

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. X.

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NO. 36

JUNE.



HE world is in June, and it ripples in rhyme—
June! Sweetheart of Life and own darling of
Time.

The Year, with glad laughter, plays truant to
Death.

Goes back so near Eden she catches its breath,
And follows that airy old fashion of Eve's,
And rustles abroad in an apron of leaves!
She holds her cheek long to the kiss of the sun,
Days widen and warm like some volume begun,
Narrow night like a ribbon just marking the page
Where some eloquent thought shall last out the age.
Every bush has a blossom, a bee, or a bird,
A beauty to blow or a hum to be heard—
Battalions of legs, all eyes or all stings,
And billions of monsters, mosquitos and "things,"
And needles like cherubs, with nothing but wings.

—B. F. Taylor.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.

"I enclose a dime to renew my subscription to the HELPER," says an interested subscriber in a recent letter. "I wish," he continues, "I could send you a hundred names, and if 'I were just as young as I used to be, I would make an effort and perhaps be successful. 'Lo, the poor Indian' is a common expression but it is to be hoped that he may gain a HIGH position in the not distant future."

The good families in the vicinity of the home of our friend and in other neighborhoods of the East who take the Indians in and treat them as members of the family, without petting, without spoiling, without making them think that they are different from any other people, that they are not physically able to do this kind of work and have not the mental ability to do that, but who by actual association, constant expectation, and unceasing demand, work with them and thus by example and precept supplant the old Indian in them with common sense, courage, manhood and independence, are doing more to give to our red brethren that HIGH position spoken of in the above letter than all the other forces and agencies together at work in their pretended effort to lift up to a higher plane the reservation mass.

There are nearly 500 Carlisle pupils now in families getting this essential experience, and

THEY are the ones who are going to "in the not distant future" ride above the sickly sentiment of "Lo! The poor Indian."

DICTIONARY ENGLISH.

The pupils between the third and tenth grades of an Indian school are very apt to become voracious students of the dictionary.

At this period of their student life they love to venture out alone on the sea of language, and where a dictionary word can be brought in in their school exercises or letters they will use it instead of the common every day word, notwithstanding the encouragement from the teacher is all in the line of the simplest correct form of expression.

Like a bicycle rider, however, it would not do to never venture alone even though he may meet with falls by the way and run the risk of being laughed at, so it is thought best not to hold too tight a rein in this particular.

For instance:

A few days ago, one of this class of students described his feelings by saying he was "sick in his gible's," having learned by dictionary that giblets ments heart, liver, etc., and the letter containing other errors to be corrected this one was allowed to pass.

THE YORK GAMES.

On Decoration Day the school nine played two games of ball with the Y. M. C. A. team at York, Pa. The score by innings of the morning game stood as follows:

York Y. M. C. A.	0	1	4	0	0	2	1	0	0	—8
Carlisle Indians.	0	2	0	2	5	2	0	0	x	—11

Afternoon Game

Carlisle Indians.	0	1	2	0	0	3	0	2	—8
York Y. M. C. A.	2	0	4	0	0	1	0	1	—8

Everything favored the Indians in the afternoon when they were obliged to stop and run for the train.

On the following Saturday the school team played Lafayette at Easton and were stopped at the fifth inning by rain, when the score stood 1 to 0 in favor of Lafayette.

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.

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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.

Fleety Payne loves "dear old Carlisle," to use her own language, but she says she has a nice home in the country and is well and satisfied.

Helen Patterson says, "O, dear, I feel as though I would just as soon part with my right arm as to part with the little HELPER." She is improving in health daily while out in the country, she thinks.

Jessie Spreadhands, who left for her home but a few months ago, writes cheerfully. She is employed in the Darlington, Oklahoma, Government Boarding school. She first took a position in the sewing room, but is now in charge of girls at an advanced salary. She has met a number of returned Carlisle students, and says she was glad to see them and they were very glad to see her and hear about Carlisle.

Every few days this last of the school year, small parties of our students are leaving for the west, their five years' limit for which they came to Carlisle having expired. A number whose time is out are remaining longer in order to graduate. Many no doubt will return to finish the course. Among others who left this week were Chas. Buck, William Leighton, Jos. Spanish, Pennington Powell, Narcisse Benway, Mary Shane, Amy Shane, Mary Morrison, Henry Old Eagle, and Ben American Horse. The points of destination are Montana and Dakota.

Rev. Dr. Brown, father of Mrs. Given, is with us. Dr. Brown has many friends at the school, formed when he made his home here with Dr. Given's family some years ago. Although a gentleman of over eighty he retains the mental vigor of young manhood, a retentive memory and is a charming conversationalist. On his way East from Holton, Kansas, where his home now is, he attended the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. An over strain of committee work and the heat of a few days ago wearied him almost to illness but we are glad to report that he is fast recovering his natural self.

