

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 14

## THREE LESSONS.

**T**HERE are three lessons I would write,  
Three words as with a golden pen,  
In tracings of eternal light  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,  
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,  
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,  
But man as man thy brother call;  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul,  
Hope, faith, and love; and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

—[SCHILLER.]

## UNIQUE DIVISION OF THE WORD.

"Hurry up! Let's go play shinny!" said one of the small boys to his playmate as the line was passing in quarters from breakfast.

"All right!" said the other little fellow almost pushing over the boys in front, in his eagerness to get into the house and out again.

But before the command to break ranks was given that morning, the order for each boy of a certain section to shake his bed-clothing well and hang it out to air on the balcony railings, was issued.

"Oh!" was heard in a half-stifled groan from the two little fellows who were anxious to get out to play.

But they with the others made a lively rush for their beds, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the entire number were out swinging their blankets and comforts in great style.

It was a cold, crisp morning, just the right kind of air to freshen bed-clothing, and it was all that the Man-on-the-band-stand could do to keep warm, by walking around briskly with his hands in his pockets, and by working his toes up and down.

The shaking and hanging of bed-clothing out

in the air is not an unusual sight, but that impatient boy, who was so anxious to get out to play, and who beat his blanket against the post most furiously, as though he meant to get every particle of DUST out of it, to stay out forever, attracted the old man's attention.

"In-DUST-trial school," said he with great emphasis on each syllable as he brought the blanket down.

And what could the others do but laugh?

## THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND LEARNS FROM A SMALL BOY.

"Keep at it, boys! Don't give up the ship! Only five yards to gain!"

The little voice came from a small Indian boy who was doing his room work. He raised his window, sent out the encouraging words in football parlance, and then shut down the sash with a bang.

A dozen of his playmates were outside rolling up a huge snowball.

The ball had grown so large that they could scarcely move it, while the boy inside was interested enough to give a word of cheer, even if he could not at the time be out with his playmates.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thought to himself:

"That is the kind of comfort and courage to give everybody who has a hard task before him."

And he took the lesson from a 12-year-old Indian child, who 23 months ago, could not utter one word in English.

Fred Penn, whom many of us remember, lives at Blackburn, O. T. We read between the lines of a short business letter that he is prospering, but thinks of Carlisle frequently.

Hard work brings health, and an ounce of health is worth a sack of diamonds.



# The Indian Helper

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— AT THE —

Indian Industrial School

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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.

## Inter-Society Debate.

The feature of the week was an inter-society debate between the Standards and Invincibles held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, last Friday evening. The question which was ably discussed read as follows:

Whereas, President McKinley, in his message to Congress recommended to that body a policy of non-interference:—

Resolved, That such a policy is a mistake, and that it is the duty of the American people through their national Congress to immediately introduce their aid to the Cubans in their heroic struggle for liberty.

President Louie McDonald of the Standards called the house to order, and after a very pleasing song by the Standard quartette—Myron Moses, George Hazlett, Clarence Butler and Frank Shively, and a selection by the Invincible orchestra, he introduced Mr. Thompson to preside over the debate. Mr. T. was very happy in his prefatory remarks, addressing the three societies (the Susans being guests of the occasion) as Sisters, Brothers and Cousins. He felt it a great honor to have been selected to preside upon an occasion where embryo legislators were to discuss a subject that is at present occupying the attention of eminent statesmen.

Miss Bowersox, Miss Miles and Miss Barclay were selected as judges, and as they marched to the seats reserved for them in front after arming themselves with long and well-sharpened pencils, they bore the aspect of persons who have great responsibilities suddenly thrust upon them.

Mitchell Barada was the first speaker. In an able but quiet manner he impressed the audience that Mr. McKinley had made a grave mistake, and that it was the duty of the American people through Congress to give immediate aid to the suffering Cubans.

But then Edward Peterson arose for the negative side. He is a more energetic speaker than Mitchell. He had documents galore sent direct to him from his California Senator, in Washington. He had not to depend upon newspaper gossip for his authority. He could

prove conclusively that the President's policy was a wise one, and that aiding the Cubans through Congress would be a direct violation of the inter-national law on that point and would precipitate war with Spain. He was very confident that the points he was making were telling ones, and they were. His speech was almost thrilling in its rapid delivery and gesticulation, and the audience was convinced that the President of the United States was right after all.

Then came Caleb Sickles with an array of points refuting his opponent's arguments and sustaining the position taken by the affirmative, that the Cuban policy agreed upon was a mistaken one. Caleb was quiet, but intensely earnest in his delivery, and showed that he had given careful and accurate research.

Frank Beale followed upon the negative, repeating in his own well-chosen language some of the points that had been previously given on his side and offering a few besides. His enunciation was clear and forcible and his manner thoughtful.

Jacob Jamison on the affirmative had some trouble to give his thoughts expression as fast as they pressed upon his mind. Some difficult words, well-understood by him, were twisted a little out of shape by his Seneca tongue with which he is battling manfully; but he made points, and points were what counted, not oratory, not smoothness of speech nor gesticulation.

