

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XIV.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1899.

NUMBER 42

WHAT shall I do to be forever known?"
Thy duty ever.
"This did full many who yet sleep unknown."
Oh, never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain
unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown;
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple duties with which each day is rife?"
Yea, with thy might,
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

—SCHILLER.

HAPPY COUNTRY GIRLS.

The girls at the sea-shore are having a happy time in their work and at their play. Mamie Ryan, one of them, writes an interesting letter telling some of their exploits.

She says in part:

Dear Man-on-the-band-stand: I want you to know what grand times we girls are having here at Cape May.

You know Cape May is acknowledged to be one of the finest sea-shore resorts, and I am proud to think that we have such lovely homes.

For sea-bathing, there is nothing like it when we get in once, but we have to look out for the waves which are very strong sometimes.

Susie Yupe swims like a fish and little Eunice Baird enjoys herself riding along the beach on wheel.

Last week I went to visit Nettie Pierce and Ella Sturm at Court House, and while there I was the guest of the Sheriff's wife. I went all through the jail and as for cleanliness it was as clean as could be.

Cape May Court House is the county seat of Cape May county, and the house where I staid is where all the business is transacted.

Sometime soon I am going to visit the light house and life saving station which I am sure will be very interesting to me.

Amelia Clark and I often wish that the boys

and girls could come down here and enjoy themselves as we do.

We hope to go back in a few weeks and then we will study real hard.

I can hear the ocean roaring like an angry lion, but happy are those who live near the ocean."

GIVEN UP ALL HOPES.

Juanita Bibancos, who went to her home in Hoopa Valley, California, last year says:

"I am at present enjoying good health, but oh, you have no idea how I long to go back to dear old Carlisle.

I have given up all hopes of going to school any more. I hated to do so but I couldn't help it.

My father is an old gentleman at the age of 68, my brother is only 13, and that leaves everything to me.

We have a small farm where my brother and I are living.

My father carries the mail, so we are all alone.

When school opens I will be entirely alone as my brother has to go to school.

I wish the HELPER was as big as the Red Man, so I could read more. I always read my HELPER twice to get all the good out of it.

I will close hoping that you are just as well as I am."

HOW MOST BOYS WITH EDUCATED FATHERS THINK.

Some one says:

At ten years of age a boy thinks his father knows a great deal.

At fifteen he knows as much as his father.

At twenty he knows twice as much.

At thirty he is willing to take his advice.

At forty he begins to think his father knows something, after all.

At fifty he begins to seek his advice, and at sixty—after his father is dead—he thinks he was the smartest man that ever lived.

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.

Eugene Tahkapeur.

Last week the charred bones of Eugene Tahkapeur were interred in Massachusetts soil. He committed an awful crime, by killing the young lady to whom he had professed love, firing the barn and then shooting himself.

An editorial in the Philadelphia "Times" printed in the August Red Man (out next week) is remarkable for the fair and impartial view it presents of an event which has excited wide-spread comment throughout the country.

Assistant-Superintendent, A. J. Standing, will say in the same number of the Red Man, in connection with the "Times" editorial, and terrible deed:

"While there have been rabid utterances by some journals, it cannot be said that the general tone of the press has been unfair; but the 'Times,' of all city journals seems to have treated the case on the broad ground of the same measure for the Indian as for the white man—not to condemn all because one has erred grievously.

That a great crime has been committed no one will deny. The enormity of it, however, seems to be increased because it was committed by an Indian; and who was he? Tahkapeur, a Comanche, whose early years were spent as a nomad with his tribe.

At about the age of twelve years, he entered the Agency school at Ft. Sill, this being in 1875, and five years later became a pupil of Carlisle, remaining as such until 1887, but spending a greater part of his time away from the school in white families, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, going to Conway, Mass., in 1887. He has lived in New England, where as a citizen and voter he has sustained the reputation of his school life as being industrious, very reliable, and ambitious to better his condition, always by his own efforts, accepting none of those privileges that would come to him as a member of the Comanche tribe.

Being neat and gentlemanly in appearance, he was welcomed into many refined homes and lived without offence until the overmastering disappointment of his life came to him

with the result so well known, although of all circumstances leading to it we are not well informed.

Awful was the deed, and we can realize somewhat the intensity of the disappointment which came to him in comparison with which the habit of twelve years of exemplary living seemed to be powerless; and by one terrible act, his career and life were ended, together with that of his fair victim.

Tahkapeur was not a graduate of Carlisle and probably would never have graduated.

He had been for more than twelve years away from the school, but as a school we suffer by his act, and the race which he represents is injured, while the enemies of Indian education and civilization will say:

"You see it is impossible to overcome the savage in them, no matter what you do."

Whereas, had he been a well educated white man or even a graduate of a college, no special odium would attach to the school or college of which he was once a member, on that account.