Last Sunday's after-supper scene: Groups of coatless boys here and there resting 'neath the large trees of the campus, some comfortably sprawling at full length looking up into the cloudless sky and fanning themselves with their hats; lively groups of white-aproned girls in pretty contrast to nature's green upon which they sat, happily humming, laughing and talking or idly gazing into the dim distance; hammocks full of babies swinging to the tune of nurse maids; a half dozen visiting tots in short dresses skipping on the lawn or innocently jumping hand in hand the croquet wickets which were accidentally left standing over Sunday; teachers in easy chairs in the middle of the campus reading or talking; merry but dignified promenaders linked arm in arm passing quietly to and fro on the clean walks; bees buzzing, robins chirping, distant voices singing hymns, altogether producing a living picture never to be forgotten.

It is a well-known fact that in some rural districts, the majority of the inhabitants are woefully ignorant. Our boys and girls who have access to libraries and reading rooms, who are entertained frequently by lectures of a high character and have opportunities to mingle with educated people, are quick to notice when their white associates are behind the times. The Indian may not be able to express himself in good English, but he is generally wide awake and knows more than he shows. A letter just received from a country boy says: "I never found such ignorant people as there are here, they have no interest in reading and studying." Care is taken to place our students with intelligent people, but we sometimes make a mis-hit and then receive testimony that in some respects the Indians by example teach the whites.

One never knows how his actions are going to come back upon him. It may be a long time before a noble deed is heard from or an unworthy act returns to make one ashamed. This week a letter comes from a stranger in Ohio, who has a friend who knows Miss Minnie Yandall, class '94, who is at Ft. Lapwai, Idaho teaching. The writer of the letter says, "When I told my friend that Miss Yandall had been at Carlisle, she replied; 'It seems to have made quite a lady out of Miss Yandall as she is so good and smart.'" So in this instance, the impression was a good one.

A bicycle ridden by a stout lady on the grounds is called a Texas steer, because it has such wide, old-fashioned handle bars; notwithstanding which the stout lady manages to steer it in pretty fair fashion, but when it is dubbed a freight train on account of the rattle of the chain it nearly throws her off her balance. To break this spell Mr. Harris mended the brake so there is no more necessity for her to break her neck in riding down hill through the brakes, at break of day.

Handsomely (Bailey, Banks and Biddle) engraved invitations to the Commencement Exercises at Marietta College were received this week by the friends of Edward Marsden, Alaskan Indian, who is a member of class ninety-five of that great institution of learning.

The month of roses.

The Red Man is mailing.

Is it 'Shortberry strawcake'?

Commencement week at Dickinson.

The don'ts on the last page are worth reading.

"O, for a wheel," sigh several of the teachers.

Mosquitoes are beginning to present their bills.

Peter Oscar left yesterday for his home in Montana.

Mr. Dandridge has been on the sick list for a few days.

Miss Lillian Went has returned to her home in Sunbury. In other words Miss Lillian Went.

Josephine Smith, Katie Highwolf, Maggie Old Eagle and Nellie Eagle Child left for Dakota on Tuesday evening.

We have had numerous distinguished visitors during the week on account of Dickinson College Commencement.

If we are more interested in doing our work RIGHT than we are in the pay we are to get we shall be more apt to succeed.

Alpha Scott, Allie Blaine, Regina Creegirl Lucy Enterlodge and Julia Crawford left for their Montana homes last week.

An addition to the teachers' kitchen and enlarged facilities for cooking are needed improvements that are now in progress.

Call and get your HELPER address changed before you go home, so you will get news of Carlisle, weekly and without delay.

In the days of summer short help, we catch up whoever is ready to lend a hand at folding. Miss Flora Campbell assisted last week.

Miss Wolfe who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Spray for a few days, returned to her duties as trained nurse in Phila., on Tuesday.

Alex. Upshaw is now the first officer in charge of the small boys, while Jos. Martinez takes his place as Janitor of the school building.

Pressly Houk, Jos. Cobell, Eddie Crane, and Thos. Guardipee left Wednesday night for the far west. Some of them will return in the Fall.

On Wednesday, Commencement Exercises proper at Dickinson were attended by nearly all of our teachers as well as the Juniors and Seniors.

Mrs. Thomas is the second to take her annual leave. She will visit friends in New York State and go to Michigan before her thirty days expire.

Miss Rebecca Henderson, of The Oaks, Carlisle, with Miss E. W. Weems of Baltimore and Miss Warner of Washington, were among the visitors on Tuesday.

Misses Nana Pratt and Shaffner started off in good spirits on Friday morning last for their long journey to Iceland. A message from New York that their state room was secured and they were enjoying themselves on deck, Saturday morning before starting seaward, is the last we shall hear until the *Campania* arrives at Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowne, of Mt. Holly, were guests of Miss Hulme, yesterday.

We are blessed with an abundant supply of pure, cool cistern water for drinking. Many prefer it without ice, and the hydrant water is rarely ever drunk.

A meeting was held on the lawn last Sunday evening, Miss Hamilton leading. Many took part and it was altogether a pretty and impressive service.

Adam Fox has Henry Oldeagle's place as mail boy, and Paul Hayne is one of the carriers. Both young gentlemen are making good records as to business ability and time.

Misses Cummins and Cochrane are doing office work for a few days to help with the mountains of correspondence connected with the placing of pupils in suitable homes.

