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THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. VII.

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NO. 39

INFLUENCE.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them
more;

But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past,
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love of brethren dear,
Keep, then, the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in the world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

DID YOU EVER EAT INDIAN BREAD?

The writer has, and it is good, too.
This is the way the majority of Indian
women who live in tents make bread.

With a little flour, water and salt a thick
paste is made, which is first cooked on hot
stones until it becomes stiff, and each cake is
further cooked by standing it on its edge with
its flat surface exposed to the flames until it is
thoroughly baked into quite palatable bread.
Then there is another Indian way of baking
bread:

Some Indian women mix and knead their
bread much as our mothers do only the Indians
sit on the ground while they knead their bread
in a pan.

After it is light and ready for baking they
make flat loaves about as thick as an ordinary
pie, and cover it with hot ashes. It bakes
nicely in the ashes and comes out looking
brown and good.

Of course it is dirty, but that matters not.
Any one who has often visited Indian tents
knows that the fire and ashes around it forms

the family cuspidor and is the general recep-
tacle for all manner of filth, but what differ-
ence? That does not interfere with the bak-
ing of the bread.

Still another kind of bread is fried in grease.
The little Indian boys and girls in the first
school of Indians that the writer taught
"Away out in the west," were so fond of this
kind of bread that the cook learned how the
Indians made it, and it was considered a great
treat to have Indian bread once a week for
supper.

Indian-bread night was looked forward to as
eagerly as pot-pie day is looked forward to by
the average Carlisle boy and girl.

WHO IS THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND STAND?

Naomi is a happy little Indian girl in a
country home. She is one of the Apache girls
who has learned what English she is able to use
since she came to Carlisle. She writes a very
happy letter which we are going to print in
the June *Red Man*, and at the close of the
same letter she asks, "What does the Man-on-
the-band-stand mean anyhow? Every time
I go out in the country somebody always asks
me, 'What is the Man-on-the-band-stand that
seemed to be so nice and know every thing.'
I told them I think it must mean everybody
who gave news. Does it mean that?"

Answer. The Man-on-the-band-stand is not
"everybody who gives the news," but he is
the NEWS itself.

We have a band-stand at Carlisle, and it is
in the middle of the grounds. Now, a man
standing on that band-stand could see and
hear nearly everything that is going on at the
school, so the INDIAN HELPER thought it
would call the NEWS, the Man-on-the-band-
stand; that is all there is to it, and the pupils
as well as thousands of others are beginning
to love the Man-on-the-band-stand very
much. That is, they love Mr. NEWS.

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, 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.

Yamie Leeds has left Sante Fé and gone back to his home in Laguna

At the close of an interesting communication concerning a little incident that occurred in the girls' quarters recently, which may appear in the June *Red Man*, we find this sentence: "Ingratitude is of all vices the most despicable."

Levi Levering was appointed by the Bellevue College (Nebr.) Literary Society to present a paper on Carlisle Indian School, and he also was chosen for a bass solo at the College Commencement exercises. Levi is all right and working up toward the front with people of education and culture.

We note by the *Genoa Leader* that Mr. J. F. Bixby, manager of the printing-office at the Genoa Indian School, Nebr., has recently gone to Pawnee City of that State to start a paper on his own hook. This accounts for the absence of the *Pipe of Peace*, from our table.

Eighteen of the Indians recently brought from Arizona decided that Nebraska atmosphere was not congenial to their health and consequently "folded their tents and quietly stole away" on Saturday evening last. But they were captured at Fullerton and returned to the school Monday morning.—[*Genoa Leader*.]

We have a communication from the Educational Home, Philadelphia, in regard to the return of their base-ball club after the games here on Decoration Day, and the sensation they made on their early morning arrival. It appears they were making a great struggle here for the Indian Championship of the United States which fact we were not aware of. They could not have felt flattered in having to report that the championship had not been won, but they say that our team will have very little show when it goes to Philadelphia. "One thing that Carlisle is need of" the writer says "is a catcher. Silas has a lightning ball but his curves are not in substance." They

say they will treat us well, but Menard, whom the writer calls their manager, thinks the Philadelphia Indians are to be the champions. We understood that Mr. Davis, the white professional who played 2nd base was their manager.

The father of Miss M. E. Raymond, who is field matron among the Navajoe Indians and whom we well remember as bringing a party of Pine Ridge boys and girls to our school, is with his daughter in that far off land. Mrs. M. E. Eldredge, Missionary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church is there too, and the three make a strong band of energetic helpers to those people. Mr. Raymond writes: "We have your papers and I read them with interest. We are here in the wild west, sure enough. Very few white people live up the San Juan Valley, none below us for many miles. The Indians seem to be pleased with what is done for them. The Rocky Mountains are truly named. There is rock to spare, enough to supply the whole world."

