

736

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1892—

NO. 31.

STRIKES.

STRIKES are quite proper, only strike right;
Strike for some purpose, but not for a fight;
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame;
Strike right and left, till you win a good name;
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile;
Strike off companions who often beguile;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge, and the ax;
Strike off bad habits, with burdensome tax;
Strike out unaided, depend on no other;
Strike without gloves, and your foolishness smother;
Strike off the fetter of fashion and pride;
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;
Strike, and keep striking till you hit the right spot.

—The *Ætna*.

A BRAVE PAWNEE DIES AT THE HAND OF A KIOWA YOUTH.

An Old but True Story.

As I sit in my small room in San Francisco looking over the *Chronicle*, my eye strikes the startling headlines, "Pawnees in War Paint," and I read further on that these loyal, honest-hearted people, the friends of my younger days, "have worked themselves into a frenzy, by a ghost dance," and are "donning war paint and feathers."

While feeling that the despatch may be exaggerated and saying to myself, "Foolish children, to be thus led into trouble by designing frauds," the item sends me back some twenty years, the days when the Sioux, Cheyennes and Kiowas were enemies of the Pawnees, and to the special occasion when there was a battle fought on the plains between them.

It was in the summer of 1873 that the Pawnees were out on their annual buffalo hunt, the buffalo in those days being their sole subsistence.

The Pawnees were the terror of all the savage bands of the plains, yet were ever friendly to the whites.

A Pawnee warrior, single handed, had often driven back a score or more Sioux; collected they defied the savage world.

Sky Chief, or in the pure interpretation, Chief of the Gods, was considered the bravest man in the tribe.

He it was who in counsel with United States Commissioners, after they had urged upon the chiefs the necessity of abandoning their old ways, of giving up the chase and looking toward agriculture, using the forcible argument that the buffalo were fast disappearing, he it was who taking a few brisk steps towards the officers and shaking each by the hand, receded to a central position and burst forth in savage oratory:

"Fathers! we have heard your words, but it will never be. You were created what you are. Books were given you. We were made what we are, people of people. The country is ours. The buffalo were placed here for us; while I live I shall be what I am. I go on the buffalo hunt again by this grass, even though I die."

He went, contrary to all advice, and this is what followed.

The small company of Pawnees who went with him, came upon a large company of Sioux, Cheyennes and Kiowas. The enemy slew sixteen of the best men of the Pawnees and massacred sixty women and children.

It was immediately after this terrible battle that Sky Chief in a lone spot on the prairie discovered himself thickly closed in by his adversaries.

Arrows hailed about his head.

Giving the guttural cry of the grizzly when

(Continued on fourth page.)

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 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.

On Monday evening an entertainment was given in the chapel in honor of the visiting Chippewa chiefs. It consisted of selections by the band and choir, singing by the Standard Glee Club, performance of the Peak Sisters by the Girls' Endeavor Society and the tableau, "The Sick Man," by the Invincibles. At the close of this program, White Cloud and Theo. Beaulieu spoke. Chief White Cloud said among other things: "I am an old man of over sixty years, but I am glad to say something to you to-night. When I was a boy I seldom saw white people; now I meet them everywhere. The red man lived in this country but it was the white man who developed its resources. It is not the intention of the Government to bury the Indians, but to show them new and better ways of living. When we were placed on the earth by the Creator, He expected us to make use of every privilege. I am very thankful to witness what I have tonight; if my father had seen such progress as this, he too would have been thankful and different and I should not now be like I am. When my son with Rev. Mr. Johnson returned from this school, he told me of it. You, boys and girls, must feel thankful for what has been done for you in helping you to become like white people. You have heard your fathers say they have not received what was promised them. As you learn more you will understand the laws better: there will be better feeling as you grow up, and treaties are better understood. We didn't understand our treaties, so we came on to have them explained. I think in fifty years the ignorant Indians will be gone; they will be extinct; they will be all English speaking. Now, try hard to learn all you can; see that your lives are in the right path. Since I have been here I have observed that you all sing hymns and say prayers, and I am glad. I want you to throw away all bad feelings; be ashamed to do anything wrong that you must be placed in jail. Choose a clear path; follow the advice of your teachers. I thank the Great Spirit for what I have seen tonight." Theo. H. Beaulieu was introduced as one who has gained his education away from the reservation and who compared favorably with many white men. He said that

there was but one Cambridge and one Oxford in England, there was but one Yale and Harvard, and there was but one Carlisle. He said to the pupils that colleges, schools and mints of money would not make the enlightened man or woman, but their own efforts alone would overcome the obstacles of ignorance, and in time with due diligence and study would bring them before the world with polished attainments worthy of its regard and respect, a credit to their race, fit and worthy subjects for the noblest citizenship of our grand and glorious republic. He said that at the age of twelve he had been apprenticed to printing and had worked three years at the trade. He always felt that the newspaper must be the greatest factor in the civilization of the Indians and that following out this idea, he and his cousin established a newspaper at White Earth, Minn. Before issuing a sheet, the plant was siezed and held for fourteen months and they could get no recourse from the Government. Finally suit was brought in court at St. Paul and they won, thus establishing the precedent that although an Indian reservation, it was a portion of the United States and the freedom of the press was entitled to respect there as elsewhere.

