

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.*

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1895.—

NO. 37.

## NOT I.

### LEADER



WHO will be drunkards, by and by?  
Let each boy shout.

### BOYS

Not I! Not I!  
A drunkard's death I will never die,  
In a drunkard's grave I will not lie.

### ALL

Not I! Not I!  
I'll work, I'll try  
To have no drunkards by and by.

### GIRLS

How will the dreadful ranks be filled  
When those poor drinking men are killed?  
Who are the boys now growing up  
To sink their souls in the shameful cup?

### BOYS

Not I! Not I!  
I'll teach, I'll try  
To have no drunkards by and by.

### GIRLS

Who will be guilty, by and by,  
Of taking barley, corn and rye,  
Even the wheat, that makes our bread,  
And making it into poison instead?

### ALL

Not I! Not I!  
I'll vote, I'll try  
To have no drunkards by and by.

MRS. L. G. McVEAN.

## APACHES NOT BEHIND.

### The Man-on-the-band-stand Interviews the School Mother of the Little Boys.

"Your number seems to be quite small just now," said the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"Yes," replied the school mother of the little boys, to whom he addressed his remark. "In the winter, we have in these quarters over a hundred of the smallest boys, many of whom have now gone a hundred miles east to live in families for the summer."

"Do they like to go?"

"They are clamorous to go as Spring opens."

"Do they get paid for their work?"

"Yes, indeed. Although small, some are

earning as high as \$12 a month. Some receive only five or six dollars, while a few are too small to earn more than their board. They are as proud of their earnings as can be, and it makes them independent and happy, while the change of air and occupation builds them up physically."

"Have you any Apache boys with you?" inquired the Man-on-the-band-stand further.

"O, yes, quite a number."

"Well, is it true that they are harder to get along with than the others?"

"Not at all."

"I have read several statements to that effect recently in the newspapers, and you remember that it was said by the Arizona delegate in Congress that the Apache Indian could not be civilized. I am curious to know whether you see any difference in the tribes."

"There are no tribal differences in these little boys that I have observed," said the school mother of the little boys. "Since you have mentioned the Apaches, however, I will say that there are no more industrious, trustworthy boys in the quarters than my little Apache boys. There are the same differences of disposition in my Indian boys, however, that you will find in the children of the more favored race."

"Thank you; I wished the experience of some one who has come in close touch with the individual child, and now I have it. But have you no specially good or specially bad Apache boys?"

"No bad ones, but here is a letter just received from one of my good Apache boys, if you care to read it."

The Man-on-the-band-stand took the letter and read it thoughtfully.

"He uses very fair English, I observe. Had he been to school before he came to Carlisle?"

"Never. He spoke no English when he came."

"How long has he been with you?"

(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, and EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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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.

Miss Rote, of Westtown Boarding School, formerly in charge of our teachers' club has a wheel. She no doubt learned to ride by rote.

Gus Ance writes that on the farm the work at this season lasts fourteen hours a day, but he says he can stand it. That's the way to talk.

Avoid as a serpent him who speaks plausibly to your face, and has nothing but ill to say of you in your absence. He is a most dangerous enemy, and only wants the chance to make you feel the venom of his sting.—[The Catholic Youth.

We cannot all hope to become great, but we may ALL learn to appreciate the productions of great thinkers and philosophers. By reading and studying some EVERY DAY, we may gain a higher level than we think it possible to attain.

When Martin Archiquette, class '91, was last heard from, June 4th, he was at Fond du Lac, Wis., as a delegate to the Diocesan Council of the Episcopal Church. He says he begins to realize that "a man never appreciates what he has until it has gone beyond his reach."

Mr. H. F. Shupe, editor of the *Young People's Watchword*, was one of the callers of the week, with a large number of young people who were in attendance upon the Young People's Christian Union Convention held in town. The *Watchword* is on our exchange list and is an interesting and creditable paper among a great many others we turn over to the reading rooms.

