

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1895.—

NO. 52

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

IFE has its valleys  
And difficult mountains,  
Sands of the deserts  
And gurgling, glad fountains,  
Sweet grassy meadowlands,  
Hard stony byways,  
Ever its ups and downs,  
Lowlands and highways.  
Sorrows and pleasures  
Awaits every rover,  
All the world over.

Ills have their recompence,  
Labor is guerdon,  
Strength to the carrier  
Comes with the burden.  
After rain sunshine,  
So runs life's story;  
Sorrow and strain  
Are the preludes to glory.  
Clear eyes some gain  
In a loss can discover,  
All the world over.

That which is loveliest  
Comes to the loving,  
All that is strongest  
The strong have for proving,  
Gifts come the surest  
To those who love giving,  
They have life's best  
Who have made it worth living.  
Love gives its gold of love  
Aye to the lover,  
All the world over.

## THE INDIAN FINGER BOWL.

"Did you ever see the mud-lodge or tepee Indians eat a regular meal?" asked an Easterner of a Westerner.

"Yes, indeed, and eaten with them many a time."

"Would you mind telling me how they manage?"

"I shall enjoy telling you," replied the Westerner. "You understand they have no tables or chairs, but seat themselves at meal times as well as at other times on the ground around the camp fire, which is usually in the middle of the tepee or lodge."

"What sort of eating utensils do the native aborigines use?"

"The main utensil handed down from generation to generation is the horn spoon. They have no forks or case-knives, but in these days

they are sure to have an abundance of the white-man's tinware for dishes.

"How is the food served?"

"Each person's portion is dished in a tin from the general pot which hangs over the fire."

"How do they cut their meat small enough for the mouth, when they use no knives or forks?"

"The meat in large chunks is carried to the mouth and cut after the teeth takes hold—cut with the sharp knife which nearly every blanket Indian carries in his belt."

"The fingers must get very much soiled."

"Certainly they do, and here is where the unique finger bowl comes in," smiled the Westerner.

"I did not suppose those crude children of the prairies used finger-bowls."

"Well, they do not exactly. The nearest kin to the civilized practice of using finger bowl and napkins, however, is the custom they have of passing a tin of water when through eating to all who have partaken of the meal. Each takes a drink, and filling his mouth with water spurs it upon his hands."

"And the napkin?"

"A cloth, perchance firm with the grease and soil of many weeks is passed, and the hands of each are dried upon it."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Easterner. "No wonder the Indians have become diseased. In this way they catch each other's diseases, which practice in itself is sufficient reason why they should get out and learn better ways, that their lives may be prolonged and the future happiness of their children insured."

### One Law Against.

*Bessie:* Oh dear! I wish I could ride a bicycle.

*Grace:* Well there's no law to prevent your doing so.

*Bessie:* Only the law of gravitation.

The power of the liar to do mischief would be greatly shaken if all the people would be careful to believe nothing they hear without convincing evidence of its truthfulness.



# 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.

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.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

A letter from Mrs. Wheelock, who has arrived at her old home at White Earth, Minn., says they are obliged to hover near the stoves to keep warm.

Over fifty little pupils are at work now in the Sloyd department. We have been asked in all earnestness What is Sloyd? And will give the Sloyd instructor, Miss Ericson, an opportunity to answer at her earliest convenience.

The following Sunday School officers were elected for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Mr. Spray; Assistant-Superintendent, Miss Hamilton; Secretary, Martha Sickles; Assistant Secretary, Tenie Wirth; To visit town Sunday Schools, Professor Bakeless.

This is the last issue of Volume X. Next week begins Volume XI, and it is a good time to start a subscription. Ten subscriptions and a 2 cent stamp extra to pay postage will secure the souvenir containing 61 views of our school and grounds. 25 cents cash will secure the same book, post paid.

The football boys are now getting down to hard work. During the hot spell, the practice has been light, consisting of kicking, catching, tackling and signals. Very little lining up has been done. The team has not been definitely decided upon, but at present it is made up as follows: Center, Lonewolf; guards, Wheelock and Hawley Pierce; tackles, Irwin and Printup; ends, Campeau and Leighton; quarter, Hudson; backs, McFarland and Bemus Pierce, Capt.; full back, Metoxen. A second team of, from 12 to 15 players gives them a hard tussle every evening. The schedule of games is as follows: Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, Oct. 5; Duquesne Athletic Club at Pittsburg, Oct. 12; University of Pennsylvania at Phila., Oct. 16; Naval Academy at Annapolis, Oct. 26; Y. M. C. A. at York, Nov. 29. Several additional games will doubtless be played, Bucknell and Lehigh being among the possibilities. Gettysburg desires a return game at Carlisle and if arrangements can be made about grounds, it will probably be played Nov. 2. Dickinson at present thinks it unwise to play us.

Mr. John E. Steel of Carlisle, has for years taken as much interest in the Indian School as though he was a member of the faculty. He is now in Atlanta, viewing the Cotton States and International Exposition. Mr. Steel says he is proud of "our" Indian exhibit. He says the people there are very desirous of having the band go, and have been hoping that there would be a parade of the Carlisle battalion as at the World's Fair. We are sending Mr. Steel papers for distribution, feeling sure that our school has in him a firm friend who will take every occasion to speak for Indian educational work along Carlisle lines.

