

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX

—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1894.—

NO. 52

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I" said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on:
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack!"

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark
door;

"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook, "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big river I grow to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

The Indian lads at the Carlisle School
Who have had more rain than is the rule,
Not being brook, tree-toad or duck,
Would think fine weather a piece of good
luck.

SOME OF OUR RETURNED OMAHA AND WINNEBAGO BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Did you see some of the old Carlisle boys
and girls on your trip west?" asked the Man-
on-the-band-stand of Miss Burgess, when she
got back.

"Yes," was the reply. "Of those at the
Omaha Agency I saw among the first Levi
Levering.

Levi has finished the Academic course at
Bellevue College, Nebr. and is now studying for
a theological course under the tutorage of Rev.
Mr. Galt, missionary of the Omahas, while as-
sisting in missionary work. Next year he
purposes going to a Theological Seminary. He
is a thorough, conscientious worker, a noble
example of steady perseverance and a brave
advocate of remote schools for the children of
his people realizing what Carlisle has done for
him. I shall have more to say of Levi at some
other time. He drove with me over most of
the Omaha Reservation more than three
days visiting families, so that we had long
talks and I became acquainted with many
of his sensible ideas upon the way to educate

and civilize the Indians. Levi intends to
make us a visit at our Commencement for '95,
if possible.

The very first person I met of Indian blood,
was Reuben Wolf, on the streets of Bancroft.
Reuben is looking well and wants to come
East again. He still blows the tuba when
occasion offers and takes a hand at umpiring
a base-ball game when called upon, as on the
last Saturday I was at the agency an interest-
ing game between the Indians and an outside
team was played.

Cecelia Londrosh, who is now Mrs. Her-
man, drove with her husband twenty miles to
see me. She has a bright curly headed daugh-
ter and seems very happy. They live on a
farm near Pender, and have the best crops of
any farmers in that vicinity in this year of
drought.

Lewis Levering is assistant disciplinarian
at the Omaha School, and Benjamin Lawry
is Assistant Farmer at the Winnebago school.
Both are said to be the best men in those posi-
tions they have ever had.

Christopher Tyndall is farming his father's
place and crops look well considering that
vegetation is literally burned up in that coun-
try this year.

Joel Tyndall has the contract for furnishing
the schools and agency with hay, and is going
at it like a true business man.

Gary Myers is thriving. Looked well and
happy. He is assisting his step-father with
the farming. They have a very nice home.

John Baptiste called to see me. Said he
had a prospect of going to Hampton, and I
have since learned that he has gone there.

There are many I did not see, and others I
will tell more about in some future talk."

Who was that Indian lad who prayed that
he might become like Royal Baking Powder?

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not know
his name, but when asked what he meant, the
boy answered in all seriousness:

"O, absolutely pure."

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, and 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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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.

No communication of any sort will be printed in the columns of the HELPER unless the signature of the author is attached.

A number of Miss Moore's friends were the recipients of wedding cake from her Kansas home. Oh, no! Miss Moore is not married yet, but it was her sister.

I fear greatly the tendency in some quarters to shut the Indian up to reservation life, which is only another name for shutting him up in the dark.—*Bishop Hare.*

Word from Mr. Standing who is taking his vacation at Asbury Park with Mrs. Standing and Jack, says that the rest is doing them all good. Most of the people have gone but the beach and good air are left and they enjoy those blessings. Jack is learning to row.

From the *Pewee Republican* we gather that "The Indian police have been quite busy gathering school children," and that "Stacy Matlack has a fine young horse presented to him by Rosseau Pappan." Why is it that only into reservation schools Indian children have to be forced?

Vacation is over and the Indian School band is back at the old stand playing better than ever. On Saturday evening, Prof. Wheelock and his musicians were given a reception at the home of Harry Gardner, on North Hanover street. Mr. Gardner is the master mechanic at the school and as a result of the arrangement the people of North Hanover street were given a fine musical treat.

At 8:30 the band took its position on the lawn in front of Mr. Gardner's residence and gave a choice concert. Hon. Theo. Cornman, (Democratic candidate for the Legislature) who was present thanked them in a brief and well turned speech and then all adjourned to the lawn in the rear of the house which was illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Here tables were placed and spread with the delicacies of the season. After this part of the exercises had received due attention, the band played several selections and said good-night.

—*Evening Sentinel.*

With this issue, the Ninth Volume of the INDIAN HELPER ends. While the circulation of the HELPER has far exceeded anything we hoped for when we began its publication nine years ago, we have had the courage of late to feel that if ten thousand people were interested enough to subscribe for the little paper there was no reason why twenty or thirty thousand should not be as much interested, if the paper were placed before them, and with a circulation of some 30,000 we could print on a very much better quality of paper, and have an occasional illustration. We shall never wish to enlarge, but would like to be able to use better paper. We are grateful to our many friends for their kind words of encouragement in the past and trust when the hard times are over we shall advance with the other business interests of the country and yet reach a much larger circulation than we now have. If each of the ten thousand would send but ONE SUBSCRIPTION immediately we would jump immediately to 20,000 and in no better way could our subscribers individually help the Indian cause to the extent of ten cents, for in our columns we try to spread practical truths concerning our red brethren and to disabuse the minds of the public of many false notions about the unfortunate red man, gained from misinformed philanthropists or Wild West nuisances.

Mrs. Joshua Given, of Chickasha, I. T., sends the sad news of the death of her only little girl, Uncamah. It has been just one year and four months since the death of her papa. A little son, two years and seven months of age is all that she has now, and she says her home is lonely indeed. Mrs. Given speaks of having had the pleasure of James Waldo to dinner on one of his recent trips to a near town. He was looking well and expressed a desire to attend school some where in the Territory.

We learn by letter from Miss Hunt that she has received an appointment at the San Carlos, Arizona, Government Indian School and is there now. She says she is pleased with the outlook although she feels rather far from home. She claims to have had a fine trip full of novel experiences for her. Morgan Toprock a former Carlisle student is a scout, and Parker West, another, is assistant issue clerk, at that Agency.

We learn by letter from Oneida, Wisconsin, that Miss Sarah Archiquette and Mr. Nelson Green, both Carlisle pupils, were united in marriage at the M. E. Church there recently. Mrs. Mary Wells, who is the author of the information says, "I attended the wedding and it was quite fine. Sarah looks happy and the very picture of good health."

No more of those ugly black stains which used to look as though there might be tobacco chewers around in the boys' quarters. The first visitor who deposits his filthy saliva in the halls or on the walks should be invited to leave.

Word from Phillip Lavatta says that there are several young people at his Agency in Idaho who wish to come to Carlisle, and he may return with eight or ten, if he gets the authority and disqualification.

Too wet for tennis.

The heat on Saturday was intense.

Behind the clouds the sun did shine.

Edward Peters has entered the printing office.

The meadow has been nearly full of water this week.

The worst weather in the world for the printer's rollers.

Did the Susan Longstreth Literary Society re-organize with the others last week?

Among the visitors last week was Robt. G. Eccles, M. D., of Brooklyn, editor of the *Popular Science News*.

Miss Elizabeth Hench favored the printing-office with a call on Friday and left a beautiful bunch of nasturtiums.

The girls may think that the grass plot they have to keep free from leaves is a big carpet to sweep, but it looks very nice which is much to their credit.

The Invincible and Standard Debating societies made a start for the new year on Friday evening. The names of officers elected will be given as soon as learned.

Miss Shaffner gave her King's Daughters, —the What-so-ever Circle, a little reception on Tuesday evening, which proved to be a very enjoyable occasion to all concerned.

Walter Kennedy, James Wheelock, Thos. Hanbury, Pressly Houk, Julia Jonas, Julia Elmore and Alice Parker were promoted this week from No. 10, to the Junior Class, and are greatly pleased over it.

It is said that Miss Hailman's method of teaching vocal music is arousing the interest of some of the teachers as well as pupils and the former take pleasure in practicing along with the class when Miss Hailman takes possession of the room for the singing period.

The game on Saturday between a nine from No. 12 school room and a picked nine from other rooms resulted in a score of 15 to 12 in favor of No. 12. We want to see No. 12 keep that far ahead in everything this year, but some of the other departments are going to make them run to do it.

A home-made Jinriksha, drawn by Adam Spring has afforded considerable amusement recently. He goes like the wind down the granolithic walks and shys like a young colt at all conceivable objects, while the occupant of the vehicle holds on for dear life.

Miss Cutter received this week the sad intelligence of quite a serious accident which befell her sister Miss Etta recently in Lee, Mass. With a lady friend she was driving a horse that shyed at a stone cutter, and 'brew both occupants out of the carriage. Miss Cutter was cut in the cheek so that the wound had to be stitched, her teeth were considerably shattered and she received numerous scratches and bruises, while her companion was badly bruised, but it is hoped not seriously injured. Miss Etta is Principal of a Young Ladies school at Buffalo, N. Y., and it is feared she will not be able to resume her duties for some time. She has many friends at Carlisle who sympathize with her in her present unfortunate situation.

The schools are already preparing for their first exhibition.

Mr. Spray has returned from his vacation visit in North Carolina, and is teaching temporarily in No. 11.

Mr. Palmer, graduate of Dickinson, is one of the Civil service appointees for this year and is in charge of No. 3 school.

Anthony Austin was sent on a business errand to bank and made the trip of a mile and back in 21 minutes and 39 seconds.

Several of the teachers have branched out and purchased new desks which add greatly to the comfort and appearance of their rooms.

Miss Weist and friends visited the grounds on Tuesday. She is to be Latin instructor at Metzger, this year, and is happy in her new position.

Nine girls and 18 boys have been admitted as pupils during the past week. Most of them are from Michigan, and were sent by Dr. Montezuma, who has been visiting the Chipewas. He is now among the Oneidas of Wisconsin.

"What is the matter with the cornet we hear frequently at meal time played by one of the teachers in the teachers' parlor?"

"O, it needs ventilating, that is all."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the air is bad, don't chew know?"

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, with their children Misses Sarah, Roxanna, Marion and Master Dick spent Sunday at the school. The three latter named were baptized in the school chapel on Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Alexander McMillan, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Carlisle.

The inspection party last Sunday morning was more than usually large, there being a number of strangers here. The quarters, especially the large boys' were in excellent order, and the boys and girls each standing at the foot of his and her bed had a pleasant "good morning" for all, looking content and satisfied as they have a right to be in such pleasant rooms.

Never did a healthier, happier lot of young people draw up in line than did the boys and girls who came in from country homes this week. They each carried in the countenance a kind of independence to be found in no other sort of experience than that which they passed through this summer, and besides they each had sufficient self-earned cash in pocket to make them feel comfortable and happy for some time to come.

One hundred and six girls and 134 boys, 240 in all returned from country homes this week to go to school here this winter. On Wednesday 60 others went out for the winter to go to country school with white children, making 153 in the country at present. Indian schools without an outing system are at a great disadvantage, as institution life KILLS the INDIVIDUALITY of a boy or girl. In proportion as the Indian schools are able to give to their boys and girls opportunity to get out alone into families of good standing and into the industries and business of our American civilization, are they really helpful to Indian growth and development, in the right direction.

A GOOD PLACE TO SEND SURPLUS BOOKS AND PAPERS.

In a private letter, Mrs. Campbell, of the Sisseton Government Indian School, of South Dakota, speaks feelingly but hopefully of some of the discouragements she and Mr. Campbell are having to meet in the surroundings and meagre equipments of the school to which Mr. Campbell was promoted as Superintendent from the disciplinarianship of our school, this Fall.

Mrs. Campbell, who was formerly musical directress of our school, says:

"These poor Indians!

How I do pity them!

They have nothing, absolutely nothing, to make life even bearable.

They have little bits of shanties built out in the open prairie (always away from the wagon roads and with the back of the house towards the road), with usually a tepee beside the house, in which they live during the summer in preference to their shanties; and I can not blame them, as I think they must be pleasanter to live in.

They have no amusements, no work to do, nothing.

My heart aches for them.

I do hope they will let their children come to school.

We want to make it so pleasant that they will want to send their children.

There is nothing here now for them. The only newspaper here now is the *Youth's Companion*, sent by Miss Rachel Jackson, of Lancaster! I was so pleased about it.

We want to have a reading room for the children.

Discarded old papers, old magazines, &c., pictures, cards, anything like that, will be so acceptable.

I will write to all my friends and if we don't get things it won't be my fault."

A later letter says that "the children are coming in and I am agreeably surprised to find them bright, intelligent little Indians. We hope to have everything working along smoothly very soon. Don, Herbert and Irene are as chippy and happy as can be, and Miss Noble seems to like it first rate."

Will Indian Students Please NOT Read!

Wonder if the Philadelphia *Press* has seen some of the funny work made by certain ambitious Indian students who sometimes labor to get big dictionary words into their letters and speeches without knowing how to use them. In writing a speech or letter, little easy words correctly used are the most forcible and show the best mind. The *Press* gives advice not to use big words in the following language, a correct solution of which written in good ordinary English the Man-on-the-band-stand would be gratified to see handed

by all the Indian students to their respective teachers, provided they heed not the request of the head-line and do read what they were asked not to:

DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency.

Eschew all conglomeration of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affections.

Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully.

Keep from slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say and do not use big words.

When is a chicken's neck like a bell?
When it is wrung for dinner.

Why are troubles like babies? Because they grow bigger by nursing them.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?
Nothing.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 3, 2, 2, 4 is the kind of meat, next to buffalo, that most of the old Indians like best.

My 3, 2, 7 is what some men do when they go to a horse-race.

My 1, 5, 6 is to make love.

My whole is the kind of animal which most of the weather this week would suit.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Politeness.

Courage to speak the truth is the liberty of liberty.

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