

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—  
*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.*

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1898.

NUMBER 32.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

**A**ND should the twilight darken into night,  
And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong:  
Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong  
Which a fresh life pulse cannot set aright,  
That thou dost know the darkness proves the light.  
Weep if thou wilt, but weep not all too long.  
Or weep and work; for work will lead to song.

## A GAME PLAYED BY OMAHA CHILDREN IN CAMP.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who has charge of the Indian exhibit at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, probably knows more of Indian life in camp, than any white person living.

She has made a scientific study of what others observe casually. She has lived in Indian camps for months at a time and sees the Indian through anthropological and ethnological eyes, consequently her stories mean more than the observations of others who see from the ordinary point of view.

It will be remembered that Miss Fletcher was with us but a few weeks ago, and in years gone by she used frequently to come to Carlisle. Miss Fletcher holds a Fellowship in Harvard College.

In speaking of child life among the Omaha Indians, she said:

One of the favorite games of Omaha children from five to ten years of age, is called "Ou-hae-ba-shun-shun"—the crooked path.

Fancy some ten or twenty youngsters.

The leader, one of the older boys, sizes his crew, putting the smallest at the end of the Indian file.

Each child grasps with its right hand the belt cord of the one in front.

At the word of the leader all start off at a shuffling trot, keeping time to a tune, while all sing.

Under no circumstances must one break from the line unless so ordered, and all must follow the leader and do exactly as he does.

Off they go, bent on mischief, winding around trees, bushes, tufts of grass, through puddles, and among the tents.

If an old woman chances to be pounding corn, the line circles about her, and each little left hand will seize some corn, until at last, with exhausted patience, she rises to chastise the imps.

But they are too quick for her, having, at a word, scattered like partridges to cover.

Should any one have hung his corn to dry on a frame low enough for this singing file of children to reach, each child will break off an ear, and the company make their way, singing and trotting on their crooked path, to some sheltered nook, where they halt, kindle a fire, roast the captured ears, and merrily eat the same.

## IN THE TIN SHOP.

"What a beautiful piece of work this is!" said a lady who picked up a bright tin cup in the tin shop the other day.

And the Man-on-the-band-stand thought that the boy who did his BEST on that tin-cup made a big stroke for his CHARACTER.

No person can do a CARELESS piece of work in anything, without giving a bad stroke for his character.

## WORTH KNOWING.

The general freight agent of a large railroad, says that he will in the future employ no young man who smokes cigarettes, and that he intends to get rid of all now in his department who smoke them.

"Eighty-five per cent," he says, "of the mistakes made in the office by my two hundred clerks are traceable to the thirty-two who use cigarettes."

## IT TAKES THREE.

Rev. M. A. Kelley says it takes three to run a saloon—the devil, one of his imps, and some body's boy.



# 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.

*Price—10 cents a year.*

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

*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.

The old weather prophets say this is a hunter's moon, and we will have drier weather. We are glad of a sign at least, for the present weather is too "Dewey" for any use.

We must have exercise, and during some of these rainy evenings, the teachers and officers sometimes employ a half hour after study hour at basket-ball or wheeling in the gymnasium.

Miss Hattie Norman, of South Bedford St., youngest daughter of our painter, has received the present of a new wheel of which she is very proud and which she spins at a great rate. Now she says she wants a cow-boy hat, then she will be all right.

Ayche Saracino is very happy in her home with Mrs. Kelly, at Hatboro. She says "I wouldn't ask for a better mother." Ayche does not mind the hard work she finds about house-cleaning time, and enjoys the books she gets from the Sunday School library.

At the Knights' Templar parade in Harrisburg on Tuesday, our band took part, and this is what the Philadelphia Press said about it:

As each command passed the stand swords were presented in salute, and the colors and guidons were dipped almost to the ground, in honor of the Chief Executive of the State. But the greatest demonstration occurred when the band of the Carlisle Indian School passed. The Governor clapped his hands vigorously, and the great crowds joined in with a will.

The Harrisburg Telegraph has this to say of our band:

There are no better bands in this section of the State than the excellent organization possessed by the Carlisle Indian Industrial Training School, which tendered the "Telegraph" a thoroughly up-to-date serenade this afternoon, presenting such difficult compositions as the "El Capitan March" with all the finish and proficiency of the best military bands in the country. Carlisle Indian School is a great institution and the Carlisle Indian School Band a great dispenser of high-class music.

A little dog created quite an excitement in and around the administration building last Saturday. Miss McCook was sitting writing quietly in Capt. Pratt's office when a howling dog leaped in at the window, jumped up on Captain's desk and then on the window-sill. His tongue hung out and he sat and howled and barked. Out the window he jumped again and ran in the hall, up stairs and out on the upper balcony. He tried to climb the posts, and finally ran around the edge of the railing. Whether the dog was mad or not, is not known, but that it was in some sort of a fit and not a safe animal to have around was certain. By this time the clerks and Mr. Standing had armed themselves with sticks and clubs, with Miss Ely as general manager of doors and windows. Miss Luckenback, through a mistake, kindly shut the door onto the balcony, leaving Mr. Standing alone with the infuriated animal in quarters rather too close to be altogether agreeable. Mr. Standing's idea was to coax him and give him a start off the grounds, thinking he had lost his bearings perhaps, and would right himself if given plenty of room. And so with a little manoeuvring, the dog was shown the guard-house gate, toward which he ran with all his might, but he would not go out. Turning, he came immediately back to the office building, and it was plainly seen that he was in great misery, to end which he must be killed. So with one well directed blow Mr. Standing ended his life, and all concerned breathed freely, thinking that the kindest thing had been done to the poor, suffering creature.

