

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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## THE POINT OF VIEW.

**T**HIS world is as we make it,  
I often hear them say,  
If we are sad and tearful,  
The world will seem that way;  
And if we seek the dark side,  
Where everything goes wrong,  
And see mole hills as mountains,  
Our lives will seem too long.

But if we seek life's sunshine,  
Sweet joy to others give,  
And gaily climb life's mountains  
As though we're glad to live,  
To overcome disaster,  
And round us sunshine shower—  
To make our dear friends happy—  
Then joy will be our dower.

The world is but a mirror,  
Reflecting each one's mind,  
But if we look at it crossly,  
To us 'twill not look kind;  
But if we smile upon it,  
It will be joyous, too—  
No matter how we see it,  
'Twill give us our own view.

So, when the world seems dreary,  
And life seems bitter, too,  
Just ask your disposition  
If it can better do;  
And, if it turns to sunshine,  
The world will look so bright  
That you will be forgetting  
How dark has been the night.

## CREDULITY OF THE IGNORANT INDIAN.

*Progress* is a very interesting little paper published by the Regina Indian School, Canada. The following taken from its columns is especially valuable, coming as it does direct from the Indian field.

The faith that the uneducated Indian puts in things that are mysterious, is remarkable, and it is through this faith in the mysterious that the Indian medicine man gets such a hold upon his tribe.

The following is from the experience of a WHITE doctor among the Indians, but it illustrates the point:

About a year ago an Indian on one of the reserves in the North-west Territory, was taken very sick with pleurisy.

After having one of the medicine men to treat him for several days without success, he at last consented to have a white doctor called in.

The doctor, along with the interpreter, on visiting him found him in a very bad way having already given himself up for lost.

The doctor after examining him and finding the cause of his trouble proceeded to take his temperature with a medical thermometer, which he did by placing it in his arm pit.

After the ordinary length of time the doctor found, on examining the thermometer, that the worst stage was passed and all the patient required was nursing and care.

The interpreter thereupon told the Indians that he would live, that all he required was care.

The doctor would bring him medicine in a short time, having other patients to attend to.

After about two hours time the doctor, on calling again, was surprised to find the Indian sitting up eating and greatly improved in appearance.

The Indian on being asked how he now felt said that he was much better, that the white man's conjuring was good, (meaning the taking of his temperature with thermometer.) fully believing that the doctor had been making medicine on him with some wonderful instrument.

The Indian rapidly recovered health and is now never tired of telling how the doctor's conjuring saved his life.

## INDIANS DO NOT LIE.

Dr. J. E. Brecht, superintendent of the Florida Indians, believes that the Indians are the soundest, cleanest people, morally, mentally and physically on the face of the earth, and he says:

"The Indians are a truthful people. They claim that before the white men came they did not know how to lie, but since they taught him how, he once in a great while resorts to deception, though liars among them are held in utter contempt."

How does this tally with our own notions?

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# THE INDIAN HELPER

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PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY  
—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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

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for if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for  
in advance.

The farms are pushing work. Potatoes are  
in. The cows look well and all vegetation  
has an upward tendency.

The deadly side of the Indian problem is  
the liquor question. The white man's strong  
drink is killing off the Indians faster than the  
white man's bullets ever did.

Is it old? A young lady was heard to say  
at the ball game: "Why the umpire calls a  
fowl but I don't see even a feather." Then  
one of the boys answered, "But you must re-  
member that this is a picked nine."

We regret to learn that Mrs. Sophia  
Wheelock, wife of Mr. James Wheelock of  
Oneida, Wisconsin, died recently leaving a  
family of small children. Mrs. Wheelock  
was a sister of our much esteemed Susie  
Metoxen, who died some months ago out in  
Montana, where she had gone to teach. Mr.  
Wheelock has the sympathy of many friends  
whom he made at Carlisle when on a visit to  
his sons, Dennison and James, and daughter  
Ida, at Commencement time.

*The Amulet*, published by the West Chester  
Normal School, has been placed upon our ex-  
change list. We are specially interested in  
it, as West Chester is where Nellie Robertson,  
class '90, graduates this year, and Louisa  
Geisdorf enters. Miss Nellie is given places  
of trust in the school. For instance, she has  
charge of young ladies at certain hours, when  
they have to come to her for permission to go  
out of the beaten path. Dr. Phillips says she  
has won the love and respect of them all.

It is the MODERATE drinker that is the  
dangerous fellow. He is the great American  
pig who makes of himself a barrel to hold  
the emptyings of the beer kegs, and he is the  
one who says to the refined man who does not  
really want to drink and whose stomach is  
made of finer material "Oh, come on and take  
just ONE it won't hurt you." The ONE  
makes the sensitive fellow drunk, and HE is  
the one who is called the drunkard, while the  
slop-barrel of a man is called the moderate  
drinker.

The Invincible-Standard debate last Friday  
night, upon the question "Shall Capital Pun-  
ishment be Prohibited?" was hotly contested.  
There were stirring speeches on both sides.  
The speakers for the Standards were Robert  
Hamilton, Frank Jones and Clark Smith,  
while those for the Invincibles were Alex.  
Upshaw, Frank Cajune and Edward Rogers.  
Frank Jones' speech was conceded by all to  
be the best and he received special mention  
from Judge Henderson when he rendered the  
decision of the Judges in favor of the opposite  
side. The Invincibles who spoke in favor of  
Capital punishment won the debate. Hon.  
R. M. Henderson and Rev. Alexander Mc-  
Millan, of Carlisle and Professor Bakeless  
of the school acted as judges. At the close of  
the meeting the victorious speakers were ob-  
liged to submit to being carried out on the  
shoulders of their brother members. After  
the close of the debate, Judge Henderson  
made a brief address which was listened to  
with marked attention coming as it did from  
one of high repute in criminal proceedings.  
Mr. Standing and Professor Bakeless were  
the other speakers.

At the game last Saturday on the school  
grounds between the Hubs and Cuban Giants  
of the large boys' quarters, which was played  
for the championship and for third place  
among the school teams, the Hubs won by a  
score of 13 to 11. The Cubans kept the Hubs  
from scoring up to the seventh inning when  
finally the Hubs ran in 13 tallies, keeping the  
Cubans from seeing the first base during the  
remainder of the game. Tsamawa's curves  
were too much for the Cubans. Halftown did  
star playing behind the bat. Manager Nash  
felt very proud of his select team, while  
Manager Butler of the Cubans walked away  
mournfully. The Hubs' yell is: Who are we?  
Who are we? Who are we? We are the Hubs  
of thirteen spokes! BBR.

*The Pathfinder*, last week, came out with a  
good illustrated article for Carlisle. Not for  
the sake of exchange of compliment but for  
the information of all concerned we are free  
to say that the little *Pathfinder* of Washing-  
ton, is the best weekly paper for condensed  
news and commonsense put in attractive lan-  
guage that we know of! It is up to date and  
ever fresh, telling just what one wants to  
know in a way that can be understood by all.  
It is especially fine in its weekly story of con-  
gressional doings. It is a paper to carry in  
the pocket to take out and read and learn from  
at odd moments.

The excellent results of last Friday even-  
ing's debate gave evidence of the peculiar  
advantages afforded by the societies. Such  
advantages cannot be obtained in the other  
departments of the school. The meetings are  
usually of a high order with literary and  
musical features. The business of the society  
gives opportunity to learn parliamentary  
rules. It is important that every student in-  
telligent enough to belong to a society should  
join. Education is not complete without it.  
The benefits are lasting and to one who fails  
to join the loss will always be felt.

Some of the societies hold their closing  
meetings for the year to-night.

Who is BBR?

Typos are getting scarce.

Sarah Smith rides the wheel.

Circus today. Don't waste money on a poor thing!

Grace Redeagle has a new wheel and rides gracefully.

Mrs. Wheelock has been quite ill, but is improving.

Whitewashing and general spring sprucing up, continue.

Our team play Bucknell at Lewisburg, tomorrow, at base-ball.

Eva Rogers has a wheel, and has taken it to the country with her.

The Susans were preparing for a farewell meeting as we went to press yesterday.

A new electric motor in the laundry is making things hum. Electricity is a fine power.

Miss Campbell escorts the party of 75 girls as far as Philadelphia on their way to country homes to-day.

Messrs. E. Tomlinson and H. G. Reeder of Newtown, Bucks County, were among the visitors last week.

Mrs. McLaughlin, mother of Blanche, visited the school this week, on her way home from Washington.

Mr. Thompson goes to Albany, N. Y., today, on his annual leave for thirty days. Mrs. Thompson accompanies him.

A pretty little egg-holder, nicely carved and put together by Lillie Archiquette of the sloyd department graces ye editor's desk.

Capt Pratt and daughter Miss Nana have gone on an extended trip throughout the west. They intend to go to Alaska before they return.

Samuel Miller, another printer, has gone to the country to hoe potatoes. If he does as well there as he does here somebody has found a useful hand.

Miss Weekly's school held a farewell party in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Tuesday evening. There were refreshments and the usual good time.

Rev. Mr. VanOesdell, missionary among the Piegans of Montana and Mr. White of Millersville were among the interested visitors on Friday last.

Clarence Whitethunder has presented two books to the large boys' library. They were given to him by a friend at Mechanicsburg, and he puts them in the way of doing the greatest good to the greatest number.

The monthly school sociable which comes the last Saturday in the month was especially enjoyed last Saturday night as many were to leave for country homes before another would occur.

The sloyd display last Thursday night consisted of an artistic paper holder for the wall, a spade, well proportioned and smoothly finished, some finely shaped spoons which must have been difficult to make, and various other articles of handicraft which bespoke skill in workmanship and careful attention to instruction.

A SOUVENIR of the school containing 60 views FREE for ten subscriptions and 2 cents extra to pay postage. The book will be sent post paid for 25 cents cash.

If you find yourself becoming ungrateful, look around and see how much better off you are than other people.—Look out for the man who makes a specialty of pointing out faults in other folks—*Ram's Horn*.

As Hartie Miller was driving Dr. Daniel and family to town on Wednesday evening the horse, Dapple, was taken seriously ill and had to return. Having been lame, he has stood in the stable doing nothing for some time, and it is thought that he was over fed.

One hundred and seventeen boys and girls went to country homes this week. Carlisle does not do things by halves. Over one hundred and fifty went out the first of the month and we have a big school left. The outing is a part of Carlisle's individualizing process, and there never was a scheme equal to it for practical experience and physical growth or for the cultivation of manliness and womanliness.

The Chilocco, Oklahoma, Indian School Commencement invitations are out for the 17th of June. They are gotten up in fine style, with handsomely engraved heading, backed by parchment cover, folded over the top and tied with white ribbon. They are mailed in double envelopes and altogether present a very stylish appearance.

Prof. A. E. Willis, of New York, delivered a very instructive lecture before the school last Monday evening, on the subject of Physiognomy. His language was within the comprehension of all and held the attention of his audience. He showed us how Form, Color and Expression were the guides to character reading. We shall think more about our heads, our countenances and our walk hereafter and perhaps try to improve.

The school baseball team was defeated in a rather slow game by Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg last Saturday. Our batting was weak, fifteen men striking out in six innings. Jamison with a double and Shelafo with two singles were the only ones who hit safely. The Gettysburgers got four hits off Shelafo. Rogers made three fine catches in center field. In order to catch the train, the game was called in the middle of the seventh inning with the score standing 3 to 1.

The Academic department gave its regular monthly entertainment on last Thursday evening with the usual pleasing results. The tableaux were the striking features of the evening. Levi Willis looked as pretty as a picture, with spade and tree, barefoot and happy, just ready to plant a tree on Arbor Day. It required a number of flashes to satisfy the audience. The description and scene of Sir Walter Raleigh as The Gallant Courtier spreading his robe for Queen Elizabeth to step upon was also very fine. Miss Mosher gave the description in a clear voice easily heard and made it so simple that all could understand. This was especially appreciated. There were numerous attractive performances. Never did the school sing so heartily and so well the stirring American Hymn, and Ida Swallow's instrumental solo "Pasquinata," deserves special mention.

*Buckner*

## ONE OF SAM JONES' STORIES.

I never think of what the Bible is to a man, says Rev. Sam Jones, but what I think of a little boy. He was the good boy of the town, and all of the boys recognized him as a good, upright youth, and set their trap to get him drunk.

They sent one of the shrewdest of the boys to him, and he met him on the street and said:

"Johnny, come into the saloon and have a mint julep."

Johnny said; "Oh no, I can't go in there."

"Well, why?"

"Well my book says, Look not upon the wine when it is red, much less drink it."

The bad boy said:

"I know the book says that, but come in and take one drink."

He replied, "I cannot do that."

"Well, why?"

"Because my book says: At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"Yes I know the Bible says that, but come in and take one drink."

"No," he said, "my Bible says: When sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The bad boy turned off and left, and went over to his companions, and they said: "Did you see him?"

"Yes."

"Did you get him to drink?"

"No, I could not get him into the saloon."

"Why?"

"Because," replied the bad boy, "that fellow was just as chuck full of the Bible as he could be, and I could not do anything with him."

## HOW THE INDIANS HUNT DEER.

If any Indian who reads this knows the statements in the following to be false, we shall be glad to hear from him. Sometimes people who have been a short time among the Indians think they know all about them. The writer of the following may think the same.

He says:

The Indians are not long shots, preferring to make sure of their game by creeping upon it. They can advance to within a few feet of deer.

The deer, while feeding, raises its head, now and then, and looks for an enemy. If it sees nothing moving, it will not be alarmed.

This the Indian knows, and stops still just before the animal raises its head.

How can he tell when the deer will look?

That's the odd part. The Indian knows that the lifting of the head will be preceded immediately by a wiggling of the tail, hence he watches the tail.

## AN INDIAN TRIES TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION.

What Mrs. Kinney, President of the Connecticut Indian Association, said of the Omahas a few years ago, is true of all Indians who have left the war-path to take on the ways of civilization. One of the Omahas tried to explain to her the situation and said:

"In the old days we could hunt and fish, there was enough to eat, and sufficient wherewith to clothe ourselves.

We were happy. Whatever may be said of us, we certainly lived up to the scriptural requirement of taking no thought for the morrow.

But now we are civilized, and that, with all its advantages, means a thousand things to think of and to do.

We want to do and to be all that is expected of us.

We want to be men and women in the fullest sense of the words.

We are trying, but it is not easy to become like white people in a year's time.

You must be patient with us as you are with your children.

In time we shall grow strong and wise and be no more like children."

Mrs. Kinney adds:

"The man is right."

### Conundrums.

1. Why is an aged man like a deserted house?
  2. Which of the animals in the ark took the least luggage?
  3. How do the trees prepare themselves for summer without opening their trunks?
  4. Why is a mouse like hay?
  5. Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat?
- Answers next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CONUNDRUMS: (1) Because he puts down three and carries one. (2) It makes "oil" "boil." (3) Because his head prevents him from going too far. (4) For Adam's Express Company. (5) When it's a teething (tea-thing).

### Enigma.

I am made of 22 letters.

When 17, 10, 16 weather comes, farmers will make 2, 21, 4.

A fellow may 20, 12, 3, 6, 11 you; if he does he might be called "Old 14, 13, 5, 15."

My 8, 9, 18, 19 is the watery part of milk.

My 7, 21, 1, 13, 10, 22 is what a body of people under one government is called.

My whole is one of Virgil's mottoes, that Dr. Northrop repeated with great emphasis when here.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Indian Helper.