

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893.—

NO. 39.

THREE GATES.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates—first: "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—[Selected.]

WHISPERERS.

Miss Ida Blue Jacket recently read before the S. L. L. Society the following interesting paper, which contains so much true worth that it will be well to give it the wider range of hearers afforded by our HELPER readers; and let us profit by the suggestions therein contained.

"There are both masculine and feminine whisperers.

We all know what is meant when we hear the phrase, 'She is a whisperer,' or in other words, 'a tale-bearer.'

Some one says, 'Paul called the long roll of the world's villainy, and he put in the midst of this roll those persons known in all cities, communities and places as Whisperers.'

They are so called because they generally speak under voice and in a private way with their hand to the side of their mouth acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear.

They speak softly, not because they have lack of lung force, or because they are over-powered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they want to escape the consequences of defamation.

If no one hears but the person whispered

unto and the offender be called upon to give an account of his or her false whispering, he or she can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are generally first class liars.

Our voices are made in such a way that we can speak in different tones.

God did not give us voices to go around, whispering evil things about our neighbors.

Saying things behind people's backs, is the one great industry of the whisperer.

Let us never say one thing about any one, but what we would not hesitate to say to that person face to face. Whisperers can be found everywhere and they are of a prying disposition.

They watch the people within ten miles of them and know just how many dresses Mrs. So-and-So has and the number of chickens Mrs. Smith bought last week; in fact they know all about everybody else's business and not their own.

They can see as far through a key hole as other people can see through a wide open door.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything.

They have telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood.

When I say whisperers I mean tale-bearers. Miss Tale Bearer is a full-sister to Mrs. Whisperer.

There is another class of people called Fun-Makers.

If we are of good parentage, high society, or a millionaire's son or daughter, and allow ourselves to trifle with things that do not concern us, we are no better than the celebrated organ grinders that honor us with their presence in the happy spring time.

We are very often too ready to believe flying reports that no doubt originated from some noted whisperer.

We oftentimes meet a person that is our truest friend apparently and yet that friend

(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-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.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

MRS. PRAIT AND MISS SHAFFNER IN EGYPT AND OTHER INTEREST- ING PLACES.

I did not get back from Egypt in time to write a letter for the HELPER this week. My youthful companion (Miss Shaffner) was so charmed with the lovely camels that we lingered

We spent a day in the native village of Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, and Egypt, and then we received letters from home which proved doubly pleasant after traveling abroad.

The readers of the HELPER would have been interested to have wandered in the Gloisters of Biarney Castle; would have been delighted with the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland; probably have been amused at the many funny costumes of the Germans and surely the inmates of the girls' quarters would have laughed to have seen their dignified 'mother' tilting about upon a camel's back among the many strange sights in streets of Cairo.

The greatness and grandeur of the Fair grows upon one daily.

The more I see the less willing I am to pass through the exhibits in a superficial manner.

It would be worth a course at a University if it were possible to spend the season here in close study.

The instrumentation of our band at present consists of a piccolo, 4 clarionets, 5 cornets, 3 saxophones, 1 cornet alto, 2 trombones, 2 tenors, 1 double bell euphonium, 2 tubas, drums, cymbals, etc. The band will be at the Chicago World's Fair in October. There are several vacancies, and young Indian men who wish to attend school and who have a talent for music, and especially those who have had experience in bands may find a chance to gratify their ambitions by corresponding with Mr. Dennison Wheelock, Band Master. They should state their age, how much schooling they have had, particular instrument used and give reference for good character and good health.

Miss Cory has joined Miss Shaffner at the World's Fair.

Malcolm Clarke, class '93, has left the Indian Territory for his Montana home.

The printers resolved themselves into a ball-club on Saturday, and played the Juniors. They were sadly beaten by a score of 17 to 2. We hear that they are going to challenge the small girls next.

The closing meeting of the S. L. L. Society is holding off for the return of Miss Shaffner when we shall expect to get some interesting World's Fair talk.

A letter from Hugh James states that he arrived safely at West DePere, Wis. His friends at Carlisle, (and he has many) wish him unbounded success in all that he finds to do.

The Carlisle Exhibit to be found in the South East corner of the Gallery of the Manufacturer's Building at the World's Columbian Exposition, continues to attract a great deal of attention.

On account of failure on farm and refusing to obey the farm rules which he had signed, Samuel Tepkeyea at a court martial this week was sentenced to hard labor for three months without pay and fined five dollars, the money to be placed in large boys' library fund. He plead guilty and the finding was guilty.

