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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

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NO. 20.

AN INTELLECTUAL BATTLE BETWEEN INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the informal debates of the school-room, we get nearer to the real thought of our pupils than in the set public discussions of questions by the regular debating societies.

In the public debates the spirit of the speaker is too frequently lost in a desperate effort to present points in the most profound and approved oratorical fashion.

But in the little school-room, how refreshing to catch bright, spontaneous bits of thought as they drop fearlessly from the lips of promising young men and maidens!

Sometimes it is true, the English is unique and broken, but this adds interest and spice to what are thus proven to be original expressions.

It was because such a discussion was going on between the pupils of Miss McAdam's and Miss Paull's departments, last Friday morning, that the Man-on-the-band-stand called to his chief clerk and said:

"Go over!"

The c. c., who hears the command of the M. O. T. B. S. only to obey, immediately repaired to No. 8 where the two morning schools had congregated.

She arrived too late however to hear what was termed a very excellent speech by Nora Cushaway, the first speaker on the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That civilization increases human happiness."

Willie Leighton had the floor when the c. c. entered, and in a masterly and earnest manner was striving to show that many of the ills and miseries that have befallen the human race, especially the Indians and negroes, have come through civilization.

In the early days of our country before civilization was known to the Indian, when he was permitted to roam unmolested over the land in search of game, the speaker claimed that the Indian was a happier being than now

with the whiskey of civilization burning him up and the bullet of civilization shooting him down.

Upon reading the question as written upon the board the c. c. thought:

"Oh, there is only one side to that question. Certainly civilization increases human happiness, but when the first speaker on the negative was through she thought, "There is truth in what he says," and began to waver in her opinion.

Then Samuel Gruett arose. He was sure civilization was a blessing.

"Why, where did the electric light come from?" said he in most convincing tones as he glanced up at the incandescent burner.

"Ah! That is a clincher," said the c. c. to herself.

Mary Jane Wren, without referring to Samuel's question, propounded the thought that civilized man who knew the right and did not do it had more reason to be unhappy and *was* more unhappy than the uncivilized man who knew not the right and did as he pleased with no consequences to suffer. The uncivilized man felt no responsibility, he had no laws to obey, no taxes to pay, no dressmaking bills to bother his existence, all of which are the results of civilization.

"Ah! Mary, there is merit in THAT argument," thought the c. c. and she, too, had already forgotten about the electric-light question, and was inclining to the side of uncivilized life.

But Allie Mullins stepped to the front and soon set the c. c. right again.

Allie was curious to know how we should obtain a living if we did not work.

Some of the speakers had claimed that uncivilized man was happy because he did not have to work, but Allie thought in this day and time if he did not work he would be obliged to steal or do something worse which would bring misery to his soul.

This brought out an audible smile and showed to the c. c. that civilization WAS right surely. She *wanted* to believe it all the time, but the negative side would throw out such stunning arguments.

Pressly Houk, one of the printers, was called next, by Paul Good Bear, the dignified chairman of the meeting.

Soberly and sincerely and innocently Pressley said that, "The Indians in Canada were being cheated out of their skins, the sale

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THE INDIAN HELPER.

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—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

Casper Edson writes for the HELPER to be sent to his address, in the Indian Territory.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say: Don't talk of what you WANT to do—DO it!

Robert Mathews has sent us a list of eleven subscribers from his farm home near Bryn Mawr.

Mr. Backus, Superintendent of the Grant Institute, Genoa, Nebraska, is in New Mexico collecting pupils for his school.

Joel Tyndall is at home and asks to have the HELPER sent. He says that the weather at the Omaha Agency, Nebraska, is very cold.

Joe W. Hunter, whom we used to know as Job Hunterboy, writes from the Kiowa and Comanche Agency Indian Territory, that Otto Zotom is still ill, but he is trying to help him all that he can.