Viola Zieh, who is living in a country home, speaks of the burning of their barn last week. She says: "The cause of the fire is not known. Eighteen cows, one horse and two mules were burned. Two carriages and two horses were saved and that was all. I never fully realized how useful Uncle Sam (our fire-engine) was until he could not be had. How I did wish for him as I saw the barn burning. I am sure he could have saved the barn had he and some of the light-footed Indian boys been here at the time the fire started. I feel very sorry for the family's loss. In the excitement of the fire I came almost getting killed with a horse jumping over me, but I'm glad to say that I did not even get hurt." Viola lives with C. C. Balderston, of Colora, Md.

Supt. A. H. Viets, of the Cheyenne School, Oklahoma, has sent Miss Ericson a photograph of the interior of the school carpenter shop. It is an excellent picture, showing a model shop for neatness. A large and suggestive motto extending across one side, reads: "A place for every thing and every thing in its place." There are sloyd models artistically arranged on the walls and neat cupboards and benches for tools and work are in evidence. Supt. Viets himself with a class of six or seven boys are shown in the picture. The scene is a truly inspiring one, having a business aspect through and through.

Miss Leila Cornelius, '96, who is teaching at Ft. Belknap, writes cheerfully of her work. The school has been having an epidemic of a peculiar kind of cough that has been hard to handle. Miss Leila longs for some flowers from Pennsylvania such as she used to help raise in her country home.



Rain and more of it.

No! Is it going to clear off?

"And the next day it rained."

Some "right smart" showers lately.

The Athletic Field is still a mud hole.

Such a rainy May is unusual at Carlisle.

If it rains out of doors, make sunshine inside.

The Cuban climate has moved north, it seems.

"Let us have peas," said a war man at the table the other day.

That was a terrible thunder bolt, on Friday when all were at supper.

Miss Miles left on Tuesday for Oregon, to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. Gallup, Mrs. Thompson's sister, left for her home near Jersey City, on Saturday.

This cannot be said to be "bang-up" weather, and crimping irons are called into active use.

Enos Pego, another printer has gone to the country, and our second team has lost its left-hand pitcher.

In spite of the rains during May, the daily visitations at the school have been unusually large. They may.

The proposed dual Athletic meet between our school and Dickinson has been declared off for this year.

The shop court-yard is having its flower beds put in good shape. Simon Standingdeer is to have the superintendency.

After the hard clap of thunder which gave everybody a little stir, last Friday evening, one of the girls wanted to know if it were the trolley car which blew up.

John Edwin Bakeless and his mamma Mrs. Bakeless have returned from Milroy, and the hearts of all rejoiced to hear the child-voice at table Wednesday evening.

Two small Brazilian rodents known as Guinea-pigs are great pets in girls' quarters. Lillie Treat brought them in from her country home for a present to Effie Spencer.

Mr. Norman and his two apprentices for each work-period, Frank Tyndall and William Littlehawk in the morning and Nelson Hare and Thomas Medicinehorse, (a new boy) in the afternoon have in two days painted the entire inner surface of Assembly Hall, which the Man-on-the-band-stand considers very fair speed at brush work.

"Don't you think it is hard, we can't get any official news from Washington?" asked Mr. Norman of his fellow worker. "Why, what's the matter with Washington," was the earnest inquiry in reply. "You know he is dead, don't you?" said the Master painter, and his fellow worker asked for a fan.

Did you see the low cloud in the west and the rumble as of thunder, last Saturday evening? It was Charles Lowcloud, and he was riding his wheel at breakneck speed over the bridge. Losing his pedals he fell and bruised himself almost seriously. He had to be carried to the hospital. No bones were broken, but the flesh on his legs was bruised and cut so that he bled profusely. He is doing well at this writing.

HOSPITAL ITEMS:—Dahnola Jessan is better and goes down to his meals.—Lee Dailey has laryngitis.—Ross Hornbuckle has come in from the country with ague.—Fannie Jackson had pneumonia, but is up, making doll clothes and singing.

Dora Moses received a wheel from home last week. As it is a "Klondyke," she can go on the Klondyke without going to Alaska, and to Dora, just now, it is worth its weight in gold, for it gives to her unbounded pleasure, except when she bounds off the seat in an accident.

Miss Paull, who has Miss Barr's place, as chief nurse at the hospital, during the absence of the latter, in the west, has at last reached the high climax of her heart's desire, and proven herself a "Captain Courageous," in that she has successfully mended a broken rib; but, alas! It was the rib of an umbrella.

