

THE INDIAN HELPER


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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1894.—

NO. 7.

THE LILIES.

HY is it we so often fret ourselves
With idle fears?
We know not what to-morrow's gift
shall be,
Or smiles or tears.

The snowy lilies are more wise than we:
They rest content.
To-day the pleasant task of being sweet
To them is sent.

And, if to-morrow's storms shall bow their
heads,
They do not grieve:
In Him whose tender hand created them
They still believe.

Then take to heart the lesson that they teach
Of loving trust,
Nor try to read the future's history
Before you must.

Dear Father, hold us close within thine arms
Of changeless love,
Until for us to-morrow's dawn shall break
In heaven above.

—MABEL P. CLAPP,
in *Christian Register*.

IT WAS NO FAULT OF THE INDIAN BOY.

One of our boys had discolored teeth.

"Why don't you clean your teeth?" asked
the kindly person in charge who was greatly
annoyed by the untidy habits of the boy.

"Have no tooth brush," he drawled.

The boy was a new comer and had not learned
Carlisle ways of speaking or of doing things.

"Well, here is a tooth-brush," said the inter-
ested person having obtained one from the
store near at hand. "I hope you will use it."

"'s ma'am," said the boy, backing out of
the room.

Next day came but the teeth were still dark
and repulsive looking.

"Did I not give you a brush to clean your
teeth with?" remonstrated the person in
charge as gently as was seemly.

"'s ma'am."

"But you have not done so; your teeth are
still very unsightly."

"Well, I scru-u-ubbed and scru-u-ubbed."
replied the boy as earnestly as his drawl would
permit "b-u-ut I ca-a-an't get it off."

The person in charge smiled pleasantly while
racking the brains for a remedy and then said:

"I have no tooth powder to give you, but if
you will take a stick and burn the end of it,
cut off the charred part and put it in a rag,
pound it until it is very fine and then brush
your teeth with that, I think the dark will all
come off."

"'s ma'am," replied the boy as he darted
down the hall.

Before many hours had passed the lad ap-
peared again at the door.

"Wi-i-ill this do?" said he holding up a
piece of fire wood with enough char-coal on
the end to scrub the teeth of the whole quar-
ters.

Greatly amused, the person in charge said
that it would, and gently repeated the direc-
tions to put some in a bag and pound it up.

Soon a great splashing was heard in the
bath room, and upon investigation, there was
our boy with head well over the bath tub
scrubbing with true Indian grit as hard as
the muscles of a great over-grown lad could be
made to serve him, while the tub, the floor,
the wall and everything in close proximity
were besmeared with black.

The boy with scarcely lips and gums enough
to tell the tale straightened up, and as he
laughed disclosed a set of teeth as dark as ever.

"It will require the skill of a dentist to re-
move the tartar from those teeth," said the
person in charge, and the boy was allowed to
go on his way for the present.

TWO LITTLE BOYS ALMOST TEMPTED.

"O, if they were mine, I'd pick every one."

"So would I."

"Isn't THIS one pretty," and then he stuck
his little nose into its petals to see if the beau-
tiful flower smelled as nicely as it looked.

"O, yes, and THIS one," and then HE took
a smell.

(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.

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.

Our subscribers can aid materially in increasing the circulation of our paper by sending us lists of names to whom we may send sample copies.

Belknap Fox, former pupil of Carlisle, now Agency teamster at Ft. Belknap, Montana, was married a few weeks since, and says he and wife are keeping house and getting along nicely.

We are ever grateful when informed of persons receiving duplicate copies of the HELPER. The mistake is easily made when subscribers are careless about telling us whether subscriptions sent are new or renewals.

For five subscriptions or renewals a 20-cent photograph is given. Don't you see how it is possible to make 40 cents on the dollar by sending us ten subscriptions and then selling the two photographs? Isn't it worth trying for?

Our Apache, Job Hunter Boy, is living at Kiowa Agency, Ok. Ty. Soon after he left Carlisle he joined the army and his name was changed to Jos. W. Hunter, and he held the position of Trumpeter of the 7th. Cavalry. He is now a policeman at the Agency, and writes that he saw Capt. and Mrs. Pratt there a few days ago.

An Army Officer Agent from a Northwest-ern Agency writes: "It is a very difficult matter, requiring the constant resort to force to keep the pupils in the school here. I can't help expressing my wonder at the effects of your teaching and training. The boy goes in a savage and comes out in features and manners a cultivated gentleman without any Indian characteristics."

Twenty cents on the dollar is a liberal offer, is it not, for a ten-cent paper. An enterprising school boy in the country might make many a penny during the noon hours or the recess periods by asking his little friends to subscribe. This offer is meant as well for renewals as for new subscriptions, and it would pay those who sent in large lists this time last year, to solicit renewals.

A package of the INDIAN HELPER will be sent FREE to any teacher whose name and address we can secure through kind friends or any means whatever. The object is to introduce our paper as supplementary reading more extensively to the youth of the land that they may come in touch with the Indian question and learn something of what our good government is doing for the elevation of the Indian race. We are prepared to distribute thousands of copies in this way. In fact if we could reach every school boy and girl in the United States we would send him or her one copy of the INDIAN HELPER free. The premium photographs which teachers might secure by sending us a few subscriptions would be interesting stories in themselves for the school-room wall.

The game of foot ball at Lancaster on Saturday afternoon between the Franklin and Marshall College eleven and the school eleven resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 28 to 18. Some of the college players put up an objectionable game in contrast to that of other teams we have played. In the first half Caswell made two touch downs from the wedge and Metoxen one through the line, Pierce kicking the goals. Franklin and Marshall scored six points in the first and 22 in the second half. Mr. Claudy, Indian School, referee; Mr. Wiley, Lafayette, umpire; and Mr. Bikle, Franklin and Marshall, linesman.

Eugene Tah-ka-peur, our Comanche citizen who has lived and voted in Mass., for several years since he left Carlisle, made the heart of his Carlisle teacher, Miss Cutter, happy this week, by sending her a barrel of splendid New England apples. A number of Eugene's friends have received a taste of the same through Miss Cutter's generosity. The same lady was made happy twice on hearing through Mrs. Pratt that Ki-h Hawkins (Class '89) has named his daughter, Emma, for her, and gives it the real New England aristocratic pronunciation.

Miss Anna Thomas fitly illustrates the advantage of an education to Indian girls. A native of one of the New Mexico pueblos, she has spent about twelve years in school at Carlisle and elsewhere, and for sometime past has been in the employ of the government. She formerly was assistant matron in the Moqui school but now occupies a similar position in the Navajo boarding school at Ft. Defiance.—[*Moqui Mission Messenger.*]

F. Nicolai is one of the foreign pupils of Dickinson College. He says in a business letter after a recent visit to our school: "As I wandered through the different class rooms, I certainly must acknowledge that the pupils are very busy and attentive, and several of the (Indian) young men with whom I have had the pleasure to become acquainted at Dickinson College, have in my opinion, manners of the most complete gentlemen."

We are informed that the Colorado River Agency Boarding school opened on the 15th. of October and at this date has ninety pupils enrolled, its full capacity. Prospects are good for the most successful school that has been taught at that agency.

Election over!

And the next day it didn't rain, but the next day it did.

Cold wave refreshing!

Transit of Mercury, to-morrow.

Tuesday was the coldest day, so far.

It is nearly time for the unsightly storm door.

The Democratic rooster droopeth his head just now.

The thrifty farmer is looking after his e-house these days.

Miss Hailman has gone to Washington, D. C., to see a very sick brother.

Thos. LeClair and Olive Yellow Face have seen their first type louse.

Guss Anee gave his fingers an accidental mashing in the press, yesterday.

The furious winds of last Saturday no doubt helped to clear the sky for election.

Many persons would subscribe for the HELPER, if you merely ASKED them.

Miss Weakly gave a very interesting description of the Bells of St. Michael, at one of the opening exercises of school.

Mrs. Margaret Murray and baby of Carlisle, were guests of Miss Nana Pratt, Thursday night, and Miss Cannon, Saturday night.

Boys, make your Christmas money by soliciting subscriptions for the HELPER. You may retain 20 cents on every dollar handed in.

Mr. Hudelson, former teacher from Indiana gives a friendly talk to our pupils, which we are printing in pamphlet form for their benefit.

Miss Paull was made happy this week by a little visit from her mother Mrs. Rebecca Paull, who with Mrs. P. Stoneroad also a guest, left on Tuesday for Vineland, N. J.

Bemos Pierce entertained the afternoon and Charles Buck, the morning school at opening exercises by descriptions of what they saw at Annapolis during their recent visit.

On Monday evening, Frank Shively was tendered a birth-day party by Miss Luckenbach in her room in the office building. Refreshments and a good time generally were enjoyed.

Mrs. Masten went to Philadelphia on Monday to visit a sick son. She was gone but a day, but even in that short time the teachers missed her kindly face in the dining-room. The cook in charge and the girls did admirably in her absence, however.

World's Fair days over again? We pass an unsightly old coal-shed in the rear of teachers' quarters. In one sleep we pass the spot again. Fence gone; coal-shed removed and in its place a beautiful evergreen tree of several years' growth stands bowing and smiling gracefully in the breezes.

The friends of Alex. Upshaw and Joe Martinez were rejoiced to see them walking in from the station the early part of the week. They had arrived from the Crow Agency, Montana, with five other pupils, sent to Carlisle by Dr. Montezuma, who has been in that vicinity for a time. The Dr. has now gone to other parts.

Mysterious ?'s.

Who can answer?

Who says *eyether*?

Who is so fond of apple-sauce?

Who stands up for Perry County?

Who *sometimes* forgets to return what he borrows?

What is the matter with Captain Caswell's potted plants?

Who has a lazy swing on his broom when he sweeps leaves?

Who received a pretty little French mouse all the way from Paris?

Who makes the best fried oysters in the world, and can't be beaten on waffles?

Who made those hair clippers, the first on record ever made by an Indian? Ask Mr. Harris.

Who will be blown up by one of the boys in the boiler house underneath the printing-office some of these days if he doesn't attend to his business better?

Who arranged the plants in the girls' quarters reading room to look so cheerful and pretty from the outside, especially when the electric light is on?

The lights and shadows on the foliage of the mountain sides, never played more beautifully than on Saturday last, and never did the North Mountain seem so close, such was the peculiar condition of the atmosphere.

On Saturday evening, Miss Cutter entertained her morning class of Seniors. Mind-reading, conundrums, games, and refreshments were the features of the evening. The afternoon class have brilliant anticipations for to-morrow night.

Yesterday morning on the early train, Capt. and Mrs. Pratt arrived from the Kiowa and Comanche country, Oklahoma, bringing with them four boys and four girls. Three are children of the Comanche Chief, Quannah Parker of Southwestern celebrity.

Prof. Burleigh Parkhurst, who is giving a course of lectures on art in town, gave an interesting talk to the afternoon pupils on Monday. We often have such treats, thanks to our favorable location in a college town, the educational center of a large section.

Messrs O. L. Von Niede, of Ephrata and H. E. Steinmetz, and Rev. M. E. Bachman, of Clay, Pa., were interested visitors yesterday. The latter is a brother-in-law of Mr. J. A. Ressler, who formerly taught here. All expressed themselves as highly pleased with the work of the school.

"Dis. turtle and tie up head," would be a curious and meaningless sentence outside of our print shop, but the apprentice who read the direction on the regular detail sheet understood without difficulty that he was to distribute the article entitled "The Turtle," but was not to distribute the heading, which was to be tied up and put away for future use. When Jack Standing read his detail the other day, however, he hardly knew what to do, for it read—Jack, fly, which only meant that he was to receive the papers as the fly bars on the large press delivered them after each impression. He very soon "flew," though.

(Continued from the first page.)

"Here are some on the ground. I think we might take these, don't you?"

"Ye-e-e-s. THEY belong to nobody."

And the two wee boys from the small boys' quarters who stood by the beautiful chrysanthemum bed at the corner of the office building, never dreamed that every word from their little mouths was accidentally heard by some ladies on the upper balcony, whose motherly hearts were made glad because the boys proved themselves to be HONEST little Indian boys and did not take what did not belong to them.

The Man-on-the-band-stand regards it as quite a remarkable circumstance that a bed full of the loveliest of Fall flowers stands there unmolested among hundreds of nature's children.

HOW TO LEARN ENGLISH.

"habits means anything, its or bad man," wrote one of the boys in his school exercise, and he is not classed among the beginners, either. The power to use correct English is something we all very much desire, but to get that power we must practice, and practice and practice over and over and over again and again and again the LITTLE EASY SENTENCES, and let the large words go. To use BIG words in a sentence where the small words are not properly arranged makes of us a laughing-stock. Even some of the pupils in the advanced classes who can speak little or no Indian make the same mistake of trying to use big words before they are able to speak or write correctly the most commonplace easy sentences in every day use. Never get tired of being corrected, and never get tired of repeating what your teacher sees is necessary for you to repeat, and you will certainly overcome all language difficulty.

AND SO DO THE INDIANS.

"Mr. Weber, in your work of steam fitting and engineering you have had experience with white apprentices. Do you find any difference between the white apprentice and the Indian?" asked one especially interested in the latter.

"No difference. If any, indeed the Indian is better than the white," replied Mr. Weber.

"In what way?"

"Well, they pay better attention. A white boy is more apt to laugh and make fun, and have his mind on other things."

The interlocutor smiled and said: "And so do the Indians, sometimes."

HE BELONGED TO '91.

Charlie Dagenett, Class '91, and wife Esther (Miller) class '89, are now at Crow Creek, South Dakota, the former in the capacity of teacher of the Agency boarding school, he having successfully passed the Civil Service examination in August. Miss Ida Johnson, for a short time a Carlisle pupil, Stacy Matlack, class '90, and Wm. Tygar, class '94, took the examination at the same time. The former has since received an appointment at Chilocco. When Mr. Dagenett first went home to Indian Territory he went into the newspaper business and became editor and business manager of *The Chief*. After he and Esther were married she became quite proficient as a typesetter, he says, "doing a great deal of work on the paper."

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER DOG?

The unique question asked by Chauncey Yellowrobe, the other evening in Chapel to illustrate the truth that it was futile to attempt to spread the Gospel in an Indian camp when the Indians were at war with the Government, is well worth preserving. He cited the time of the Custer Massacre, within his own recollection, and asked: "If two dogs were feeding near each other and you should attempt to drive the one away, what would the other be doing?" and left his audience to draw the natural inference.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters:

My 5, 7, 8 is twenty-hundred weight.

My 4, 3, 2, 2 is a prisoner's home.

My 5, 6, 1, is what most Indian boys as well as others like to have nice.

My whole excited some Indians as well as white men last week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
John Greenleaf Whittier.

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