

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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MAN AND HIS SHOES.

HOW much a man is like his shoes!
For instance both a sole may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to get on feet.
They both need heeling, oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mold.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new,
When men wear out they're men dead too!
They both are trod upon and both
Will tread on others nothing loath;
Both have their ties and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both peg out. Now, would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Did you ever hear my mad dog story?"

"No, Robert, what is it?"

The first speaker was little Robert Hallet, who was working last week as extra detail on the folding force in the printing office. While waiting for papers to fold he stepped up to the desk and asked the writer the question at the beginning of this story.

When encouraged to go on, the boy related the following:

"It was out in the country. My country mother and I were standing in the door when a mad dog came along. He tried to bite us, and my country brother, who is a little bigger than I, and I drove the dog under the corn-crib, and then we pelted it with stones and clubs till we killed it."

"That was a narrow escape," said the writer.

"Yes, it was, and my country mother was scared, too."

"Were you frightened?"

"Yes, ma'am, but not much. I was glad when the dog was dead."

"Did he bite other dogs?"

"Yes, and he bit an old pig's ear."

"Did the pig go mad?"

"No, because the man who owned the pig cut his ear off right away, and that saved his life."

THE EMERGENCY TRADESMAN THE MOST VALUABLE.

Carpenter Gardner, who always works right with his Indian boys, was asked the other day:

"What do you think of such a place as this for a boy who wants to learn a trade?"

He replied most heartily:

"It is the best place I know of."

"Do you know of many other places?"

"Well, I have travelled quite a bit in my time. You know I was working down in Mexico for several years building cars, and I have had sufficient experience to judge fairly I think, when I say that such a school as this is the best place for a boy to learn a trade."

"Why is it the best place?"

"Because there are so many emergency jobs constantly coming up."

"What do you mean by emergency jobs?"

"I mean repairs of unusual character, such as require special planning, bringing out all the originality there is in a man. Such experience that does not come in the regular trade."

"Then you think that the odd jobs are profitable to the learner?"

"Most assuredly! The man well fitted for the emergency job is the most valuable tradesman, I don't care what his business."

MAY NOT BE BEST.

If you are anxious for a day off and your employer says "Go by all means," it may not be best for you to go. A person who is thoroughly interested in his work, and is anxious to keep his place will consult the demands of his work, rather than his employer's permission or his own pleasure.

A Boston lady says in her letter asking change of address, "I value the little sheet highly, and never want to miss a number. I am sure it must be a powerful agency for good among its readers, and I wish they were increased a hundred fold."

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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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.

Mrs. Charles L. Davis, whom so many of us know better by the name of Miss Dittes, is at her old stamping-ground, Sisseton Agency, which is near her father's home—Brown's Valley. Mr. Davis has a position at the Sisseton school, where Mrs. Davis directs her HELPER sent, saying that she can't get along even a week without the little letter.

Mrs. E. G. Platt, known to the readers of the HELPER as "A-te-ka", has left her home, where she has resided ever since she ceased her labors with us years ago. She is getting on in years, and leaves this lesson to us, on changes that cannot be helped. She did not expect to have her words published, but she will not object if they give forth a valuable lesson. She says: "I am learning anew that the plans we make for this life are subject to change. I came to Tabor, Iowa, to live and die and be buried here. Now that I am left alone in my home by the death of my sister it seems wise to change my plans and go to Oberlin, Ohio, to live with a niece, who is alone like myself."

The King's Daughters gave a reception last Saturday night to the new girls in order to make them acquainted with the aim and purpose of the work and to encourage them to join the circles. The Girls' Assemblyroom was tastefully decorated and transformed into a most inviting parlor. Zenia Tibbetts greeted the guests in a speech of welcome. Mr. Standing and Miss Johansdotter were the other speakers of the evening and Martha Sickles gave an account of last year's work. Refreshments were served, games played and everybody agreed that there never was a pleasanter reception given at the school before. The new girls seemed to enjoy themselves heartily and we are sure that the circles will gain a great many new members, who, like the old ones, will take up this work with earnestness and a true Christian spirit.