Mrs. Lindsay, of Huntingdon, is here, visiting her mother, Mrs. Rumsport, who presides over the culinary department of the teacher's club. Juanita Bibancos lives with Mrs. Lindsay, and goes to the Huntingdon public school. She is well and happy and didn't wish to come back just yet even on a visit. This speaks well for Juanita.

Miss Cutter has been invited to become a member of the Carlisle Fortnightly Club, and has accepted. This Club is a literary organization of women, presided over at present by Mrs. Reed, wife of President Reed of Dickinson College, and among whom are a number of the wives of the Dickinson College professors, as well as others of literary taste and ability in town.

News has been received by Miss Ericson from Misses Shaffner and Olafia Johannsdotir that they have arrived safely at Queens-town. The latter says they had very pleasant weather all the way across the Atlantic but she is very glad the voyage is over, which we can readily understand when we read in Miss Shaffner's cheerful letter that Miss Olafia was sea-sick nearly all the time. As for herself, Miss Shaffner says she was not sick an hour and that she enjoyed the trip thoroughly. The captain of the Rhyndland was very kind, and barring a few windy days the weather was delightful.

Mrs. Beitzel, who has been very ill for many months, died last Sunday evening at the home of her parents at Williams Grove, nine miles East of Carlisle. It has been about two years since Mr. Beitzel, Capt. Pratt's chief clerk, and his wife moved from their home on High Street to take up their residence at the school. The deceased was a highly respected and lovable Christian character. Mr. Beitzel, has the sincere sympathy of his co-workers in this his great trial. A floral offering was contributed by his fellow workers as a tribute of love and esteem toward our friend who has gone. Several attended the funeral services at Williams Grove, on Wednesday.

Mr. Beitzel says by note: "I desire, through the HELPER to thank our many friends at the school for their warm sympathy and many tokens of love during my beloved wife's illness, and for the beautiful tribute sent after her death."



## POOR CHILDREN! POOR INDIAN CHILDREN.

If a man who drinks beer and whiskey could bear all the evil consequences himself the habit would be terrible enough, but his CHILDREN have to suffer.

The Superintendent of a great hospital for children in Switzerland has made a careful study of the effect of the drink habit upon the children of drunkards, and the children of men who drink every day without getting drunk.

He has found that 82 out of every one hundred children who had temperate parents had good, sound bodies.

But only six out of every one hundred children who had parents that drank whiskey or other liquors were healthy.

Think of it!

Out of every one hundred children whose parents drank, 94 had sickly bodies.

The Man-on-the-band-stand supposes they were thin, of stunted growth, they had large, swollen necks, they had sore eyes, they were consumptive, and were weak in many other ways.

If we have fathers and mothers who do not drink we have much to be thankful for. If our parents do drink, we should try to persuade them not to.

If we have weakly bodies, inherited from parents who drink, we need not be greatly discouraged, because through education and right living we can make our bodies serve us well and long.

## OUR ROSE.

It has not been long since the announcement was made of the marriage of our long-time-ago pupil, Rose Howell and a western boy, Rush Roberts, both of the Pawnee tribe.

The writer knew Rush and Rose when they were very small children and went to her to school in a little day school, down among the Pawnees, long before there was an Oklahoma, and before there was a railroad within a hundred miles.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would be glad to hear direct from these young people in whom he is so much interested.

We have the news this week, however, through an eastern friend of Mrs. Roberts, that they have a very nice home at Osage City, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Roberts says they have a new stone milk-house and have plenty of milk and butter, which the writer remembers in the times afore mentioned were great luxuries in that country.

Mrs. Roberts speaks with appreciation of the numerous wedding gifts she received.

It will be remembered that after Mrs. Roberts left Carlisle, she lived for a while in Denver, with Mrs. Stevick, and then went to Pawnee, where she was appointed matron of the Government school, which position she held for several years, endearing herself to the children and employees of the school.

## HURRAH FOR THE COMANCHE!

Eugene Tahkahpeur is a Comanche Indian, born in his tribe in the Indian Territory. He spent several years with us as a student, and then found a home in Massachusetts where he has lived and supported himself as a man for a number of years, and has become a citizen of that commonwealth.

"Is he really a citizen at heart?" some may ask.

Read what he says at the close of a business letter which he did not intend for publication, and judge!

"What do you think about the War?" he asks.

"I'm going to try hard to go in the Fall. I want to go if I can. There are many Massachusetts boys going and I am one of the boys of this State, and I want to stand for my country with them or with the rest of the boys in blue."

## A SLAVE.

When a man reaches a condition where "he must have a smoke," "must drink a cup of coffee," "must take a dose of morphine," or any such thing to sustain nerves or to do his work, it is time he became anxious, for he is becoming a slave to habit.

## A CUBIC YARD.

"What is a cubic yard?" asked a teacher of her pupil.

"I don't know exactly," said the pupil who raised his hand, "but I guess it's a yard the Cuban children play in."

## Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 6, 1, 8, 5 is one of the first things our little girls learn to do in the sewing room.

My 9, 7, 11, 2 is worn around the waist.

My 3, 4, 12 is the kind of houses some people live in.

My 10, 11, 6 is what we will all become if we live long enough.

My whole is what made some of our commonly sedate people scream last Friday evening.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Promise of fair weather.