

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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## THE DANCE OF THE LEAVES.

**H**URRAH! Hurrah! for the merry wind  
Of the bleak November day,  
That chases the brown leaves up the hill  
With a whisk and a whirl, away!

The great trees sway with a feathery sweep  
And sound like an organ-tone  
Or the voice of waves in a hollow rock,  
As the boughs are making moan.

Hurrah! hurrah! the chestnut leaves  
And the oak leaves rush together,  
And the beech leaves trip to join the dance  
In the breezy autumn weather.

The wind flutes high a stirring tune  
To the great trees' organ-sound,  
And over the path, and up the hill,  
The leaves whirl merrily round.

## INTERVIEW WITH AN INDIAN BOY COPY-HOLDER.

"Do you understand what you have been reading?"

"No, ma'am!"

"I thought so," said the proof-reader.

"It will take me FOREVER to learn all those hard words," looked the boy from every line of his face.

He had been stumbling along over many words of very common use, which were embodied in an ordinary newspaper article.

"If you should sit down and try to learn all the words, at once," said the proof-reader "you would certainly become discouraged and perhaps fail."

"Well, what's the use in my trying, then?"

"The only thing for you to do," replied the proof-reader kindly, "is to do what every one that uses good English has had to do."

"What? please."

"Be patient, and STAY where you hear and see and are compelled to use the language you are so anxious to get perfectly.

"You are now in a printing-office where you are working with words much of the time," continued the proof-reader. "Now and then, when you see a word that you like specially, listen for it in the conversation of your good

English-speaking friends, and hunt for it in your reading and in your school exercises and learn in that way how and when to use it.

It is not necessary to be anxious about yourself, simply STAY where the chances to grow are good, and you WILL grow."

The boy nodded assent.

"Pull this plant up by the roots, which are now covered with good rich earth, and set it out in a sand heap, do you think it will grow?" asked the proof-reader, pointing to a plant in the window.

"No ma'am."

"And so with yourself. Pull yourself up by the roots and transplant yourself away from the language you are trying to learn, among a people who do not speak English, and do you think you will grow in English?"

"I do not think I would."

"Then be content where you are, unless you can change to where better English is used. Work away on the words you already know. Add to them. Listen, write, talk, and it will not be long before you will be able to understand and use every word in such an article as you have stumbled over today."

## A PRETTY GOOD BICYCLE, EH?

A boy begged of his father for a wheel. "Well, my son," said the father, "you will find one in the front end of that wheelbarrow, and there is a big pile of coal ashes back of the house that will have to be moved.

The handle-bars are of white ash, and are adjustable so that you can get any style of hump on that suits your fancy.

It is regulated largely by the load you put on.

The bigger the load the more you will have to hump yourself.

Be careful and don't mar the enamel on the frame, and keep the ball-bearings well oiled, so they won't cut the cones.

The tire is absolutely punctureless, so you won't have to take a pump, and repair-kit with you.

By the time you have removed that pile of ashes I think you will have made a century run, also the perspiration.

You'd better come to dinner now."



# The Indian Helper

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— AT THE —

Indian Industrial School,  
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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.

Gen. D. S. Stanley, one of the few great commanders of the War, who was a lieutenant and served at the Barracks in the 50's and under whose command Capt. Pratt served in several notable engagements of the War, accompanied by Mrs. Dr. Wright, who, with her eminent husband, was a long time resident at the Barracks before the Indian School was established, were among the interested visitors this week.

Gen. Stanley is now retired from the regular service, and is superintendent of the Home for Disabled Soldiers at Washington. His brief words of encouragement to the students in the dining-hall were greatly appreciated.

Gettysburg at Gettysburg tomorrow; University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia next week, November 6; Brown at Providence, Nov. 13; Illinois University at Chicago, Nov. 20; University of Cincinnati at Cincinnati, Nov. 25.

Mrs. Twyman told a very thrilling story of King Arthur, which held the student body in rapt attention last Saturday evening. From the story she drew the lesson of how one can live worthily. In our country, every man is king, every woman is queen, and each Indian boy or girl, young man or young woman has the power to make of himself or herself a worthy man or woman.

