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# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER.

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

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1892—

NO. 50.

## SELECTED GEMS.

§ CATTER the germs of the beautiful  
On the holy shrine of home;  
Let the pure and the fair, and the graceful  
In the loveliest lustre come.  
Scatter the germs of the beautiful  
In the depths of the human soul;  
They shall bud and blossom and bear fruit  
While the endless ages roll.

Stand up! Be thou erect and free.  
Care not what others' paths may be:  
See only that thou faithful art  
To the clear voice within thy heart!

Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

## A SKETCH BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

### Some of the Dark Sides.

One of the Indian boys in camp favors us this week with a rich, rare and racy view of camp life that is not usually brought to the surface.

He says:

Those who were at Carlisle in the eighties remember too well the little experiences they had in camp at Tagg's Run, a mile or so from Hunter's Run, which place was noted then as the Indian School Camp Grounds.

Since the last camp there in 1888, a school-house for white children has been erected on this well-known spot.

A few of the older pupils remain who enjoyed the Tagg's Run experiences, and I being a fortunate one of the number am able to draw a contrast.

It cannot be said that this new camp is a better location than that, for there we were within an arrow's shot of the main rail-road

track, while here a good five-miles' distance lies between.

It is therefore no wonder that a gentleman from Carlisle not long since, seeing the unlevel road he had to travel from the station, and being unaccustomed to tramping wanted to hire a vehicle to convey him up to camp. Finding none, however, he was obliged to tramp it like the rest of us.

Here we are seventy-five or eighty strong dependent upon the punctuality of the caretakers at the school and the schedule time of a railroad that not being noted for the accuracy of its time table sometimes misses connection on the provisions, which on arrival has to be hauled with one lone, slow, poky, aged mule, hardly able to pull an empty wagon that distance let alone when it is full of provisions.

When a miss occurred we were obliged to go hungry, and the growling with which the cooks have to contend is so discouraging and disgusting that they, though naturally good natured, are aroused to such an excited pitch as to cook rice for hominy, or wash the dishes with the best or finest towel which they can lay hands on.

Should there be a picnic down at Pine Grove and the cooks all want to go, a new force is put in, one a cripple and the rest as green as gourds as far as cooking is concerned, and they get up a half-cooked dinner, entirely indigestible, while those at the school are having the idea that the camp boys must be "getting fat."

Our camp being located on a slope, those who are not careful as to the exact levelness of their beds are inclined to roll down hill.

Each one is provided with two blankets, and the beds are made of poles as long as necessary, with leaves spread over them, intended to make them soft, but I think after a few nights' rolling around on them it tends

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# 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-land-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.

Samuel Tilden has favored us this week with a sale of "Stiya," and a list of subscriptions from the country.

Residents of Carlisle may subscribe for the HELPER or renew their subscriptions at Richards' Book Store on West High Street.

Some one asks the circulation of the INDIAN HELPER. We print at present 7,500 weekly. 10,000 is the number we would like to reach before Christmas. If each one of our subscribers would send in ONE NEW NAME, we would have a circulation to be proud of.

Lyman Kennedy gives us the sad news from his home of the death of Mary Greene. She married a husband who was not able to support her and becoming ill was obliged to end her days in the county poor-house. Lyman says he is living with white people and is all right.

Isabella Cornelius writes from her home at the Oneida Agency, Wisconsin, that she has been without the HELPER, and must have it. She says, "No book or paper can satisfy me as well as the HELPER. The HELPER is far more valuable here in Wisconsin than it is in Pennsylvania." By mistake we were sending it to West DePere, the address given us at the time she left.

We see by a Pender paper that our old student Benjamin Lawry has married a Miss Ida Russell. Miss Russell is an educated Indian girl having been a student for some time at the Industrial School at the Winnebago Agency. A guest at the wedding says, "They start out in life with good prospects of success, and they have the best wishes of their many friends, that their voyage may be a happy one. They received quite a number of useful presents."

We are pleased to hear this good news from our faithful student and co-worker, and his many friends at this school can but extend the wish of his friends at home that the life of the happy young couple may be a long one and be crowned with blessings.

We are sorry to learn that little Richard Doanmoe at the Kiowa Agency, Indian Territory, is not well. Joe W. Hunter, who is now trumpeter for Troop "L" 7th Cavalry, sends the news. He also says that he likes the kind of cavalry drill they have and thinks the Indians do remarkably well, "better than the Carlisle boys." Joe must remember that we do not drill here to make soldiers, but only to make us erect, of good carriage and quick to follow orders.