Malcolm Clarke, class '93, denies the report that has been printed in the HELPER that he is preparing for college. He says we have been misinformed. We are glad to be corrected and to hear from our worthy young alumnus. He does not state what he is doing but from the very neat appearance of his letter dated Midvale, Mont., we can guess where he is and that he is doing well.

## A GIRL OF PLUCK.

Allie Mullins, whose home has been in the State of Washington since she left Carlisle, looks upon the bright side of life and makes the best of things as they come, but she says by recent letter that a "person needs all the knowledge she can rake and scrape to live in the wild and woolly West especially in the Cascade mountains." She is sorry that she did not have the opportunity while at "dear Carlisle, of taking lessons in every shop, for one needs just such common sense training in every day life." Allie has done some carpenter work, having made a round table out of cedar lumber for the little home, and she says it was quite a respectable job. Then she made a good size wood-box. Then her everyday shoes began to wear out. "I thought then," she says, "how often I have gone to Miss Campbell, at Carlisle, asking to go or send my shoes to the shoe-shop, but what was I to do in this case, not a shoe-shop within 26 miles? I saw very plainly I would have to do the job myself or let the shoes go to the dogs. I got my hammer, tacks and last and a couple of shoe soles, and sat down on an old stool, shoe-maker fashion, and did not stop until the job was completed. They lasted about three months for every day, rough and tumble. It is pretty rough here on shoes. Yesterday morning I noticed the upper around the ball of the foot had begun to work out. I saw at a glance that nothing would be more suitable than a neat little patch, so I took the top of mother's old slipper, and down I sits and on goes this patch. Now I think they will last me through the summer months.

I must stop short and run and feed my little chicks for I hear them calling. May Carlisle never cease to prosper is the desire of a friend sincere."

Mr. Campbell and family have left Sisseton and are residing at Browns Valley, S. Dak. They appear to be enjoying life. Mr. Campbell writes that the fishing is fine. A few days ago he brought in a catch of 72 black bass and 5 pickerel. The bass were fair specimens weighing from one to two and a half pounds. Mrs. Campbell is giving a cantata and for the purpose is instructing thirty or forty young girls of the town. He says there are some very nice people in Browns Valley.

To any Carlisle pupil—one who is a pupil now or has ever been a pupil—who will learn the verse in Dr. Brown's letter on the last page, the Man-on-the-band-stand will send the INDIAN HELPER free for a year. When you have learned it, write and say "I have learned the little verse," and if you already take the HELPER, give the name and address of some friend on the reservation or elsewhere to whom you would like to have the HELPER sent, and we will send it for a year, free.

John Morrison, class '93, we believe is the first Carlisle graduate to receive the appointment of Post Master. He is Post Master at Redlake, Minn. John is one of the boys who has done well ever since he left, and has not always had the smoothest sailing, either.



Potato bugs.

The Fourth is in sight.

Bicycles are killing tennis.

The close of school is near at hand.

Green peas for the pupils' table are in.

The wheat on the school farms looks well.

The addition to the teachers' kitchen is progressing rapidly.

Watchword of the good farmer—cultivate, cultivate, cultivate.

Miss Orlich, of Norwalk, Conn., was one of the visitors of the week.

The new asphalt crossings that Mr. Jordan and his boys are putting in are fine.

There is strong talk of enlarging the gymnasium—adding bath-rooms and other conveniences.

The pupils in the dining-hall have feasted on strawberries from the school farms, several times.

The strawberries are now at their best. Three bites to a berry is the kind the M. O. T. B. S. likes.

The fine herd of Jerseys and Holsteins are at their best just now, providing butter every day for all.

Clark Gregg, '95, is in from the country. He says he had a nice place. Clark goes home in a few days.

Mr. Harkness is the latest victim of the bicycle fever. He is practicing diligently at his home in town.

It is said that there is a large demand for sticking plaster, arnica and bandages, and an observer wonders why.

