

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

MY friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood
On the banks of the river slow,
Where blooms the Wait-while flower fair,
Where the somtime-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letherslide;
That tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idon't care,
Where the Giveitups abide.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about
By the mountains of despair;
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town Nogood
If you would keep far away,
Just follow your duty through good and ill,
Take this for your motto, "I can, I will,"
And live up to it each day.

—New Haven Register.

NOT SO HARD TO CONQUER.

"Do you have trouble in managing your Indian boys and girls?" is often asked.

"None whatever," was the reply of one long in the service.

"How do you do it?"

"I will give a little incident which illustrates one way of doing it. One of my little boys who understands English but does not read or write, evidently has experienced many hard knocks. He must have been whipped into obedience by those over him.

One day I wished to speak to him privately and asked him to come to my room.

"What fur?" he asked, bracing himself for a fight.

"Never mind what for. I want to tell you something. Come down to my room, and see."

"What you going to do?" he again repeated saucily.

The fact is he had been very unruly for some time, and I wished to correct him, and he evidently knew he deserved something pretty severe.

"Come along. I will tell you when you get there."

He finally went shuffling along the hall and dropped sullenly into a chair.

"What do you want?" he said, drawing himself to the edge of the chair and bristling with anger and bravado.

"I want to tell you something I heard about you today, something very nice."

"Is that so?" and his countenance changed from fierceness to gentleness and expectancy.

"Yes. I heard today that you are a good worker and that you swept your school-room the best of any boy."

"Is that so?" he said again.

"Yes."

"Who said it?"

"The janitor said it. Isn't that pretty nice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Then followed a talk in which I asked about his people, gave kindly advice and told him how I expected him to do as well in quarters as he had done in the school-room, etc. An Indian child requires no different treatment from the child of any other race, but the most difficult thing for otherwise sensible people to understand is that very fact.

The little boy who is not able to read these lines did better from that time on, proving conclusively that kindness and a touch of sympathy will rule oftentimes when harshness would fail."



Cliff Dwellings, Flagstaff, Arizona, on the Santa Fe Route.

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.

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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.

The California Trip.

On Saturday evening the English Speaking meeting resolved itself into a football experience meeting. As the trip to California was the most memorable one ever made by the students of our school the hour was given up to the several accounts of some of the team who had returned the week before. James Johnson was the first speaker and told of the good times, enjoyed between Carlisle and San Francisco. Salt Lake City, Soldiers' Summit, where they found it 45 degrees below zero, the steep precipices around which they were taken by the locomotive, the beautiful scenery of the Sierra Nevada range, Sacramento and summer land were all touched upon.

Charles Roberts was given "San Francisco and the game." The boys liked Golden Gate Park, the grizzly bear who resides there, and the view of the Pacific, the Cliff House, the seal on the rock. They visited Chinatown, and purchased some trinkets. The silver dollars fastened to the counters and a joke on the boys who tried to pick one up, their going to Church on Sunday, all were spoken of. In regard to the game, the Berkley boys refused to use the regulation ball. This, with the sand in which they had to play, so different from the turf which they were accustomed to, prevented them from scoring as much as they had thought they might. The Indians' ball was always in the territory of the Berkleyites, and their own goal was never in danger. The score, which has been published all over the country, was 2 to 0 in our favor.

Joseph Scholder described the trip from San Francisco to Perris and their visit there. He told of the warm climate and their view of Los Angeles. Some of the boys thought they were going to Paris, mistaking the pronunciation of the name, but the roses and tropical plants, the tempting orange groves and summer landscapes made it almost paradise instead of Paris. They were royally received at Perris. They had band music, mandolin tunes galore well played, dress parade, pretty girls to help entertain them, a baseball game and the best of times all around.

Artie Miller carried us from Perris to Phoenix. They passed orange orchards, over mountains and through deserts. During one wait of six hours, the boys chased jack rabbits for pastime. They arrived at this great Indian school in the heart of Arizona's fruit belt at night. The buildings are nice and the park around the buildings a delight to the eyes. About 6000 people witnessed a game between the Phoenix boys and the Carlisle team, which resulted in a score of 86 to 6. The weather was very hot, the mercury ranging from 85 to 90; too hot to play a lively game.

John Warren took us from Phoenix to Albuquerque. The trip, taking it all in all, had fulfilled one of the greatest desires of his heart. They thought Albuquerque was a dull place when they first arrived, but came to a very different conclusion before they got away. The promenade party, the nice supper, the jollity of the girls and of some of the teachers who are not so old [laughter] made them so sad to leave that some of the boys came near being left.