William F. Campbell a member of the Chipewa tribe, graduated from the Carlisle School in '89 with our pioneer graduating class. That he has made excellent use of his time and opportunities since may be seen by the following closing remarks of a friend who writes from St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Campbell has a most promising future before him and we judge from the amount of pluck and courage manifested thus early in life that he will ere long be in the front ranks of men of learning and influence: The letter says: "It may be of interest to you to learn that William F. Campbell who is a graduate of your school, was in the United States Court room in this building yesterday, and was admitted to practice before this new United States Court of Appeals, on the motion of Hon. Geo. B. Edgerton, Assistant United States Attorney for this district."

Henry Phillips who went to his home in Alaska a few months since is keeping himself busy at various things. He was about to take the steamer for Chilcat to see his father when he wrote. He had been informed that his father was dead but has since learned that the report was a mistake. A part of the time Henry found work as engineer at the mill at \$2.50 a day. When the mill stopped running he sought work elsewhere and found it. He says he is well and happy, which is good news for his friends in the East.

The following letter from the Captain of the Gobin Guards speaks for itself:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN PRATT: I desire to express to you the appreciation of myself and my company for the services rendered to us by the Band of the Indian School on the occasion of the visit to Gettysburg, (June 2) and to thank you for your kindness in the matter. I heard much favorable comment upon the music rendered. The Band attracted general attention and the opinion is that you have an organization worthy of you and that it is an exponent of the good work you have done and are doing. I am, Very Truly Yours,
EDWARD B. WATTS.

No more study hour.

Grace Dixon has the German Measles.

Miss Lottie Cutter is still ill but improving slowly.

Where is your room? is the question now in the girls' quarters.

Mr. Jordan's boys are busy upon a foundation for an annex to the coal house.

The boys and girls enjoyed the flowers that the dining room girls put on their tables last Sunday evening.

Mr. Claudy served on his first Court Martial; Wednesday, at the time of the trial of one or two boys for misdemeanor.

The naughty little girls who wrote their names on the teachers' balcony had their first lesson in house-keeping the other day, and we do not think they will forget that lesson.

On Wednesday there was no school giving the want-to-work-all-day boys a chance to try it on, and the teachers an opportunity to attend the Dickinson College Commencement.

Dr. Dixon left for the West on Friday taking with him William and Maggie Beaulieu, Mary Prickett, Eva Jordan and Baptiste Schuandore to their respective homes in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Susie Henni failed to be met in New York City by Miss Botsford's cousin, but she took a carriage, crossed the city, bought a ticket at the Grand Central Station, and reached Botsford, Conn., safely, without any help.

The Indian School Band furnished excellent music yesterday on their visit to Gettysburg. The large crowds of people which were in the town and on the battle field were delighted with the selections rendered by this organization.—(Carlisle Herald.)

The new dress of paint on the mail-wagon tells the tale of industry in the paint-shop, and then the painters are giving a few extra touches in the Girls' Quarters. When it rains, someday, maybe the girls will pluck up enough courage to ask for a border around their carpet in the society room. That room and the girls' reading room should in time become the cosiest corners of the grounds, and no doubt they will be when the girls get ready to make them so.

Capt. W. M. Camp, president of Farmers and Merchants Bank, Bement, Ill. and wife were here Friday, after a visit to Gettysburg. Capt. Camp was captain of a company that took active part in Pickett's charge. He went into the charge with 100 men and came out with 19. He said he could have walked a half mile over dead bodies slain in the dread conflict. Capt. Camp is an old friend of Capt. Pratt's and the two found great pleasure in reminiscing over war times.

Mr. Standing has returned from a visit to the Tuscarora reservation in New York and the Cornplanter Reservation in Pennsylvania. He was pleased with what he saw while there, and especially with the progress that the Tuscarora Indians have made in agricultural pursuits. At the Cornplanter reservation he saw a monument erected to the honor of their Chief Cornplauter in 1866. He was said to be about a hundred years old when he died and the monument is a testimony of his long fidelity to the United States Government.

The girls find it hard to get used to the new whistle.

Miss Richenda has been under the weather with mumps for several days.

Miss Nana Pratt has returned from Germantown, where she was attending school.

Mr. Gardner and boys have given the teachers' quarters more light by trimming the trees in front.

We have had so much rain that the ground is not yet dry enough to sit upon. It doesn't pay to risk life and health by doing so foolish a thing.

Moncure D. Conway, eminent as a lawyer and writer, addressed our pupils on Sunday. The substance of his most interesting talk will be given in the June *Red Man*.

The Captain has had the old two-seated phaeton fixed up by a carriage maker in town, and it is a beauty, being as nice as new. Comanche is proud when hitched to such a rig.