On Tuesday evening a number from the school listened to a masterly address by Charles Emory Smith, before the united literary societies of Dickinson College, held in Bosler Hall.

When one has to work in a disagreeably warm place it is a good plan to pity the people who have to stay in a hotter place. It is astonishing how cool one gets after such a thought.

Mr. V. G. Tressler, of Chicago, Ill., who has been visiting his birthplace in Perry County, was a visitor this week. He is greatly interested in educational work and seemed pleased with his visit here.

An encouraging letter from William Tivis, '90, has been received. Tivis lives at Anadarko, Oklahoma, and has the credit of being a sturdy well-to-do man. He knows how to take care of himself.

Dr. Alice M. Seabrook, of Philadelphia, formerly of the Carlisle corps of workers, is a guest of Miss Anthony, in town. The latter was also formerly of our force. They together visited the school yesterday.

The band on account of the absence of many of its prominent members has been obliged to refuse several desirable requests from outside parties, among others an invitation to play at the Metzger Lawn Reception to be given on the 19th.

The New Kingston ball players and the 2nd nine of the school crossed bats on the afternoon of Decoration Day, which resulted in a score of 15 to 25 in favor of the Indians. In the morning the Battalion won a game from the Printers by a score of 10 to 8.

Howard Gansworth, one of our Dickinson College Preparatory students was among the home-goers, this week. He intends spending the summer at his home in New York State where he will work for the wherewithal to help meet his College expenses next year.

The weather has been stifling, but who are blessed more than we with our lovely large shade-trees, our acres upon acres of cool grass, our brick buildings with wide balconies, and our comfortable airy sleeping rooms? In the crowded cities millions are panting for breath, and on the plains where few shade trees grow, and the glare of the hot sunlight adds to the discomfort of dry winds,—well—we know what it is to be there.

INDIANS SEE THE HUMOROUS SIDE.

Many who have attended county fairs have observed on one side of the grounds the too frequent gambling den in the guise of innocent amusement. A favorite catch in these later years has been the disgraceful throwing of a ball to hit a Negro posed at a certain distance, the thrower being rewarded with a cigar if successful in hitting the figure.

Merely to show that the Indian is observing and as quick as others to see similitudes and the ridiculous side of a thing we give the following little incident:

The other day on our ball ground an Indian was pitching the ball and there was one, who is part negro, running bases.

By some mishap of the pitcher the ball hit the negro-Indian on the head nearly knocking him down, so great was the force of it.

There was a deep silence for a moment as it was feared the runner was seriously hurt, but the fact was soon revealed that he was only stunned.

The first to break the silence was a great stalwart Indian seated on the hay-wagon viewing the game, who called out:

"Give that pitcher a cigar."

The silent crowd was immediately convulsed, the words coming as they did from one who but a few years ago had never seen a baseball, and could not have spoken the name in English to save his life.

OH, DON'T!!!

31. Don't spit upon the floor. People with bronchial or lung diseases are compelled to expectorate, but no one should discharge matter of the kind in public places. Spitting upon the floor ANYWHERE is inexcusable. One should not even spit upon the sidewalk, but go to the gutter for the purpose. One must not spit into the fire-place nor upon the carpet, hence the English rule is for him to spit into his handkerchief.

32. Don't whistle where you may annoy some one.

33. Don't have the habit of grinning at nothing. Smile or laugh when there is occasion to do either, but at other times keep your mouth shut and your manner composed. People who laugh at everything are commonly capable of nothing.

THE INDIAN HELPER is the name of a weekly letter published by the Indian Boys at the Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa., that has been making regular trips to the editor of *The Photo* for some time. It is a little sheet that

is mighty interesting, for several reasons chief among which is the one that it takes life as it is and by its teachings tries to elevate and ennoble. Judging by its tone and the various news items concerning its students a great work is being done at Carlisle, a work that will bear fruit in the years to come. We desire to thank the kind friend who is sending the HELPER.—[*The Blanchard* (Iowa) Photo.]

THE INDIAN WAY OF CATCHING SALMON.

The Indian manner of catching salmon on the upper reaches of the rivers Fraser and Thompson is interesting.

A pole is notched on the end, and then slit sufficiently to allow of a sharpened toggle being tightly fitted in the cut, a string being run through a hole before placing it through the groove.

When the salmon, passing thickly, close to the bank, on their way to the spawning grounds, are running up the creek, those improvised means of capture are jabbed into them, the toggles remaining in their bodies, when the strings are used to whip them out, landing the fish on the bank, where the Klootchmen (the Chinook Indian term for women) deftly split them open along the back and extract the bones.—[*Ex.*]

Carry a lemon in the pocket while in the hay or harvest field, and take a little of the juice occasionally. It will quench the thirst. One should not drink too much water when overheated.

Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 13, 15, 4, 1, 2 is a mountain ravine.

My 16, 8, 14, 11, 3, 12 is the name given to people living under one Government.

My 9, 10, 3, 7 is to exhibit.

My 5, 4, 15, 7 is to increase.

My 4, 15, 6 is a part of a fish.

My whole is a name well known in American history, the latter part of which is better known to all the Indians than any other English word.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Grover Cleveland.

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