


The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1891. NUMBER 49.

ONLY a little more climbing
And then the heights are won,
And rest we have longed and hoped for
Is ours, and labor done.

A simple lesson hard to learn,
Is this of heart content;
And yet life's jarring notes by it,
In harmony are blent.

The grandest symphonies sustain
A tender inner life.
The strongest souls are those that grow,
'Gainst wind and storm and strife.

THE SENECA.

PAST AND PRESENT

WRITTEN BY ONE OF OUR GIRLS.

Not many years ago the Seneca tribe of Indians were as wild and fierce as any other tribe on the western plains.

At that time they were not as far west as they are now.

Then there were many, but now they are scattered.

They roamed the beautiful forest not dreaming that the day was approaching when instead of forest, large cities and manufacturing places would exist and that the coming generations were to be lifted out of their ignorance by the builders of these large cities.

At that time they cared very little for work and raising stock but they hunted and fished which gave them enjoyment.

Their ways and beliefs were similar to those of other tribes.

They believed in the White Dog Dance which took place in the winter time.

They were some very strange performances in this dance.

It has been ten years since the Senecas stopped it.

The Seneca tribe had their medicine men, also.

How frightful they used to look in their filthy robes of rags and buckskins, and red handkerchiefs tied around their heads!

They also wore red false faces, with large brass eyes.

Their long, black, coarse hair hung down

their shoulders and beads dangled around their necks.

I remember the first Catholic priest I ever saw in my life.

His appearance made me think of a medicine man.

He wore a long white robe and black crape around his neck, and he had on eye glasses.

I could not help thinking of the red-faced Indian.

Of course the priest tried to do good and I am sure the medicine man was not doing anything he thought was wrong.

He, too, was trying to do good as far as his knowledge went.

The medicine man of the Seneca tribe is no more.

The false face and the odd clothing are laid aside—banished forever.

The Senecas did a great deal of "peach seed" playing.

I would now call it gambling, but it has been considered a game sacred to them.

It, too, is almost a thing of the past, although it is still played once a year.

The Green Corn Feast was a great occasion for them.

It was not considered a time of pleasure, but a time for worship.

At the time of this feast they bring in a little of what they have raised during the year, and give thanks to the Giver of all good things.

The feast is always in August.

They generally hunt a week before the day set but since deer is scarce, beef is used in the place of game.

This feast lasts four or five days.

Then and there is the time that little children are named.


The feast is still kept up but it is every year growing worse, and nothing good results from it in any way.

There is great disorder and it is a very unsafe place to be, as fire-water and fire-arms are more thought of than anything else, but this is mostly caused by white men from the

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

Master Samuel Sixkiller returned Sunday, from Carlisle, where he has been attending school.—[*Our Brother in Red*, Muscogee, I. T.

The Red Man is indispensable to every one interested in the Indian question. Subscription, fifty cents a year. Five cents a single copy.

The Indians of the Lower Brule and Crow Creek Agencies have sent a petition to Chicago, asking for representation in the World's Fair, as the original Americans.

An aged friend writes: "I do not see how you can print the paper so reasonably." The way we think about it is, "O, for a hundred thousand subscribers at the present rates, ten cents a year!"

The Indian's Friend has "a man-with-his-ear-to-the-ground" who hears some astonishingly good things in reference to Indian matters, a few squibs from which we have taken for the coming *Red Man*.

Ernie Black is working for Messrs. Abernethy, Marton & Thompson, Indian traders, at Darlington, Ind. Ter. He says he is well and happy and looks just as well as when he left Carlisle.

Master T. Shirley Wysong, a little eight year old agent of the HELPER sent in fifteen names this week. The Man-on-the-band-stand sees in this youth a hopeful outlook in the business world of the future.

The narrative of "Stiya" is not a fictitious one as some might suppose. The events therein related actually took place. In this lies its peculiar value to those desiring to know what the Indian, educated in the East, has to meet on his or her return home. Price, fifty cents. By mail, fifty seven cents. Address HELPER.

We are rejoiced to hear that Maria Anallo has written for transportation to return to Carlisle, from Laguna, New Mexico. She will probably bring with her the youngest child of Col. Robert Marmon. Maria has had the care of the baby since the death of her sister, Mrs. Marmon.

DEAR LITTLE INDIAN HELPER:

It has been a long time since I have seen one of your numbers, but I have been traveling around so much I could not have them sent to my address. You used to come to me in Camden, New Jersey. Since then I have been in Arizona and seen the Maricopas, Pimas and Papagoes. They do not dress very nicely nor keep themselves very clean. They are building an Industrial Indian school near Phoenix, Arizona. I hope it will be a success. We are now in Tacoma, Washington, and expect to make this our home. I see lots of Puyallup Indians here. They dress like white people and drive nice horses, but some I am sorry to say smoke cigars. I wish to renew my subscription and I send you three new subscribers.