From Farm Pupil's Home Letter.

"We all went to meeting and the speaker did not come; so they just made up one and had a pretty good time after all."

"It is due to carelessness that our subscription expired so long ago but we miss the dear little paper so much and are so deeply interested in Carlisle, that we can not do without it longer."

SUBSCRIBER.

Many Indians on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation are building houses on their allotments, and making improvements of various kinds to distinguish their land from that which will be subject to entry.

Mrs. John Mountpleasant, widow of the Chief of the Six Nations, and the most noted Indian woman of her time in this State, died recently at Lookport, N. Y. She was a sister of General Parker, of New York City.

The work of allotting the Indian lands on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation was completed on the 28th of last month. The county seats have been surveyed and everything is in readiness for the opening proclamation. Accounts from that section state that people are arriving by the thousands. Every train is loaded down and the wagon roads are white with the covered wagons of the home seekers.

The other day one of our Apache boys wrote from the country, asking to be allowed to go to Mt. Vernon, Ala., saying that he didn't care if he was a prisoner there. In the same mail was a letter from his employer saying he would give him \$13 a month and \$15 during harvest. The advice of the Man-on-the-band stand to this young man is to fight down this desire and make the best of the opportunities presented. It may seem hard to him, but it will be the making of him and he will be glad in after years that this chance was given him.

Good Friday.

"Did you see the sunflower man?"

Miss Seabrook spent Monday and Tuesday at Gettysburg.

Forty sets of double harness were shipped yesterday for the Blackfeet Agency, Mont.

Mr. Gutelius and Mr. Hesson, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., visited the school on Monday.

Mr. Albert Miller, Stockbridge, of Gresham, Wis., visited his daughters, Orpha and Florence, at the school this week.

The plank road across the meadow has been put in good repair and is now ready for use again; a much needed improvement.

Mr. Getz has his onions and early potatoes planted as well as some peas and other seeds. We look for some early spring vegetables this year.

Don Campbell's magic lantern exhibition was held on Saturday instead of Friday evening, and was quite a success.

Mrs. Sara M. Fairchild, of Hammondsport, N.Y., spent several days at the school this week as a guest of Miss Cochrane.

Mr. Goodyear has gone to Philadelphia with the 58 girls that are to be distributed from that point to their respective summer homes.

A smash up in the printing office gave Mr. Harris a chance to use his skill on an unusually difficult job of repairing with satisfactory results.

On account of the talk in the chapel last Friday evening, the organization of an Athletic Association was postponed till some future date.

Fifty-eight girls left for country homes early yesterday morning. They paid a farewell visit to the schools and shops on Wednesday afternoon and said good bye to all their friends.

Reuben Wolfe, Fred Big Horse, Clarence W. Thunder, Fred Peake and Chauncey Y. Robe have been chosen delegates to the Y. M. C. A. District Convention at Gettysburg next week.

The "Wayside Gleaners" circle of King's Daughters and the dressmakers gave a sociable in the sewing room on Wednesday evening. The occasion was a highly enjoyable one and the near departure of the girls did not seem to rob it of any of its pleasure.

Items From No. 7.

The rain last week made a great improvement in the grounds. The grass is tall and green and will soon be ready for the mower.

Robin Red Breast is back again from his long visit somewhere and has brought with him his bag of songs.

It would be very nice if the boys and girls would learn to keep their feet and hands still during the service when anybody is praying, for it disturbs the speaker.

The great tree which was removed from near Captain's office, was so solid at the foundation that it took nearly three hours to saw through the hard, tough trunk. A hard, solid, tough foundation! Girls and boys, is there any good lesson to be learned from this?

No. 12 has declamations every Monday.

George Foulk was on the sick list this week.

Everybody is hoping for a pleasant Easter Sunday.

Mr. Norman, our painter, was 54 years old yesterday.

The Juniors beat the Secrets on Saturday by a score of 16 to 14.

Arbor Day at the school will be celebrated next Thursday with appropriate exercises.

Miss Shaffner gave an illustrated talk on China last Friday night, which was highly enjoyed by all.

Miss Dittes returned on Monday from the hospital in Philadelphia, improved in health, but is still confined to the house.

One of our HELPER presses broke down while we were running off the paper last Friday, but fortunately we were enabled to get it off in time.

For several weeks past, the pupils in some of the advanced grades have been writing items for the HELPER. The training received in writing for the press is of great value. It teaches us to be observant and to put our thoughts into concise and entertaining language. The M. O. T. B. S. feels proud of his boys and girls as he reads their promising attempts.

A party of Chippewa chiefs from the White Earth Agency, Minn., stopped at the school last Saturday on their way from Washington, where they were looking after treaty matters. The delegation consisted of Chiefs White Cloud, Mr. Swan, Sangwawe and Little Frog and were accompanied by Messrs. Gas and Theo. H. Beaulieu and Robert Morrison, interpreter. They left for their homes on Tuesday morning.

Last Saturday an interesting game of base ball was played between the Dickinson College and the school nines, the score at the close standing 8 to 2 in favor of Dickinson. The weather was cold and windy, and many of the errors were excusable on that account. The *Sentinel* says of our pitcher that he has a delivery like a Gatling gun. He certainly did good work, striking out 18 men, twice as many as the Dickinson pitcher. The school team was as follows: Roger Silas, p.; Ota Chief Eagle, c.; Edwin Schanandore, 1st. b.; Jos. Big Wolf, 2nd. b.; Thomas Barnett, 3rd. b.; Harry Kolpay, s. s.; Wm. Lufkins, l. f.; Fred Big Horse, c. f.; Peter Cornelius, r. f.

Items from No. 10.

Why don't the music pupils give us an entertainment in the chapel?

The pupils of No. 10 had their pictures taken in school one day last week.

We are not afraid to challenge the No. 11 school on geography questions.

Mr. Choate's dog entertained us in our school room last week, by showing his intelligence to us and of being able to do what his master requires him to do.

No. 10 scholars are going to take up Botany lessons pretty soon, which I will enjoy because I love the flowers. When I get to my own home, I will have many kinds of plants.

(Continued from first page.)

wounded Sky Chief swung an ashen club furiously to right and left.

Three horses staggered and crushed their riders.

He then made a leap into the opening in the enemy's midst and sent arrows so swiftly in all directions that the besiegers were routed.

There was another moment's parley.

The Pawnee sat upon the ground as he might have done were he beside his lodge at home, instead of breasting blows with death.

A Kiowa youth dismounted and drove his horse from him and was preparing to advance on foot.

The Pawnee knew that his time had come. A single arrow was left him.

He arose, sighted along the arrow's shaft upwards to the zenith, then took a handful of earth and rubbed his slender weapon and smudged his breast with the same.

His lips were moving and almost immediately he muttered in tragic Pawnee accents, addressing the arrow: "Ha-roo-o-tik-y! (blessed pet) but for you I am to be miserable, you shall help me; we are one; O gods, I look to you."

The Kiowa came nearer, his body entirely naked, streaked with charcoal.

His mantle of hair flowing loosely was flecked with eagle's down.

In his hand he carried a lance.

This savage youth was walking in a dream. In many an hour of solitude he had meditated upon his day of dying.

"It will be at the Pawnees' hands," he had always determined.

He advanced singing, never deigning to assume a warlike attitude until his lance point might reach the Pawnee's breast.

He saw the lone enemy's arrow seeking its threatening position upon the bow.

He never quivered, but walked on singing and apparently unaware of danger ahead.

The remainder of the enemy looked on; they were totally transfixed by this southern youth's extraordinary venture.

The sun was overhead, a breathless calm prevailed the earth and sky.

The Kiowa song fell in solemn monotonies upon the listeners.

He was some thirty feet yet distant when Chief of Gods drew his last arrow to its barb upon the bow.

The youth poised his lance, there was a twang, a hiss like iron burning flesh, and the fatal shaft protruded from the gallant young Kiowa's breast.

His arm still held the lance aloft.

No more than if a snow flake had gently fallen upon him or down of passing bird had touched his throat did the shot affect him.

Leaping forward as if by impetus of his wound, the young Kiowa struck the Pawnee Chief right over the heart with his lance.

Both Kiowa and Pawnee fell to the ground dead.

There was no scalp taken.

To the Kiowas a god had fallen.

They gently touched the prostrate Pawnee form with their bows' ends, and immortal glory haloes the act to this day.

The Kiowas are now the Pawnees' most

honored friends. They have smoked the red-stone pipe together, and in place of battles, visits are now made in large parties, and presents of horses are exchanged in token of brotherhood.

We had hoped that such savage days were over.

The Pawnees have made great strides in civilization.

Many have cultivated farms, and cosy, comfortable homes, but when they so foolishly give way to influences that lead them to the ghost dance; when they take a step which throws them back fifty years, their friends can but feel that they have need of greater adversity.

What! Have they not suffered enough?

Must they need endure more hardships before their eyes can open to the true light?

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to them in this their childishness. M. B.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 10, 7, 8, 9 is what birds do.

My 12, 13, 14, 15 is part of a flower.

My 6, 4, 11 is what children like to play with.

My 10, 4, 5, 1, 2 is a point of the compass.

My 12, 14, 3 is what we do with our eyes.

My whole is what Carlisle has now in successful operation.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Benjamin Harrison.

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 cent. art, 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 popular 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. Or, cabinet photo. of Piegan Chiefs.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir 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 on arrival 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 basketball club. Or, 8x10 photo. of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo. of bu. id. gs.

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

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6x8 1/2 and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the Bazaar of March at the Bi-centennial in Philadelphia.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cts. ret. il. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir size for 7 sub. scription, and 2 cents extra.

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 twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names the Helper.