Yes, grandma, I know it, and I'll give it up."

"Thirty dollars," said grandma. "How much have you got?"

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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-hand-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.

Wilkinson Johnson, who writes from Tuscarora for the HELPER to be sent him, says he is improving in health since he arrived home and hopes to be able to get so well that he can come back to us in the spring.

Miss Bratton of town subscribes for a little friend saying "She is one of the many little girls who have enjoyed hearing the HELPER read to them by others and now she says she 'wants one of her very own.'"

Yesterday was Ground Hog Day. The tradition is that if the ground hog sees his shadow on February 2nd, the weather will be bad for forty days, but if the day is cloudy and he fails to see it the weather will be good for the same period. Did you see him?

Mr. Wolfe an Omaha Indian is visiting our school. He is a graduate of Carlisle, Pa. Mr. Wolfe is tall, straight as an arrow, dresses in the latest style, and has none of that cowboy manner common to so many of the Indian boys.—*Pipe of Peace, Genoa, Nebr.*

Complete Volumes for 1891 of *Littell's Living Age* and the *Forum* have been contributed to our Reading Rooms by the Salem Book Club, for which those of our boys and girls who are intelligent enough to appreciate the deep reading therein contained are truly grateful.

"Stiya" is a story of an Indian girl who came to Carlisle from a Pueblo village, New Mexico, and after a few years of civilization went back to her people to fight a desperate battle for the right. This book has been sold for fifty cents, postage paid by the purchaser, but the same will now be sent post paid on the receipt of fifty cents. Address HELPER.

Extracts from two home letters: "I like it very well to stay here Carlisle School it is so pleasant. I never think to go back to my home it seems to me sometimes this is my home, only I don't see you, mother." "I don't know when I shall go home for it is very hard to go away from this school after anybody had been here long and learned to love this school."

Rev. Dr. Lippincott, Pastor of the Broad and Arch St. Methodist Church of Philadelphia, and wife, will be entertained at luncheon, to-day, by Capt. and Mrs. Pratt. It has seemed a long time since we regularly listened to Dr. Lippincott's instructive and interesting talks to us in our chapel, when he was Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College. Most of the Faculty and a large number of the students of our school participated in the exercises yesterday at the Bosler Memorial Hall in observation of the Day of Prayer for Colleges at which the Rev. Dr. Lippincott preached a most forcible and eloquent sermon.

Solomon Brown's Sunday School teacher at Newtown, Miss Fanny Rubinkam, writes that he has not missed one Sunday since the first of October. Others mentioned as being quite regular in attendance and much interested are Daniel and Victor Bear and Alexander Manabov. Knox Nostlin comes when he can, is very gentlemanly and says he is not Indian any more. Gilbert Pusher took dinner with his teacher on Sunday. She hears from Col. Horn occasionally. He was married on Nov. 3rd to Maud Chief Killer and is still at the Cheyenne Mission. Both Col. Horn and Maud are ex-students of Carlisle.

A letter from Randall DeLchay gives the startling news that Almo Cottonwood who went to his home at San Carlos, Arizona, but a few weeks ago was murdered, the particulars of which Randall did not know at the time he wrote. The Carlisle boys there are stricken with grief at the loss of their friend. Almo was one of Carlisle's good and faithful Apache boys and would have done credit to the school and to himself, had he been permitted to live. Many are his friends at the school whose hearts have been touched with grief at the sad news.

Mr. Collins' memorable comparison of two weeks ago between education and people with big eyes standing on the top of a high hill, in connection with last Friday's amusing story told by Mr. Williams in which "Ain't it Cholly" appeared so many times, has caused "big eyes" and "Ain't it Cholly," to be very popular expressions in the last few days. The latest was brought out by a picture of an owl in No. 7 at which David Tipsico gazed for a moment and then began to laugh. "He must be very well educated, he has such big eyes. He must be on top of the hill," ejaculated David, then turning suddenly to his companion said, "Ain't it Cholly?" which completed the ludicrous scene and caused a burst of laughter from all who heard the remark.

