

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 17

## GOD'S BEST.

**G**OD has his best things for the few  
That dare to stand the test,  
God has his second choice for those  
Who will not have his best.

It is not always open ill  
That risks the Promised Rest,  
The better, often is the foe  
That keeps us from the best.

That day is best wherein we give  
A thought to others' sorrows;  
Forgetting self we learn to live,  
And blessings born of kindly deeds  
Make golden our tomorrows.

\*\*\* Though clouds environ now,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn;  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but hath its morn.

## YOUNG MEN OUT OF WORK.

### A Very Little Thing May Secure you a Place.

A Young Men's Christian Association paper has this to say about young men hunting for work, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks it as applicable to Indians as for young men of other races who are anxious for work.

There are large numbers of young men out of employment at the present time, and it is trying for us not to be able to place the many who apply to us. When scores of young men are ready to step into the first place that offers, a very little thing may turn the scale for or against a man. The following may be suggestive:

1. Expect to find work every day.
2. Never get discouraged.
3. Don't go from city to city.
4. Spend eight hours a day looking for work. If you had a position, you would be expected to work that many hours.
5. Be in earnest.
6. Remove your hat when entering the office.
7. Be neat and clean in your personal appearance.
8. Don't have the fumes of tobacco on your breath and clothes.

9. Have nothing to do with intoxicating liquors of any kind.

10. Impress the gentleman on whom you call that you must have something to do.

11. When you get a position, stick to it. Don't leave it unless you are sure of bettering yourself.

12. If you desire to advance, make your employer's interest your interest.

13 Say but little and do a good deal.

14. Be prompt, and don't watch the clock for closing time.

15. Keep yourself thoroughly posted.

## WOULDN'T THEY LOOK FUNNY?

"Yes, I think it a very good suggestion."

"What's that?" said a third person stepping up to two who were talking very seriously about the general health of the Indians and their taking cold so easily.

"Why," replied one of the two, "I think it would be a good thing if an order were issued for boys who do not have sense enough to button up their coats when they go out of a warm room into the chill open air, to put them on as the girls do their long-sleeved aprons, so as to button in the back."

"That's so!" said the other, "and that would protect their chests. When a boy has no vest on, his lungs are very thinly covered, unless he buttons his coat, and the chest is the weak part of many."

What sort-of a mind must a person have who deliberately spits upon the pavement, or on the floor? Filthy, indecent people only, do so, and should be shut up for training.

"From a constant reader of the very interesting and instructive weekly letter from the Indian School," is the way a York, Penna., subscriber closes a business letter.

Pouring a little whiskey over them will never drown any sorrows.

# The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY  
— 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.

Merely a business note from J. B. Archiquette, now at Pierre, S. Dak., in the Indian service, shows that he must be well and prospering.

It is said a fund is being raised by subscription to send Bigheart and Black Dog to Washington. It is not very long since these Osage chiefs were East, and visited our school.

On Monday the Hospital received a box of "Literature," magazines and the like, from the King's Daughters of the Baptist Church of Bryn Mawr, and wishes to express thanks through the columns of our paper.

By the Indian Friend we see that Dr. Seabrook was the Acting President of the Philadelphia branch of the Woman's National Indian Association, at a meeting held January 11th, at which Miss Estaiene M. Depeltquestange, one of our girls who is making her way through the West Chester Normal School, gave a sketch of her life.

We are pleased to learn through a recent friendly letter from Mrs. Bull, of Newport, that her interest in our work since she left Carlisle is unabated. She reads with pleasure the Red Man and HELPER, and enjoyed especially the account of the football symposium, which of course was natural. Mrs. Bull has many friends at Carlisle who frequently mention her name in kindest remembrance.

To the students of Dickinson especially was the news from Washington relative to the Carlisle Indian School very gratifying. This year, as was the case in many previous years, an attempt was made to deprive the industrial school at this place of its annual appropriation. That the measure failed was in every way in keeping with the interest so manifest among our student body. With the Carlisle Indian School Dickinson enjoys many pleasant relations, and the promise of that institution's continued prosperity is heartily received by all within our college walls. We extend to Capt. Pratt our congratulations as an evidence of our interest in the great work he is so successfully accomplishing, the education of the Indian.—[The Dickinsonian.]

We hear very little direct from Mr. Yellowrobe, who is at present visiting the boys in the untry homes, other than an occasional report, but the following extract from a letter will serve to show the impression he is making among our patrons:

"Mr. Yellowrobe, your inspector, called a short time ago, and I found him most entertaining. You certainly did more to show your patrons and American citizens generally the possibilities in the Indian, by sending him out, than you could possibly have done in any other way. Always before, I had believed that the saying about the Indian returning to his blanket was quite true, but now I know, that instead, he can become an educated gentleman without even the suggestion of 'blanket' I was very glad of the opportunity his call afforded me. M. K. B., Yardley, Pa."

Mr. Wile's text for his last Sunday sermon was taken from Samuel: "Speak; for thy servant heareth." He drew a very vivid picture of the boy Samuel waiting to hear the voice of the Lord, and said in connection that life was full of God's voices. God is giving his word to us just as certain as he did to Samuel, and our attitude toward these voices determines whether we rise or fall. If we turn a deaf ear we shall suffer the consequences. If we want a full, round character we must not only receive the word of God but must impart aid and strength to others.