Philip C. Garrett of the Board of Indian Commissioners and for years identified with Indian interests visited our school on Monday, on his way West to inspect Indian Schools and Agencies.

When the tanners want a rest they take a turn at mending old tin pails. No matter how high the stack they never turn pale, e'en though they feel like jumping a pale-fence before the bottom of the pile is reached.

Mr. Morrett of the shoe-shop has a very small force of boys this farming season. And yet shoes need repairing constantly, and new ones have to be made so that there is always plenty of work to keep our 800 comfortably shod.

The harness boys have quite stolen the trade of making base ball gloves. A very little time is spent in this way but every time a catcher's glove is turned out, five or six dollars is saved and *saving* money is just as important a business as making it.

A number of distinguished men have visited Carlisle this week in attendance upon the 109th Commencement of Dickinson College. Dr. Goodsell, of New York City, Francis Putnam Stevens, of Baltimore, and Judge Paxton, of the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania were among those who visited the school.

The tailor-shop is a pleasant place to visit. As boys have to wear coats and pants in summer as well as in winter, the industry in this department is always kept up, and somehow we like to see men and boys learning to make their own clothing, and running the sewing-machine. It would be a good thing if every man in the world knew how to sew.

We took a peep into the black-smith shop Wednesday morning just in time to see Joe Pawnee getting a lesson on shoeing a horse. He did not quite know how to grasp the pin-cers to get the old shoe off, and when Mr. Harris took hold of the instrument to show him how it looked so easy. We all concluded, however, it was all in the "know-how", and Joe says he is sure to learn the "know-how" by-and-by. William Baird was to finish up the job of shoeing Harry horse. He has the know-how pretty well. Mr. Harris says he has several boys who can shoe a horse well.

A PLUCKY INDIAN BOY WRITES
TO HIS FATHER.

It is my duty to write a letter to you at the end of each month and there is no reason why I write to you too often.

I can hardly believe that many people say they can't work, can't support themselves, but I believe if the Government should stop issuing rations to the Indians and let them earn their own food by the sweating of their brows they will surely do it. We the Indians who are in the East working from the rising of the sun and at the setting of the same and we are just as capable as any busy people in this broad world.

It is pretty hard for me to comprehend the ways of civilization, but it is said that Never give up the ship is the motto of success and my determination is that I must try until succeeding in learning thoroughly the ways of these civilized people who are working for their own living. Your Son,

SOME INDIANS BURY THEIR DEAD IN TREES

A framework of strong withes is constructed among the branches, and on this the bodies of the dead are laid, each warrior wrapped in blankets, and with all his property about him. No survivor would ever venture to use anything that had belonged to a dead person lest the latter's spirit should haunt and destroy him.

It is said that at the risk of the lives of himself and his party Mr. Mooney, of the Washington Bureau of Ethnology, recently procured one of these burial platforms, taking it down from the tree in which it was built.

Also he brought away a lot of bones that were found in it, and the whole will make a feature of the coming World's Fair exhibit.

GEMS OF THOUGHT IN WRITINGS.

A unknown friend, after reading the graduating essays printed in last *Red Man* says by letter:

"The sentiments of all are fine and well expressed. Diamonds you may not possess but that which is better—'gems of thought' are yours, and their value will be still further enhanced when they can become active principles."

And further, she says:

"We would have you realize that there is an influence going out with your little paper and many hearts are in sympathy with you."

The measure of a person's character is what he would do if he knew it would never be found out.

A visitor at a State prison was looking over the list of names in the prison register and noticed under the head of "Occupation," the words, "No trade" were written against nine-tenths of the names contained in the register.

Dr. Watts knew what he was writing when he said:

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 7, 4, 12 is the name of one whom Carlisle pupils love.

My 6, 3, 1, 2, 7, 8, 5, 11 is the name of one especially dear to Captain.

My 10, 11, 12, 9 make weeks.

My whole is a day devoted to you uth.

FELIX.

An aged lady much interested in the HELPER sends the following Enigma found in her *Open Window*, thinking it might be new to us:

She walked on earth;
She talked on earth;
Reproving man of sin;
She's not on earth;
She's not in heaven;
She never could get in.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Gratitude. Answer to 1st change: Wealth; 2nd change: Amendment.

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. Cash price 5 cents.

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache content, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra. Cash price 60 cents for the two.

(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. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a London combination showing all our prominent buildings. Cash price 25 cents.

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 another 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. Cash price 20 cents each.

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, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of buildings. Cash price 50 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Siya, returned Carlisle Indian girl at home." Cash price 50 cents.

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6½x8½ and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Philadelphia. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13½x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces B adoir-size for 7 subscription, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

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.