

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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THE STARS.

ALL night long the little stars blink;
All night long they twinkle and wink;
All night long, when we're fast asleep,
Through the cracks in the shutters they peep,
peep, peep.
But what do they do when daylight comes?

When the sun wakes up, and the big round eye
Stares and stares at the big round sky,
The little stars nestle right down in their nest,
And their bright eyes close while they rest, rest,
rest.
And that's what they do when the daylight comes.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

From the "Washington Star" we get the following curious statement, and the Indians who read it will have to judge for themselves whether it be true or not. Let some of our old students in that cyclone quarter tell us whether or not some of the Indian settlements did not suffer from the destructive cyclones that swept whole towns from the face of the earth in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, this season, if the newspaper accounts can at all be relied upon.

The Story.

"People out West," observed a Kansas Congressman, "have learned a number of things from the Indians and many of them are of value. Probably the most valuable has been in the matter of cyclones.

We have learned that whenever a city or town was built on the site of an old Indian settlement, it has been free from any of the cyclones which have now and then come along in the western country.

How the Indians were observant and smart enough to select sites for settlement which have always escaped cyclones is more than we have been able to learn by study or investigation, but the fact remains that towns or cities on original Indian settlements are cyclone-proof.

These towns which are located thus fortunately use their Indian origin as an advertisement and as a guarantee for settlement.

Thus lots in an original Indian settlement town are sold for a higher price and are in greater demand than in towns laid out by white men.

The cyclone insurance companies will issue a policy on houses in an Indian settlement town for one-third the prices they charge for similar policies in other sections.

They have found that it pays them better to issue the low-rate policies than other policies at the higher rate."

INDIANS JUST AS LOVABLE.

A Missionary to one of the southwestern tribes shows the true spirit of one thoroughly interested in her work when she says in a recent account published in "Over Sea and Land":

"When I first came from my Eastern home, I was glad to see the bright smile on the faces that welcomed me, and was not long in learning to love Nancy Doublehead, Sallie Walkabout, Jenny Waterdown, Lucy Walkingstick and Emma Redbird, quite as well as I had loved the little white faces that bade me 'good-bye' when I left home.

Although their skin is copper-colored, their pretty black eyes are just as expressive, their smile just as sweet and their minds just as receptive as those of their white brothers and sisters."

THE SOLDIER'S STIMULANT.

A soldier in Tennessee, a great, strong, hearty fellow, was a teetotaler.

One day when the army was going on a long march, a man offered him a drink of whiskey.

"I am a teetotaler," was the reply.

"Never mind that. You're in the army now; besides, you need some stimulant to help you in this long march."

Taking out a pocket Bible, he held it up before the face of his tempter, and said:

"This is all the stimulant I want."

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Luzena Choteau, class '92, who is now in Chicago attending Business College, is looking forward to going to California this July with the Christian Endeavorers.

How do the Indian girls happen to have so many first names like their white sisters? asks a subscriber. Answer: Generally they are given to them after they enter school, as their Indian names are frequently long and unpronounceable.

Yes, the souvenir is still salable. It is the most popular publication the school has ever turned out. Sixty views of the grounds and interior of buildings for 25 cents, post paid. The book will be sent FREE for ten subscriptions and 2 cents extra for postage.

There are still some copies of "Stiya," a story of a returned Carlisle girl to her home and uncivilized surroundings. To a person who knows not the conditions which the educated Indian girl meets on her return, the story is interesting, even thrilling. Fifty cents post paid; address HELPER.

Alice Parker, '96, is at the Ponsford Indian School, Minnesota, as an employee. Susie McDougall, '95, is teaching in the same school. They have good wheeling, she says, and they will soon have a number of wheels among the employees. Susie is looking forward to studying kindergarten some time in the future.

The only question with each student these home-going days should be, Do I wish to amount to anything? Do I? Then I should be anxious to peg away until I finish my Carlisle course, after which I should strike out for higher and better opportunities. Strike out for EXPERIENCE! Go OUT, not back!

Our boys always enjoy living at the Hilton's on the hill about two miles from the school. Mr. Hilton has tried a number of Indian boys at various times in the past ten years, and claims to have had all the Apostles. Now they have begun upon the Prophets, having one Jonah with them. All they need, they say, is a whale to enact the old, old story, but are doing their best with shad by placing Jonah outside of as much fish as he can eat, instead of feeding him to the fish.

Mr. J. Quincy Eaton, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Kennedy of Chambersburg, guests of Miss Nana Pratt, Prof. Lindsay of Dickinson College, Capt. Pratt, Messrs. Elmer Snyder, D. Morrison Wheelock, Mrs. Sawyer, Misses Hench, McCook and Burgess of the school formed a wheeling party who took in the Battlefield of Gettysburg, last Saturday. Mrs. Barlow, of Jamestown, N. Y., sister of Mrs. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, who were also guests of Capt. Pratt's family went on wheels, but there were four wheels to their vehicle and it was drawn by horses. The day was one of those extraordinary blendings of sunshine, ozone and superb wheeling which swells the heart, soul and lungs with ecstasy calculated to bring out brilliant jokes and repartee. There was no cessation of the sparkling witticisms even after the hearty luncheon at Little Round Top, so energetically disposed of that under ordinary circumstances intellects would have been dulled. It may have been the 'wild water,' the color of rich lemonade and full of quite visible polliwogs that assisted the digestion of hard-boiled eggs, sardines and pickles. A few hours off from routine work on such a day, when fresh impetus for the strain of daily duty is gained means a great deal, and was thoroughly enjoyed in this instance.

After you have written your name on what was before a clean wall, or picked your initials where you had no business to, just go and stand before a looking-glass for a minute to see how you feel. Notice, too the size of your head. A person who would do such a thing as that usually has a very large head, the kind that idiots have, or else he wears an exceedingly small hat. Only FOOLS' names are seen in such places.

We are in receipt of a handsome invitation to attend the Commencement Exercises of the Arkansas City, Kansas, Academy and Business Training School, from which Charles E. Dagenette graduates this month. Charlie graduated from Carlisle in '91, and has filled various places of trust since. He is now teacher at the Chillicothe Government School, Oklahoma.

Superintendent Allen of the Perris Indian School, California, has been transferred to the Albuquerque School, New Mexico. Superintendent McCowan has gone from Albuquerque to Phoenix, and Superintendent Hall goes to Perris. Mrs. Allen whom we remember as Miss Ida Johnson when with us, writes cheerfully of the move.

A very good letter from Harry Kohpay, '91, speaks of the interest he takes in the boys at his school at Kaw Agency, Oklahoma. Perhaps the most hopeful words in his letter are these: "I am getting along as well as usual and am still holding my position. I have found out by practical experience that I do not know as much as I thought I did; therefore, have come to the conclusion that experience is a very good teacher."

The Haskell Leader says: "As a result of recent ball games Clinton Starr has a broken nose, Samuel Townsend a broken thumb, and Charlie Matches a black eye," which item is interesting as it relates to one of our old pupils, Samuel Townsend.

Decoration Day, next.

Miss Cochran spent Sunday at her home in Millerstown.

Lawn tennis? Yes, and some croquet; but bicycle "heap best."

Typo Edgar Rickard has gone to his home in New York for the summer.

The game of ball with Dickinson last Monday afternoon was lost by a score of 10 to 1.

The fence whitewashers under Mr. Weber's directions are still busy.

Miss Cochran is helping with the clerical work in Miss Ely's office.

Albert Silas betook himself to the country yesterday, and the printing office loses a man.

Chief American Horse, of Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, is visiting the school.

The game at Mercersburg was won by our boys on Saturday last by a score of 9 to 7.

There was only one of the Gettysburg party who never got hungry, for he was always "Eaton."

John Webster of the mailing department of the "HELPER" and "Red Man," has gone to a farm for the summer.

Miss McCook fell upon the Battle Field of Gettysburg, but we do not propose erecting a monument to her memory.

John Edwin Bakeless made many hearts rejoice by bringing himself and his mamma back to the school on Saturday.

Queens are generally able to bring their subjects into subjection, but not so with Miss Weekley's Queen bicycle for it is the wheel that has to obey.

Mrs. Murray, of Carlisle, has joined the art club of our faculty, which has entered upon a study of the great artists and their work, and meets Thursday evenings.

Miss Hensch came in almost serious touch with the world while coasting down a hill at Gettysburg on Saturday. She still bears the scars of one wounded in battle.

Miss Bourassa left for her home in Michigan yesterday morning. A party in her honor was given the evening before by Misses Nellie Robertson and Mary Bailey Seonia.

Our relay racers in their running garb which is almost no garb make an interesting photograph, sold for 30 cents, or sent FREE for fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra for mailing.

Miss Cutter has been having an ill foot, for the past two or three weeks, the result of a bruise caused by the pedal of her bicycle after she had dismounted rather unceremoniously. The girls who were assisting her gave the wheel a little push for which she was not ready.

Robert DePoe, class '97, left on Tuesday evening for Ft. Peck, Montana, to take a position as teacher in the Ft. Peck school. The Ft. Peck authorities will find in Robert a good thorough reliable addition to their force, and a musician. The band here will miss him and the violin players will have no one to take his place for a time. William Sherrill, '97, went with him, having an appointment in the same school, and Carlisle parts with another faithful, earnest student.

A reception in honor of graduates Edith Smith, William Sherrill, and Robert DePoe who left us this week, was given by their classmates in the Girls' Society Hall, on Monday evening, and a very enjoyable occasion it proved to be.

It took more than oil to get the creak out of Captain's wheel, for after listening and locating the sound two or three times, he discovered that the noise was the call of some guinea hens in a distant field, whereupon he gave his oil can a rest.

"Hello! Hello! The Washington monument blown over," and every one rushed across the aisle to catch more of the news when it was discovered that Mr. Snyder was reading his Philadelphia "Times" up side down, which of course threw the monument on its head, and he naturally supposed there had been a cyclone.

There will be an interesting game of ball on our own grounds to-morrow with Pennsylvania College, of Gettysburg. There is no better game in the world to try the metal of a man. If we do not get MAD at wrong decisions and misplays but when a mistake has been made BUCKLE DOWN all the harder we shall be more apt to succeed.

Miss Ericson, behind others in nothing, has bought a Crawford. It takes a bicycle these days to keep up with the world. If Miss Ericson displays as much science and tact with her wheel as she does in her sloyd department we shall expect to see her ride right off in obedience to true sloyd principles. Understand, we do not say GO right off, for that is what everybody does at first.

If a game can be won by guying, guying will be resorted to. If we GUIDE ourselves and do not allow ourselves to BE guyed we are sure to come off victorious. If guying is the weak link in our chain, then that is the link we must strengthen. Let it be found out that we HAVE a weak link and our opponents will attack us there every time, and who can blame them?

Rats! A huge rat sat in the corner, winking his peaked eye, and would not permit the ladies from the reception to pass by. "Oh! Oh!" one cried, and on to a chair, she screamingly scrambled and pointed there. The rat, poor innocent creature was more afraid than she, but had no chair to mount in air and spying one Ellee, ran hard for friendly aid to get, but only by his death was met. Poor rat!

Mr. Standing gave an interesting talk on the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, last Saturday night. He made his descriptions so vivid and told so nearly just what his hearers wanted to know, that we almost feel we have had a visit to the place in person. With this talk in connection with pictures which the illustrated papers give, we are able to gain a very correct idea of the great Exposition.

Right Reverend C. C. Pittey, A. M., D. D., Bishop of the Third Episcopal District, preached for us on Sunday afternoon. The service was led in prayer by Rev. W. J. Holland, Pastor of the A. M. E. Zion Church of Carlisle. Mrs. Chavers sang a beautiful solo while Miss Sarah Watson played the accompaniment on the organ. There were a number of visitors present. Dr. Pittey has travelled all over the United States.



WILLIAM A. JONES.
OF WISCONSIN.

The New Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

THE INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

"Progress" credits Major A. E. Woodson, Agent of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians of Oklahoma, with the following story hard to be believed in this day and age, and yet the writer believes every word of it for she has seen the like among other Indians:

Two of Black Coyote's children were taken sick, and instead of taking them to the Government hospital, he sent for the medicine man, who blew a green powder into the lungs, ears, and the nostrils of one of the little patients.

That medicine man made an incision with his knife under the tongue of the child, with the result that death soon followed.

When the green powder failed to restore the child to health, the medicine man declared that there was a ghost under the child's tongue, and to kill the ghost he made the incision.

The medicine man then adopted heroic measures in order to save their other child. He took it into a tent, stripped it naked, and laid it on a cot.

He then heated a big pile of rocks in the tent, and when they were hot he threw water on them, filling the tent with steam and causing the child to sweat copiously.

When the child was covered with perspiration he took it out into the cold air and sent it home, without having taken any precaution to keep it from getting cold.

Next morning the child was dead.

This is only one of the hundreds of such outrages against the health and life of innocent people.

The big medicine man of the Cheyennes is Little Man, who lives near Cantonment.

He makes his medicines every year and distributes them to the other medicine men.

A "SMART (?) " PROGRAM.

The following program was picked up in No. 9, and will be enjoyed by those who know the students mentioned. The document must have been made out soon after a paragraph of odd-sounding Indian names went the rounds, and although it may not have been intended for the public eye, it will have a sufficient number of interested readers to warrant its publication. It reads:

"The World's Greatest Debating Society. Singing, by the society Page 10-and-a-half. President's Address, by Miss Weekly; Violin Solo by Lady M. Elmore; Recitation by Rev. Greenbird; Vocal Duett, Misses Jamison and Tibbetts; Biographical Sketch of Clara Bullnose, by Sir T. Mooney; Instrumental Solo, Madam Beaulieu; Reporter, Colonel Patterson; Vocal solo entitled "It don't seem like the same old smile" by Prof. Crouse. Debate—Resolved: That Annie Medicinepipe, has done more for the betterment of mankind than Lottie Grandmothersknife. Affirmative, Dr. Pierce, General M. Wheelock; Negative, Lord Gansworth and Capt. Blackcloud; Judges: Esquire H. Patterson, Princess N. Wheelock, Czar S. Brown.

DEVIL'S LICE.

Good Bishop Whipple is credited with the following story:

A poor Indian woman had a garden which was her all.

One day the locusts came.

She went out and knelt down in the garden and prayed.

Then she took her broom and fought locusts, for she believed in work as well as prayer.

Then she would pray again:

"O Lord Jesus, thou knowest how much I love thee.

I am a poor widow woman, and have nothing to live on but this garden; do, do drive off these devil's lice!"

All other fields were destroyed, but hers was saved.

There is no failure in Christian work; the only failure is in not doing it.

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.

I pity all who are 1, 6, 9, 12, 10.

My 8, 11, 3, 7 is a kind of grain.

So many men ruin themselves using 13, 2, 12.

My 5, 8, 4 most homesick people do.

My whole is something a great many people are enjoying this Spring.

M. E. C., Harrisburg.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Tobacco users.