Edward Peters was the last regular speaker on the negative. Not often have we heard more words crowded in a given time. He, too, reiterated former points but gave some excellent ones of his own.

Both sides were allowed to have closing speeches.

Now was the critical moment. There was no doubt in the minds of all that the Standards had produced the best delivery. The points they made were brought out with more force, and greater show of the true oratorical spirit, so that when the judges left the room, it is safe to say that more than half of those present were thinking, The Standards have won.

The suspense in the interim while a beautiful duet by Myron Moses and George Hazlett was being sung and a selection by the orchestra rendered, was plainly marked. Then the judges re-appeared with long, serious faces, and Miss Bowersox, chairman, walking to the front announced in well-chosen language that the Invincibles had scored the most points.

The applause was deafening. The Invincibles, weaker in numbers, had demonstrated that they were not weak in the one essential which goes to make a good debating club—brain power.

A very cheerful and hopeful letter from Delos Lonewolf '96, our former "centre rush" on the football team, gives news of some returned students at Kiowa Agency, O. T. Lucius and himself are Agency farmers. Ned Brace is Assistant farmer. James Waldo is the Agency harness maker. Martha Napawat, '94, has a position at the Rainy Mountain School. Frank Everett, '92, is the Agency stableman, and several others have positions. In the main they are doing well. He says his wife, (Ida Wasee) and baby are well.



No skating since the last thaw!

Company A marched out in best step last Wednesday night.

Miss Miles started on Wednesday to visit our girls in country homes.

Miss Campbell is in charge of the dining-hall during Miss Miles' absence.

Miss Campbell and Shelah Guthrie spent Sunday with friends in Lancaster.

The new piano chair in Assembly Hall is a thing of beauty as well as of comfort.

Assistant Disciplinary Yellowrobe has taken a flying trip to Bucks County on school business.

Charles A. Burgess, of New York City, visited his sister at the school, on Saturday, remaining but a few hours.

Whitney Powlas left for his home in Wisconsin, last night, and the school loses a good, faithful and trusted pupil.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Craighead and Mrs. Sarah Stewart, of Carlisle, were evening callers upon Miss Pauli, Wednesday.

Miss Pauli has taken as her abiding place, No. 2, 1st Hall, Teachers' Quarters, which has been freshly painted and put in order.

Have you read any of Rudyard Kipling's stories? To all who know him thus the anecdote on last page will be interesting.

The Sunday World contained a good picture of Miss Kate Grindrod, '89, with a brief account of her work as a trained nurse in Philadelphia.

Mrs. George T. Craft, and daughter, Miss Mabel, mother and sister of Mrs. Thompson, arrived last night and will remain for some time. Brewster Gallup came, too.

All the friends of Mrs. Beitzel will rejoice to learn that she is gaining strength, after a very severe illness, which nearly carried her from us.

A new spring-wagon built by Mr. Harris and his boys, and painted by Mr. Norman and his boys was sent to Sisseton, Dak., on Wednesday.

Scott Peters will take Daniel West's place for awhile. Daniel has been a most competent and speedy mail-carrier, and Scott will have to hustle to equal him.

Miss Reasoner, who has been a guest of Mrs. Given for a few weeks, went home with her sister, Mrs. Burns, to Wilmington, last Thursday, and returned Wednesday this week.

Mr. W. A. Kramer and Miss Sharpe, of Carlisle, with Miss Humes of Jersey Shore and Mrs. Lomnitz, of Baltimore, formed an interesting company who took in the sights at the school on Wednesday.

Did you notice how frequently the speakers in the boys' societies in debate repeated the words "Honorable judges?" Two or three times in an eight-minute speech would be quite sufficient and more effective.

Mrs. Geo. W. Reilly and Mrs. James Boyd from Harrisburg, friends of Miss Luckenbach, were present at our monthly exhibition and were greatly interested in what they saw and heard. Both ladies are widely interested in missionary work, and are therefore in sympathy with what is being done for the Indian.

"What is the difference between 1 square foot and 1 foot square?" seems to be puzzling the minds of some of our students.

World Y. W. C. T. U. Secretary, Miss Frances Barnes, gave an informal temperance address on Saturday afternoon before the student body, and made a most favorable impression. Her talk was plain, quiet, impressive, and full of the feeling and earnestness that win.

A paper from Wellsville, N. Y., announces the death of Mrs. J. Coats, mother of Dr. Caroline Coats, a former teacher with us. Mrs. Coats was a remarkable woman of 83 years of age, and delivered a temperance address before the Anthony Club, of Wellsville, only two months before her death.

The stage setting at the exhibition on Wednesday evening represented a Greek portico with Ionic columns, and it was done with about ten cents worth of white newspaper, reflecting credit upon the artists—Misses Forster and Senseney. The entertainment, while not as elaborate in spectacular effect and not so long as usual, was a good one.

