

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1895.—

NO. 33.

## SUNSHINE.

**B**OTTLE the sunshine up my dears,  
And lay it safe away,  
Hammer the cork in good and tight,  
Keep for a rainy day.  
For clouds will come and showers fall,  
And earth and sky look sad,  
Then fling the cherry rays about,  
And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up my dears,  
Sweet temper lay away;  
Carry through life a smiling face,  
And let your heart be gay.  
There's sorrow plenty in the world,  
And strife and bitter pain,  
So line the clouds with golden beams,  
And sing a glad refrain.

## CAUGHT IN A LIE.

"It does not pay to lie," said a returned farm boy who had been trying his hand at deceiving his new employer.

"What's the matter? What have you been trying to lie about?" asked his companion.

"O, I wanted good pay, so I thought I'd tell the man that I got \$15 a month last year."

"And didn't you?"

"No! I only got 8 dollars. Of course it didn't take the man long to find that out. The first question he asked after I told him was 'Where did you work last year?'"

"And you had to tell?"

"Certainly, but I never thought that he would know that man, for he lives so far away, but all he had to do was to write to him and of course I was caught."

"That's bad, I declare," said his companion.

"I realize it now," said the boy. "I did not think far enough ahead or I never would have disgraced myself in this way. I feel so MEAN and CHEAP! Just think of it! The office here knows of my lie. My former employer knows of it and the man I tried to work with this year, knows it. It seems to me every body under the sun knows it. They all seem

to say to me 'there goes a liar.' I never saw such a thing to stick to a person, as a lie is!"

"There's one thing about it, old chum," said his companion encouragingly. "You feel badly enough, and if you never tell another I believe you will live this down. It is true as you said, it really does not pay to tell a lie. The person who lies is ALWAYS spotted, even if he doesn't know it himself. Those brazen fellows who hand in clean records on tobacco when they have been using it, are all spotted. Every one of them is known, but they don't know they are known, and will not find it out perhaps till one of these days when a chance for an Indian boy to fill a place of trust with good pay comes up, then one of the liars who is foolish enough to think that he is not known may go to the office for a recommendation, and if he does not get it, it may then dawn upon him that the reason he does not get it is that he is a liar. That is the time it will hurt him far more than the tobacco he used."

## O, TO BE THE WIFE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF!

The sick and aged among the Indians, especially among those who rove from place to place, are a great hindrance in the camp.

Hence the wife of an Indian chief who lies ill for many months sometimes meets with death by violent means.

Such instances, known to the writer in the old hunting days of the Indians, were not infrequent.

They came after the powwows of the medicine man had failed to effect a cure.

But a wife thus lost was mourned for by the husband as much as if she had died a natural death.

Melinda Porter seems to appreciate her country home. She says "It is beautiful to be here with the flowers, and I like my work very much."



# 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.

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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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.

The teachers claim it is as hard work to teach the small number who do not go to the country but remain here for the summer, as it is when the rooms are full.

We hear that Ida Bluejacket, who returned to her home in Indian Territory last summer, was married last week to a Mr. Wade. We extend our congratulations.

William Baird, '92, of Oneida, Wis., closes a business note with the following encouraging words: "I have been very busy since I had my own shop. How much I have to thank Carlisle Indian School for what it has done for me." William was one of Mr. Harris' pupils in the blacksmith shop, and was an excellent workman. Mr. Harris can look with pride to a number of his boys occupying good positions and earning good wages.

The Contrast photographs of one of the graduates of '95, cabinet size, are two of the most taking pictures we ever had on sale. One shows a young man as he arrived when about sixteen years of age, in blanket, eagle-feathers and moccasins, and the other as he looked when he graduated, this winter.

The young man's name and tribe are given on the photographs. They are sold for 20 cents each, but for 39 cents we will send the INDIAN HELPER free to any address in the United States and Canada, and the pictures. Or the pictures free to one sending us TEN subscriptions.

Thomas Jackson has gone to his far-away Alaskan home, having been with us for about six months. In the short time here he has learned something of printing and engineering. Thomas is a sturdy, well-meaning young man, but having only reached 4th grade, with 6 more ahead of him before he could graduate, he is not at all prepared for the usefulness that such a manly, good-hearted, strong-bodied young man as he is, should be capable of. His many friends at Carlisle will hope to hear of his going to school again where he will have as good advantages as he enjoyed here, or better if he can find them.

There is one thing that the Carlisle student enjoys over the students of some other schools, and even over some in private families. The Carlisle student's private letters are not disturbed. Carlisle believes in freedom of thought. There is a monthly letter which must be written by each student to his or her home. This is a part of the school exercise, and these letters are read by the respective teachers, but in addition to these the students are free to write and receive letters. The boy or girl in a school who feels that every letter he or she receives or sends is read by those in authority must necessarily be cramped in thought and purpose.

Two of our bicycle riders, tiring of the monotony of riding around the walks at the school, concluded to venture into the wide world. The other evening they started out and when about a mile from town, a sharp stone took all the wind out of one of the tires of the gentleman's wheel. All his efforts to repair it proved unavailing and they had to walk back to town to have it repaired, thus spoiling what promised to be a pleasant ride. Like true Carlisleers however, they will not be daunted by mishaps but will try it again at the first favorable opportunity.

Mary Barada writes that she has a lovely home in the country. It is very natural for her, however, to sometimes wish she was with her friends at Carlisle, as she says she does, but Mary is one of those sensible young women who knows how to appreciate a good situation when she has it.

As *The Red Man* is only fifty cents a year, it is within the reach of all the HELPER subscribers. The contents of *The Red Man* cover the whole Indian field, while the HELPER is mainly a letter about our school, so both papers are needed to keep in touch with the Indian question.

Now that steam is no longer furnished the printing office from the lower regions—the steam plant—the familiar queries of "How's your fire?" "How's your water?" and "How many pounds of steam have you?" are heard and the engineer is obliged to hustle for wood and coal.

Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel have been sojourning in Brooklyn for a week. Mr. Beitzel is so closely tied to his desk that a little change was welcome. During their absence, they visited New York City, Coney Island and Springfield, Mass., Mr. Beitzel being a delegate to the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. held at the last named place.

We see by one of the Indian Territory papers that Hon. Ellis B. Childers, a former student of Carlisle, is the Union nominee for Chief of the Creek nation. We wish him success.

It might be supposed that the little girls who have gone to the country for the summer, would feel lonesome and homesick, but from all accounts they are all pleased with the change.

Helen Patterson has gone to her home in New York.



Getting warmer.

The cool wave *was* a cool one.

Straw hats are not yet general.

There is a wealth of fruit blossoms.

Our boys play Gettysburg to-morrow.

James Hill is nursing a sprained wrist.

The young onions are coming on finely.

The steam man is again on duty since the cool wave.

The trees planted on Arbor Day are all doing nicely.

Some of our girls wield a tennis racket quite skilfully.

A number of the normal pupils have entered the Art Class.

The painters have begun on the spring-suits for the buildings.

The festive cyclone may now be looked for at unexpected intervals.

The person who took off flannels before the cool wave made a mistake.

Sarah Pratt has gone back to her Steelton home after a pleasant little visit at Carlisle.

Miss Shaffner spent a day or two in Chester and Montgomery counties on business for the school.

The Commencement Exercises at the Hampton, Normal Institute, Va., will take place next week.

George Buck, '95, has returned from Bucks County, and expects to go home to Montana, shortly.

Lieut. Friederici, from the province of the Rhine, Germany, was one of the visitors of the week.

Some of the boys have resurrected the football and are playing some lively games these cool evenings.

Joe Spanish is in from the country for a brief period. He has made for himself a good country record.

Miss Grace Peter, who has been spending a week with her sister at the school, has returned to her home in Chicago.

Siceni Nori played third base for Dickinson in the game with Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg on Wednesday.

The small boy bound for the country with straw hat and a big overcoat, was one of the comical sights of the week.

Mrs. Thompson received the sad intelligence from Albany that her father is very ill, and left yesterday for that city.

John Leslie went with his camera for a day or two this week to take a few views of boys and girls in their country homes.

Prof. Bakeless' sister, to whose dying bed in Sunbury he was summoned last week, died on Saturday. The Professor is still at the sad home.

Misses Cummins, Silcot, Hulme, Weekly, Grace and Fannie Peter spent Saturday at Gettysburg in going over that celebrated battlefield.

Messrs Levi St. Cyr and Harry Kohpay accompanied the base-ball team to Philadelphia on Saturday and stayed over Sunday at the Educational Home.

Study hour commences at 7:30 now.

Mr. Weber's house is getting a new coat of paint.

Cora Snyder is assisting in the work at the office.

Who was the senior that said the lever was a wedge?

Flora Campbell returns to the Presbyterian Hospital to-day.

Jesse Davis, Philip Pratt, and Mary Morrison are in from the country.

Miss Peter assisted in the office work during the absence of Mr. Beitzel.

The tennis courts are being used some, although they need re-marking.

Edward Marsden writes that he expects to stop at the school next week on his way to New York.

A box containing samples of the work of our shops, was shipped to the University of Tennessee at Knoxville on Wednesday.

We have printed new premium lists, which we will be pleased to send to any one desiring to get up clubs for THE INDIAN HELPER or *The Red Man*.

We learn that Delia Randall, though lonely at first, enjoys her work at the New Haven Hospital, and is doing well.

Two more parties of boys and girls have gone to country homes since the last issue of the HELPER. There are between four and five hundred out just now for the summer.

Miss Elizabeth Wind, second trained nurse at the hospital, was sent to Hattie Eagle Horn's country home near Philadelphia, on Monday, to bring Hattie back to the school.

Several blasts of rock from a small quarry the other side of the spring in the meadow were thrown over the printing-office, and landed near the big cistern. Woe to the person who had been standing just there at the time!

The Carlisle Athletic Club of Carlisle crossed bats with the Second nine on the School grounds last Saturday. The score stood 8 to 3 in favor of the Indians in the fourth inning, when the game was broken up by a dispute over a decision of the umpire.

Miss Barr said she saw Frank Shively when in Philadelphia last week and he looks well and fat. This is remarkable when it is remembered how very low he was for several weeks. It was Frank who had an operation performed at the Medico-Chirurgical for appendicitis.

It is said that "General John Sanborn's crack team", (a name given in a recent school colloquy, could have done better work than the first nine did at Philadelphia last Saturday, in a game with the Pennsylvania University team. The Indians played poor ball. The "Varsity" team did not shut them out, however, but a score of 41 to 4 in favor of Philadelphia is almost equal to a shut-out. There is no explanation. Our boys seemed dazed from the first and simply could not play. Had they done as well as they did at Harrisburg or York, our team would ——— but the least said about it the better.



## MORE THAN ONE WAY TO ASK A QUESTION.

"What is your age?" asked a farm patron of his new Indian boy who had a very limited knowledge of English.

No answer; blank looks.

"I say, what is your age, my boy," going close and putting his hand on the boy's head.

"Age — age — I dun know, sir," said the boy in much perplexity.

Just then a friend who had had more experience with Indian boys stepped up and said:

"Why don't you ask him how *old* he is?"

"Never thought of that," said the farmer, and turning to the boy again, asked very gently:

"My boy, how old are you?"

The boy brightened up and immediately answered:

"Sixteen years old, sir."

## KING'S DAUGHTERS CONVENTION.

Forty-nine of our girls who are spending the summer in country homes near Philadelphia attended the State Convention of King's Daughters which met in that city last week on Wednesday and Thursday. They were joined by a party of five others who went directly from the school thus swelling the delegation to fifty-four. They were cordially received and were introduced to the convention in a body, when by request they sang, "Nearer my God to Thee." Addresses were given by Emma Johnson, Fleety Payne, Miss Rosa Bourassa and Miss Shaffner. The girls' quartette also sang a selection of sacred music. Portions of these addresses with an account of the proceedings of the convention will appear in the May number of the *Red Man*.

## WHERE IS THE LOGIC?

Many a man who has come to public notice through great deeds and good works sprang from the backwoods. He would still be in the back woods held down by local superstition and customs to the narrow range of thought and advantages of a back woods community, had he not been encouraged when a youth to pull away from those conditions and to GET OUT into the light and life of the world.

If this is true of the white man, whose lowest state is considered above that of the savage, how much more true it must be of the Indian who has been bound for generations to tribal superstitions of a deeper and more damaging nature.

Still there are intelligent people of to-day occupying places of influence and power who would keep the Indian confined to the reservation and waste public money in trying to educate him out of his low condition by keeping him IN IT.

## PERSONAL HABITS AND DRESS.

### DON'T! DON'T!! DON'T!!!

Having finished the Table of Don'ts found in our little book of Don'ts, we will now take up a series found in the same little book under the head of Personal Habits and Dress. The last was Number 21.

22. Don't neglect personal cleanliness.

23. Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

24. Don't neglect the FINGER-NAILS. Many persons neat in other particulars carry blackened finger-nails. This is disgusting.

## OF WHAT USE IS EDUCATION ANYWAY?

The half-respectable bloat who, lounging in an easy chair, with feet upon the table, puffing a cigar between his guzzling of beer, dreams amid the rings of smoke and says yawningly to his neighbor, Of what use is it to educate the Indian anyway, he goes directly back to the blanket the first chance he gets? might better take a look at his own beastial face in the glass and ask himself, Of what use is it to educate the WHITE boy anyway, he goes to the saloon the first chance he gets, or becomes a half-respectable guzzler in a fashionable club-house, with aims a little higher than the best brand of imported beer and a ten cent cigar?

## OLD PUZZLES.

A word of ten letters: I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

"From 6 take 9; from 9 take 10;

From 40 take 50, and six will remain!"

To these six vertical lines add five in such a way as to make nine.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Pyramid Lake.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year FREE will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada.

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