OUR ELLIS:—I noticed that Ellis Childers, an Indian who at one time worked in *The Journal* office, has been elected speaker of the house in the Creek nation. Childers was a powerfully built, active youth and surprised two inmates of the office who thought to have some fun with the auburn complexioned stranger. At that time the wrestling craze was on, and various ones in *The Journal* office engaged in the sport, including the two to whom reference has been made, and who invited Childers to a vacant lot at the corner of Second and Cherry streets. The Indian eagerly accepted. The first to grapple with Childers was thrown so quick that he never knew how it happened; he himself said he went forty feet. The second antagonist was short, about as broad as long and remarkably firm on his pins, but in "telling how it happened" he said he would probably be traveling through space yet had not the side of a barn proved his backstop. That ended challenges to the Indian and he thereafter could put a chip on each shoulder and no one would attempt to knock off either of them.—[*James-town [N. Y.] Journal*

The New Premium Picture.

The Piegan chiefs of Montana, while here, were photographed in Indian dress by Mr. Choate. The photograph is larger than any we have heretofore carried on our premium list being 13½x16 inches and is sold retail for 75 cents, but we will furnish it on the same terms as the whole school picture, that is for FIFTEEN subscriptions for the HELPER. (See Standing Offer), with 8 cents extra for postage instead of 5. Those wishing to see the real Indian dress, a more striking photograph could not be secured. It is an encouraging fact that the civilization of the Indian is fast driving this style of dress out. Seldom these days do we have such a representation of chiefs dressed in buck-skin shirt, fringed and beaded leggings, wampum, bears' claws and moccasins.

The audience which greeted the eminent pianist and composer, Mr. Constantin Sternberg last Monday evening was select and very appreciative. Two hundred and fifty guests from town were in attendance. Carriages began to arrive long before the hour announced, and by the time our six hundred students and officers were seated, the spacious room was well filled. The program consisting of the works of Norwegian, Russian, French, German and American composers was judiciously arranged.

The music was classical throughout but within the range of the novice as well as suited to the taste of the artist. The recital was a musical treat and Mr. Sternberg will ever be remembered by those who heard the exquisite sounds produced by his artistic and skilful fingers. A very pleasing feature of the evening was the explanatory remarks by the performer. We were made acquainted with Greig, the Norwegian composer; introduced to Moscheles, a pupil of Beethoven and Mr. Sternberg's own teacher; to Scharwenka who was a class-mate of Mr. Sternberg; to Godard the French composer and others. The picture of the gondolas on the Venetian waters was made so vivid that all through Mr. Sternberg's own composition we heard the call of the gondolier, which he said became very monotonous to his ear during the day while in Venice, but was poetic at night, and after he came to America he composed the piece, incorporating this call.

The closing selection—Mendelssohn's Wedding March in the figuration of the Fairy Dances which was given on the program as Midsummer Night's Dream Fantasy by Liszt was produced with most wonderful effect. The peculiar harmonic changes and coloring brought out in this selection as well as others was particularly satisfying to the music-loving portion of his audience. Come again, Mr. Sternberg! We want more.

Richard Yellow Robe has enlisted in the 16th Regiment of the United States Infantry with two other Carlisle students—Samuel Little Hawk and Frank Jaunies. They are all to be non-commissioned officers of Company I Frank will be the 1st Sergeant and Richard the 2nd. They are to be stationed at Ft. Douglas, Salt Lake City, Utah, and expect to go to the World's Fair for Military exhibition.

Keep cool!

Oh, ye Invincibles! Are you "chilly?"

Sore throats are around. Let us be careful!

Who says the back-bone of winter is broken?

The Seniors are at work upon their graduating essays.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt were the guests of Miss Amelia Given of Carlisle, at a dinner party, on Tuesday evening.

Grace Dixon has started to school with Richard Doanmoe. These are now the youngest pupils in Number 14.

Miss Carter returned Monday night from Lenox, Mass., where she was suddenly called to attend the funeral of her sister-in-law.

We have no evidence that Mr. Gardiner believes in vice, except for the fact that he placed a very excellent one on the printing-office work-bench this week.

One of the boys in describing Mr. Sternberg's playing said, "I thought he was just practicing to get the stiff out of his fingers, and the first thing I knew he was all done."

Mr. A. F. Yeatts, of Craighead Station, is a welcome visitor in the Man-on-the-bandstand's office, for he always brings with him one or two names as subscribers. Yesterday he brought four.

The boys and girls who take the trouble to hunt interesting items of news for the opening of school each day are not only greatly benefiting themselves but making these exercises attractive and spicy.

No. 11 pupils almost unanimously decided that the first selection on Mr. Sternberg's program—Sonata, Opus 7, composed by Greig, was the most difficult, and the 5th selection Venetienne, by Godard, the prettiest.

The Invincibles wanted to discuss the Chilian question with the girls in public debate, but the girls having a choice, selected the temperance question as was given in the HELPER, last week.

Some of the boys in attempting to come "the Felix act," (as the taking of long sweeps on the outer edge of the stake is now termed since Felix does it so gracefully,) sometimes go down on their backs, much to the amusement of lookers-on.

Miss Phebe Howell has returned to the school after graduating at the training school for nurses connected with the Pennsylvania Hospital Philadelphia. A diploma of this sort is something to be proud of and will bring the happy possessor a great, useful and remunerative work if she so wills it. Phebe is now employed as assistant nurse in our school hospital.

"That's a nobby piano," said a quiet young man to his lady-fair on Monday night at the piano recital. "Why! Why! I am *astonished* you should use such slang," replied the overly sensitive creature greatly shocked. "Well, it is a Knabé piano any way," remonstrated the youth. "K-n-a-b-e spells Knabe." "Is that the way you pronounce it? Excuse me," said the now abashed maiden, and the quiet young man was himself again, although he did not get the exact pronunciation of the curious German name.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Diligence.

As a visitor to the harness-shop this week was coming out of the door, he said: "Well, those fellows can chew gum, if they can't do anything else" and the M. O. T. B. S. must confess that he felt a wee bit mortified.

Wherever the steam-pipes cross the grounds they make the grass immediately over them think it is summer time, as is evidenced by the delicate young blades pushing their smiling faces up by the edge of the clear white snow, making a pretty and striking contrast.

The wind on Tuesday morning early seemed almost cyclonic in its force. Some of the girls in the third story of their building were quite alarmed. The smokestack, however, stood the test bravely, as if to say, "It will take more than a pretend-to-be cyclone to blow ME over."

Hush! If we should be so unfortunate as not to have mind enough to enjoy the exquisite music heard last Monday night, let us not say it above a whisper, and let us in the future grasp every possible opportunity to see, hear and learn, and thus get ABOVE what we are now ashamed to own.

Capt. Pratt spent last Sunday in Brooklyn, addressing in the morning a large and appreciative audience in the Puritan Congregational Church of that city. The services of fifty churches of Brooklyn, were, last Sunday, simultaneously devoted to the Y. M. C. A. cause, which arrangement was made through the indefatigable Managing Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn. Mr. Robert McFadden, also an interested friend of Carlisle. It was upon the topic of the occasion that the Captain spoke.

While the Captain was in Brooklyn he met with Mrs. Shiverick, now managing Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association of that city. Mrs. Shiverick recalled pleasantly the time spent as one of our number and inquired warmly after old-time friends both among pupils and employees. The work she is now engaged in is arduous and responsible and one covering a wide field.

The striking features of the exhibition Friday night were, a very pretty piano duet by Belinda Archiquette, and Nellie V. Robertson; a recitation by Sarah Watson, who was clear in her expression and very easy in manner; Chas. Buck's declamation; a new selection by the choir; Katherine Patterson's hit on Chili; the piano solo by Nannie Little Robe—a surprise to all present who craned their necks to see Nannie's little fingers flying so nimbly over the keys and at the close of which there was an outburst of applause; Susie Reed's recitation; Leonard Kenseah's first effort, which although was not *exactly* clear seemed to amuse the audience; Peter Dillon's Mr. Nobody; Julia Dorris' solo; Jas. Wheelock's "Value of Little Things"; Dennison's song, "Have Courage, my boy, to say no" accompanied by the choir boys; Timothy Henry's declamation upon the way John Quincy Adams observed the Sabbath; William Bull's rendition of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"; and the grand finale, a stirring piece by the band.

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of which brought them a living: Soon they would have no skins left. This would produce misery, want and unhappiness, and was the outcome of civilization."

The c. c. thought so, too.

Clark Gregg, another printer, thought that, "civilization brought Christianity and Christianity saves human lives and leads us in the right way. Right doing always brings happiness."

"That's so!" thought the c. c. growing still more unsteady.

Elmer Simon portrayed the happiness of uncivilized man with his bow and arrow before the wicked bullet was invented. He made some very witty hits at the affirmative, which caused considerable merriment.

Lewis Caswell gave strong proofs of the benefits of civilization and Christianity and their happy results, which Ricnard Sanderville offset by picturing the Indians as happy and "as free as the birds in the air" before civilization robbed them of their rights and privileges.

And thus the debate went on, waxing warmer and more eloquent as the time to close approached.

James Perry, Willie Hazlet, Esther Johnson, Julia Williams, Jas. Wheelock and Sophia Hill all made good points till the c. c. was so worked up that she did not know on which side to be.

Some thought that savage warfare was much more humane than civilized warfare. In the battles of civilization guns and cannons and shells and other modern inventions piled, in a short time, thousands and thousands of dead bodies on top of each other; the battles of Gettysburg and Bunker Hill being instanced with the unanswerable question, "Is not such fighting more savage than savagery?"

Since uncivilized man shot with arrows and killed but few in comparison, savage warfare did not rob so many homes of fathers and sons or bring so much unhappiness.

The thought was also brought out that over-worked business men in our cities fled to the mountains and the haunts of wild beast and savages for complete rest and happiness.

Not until the judges rendered a decision that the negative side had the best of the argument did the c. c. begin in earnest to think for herself.

Then all the comforts and pleasures and happiness which have come to man through civilization began to crowd in upon her mind.

She thought of the books and papers and sewing machines and plows and harrows and reapers and needles and pins and scissors and shoes and hats and clothes and umbrellas and lamps and stoves and wash-tubs and tables and chairs and wagons and sulkeys and cars and sleds and skates and eye-glasses and glass eyes and false teeth and houses and glass windows and printing presses and brass-bands and the rapid transmission of thought and the thousands of inventions which it would require volumes upon volumes to enumerate, all made for the convenience and pleasure of civilized man.

And then she asked herself:

"How would you like to exchange the refined enjoyment of these things for the beastly pleasures of savagery?"

"Exchange these bright happy days for those gloomy times when our ancestors lived in caves and ate berries and wild game, and wore upon their backs the skins of animals with the fur side inside and the skin side outside?"

Days when men thought that the earth was flat and not much larger than Pennsylvania?

Days when people were burned at the stake for daring to know something?

Days when there were no books, no papers, no pens, no ink, no way of sending thought, no schools?

What, exchange these school days of promise and encouragement and light and life; these days which if rightly used open up a new world, and bring happiness and peace, for that wretched time when all was blank and dark?

"No! Oh, no no! Never."

Let us thank Heaven that we live in the light of the CIVILIZATION of the Nineteenth Century.

Civilization DOES increase happiness, and every one who argued so ably on the negative side NOW THINKS SO, TOO.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 5, 6, 4 is always plentiful in springtime.

My 9, 2, 1, plays an important part in all machinery.

8, 7 is a neuter verb.

My 3 is what one naturally says when suddenly hurt.

My whole is something that Indians as a race are very fond of.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

1. For one subscription and a 2-cent stamp extra, a printed copy of the Pueblo photo, advertised below in paragraph 5.

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra.

(This is the most peculiar photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1 cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappoose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a bondoir combination showing all our prominent buildings.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and a other of the same pupils, three years after, showing marked and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy as he arrived and a few years after.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5-cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x1" photo, of graduating classes, choice '89, '90, '91. Or, 8x10 photo, of the ldl gs.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, returned Carlisle Indian girl at home."

Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums will not be sent.

For **The Red Man**, an 8 page periodical containing a summary of all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year of twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.