Miss Ives, of Chambersburg, who was a guest of Miss Senseney last Friday evening, visited with the latter the boys' debating societies. They were greatly entertained. The striking features of the Standard program were the good music rendered by the quartettes, one of which was colored for the evening, the orchestra, and the impersonation of a visiting chief by Weson Murdock and his interpreter—William Nada. The Invincibles were deep in intellectual warfare over the question as to whether or not the Indians should have a representative in Congress.

Among other interesting letters from the West this week was one from Paul Corbett, now in Idaho, who says that he wishes to know what happens here, though he is far away. We are glad to see that he still feels an interest in Carlisle and friends. He is "always busy" with his work, he says, "trying to make a living." Such news from old pupils is always gratifying to their Eastern friends.

Joseph Lujan writes an interesting letter full of gratitude for what Carlisle did for him. He is at present taking the Normal course, in the Santa Fe, N. Mex. Government School, and hopes to finish. He has made himself of general use to his people as interpreter at different times since he left Carlisle, but they have the bad habit of trying to pull down to their own level all the returned pupils. He is glad to be where he is now.

Some subscriptions this week from the Genoa Indian School which of course made the Man-on-the-band-stand, who has very vivid and happy recollections of that spot of ground, smile.

"It has for a small paper very, very good reading and I wait every week patiently to receive it." So says Miss E. H., a Philadelphia subscriber.

## ONE OF OUR TEACHERS.

Scene—North Hanover Street near Metzger College:

A lady and gentleman who had been on a shopping expedition in town accidentally met on their way back to the school.

In the lady's arms were bags and bundles, a bottle, a purse and an umbrella with which she was protecting herself from snowflakes falling thick and fast as they noiselessly covered bits of treacherous ice on the pavement.

The gentleman was carrying a paper bag of oranges in one hand and his umbrella in the other.

Was it moonlight?

No!

Neither was it starlight, yet the lady saw brilliant stars when suddenly both feet went from under her, simultaneously.

Umbrella, bag of apples, bottle, purse and all were scattered to the winds, to say nothing of back hair, hat and other fixings.

The gentlemen?

Well, he proceeded to unload himself so as to proffer the needed aid, when, lo! and behold! in the twinkling of an eye, the lady was on her feet, without his having "forster."

"Say, Mister," called an urchin who saw the incident. "You'll have to do better'n that next time or your girl won't like you."

After the sad catastrophe, the two walked on together, the gentleman thinking, not that his cake would be all dough should the Man-on-the-band-stand find out what had happened, but that it would at least "bake less" thereafter.

## INDIANS ARE BURNING UP.

A great cry was aroused in the country, last month, because an angry mob burned at the stake two Indians, down in Indian Territory. Yet worse than an angry mob is burning up the fathers and mothers of some of our noblest and best boys and girls every day.

Read this:

Homer is supplying the Indians all over the reservation with fire water. There are 1200 Winnebago Indians here and it would take one deputy U. S. marshal for every Indian to keep the bootleggers from selling them whiskey.—[North Nebraska Eagle.]

If the Indians would not buy the whiskey and beer, the bootleggers could not sell.

Fire-water is doing its deadly work.

Whiskey is exterminating the Indians very rapidly; faster than guns and bullets ever did or can do.

The Indian seems to have no power to help himself, under the circumstances, and the few white men who would kill him with whiskey

and vices, seem to have a greater foothold in the tribes than those who are trying to lift the Indian up to save the man.

What are our boys and girls going to do about it?

"We can do nothing as school children," says one.

"You can do this much," replies the Man-on-the-band-stand. "Have something to say about the dreadful curse in every home letter. Your father and mother may not need advice, but beg them to use their influence with those who do need it, and sometimes a very little word, fitly spoken, does a great good."

## GOLDEN POINTS DIRECTLY APPLICABLE TO OUR INDIAN WORK.

In a lecture recently delivered by Sam Jones not a hundred miles from Carlisle, the following notes were taken by a friend of the Indian. He said in substance:

Man is what he is from two causes, heredity and environment.

A person inherits from his mother a disposition to LIE, from his father, to STEAL, and from his grandfather, to DRINK. Who shall say that this person is a sinner? But it is not heredity, but what we DO with heredity, that counts.

As an illustration of environment, Jones bought a rat-terrier, and afterwards a water-spaniel and put them in a yard together. In a short time the spaniel was equal to the ratter. One a ratter by inheritance, the other by environment.

A skilled musician sits down to a piano and his hands sweep over the keys. In an instant a frown is on his face. Two keys are out of tune. Does he shut up the instrument and leave it to put itself into harmony again? No, he puts it in the hands of its maker and in a short time all is harmony.

So it is with us. We are out of harmony with ourselves, and it is only by putting ourselves in the hands of our Maker that harmony is restored. Patience is the oil that makes the machinery run smoothly.

Some say the Prohibition party can never put down the liquor traffic. A boy was running down hill holding a calf by the tail.

"You can never stop it that way."