The convalescing patients at the hospital were invited to eat strawberry ice-cream at the dining hall on Sunday.

Benjamin Caswell, '92, and a member of the Dickinson preparatory class, has gone to his home at White Earth, Minn.

The poem on first page is unique in style and well worth thoughtful reading. It was handed to us by a visiting friend.

The printing-office is nearly stripped of printers, taking the outing for the summer and the home goes; still "we do move."

Miss Richenda Pratt is home from school for the summer. She has been trying her skill on the wheel, and will no doubt succeed.

The dictionary meaning of envy being to desire strongly, one of the boys shows his good spirit by writing in a school exercise, "I envy to do my work well."

Mrs. Mabel Pratt, of Steelton, is here with her four little children to spend a few weeks. Our campus is like a great park for the little ones. They do love the grass.

Mr. Willis Smith, Messenger of the Indian Office, visited the school on Saturday last. He brought two of the boys who had wandered in that direction without permission.

Capt. Pratt has arrived at the second stage of wheel practice, when every object within twenty feet hypnotises the handle-bar. This stage lasts only about three days usually, when confidence is gained and the rider sails regardless of corners, trees or animals.

Johnnie Given went to Holton, Kansas, with his grandpa, Rev. Dr. Brown. Mrs. Given went as far as Harrisburg with her father and reports that sleepers are all crowded and trains heavy with travellers.

Remember that the Don'ts on last page are taken from a little book of Don't's, and to read three a week will not hurt any of us. One of our observing pupils in the country says she has met some white people out there who could profit by reading the don'ts in the HELPER.

The second nine who played Mechanicsburg last Saturday were beaten by a score of 21 to 14. A game between a team from the shoe-factory of Carlisle and a scrub team of those who are left at the school was played on the school grounds in the afternoon of the same day when our boys beat by a score of 25 to 1.

The following are the pupils who have gone home since last issue of the HELPER: Phoebe Baird, Elsie Cornelius, Lucinda Kick, Chas. Knorr, Peter Camp, Jas. A. Brown, Dora Gray, Bernice Pierce, James Bemis, Mary Mitchell, Theresa Wasagam, Susan Rodd, Marbeans Wamegance, Andrew Balcolm, Chas. English, Albert Hansley, Andrew Duck, Betsey Collins, Fanny Bird, Mary Napoleon, Cassie Hicks, Emaline McLean.

Frank Shively, who spent several months at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, Philadelphia, and was operated on for appendicitis, has returned to the school for a few days before going to his home in Montana. Frank has spent some time at a country home since he left the hospital and now looks better than he ever did, but will have to be careful of his food and exercise for some time. It is safe to say that the operation saved his life.

William A. Lufkins, '95, is the last of the printers to take his departure for home. He goes to White Earth, Minn., but has some prospects of taking a higher course of study if health permits. We shall miss William at the case and in the job department. He was an intelligent workman, seeming to take much interest in his trade. He will be missed on the base-ball field, as he belonged to the first nine and was considered a good player.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy LeR. Stevick and family who have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stevick of Carlisle and Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, departed for their Denver home on Friday last. They took with them Kate Stalker, whose time at the school has expired, and Minnie Finley, who will have the advantage of the Denver schools. Both girls will assist in the care of the children and in the housework, receiving better pay than they could earn in this section of the country for the same character of work.

Harry Kopay, class '91, and a graduate of Eastman Business College, has been assisting with the clerical work of the main office of our school for several weeks. Last week he visited Poughkeepsie, and yesterday left for his home at Osage Agency, Oklahoma. Harry is quite well equipped for a business life. His English will trouble him for a time, but with the pluck and application by which he has overcome other difficulties he can master the tenses of the English grammar. Harry is a young man who will be greatly missed.



(From First Page.)

"About six years."

"And is he the real character that the letter portrays?"

"I can say that he has one of the best records of any in my quarters. In all the six years he has been with me I have never had to reprove him for a thing."

"That is certainly remarkable."