I read to-day an account of a Government employee in Washington well educated, forty-five years of age, with wife and family, barbarously murdering a thirteen-year-old girl, impelled by the basest of motives. Does any one comment on the savage in this man, or reflect on the school that gave him his education, because he failed in sustaining the civilization into which he was born and by which all his life has been surrounded?

Let us judge the Comanche, born a nomad, at least as charitably as the white man reared in civilization.

Would you therefore excuse a Comanche?

By no means. Every member of this school faculty is filled with sorrow for the victim and her family, and with regret for the record spoiled; every Indian student and graduate, and every Comanche of the west, will, as they hear of it, condemn the deed and feel indignant at the odium that it has brought to them.

Not as being in any way responsible for the act of Tahkapeur—a man of about thirty-six years of age, but profoundly regretting the crime that ended what has been a useful and exemplary life, filled with sorrow and sympathy for the family injured, we yet say—Let justice be done to the race to which he belonged and which has produced examples of loyalty and fidelity as conspicuous as the present failure; but do not let this act blind us to the many who do not fail."

The Red Man is in receipt of the San Juan News, a 32 page edition, compliments of Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier, and giving an excellent description of the school system and the Fourth of July proceedings, as well as other very interesting reading matter. A history of Porto Rico is of special interest.

By postal card asking change of HELPER address, we learn that Mr. J. W. Hendren, formerly a teacher for a short time at Carlisle has removed from Pine Ridge, South Dakota, to Houston, in the same State.

Lester Henry who was a pupil of Carlisle for a time, and when at a country home some time ago took French leave, returned Monday, having worked his way from his home in New York, without any money, and now begs to be taken up as a pupil again. His case is under consideration.

Roasting ears to "burn."

The laundry is getting a white bath, inside.

The library is putting on a dress of calsomine.

Edward Peters '99, has gone to his home in Michigan.

You have my name spelt "rong," writes a subscriber in a complaining mood.

Miss Newcomer has gone to Philadelphia for a part of her vacation.

Threshing at the near farm, and Mr. Weber is managing the steam-engine.

There is a small force of blacksmiths at work these busy outside times.

Miss Randall is Mrs. Bennett's cousin, not her niece as was stated last week.

A pessimist is a man that calls cream "milk," and an optimist calls milk "cream."

Thirty or more of our pupils attended the Catholic picnic at Williams Grove, yesterday.

Miss Luckenbach has gone to Bethlehem, Philadelphia and other points to spend a brief vacation.

As we go to press Miss Miles receives word that her father in Oregon is critically ill. She may go.

The sewing-room is undergoing a thorough cleaning, and the force is compelled to work out in the halls.

Miss Carrie L. Miller, of Williamson School, Pa., clerk and stenographer, has joined our corps of workers.

Jack Standing sprained his back the other day in lifting, and is a little under the weather in consequence thereof.

John Lufkins was locked in the shop by mistake one day this week and did not specially enjoy the sensation.

Mr. Foulke is trimming the beautiful wisteria vine and the trees in front of Major's residence.

Matthew Johnson is in charge of the "wild goose" in the absence of Instructor Snyder of the tailor shop. The usual good order prevails.

Miss Mosher has received a transfer to the Union Agency, Muscogee, I. T., as assistant clerk. Her salary will be \$1,000.—[Haskell Leader.

Mr. Harkness and the tin-shop boys are busy getting tin in shape for the roofing of the addition to the school building. A new set of machinery has been received.

Major Pratt is expected home soon after the fifteenth. He is now at Klamath Agency, Oregon, and says that quite a party of pupils there wish to come to Carlisle.

Miss Gracey, brought 7 Pima boys and 1 girl from California on Monday. Miss Gracey lives not far from here and is teaching among the Indians in the far west.

A letter from our foreman and Assistant Band Director, Mr. James Wheelock, who is at his home in Wisconsin for a short stay says he is having a delightful time.

Storm prevented the band giving a concert on the public square in town Saturday night. Many were disappointed. The platform was erected and two extra arc lights placed for the musicians.

Some of the late arrivals are seen at work in various shops, the harness shop receiving the largest quota. They seem industrious and content in their new surroundings.

The shoe makers are not turning out many shoes this month, but are cutting and making preparations for the winter. A new sewing machine has been added to this department.

The carpenter shop is deserted, as all hands are working at the school-building. They are making preparation for the lifting and placing in position the girder of the east end annex.

Miss Nellie Robertson and Miss Mary Bailey Seonia left on Monday for Atlantic City. Miss Seonia took her little brother Harry as far as Philadelphia to visit his sister Howice, who is living with Mrs. Collins in the City of Brotherly Love.

Ralph Taylor, once a student here, says the HELPER has not reached him at Cheyenne River Agency, South Dak., for a few months, and it is lonesome not getting news from Carlisle. Like the man that he is, he sent money for his subscription.

Ten cents is a small amount of money to pay for fifty-two numbers of a weekly paper, but if we get enough dimes they pay our paper bills. Who wants to work for a TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE for getting the most subscriptions? If enough say they will try for it we will make another offer. Write at once.

