

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1894.—

NO. 17

TWO PRECIOUS TRAINS.

THE first train leaves at 6 p. m.
For the land where the poppy blows,
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods, and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train!

At 8 p. m. the next train start
For the Poppy land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear;
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to Poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer!

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at 6 and 8."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray
"For to me they are very dear;
And special ward. O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

POOR LITTLE INDIAN MAY.

She Begins to Realize her Worst Fears.

(Continued From Last Week.)

"Isn't this just grand?" exclaimed a dozen voices as the train drew up to a new little station within a stone's throw of some of their homes.

"Very much better than travelling 150 miles over the plains by wagon as we had to do when you first went to Carlisle," replied the teacher, intensely interested in watching the faces of the Indians waiting for the train to stop.

"Indeed it is," replied May, who with the rest of her English had learned this expression so common to the section of Pennsylvania in which Carlisle is located, and clapping her hands, shouted:

"THERE is my father," not at all ashamed

of his peculiar Indian dress now somewhat changed for the better.

By this time the train stopped and such a rush as there was for friends and relatives!

May's father did not know her at first, but the unreserved manner of her approach soon brought recognition to his kindly face, then clasping her hands he implanted as affectionate a kiss upon her lips as did ever white father upon the lips of a loved daughter returning home from school.

Indians do not kiss?

Ah, yes they do. May's father certainly kissed his daughter, and the writer has seen Indian men kiss men after a long separation and when deeply affected by the meeting. It is quite common in some tribes, but rarely done in others.

May chattered away in a mixture of English and Indian having forgotten some of her Indian, and the father hardly realizing that he did not altogether understand her, talked as fast as she did until all were fairly started toward the village, carrying bag and baggage, of which there was a thousand times more than the same party carried with them to Carlisle, as most of the pupils then had only the very scant supply of clothing each wore.

The teacher found board and lodging in a house near the station and rested for a day or two to give the pupils a chance to look around before she started out to visit families again.

On the third day little May hunted her up. "Well, my child, how are you getting along?" asked the anxious teacher.

"Pretty well," May replied half sadly, "But I miss my mother so much. My sister is married and her little children are very nice, but I feel sorry sometimes."

"What makes you feel sorry, dear?"

"It is as I told you coming on the train. My father wants me to get married."

"Shocking!" He hasn't spoken about it so soon, has he?"

"Yes, last night," said May hanging her head in shame.

(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 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.

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.

Miss Gaither, who is Supt. at the Umatilla School, Oregon, writes encouraging letters of her work.

The coat-collar, the step, the pose of head, the carriage of body, and the style of wearing the hat are some of the letters in the alphabet which spell C-H-A-R-A-C-T-E-R.

The December *Red Man* is now being printed—a little late, but it will be remembered that twelve numbers make a year's subscription. The very balance upon which the Indian question hangs is discussed in the coming issue.

Any one desiring specimens of real Apache bead-work can secure them from one of our boys who has a handsome beaded cane worth \$5.00 and a pair of genuine moccasins worth \$2.00 which he desires to dispose of. Address HELPER.

The INDIAN HELPER, a Weekly paper issued by the students of the Indian Industrial school at Carlisle, Pa., is a tiny sheet, that makes up in its reading matter what it lacks in size, and goes a long way toward proving that under the same conditions Indian boys and girls will hold their own with the more favored children of civilization. May the little paper flourish—[Syracuse Evening Herald.

A four-page little weekly comes to hand this week which is a novelty in its way. The paper is THE INDIAN HELPER, printed every Friday at the Indian Industrial school, Carlisle, Pa., by Indian boys who are students there. Miss M. Burgess is the able manager. The little sheet is very instructive and spicy and is a typographical credit to its printers of which old compositors might feel proud.—[The Occident, Chicago.

We have received a copy of the INDIAN HELPER, published at the school for Indians at Carlisle, Pa. It is a four page paper, 7½ by 11 inches and is got out once a week. The paper and ink might be better, but that is not the fault of the printer boys. The work is

unusually good for an institution paper. Prints are hardly to be found, the justifying is very good and the only fault we have noticed is in the indentation of a verse or two of poetry. The paper is interesting in its way, and may be had for the modest subscription price of ten cents a year. It is the cheapest paper we know of, but by no means the worst.—[The Silent Worker.

One sight of the pretty cabinet photograph offered last week for the correct answer to "Fair Wagnerite" would turn the lover of pretty pictures wild. Little Jerome Kennerly, the smallest Indian boy now with us and the pet of us all stands in the picture as he does at the head of his bed on Sunday mornings for inspection. The photograph may be had for twenty cents cash, or for five new subscriptions for the HELPER; or for one new subscription for the *Red Man*. The subscription price of the *Red Man* is fifty cents a year. It is published irregularly, twelve numbers making a year and is set up and printed by the same boys who print the HELPER. Bruce Patterson's last picture taken in knee pantaloons is also attractive and subject to above conditions. Bruce is what the little Apache boy of whom the Christmas story was written, is now called. A reproduction of the story goes with the picture.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society gave a most enjoyable "Evening with Harriet Beecher Stowe," last Friday. After the opening trio "11 Travellers" rendered by Misses Edith Smith, Mabel Buck and Tenie Wirth, the President of the Society gave an earnest address of welcome. Mrs. Stowe's picture occupied a very prominent place among the evergreens over the curtain. Sketches of her life were given and Mrs. Pratt, who has met her personally, told of the circumstance in a touching and interesting manner. Uncle Tom's Cabin was dramatized by the Society to suit the time and occasion. Miss Rosa Boursassa, as Aunt Ophelia, Miss Ida Blue Jacket, as Marie, Alice Long Pole, as Dinah, Mabel Buck as Eva and Maggie Trombly as Topsy each sustained her part very well. The play was much enjoyed. The programme was interspersed with music, songs and tableaux and at the close of the entertainment it was highly complimented by the Captain and others, which amply repaid the young ladies for the pains they had taken to give a pleasant evening.

The TRUTH when presented in the graphic language found in Dr. Montezuma's Mahonk address, printed in the coming issue of the *Red Man* brings conviction to the mind of the earnest reader. It is an address that should be read by every citizen of the United States, and coming as it does from an Apache Indian who has gained his intellectual power through long years of association with intellectual people it should turn the heads of all pessimists who cry home education in the direction of the practical and speedy solution of the Indian question, as outlined by him. Get the *Red Man* as soon as out! Read the speech! Cut it out! Carry it with you in your vest pocket and learn it by heart till a sensible view of this subject strikes in and begins to work.

Skating, Saturday!

But where has it gone? Boo! Hoo!

The days are growing perceptibly longer.

The small boys assembly-room is receiving a new floor.

Miss Paull is again on duty after a month's leave at home.

Next—the Oratorical contest, which comes next Monday evening!

"People WILL make mistakes once in a while," said Alice Lambert when she pulled the proof from a galley she had forgotten to ink.

The Indian school printing-office is rushing jobwork, these days, thus giving plenty of practice to its apprentices in the best paying branch of the trade.

No time in the week is more enjoyed by the teachers than the informal gathering in the parlor Sunday after dinner to hear Miss Moore play and to sing hymns.

Miss Nellie Robertson spent Sunday with us, she having come from the West Chester Normal school, on a little business trip. She expects to graduate next year.

Several of the teachers and a few of the pupils are taking advantage of the University Extension lectures now given fort-nightly at Metzger Institute by Prof. Homer B. Sprague, Ph. D. of Cornell.

Quite a number of orders have come in for the picture offered last week, which will now be filled promptly. There was a delay of a day or two through the order that went to the photographer.

Mr. Reed, son of Samuel Reed, of New Britain, with whom Nicholas Ruleau, Henry Keoke, Jas. Perry, Francis Marceau and Chester Smith have lived at different times, called on Tuesday.

Sumner Riggs writes from Oklahoma that his people were given a very pleasant Christmas entertainment. A large number of the Indian men and women were present and the missionary preached to them.

When whistling, or drumming with the fingers, or humming a low tune, or picking the teeth, or clearing the throat, or making a smoke-stack of ourselves it is a good idea to think of those near us who may be annoyed.

The officers of the girls' companies visited the boys' dormitories on Sunday morning with the inspection party. Some of the boys hearing, Saturday night, that they were expected, scrubbed half the night, so it is said. Good! That's the spirit!

Dr. Sheldon Jackson of Alaskan Educational fame ran in upon us for a few minutes on Wednesday evening. The pupils and teachers of Carlisle always give the Dr. a warm welcome. He deserves it for he spends so much of his time in such a cold country.

Mr. Standing started on Tuesday evening for a little tour among the Indians of the South west to learn how they have progressed. Since he was there many years ago. Mr. Standing started the first school among the Kiowas, over twenty years ago. While visiting the various tribes, he will learn the true situation of tribal affairs and talk up the school question, for their benefit.

Bishop Kephart, who took part in the dedication of the new Grace U. B. Church, Carlisle, visited the school on Saturday.

Some of the new Cherokees from the South were at first homesick; but as they are not babes to be out done by their brothers of the plains, they are beginning to shake off the homesick feeling and are showing themselves to have in them the "stuff" that makes men and women.

The concert given by the band on the bandstand at the noon hour on Wednesday was a happy accompaniment to nature's lovely sunshine and soft Spring breezes that were playing at the time. The pieces rendered were all new—American Cadet March, "Auf Wiedersehn" Waltz and "On the Plantation."

To any one making a fair attempt at answering this week's Enigma and who will send us 8 2-cent stamps we will forward Jerome's or Bruce's picture and a year's subscription to the HELPER to any address. From the many orders that have come to hand for these very attractive photographs we judge they are well liked.

Robert Hamilton was called home to Piegan, Montana, this week to the dying bedside of his brother Joseph, (class '92) whose gentlemanly bearing while here as a member of the printing class and in all his walks, we so well remember. The friends of Joseph Hamilton still at Carlisle, are grieved to learn the sad news of his serious illness.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society have been greatly honored by a gift from Harriet Beecher Stowe of an engraving taken from a portrait painted by a distinguished English artist when she was about forty years of age. Letters regarding the picture have been received from Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and from Mrs. Stowe's daughter. The autograph of presentation in Mrs. Stowe's own handwriting, will be highly valued and framed with the picture.

Miss Phillips is ill and in the hospital. Last year, it will be remembered, Miss Phillips was taken suddenly ill by something like a "stroke" and was obliged to give up her teaching. At the commencement of the school term this Fall she felt able to carry on her department again and was allowed to do so, but another attack on Friday night last shows that she could not have been as well as was supposed. She is now in a semi-unconscious state and her many friends feel exceedingly anxious for her, but have not lost hope of her recovery.

The opening exercises of the school continue interesting. On Wednesday Miss Botsford gave a lesson on the forms of insect life illustrating with the crayon touch of the artist that she is. She explained how Amosquito was a misnomer but the miss-quito was a more appropriate name for the annoying summer insect, as it was the female that carried the sting. Miss Rosa Bourassa presented on Wednesday some interesting points on Longfellow's poems, reading and explaining portions of Hiawatha. Miss Bowersox spoke in reference to hymns and hymn writers. There was no allusion to the "hims" that might naturally interest most of our number.

"You Ca'li'?" said he.
"Yes," said the teacher.

(To be Continued)

My whole is what is bothering the brains of about ten of our boys at the present moment

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S "FAIR WAGNER-ITE" WITH THE WORDS AS THEY OCCUR IN ORDER: a melody; piano; enemy; immensity; animosity; alleviate; emascinate; obesity; obedience; affinity; expediency; eliminate; efficacy; energy.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premium will not
sent.