

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1896.

NO. 49

CASABIANCA ON WHEELS.

THE boy rode on the high gear wheel,
A down the village road;
His frame was made of hammered steel,
His legs were slightly bowed.

His back was rounded like a U,
He wore a fried egg cap,
His stockings were of dazzling hue,
With tops that overlap.

He sprinted on the sidewalks, and
He acted very rash;
The marshal ordered him to stand—
He passed him like a flash!

He rode like one who cannot tire,
He burned the heated track;
He set the very wood afire,
And then—he struck a tack.

There came a burst like popping corks!
The boy, oh, where was he?
Ask the shreds, the links, the forks—
But goodness! don't ask me!

A high school boy, says the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," is responsible for the above dreadful parody.

LEARN A TRADE THAT LEADS OUT AND UP.

"I don't see any use in a young Indian learning the printers' trade."

"Why not?" inquired the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"He will never have a chance to work at his trade when he goes back," said the Indian who was about deciding whether to go into the printing office or not.

"Goes BACK? Who said anything about going back?"

"Don't you expect a fellow ever to go back to see his people?"

"Certainly, he should go see them. It would be very cruel for a young man to allow his education to kill out all his love for parents and old time friends, but it is not necessary for him to forever tie himself to them, is it, thereby limiting his chances for helping them?"

"No," said the Indian, "but give us work that we can use when we go back!"

"There it is again, go back, go back, go back. Why don't you ask for work that leads OUT among people whose example is on the

side of industry and the higher fields of usefulness?"

"You mean that I should be satisfied with visits to my people?"

"I would have you visit your people as often as you can afford it," said the M. O. T. B. S. "You can love father and mother, brother and sister, just as much and even more when engaged at some useful employment far away from them as when always by their side; you can keep up their interest through correspondence, and if you earn the money to pay them an occasional visit, and to send them some help once in awhile, how much more they will love and honor you!"

"Then you advise me to learn printing?"

"Not at all. There are other good trades taught at this school. Learn printing if you want to. There is one good thing about printing, it is almost certain to drive you from the tribe, if you expect to make a living by it. It will take you into a class of busy workmen who have to MOVE to accomplish anything. In the Carlisle School of printing you learn other things beside the trade proper."

"What, for instance?"

"The printer boy learns to read, to spell, to use words properly, to punctuate, to capitalize, to use taste, to handle business papers with dispatch and accuracy, to distribute mail matter into routes, to write business letters, to order goods, to copy letters on the copying press, to write the type writer, to keep books, to write addresses, to stamp papers, to oil and take the proper care of machinery, to open boxes, to prepare packages for the mail, to care for paper that it does not waste, to file newspapers and letters, to sweep so as not to make a dust, to mop and keep a business house in order, and a thousand nameless things that every business man or woman should know, no matter what business he or she follows."

"Ah! I will think about it. Good-bye" said the Indian boy.

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, not 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.

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

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.

Nearly anybody can remember what he really does not WANT to forget.

Donald Campbell says in a business letter that he expects to come East this winter to attend school. He does not say where.

Chauncey Yellowrobe, class '95, has been transferred as disciplinarian from the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School, to Ft. Shaw, Montana.

Carlisle now has 827 pupils on its rolls, a greater number than ever before; 484 of these are boys and 343 girls, and they come from more than sixty different tribes.

Mrs. Sophia G. Reeder and Miss Rebecca J. Girton entertained their Indian classes at St. Luke's P. E. Sunday School at their home at No. 105 South Chancellor Street, Newtown Pa., on the evening of Thursday, August 27th.

If you get an expiration notice this week, we hope you will renew immediately. We can't afford to drop one from the list. The subscription barrel is filling up fast, but we don't want any leaks. Renew and ask a friend to subscribe.

Those wishing to make a little money for missionary purposes could do no better than to secure subscriptions for the HELPER, and retain twenty cents on every dollar collected. This percentage is allowed only on amounts of a dollar and more. While you are at it try for the \$50 prize. See conditions, last page.

Remember what Capt. Pratt said last Wednesday night: In the city of Chicago alone there are FOUR times as many people as there are Indians altogether in the United States, and in New York and Brooklyn which are joining into one city there are NINE times as many.

On Saturday, 75 boys from the school made quick work of the corn field at the lower farm. They started in with the determination to do GOOD cutting this year, which they did. Leaving the school grounds before the regular breakfast hour and returning a little later than the usual dinner hour they had almost a day's work before dinner. Mr. Spray led the party. At the close of the cutting, three barrels of apples were distributed.

Rev. D. A. Sanford, Episcopal Missionary among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, Oklahoma, arrived Wednesday morning with a party of four girls and eight boys.

Mr. Sanford addressed the school the same evening. He said there being one God, we are all brothers and sisters in God's family. He told the story of Capt. Pratt, 21 years ago as a soldier, taking from the Indian Territory a large party of Indian prisoners to Florida, and how when their time was up the older men went home and some of the younger stayed east for an education. David Pendleton, who is now Mr. Sanford's assistant in the ministry was in that party. He advised the educated boy when through school to go out in Pennsylvania or the East somewhere to try a hand at earning a living, as there are better chances here, and farms are much better than in Oklahoma, where the drought and heavy storms work such sad havoc with crops. The lessons learned and inspiration gained on the trip East would be beneficial. The wonderful power of man as manifested in the telephone, telegraph and railroad were good for the Indian to contemplate. He paid a high tribute to WORK. He would have the Indian student first learn to do something and after that find the best place to do it. He spoke of knowing Miss Bailey in her home among the Lagunas, when she was a child and the pride and satisfaction with which he looked upon the young teacher of today in the same person, after having passed through an eastern training.

Abe Somers, Cheyenne, who was one of our old time pupils, and who has been doing duty for the Government as scout and policeman, and serving in other official capacities, came back to Carlisle this week paying his own way. He asks to go to school 1 year more that he may learn English better. He has begun to work in the printing-office, where he will have ample opportunity to learn the use of words. We remember Abe as a natural orator, and when he gets hold of the right language again to express his ideas, will no doubt be valuable in the debating societies.

An epidemic of colds has struck some of the large cities. A few here have caught the malady. Let us keep our bodies so healthy that such a little microbe cannot find a place to work in us. A healthy body has nothing for a disease microbe to live upon. A body that is made weak by badness or laziness or in any way, makes a good home for the microbe, and it is the microbe—that wee bit of a worm that no one can see with the naked eye, which gets into people and kills them.

So many new band boys make terribly flat music in their practice, but by patience and skill Mr. Wheelock will soon work out the flatness. He says the hardest subject he has to deal with is the fellow who thinks he knows how to play and yet is almost totally ignorant of the first principles of music.

Miss Ida M. Warren, for some time past, Assistant Teacher, at the Flandreau School, S. D. has been appointed teacher, at this school. Miss Warren is a graduate of Carlisle. Morgan Toprock of San Carlos, is to be our new tailor.—[The Outlook, Ft. Lewis.

Morgan is also a former Carlisle pupil.

Foot ball hair is sprouting.
Amos Quito is still with us.
Cool mornings and evenings.
The societies are starting up.
Grapes are plentiful—in market.

Bruce Patterson is now numbered among the printers.

"Double L" is a new name for the one who is lazy and late.

Rienzi Moore began taking lessons as a typist yesterday morning.

Don't bother God with prayers which you can answer yourself!

The same old story—good marching on the grounds; poor marching in chapel.

Over two hundred pupils will arrive from country homes to-day and to-morrow.

On Thursday night the school listened to some renditions from a Harrisburg amateur elocutionist.

The best marching to and from meals, and to and from chapel is by the smallest company of small boys.

Miss Mosher who was with us last year, has been transferred to the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas.

Mrs. Given's niece, Mrs. J. H. Burns, of Wilmington, Delaware, with her little son Harcourt, is visiting the school.

Company drill before and after school. Morning school boys drill in the morning, afternoon school boys in the afternoon.

Miss L. M. Forster, of Harrisburg, is our teacher of art, this year. She teaches mechanical drawing as well as sketching objects.

Miss Silcott came from Washington, D. C., and spent Sunday with us.

Of the 827 pupils on our rolls, not one is seriously ill in the hospital; not one sick in bed; not one with an active, dangerous malady.

The new students and ALL should subscribe for this weekly news letter, if they would keep up with what is going on at the school.

Miss Blanche Linney, of Taylorsville, North Carolina, sister of Mrs. Hendren, who arrived with Mr. Hendren last week, will pay an extended visit.

If we can't "soldier" it a little for the sake of great benefits in the way of an education, there is not much of what the world calls "stuff" in us.

Mr. W. R. Claudy, our former assistant, and now an enterprising grocer on South Hanover Street, was out on Tuesday with a new horse he has purchased for his business.

It will be remembered that Miss Cory, alluded to in article from *Delphi Journal* on last page, was a few years ago one of our teachers.

Samuel Brown may be found these days at the case. He has had some experience, and will soon prove a valuable hand in the printing office.

Miss Florence Walton, who has been a pupil of our school for several years, and is within one year of graduation left, on Wednesday evening, for a position in the Indian service at Tomah, Wisconsin.

Miss Alice Parker, class '96, arrived Saturday, with a party of 15 Chippewas.

It is astonishing how much some people can talk without telling anything.

Mrs. J. C. Cummins, of Washington, D. C., mother of Miss Cummins of our force of workers, came Wednesday for a three days' visit with her daughter.

Sarah Smith, who spent the summer at a home in the Adirondacks, brought numerous little souvenirs from that picturesque spot with which she has favored her friends.

Mrs. Daniel, after quite a siege with a sprained ankle is out again. She gave it a turn after alighting from her wheel, and suffered considerably for several days.

Who is that crack player who can catch a foot-ball, falling 50 or more feet, but can't catch from the shelves, boxes of shoes weighing perhaps a pound and a half, a distance of only four feet?

Dr. Diven and sister of Carlisle, and the Misses Hobach from Baltimore and Philadelphia formed a company of visitors on Wednesday. The latter two young ladies are travelling by bicycle.

Don't forget the large gatherings of people! Ask your platform friend to say a word or two for the HELPER and the Indian cause, and to give the information that you are taking subscriptions. This being a Government institution every body who lives under the Government should know about it.

If your HELPER is printed crooked it may be only one in a thousand which accidentally slipped out. By sending for another it will be forwarded free of charge. We have a number of green hands at the beginning of the school year, who can't feed every paper straight, but they are trying hard and will soon learn.

Timothy Henry, Edgar Rickard and brother, arrived on Saturday night. The first two having spent a pleasant vacation at home. Timothy has been at work in a paper mill nearly all summer.

Cynthia Webster will continue in the town High School. Timothy Henry is also a member of the High School.

Mrs. Berry goes at the choir and the choir attacks the songs she gives them as though in unison they intend to get out of the songs all that there is in them; and they will, judging from some selections recently practiced.

At the recent state convention of the Oregon W. C. T. U., held in Newburg, a union of Indians was reported from the Warm Springs Reservation, and it was found that this society had a membership of one hundred and fifteen men and women, and was the largest in the entire state.

Girls! Ask to go around through the shops once in a while to SEE what is going on. Trouble? Yes, it may be a little trouble to find some one to go with you, and there may be times when it is not convenient to have you go, but don't let that stop you in your desire to see and know what sort of an institution we have. Ask again and again, and go the first possible chance. If a person goes back into his shell like a turtle every time he is touched, he will NEVER learn anything. Don't be a turtle!

ONE MORE DEBT ADDED
TO CARLISLE.

At a Missionary meeting recently held in Delphi, Indiana, the *Journal* of that city says the particular attraction was an address by Miss Ericson, and goes on to say:

Miss Ericson, is a native Fin, for the past year a teacher of stoyd in the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and at present the guest of Miss Cory.

The ladies who filled Mrs. Robinson's parlors in response to the invitation were not disappointed, for Miss Ericson gave a most entertaining talk, charming her hearers by her quaint word pictures of scenery, manners and customs in Finland "the land of the thousand lakes," of which country she is still a loving and loyal subject, notwithstanding her present sojourn under our own "Star Spangled Banner."

Miss Ericson gave some facts concerning Finland of which many Americans are ignorant, one of these being that Finland is among the most progressive of dependent countries, in spite of the rule of the Czar of Russia.

After the serving of dainty refreshments the company dispersed, feeling that one more debt is added to the list that Delphi already owes to Carlisle.

The report was given by Miss Della VanAtta, Secretary.

A BOY WANTED AN EASY PLACE.

Every now and then we strike an Indian boy on the look out for an easy place. But it is not always Indians alone who want easy places; some white boys are not fond of hard work. Such a fellow once wrote to the great Henry Ward Beecher asking him to help him into an easy place.

The Reverend gentleman wrote these words to the boy:

"You cannot be an editor.
Do not try the law.
Do not think of the ministry.
Let alone all ships, shops and merchandise.
Abhor politics.
Don't practice medicine.
Be not a farmer or a mechanic.
Neither be a soldier or a sailor.
Don't work.
Don't study.
Don't think.
None of these things are easy.

Oh, my son! You have come into a hard world.

I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave."

Standing Conditions of the Fifty Dollar Offer.
Time, November 1st, 1896.
Money must accompany the names.
Names must be new.

After the first twenty-five names the contestant may retain 20 cents on a dollar.

State with every list sent that the names are to be counted in the fifty dollar contest.

Those not wishing to join the contest may retain 20 cents on the dollar on all lists of ten or more names.

All the sample copies needed will be sent to canvassers.

HARD TIMES?

Don't talk blindly of hard times and wonder why there are so many poor people in the land, as long as whisky and beer are allowed by the Government to run down the throats of men and women in steady streams, burning out their vitality, making brutes of them and incapacitating them for business!

Not enough money in the land?

There seems always enough money for the poor man, with an appetite stronger than he himself is, to spend plentifully for beer and other strong drinks.

Yes, the times are hard.

The greatest reason for the lack of money complained of is apparent.

It is strong drink.

Strong drink is killing off the Indians faster than bullets ever did, and worse than bullets, leaves children poor and weak and sickly.

We know what would make better times for the Indian and give all people plenty of money for easy work.

We know that to stop the manufacture of alcoholic drinks would save the country from misery and want.

We as a nation will not do the one thing necessary.

Then what?

God knows.

THE DUDE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

We give herewith a photograph of a modern dude, taken by the Roentgen ray process.

This process photographs interiors. The exterior of the dude is often a very striking object, but when exposed to the searching rays which reveal interiors the result is seen in the accompanying picture. The odor of the cigarette which he smokes does not appear, although it is the strongest thing about the dude. When science succeeds in measuring the strength and offensiveness of odors, the dude's cigarette will doubtless be revealed as being the most striking thing about him.—*Ex.*

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.
My 5, 9, 11 is a pony.
My 3, 4, 6 is to take in the arms as a bear.
My 7, 8, 2, 10 is a part of the face.
My 1, 9, 11 is to walk slowly.
My whole is the richest man in the world, and who knows but he is some relation to the Indians.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: I mean business.