Miss Jennie Davis, of Washington, Pa., with the little Misses McKnight of Pittsburg were on the grounds Monday evening looking around. They were chaperoned by Miss Rebecca Henderson of Oakland villa, Carlisle. The Indian school and the little papers have no better friend than our neighbor Miss Henderson.

Miss Barr is the first vacationer to return. She is looking well and thinks that Carlisle is about as comfortable a place after all as she can find. At Prince Edward's Island she experienced a great deal of cold, wet weather. The hospital aids, Cora Wheeler and Sarah Pierre gave the home-comer a warm welcome except where the delicious ice-cream for dinner made her cold in spots.

Mrs. Cook writes from Pasadena, California that the HELPER made her tell a wrong story when it stated that we had more industrial work than the other schools on exhibit, at Los Angeles, for "we had less of the industrial and more of the school-room work." We are sorry to have made the blunder, and cannot now say how it occurred. She expects to turn her face Carlisleward very shortly.

Miss Barclay has returned to her home on Hanover Street, from Mt. Gretna, where she took the Chautauqua course in Botany and Zoology. The writer came with her from Harrisburg, and she claims to have had a very profitable time at Gretna. She was laden with botanical and zoological specimens including a land turtle. She says that her school was her first thought as she studied, and she expects to give her pupils the benefit of the many inspiring and interesting things learned and discussed at Gretna. Miss Barclay goes to the shore in a few days to spend the rest of her vacation.

NOT MANY INDIANS WHO COULD NOT DO BETTER.

A keen-witted fellow, despite his general ignorance, was brought down to the courthouse to receive the rights of citizenship.

"Name the capital of the nation," said the judge.

The applicant scratched his head.

"I can't just place it, judge," he said; "but you name over a few of the towns, and I'll tell you when you strike it."

"Is it Chicago?" asked the judge.

"No."

"Is it St. Louis?"

"No."

"Is it Indiana?"

"No."

"Is it Arizona?"

"No."

"Is it Washington?"

The candidate looked puzzled; he hesitated.

"Say, judge," he slowly replied, "if that ain't th' place it's a close shot."

He got his papers.

Another candidate was brought in by a well-known local politician.

"Let me see what you know about geography," said the judge. "Supposing you and Mr. Blank walked straight down to the lake and started across it, going due north, where would you land?"

"On the bottom," said the candidate, promptly.

He got his papers, too.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

HIGH TONED AND WANTED.

"The time is almost expired, and we are glad to renew our subscription," says a Brooklyn subscriber, "and congratulate you that it is proving itself to be a high-toned moral paper, and carries good principles into every home that it enters."

A friend in Ohio who is an invalid, says:

"I cannot afford an expensive paper and the HELPER gives me so much news that I feel interested in it, and when I read the items of Indian progress, I look up to the pictures to see about whom I am reading, and this helps me to pass away many a lonely hour."

NONE HATCHED YET.

Words do sound alike, and when the Indian farm boy wrote that he had been feeding the pigeons, but "we don't have any chickens because we have no hatchet," he cannot be criticised too severely.

OUR BRAVE GIRLS IN THE WEST.

"Quite a number of the employees of this school receive the HELPER, and they always seem to be just as anxious to read it as any of us are who are Carlisle's," says Cora Cornelius, '98, who is now teaching at Morris, Minnesota, in a business letter transmitting two subscriptions.

"I want to remind you," she continues, "that though you do not often hear from us, we always remember Carlisle and the happy days we spent there."

Sometimes we girls from Carlisle—Naomi Kohten, Edith Pierce, Delila and I—get together and talk of olden times, as we call it when we speak of Carlisle, and we feel glad that we have been there. I wish I had more subscriptions to send you."

DEADLY POISON.

It is said that flies confined in a case with cigarettes will die in less than five minutes, so deadly is the atmosphere.

And yet hundreds of Indian boys around the trading stores in the west smoke cigarettes, which stunt their growth, make them weak-eyed, weak lunged, and weak-brained.

They say smoking does not hurt them and laugh at you if you tell them they ought to stop.

Science knows the harm. Science warns, but boys go on smoking; and a weak-brained lot of men is the result.

A MUGWUMP.

"Maw," said the little boy, "Johnny is such a mugwump that I don't want to sleep with him any more."

"A mugwump?"

"Yes, mamma. Did'nt you tell me that a mugwump was some one who would not take either side? And that's the way with Johnny. He always wants to sleep in the middle of the bed."—Ex.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 5, 7, 9, 8, 2 is the name of a people who are treated cruel and whipped.

My 1, 2, 3 is the name of an article used in writing.

My 6, 2, 5 is an answer.

My 12, 4 is a word used in describing one thing.

My 11, 10 is not out.

My whole is the name of a large State, in which there are Indians now living.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Farm failure.