Miss Luckenbach and Miss McAtee went over to Harrisburg Tuesday evening to attend the Conference of the Young People of the Presbytery of Carlisle on Christian Endeavor work. Among the eminent speakers they had the pleasure of listening to were Mr. Robert E. Speer, whose Bible Classes at Northfield some of our boys have enjoyed, and Mr. L. D. Wishard, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee, who has been around the world in his Missionary work.



Who?

Who made the best speech of the evening at the Public Debate? William Denomie.

Who had the wittiest speech? Samuel Six-killer.

Who can make the best chocolate cake you ever ate? Minnie Topi.

Who greased the pan for Minnie's cake, and is as good as gold in her line of work? Carrie Cornelius.

Who likes wintergreen lozenges? Grace Dixon and Jack Standing.

Who has sold more Stiyas than any other Indian boy? Solomon Collins.

Who sets and distributes type by time losing no minutes? Timothy Henry.

Who can skate a backward ring, and fling the foot to the perfection of grace? Felix.

Who was the best looking guest at the desk-reception on Monday evening? Wasn't it Cholly?

Who has a fine new Stenographer's chair—the perfection of business comfort? Miss Nana.

Who is Mrs. Sage's stand-by these days? Julia Given.

Who can eat the most pot-pie? William Petoskey.

Who, of the horses, has been the longest and most faithful of Carlisle workers? "Ain't it Cholly?"

Who was always willing and did the best she could while waiting upon table last month? Alpha Scott.

Who is the most business-like little orderly the Captain has had for many a day? Homer Patterson.

Who enjoys a walk to the lower farm and back of a cool evening? Not the breakers of school regulations.

Who was "good old reliable" at teachers' club last month, and is found so in everything she undertakes? Sallie Face.

Who likes to stand out on the school balcony to sharpen pencils and are not in a hurry to get back to their seats? Some boys.

Who asked the Captain for a "wake up" clock, the other day, meaning an alarm clock? The M. O. T. B. S. will never tell.

Who always begin their home letters "I thought I would write you a few lines, etc." just as though the person to whom they are writing did not KNOW that? SEVERAL.

Who went to Harrisburg to attend an Equal Rights meeting in the House of Representatives and found when they got there that they were only a month too early? Echo answers, "Who?"

Who, on her way to town, found a neatly done up package in the lane and thinking it belonged to some Indian shoppers she had just passed, gathered up the bundle, toted in to the first store, and carefully labeled it Indian School, to find in the package upon opening it the next day a dead opossum, and that she had been the victim of a practical joke? Miss Ely.

Pay-day, Wednesday.

Sprechen sie Deutsch?

The girls' quarters are being refooled.

The ice is going and soon will be gone.

Miss Carter is suffering from an attack of tonsillitis.

The mist on Wednesday was quite equal to a London fog.

They have an orchestra at the Genoa Indian School, in Nebraska.

The trees rained icicles, Sunday morning, and the sight was beautiful to behold.

There is a promise of a drop of fifteen or twenty degrees in temperature before tonight. Get out the skates!

A tremendous bonfire of old condemned trash was one of the interesting sights to some of our pupils Saturday morning.

If the expected cold wave arrives soon we will have numerous frozen puddles for skating ponds. The recent thaw has been kind to us.

There is to be a public Sale of Condemned property here a week from to-morrow. Among the most valuable condemned articles to be sold are four sewing-machines and a farm horse.

The Crescent Banjo Club of Boston, consisting of six of the most, sensible travelling women we ever met, discoursed sweet music for the ears of the Ind'an boys and girls on Friday last. A part of the entertainment were side-splitting impersonations by Mr. Williams the only gentleman of the Company.