Football Games yet to be Played.

Oct. 16, Princeton at Princeton; Oct. 23, Yale at New York; Oct. 30, Gettysburg at Gettysburg; Nov. 6, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; Nov. 13, Brown University at Providence; Nov. 20, Illinois University at Chicago; Nov. 25, University of Cincinnati at Cincinnati.

On Wednesday evening the Academic Department gave its regular monthly entertainment. For the first one in the year, it was a good one. The decorations of the platform in autumn leaves displayed genius on the part of the stage committee, for bringing artistic effect from very inexpensive material. The numbers on program deserving of special mention in our limited space are the piano solo—"Polka Cosette," played by Ida Swallow in charming touch; "The Treasure of the Golden Corn," by the little pupils of Miss Barclay's room; "Rip Van Winkle's Return," by Miss Weekley's pupils; Juanita Bibanco's recitation on "September"; Emma Johnson's recitation, "Don't Crowd the Tableau, 'Autumn';" John Morris' recitation, "Out to Old Aunt Mary's"; Sidney Burr's forcible declamation on "Concentration and Will Power," and David McFarland's earnest effort on "Through Intellect to Instinct." While most of the speakers uttered their words too rapidly, David spoke deliberately, and distinctly, giving his audience a chance to hear what he had to say, notwithstanding his difficulty in pronouncing some of the English sounds correctly. The great secret of good speaking is SLOWNESS and distinctness. Watch Mr. Wile, when he gives out a hymn on Sunday! We always hear him. What would be the use of his giving it out if we did not?

Sixth of October—anniversary of the first arrival of Indian pupils at Carlisle—has again come around. On the sixth of October, eighteen years ago, at the midnight hour, that first curious looking company of Indian boys and girls in paint, feathers and blankets, straight from their camp homes, with Capt. Pratt and Miss Mather at the head, followed by a crowd of eager lookers-on, poured in at the Guard house gate, and the Carlisle Indian School began. At the close of the exhibition on Wednesday evening, Miss Burgess, Miss Cutter and Miss Nana Pratt, having been at the school from its beginning, were called upon to make a few remarks appropriate to the anniversary occasion, and responded in brief addresses. Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing, from whom was expected the address of the evening, was obliged to leave the meeting early, on account of sudden illness. He went directly to bed and summoned the doctor. We are glad to report at this writing, however, that he is feeling much better and will be out soon.

The game Saturday between Dickinson and the Indian School teams was a victory of 36 to 0 for the Indians. It was a clean, gentlemanly game despite the view taken of it by the "Herald" reporter who says that the Indians played a dirty game. The Indians seeing that their opponents were no match for them, played a kicking game as taught them by Prof. Bull, at which they have not become perfect. Had the Indians kept to their old plays they would have run up an unheard-of score. We hope our boys will maintain the same excellent reputation they carried with them all through last year. Win when they can do so only by gentlemanly playing.

The pupils of Number eight are mastering the correct use of the pronoun, and square measure.

Frank Jones, '97, has entered the Normal of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas.

Miss Ives, of Chambersburg, has been a guest of Miss Nana Pratt, for a part of the week.

Our Icelandic friend, Miss Johannsdotter was a guest of the Carlisle Fortnightly Literary Club, last Monday evening.

Misses Effie Moul and Bertha Smith are temporary helps from town, the former in the girls' quarters and the latter in the school room.

This is the last of Volume XII, of the INDIAN HELPER. The next issue begins Volume XIII—a good time to hand in a subscription?

Lucy Root, Mary Williams, Jane Mark, Annie Carl and Mary Logg have all been in from the country for a week's visit, and enjoyed it greatly.

A shrewd observer asks the following conundrum. What is the reason that the shop boys leave the shops after the bell rings, so much more promptly than they get to the shops? He would like an answer.

