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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

VOL. XIV.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1898.

NUMBER 9

IF I WERE A VOICE.

IF I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
That would travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea
Wherever a human heart might be
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice—a consoling voice—
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering ones,
And teach them to rejoice again.

AS TO LAUGHING.

These sensible hints about laughing are from Arthur's Home Magazine. The writer says:

A laugh doeth good like medicine, but you must be sure to have the laugh WITH others, not AT them, if you would have it really do good.

The kindness which governs in other things should in this; no substituting of something else that's "just as good" for the Golden Rule, which should control our conduct—for nothing else is just as good, nor nearly as good.

Here are a few "don'ts" for the little people—and we are all little sometimes—to observe about laughter:

1. Don't laugh at an accident. It is bad enough to be the victim of embarrassment, such as comes with any accident, without being at the same time the butt of ridicule.

2. Don't laugh at misfortune of any kind. Sympathy need not be vocal to be very expressive, but it is much more potent for good than ridicule or amusement.

3. Don't laugh at a mistake. Your own mistakes are coming in every day—and you don't want to be paid in money of your own coining, unless the coin is of the best standard quality.

4. Don't laugh at the aged. Some day you'll

be just as old as the oldest man or woman you know—if you live long enough.

5. Don't laugh at the awkward. It is not so much to your credit that you are graceful as it is that you are kind. "There's nothing so royal as kindness," and it is not kind to laugh at a person whom you think awkward.

6. Don't laugh at a joke that has any doubtful meaning. All coarse or mean conversation should be frowned down.

7. Don't laugh in a way that will disturb others.

QUERY ANSWERED.

In answering the inquiry made in your last issue of the HELPER regarding the probable meaning of the word "Quider" the name said to have been given by the Six Nation Indians to Peter Schuyler, perhaps a little explanation will suffice.

One of the very first efforts of the early missionaries among the then Five Nation Indians was that which reduced their language to writing. I cannot say whether or not any effort was ever put forth to invent an Indian alphabet for these people, but sixteen characters of the English alphabet are used in writing the Indian language, their pronunciation being modified to correspond with certain sounds peculiar to the Indian language.

Many of the Oneidas of Wisconsin, who formally formed a part of the Confederation, still possess Bibles and Testaments translated into the Indian and published by the early missionaries even before Peter Schuyler's time.

In this word "Quider", "i" is pronounced like "ee," "e" like "a" in day, and "r" like "l" hence the word spelled according to pronunciation, is "Queedal" with the accent on the first syllable. Quider is the Indian for Peter.

D. W.

An Iroquois Indian writes that he has heard the word used years ago and that Quider or Quidler means a low, trifling person. The Man-on-the-band-stand is inclined to believe that D. W. is on the right track, and that the name Quider is the Indian name for Peter.

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 per year

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

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

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.

The Indian Chiefs

The chiefs from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, presented a fine appearance as they sat upon the rostrum last Wednesday evening. They listened with interest to the band and choir and to Mr. Standing's address of welcome. When Major Pratt spoke of their presence with us and his pleasure at having them here, he said they were men he knew 31 years ago at a time when some of the tribes were not friendly, and it was interesting if not dangerous to be among them. Mr. Standing referred to his pioneer life down in the section of the country from whence they had come. He said he knew Left Hand the best. Robert Burns, interpreted for the Cheyennes and Cleaver Warden for the Arapahoes. Both were early pupils of Carlisle. When it came time for the chiefs to speak, Major introduced Left Hand first. He said he was one of the men he had met on the Washita 31 years ago. The Major had met Mr. Standing down in that country also, and it was through his work of preparation that we got 56 of the children of the two tribes that these chiefs represented, to enter Carlisle. Left Hand sent three of his own boys.

Left Hand, Arapahoe, said in part, Cleaver Warden, interpreter:

My friends, I am glad to see you all gathered in this room. I consider myself as deaf and dumb, but there is a light before me and all the Indians in the United States. Since I came here and saw you I have been encouraged, and I want to impress upon you that you are to carry heavy responsibilities in the future. I shall have a great deal to tell my people when I go home.

Wolfe Robe, Cheyenne, Robert Burns, interpreter, said: "I am glad to see you all and I am very glad to see that you are learning something. Improve your time while you are here, so you will be able to manage affairs when you go out from this school. I have been here before and I am glad to be here now." Wolfe Robe spoke eloquently in his own language, which sounded very strange to the ears of most of his audience.

The Major in introducing Buffalo Meat,

Cheyenne, said that he had had the unpleasant duty, years ago as an officer of the army, to put chains upon this man, before taking him to Florida as a prisoner of war. The taking of 74 of the warriors of the southwestern plains in 1875, to the old Spanish Fort in St. Augustine, Florida proved to be the greatest moving cause toward the establishing of Carlisle. Although the Major was obliged to treat Buffalo Meat so harshly they had always been friends, and when the time came to send children to Carlisle, Buffalo Meat was ready.

Buffalo Meat said in part:

"These are the representative men of my tribe. The only advice I have to give to the pupils before me is to improve. We are blind and cannot hear for ourselves. I am a member of the church, and I pray for the students of the Carlisle school. I have seen other schools, and I picked out this, for I think this is the best." Then Buffalo Meat bowed his head in prayer, and in his own language which was not interpreted, sent up a petition that was impressive and powerful. Although we could not understand a word he uttered the power of the Spirit was manifest and the very breath of his audience could be heard in the stillness of the moment. Buffalo Meat is the first Christian Chief, uneducated, who ever prayed orally before the Carlisle school.

Then Robert Burns, Jessa Bent and Cleaver Warden, ex-students who were the interpreters for the visitors, spoke earnestly showing that they, too, considered it a privilege to say a few words to the school. At the close, the audience sang America, and the students marched out as the band played.

The band is booked for a concert on Saturday evening, in Assembly Hall. It will be a good one. The improvement in technique by these players coming as most of them have from all quarters of the globe and having taken hold of entirely new instruments in some instances, is wonderful. What has been accomplished is due to perseverance and practice. Mr. Wheelock is sparing no pains to bring out of the instruments and their players all that there is in them. Some of the members of the band are quite young boys. Some had excellent instruction before they came to Carlisle, but have had to labor with new instruments, the like of which they never saw. Admission to the concert 25 cents, proceeds to go for the benefit of the band. Trolley fare included in price of admission. Tickets at Richards' and Means'.

We note with sadness the death of Mr. John L. Henry, a well-known and influential citizen of Carlisle, who for a short time some 5 or 6 years ago was a temporary teacher in one of our higher grades. He died from a surgical operation performed upon the liver. In our intercourse with Mr. Henry we found him to be all that the Sentinel says—A man of strictest integrity, kind, obliging and a friend to many who needed friendship. His taking away in the prime of life will be a source of regret to a large circle of friends.

Some people make awkward mistakes at the table because they do not know any better, and they will read with gladness the list of "Nevers" on last page.

New moon.

B. U. Y. C!

The coldest week of the year, this.

A civic club at our school is talked of.

The bleachers have been taken down.

The athletic field is still in robe of white.

The nose not the mouth was made to breathe through.

The electric motor seems to run "steady by jerks" these cold days.

The school exhibition is preparing as we go to press, Thursday evening.

Miss Wood has presented to her school room Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple."

Granolithic walks, and nobody to brush away the snow. Who is to blame?

The skating girl appreciateth, these days, the boy friend who can sharpen skates.

Miss Peter is suffering from an attack of erysipelas, and is confined to her room.

John Warren brings more music out of the big tuba than we have heard for a long time.

You want to attach a card to your Christmas present? Fred Tibbetts will print it for you.

Mr. J. P. Bland, of Carlisle, is instructing a chorus of boys between 7 and 8 o'clock, Monday evenings.

The top button is the important one. Off? Then you can't be too quick in getting one and sewing it on.

Mr. Edward A. Low, of Carlisle, is assisting Mr. Harris in the wagon and blacksmith shop. He is a body maker.

"What are you reading now, out of work hours?" "Nothing?" "Then the place for you is the back woods."

Skating was superb when the snow came. Large patches have been swept from the pond, so there is still chance for sport.

Small-pox not many miles away, but no danger here! It is right, however, to take the proper precaution, and vaccination is in order.

Still time to order cards for Christmas. Fred Tibbetts is turning out neat work. 10 cents for 25 cards; 5 cents for additional line. Two cents extra by mail.

Music examination of Seniors and Juniors has begun. The hard, earnest worker shows results. The drones—well, let's not talk about them! They will try again.

Misses Forster and Miles will attend the Invincible Society to-night; Miss Cutter and Miss Luckenbach the Standards; Miss Ericson and Miss Shaffner, the Susans.

The Juniors and their teacher desire through the HELPER to thank Miss Forster for the beautiful picture—Millet's Gleaners—that she has recently presented to No. 11 school-room.

Rev. Mr. Tamura, of Tokio, visited the school this week. He is an old-time friend of Major and Mrs. Pratt, with whom they became acquainted when they were in Japan.

The Librarian is impatiently awaiting new books to catalogue. A Christmas present of some GOOD books for our library would just hit the mark if some one would like to do a kind act for the school.

Jacob Cobmoosa writes to renew his subscription thus showing that he keeps his interest with us.

Miss Cutter has presented to her own school room Millet's Shepherdess, and the pupils of the same room presented, The Pantheon.

Monday's talk by Professor Bakeless was on How to Behave in Public Assemblies. On Tuesday, Miss Paul favored the opening exercises with a Jimmie Brown story. All enjoy those stories. Miss Cutter spoke on "Umbrellas."

The HELPER office is the recipient of a handsome calendar, the Christmas gift of Mr. Lavant L. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y. It is replete with quotations and wise sayings which will be very useful to the Man on-the-band-stand and to the printers who make up our papers, and we thank our kind friend for the remembrance.

Mrs. Cook's class used their study hour last Thursday evening in discussing whether or not the late war had been injurious to the United States. Stella Mishler and Scott Peters argued as principal speakers for the affirmative, and Viola Ziehl and Louis Trombla for the negative. The judges—Thomas Marshall, Misses Sara Smith and Annie Morton decided in favor of the affirmative side. There were a number of speakers from the outside: among others, Robert Emmett, George Welch and Edward Peters.

It is a great satisfaction and pleasure to the Man on-the-band-stand to see how splendidly the boys have carried out the new order for all to have coats buttoned from top to bottom when they step out in the cold. The Major's earnest talk on the subject of health, the order that followed and the boys' own good sense will save us from much sickness and death this winter.

On Saturday evening, the Faculty of Wilson College, Chambersburg, repeated a concert they gave to an appreciative audience in Chambersburg, in our School Assembly Hall, before an audience not so appreciative, as the music was beyond us in classical selection. There were a number of people from Carlisle as well as our own faculty and higher class of musical students who enjoyed the concert exceedingly. All of the music was of the highest order, and something for us to aspire to.

Miss Annie Moore, who some years ago was instructor in instrumental music at our school, is with us for a few days on her way to New York City where she will take a special course in music. When these already fine musicians go off to learn more, it is hard for some of us to understand why. Miss Moore is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Given.

Major and Mrs. Pratt departed on Tuesday for New York from whence they set sail yesterday for the Bermudas. They will be gone several weeks, in quest of needed rest. We shall be anxious to hear of their safe arrival, in the face of the winter storms which seem to be making terrible havoc with shipping on the Atlantic sea board, this winter. They took their wheels and expect to enjoy the hundred miles of magnificent roads it is reported there are on those islands of the sea. Miss Nana Pratt accompanied her father and mother as far as Philadelphia.

A FEW TABLE "NEVERS."

These "Nevers," clipped from an exchange, it might be well for us to learn by heart before our big Christmas dinner comes.

Never smack the lips when eating.

Never pick your teeth at table.

Never put your finger into your mouth.

Never drum with your fingers on the table.

Never put your knife in your mouth.

Never put your elbow on the table.

Never scrape your plate or tilt it to get the last drop of anything it contains, or wipe it off with a piece of bread.

Never play with your knife and fork or salt-cellar, or balance a spoon on your glass.

YOU WASH HAIR.

One of the Agents on a western reservation has hair that has grown white with age.

He is not an old man, however, and not desiring to appear older than he is, has dyed his hair of late.

His Indians saw him before he dyed his locks and when the white was turned to brown marvelled at the change, but was not deceived entirely as to how it came about.

The Indians of the remote country we are writing about are not as civilized as some, and delight to paint their faces and hair on state occasions, but are not allowed the privilege.

To prevent it, the agent has had to resort to various punishments, one of which is the withholding of rations.

One day a painted Indian came into the Agent's office and asked when he would get his annuity money.

"You go and wash your face and dress up as a man should, and I will talk to you," said the Agent coldly.

The Indian did as he was bid, but not long after came back to ask the same question and said to the Agent:

"You go wash YOUR hair before you pay Indian. Your hair all white, you put on paint. You wash your hair."

The Agent had not a word to say.

ANNIE THOMAS LILLIBRIDGE.

Mrs. Lillibridge, wife of Mr. J. G. Lillibridge of the Genoa Nebraska school force was Annie Thomas, when a pupil of Carlisle. Many here now remember her bright face and genial manner. That she still has a warm place in her heart for her Alma Mater may be inferred from a few extracts taken from a recent breezy and interesting letter.

She says in part:

"Nothing would please us better than to visit Carlisle. 'Duty before pleasure' has always prevented.

I have been out of the service for some time, but my very own 'school' keeps me as busy as my forty or more boys and girls used to."

In speaking of Miss Edge of Downingtown, with whom Annie lived for a time, she says:

"Miss Edge has made her own home a small Carlisle. What pains she has taken with us girls!

Alex. Upshaw '97, Carlisle, has been added to our force of employees. He goes to Fremont this week, with five boys from here to a Y. M. C. A. convention. He is trying to organize an association here.

John Logan, father of Howard Logan, has been here visiting his son who is sick. His two girls who went to Carlisle are married and are living on the reservation."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Robert Parish who was sent to his home in California some months since, addresses his shop instructor, Mr. Harris, a friendly letter assuring him that he is getting better every day.

He says:

"I shall remember the school and the teachers as long as the sun shall shine in heaven.

I should think that the boys in your shop (blacksmith) would make a strong football team.

It is raining here to-day. I love to see it rain, but I don't want to see snow. There is too much snow in the State of Pennsylvania. Green things are growing here everywhere you pass."

A PROFESSIONAL NURSE.

David Peake, brother of Fred, class '92, and Emily, class '93, is a professional nurse and masseur, graduate of the Mills Training School, Bellevue Hospital, New York.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 12, 2, 6 some did to get there.

My 7, 2, 12 is a part of the body.

My 3, 7, 6 is a useful article in school.

My 9, 7, 2, 12, 6 is to desire.

My 1, 11, 3, 4, 7, 6 is something not caused.

My 5, 10, 2, 12 is a period of time.

My 8, 1, 10, 6 is a question of time.

When you guess my whole, may it be yours, is the wish of a

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: His Birthday.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA OF NOV. 25: Good football players.