

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1887.

NUMBER 46.

WHAT A JUG DID.

WHY is my house so shabby and old,
At every crevice letting in cold;
And the kitchen walls all covered with
mould?"

Ask your jug!

"Why are my eyes so swollen and red?
Whence is this dreadful pain in my head?
Where in the world is our nice feather-bed,
And the wood that was piled in the shed?"

Ask your jug!

"Why is my wife heart-broken and sad?
Why are my children never now glad?
Why did my business run down so bad?
Why at my thoughts am I well-nigh mad?"

Ask your jug!

"Oh, why do I pass the old church door,
Weary of heart and sadly foot-sore,
Every moment sinking down lower,
A pitiable outcast evermore?"

Ask your jug!

—An Old Scrap-Book.

NICE LETTER FROM MR. STANDING.

Mr. Standing left Carlisle for the west, on Monday the 13th., with a party of returning pupils, who had finished a course at Carlisle. On the 17th., he writes from Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Indian Territory, having arrived safely and in a shorter time than the trip was ever made before from this point. With permission we print the following interesting extracts from his letter:

"I am writing in Agent William's office at 10: A. M. having already made the round of the Agency with him, a great improvement in the use of time over days gone by.

We were well provided for at St. Louis by the Frisco; a chair car was made available during the day for the sick and all the girls, and by night all were accommodated, so although

the day was intensely hot and dusty we had all the comforts we could look for.

Arriving at Arkansas City, had barely time to make the transfer, could do nothing further for Edgar McKassey and Ellwood, so dropped them there, Abram Platt at Red Rock Station, the nearest to Pawnee; but if I had it to do again would make it Ponca, as being the more convenient of the two. Red Rock is off the line of travel. The journey through the Territory was very trying to the sick, no chance to provide any food, fruit or anything. Four teams were at the station which is nothing but a station thirty-six miles from the Agency. I left there in the stage, bringing Johnny Tatum who went on, this morning, to Wichita. The wagons with boys and girls have not yet arrived. Chief Killer was there, with wife and daughter.

I have already met Henry North who was in from the Cantonment for the Doctor for one of Mr. Segars children. He looked well and bears a good name. I also met Minnie Yellow Bear at her home this morning. She is the school Laundress, is earning \$30 per month and gives good satisfaction; in an Indian home she looked herself a picture of neatness.

The Arapahoe School is well filled with little children. I found the teachers much relieved when I made it plain I was not after children. They said there was among them a very warm feeling for Carlisle, and this seems to be true of all hands at the Agency so far as I have met them.

From Miss Patterson who went home with the Dakota children.

When the party arrived in Chicago, at 9 P. M. Tuesday the 14, they found their train did not leave till noon the next day, so all spent the night at a Hotel.

Jimmy McClosky one of the most intelligent of the company, shut all the windows in his room, and blew out the gas, and last heard from was lying in an unconscious state. The

Continued on Last Page.

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THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

THE BEST WAY.

Is it *impossible* to educate and make useful citizens of the Indians?

Then why not stop all work in that direction. Let them die, that all this hubbub about the matter may cease. We are killing them fast enough by allowing vast numbers to remain in idleness and vice, herded together on the reservations, and by feeding them and clothing them without any effort on their part. Such a course would soon put an end to the strongest nation.

On the other hand, is it *possible* to educate the Indians and make useful citizens of them?

Then why not use the very quickest and best means? Is it wise to spin out for a thousand years the work of civilizing a small handful of people, (only 260,000, not enough to make a Cincinnati or a Baltimore). Is it the best, and quickest and cheapest way, to allow them to remain where there is but one example of industry to every hundred of laziness and vice? Or would you place the most promising where there are a hundred or more examples of industry and true worth to each individual, as our 260 boys and girls now on farms are placed. In the situation of the latter, they *must* learn if they would not; in the former case they would not if they could.

Our boys and girls on farms are *anxious* to learn, and are making excellent progress in just the line most necessary to their very best welfare.

Were the number 10,000 they would, under the same circumstances come out and be useful men and women. Why do *anything* to hamper them or hold them in confined limits? Why not encourage all that will, to come out and enter a broad sphere of existence where each may have a chance and will soon gain the desire to exterminate his Indian and thus make himself *good*.

"Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance."
Goethe.

What looks worse than a lazy fellow standing around the store? Two or more lazy fellows.

We hear through Rev. John Robinson of Pine Ridge Agency, that the Manual Labor School at that place numbers 163 boys and girls. Sore eyes are troubling a number of the scholars.

Capt. Pratt received a very nice letter from a young Mandan friend whose name used to be Kawhat, but since he entered the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School he is called Thomas H. Suckley. He belongs to the band and says they can play ten songs, without help, and do it nicely. He is a blacksmith too, and likes his trade.

After learning to do the work *well*, it is a good way to see how FAST you can work. See how much you can do in a minute, or five minutes! Run a race with the hands of the clock or watch. No body wants to hire a *slow* worker.

Etahdleuh Doanmoe attended the International Indian Council, held at Eufaula, Ind. Ter., on the 6th of June. That Council has a big sounding name, hasn't it? He says that Representative men from all the tribes in the Indian Territory were there. The Kiowas were Lone Wolf and Poor Buffalo; White Wolf, Black Crow, and Tah-be-man-ah-ka were the Comanches.

Number 4, of *Our Forest Children* published by Rev. E. F. Wilson, at the Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste Marie, Ont., is out. Since Mr. Wilson's visit here and we have become distantly acquainted with our brothers and sisters in his school, the little paper is a welcome visitor. Mr. Wilson calls the turning of his boys out to work, in the spring time, their "Garden Recess". They do all sorts of work during the "Garden Recess," and are paid from five to twenty cents a day, which pleases them.

A lady at Liberty Grove, Maryland, says in a letter that in their Sunday School they have seven of our girls "and we feel our interest in them continually growing, and our hearts go out to them when we note their kind and gentle deportment intermingled with reverence for divine instruction." We are glad that we have such good friends down there as Jennie Cooley, Jennie Woodrow and Ernest Rowland.

Apache singing is very odd.

The hospital addition is nearly ready for plaster.

The New York *Pioneer*, now exchanges with *HELPER* and *Star*.

Misses Stafford, Lowe, and Seabrook spent Saturday, looking over the battle field at Gettysburg.

Who made the new trash box in the girls' quarters? It only needs to be stained to make it an ornament.

Miss Campbell's piano, now at the Doctor's discourses sweet music when Miss Moore manages the keys.

Miss Bessie Patterson has her sister's place, in charge of the little boys, during the short stay of the latter out west.

Ben Thomas, Wm. Baird and Tommy Black Bear are hay-harvesting on a farm only two or three miles away, and are receiving \$1.25 a day.

Through the efforts of Miss Carrie Nichols (9-years-old) of Worcester, Mass., six dollars was raised for our building fund, and we are very much obliged to our little friend.

Miss Wilson starts from her home in Scotland on the 1st. of July, and will cross the ocean in the same steamer she went. She is having a good time among friends and has visited some Hospitals in the old country.

Julia Old Camp, Florence Walton, Lucinda Clinton, Delia Hicks, Sarah Lyon, Felix Iron Eagle Feather, Chas. Hubbard, May Paisano, Jose Nadilgodey and Dessie Prescott went to country homes this week.

Mr. Mason Pratt was unable to attend the Commencement exercises of the Lehigh University, from where he graduated this week, on account of accepting a very desirable position in the Phoenix Bridge Works.

There will be a musical entertainment in the Opera House in town, on the 7th of July given by the colored people, for the Benefit of the Shiloh Baptist Church. A treat is promised and they should have a full house. Admission fifteen cents for adults and ten cents for children. Bessie Dixon has tickets for sale, and will be glad to dispose of as many as possible.

Shoot the rats but save the cats.

The new cart for school use, making by Mr. Harris and his blacksmiths, is nearly done.

Mr. Walker and his boys are laying the tin roof on the new building. His boys are all green hands at the business except Brule.

Peter Powlass, John Elm, and John Londrosh are working on the new building for Mr. Wetzel, the contractor, and are receiving the same wages as his white laborers.

That crop of strawberries was not a large one, but the two berries that did come could be seen quite well through a glass. They were raised by Styia, right from the seed, and were grown in a tiny flower pot, hence quite a wonder.

That was just the right kind of a tea-party, Johnnie had at his house last Saturday afternoon. There was Richenda and Don and Herbert and Irene, and Oh, such a nice time. Lida and Jack were invited too, but had to send regrets.

Word was received from Miss Cutter, while on the way to New Mexico, that she and the party of children in her charge were getting along well. Miss Cutter does not like the appearance of the country in Kansas, as well as the good old hills of Pennsylvania and New England.

Lorenzo Martinez, one of our printers who went to the country for the summer, writes that he is well and happy, and is making a nice garden in connection with his other work, which is light, but says a "very big rain storm laid my plants, tomatoes, corn, potatoes, peas, beans etc., down flat."

Capt. Pratt went to Oxford, yesterday, to attend a meeting in the interest of the Indian question. Samuel Townsend, our Pawnee foreman of the printing office, went along. On the way they will pick up Levi Levering and Richard Davis, and a few of our girls living in country homes in that vicinity will be in attendance.

Miss Wright, who was with us a year or so ago, is now in Newark, N. J. She writes that she met Frank Aveline a few evenings not long since, and found him looking well, and his land-lady says *doing well*. Frank is one of our boys, who struck out for himself, going east of Carlisle instead of west, and he works at his trade ten hours a day and attends school at night, intending to prepare himself for college.

following extract gives full particulars, and will be interesting to all:

"Have sent two telegrams to-day in regard to Jimmy McClosky which I suppose you have before this. He is still unconscious, although his breathing is regular and pulse growing stronger every moment.

Two physicians and the clerk have worked with him since 9 o'clock this morning.

When I had secured rooms for them all, last night, and left them, it occurred to me that they might blow out the gas. I spoke to the clerk to see about the boys and I would attend to the girls. I went at once to their rooms and found all right.

The clerk said he told the boys about it, but thinks they did not understand him.

Jimmy was the only one who slept alone. We had a late breakfast and after they were all seated, I counted and found one missing, after sometime I discovered it was Jimmy and one of the boys said he guessed he was sleeping. I sent the boy after him and in a few minutes one of the servants came and told me what had happened.

I ran up and found a doctor already there, working with Jimmy. He showed very little sign of life, but after working for an hour or so, he moved his eyelids and has been showing more and more signs of recovery, although recognizes no one.

8 P. M.: No change.

--QUESTION BOX--

Q.—Will you please describe an Indian Council?
B. M.

Ans.—Aunt Martha will try. She knows more about Pawnees than any other tribe and will speak for them only: The Chiefs, headmen and braves seat themselves in a circle, on the floor of the council house, or the ground, as the case may be. To look in upon the company, dressed in blankets, beads and wampum, as they sit quietly and smoke, before the council begins, you would think from the grave, stolid countenances of most of the men, that the weight of nations rested upon their brawny shoulders. If the council be called by the Agent or other official sent from Washington for the purpose, the Indians wait for him to make the opening speech, which is given through the interpreter. Then the head-chief of the tribe responds first, and in turn the head chief of each band. With great dignity each chief arises from his position on the floor and deftly folding his

blanket over the left shoulder so as to leave the right arm free, he deliberately steps to the front and shakes hands with the Agent and other white people near the head of the room, thus showing respect, and then he steps back to near the centre of the circle. Now as he stands and assumes the dignity and bearing of a Grecian orator, you see him at his best. There is something about him that commands your respect, and as with force and true eloquence he pours out his very soul in what he says, your respect turns to admiration, although you may not understand a word he utters.

In all business meetings between the whites and the Indians the speeches are interpreted, but this spoils the thrilling effect, as most interpreters are poorly educated, and render what is said in broken, illiterate English. The Agent is called father and a higher government official is addressed as grand-father, and each speaker begins very much in the same way, as follows, "To you, father; to you my white friends and brothers; to you chiefs and braves (sometimes naming individuals who are especially prominent in the tribe,) to you my brothers who stand near, I speak," beginning very deliberately, but waxing earnest as the occasion demands. Our interpreter, Baptiste Bayhyle was also chief of the tribe, and when aroused, and addressing the Indians he made the council ring, and moved things his way, every time. The best speakers in the tribe, at the time Aunt Martha was there, were, besides Baptiste, Pete-lasharo, Eagle Chief, Terrah-re-cow-wah Teet-ta-sa-cod-ic, his brother George, and Lasharo Tu-ri-hee. Ak-a-pock-ish is a good speaker, these days.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents a piece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP of the WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Morning Star**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters, and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

Sample copies sent free.

Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Star** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER