

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1894.—

NO. 39

QUESTIONS.



O ships have eyes when they go to sea?
Are there springs in the ocean bed?
Does a "jolly tar" ooze from a tree?
Can a river lose its head?

What kind of food is watchman's beat?
Can an old loom sing its lay?
Can a poem trip without its feet?
What notes does a gambler play?

Will a blacksmith's vise condemn his soul?
Can a book be white and red?
To whom does a church bell pay its toll?
Who shingles a water shed?

If a minstrel boy can sing his lay?
Can a ship sing her "lay-to"?
Do tigers ask for grace when they prey?
Can a bugle note come due?

Is "Father Time" a noted thief
For stealing the hours away?
Can you give a window pane relief?
Can you mend the break of day?

Will a foreign clime make any one tired?
Is a mountain climb like May?
Can a haul of fish for balls be hired?
Can a donkey feed on a brae?

Is a purchase made when shoes are soled?
Can an axe the rainbow hew?
If I keep on twisting the tale I've told,
Pray what will you readers do?

A COMANCHE CHIEF ON HIS WAY TO THE EAST.

Quanah Parker, of the Comanche tribe, is one of the wealthiest men of the great South West.

In personal appearance when in civilization Quanah is scrupulously neat; he is up to the latest style in civilized dress, wears spotless linen and dons all the accoutrements of a city gentleman.

But for his long braided hair and scalp-lock he would scarcely be taken for an Indian of the plains.

He is half white, being the son of a white

woman who was captured when a child by his tribe, then on the war path in Texas.

His mother grew up in the tribe, married a chief, bore several children of whom Quanah was one. Then when her people discovered her whereabouts and came and took her to her old home, she did not wish to remain with her own people but preferred the people with whom she had lived all her life—the Camp Indians. The Governor of Texas and her people would not let her go back, however and she soon died. This shows that the white woman can be Indianized as surely by environment as Mr. Arizona Smith's half-educated Indian girl who returns to her tribe from school can be, and as well as the Indians can be civilized by throwing them into the environment of civilization and keeping them there.

Quanah can speak some English.

For instance when he was here with two other notable chiefs of the South West in attendance upon our Commencement exercises last May a conversation arose one day between him and Capt. Pratt, and one of Quanah's remarks was taken down by the Man-on-the-band-stand as he spoke it, so as to preserve his style of English.

He said:

"I got 200 acres land, 100 cattle, 100 horses, 200 hogs, 250 sheep, 1000 acres to herd my cattle. Me want man to keep my books, tell me how much me spend, how much me pay my men for work. Me got good boy, want him keep my books. Got three children, me want them come Carlisle school, etc."

The Man-on-the-band-stand also noticed that oftentimes when Quanah was apparently absorbed in what he was doing at the time say at the table, he was taking in with one eye all that was going on around him. So Quanah was a close observer of the ways of the white man.

As an illustration of this, an amusing story

(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-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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Haskell Commencement exercises took place this week.

Ben Marshall, of Choska, was in town the first of the week.—[*Muscogee Phoenix*].

Mr. Deavor spent Wednesday evening at Mt. Holly Springs, the guest of his brother who is preaching there.

The printers have reorganized their baseball team, and are ready to accept challenges. Fred Wilson is the manager.

There are several cases of small-pox in the neighborhood, but we have little cause for fear as every precaution is being taken to prevent its spread.

An old Carlisle worker who is now in the Pueblo country writes: "I would not choose a residence on these alkali plains where sunshine is perpetual, ditto wind, and small fruits only for the bloated bond-holder."

Mrs. Harriet Hyde Shiverick, who served acceptably as Matron at the Small Boys' Quarters for a long time, was married last Monday to Mr. George W. Bailey, at Lee, Mass. We extend congratulations.

Mr. Guy Stevick, Capt. Pratt's son-in-law of Denver, met with a bad accident the other day. While riding his wheel, he fell and was dragged thirty feet by a cable car. He was taken into a drug store and finally recovered sufficiently to be taken home. We are glad to say he is rapidly recovering.

Miss Clara Anthony has left our school to live a less arduous life at her comfortable home on N. West St. Miss Anthony has been assistant at the Hospital for several years and will be greatly missed by her co-workers and others at the school, as well as by the Sunday school in which she has taken an active part. She does not expect to go into her new house immediately but will first visit friends at a distance and in the vicinity of town.

Since the last issue of the HELPER, William Dominick, Thomas LeClair, John LeClair, Emmaline Clark, Estber Clark, Sarah Moore, Lettie Connelly, Cora Poor Bear, Eliza Johnson, James Waldo, Stanley Edge, Gilmore Hock, Joseph Black Bear, Darwin Haves, Jacob Littleman, Harry Mann, Frank Harrington, Charles DeBrae, Sarah Vanacy, Malpass Cloud, Julia Shaycaw, Earnest Peters, Edward Peters, Johnson Adams, Marian Fisher, Luke Pequongay, William Denomie, Julia Williams, Julia Edwards, Mary Jane Silas, May Jackson, Martha Isaacs, Isabella Willis, Annie Tabasash, Martha Walker, Katrine Smoke, Daniel Jackson, Enos Pego, Levi Pego, Smith Shawegans, Frank Campeau, Solomon Collins, Lazarus Willis, Jonah Red Bird, Daniel Taylor, Charles Green, and Jonas Smoke, 47 in all, have gone to their homes in various parts of the west. Of these, William Denomie is the only graduate. Some of them expect to return to the school to continue their studies.

Misses Alice J. Kester, Edith Eves, Mabel Eves, Carrie Leggott, Minnie Kisner, Stanley Eves, LeRue Eves, Geo. Richards, Willie Eckman, and Benj. F. Rich, all of Millville, Columbia Co., visited the school on Saturday, stopping off on their way home from Gettysburg where as delegates they were in attendance upon the Loyal Temperance Legion Convention. They were a jolly company of young people and appeared to practice no temperance in enjoyment. Miss Kester's father was one of the first farm fathers of the school, Joe Vetter and Frank Twiss having lived there. She recently heard from Joe who is living in Sacramento, Cal., and doing well.

Mr. Drum and a delegation of large boys went to the lower farm on Monday and picked several bushels of cherries for the pupils' tables. On the next day a detail of small boys was sent to rick potato bugs. It is said that the large boys were selected for the cherry trees because they would not be so apt to eat the delicious fruit as they picked, but from the looks of some of the mouths when they returned the Man-on-the-band-stand dares to say that they *may have eaten* perhaps one or two. One thing certain there was no evidence of any eating of the fruit of the "green potato vine" after the next day's picking.

Adam Spring who has difficulty in pronouncing some words correctly, sometimes stations himself on top of the back-stop while a game of base ball is in progress and between strikes constitutes himself a veritable bureau of information through his various announcements interpretations and ejaculations, often times causing a merry laugh from the by-standers. On Monday evening when a whizzing foul was sent straight up in air and every body was holding their breath to see if it would be caught, or not, the youthful wag called from his high perch, "There goes a ball to fizik (visit) Venus."

Mr. Samuel Hosner, of Carlisle, while plastering at the school last Friday, had the misfortune to run a needle into his hand. Considerable difficulty was had in extracting it, but the wound has healed nicely and he is again at work.

Peas!
 Vacation!
 Vaccination!
 Perspiration!
 Electric showers!
 Lemonade treats!
 Raspberries, soon!
 Roasting-ears, next!
 School closed on Friday last.
 The picnic season is now at hand.
 Metzgar Commencement this week.
 Harvesting has commenced at the lower farm.

The school nine plays at Williamstown tomorrow.

There is a good study upon the play of words in the poem on first page.

Luther Dahhah has gone to Hunters Run in the South Mountain to spend a few weeks for his health.

Miss Isabella Wolfe returned to Philadelphia on Saturday after a pleasant two weeks' stay among us.

A little son has come to live in the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. Weber back among the trees in the West corner of the grounds.

Prof. and Mrs. Bakeless are spending Sunday with friends near Sunbury. They went to attend the wedding of Prof. Bakeless's sister.

Miss Cutter has gone to her Amherst home, Mass., for her summer vacation. She will attend the Summer school there a part of the time.

The Tally-ho coach, "Valiant," from Harrisburg, created quite a sensation as it drove through the grounds last Thursday evening, with a merry load of passengers.

Miss Jameson, who has been assisting in the sewing room for the past year, left last week for Baltimore, where she will make her home with her brother.

David Abraham and Wesson Murdock take the places of Jos. Black Bear and William Carefull, as mail-carriers for the school. William has gone to the country.

Fred Wilson, William Denomie, Philip Lavatta, George Warren and Hugh Sowcea spent Tuesday at Gettysburg. They went over the battlefield and had their photo taken at Devil's Den.

Fred Wilson, overcome by the heat or too much blowing upon his horn too soon after dinner, fell in a swoon in the office on Saturday, but was soon resuscitated by the aid of water and vigorous massage.

Mrs. Thompson has returned from New Jersey where she went to see a sick sister. She brought back her little nephew, Master Brewster. His mamma, Mrs. Gallup, has since joined him and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

Mr. Dennison Wheelock and brother James returned yesterday from a two months' visit to their home in Oneida, Wis. They brought with them three boys who will enter the school. Dennison's mustache is the wonder of everybody.

Coal-dust!
 Black faces!
 Potato-bugs!
 Moonlight nights!
 Visiting plentiful!
 Weeds in the lane!

The home going parties have made a busy time for some of us.

Miss Burgess is attending the Friends' Yearly Meeting at Millville, this state.

Miss Bowersox' youngest brother Rollin is visiting the school, a guest of his sister.

Delos Lone Wolf addressed three different audiences, in the vicinity of Manada Hill, last week in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. and had a pleasant time.

Miss Margaret B. Longshore, of the Swarthmore Grammar School, Mrs. Thos. Knowles and Miss Worstall, of Yardley, were among the visitors, this week.

Mr. Spray who has been teaching in No. 11 for a part of the year has gone to join his wife in Waynesville, N. C.

The exhibit of school work for the State Teachers' Convention to be held at Media next month is put up in good shape and from the Man-on-the-band-stand's point of view will make a creditable showing.

The game of ball between the First and Second nines on Tuesday evening was close and exciting. The score by innings was as follows:

First.....0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Second.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

"Mr. Goodyear has telephoned out for a pitcher," said the telephone manipulator.

"A china or porcelain pitcher?" was asked by one near.

"No, flesh and bones."

"Oh, base-ball, Undines! I see!"

"Have a caramel?" asked one of the teachers of a young gentleman caller the other evening as he was about leaving.

"Carry 'em up where?" he asked, taking the whole dish, while the teacher stood aghast.

David Tipsico was turning a large wheel in the blacksmith shop the other day when some visitors called.

"Where's your steam engine?" asked the escort.

"I'm steam injun enough," he replied as the perspiration poured down his manly face.

The last exhibition of the school year was held last Thursday night, and it was interesting from beginning to end. While not perhaps the best of the year, it was creditable to the performers, and those young men whose tongues are still unused to all the twists necessary to good English speaking, deserve special credit for the effort made.

Prof. Adolphus Cotesat, who has been carrying on classes in French at our school, in Carlisle, and in York for a year or two is about to leave on a visit to his home in Paris. His brother Prof. Henry will remain in town and possibly give lessons to a limited number during the heated term. The former expects to return in September and continue his successful work. They teach the Berlitz method.

(Continued from the First Page)

is told of an incident which occurred on the train as he was coming East.

A townswoman of Carlisle happened to occupy the same coach with Quannah and his expensively dressed Indian wife. Quannah generally travels with the youngest and handsomest of several wives, and dresses her on such occasions in silks and jewelry.

The newsboy came through the car, with those convenient little silver or nickel tags for valises, which we have all seen. It will be remembered they have slots in which a small card, on which may be written the name of the owner, can be slipped.

The boy, being no respecter of persons, stopped at the Chief's seat and showed his wares.

"What for?" asked Quannah.

"See?" said the boy as he attached the nameless tag to the valise.

"Oh, yes," replied Quannah, knowingly raising his brows.

He did not catch the idea that it was for his name, but the thought that it was an ornament and the thing for a civilized man to possess, was quite sufficient.

"How much?"

"Twenty-five cents," answered the boy.

Had he said ten dollars it would have been all the same to Quannah after he had determined to have one.

"All right," he replied, and paid for the one already on his valise, while the boy passed on.

"Then," said the witness of the episode, "It was very amusing to watch Quannah as he glanced with complaisant air occasionally at his valise fully satisfied that he had done just the right thing."

A VERY GENTEEL LITTLE MISTAKE.

Some of the Indian boys sometimes hesitate to accept an invitation to tea or dinner with a teacher, fearing they will make some little mistake at table.

They need have no such fears, for being such a close observer of manner and customs of associates, the Indian seems to catch the tricks of etiquette, without effort and without much teaching. It is often remarked that "such and such an one has very nice manners, and where did he get them?"

But an amusing little incident occurred some time ago, which will be read with as much interest by the boys and girls now at the school as by the rest of our readers.

An Indian boy had been invited to dine with a friend in town.

The dinner progressed nicely, and the lad,

who was not long from camp, did nothing unseemly. It was observed, however, that he noticed every move at the table, and what his friend did, that he did.

When his friend ate with a fork, he ate with a fork.

When his friend sipped his coffee with a spoon, he did likewise.

If his friend mashed his potatoes with his fork and put butter on them, he did also.

A lively conversation was kept up all through, so as to make the Indian boy as comfortable as possible.

But when oranges came for dessert the boy was at a loss to know how to handle the fruit.

His friend had an orange which was decayed on one side, so he took the knife, cut it in half and only ate the good part, leaving the other at the side of his plate.

The boy believing that what his friend did was undoubtedly good manners followed suit, took his knife, and as skilfully cut his great fine orange in half and ate one half only, leaving the other half by the side of his plate.

The boy liked oranges, but he did not mean to commit any breach of etiquette.

Our boys and girls were disappointed because the Man-on-the-band-stand, his chief clerk and his foreman were prevented by floods and washouts from being present at our Commencement. We still hope to see the old gentleman at some future time.—[*Talks and Thoughts*, Hampton, Va.]

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 7, 9, 1 is a piece of old cloth.

My 2, 3, 10, 5 is the outside of a water-melon.

My 8, 6, 4, 8 is what some hotels use for meal-call.

My whole is what some of the little Indian girls do not easily tire of.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Cherries.

SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

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