"I speak of it," said the school-mother, "because I think he deserves favorable mention. I cannot say so much of them all. Some are at times naughty and unwilling to obey, as is the case with other children. Some are tardy at roll call, but the writer of this letter has been tardy at roll call but twice in two years. As one of my little officers, he is always at his post."

"May I print this letter in my little paper?" asked the M.O. T. B. S.

"Certainly," replied the school mother. "It is a private letter, but I don't think the boy will object, neither do I think it will spoil him to give his letter publicity for Alphonso is sensible enough to see that it is in the interest of the much slandered Apache that I give it."

#### The Letter.

MOUNT AIRY, N. J., June 2, 1895.

DEAR SCHOOL MOTHER:—

It is now about two months ago since I left Carlisle for my country home. I am now at my home enjoying the New Jersey air and work. This is the first time I live in New Jersey, but the climate seem to be well agreed with me. I am hiring on quite a big farm. It has one hundred and forty-five acres with thirty acres of peach orchard. So you see I will make the best use of some of the peaches before I will go away from this place.

This is one the best places I ever live in. I have to work pretty hard and have to get up four o'clock every morning, still I don't complain. I didn't want to go out in the country to be loafing around and get up about six o'clock in mornings. But I wanted to come out here to be somebody and be as useful as I can. It is a lonely place, no Indian boy live close to me. But it is all the better for me as it save me some of the mischiefs in which I might get, as I surely will when a dozen or more Indian boys live close to me.

I am doing the best I can for the folks I live with. If nothing happen before next fall I will come back to school and improve myself in school as well as farming. I will try to keep all rules of the school. Who ever live on this after me will surly said I have a good home. I am your friend,

ALPHONSO EOLISTA.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:  
George Washington.

Subscribe for *The Red Man*.

#### ADVICE FROM A DEAR AGED FRIEND.

Rev. Dr. Brown, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Given, at the school, gives to the *HELPER* subscribers and especially to his friends, the Indians, the benefit of a little verse which has done him service through a long life of usefulness. The following communication from the pen of our friend, who left for his home in Kansas on Wednesday, will be read with a great deal of interest:

#### EDITOR HELPER:

It was not my privilege to be present at the prayer meeting services on Sabbath evening last, but the subject, "Faithfulness in little things," (a very important one) brought to my mind an incident in my own early history, which I think worth communicating to the *HELPER*.

A near relative made a present of a book to me when I was a boy, which he had owned from his youth.

It had written on one of its fly leaves the following admirable advice:

"Think naught a trifle though small it appears:  
Small sands the mountains; moments make the years.  
And trifles life—your care to trifles give,  
Or you may die before you learn to live."

Roy though I was, it struck me as so important that I committed it to memory.

It is long years ago since then, but I never forgot it and it has been of use to me all my life. Had I been at the meeting, I would have probably repeated it and that would have been the end of it.

On thinking over it, the thought came to me it would be a good idea to publish it in the *HELPER* and then it would reach scores of your young readers, who can read it and commit it to memory.

This I hope they will do, and if they will lay it to heart, it will be of use to them all their lives as it has been to the writer now in his eighty-third year. JAMES BROWN.

#### I SAY DON'T!!!

34. Don't drag a chair from one end of a long balcony to the other. You might annoy some one.

35. Don't keep carrying your hands to your face, pulling your whiskers, adjusting your hair, or otherwise fidgeting yourself. Keep your hands quiet and under control.

36. Don't have the habit of letting your lip drop and your mouth remain open. "Shut your mouth" is the advice of a *savant* who has written a book upon the subject. Never open it except for a purpose. An open mouth indicates weakness of character.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 4, 5, 2, 9 is a little animal.

My 3, 7, 14 is what most people like to do whether they work or not.

My 10, 12, 13, 11 moistens the eye sometimes.

My 1, 6, 8 is a much used conjunction.

My whole is what the Indian printer boys enjoy on a hot afternoon.