Rumor comes very straight, indeed through a letter from herself, that Miss Alice Lambert, class '95, is to be married this week. We, no doubt, will get the facts in due time. The gentleman so fortunate as to secure Miss Lambert has one who we believe will ever prove as she always did when with us a cheer and a comfort. She deserves a good husband, and we hear that the man she is to marry is of good repute. He is a white man.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society held its first meeting of the year on last Friday evening, electing the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Miss Leilia Cornelius; Vice-President, Miss Tenie Wirth; Recording Secretary, Miss Edith Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Lockwood; Treasurer, Miss Mabel Buck; Marshal, Miss Martha Sickles; Reporter, Miss Sara Smith; Critic, Miss Alice Parker.

Mr. Matthew Ankle of North Dakota, is visiting Carlisle. Mr. Ankle, is a Hampton student and has been spending the summer on a farm near Boston. From his ruddy appearance we judge that the outing has done him good. He is a pleasing, gentlemanly young Sioux Indian and is making many friends among our students. He will leave in a day or two for Hampton.

This is the way some finely engraved invitations just received, read: "Dr. Thos. H. Breen will give in marriage Annie Thomas to J. Glenn Lillibridge, Wednesday evening, October second, at eight o'clock, Ft. Lewis, Colorado, 1895. You are invited to be present." Miss Annie is one of Carlisle's early students, and one whom we have always looked to with pride.

Miss Elizabeth R. Bender, who graduated from Dickinson College in 1888, and taught a year at the Indian School, and then went to Japan in the missionary work, where for six years she has been principal of a seminary, has returned to this country for a visit to old friends, and will not forget Carlisle.—[*The Evening Sentinel*].

Since the last issue of the HELPER, two Osage girls and two boys have arrived. They were escorted by Amos Hamilton, a former student who went home on a visit this summer. Mr. Spray also came in on Sunday with four Cheyenne and Arapahoe girls.

Last week, Colonel McCormick and Capt. Pratt made a little visit to some of the Apaches in country homes.



Fair week.

Beautiful moon.

Nutting parties will soon be in order.

The carpenters are busy on the new building.

The potatoes grown on the school farms are being stored.

Abbreviated days shorten bicycle riding these evenings.

The painters are touching up the corners where most needed.

The oldest society is to have the choice of rooms in the new building.

The sewing department is crowded with work in fitting out the new pupils.

Mr. Thompson has been a little under the weather, but is able to keep around.

The shoemakers are repairing the old shoes and making new ready for winter use.

The matrons and disciplinarian are still on the whirl getting the new comers settled.

The outside boys are carrying away the rubbish collected around the new building.

The harness makers are plying their needles and knives with a vim that means business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Horning of the House of Refuge, Glen Mills, Pa., were visitors on Monday.

Tommy Stewart is the last, so far, to purchase a wheel. He mastered it in one evening.

Miss Hamilton spent Wednesday and Thursday in Bucks County on a business trip for the school.

The laundry is booming these days with a system and dispatch that it has rarely ever attained.

The bakers, all Indian, turn out three barrels of flour a day into good bread with the ease of skilled workmen.

The tanners are making cups, pans, pails and other articles ready for western shipment when there is a call.

The gymnasium is progressing finely. The second and third stories are plastered and the men are at work upon the bathrooms and reading-room.

Mr. Daudridge and the kitchen force have almost more than they can do to fill the stomachs of the noble 600 who feed in the dining hall three times a day.

Mr. Weber and the boiler men are looking after the weak places in the pipes, and getting the boilers in shape ready for a cold wave.

The printing presses are kept ever on the move turning off job work for the various departments and news for the readers of the *Red Man* and the *INDIAN HELPER*.

Sixty of our boys cut up a 20 acre field of corn at the lower farm last Saturday in 2 hours and 45 minutes, and Mr. Harlan says it was the best job of work he has ever had done by the boys.

Nellie Kennedy has again gone to her New York home. She was loth to leave us as she is very ambitious in her studies and desires to graduate, but her health is not the best and it was thought a wise move for her to go home for a year.

Mr. Harris, instructor in the smithing and wagon department is making a half-dozen stitching horses for the harness-shop.

The tailors are more than whizzing their machines and hurrying "the goose" in their efforts to cover the backs of our army of boys.

The talk by Capt. Pratt, on Saturday night, was one of those searching discourses the spirit of which reaches the very marrow of his hearers.

Hon. Vincent Bierbower, Lieutenant-Governor of Idaho, a native of Cumberland County and a graduate of Dickinson College, was among the distinguished visitors of the week.

Mr. Bietzel and the clerical force glide their pens swiftly over the long property rolls and accounts, while the type-writers are ever on the thump with the heavy office correspondence.

The band is to have a monster Contra Bass horn added to its present instrumentation. There is great reason to believe from present indications that the Band this year will be the best the school has ever had.