SUBSCRIBER.

Miss C. M. Semple, formerly lady principal of the Indian Training School at Carlisle, Pa., is spending the summer with us. She is at the Wigwam a part of each day and her pleasant sitting room there makes a home like place for the Indian boys when they come from study hour in the evening, or drop in when they have a few leisure moments during the day.—[*Southern Workman*, Hampton, Va.

When the chess players at Carlisle have learned from each other all that is possible they can obtain a few important points in the game by tackling the players at Grant Institute. There are several champions at our school who would be pleased to engage in a contest with Miss Ely, either by mail, wire or special train.—[*Pipe of Peace*, Genoa, Nebr.

A young lady teacher at Newtown, Bucks County, much interested in the progress of our pupils, a number of whom she has taught, was giving a few extra object lessons one evening to a subject who seemed especially anxious to get on. She had taught him "apron," "lamp," and the names of other things in the room, when finally her attention was attracted to the snoring of her father asleep on the lounge.

"A good time to teach the young Apache the word 'snore,'" she quickly thought.

"Listen!" she said, pointing to the sleeping man. "What's that? You hear?"

The Apache was non-plussed.

He sat thoughtfully turning it over and over in his mind till finally shaking his head while looking into the eyes of his expectant instructor quizzically ventured:

"Taint singin'?"

Lizzie Hill, who lives at West Chester, writes a nice letter telling how well she and Esther Clark got along when left in full charge of the house while Mr. and Mrs. (as she puts it) went to New York on a little visit. She sends her teacher's name with ten cents for a year's subscription to the HELPER.

Our friend J. B. Nickey has sent us in all one hundred and twenty-five subscriptions. About one of the premium pictures (the printer boys) he says: "We are very much pleased with it. They are fine looking young men."

"Have just read the HELPER; wish it were a daily."
A FRIEND.

Keep cool!
Please pass the lemonade,
Made in the shade.
Base-ball is languishing this hot weather.
The digging still continues at the new boiler house.

Miss Dittes is now on her annual tour among the farm girls.

Miss Nana Pratt left for Beach Haven, N. J., on Wednesday morning.

Miss Luckenbach has gone on her vacation, spending part of the time at Chautauqua.

Joe Harris has gone to the mountains for a little vacation. He is stopping at Hotel de Howe.

The tin shop boys are busily engaged in making the roofing and spouting for the new buildings.

Misses Ely and Burgess spent several days in Bucks County attending the re-union of the Ely family.

The pure air which came over the north mountain, yesterday morning, was like a tonic in its life-giving power.

Mrs. Percy Johnson, of Philadelphia, and her two little ones, Masters Max and Percy, are visiting Mrs. Campbell.

Emily Guitar left for her home at Omaha Agency, Nebr. yesterday, having been summoned there on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Mildred Sikkieh's mother is very ill and has sent for her daughter. Mildred, who is in the country, will start west to Laguna, N. M. as soon as she gets the word.

A little crib was seen walking off toward Steelton, this week, and a little bird whispered to the little Man-on-the-band-stand that it was going to little Sarah Pratt for her to sleep in.

The mail-wagon upset in town, Wednesday evening. Prince was in too much of a hurry to turn around and cramped the wheel. It does not require more than a ten-acre lot to turn with that wagon.

Miss Fisher has returned from Glens Falls. She reports having met with many nice people at the summer school. Miss Merritt is taking in western New York and the home of Miss Hunt before she returns.

Stranger; "Oh, aren't these flowers (in front of Mr. Standing's house) pretty?" That little door yard and the nook kept by their next door neighbor, Mrs. Given, are the most attractive spots on the school grounds.

Miss Cooke spent Monday and Tuesday at the school, having passed a special civil service examination for telegraphy at Washington and the regular examination at Harrisburg. After a short vacation she will take her sister's place in the Interior Department at Washington.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are taking a little outing at the sea-shore, visiting on their way the homes of Mr. Harvey, West Grove, where Richard Davis lives, and Miss Elizabeth D. Edge, Downingtown, in whose lovely home Isabella Cornelius and Anna Lockwood are living. Richenda went with her papa and mamma.

Mr. Walker's hand still gives him a great deal of pain.

The walks are now being laid in front of the Teachers' Quarters.

Four or five new cases of the mumps are reported, but all are improving.

Thanks to Miss Anthony for bouquet of geraniums grown in hospital flower-garden.

"Fan me, Ann, Fan me," would be an appropriate primer lesson to recite, about now.

Mr. Goodyear spent last Friday afternoon at Mont Alto Park and had a delightful time.

A Beach Haven subscriber writes about the HELPER: "We look for it every week and are not disappointed."

Mrs. Given returned from her vacation last week, bringing with her, two Apache boys from the Ramona School, Sante Fé, she having met them on the way East.

The work on the office building and additions to the hospital and Girls' Quarters has reached the second story of each.

Water melons look better than they taste this year, still we have not had many opportunities to test the truth of this statement.

Prof. J. R. Dill, of Topeka, Kan., who delivered a prohibition lecture in town, was among the visitors to the school last week.

A number of members of the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America on their way to the state camp at Gettysburg visited the school this week.

Rumor comes from over the hills between here and Poughkeepsie, N. Y. that Mr. J. B. Given has treated himself to a delightful little excursion to Lake Mohonk.

We are copying extracts from letters about our boys and girls on farms, written by the people with whom they live. This will be an interesting feature of the September *Red Man*.

Mr. John Faber, brother to Mr. Faber who has the contract for laying our granolithic walks, is suffering with cement poison in his arm, and is unable to work.

The teachers who are off on a vacation are beginning to think about coming back. Will not their eyes open wide at the first sight of the great changes and improvements made during their short absence?

The printers' treat to peaches from "the sender" last Saturday, was greatly appreciated. Strange that the changing of only one letter would reveal the sender's name, but of course the Man-on-the-band-stand would not dare tell.

Celinda Metoxen writes a happy letter from her country home expressing joy at the knowledge gained in house-keeping since she has been out. She says she can make nice bread, can cook and make good cake. She is very glad she went to the country instead of going home this summer.

When we become men and women of true worth and perhaps prominence in the world we shall look back with pride to the days at Carlisle when we had to work for a living and earned our education at the same time. We shall then be like some rich men of to-day who enjoy pointing back to the days when they labored hard for the bread they ate.

(Continued From the First Page.)

near States and renters in the nation and some of the Indian boys.

I hope this will soon be abolished.

The Senecas also believe in witchery.

The foot-ball was as much enjoyment to them as croquet and lawn tennis are to the white people, only there isn't as much order as in lawn tennis and the other games of the whites.

Just as many women as men could play if they wished.

The women picked up the ball and threw it between the game-poles but the men had to kick the ball to theirs. It was an enjoyable game for them, but they have no more such performances as this.

The old styles, times and beliefs are gradually passing from them.

Their present is quite different.

They now have large and good farms.

Some have many acres under cultivation and raise grain and stock.

They have a church in the nation which the Society of Friends built for them, and many of them attend church.

Many are members of the Friends' Society and some are members of the Methodist Church.

The Friends have a strong hold of these people.

Some of the Senecas live in frame houses.

One of their number (he is a Wyandotte, but somehow he is adopted as a Seneca) is sometimes called the "Indian Millionaire."

He constructed a railroad from his mines to a near town in the State.

He cannot read nor write.

The Senecas have a Council House where their councils are held.

A chief is selected once a year.

He has assistants and they are his cabinet, but they are called his councillors. First and Second Councillors occupying higher positions than the others except the chief.

The Senecas send their children to a Government school near the agency but they will not pay for the education of their children.

They will not consent to sending their children to Eastern schools.

A few of their number have been East and are East at present, but a very few.

Our people can never regret the time we have spent in the East.

I hope our past will be forgotten by ourselves as well as by other people.

I believe the day is fast approaching when the white and the Indian will go hand in hand to make this wonderful world more wonderful than to-day.

I believe the day is coming when the Indian will be out of existence.

Not murdered, but "killed" from Indian to white man, and be made to march along in life with the superior race till even the thought of Indian language will be no more.

Then the Indian will be independent.

A SENECA INDIAN STUDENT.

Some Poor Boys

We owe more to poor boys than we think.

Columbus was a poor boy, often needing more food than he could get.

Luther sang ballads in the streets, to get the funds for an education.

Franklin used to buy a roll for a penny and eat it alone.

Lincoln and Garfield were poorly clothed and worked very hard.

Dr. Livingstone learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work.

Gambetta was poor and slept in an attic.

Dr. Holland was poor and a school teacher.

Captain Eads was barefooted and penniless at nine years of age.

None of these boys have been idle, or whiled away their time on street corners, or in games of cards or billards.

A lie never stops to put on his hat.

Many good saw-logs have knots on them.

The only way to keep from backsliding is to keep sliding forward.

Where there is the right kind of faith there is sure to be the right kind of works.

The only people who are discontented are those who are not doing their whole duty.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 7, 8, 2, 12, 3, 6 is what we do in great sorrow.

My 1, 9, 5 is a jewel or precious stone.

My 11, 4, 10 is what sailors like better than anything else.

My whole is what an abused wheel-barrow cries when a thoughtless, don't-care Indian boy is pushing it.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Baseball.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 17 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 apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand (boulevard) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(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.)

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.