Harry Kohpay has gone to Eastman Business College, at Pougkeepsie, N. Y., and takes with him the best wishes of a host of friends at Carlisle for the success of his undertaking to get a good business education. By close economy Harry will manage to pay his own way, which is by far the best business part of his whole business scheme.

Miss Carter having received one of the extensively advertised Chautauqua Desks through the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Company of Buffalo, was asked daily until it came if the desk had arrived. When it did come last Monday she held an after study-hour reception in honor of its arrival, and to satisfy the curiosity of her friends as to the returns she got for the money expended. The desk is all that it claimed to be, was much admired by her guests and the reception most thoroughly enjoyed.

The Invincibles gave a public debate last Friday evening upon the question "Resolved, That all the Indian pupils in the United States should salute the United States flag on the 8th day of February in honor of the Dawes Bill." The principal speakers were Affirmative: Julius Brown, William Petoskey, William Denomie, and Edwin Schanadore; Negative: Samuel Six-killer, Martin Archiquette, William Leighton, and Benjamin Caswell. There were many strong as well as witty sentiments uttered favoring both sides which we wish there was room to record in our little paper. The Judges, Messrs. Standing, Kensler and Big Horse rendered a decision on the merits of the argument in favor of the Negative.

(Continued From First Page.)

"Only five dollars that is all," and the tears started again.

Grandma was twisting the corners of her apron nervously. "Thirty dollars. S—h. Keep still. Phil, if I'll tell you something won't you never tell?"

His curiosity was touched. "No, grandma, what is it?"

"Wait, now, Phil, till I pull down the curtain and lock the door. Somebody might look in or come in," and she pulled the curtains down and locked the door. "Now, Phil, you won't never tell anybody will you, if I tell you? I thought I never would tell anybody. But a long time ago I hung up an old stocking. La—me, it must be five years ago." She started after the stocking, when she stopped and returning said: "I do believe it was ten years ago, and I have been putting a dime in now and then; I thought I might want a little medicine sometime, so when I sold a few eggs I put the money into the old stocking. I shouldn't wonder if it was all of fifteen years since I hung up the old stocking."

She went to a clothes-press under a back stairway where cast off and extra clothing hung, and from a dark corner she brought forth the old stocking. "My! but it is awful heavy, Phil!"

It was one of the two-story kind. Grandma turned it bottom side up on the floor and its contents lay in a heap before them, and they were both surprised.

(Concluded next week.)

HATTIE INDIGNANT, AND SHE HAD A RIGHT TO BE.

Hattie Longwolf, class '92, who is now attending the Normal School at Madison, Dakota, was made very indignant the other day by the public remarks of a visitor who said of Indians that he had visited an Indian school somewhere but he did not believe in educating them, as they sit in one corner, pick their teeth and let the Government feed them.

He did not know that an Indian was in the audience.

Hattie says, "I sat there and was obliged to listen to all that he had to say about my relatives.

Then he heard me recite, and I was so angry at him that I was ready to speak for my people should he say any more about the Indians.

He found out that an Indian can stand where a white man can stand. He sat in his

seat and stared at me. I came home down hearted that day."

The smell of tobacco on a Christian's breath never does the Lord any good.

Give a lie the right of way and it would wreck the universe.

It is very easy to find reasons why other persons should be patient.

The devil is sure of the man who believes he can stand in slippery places.

A good way to find out how much religion people have is to watch them when they can't have their own way.

Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.

My 4, 8, 9 is a noise.

My 1, 2, 14, 13, 12 is what will begin to show its green head ere long.

My 16, 7, 3, 15 is to stop in one place.

My 6, 10, 5, 11 is what many of the Indian Territory boys and girls suffer when at home, and what some brought with them to Carlisle.

My whole is what is troubling about six of our boys and girls at present.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Opportunity.

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 Piegian 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 (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice '89, '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 6½x8½ and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Phila. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13½x16 group photo of 8 Piegian chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75cts. 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 or five names for the HELPER.