From Albuquerque to Santa Fe was Isaac Seneca's proportion. This, the second oldest town in the United States, interested the boys. Dr Montezuma, the life of the party, was a little late in getting out here as the hour of arrival was quite early. They were cordially received, inspected the buildings, and the curious places of the old town. There are no sky scrapers in Santa Fe. In that the boys were disappointed, supposing the city would look like other cities. The old State capitol is not over twenty feet high. The burros amused the boys, and Thaddeus Redwater, the smallest(?) one of their party had to ride one.

From Santa Fe to Lawrence, Kansas, and the visit at Haskell was Edward Rogers's part of the story. A three hours' wait at La Junta for the car of the Governor of Utah, brought them to Haskell at an unexpectedly early hour, and as soon as they arrived the car was boarded by a lot of students, some of whom were ex-Carlisle boys. They found our boys unprepared for a reception, but it did not take them long to make ready. The shops at Haskell, the size and equipment of the wagon and the blacksmith shops especially were commented upon as superior to ours. Some of the others are not so good. The printing office is getting in a good supply of type and material, and the engine room is fine. The school buildings seemed small and crowded, but their assembly hall or chapel is a fine structure with opera chairs.

Capt. Wheelock brought us home from Haskell and gave a general review of the whole trip. The cattle on the plains seemed to impress him and the skeletons of the carcasses by the way. Taking all in all they were very glad to get back to Carlisle.

Major Pratt at the close thought that the trip had done them good and said that travel was a great educator. Some one has said that a trip to Japan is equal to a University education, and travel is the best means to get knowledge.

Did the football boys mention any of the Carlisle students who are working at the various schools they visited? We would like to hear about them.

Soft skating.
Snow Sunday.

Dr. Eastman is still improving.

The new music room is now in daily use by classes.

The band was photographed this week by Mr. Choate.

Mr. John Given has gone back to school near Chicago.

The carpenters are making "horses" for the harness makers.

Caleb Sickles '98 has gone to Philadelphia to "make his fortune."

The new art room is also being used, tho' only partially furnished.

If you want to see a busy department just peep in the sewing room.

Miss Burgess is spending Sunday with her parents in Columbia County.

Miss Ely has gone to Bucks County to attend the wedding of a nephew.

Members of the Senior class have begun work upon their final essays.

Libbie Archiquette left on Wednesday for her new home at West Chester.

Mrs. Bakeless, Master John and Miss Catherine have returned from Milroy.

Mr. Lindsay Gardner, of Baltimore, was a guest of Miss Senseney, last week.

Tomicock came from the hospital one day lately to visit her friend Esanetuck.

At Teachers' Meeting, McMurray's General Methods is used for a short time each session.

The painters are very busy painting buggies for some special orders that have come in.

Lillian St Cyr has been assisting in Miss Luckenbach's office for several half days during the week.

On Saturday last Zenia Tibbetts returned to her country home with Miss E. D. Edge at Downingtown.

Father Ganss is giving the Catholic boys and girls special training in rendering some of their beautiful church music.

The morning prayer meeting in Girls' Quarters is held for the ten minutes following breakfast in Mrs. Dorsett's room.

The girls in Quarters are asking for a new order of things on the monthly social. Promenading has grown monotonous.

Comment on books from the library that have been helpful to the various teachers has been an interesting and profitable feature.

It is said that the girls are much more orderly in chapel than are the boys. It is also rumored that there is yet room for improvement.

Major Pratt is in Washington on business, and Mrs. Pratt and granddaughter, Miss Mary Stevick, went to Philadelphia for a few days.

Invincibles, to-night; Mr. J. Wheelock and Mr. Simon; Standards; Misses McIntire and Newcomer; Susans, Messrs. Snyder and Hudson.

Mr. Norman has now a telephone in his house in Carlisle, and promises to favor us occasionally with a banjo solo through telephone.

Look out for wet feet!

There is a rumor that the girls were "tired" of the talk Saturday night about "pretty girls." They will sound their note later. Look out!

George Willard, Joseph Brown, Eugene Tibbetts and Thomas Griffin have entered the printing office, this week, making our force now 27.

Ernest Robitaille is with us again after a very pleasant trip to Minnesota. He intends finishing his law course at the Dickinson Law School in June.

A few of the girls were the guests of Mrs. Dorsett on Saturday afternoon. The laughter heard in the hall, indicated that they were having a "good time."

Mrs. Cook led last Sunday evening's service, the subject being "The Prodigal Son." An interesting illustration of Christ's power was the use of a magnet.

At the Teachers' Club on Saturday night one table discussed Burns, giving quotations. It was noticed that the ice-cream melted when "Jo Anderson, my Jo" was recited.

John Watson, a Missionary of the Society of Friends who has lived for many years at Hillside, Indian Territory, was among the visitors this week.