Miss Lillie Wind who is following her profession as a nurse, in Hartford, Conn., sends another ten cents for the HELPER and "supposes" in connection with the letter of transmittal that the Man-on-the-band-stand "keeps cool these hot days." The fact is, the old gentleman has so much on his mind that he has not taken time to feel his own pulse.

George Kirochuma writes that he has a very nice country home and that the "folks are all kind to me all the time." Mr. R. with whom George lives says he cannot spare him to go home, and George feeling that he is in a place where he is wanted says he does not want to go. This is the secret of the solution of the Indian question, and there is no other.

A subscriber not only answers the weather-vane Enigma of last week, but sends a dollar to help purchase one for the Carlisle School. One is needed in some conspicuous place for the Man-on-the-band-stand to see, for he is often at a loss to know the exact quarter of the breezes that fan his fevered brow as he stands gazing for news.

Miss Rosa Bourassa has severed her connection with the Carlisle school. Her position has been that of second assistant matron. After a visit at the World's Fair, she goes to her home in Michigan for a while and then may take a position in the Indian work on the Pacific Coast, under the Presbyterian Board. Miss Rosa is one of those sturdy, thorough-going young women who are not afraid of any kind of work, and are fearless in speech when there is a truth to utter or a wrong to right, impressing their associates with an independence of character always helpful and to be admired. She has many warm friends at Carlisle who will miss her greatly in many ways.

A rest?

Who wants a rest?

Too much rest makes one tired.

Short may the warm wave wave.

Our first nine play Reading, to-morrow.

Louis Reuben is Captain of a ball-team, so we hear.

Miss Hunt spent Wednesday in Washington.

The May and June number of the *Red Man* is printing.

No school, yesterday, in honor of Metzger Commencement.

George Buck's piccolo was stolen, and he now has a new one.

Dr. Hill, of Chambersburg, visited friends at the school on Tuesday.

Miss Paull spent a pleasant Sabbath at the Craigheads, a few miles from town.

No school on Wednesday gave the pupils the blessed privilege of working all day.

Some of the teachers did not go to College Commencement after all, but rested.

If you cannot be President you can at least be prosperous.—HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Miss Luckenbach is off on her annual leave. She will spend part of her vacation at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Misses Louisa LaChapelle, Sarah Smith and Ramona Chihuahua have gone to the country for the summer.

There was no school on Wednesday to give the teachers an opportunity to attend Dickinson College Commencement exercises.

Never did jollier party ride on wheels than the four-horse coach load of little Indian boys returning from the potato-bug patch at the lower farm on Wednesday afternoon.

Luther Dabab has charge of the large boys' reading room in the absence of William Carefell. He will have to get up early to be as systematic as the latter, but we believe he will.

Mr. Wheelock was serenaded by his own band under peculiar circumstances on Wednesday evening, it being the anniversary of his birth. He treated the boys to ice-cream.

James Wheelock, one of the printers who turned in for a day shoveling coal to earn an extra penny found his hands were rather tender. They soon became blistered, but he did not give up the ship.

The common remark at Miss Warren's reception on Tuesday evening was "How pretty the room is! How tastefully the tables are arranged!" It was a quiet, orderly and enjoyable party in every particular.

The little boys are not the only ones who can have potato bug and strawberry picnics, for the little girls were offered a strawberry for every double-handful of litter gathered from the lawn on Wednesday.

The C. C.'s, a team of small boys, and the U. C.'s, the small girls, club had the most interesting game of the season, on Wednesday evening. The boys won by a large score but did not shut the girls out as they expected to. The whole school gathered to see the excitement.

The article on first page entitled "Whispers" goes well with the poem.

The game of ball played at Chambersburg, last Thursday, between our boys and a team from that place resulted in a score of 9 to 8 in favor of the Indians.

Miss Merritt has severed her connection with the Carlisle School as teacher to take the superintendency of a reservation school, near Ft. Defiance, Arizona.

Mr. Edward Marsden, of Alaska, now a student of Marietta College, is with us for the greater part of the summer. He will probably help out in the printing-office.

Mrs. Standing gave a pleasant little tea in honor of the visiting Philadelphians—Misses Katie Grindrod and Elizabeth Wind. Misses Rosa Bourassa and Ida Warren and Miss Ely were also guests of the occasion.

Mrs. Dixon gave the Dr. a little surprise on the evening of the day marking the anniversary of his birth. All those inhabiting teachers' row were invited in to help celebrate, and a delightful evening was spent.

On Tuesday an informal reception was given by the friends of Miss Ida Warren, on the eve of her departure from the school for other fields of usefulness. Miss Ida has her eye on Philadelphia, where she will probably abide for a time while learning the art of millinery, in Mr. Wansmaker's great store.

Mr. Robert McFadden, of the Columbia Law School, N. Y. City, made flying calls upon his friends at Carlisle previous to his departure for the "land of the mid-night sun." He sailed for Paris last Saturday; and from there, in company with friends will visit the Scandinavian peninsula and Russia.

Prof. O. H. Bakeless, teacher of ancient and modern languages at the Bloomsburg Normal School, this State, has been engaged for the position of Principal of the Educational Department of our school. The Professor arrived on Monday. Mrs. Bakeless is expected in a few days.

Rev. Dr. Lippincott, pastor of the great Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Broad and Arch Sts. Philadelphia, is a guest of Capt. Pratt, this week. When the Carlisle Indian School first knew Dr. Lippincott, he was a Professor at Dickinson. It was then that he ministered unto us at our Sunday afternoon services.

Misses Rosa Bourassa, Belinda Archiquette and Julia Long were sent to Chicago as delegates from our King's Daughters' Circles to attend the great King's Daughters' Convention held there, this week. Miss Belinda goes to her home in Wisconsin from Chicago, but promises to return to the school in the Fall. The Normal room could hardly survive without Miss Belinda.

The latest in base ball is a team of small but ambitious Indian girls. They call themselves the U. C.'s, and have suits of dark skirts and blouses, upon which the letters "U. C." are conspicuous; they wear low shoes and gay caps, all made by themselves. They don't wear aprons, for some of them can catch the ball without one. They are pretty little runners, and upon the whole the exercise will do them good.

(Continued From First Page.)

will in time turn out to be a member of that so-called class of whisperers.

These particular specimens are worthless, good-for-nothing people.

Let us beware of this class of people, and most of all let us see that we do not fall into the company of whisperers and tale-bearers.

TESTED AND TRUE.

Did you ever read of the coat of mail Napoleon Bonaparte once ordered made for his personal use?

It was to be bullet-proof, a complete armor throughout, in which one would be safe to ride into the thickest of the fight, expecting to come out unharmed.

At the appointed time the covering of steel was brought before the emperor, the man who had devised and completed the work holding it proudly up for inspection.

"Put it on," said Napoleon.

The man turned slightly pale, but unhesitatingly obeyed.

"Stand there," again said Napoleon, indicating a remote corner of the room.

The man unflinchingly placed himself as commanded.

Taking a revolver from the table, Napoleon fired shot after shot at the upright figure in the corner.

Scarcely a dent became visible as the bullets hit the polished surface of the metallic dress.

So well had the work been done that neither joint nor crevice nor weak spot of any kind yielded proof of the least unfaithfulness on the part of the maker, and the wily conqueror, convinced that it was indeed a shield and armor, rewarded the man bounteously for his skill and fidelity.

What do you think would have been the man's fate, if, arguing that the coat of mail was for the use of another and not for himself, he had exercised less care and precision in its manufacture, caring only for the pay he hoped to receive?

Boys and girls, INDIAN boys and girls, be THOROUGH in your work; whatever you do, do WELL.

THE BRAVE INDIAN BOY.

In listening some years ago to an uneducated Indian recount the accomplishments of his youth which he considered marks of bravery, he said:

"To resist the raging storm;

To defy the roaring billow of the prairie fire;
To run down a wild turkey and fawn;
To treat my friends to wondrous barbecues of birds;

To outlast the swimmers under water;
To be struck a dozen blows upon the forehead without blinking;

To walk with contempt barefooted in the sandburs;

To run an arrow-shot without heaving breath;

To know all that passed in medicine-lodge or council;

To never know discouragement or pain;

These were the accomplishments I loved."

And the speaker was at the time of his death one of the bravest Indians of the southwest.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 3, 8, 2, 5, is an outside piece sawed from a log.

My 1, 4, 4, is something that stings.

My 6, 7, 4, is a kind of drink.

My whole is something over which a small company of our little girls is almost going wild, at present, and it is good for them.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Weather vane.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription 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 20 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 '93, '90, '91, '92, '93. 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 20 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13½x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest price 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, premium 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.