Dr. P. T. Johnson, a full-blooded Indian, born on a reservation in Niagara county, and for 16 years a pupil in the reservation school, afterward principal of the reservation school, and at one time a student of the Lockport Union School, is reported as building up a successful practice in Toledo, Ohio. He is associated with Dr. P. A. Miller in the practice of his profession, which he has perfected after years of study in this country and Europe. —[Niagara Journal.

We remember meeting Dr. Johnson at the World's Fair. He is a man of commanding presence, and no doubt will make his mark in the world.

The friends of Mrs. Alice W. Morton, who, for a time, was with us doing clerical service, will be pleased to learn that she has pleasant employment with the General Electric Company of Baltimore.

If you can't send a subscription send the name of some wide-awake person who should subscribe and we will immediately forward a sample copy with request. Send a hundred names if you wish to help the HELPER really help.

A new type-writer, donated from the outgrown furnishings of Miss Ely's office, now adorns the librarian's desk of the school office. Its staccato music is pleasant, as it turns out outlines for teachers and teachers' meetings; and lessons for the primary grades. Just the thing to help rational education, by allowing the teacher to shape her lessons to the needs of her class. "Thank you," many times to those who are so quick to respond to genuine needs in our work.

Work on the new gallery in Assembly Hall, has made it necessary to dispense with chapel exercises. We all miss the sprightly morning talks. These talks, no doubt, are ordeals to some of the new and inexperienced teachers, but what a source of power they are! How they add to the self-possession and expression of the true teacher! Growth is the best inheritance that the earnest, scholarly teacher can claim; higher ground daily. This comes by the old "observing, thinking, expressing"—the inseparable educational trinity.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's attention has been called to the photograph of a beautiful, healthy-looking baby boy, with finely shaped head and brow. The babe is the son of Mrs. Will Wade, of Vanita, Indian Territory, who was Ida Bluejacket, when a student with us. Mrs. Wade writes a strong and appreciative letter, full of kindly remembrance and love for her friends at Carlisle, and for the school itself as a school. Miss Emily Peake, class '93, recently paid her a visit on her way to the south west country, which both much enjoyed.

The game that was to be played on Saturday between the High School team and a team from the Small Boys' Quarters was postponed for a later date. The reason of postponement was that the captain of the High School team could not get his players together for their regular morning practice. He was also badly hurt and was not able to play. Our boys were greatly disappointed as they expected to have a fine game. They, however, lined up against the "Mighty Scrubs" from the Large Boys' Quarters and defeated them by a score of 30 to 0.

The general opinion of those witnessing the interesting game of football between Yale and the Carlisle Indians, last Saturday on the New York City Polo Grounds, is that it was an exceptionally clean, gentlemanly game. We lost by a score of 24 to 9. A wrong decision was made in favor of Yale which enraged the vast multitude of onlookers, who cried "Robbery," etc. Mr. Thompson says the Yale men are a fine set of players. The New York World, Herald and other papers devoted each an entire page to descriptions of the game, and spoke of the Indians as worthy of the reputation they have made.



Dollars and SENSE are good partners. Onaleana is the name of our new Alaskan pupil.

Dress parade Tuesday evening passed off in good shape.

Mrs. Allen of St. Louis, who is with us for a brief visit is learning to ride a bicycle.

Miss Alice McCarthy took Sunday dinner at teachers' club, a guest of Miss Forster.

Mrs. Given, Miss Cutter and Miss Burgess were dinner guests at Capt. and Mrs. Pratt's on Monday.

The Minnehaha Glee Club is the name the singers who have chosen Miss Simmons for leader, have given themselves.

Chrysanthemums galore! None more beautiful than those decorating the teachers' club tables, through Mr. Kensler's kindness.

Mrs. Forney, wife of Isaac Forney, who used to fire for us, and Miss Myers of North College street were out on Tuesday, and renewed their subscriptions.

Mr. Mason, of Jamestown, who is visiting his sister, Mrs. Pratt, tried the silent steed the other evening in the gymnasium, and will conquer, without difficulty.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Nana Pratt, members of the Carlisle Fortnightly Club, are in attendance upon the Federation of Women's Literary Clubs held this week in Harrisburg.

Mrs. Shearer, wife of Carlisle's Superintendent of schools, and Miss Cora Fitch, elocution teacher of the Shippensburg Normal, were on the grounds, Friday last, taking in the sights.

The "Red Man" is belated on account of an unusual demand for jobs, which have kept printers and presses busy. September, October, and November will appear as one number.

Dr. and Mrs. Noah Speer, of Pittsburg, friends of Mrs. and Miss Barclay, and Rev. Dr. Davis, great uncle of Miss Senseney were among the Presbyterian Synod visitors last Tuesday.

Vincent Nahtalish, and Joseph Ezhuna came back Sunday evening after a pleasant trip to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, where they visited their friends and relatives. They both seem glad to get back.

Mr. Frank Hudson received a handsome ring from Mr. John Steele, of Carlisle, for kicking goal at the Yale-Indian game. Mr. Steele is quite an enthusiast in favor of the Indians, who appreciate his feelings heartily.

The Presbyterian Synod, which has been holding its sessions in Chambersburg for the past week, visited our school in a body on Tuesday. They inspected the shops and school-rooms and seemed greatly pleased and interested.

On last Friday evening Capt. and Mrs. Pratt invited the faculty and officers in to meet their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Mason of Jamestown, N. Y., Mrs. Allen of St. Louis, and Mrs. Twyman of Chicago. A very lively, social time was enjoyed, a pleasing feature being the guessing by each guest, of his own entity, after being placarded on the back and talked to about his or her meritorious deeds or works of pen. Emerson, Demosthenes, Charlotte Bronte, Shakespeare and who not, were there.

Hon. Duncan Graham, of Carlisle, and friend Miss Elma Schick, of Philadelphia, called in at ye editorial sanctum last Thursday, while on their rounds at the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Twyman, Mrs. Allen and Frederick Hall who are guests of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt spent a part of Wednesday, with the Captain on the Battlefield of Gettysburg. It was a glorious day.

Miss Forster, teacher of Art, has won two years' subscription to "Art Education", for the best landscape composition. The prize was offered by the publishers, to the students of the summer school at Teachers' College, New York.

The "Art Club" and "Teachers' Reading Circle" have each had one meeting. The great helpfulness of these little circles is the fact that they broaden us as we study, and rest us in the change of work, and the social coming together.

Little Frederick Hall is happy with his Indian playmates. They have miniature football games daily, in which Master Fred plays quarter-back and gives the signal quite equal to a professional. Healey Wolf must be center rush, while most of the other men are imaginary, but the fun is there all the same.

Scribner's History of the United States in five volumes will soon be placed upon our shelves. This will be a great help to the history classes. We have found Larned's "History for Ready Reference" also most helpful. A club of several of the men employees have used this for a year in the study of American history and find it most excellent.

Mr. L. M. Stevenson, Missionary of the Presbyterian church, at Pt. Barrow, the most northern station in the world, is here. His talks before the student-body have been thrilling with interest, and his stories in private conversation fill his listeners with surprise and wonder. He brought with him from Pt. Barrow a bright Esquimaux youth of fifteen, who is anxious to learn, and for this reason will make rapid progress.

Chauncey Yellowrobe, class '95, has come back to us, not, as he says, to go to school, but to work. Since he left Carlisle he has occupied responsible positions as industrial teacher and disciplinarian at Sisseton, S. Dak., at Genoa, Nebr., and at Fort Shaw, Montana, having been promoted each transfer. He comes to us from Ft. Shaw to act as Assistant Disciplinarian. Mr. Yellowrobe feels at home here, and has gone to work with sleeves up, so to speak. We are glad to have him with us again.

