

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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THE TONGUE.

THE boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill, declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde."
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue, an early death;"

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "Outstrips the steed;"

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

"The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

THE COST OF ONE DRINK.

Some men are so made that the mere taste of liquor will kindle in them a raging thirst for more.

A doctor and his friend were once talking together in front of a saloon when a master mechanic, a man of amiable and excellent character, a first-class workman, full of business, with an interesting family, respected by everybody, and bidding fair to be one of the leading men of the city, came up to them and laughingly said:

"Well, I have just done what I never did before in my life."

"Ah, what was that?"

"Why, Mr. — has owed me a bill for work for a long time and I dunned him for the money till I was tired, but a minute ago I caught him out here, and asked him for the money.

'Well,' he said, 'I'll pay it to you if you'll step in here and get a drink with me.'

'No,' said I, 'I never drink—never drank in my life.'

'Well' he replied, 'do as you please. If you won't drink with me, I won't pay your bill—that's all!'

But I told him I could not do that.

However, finding he would not pay the bill, rather than lose the money, I just went in and got the drink."

And he laughed at the strange occurrence as he concluded.

As soon as he had finished the story, the physician's companion, an old, discreet, shrewd man, turned to him, and in a most impressive manner said:

"Sir, that was the dearest drink that ever crossed your lips, and the worst bill you ever collected."

And terribly did time verify that prediction. In less than twelve months he was a confirmed, disgraced sot, a vagabond in society, a curse to those who loved him, a loathing and a shame wherever he went.

At last he died a horrible death in an infirmary from a disease produced solely by intoxication.—[The Sacred Heart Review.

"STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."

A fisherman, who drank liquor used to sail from a small cove on the Scotch coast to the fishing grounds, several miles out in the ocean.

There was no lighthouse to guide him.

When the fisherman had taken a drop too much it was dangerous work entering that cove.

His little son used to watch for his father's coming, and as soon as he saw him he would cry out:

"Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

The boy died; and one evening the father was sitting at his lonely fireside.

His conscience troubled him, and he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness:

"Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

Springing to his feet, he called out:

"You're right this time, my son!"

From that moment he was a changed man and stopped drinking strong drink.

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

Purcell Powless is in Concord, Massachusetts, and in sending his subscription for the HELPER, says "I like to keep track of my old schoolmates."

At the last meeting of the Invincible Debating Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, John Lemieux; Vice President, James E. Johnson; Secretary, Edwin Moore; Treasurer, John B. Warren; Reporter, Guy Brown; Sgt.-at-Arms, Thomas Mason; Critic, Edward Rogers; Assist. Critic, David Abraham.

The sociable on Saturday night seemed like old times. It was the first of the season and there were many happy comings-together of brothers and sisters, and sisters of other peoples' brothers with brothers of other peoples' sisters. The band played its best pieces, while the throng promenaded or played games. It was a good time for the new students to get acquainted. There were very few "wall flowers," for the entertainment committee kept things lively.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society held its first meeting last Friday evening, and had election of new officers for the ensuing year, which are as follows:

President, Minnie H. Finley; Vice President, Sara E. Smith; Recording Secretary, Annie M. Morton; Corresponding Secretary, Pasquale Anderson; Treasurer, Rose Duvernay; Reporter, Fannie Harris; Marshal, Dollie Wheelock; Critic, Mary Moon; Assistant Critic, Ella Sturm; Pianist, Jennie Brown.

New regulations to govern the society work of the school will be published next week. Teachers and officers by twos will hereafter be detailed to visit the meetings regularly. This has long been needed, and will be greatly appreciated by the active members of the societies who are anxious to learn the best forms of conducting business and who enjoy appreciative listeners. Mr. Standing and Mr. Thompson, will visit the Invincibles; Prof. Bakeless and Dennison Wheelock the Standards; Misses Hill and Bowersox, the Susans, tonight.

Soldiers of the second West Virginia Volunteers visited us in small detachments during the latter part of the week. The habits of reckless living were stamped upon the faces of many thoughtful, promising-looking young men. The bleared and heavy eye, flushed face and staggering gait told a sad story. There were gentlemen among them who gave no evidence of strong drink, but who wore the tan and brawn of rough and ready service for their country, but several in every group carried heavy breaths and bore faces flushed with intoxicants. It is said that the saloons in town reaped a rich harvest, and extra wagon-loads of beer and liquors were laid in to supply the soldiers. Think of it! Wagon-loads of fire-water to burn out the hearts and brains of our country's best.

A very interesting letter has been received from Annie Thomas Lillibridge, whose husband is one of the corps of workers of the Genoa Nebraska School, and who is editor of the News published at the school. We all remember Annie Thomas when a pupil with us. She recently attended the Omaha Exposition and found there a number of our old pupils. Among others, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davis, White Buffalo, Jesse Bent, Frank Everett, Joe Stewart, Elsie Springer Baxter, all in attendance upon the Indian Congress, and most of them as interpreters. She missed by only a few hours seeing Nellie Carey. Mrs. Lillibridge says that the Genoa brass band played for a few weeks at the Exposition, and won the admiration of the people. Captain Mercer who is in charge of the Indian Congress spoke of them in the highest terms.