As we go to press a letter from Miss Nana Pratt is received saying they are about to sail in an hour from Liverpool for home, on a slow vessel, the Pennland, due in Philadelphia, to-day. It was the only passage they could get.

Miss Richenda Pratt left on Tuesday with her mother Mrs. Pratt for Philadelphia. Miss Richenda has entered the Walton, Wellsley school on Locust Street where students are fitted for Wellsley. Mrs. Pratt will remain in the city to welcome Miss Nana and Miss Shaffner who are expected to arrive from Europe this week.

Miss Sadie M. Johnson, of the Indian Territory is here on her way west from Washington. She goes to Santa Fe, N. M., to serve in the Ramona Indian school. Miss Emma, her sister of the Lincoln Institute, Phila., formerly of Carlisle, left a few hours before Miss Sadie arrived and both were greatly disappointed at not seeing each other.

The accountant clerk has long rows of figures to enter just now to the credit of hard working boys and girls who brought money in from the country and placed it in bank. Our students have earned thousands of dollars this summer, and each boy's and girl's bank account must be kept straight and right, both in the office books and in individual bank books.

Col. McCormick, United States Indian Inspector, and wife and daughter who have been with us for a few days left on Saturday. The Colonel is about to start on an inspecting tour of the Indian agencies in the west. On Friday evening a reception was held at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

On Monday, Miss Ericson gave a good talk before the school at the opening exercises, taking her native land, Finland, as a subject. She told a pretty legend as to Old Ocean giving gifts to his grandchildren—the countries of his daughter Europe, Finland receiving long days and lovely twilight. On Wednesday morning Professor Bakeless gave a talk upon the "Garden of the Gods."



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## BETTER ALIVE THAN DEAD.

"No good Indian but a dead one" does not apply in the following incident:

The father of a HELPER subscriber in Massachusetts, was at one time obliged to carry a large sum of money to a distant camp to pay his help.

The road was too bad for a team, and he went on foot.

A friendly Indian volunteered to go with the pay master, and did.

They had not gone far when a man suddenly sprang from concealment.

He raised a glass bottle to strike the paymaster, but the Indian on the alert was too quick for the highwayman and felled him to the ground.

The paymaster's father as well as himself had had dealings with the Indians for many years, and this is but one of many instances where Indian confidence and friendship were won by honorable treatment on the part of the white man.

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## ARE THEY LAZY?

"Let me try that," said the clerk of the M. O. T. B. S. to an Indian boy who had stopped with his wheel-barrow load of stones to rest a moment.

She picked up the load, although it required all her strength to push it a few feet.

"It isn't very easy work, is it?" she said inquiringly and quite out of breath, as she set it down.

"No, ma' am."

"Why do you try such a large load?"

"That isn't a large load," replied the Indian in half contempt. "I'm wheeling small loads now because I have a sore finger."

"Ah, yes. I suppose that is the way to get strong," said the clerk encouragingly as she passed on, having proved to her own satisfaction that the score of boys who were driving wheelbarrows during the building operations were performing no child's play.

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## NOT "A" HELPER BUT "THE HELPER."

"Mr. K. wants some boys to help him," was the word that an Indian boy brought to the printing-office on a busy day recently.

"Tell Mr. K. he cannot have boys from this department without an order from head-quarters. We are too busy to spare a boy," was the decided answer of the one in charge.

Soon a young man of more education came bearing the message that Mr. K. would like a copy of last week's HELPER, as he did not get his.

"O," and the one in charge seized a fan.

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## PARING POTATOES.

"Yes, there is great art in paring potatoes," said Miss Miles to the HELPER interviewer the other day who stopped to witness the picnic around the sink in the kitchen.

There was a long line of happy girls, each plying a knife, some carefully, others more wastefully.

Miss Miles teaches her Indian girls that it is more saving and just as easy and quick to pare a thin skin from a potato as a thick one, but it is quite impossible for her to examine every skin that is removed from the bushels of potatoes required for her large family, and why SHOULD she examine each potato skin?

Doesn't every person with the sense of a potato bug know, without telling, that every time a paring with a quantity of the good potato is removed, somebody has been robbed of food?

And—

Is it not a universal law that if we do not rightfully use what we have, even THAT will be taken from us?

We cannot waste without suffering.

If we are wasteful in paring potatoes or with money, time, clothing or ANY THING, sometime before we die we shall be made sorry and will suffer for the very thing we wasted.

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## THE LAST OF THE DON'TS.

73. Don't grumble, or storm if things go wrong. If you can get out of doing what you don't like to do, GET OUT OF IT; but if it must be done and you can't help yourself, do it pleasantly. Who likes an OLD SCOLD?

74. Don't borrow books unless you return them promptly.

75. Don't waste time, don't throw away money.

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I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—HOLMES.

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## Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.

My 10, 11, 15 is a country hotel.

My 2, 7, 1 is something we all must do.

My 4, 5, 6 is the name of a house pet.

My 16, 13, 8, 9 is to make music.

My 16, 3, 8, 12, 14, 8, 4, 1 is the name of an Indian dance.

My whole is something the Carlisle School is making great progress in. SUBSCRIBER.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Health and happiness.