Our baseball schedule as planned for '98, reads thus: April 2, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; April 23, Dickinson, at Carlisle; April 30, Gettysburg, at Carlisle; May 7, Lafayette, at Easton; May 14, Bucknell, at Lewisburg; May 21, State College, at Carlisle; May 30, Dickinson, at Carlisle; June 1, Lehigh, at Bethlehem; June 4, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg; June 15, State College, at State College.

Miss Underwood, of Carlisle, has presented one of Antonio Apache's games "Lakota, or the Buffalo Chase," to our hospital. The uniqueness of the game makes it interesting. Highly colored pictures and toy natives astride tin horses make it attractive. It is a good game for children and especially "shut-ins". Every hospital in the land should have a half dozen. \$1 postpaid is the price. Address HELPER

Miss Nana Pratt, owing to a severe cold, was unable to preside at the "Y" reception tendered Miss Frances J. Barnes, World's Secretary of the Y. W. C. T. U., last Friday. The reception was therefore held in the Susan Longstreth Literary Society Room, which was tastefully arranged for the afternoon by Miss Shaffner. We are happy to add that Miss Nana is much better, although still confined to her room.

One of the most interesting hours the Man-on-the-band-stand has spent for many a day was in No. 6, last Thursday evening when Miss Simmons in the chair, conducted a debate between her morning and afternoon schools upon the subject of whether or not the treatment of the Indians by the early settlers caused King Philip to make war. There was a degree of life manifested on the part of the speakers in gaining the floor, that was refreshing, and arguments pro and con that would have done credit to the higher grades. Mr. Dennison Wheelock, Miss Wilson and Miss Burgess were appointed judges and decided that the best argument was on the negative side. Those who had the most to say were Lewis Curtis, John Morris, and Arthur Degray, on the affirmative, and Frank Bender, Tommy Griffin, John Jessan, Minnie Reed and Evaline Hammer, on the negative.



## HE WON'T LET GO.

Rudyard Kipling, when a boy, went on a sea voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, the artist.

Soon after the vessel was under way, Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck.

Presently one of the ship's officers rushed down, and banged at Mr. Kipling's door.

"Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm; and if he lets go, he'll drown."

"Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter; "but he won't let go."

## GHOSTS.

It is said that the Blackfeet Indians are great believers in ghosts. The Man-on-the-band-stand believes that the uncivilized Indian, no matter what tribe he springs from is a great believer in ghosts.

Among the Northwestern tribes their object of worship is the sun, in whose honor they have an annual sun-dance.

Offerings are made to it.

For instance, a mother will promise the sun one or two yards of cloth, a blanket, or a pair of moccasins, for the recovery of a sick child.

If the child recovers, the promised article is hung, it may be on the pole where they have their sun-dance, until the sun, wind and rain destroys it.

## BLACKFEET.

Philip Lavatta, once of our force of printers, writes for the weekly Carlisle letter to come to him for the year of '98. He is at Blackfeet, Idaho, but from what he says, the inhabitants there must have white feet some of the time, as there is plenty of snow. "The Indians composing the Bannocks and Shoshones are fast taking hold of the white man's ways," he says, "are nearly ready for their lands in severalty. Many of them are wishing it would come in the spring."

## FOREVER REMAIN BURIED.

The Dickinsonian ends its very happy account of the Football Banquet, in these words:

The smoking of the pipe of peace had been a most enjoyable occasion and that the hatchet which Wm. Penn buried two centuries ago must forever remain peacefully under the sod so far as the Indian School and Dickinson College are concerned.

## A KLONDIKE INDIAN.

It is reported that Minook, the Indian who discovered the new Alaska gold diggings which have been named after him, is one of the most intelligent and popular natives on the Yukon.

He has been travelling around the gold district and working for prospectors for 16 years and knows as much about gold hunting as any white man.

He likes white men and tries to do as they do.

The miners hold him in high esteem, and he is one of the few Indians permitted to hold claims.

## WHAT IS A CIGARETTE?

It is a paper tube, filled with tobacco or a similar weed, a little fire on one end and a fool on the other.

The benefit derived is, cancer of the lips, tongue and stomach, nightmare, nervousness, collapse of health, ladies in mourning dresses and funeral processions.—[Progress.]

## A BUSHEL OF CORN

makes four gallons of whisky.

It retails for \$16.

The government gets \$3.60, the railroad gets \$1, the manufacturer gets \$4, the vendor gets \$7, the farmer gets 40 cents, and the drinker gets delirium tremens.

How do you like its production?

The doorstep to wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.—[SPURGEON.]

We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.

Growth in character shows itself in the face and form.

## Enigma

I am made of 18 letters.

My 7, 5, 6 is a part of a church.

My 2, 15, 9 is a bird that the Indians are beginning to cultivate.

My 13, 3, 17 is a Turkish cap.

My 10, 16, 18, 14 is a wild animal that the Indians like to hunt.

My 1, 12, 4 weighs much.

My 10, 8, 11 is a small point.

My whole is something that the Carlisle Indian boys and girls just now are wishing for more than anything else.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The skating pond.