Mr. John Martin of East North Street called to renew some subscriptions, and while in the office reminisced on war times, when General Fitz-Hugh Lee shelled our town and burned these barracks. Mr. Martin thoroughly believes in the Carlisle way of making true men and women of the American Indian youth. He says the HELPER is one of the first papers read that comes to his house, and he thinks it contains more in a nutshell than many papers of larger pretensions. We are thankful for such words of encouragement.

The football game of last Saturday with Bloomsburg on our grounds was a victory for the Indians; score 43 to 0. Two fifteen minute halves were played. The most noticeable feature of the game was the spirit and dash with which our boys played. The game was free from any objectionable features. Bloomsburg played a strong game. Great credit is due to Mr. Hall, our coach, for the skill shown by the Indians.

Football Schedule.

Oct. 1, Susquehanna at Carlisle.
Oct. 8, Cornell at Ithaca.
Oct. 15, Williams at Albany.
Oct. 22, Yale at New Haven.
Oct. 29, Harvard at Cambridge.
Nov. 5, Dickinson at Carlisle.
Nov. 12, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
Nov. 19, University of Illinois at Chicago.
Nov. 24, University of Cincinnati at Cincinnati.
Game with Bloomsburg, Sept. 24th, WON by a score of 43-0.

Fair Week and hosts of visitors.

What is a sociable wall-flower?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Enigmas.

We play Susquehanna tomorrow on our athletic field.

Mr. Jack Standing has a new Reading Standard.

What looks worse from the outside than a window curtain tied up in a knot?

Do the Indians learn to make furniture? No, but each boy and girl at our school makes a bed every day.

Mr. Thompson has gone to Trenton, N. J., on business connected with the school.

Supt. Campbell, of Shoshone, we learn has been transferred to Warm Springs, Oregon.

Have you more boys than girls at the Carlisle Indian school? Yes, 75 more boys.

POPULATION: On our roll, 866; in country homes, 317—152 boys, 165 girls; present, 549.

Supervisor Wright has been made an honorary member of the Standard Literary Society.

A large company of boys was sent to the lower farm on Saturday morning last, to cut the corn.

Orderlies were in demand on Wednesday and Thursday to conduct Fair visitors around the grounds.

On Saturday a number of boys were hired by Mr. Cornman two or three miles south of Carlisle to help husk his corn.

The painters are finishing a wagon made by our wagon-makers for Supt. Campbell, of the Shoshone Agency, Wyoming.

Mrs. Cook returned from the West on Friday bringing with her two pupils. Others, the outcome of her trip have also come.

All pupils from Number 9 to Number 12 are expected to join one of the three literary societies and take an active part.

The teachers in their weekly meetings are still at work upon Froebel's Education of Man. They are expecting to take up chemistry later.

Mrs. Mason Pratt and son Dick of Steelton, and Mrs. Pratt's sister Mrs. Barlow of Jamestown, N. Y., were over to witness the game on Saturday.

On Saturday, Mr. Geo. Hall was a guest of his brother Mr. John Hall, coach for the football team. He too is a Yale man and a football enthusiast.

The name of the winner of the \$10 prize will be known to-night, or in other words the first thing to-morrow morning, and will be published next week.

The new pupils from the Carson, Nevada school have entered No. 10 and give promise of doing well. The pupils of 10 are taking hold of their studies with a will notwithstanding their lateness in getting started.

Mrs. Cook brought from Pine Ridge and Rosebud Agencies, South Dakota, reports of Carlisle students who have returned. We will give extracts from these in some future number of the HELPER. Do they go BACK? If they do it is the fault of conditions that reservations breed.

George Bacon and Archie Johnson have gone home.

Phillips White is still holding his position in the store at Pine Ridge, and we hear he is doing well.

Mrs. Ellen Parker, of North Hanover St. with guests—Captain Owen, Miss Owen and others from a distance were out on Monday.

The Bubb Comedy Company now playing in the new Opera House extended courtesies to the HELPER editors. They are giving good entertainments.

Miss Campbell was detailed on Tuesday to go as far as Washington, D. C., with Fannie Jackson and Lucy Lowen, who went to their homes in North Carolina.

Mrs. E. I. Hepburn, of Williamsport and Mrs. Cyrus Small, of New York, with Miss Rebecca Lamberton, of West Pomfret street, were among the interested visitors on Thursday.

Lottie Harris' farm mother says of her: "She has been uniformly helpful in every line of work she has been required to do." What better record could a girl or boy in a country home make than that?

Miss Seonia is taking Sloyd lessons under Miss Ericson's instruction. Among the students who are doing excellent work is George Balent who does better with his one hand than some who have two good arms and hands.

The Juniors have reorganized and elected the following officers: President, John Warren; Vice-President, Rose Poodry; Secretary, George Welch; Treasurer, Bertha Pierce; Reporter, Charles Roberts; Critic, Pasaquala Anderson.

Not a bad poetic description of a football game: O wild kaleidoscopic panorama of jaculatory arms and legs! The twisting, twining, turning, tussling, throwing, thrusting, throttling, tugging, thumping, the tightening thaws; etc, etc.

The many friends of Amelia Killbull, who went home with Mrs. Cook, and who was so anxious to come back, but was held there by forces she could not overcome, are full of sympathy for her, but hope that she still will be able to carry out her desire to become better educated and useful.

Mrs. Anna Beiler, President of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New York and Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, of Newark, N. J., Superintendent of the Legislative Branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for the United States, were guests of Miss Shaffner on Wednesday. In the evening Mrs. Ellis addressed the girls in their society room.

On Tuesday evening, after shop-bell, a woman flying from window to window and pounding on the doors of the store-house attracted the attention of a passer-by. On investigation it was discovered to be our Miss Ely. Mr. Kensler, not knowing that she had slipped into the cellar for a minute went off and locked the doors. The prisoner came out three shades whiter than when she went in, for it locked to her, for a time, like an all night detention.

WESTERN PICTURES.

Mrs. Bennett who was with us when her husband was our farmer, writes interestingly from the Ft. Shaw Indian School, Montana, where they now have positions in the Indian Service.

Some photographs taken by Mrs. Bennett give one a good idea of the lay of the land in the near vicinity of the school.

One is of the Chapel, and a neat edifice it is.

One shows three of the cottages at the school.

But perhaps the most interesting of all shows the tents of the Indian campers who went to Ft. Shaw to attend the closing exercises.

Then there is a picture of White Horse with two of his wives. They are wrapped in robes of winter, and look strange in their peculiar dress.

It will be remembered that the papers, not long ago, contained a romantic story of the elopement of one of the Ft. Shaw employees with a young Indian.

That same Indian was the son of the White Horse whose photograph we have.

Mrs. Bennett recently visited St. Peter's Mission School and saw there Lizzie Howard and Maggie Trombley, both of whom, she says, seemed very happy. She says the Mission is a beautiful place.

The new Superintendent of Ft. Shaw, Mr. Campbell (not our W. P. Campbell who is still at Shoshone,) has assumed charge and everything is running along nicely.

INDIANS AND BEARS.

The greatest bear country in the southwest is the Navajo Indian reservation, where the bears are never hunted and may live multiply and grow old in peace, says the San Francisco Call.

The Navajo believes that bruin is the sacred animal, and they will never kill or consent to have one killed except under one circumstance.

This is when a bear has killed a red man and the identity of the culprit is as well established as that of the victim.

Then, headed by their medicine man, half the tribe will gather at bruin's doorway, humbly beg his pardon for what is about to happen and pray to his shade not to look for vengeance.

This done, one or two warriors will boldly penetrate the cave and kill the bear, which is then accorded a decent burial.—[The Guide, Battleford, Saskatchewan, Canada.]

NOT PATRICK HENRY OF THE SMALL BOYS' QUARTERS.

"Ellen, has George come home from school yet?" cried Mrs. Snaggs to her servant.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him."

"How do you know, then, that he's home?"

"Because the cat's hiding under the dresser."—[Exchange.]

We all know that some small boys and girls are so exceedingly fond of kittens and cats that they torture them with too much squeezing and handling.

Other small boys like to tease cats by pulling their tails and setting the dogs on them to make them spit and run up trees.

There is a cat in the small boys' quarters, however, who is never teased.

He has earned his name by not allowing boys and girls to fondle and torture him.

When quite a kitten he would say as plainly as actions could speak to the person who tried to hold him:

"Meow! Give me liberty or give me death," and he would get his liberty every time, and he was forthwith called Patrick Henry, because it was the great statesman—Patrick Henry—who made the famous speech: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Our Patrick Henry has grown to be a fine large cat, beloved and respected by the entire school.

HARD TO DO BUT HOW TRUE!

Rev. A. Stone says:

Pure religion and undefiled is "ministering," not the other thing, "being ministered unto."

It is handing over the morning paper to another for first perusal.

It is vacating a pleasant seat by the fire for one who comes in chilled.

It is giving up the most restful arm-chair or sofa-corner for one who is weary.

It is "moving up" in the pew to let the newcomer sit down by the entrance.

It is rising from your place to darken the blind when the sun's rays stream in too brightly upon some face in the circle.

It is giving your own comfort and convenience every time for the comfort and convenience of another.

This is at once true courtesy and real Christianity.—[Sunday School Times.]

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 1, 5, 6, 7 is worn in the nose by some animals.

My 3, 2, 6 is a bright object seen at times in the sky.

My 3, 4, 2, 6 is the way to treat evil.

My whole is what the various departments of the school are doing this beginning of the year.