"I know it," replied the boy, "but I am SLOWING it up some."

The Prohibition party may not STOP the traffic but it will SLOW IT UP.

People engaged in degrading business often give as an excuse that they have to live.

Have to live! Lots of better people than you are, are dead now, and there are many men whose wives wish they were.

It does not pay to grumble at the weather. Good-bye skating, until the next cold wave. Say rapidly: "A noisy noise annoys an oyster."

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped.—FRANKLIN.

For several days we have had lovely sunshine and spring like weather.

No report from the girls' society, hence the world does not know but it is dead.

It is said that John Parker is learning some fancy twists of clubs and bells in calisthenics.

That was an enjoyable late breakfast which Miss Cochran served to a number of friends in her room Dawes Day.

It was very hard for the boys and girls to give up their skating when a snow storm struck them last Saturday.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men.—LANGFORD.

Invitations to Commencement exercises to be held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of March, are mailing.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has his opinion of the shop instructor who will allow the apprentices to address him: "Say, boss."

Mr. Norman is gratified with a letter received from John Lonestar, one of his old painter boys, who is now at Shell Lake, Wisconsin, working in a store.

The Indian Home at Elkhorne, Manitoba, has been supplied with new band instruments and the occupants of the home are expecting some good music in the near future.

Quite a number of our people availed themselves of the opportunity to assist Mr. Wile's church by paying 25 cents for a good supper served at Mrs. Hartzell's last evening.

Mr. James Flannery, '94, our accomplished cornetist, has left for other fields of labor. He will direct a band in Wheeling, W. Va., and will work at tailoring at the same time.

The fellow with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up is too busy to do any calamity howling. It is the idler as a rule who does the most kicking.—[The Eufaula Indian Journal.]

Miss Ely was 4 years old on Dawes Day, the 8th. The event was kindly remembered by a number of friends who bestowed lovely flowers and other gifts upon their esteemed co-worker.

Who was that large boy in the back part of the Hall last Sunday, who read a newspaper all the while Mr. Wile was speaking so earnestly and helpfully to us? He had ears to hear and would not.

Mr. Standing was a witness in a cruelty to animals case, this week, the trolley men having reported the shameful abuse of a horse seen when Mr. Standing happened to be on the car. A true bill was found against the man.

Chief Frank Terrance with Interpreter Thos. W. Shaw, of St. Regis, New York, were visitors of the week. Chief Terrance has a son and daughter John and Lizzie here. He found our school very different from what it had been represented and he is thankful that his children are having such good opportunities. He spoke very feelingly at the Sunday evening service.

Is your Valentine ready for Monday?

John Kimble and Lee Dailey of Chillico, Ok., school have entered our school and band.

"Bell ring?"

"Yes, bell ring long ago."

The mistake found in the reply to first speaker is too frequently heard among our English speaking Indian boys and girls.

Is it carelessness or don't we know better?

China and the condition of affairs in that great Empire, was the subject of a part of Mr. Standing's talk Saturday night. The Chinese have been asleep for 2,000 years and are only beginning to wake up.

The Indian Leader of Haskell Institute presents a clean, clear print and a very neat make-up, this month. We see that Samuel Townsend who learned most of his trade in the HELPER office has returned from Oklahoma and is foreman of the Leader Office.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was glad to see his little friend Master Lewis Parker, of N. Hanover St., on the grounds last Wednesday, after his long and serious illness. He came out to pay his subscription for the HELPER, which he did in a very manly and business-like manner.

Tuesday was Dawes Day, and a holiday for Indian service people. It was the 8th of February, 1887, when the Act to allot lands in severalty to Indians became a law. Senator Dawes was the father of the Bill, hence the day was named for him, and set apart for special honor and celebration.

Mr. Weitzel, who, a few years ago, was one of our teachers for a short time, is now teaching at Boiling Springs. On Friday last, he brought his school by trolley to see the Indians. Among the bright, intelligent faces, the M. O. T. B. S. fancied he could pick out future U. S. Presidents and statesmen.

The writer met Mrs. Spencer and daughter, Miss Mary, of Carlisle, on the trolley the other evening, and reminisced most agreeably about old times. Eighteen years ago the teachers of our school, then numbering a few only, boarded with Mrs. Spencer. In the past decade and more she has lived quietly in town, but is not often met with. Miss Laura, who graduated from Dickinson College, is teaching in a church school in N. Y. City.

The 2 girls who set fire to the girls' quarters a few months ago, have been sentenced to the Penitentiary, solitary confinement, for a year and a half. They have been stolid and indifferent all through their confinement in the county jail, seemingly destitute of consciousness that the crime was anything serious.

A reception was given to the class of '98 in the teachers' parlor, Tuesday evening by Miss Weekley, in honor of her former pupils. Several teachers were invited as guests. The feature of the evening was a contest, calling for the answers of twenty questions to be found on a penny. A prize was offered for the largest number of correct answers and also for the least. We need not say who had the most or least, but nevertheless the prizes were won by Miss Sara Flynn and Mr. Frank James. After fortunes were told and refreshments served, each one went his way feeling that it was an evening well spent.—CLASS REPORTER.