Professor Bakeless, especially, and everybody else, was made nappy on Tuesday evening by the arrival of Mrs. Bakeless and John Edwin, who have been away too many months.

Master Harcourt Burns and his papa and mamma, Mr. and Mrs. Burns of Wilmington, have been the guests of Mrs. Given, who is Mrs. Burns' aunt. Harcourt thinks Carlisle and the Indian boys are pretty nice.

The Misses Tompkinson, principals of a private school for children and young ladies in Harrisburg, were interested visitors last Saturday, and were escorted through the shops and quarters by Miss Luckenbach.

Professor Bakeless gave a pleasant little surprise to his teachers and others invited to his office on Monday evening for the purpose of reorganizing the school reading circle. Refreshments of ice-cream and dainties were passed, and went a long way toward reviving tired spirits.

Talks at the opening exercises of the school this week have been: "Flag signals used on Vessels," Miss Cutter; this was illustrated on the board by over twenty drawings, and was very interesting. "How a Daily Paper is made," Miss Wood; "Jenny Lind and her tour in America," Mr. Hendren.

Only reasonable things are asked of our boys and girls, and the word to be learned in every instance is O-B-E-Y. Obedience saves much time and energy. The Man-on-the-band-stand would have his boys and girls guard against **INSOLENCE**. No young person can afford to use **INSOLENCE** as a weapon of defence, especially when he knows that he is in the wrong.

The annual election of Sunday School officers was held this Fall, resulting as follows: Superintendent, Miss Weekley; Assistant-Superintendent, Miss Robertson; Secretary, Miss Zenia Tibbetts; Assistant-Secretary, Miss Nettie Buckles; Miss Luckenbach, pupils' cashier, kindly performs the duties of treasurer; Miss Mabel Buck, is the efficient pianist. The Sunday School is exerting a quiet, nevertheless good influence on the lives of the boys and girls.

Superintendent Pierce, of the Onelda, Wis., Boarding School, stopped off at Carlisle, yesterday, on his way from Washington.

Albert Weber, to show the proper spirit of gallantry towards his new little sister, has put on trousers, the inside leg seams of which must be nearly three inches long.

Eugene Tibbetts and Chester Paisano brought in from the country their systems full of malaria or bad air of some sort, from the effects of which they are in the hospital. They will soon be over it no doubt, but their friends are asking, Where did they live?

Mr. Standing gave an interesting description of London, last Saturday night, and showed wherein Philadelphia differed from it in its plan. Philadelphia's plan was taken from Babylon, which city was also described. He then spoke of the famine in India, and the vast amount of corn sent over to that country from the United States as a gift from our farmers, and the good feeling it produced.

Our students and others gathered in Assembly Hall, last Friday evening to be entertained by Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Lowe, the noted singing evangelists, who gave their "Illustrated Life of Christ in Picture and Song." It is their second visit to the school, and taking our entertainments together this above all holds our large student-body in perfect quiet with intense interest throughout the evening.

The Band was out again on Saturday evening on the band-stand, and gave a fine concert. Every one must have noted the great improvement in appearances from a former evening when the boys were thick around the band-stand, hanging on the very necks of the players. The music sounds better, and the band-stand under the great trees, lighted by incandescent lights, makes a beautiful spectacle, when there is a chance to see it.

Miss Barr is around taking small gifts for some easy chairs which the hospital stands in need of, and she says she is almost out of illustrated and other attractive books. The convalescents must be entertained, and books have to be given them. In some diseases it is not well to pass books from one to another, hence it takes more than in an ordinary place. Let those of us who have quarter-dollars to throw here and there for our own pleasure, show our gratitude for not being ill, by sacrificing one or two of them for the sake of the shut-ins. Miss Barr's hand is ever open for such gifts, and she will make the best possible use of the same.

Robert Keokuk is a little boy who came all the way alone from his home in the Indian Territory, this week. He marched up to the office with satchel in hand, but with the business air of a man accustomed to travelling. Of course, arrangements had been made for him to come, and his ticket was provided, while conductors along the way were notified, etc., but with all this the undertaking was a great one for a boy twice as old. He is the grandson of the great chief Keokuk, for whom the city of Keokuk in Iowa is named. A strange co-incidence is the fact that Keokuk, Iowa, is Mrs. Given's old home, and now she has Keokuk's grandson to care for. We will watch his progress with interest, feeling sure that he will become a useful man, and perhaps a great one.

CARLISLE NO GOOD?

When a fellow who has never behaved himself at home, never had an abundance to eat at home, never knew what it was to obey his parents at home, was always dissatisfied at home and made trouble wherever he went, when such a fellow happens to get into our school, and begins his unruly conduct and has to be given some punishments to get him into line, just ask him how he likes Carlisle. No, you need not ask him. You know without asking that he will say:

"I don't like it here. This school is not what it is cracked up to be."

Only the thoughtful, appreciative student sees the blessings in such a school as this and makes the most of them. He or she will not mind the little unpleasant things. There are some unpleasant things to bear, no matter where we live. The earnest student makes the most of every opportunity offered, and he goes spinning through, earning his promotions as he goes and before very long walks out with his head up and diploma in hand.

GETTING ON.

Little Harry Seonia, of New Mexico, is our smallest pupil, now. His sister Mary Bailey Seonia who went to visit her parents this summer, brought back her little brother. He spoke but a very few words of English when he came and has been here but a few weeks. The other evening he was asked playfully by his school-mother to spell "cat", as the quarter's famous cat, "Patrick Henry" walked into the room, making of himself an unconscious object lesson.

"C-a-t", Harry at once replied.

Then he was asked: "What is a cat?"

"Patrick."

"Now, can you spell dog?"

"D-o-g," he replied with a little help on the "g".

"What is a dog?"

"Fancy-dog" he said giving the name of Jack Standing's pet dog which plays around and of which Harry is very fond.

And the Man-on-the-band-stand thought Harry certainly is getting on.

Oh suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together;
Ye cannot rival for one hour,
October's bright, blue weather.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

DRINK AND THE BICYCLE RIDER.

Zimmerman, the world's champion, says to cyclists:

"Don't smoke, it depresses the heart and shortens the wind. Don't drink—drink never wins races. I have trophies at home which would have belonged to others if they had left liquor alone."

And J. Parsons, the fifty-mile Victorian champion, who does not smoke and has given up alcoholic stimulants, says:

"I abandoned even moderate indulgence in liquor because I could not win races when so indulging. Since I refrained altogether from drink I have started in five races and have won four—the fifty-mile championship, the Victoria road races, and the half-mile and ten-mile races in Adelaide."

Mr. Tebbutt, on being asked his opinion, replied:

"A young fellow-cyclist recently accompanied me on a long road journey which caused us some fatigue. He fancied a glass of whisky would stimulate him a bit. Well, it did for about a quarter of an hour, but after that he was ten times worse, and I had to slow off to enable him to keep up with me at all. This is only one case out of several of similar effect which have come under my notice."

FOR THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT LIKE KIDS.

Don't like to manage "kids"? The so-called "kids" are what MEN are made of. If you can't manage boys, you need never expect to manage men. Small boys are bright. Small boys are quick witted. Small boys are sharp in seeing when their manager has no head on his shoulders. Small boys are ready to see when the manager knows how, and they give him their confidence and respect. If you cannot manage the small boys in their work, if you don't know how to have them do their best for you, if you want to back out of your job, it is time to consider yourself a tremendous failure, and all the college studies in the world will never make a MAN of such a student.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 3, 6, 7 is a relative.

My 5, 4, 1 fishers use.

Without my 2 the alphabet would begin with a busy little creature.

My whole is what happened to the out-door flower-bed plants, this week, and no slang intended.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Crazy Quilt.