On Monday morning after breakfast, the football team, who returned the evening before from the Yale game which was played at New York last Saturday, was treated to a free ride across the parade, in the large four-horse herdie, drawn by the entire battalion. Capt. Pierce, Frank Cayou, Frank Hudson, and Martin Wheelock occupied the small phaeton drawn by boys, and went in advance of the others. The band played lively marches, as handkerchiefs waved and mouths shouted. The demonstration was a great surprise to all making a unique scene for such an early morning hour. The school is proud of the record made for clean playing, and were gratified that the boys scored.





Not gone yet? No! No! Too much to see! Who is that good singer in the choir, who during practice chews gum vigorously between his tenorstrains?

Which end of a hornet does John Bakeless like best? And why?

Who are the crawlers to breakfast? Funny, isn't it? As soon as freedom comes we kill ourselves with it.

Who forgets Phil? Phil who? Philopena.

Who are those ladies taking a short-cut to town, but finding the coal-house gate locked have to go the long way around after all?

What Government employee was it who when asked how many stars are on the U. S. flag, could not tell?

Oh, no, it is not a new kink, but, who is that young lady who carries a small mirror with her to Assembly Hall? And why does she always hold it side-wise toward the west?

Who has the best excuse for non-performance of duty, society nights?

Who took the red paint spot away so quickly he was not seen, but left another not two feet from it?

Which of the bachelor printers likes pie so much that he even has his bed made pie fashion?

Who tried to blacken his shoes with stove polish out in the country?

Where did Frank Steele learn such fine gymnastics with his drum-major stick?

#### A MISTAKE.

Notice! Volume XIII begins this week, with a newly cast heading, and sharp column-rules, and we stand ready for new subscriptions.

Thus it is that THE INDIAN HELPER announces itself; and who has a better right! THE HELPER has been a helper in a good cause, and twelve years have seen many changes for better things.

The fight may not altogether be won but the harder part of the struggle is over and Carlisle can say: "of whom I was a great part." By the way hasn't THE HELPER made a mistake in ascribing: "God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud" to the pen of James Whitcomb Riley? Mr. Riley has so many good things to his credit that he doesn't need the work of another to aid in retaining his hold upon the public. "The Poet scout," Capt. Jack Crawford, we know would not be ashamed to have his work assigned to Mr. Riley, but all will agree that it is better that each should have proper credit.—[Reformatory Record.]

It was a mistake of some other paper from which we clipped the poem, and we stand corrected.

#### GOD DID HELP HIM AND HE DID GET OUT OF IT.

In one of our cities there is a man who keeps a splendid restaurant and his two children wait on the table.

One of them is a very interesting boy about ten years of age.

A friend was very much attracted by the gentleness of the little fellow, and he said:

"You have a splendid waiter."

"Yes," said the proprietor, "he is my son. I used to sell liquor. The boy came home one day and said:

"Papa, we fellows at school had a discussion to-day about the business in which our parents were engaged, and the question was asked:

"What does your father do?"

One of them said, "My father works."

Another said, "My father is a merchant."

Another said, "My father is a lawyer."

I said, "My father sells liquor."

And then one of the boys spoke up and said:

"That is the meanest business on earth."

And then he looked around and asked, "Father, is that so?"

And I said, "Yes, John, it is; and I am going to get out of it. God helping me, I will get out of it."

#### SOME SECRETS OF HEALTH WE HAVE BEEN ASKED TO PRINT.

Don't worry.

Don't hurry.

"Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Don't over-eat.

Don't starve.

Court the fresh air day and night.

Sleep and rest abundantly.

Work like a man; but don't be worked to death.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be careful.

"A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Never despair.

"Lost hope is a fatal disease."

#### CONUNDRUMS.

An interested subscriber who says he was for twenty years a locomotive engineer, sends the following railroad conundrums that his railroad companions used to ask each other:

1. Why is a railroad siding like a pond of water?

2. Why is a locomotive like a woman?

3. Why is a locomotive like a man?

(Answers next week.)

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Chestnuts.