Cora Wheeler, who is at the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia, taking a course in nursing, says that "When my HELPER reaches me while yet on duty I always pass it on to my patients, who enjoy reading it."

Mrs. DeLoss and Mrs. Wheelock are enthusiastic pupils of Mrs. Livingston and are rapidly acquiring the principles of scientific dress cutting and fitting. The students who are learning the system are Sara Kennedy, Minnie Nick, Bertha Pierce, Katie Johnson and Lilly Felix.

The Sophomore Class held a very interesting debate in their class room, on Monday evening on the question, Resolved—That woman suffrage should be adopted by an amendment to the constitution of the United States. The speakers were very earnest in their presentation of arguments on both sides of the question, and Mrs. Cook may well be proud of her class.

Mrs. Mary E. Himes, Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Todd Hospital, Carlisle, has addressed the following letter to Miss Hill, which speaks for itself: "At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held January 9th, I was requested to express the thanks of the Board to you and all those who contributed through you, for the handsome wall-stand, which is such a valuable addition to the Hospital."

Mr. Simon continued his talk on the French Revolution of last week, dealing especially with the "Reign of Terror." The series of Talks on French History have been very interesting and instructive. They will continue until March.

The new Juniors and those deficient in their Junior work are now taking book keeping, and studying to bring up their deficiencies. If this can be done satisfactorily, they will be allowed to enter the class of 1901.

AN INDIAN BOY'S ACCOUNT OF A SAD LOSS.

It will be remembered that the death of Abram K. Vail, of Quakertown, was noted some weeks since. He was a great friend to the school and to the Indians in general, and for years has had Indian boys in his family.

One living now with Howard E. Vail, tells the story of the last days of our esteemed patron in words peculiarly his own, which show kindness and appreciation, and that the busy, thrifty life of one he admired has left its impress for good.

"Abram Vail built a new barn," he says, and had everything handy. He bought a gasoline engine and bought a new thrashing machine. He got a man to set the pump right by the gasoline engine and made everything handy.

The water is pumped by the gasoline engine now. We don't have the horse power when we thrash, the thrashing machine runs by the gasoline engine.

When he got the barn done, then he made a new hog pen and made everything handy there, too, and was going to build a new hen house, too.

On 25th of November he went down to Pittstown and bought lumber for the hen house. He went in A. M. P. M. he went with his hired man to peach-orchard to trim some trees. Pretty nearly four o'clock the men came running down on horse back. Took carriage up there, when they came down with carriage here was dead body of A. K. Vail.

He build lots new things and didn't enjoyed after all. It was too bad. I always like Abram K Vail. He worked right up to the last. Died while working."

GOOD FRIENDS AT CARLISLE REMEMBERED.

We all remember Ramona who married Asa Dahklúgie after they went home to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. They appear to be doing nicely. A recent letter from her says:

"Through the interest of Mr. Wright, we have a mission school, and they hold church as they have no church house yet. They have organized a Christian Endeavor; nearly all the members are Carlisle students."

She says that Chihuahua is well, but "poor man, he is getting old."

It will be remembered that Chihuahua with the other Apache Indians of Fort Sill were prisoners of war for a number of years in Florida, and that they afterwards were moved

to Mobile, Alabama, and finally were transferred to their present location. Ramona was one of a number of children sent to us by the Government, to educate.

She closes her interesting letter with these words:

"Dear Major, I often think of the good friends I have at Carlisle. I always remember the kind faces of the teachers. We are both well and happy but sometimes we have hard times with the old Indians."

THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE DAY.

The President of Harvard University recently advised the students to thus proportion their day:

Study, ten hours; Sleep, eight; Exercise, two; Social duties, one; meals, three.

The Carlisle pupil has about nine hours of study if his trade experience is counted as study.

The BEST studies are those which force out of us a certain amount of work that MUST BE accomplished.

There is little theory about our work here at Carlisle, but an immense deal of practicality.

The work is before us.

It must be done in the shortest and best way.

We have to make a study of how to turn out the most in a given time, and how to do it well.

Hence our trade studies and experiences are helpful in a large degree.

The writer was told of a college graduate, who not long since applied for a position and secured it, but he could not keep it.

Why?

Because he had so little practical knowledge about the commonest things of life, that he was of no use in a place requiring systematic push and concentration of business thought.

The young man was advised to take a course in some trade school, and did so.

He then secured an excellent position and kept it. He had become a changed man, a benefit to the world and a great satisfaction to himself.

Enigma.

I am made of 5 letters.

My 5, 2, 1 is a wooden nail.

My 5, 4, 1 is a short nosed dog.

My 5, 2, 3 is a child or animal fondled or indulged.

My whole is the only thing to do when we go in slippery places and fall.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A file for skates: