

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1893.—

NO

THE SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter. And its mouth was gaping wide; The rosy wine had ebbed away, And left its crystal side; And the wind went humming, humming; Up and down the sides it flew, And through the reed-like hollow neck The wildest notes it blew. I placed it on the window. Where the blast was blowing free; And fancied that its mouth sang the queerest strains to me; "They tell me, busy conquerors, The plague has slain its tens of thousands Of the very best of men; But I—" 't was thus the bottle spoke—"But I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, So feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens, come drink from out my cup The beverage that dulls the brain And burns the spirit up; That puts to shame the conquerors That slays their scores below; For this has deluged millions with the lava-tide of woe. Though in the path of battle Darkest waves of blood may roll, Yet while I killed the body, I have damned the very soul. The cholera the sword, Such ruin never wrought, As I, in mirth and malice, On the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, And they shrink before my breath, and year by year my thousands Tread the dismal road to death."—*Sunday Herald.*

A-TE-KA'S HEART BLEEDS FOR THE INDIAN.

Our good friend Mrs. Platt, who occasionally writes for the HELPER under the affectionate nomdeplume of A-te-ka—a name meaning grandma, and given to her by some of the Pawnee friends who loved her most—now relates a little incident at the World's Fair to relate as follows:

TABOR, IOWA, 11-3-1893

M. O. T. B. S.—DEAR SIR:

During the very pleasant evening I spent with the Carlisle Indian School at South Park Hotel, your chief clerk said to me,

"Perhaps A-te-ka will favor the HELPER with some short notes of her thoughts on the Fair, when she arrives at home."

I wish first to relate a little occurrence of that evening, as it so illustrates the depressing influences our boys and girls must experience when they leave school and go out to be civilized as citizens of our Republic.

When the time came for me to return to the hotel, a young Comanche—a worthy member of Dr. Norcross's Church, whose rising star I had long ago watched with interest, was unable to accompany me.

Thinking it would be a pleasant episode in the evening's entertainment, I invited my friend to enter and introduced him as Mr. O. Wells, a young Comanche, member of the Carlisle Indian School.

Instead of the gentle courtesy to be expected from a company of women calling themselves Christians, the introduction was met by a dumb, silent stare at the young man who stood hat in hand ready for the expected greeting, which silence was continued till my friend was seated and engaged in conversation.

Soon after, a man entering the room was greeted by one of the silent stagers with the remark, "You have missed the event of the evening."

(Continued on the 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
is 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.

Addressed 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,
no one else has. It is paid for in advance.

To the person sending us the
largest number of subscriptions be-
fore the year 1894 begins, we will
give THIRTY DOLLARS.

To the person sending the sec-
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largest number we will give Five
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turn ten cents on every dollar re-
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and for regulations governing this offer.
They are simple and easy. There is no time
to lose. Address HELPER.

Send in your names as soon as you get them
so that the subscribers may see by receiving
the next issue of HELPER that you are fair
and square.

The Contestants MUST INDICATE whether
their subscription is a renewal or not. If a name
is upon our books twice it will have to
stand against the contestant sending it in.
Please remember this.

Mr. Ground writes a pleasant letter from the
home he has found in the country. He
has done one of his first jobs was milking. The
cow now he tackled kicked him over and he
whistled,—“I was a rolling little
ball all the way from Alabama, where I used
to pick the cotton and the cane, and the white
folks they would miss me, etc. Good for John.
Better to whistle than to abuse the cow.

Every stroke of work a person does he
makes for himself either a good or a bad rep-
utation. No one can afford to make a bad
reputation even in such work as sweeping the
floor. There is great science in sweeping. To
get all the dirt and dust from the floor with-
out filling the air of the room with dust is the
secret. We have printers who sweep the
large office when all hands are at work, and
they do it without making any perceptible
dust. They make the floor clean and do not
sprinkle it. Ask Timothy Henry, he can tell
how it is done. A person who can sweep a
floor well, can be trusted to do ANYTHING
well.

A fond father writes of the death of his
daughter, thus: “With much sorrow I write
to inform you of the death of my daughter,
Katie Bent. She died Thursday, Sept. 27,
1893. She loved Carlisle School very much
and before her death talked much of Carlisle,
sending her love to all her friends there. I
am respectfully her Father, W. Bent, Harlem,
Mont.” Katie had many fond friends who
will mourn her loss. She has a good record
at the school as well as in the country where
she had a good home, winning many friends.
The people with whom she lived were very
fond of her.

The Sunday School pupils very much enjoy
reading the *Morning Light* and *Temperance
Banner* so kindly given them by their good
friend Mr. George B. Brown of Sag Harbor,
Long Island. He says, “I want the Indian
children to have just as good papers as ours
have, etc.” That is the secret of Indian civili-
zation. If every body could see it in that light
there would be no more urging and encourag-
ing Indian children to stay near home. They
go to poorly equipped schools there and have
no chance to get out and learn “just
things as our children learn,” may

Raymond Stewart has been silent for a long
time, but now comes a letter from his Rose-
bud Dak., home saying he must have the
HELPER. He knows what's what.

Names of persons who have entered the
contest for the thirty-dollar prize: Howard
and Leander Gansworth; Timothy Henry;
William Denomie; Samuel Dion; John San-
born; Harry Kobpay, Mary Bailey, William
Carrefell, LeRoy W. Kennedy, Ned Brace,
Ida Wasee, of the school.

Harry Eberhard, Phila.; Frank Fackenthal,
Roanoke; Mrs. Joseph Weber, Bethlehem;
Jacob P. Keplinger, Lancaster; Mrs. Will
Gephard, Carlisle; Miss Dora Yetz, Carlisle;
Walter A. Downey, Phila.; A. A. Beaninger,
Haskell Institute; William C. Hauf, Lan-
caster.

If the reader is acquainted with any person
whose name is in the above list of contestants
and wishes to help him or her win the
prize, send to the HELPER address as many
subscriptions as you can, being very careful
to say to whom the credit shall be given. In
every case the money must accompany the
names. We will publish all such credits,
giving name of sender and name of one receiv-
ing credit.

CRY out!

And then GET out
Of the reservation!

And away from EVERYTHING

That holds you back and gives you

ONLY A SMALL VIEW OF GOD'S WORLD!

The Thanksgiving turkey is getting restless.

Miss Bender is assisting temporarily in the school room.

Run away from the reservation as slaves ran away from slavery!

Always give FORMER address when change of address is asked for.

Oh, no, it was not an Indian who went through that ceiling in the office building.

Bangs are suffering slightly these days of limited opportunity to heat curling irons.

One of the girls said in her home letter she liked the America Round at the county fair.

Mr. Claudy is off on his annual two week's leave, and the Man-on-the-band-stand is perspiring.

The Standard Debating Club is in an argumentative mood and are willing to consider challenges from whatever source.

One of the boys thinks that all forms of "spiritual lickens" should be avoided. He is only a little mixed in his spelling.

Dr. Montezuma has gone on a trip to Hartford, Conn. to talk Indian—not the Indian language. He has given that up long ago.

The name of Chappo was omitted last week in the list of Apache pupils who went to Mt. Vernon Barracks on a visit. He is Geronimo's son.

Miss Ely has returned looking rested and well after a short vacation among friends in Kansas.

The news comes from Lancaster that our friends Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Johnston have been blessed with the arrival of a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan of Middlesex farm have returned from a pleasant visit to Missouri where they went after the World's Fair trip with the school.

A list of names from Hazleton, Pa. was sent by some one asking for a premium. We can not send it as there is no address given to show who sent the list. The last name on the list is R. M. Prilehard.

Mrs. Worthington's father, Mr. Ephraim Corman of Carlisle died this week. He was very much esteemed by the community and his loss is mourned by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Worthington has the sympathy of her co-workers in the school, in this her great trial.

The school exhibition last Thursday night was a very good one. Those who took part by special declamation and recitation were Melinda Porter, Paul Teenabikazen, Elmer Simon, Cassie Hicks, Ida Blue Jacket, Bruce Petterson, Joseph Black Bear, Anna Tabasash, Lucy Enter Lodge, George Cobell, Ida Warren. There were singing by the school and choir and class exercises adding variety to the occasion.

The trees on the campus are trimming.

The foot-ball team is practicing hard to make ready for challenges.

Julia Given has gone to Anadarko, I. T., to live with Miss Reeside, and help her.

And the next day it was cloudy. This we are called upon to say, to keep in fashion.

ONE cent paid for something we do not need is wilful waste. Remember the old adage, "Wilful waste brings woeful want."

The Y. M. C. A. held its weekly prayer meeting in No. 4. school room, Wednesday evening, instead of the Y. M. C. A. hall which is being repaired.

George Nyruah, known to us as Grasshopper, occasionally writes to let us know of his whereabouts. He is now at Mohawk, Arizona. Austin Navajoe is with him.

The *Red Man* is the main work of the Indian school printing office. It is an 8-page quarto of standard size, and covers the Indian question on all sides. Subscription price fifty cents a year. Sample copies free. Address HELPER.

Miss Ella Patterson has returned to her work as Superintendent of the Otoe Boarding School, Oklahoma, from Washington, D. C. She left Miss Bessie in Washington, and misses her much in the work, and as a companion.

ANOTHER INDIAN GIRL GRADUATED AS A NURSE: Miss Zippa Metoxen has just graduated from the Hartford School of Nurses. She thinks some of spending a short vacation which she has well earned, at Carlisle, and she will be welcomed by her many friends.

The kissing habit is not a good one. If your friend does not kiss you when you return after a long separation, do not think she is not glad to see you. She may be opposed to the custom, and it would be better if every body were opposed to it. The best form of greeting is a good warm shake of the hand, and an affectionate expression of the eye.

The HELPER office was presented with a sheet of American tin, the centre of which was the portrait of Gov. McKinley to show the Republican victory on Tuesday. Although not a Republican we must admit that the tin as a specimen of American industry is equal to any tin we ever saw. The HELPER is not a political organ, and we have as many Republican subscribers as Democratic, no doubt. We are a firm believer that RIGHT will govern eventually, whether that be the Republican, the Democratic, the Populist, the Prohibitionist or what not party remains to be seen.

There were some able addresses in the S. L. L. Society on Friday evening upon the question of which has the stronger and more valuable intellect a boy or a girl. Susie McDougal stood out bravely for her sex while Nettie Fremont made a commendable effort on the opposite side. She brought out some most excellent argument showing superiority of man's intellect owing chiefly to circumstances and environment. Miss Shaffner closed the argument and gave in connection a most interesting account of the recent W. C. T. U. Convention which she attended while in Chicago. We learned of the capabilities of woman as manifested in that great world's conference.

(Continued From the First Page.)

Otto sat for a while in all his self-possessed Indian dignity conversing pleasantly, and then quietly withdrew saying the time drew near for the school to leave the city.

And what of A-te-ka during the remainder of her stay at Windsor Park hotel?

She moved under a social cloud, but to her it had a brightly gilded lining, for was she not learning a deeper lesson of sympathy for our naturally intensely high-toned—our proud Indian boys and girls, who must meet such treatment everywhere as they are trying to come up into a life of honest pure man and womanhood?

A-TE-KA.

WAS IT AN INDIAN BOY WHO WAS FOOLING WITH A TORPEDO?

We read in an exchange of a boy who found a piece of tin can.

He thought it would be fun to put it on a Railroad track.

He began to hammer it when he found out too quickly that it was a torpedo, for it burst and tore his wrist, injured his face and put out one of his eyes.

A good application of the story was made by the writer, who says there are plenty of old torpedoes lying around, and no one can tell just when they will explode.

These are some of them:

A young person with a book that he would not like his teacher to see and so hides behind the door or sneaks off in a quiet place to read it, is fooling with a torpedo.

When we are carrying unclean thoughts, we have a torpedo in our brain.

When we slip behind the fence to smoke or carry a bunch of tobacco so snugly under our tongues that we think no one sees it, we are fooling with a torpedo.

When we speak Indian, and say we have not, that is a torpedo.

These torpedoes may look innocent now, but some body is bound to be blown up by them by and by.

Better let torpedoes alone.

The INDIAN HELPER is an interesting little paper which comes weekly from the Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa. It shows what Christian influence and teaching may do towards civilizing the Indian and making a noble and upright citizen of him. May the work continue to prosper till there shall be no longer need of it.—[Reading, Mass. Pioneer.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S Charade: Matrimony.

An Enigma from an Appreciative Subscriber from far off California.

He says:

We get the dear little HELPER out here every week, and read it carefully; work out the enigmas, read the doings of your Indian scholars, about the trips to Chicago and Lake Mohonk, the Man-on-the-band-stand, and in fact everything the newsy sprightly little paper contains.

We can say of the HELPER—*Multum in parvo.*

Now the writer has an enigma to contribute which we hope will particularly interest the scholars of your school, or rather the DEAD INDIANS killed by the Carlisle process.

I am composed of 16 letters:

My 6, 3, 11, 16 is a wild animal much coveted by sportsmen.

My 2, 11, 13, 1 is weight.

My 14, 5, 12 is necessary to sustain animal and vegetable life.

My 7, 3, 10 is the kind of weather Miss Hunt complains of in Oregon in the HELPER of Oct. 20.

My 1, 15, 9 is a metal as yet quite scarce in America, but much used.

My 4, 8, 16, 11 is what an Indian pony dreads.

My whole is now the main talk of the people of the Pacific coast and elsewhere and something the people of San Francisco want the teachers and pupils of the Carlisle Indian Training School to see—not leaving out the Man-on-the-band-stand.

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 pappose 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 '89, '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 25 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 subscription, and 2cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

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