A game of ball was played on Saturday between the Undines of town and the Indian School nine, at the College Athletic grounds, resulting in a score of 1 to 10 at the end of the seventh inning in favor of the Indians. The Undines left the field. The Indians made 8 hits altogether, knocking 2 pitchers out of the box while the Undines made but 1. Morgan Toprock and John Baptiste were the battery for the Indians.

After to-day there will be five more days in which lists of words for the Vacation Prize may be received. We are much gratified with the responses so far, but hope to receive several hundred more in these last five days.

The name of the winner will be published as soon as it is possible for a disinterested committee of three to decide after the last day of August.

On Monday afternoon the campers had a scare. Just over Lewis' Rock smoke was seen to rise. It looked as though the mountain was on fire. Reuben Wolf was sent out with a looking glass to find out. If it were a fire and the campers were needed to help put it out he was to flash a signal. Fortunately no signal was flashed as the fire was down near Mt. Holly.

It is hard for the small boy to find a place to fly his kite these days, on account of the numerous telephone, telegraph and electric-light wires over-head. A large kite flying unusually high, however, attracted the attention of our boys and girls one evening this week as it went up from a field over towards the cave.

Mr. Marr, of Aikin, Minnesota, Anna Boswell's guardian, visited the school this week, and was very much pleased with its workings. He thinks the boys and girls have a good home here, and he is very anxious for Anna to remain till she graduates, which no doubt she will do.

The teachers who left their flower beds to the care of certain boys and girls will be pleased when they get back to see that the flowers have not been neglected through the dry season when every thing was burning up.

On account of dry weather the leaves are beginning to fall already, giving the grounds an autumnal appearance which is not pleasant to see.

Rev. T. M. Yundt, Superintendent of the Orphan's Home, Womelsdorf, Pa., with his wife and friends, called on Friday.

Miss Paull makes her welcome back to the school sure by sending in advance a very acceptable subscription list for the HELPER.

Nina Carlisle was one of our little folders this week.



Blessed rain!

Camp will break up next Wednesday.

Capt. Pratt is expected home to-morrow.

Mr. John E. Steele, of Carlisle, visited camp on Tuesday.

The band-boys and printers returned from camp on Wednesday.

Master Don has been trying his hand at camp cooking with marked success.

Master Herbert has two wee bits of snakes at camp which he delights in petting.

Butter is now a camp luxury, purchased with money made from selling berries.

The boys at camp who shirk picking berries are placed at the "no butter" table.

Miss Seabrook's little niece and namesake of Gettysburg is a welcome visitor at the hospital.

Some may lose a train of thought, others lose a train, but when it is on purpose wrought, it never causes pain.

Mrs. Pratt is having a few alterations made in the interior of their house which when done will be very convenient and pretty.

The rain came too late to save the crops. Last year's potato crop reached over 2000 bushels whereas this year we will not get over 500, and they are small potatoes at that.

Mr. Campbell has a theodolite at camp and will take the elevation of Lewis' Rock and various distances around for the instruction of the boys and to bring into practice some of his mathematical knowledge.

Miss Hunt returned Tuesday morning looking refreshed after her few weeks' change and rest. She made the Man-on-the-baud-stand happy by bringing in quite a list of subscribers for the HELPER.

Mr. Jas. W. Howarth, Antiquarian, of Glen Riddle, Pa., with his son, and Mr. Null, of Carlisle, visited the school on Tuesday. Mr. Howarth is connected with various Institutes of Science and Historical Societies of this State, Massachusetts and New York.

Miss Richenda Pratt, who, with her sister Miss Nana is visiting friends at the sea-shore, writes that they are having delightful times. Miss Richenda is making a record at fishing, she having caught 14 in one day. Crabs and sea-bass have to watch out when she is around.

A flutter of the air, a rustle of skirts and we look up to see the cause. It is Betty Wind, flying in to say good-bye to friends at the printing-office, for she is about to start for the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, to take a course of training in nursing. She is happy over the prospects before her, having had sufficient practice here to know something of what she is undertaking.

Miss Phebe Howell returned to the school, this week, from her home at the Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory, where she has been visiting for the summer. Before we have time to interview her for the home news she is off to Maryland to nurse a sick child. It will be remembered that Phebe is a graduate from the school of nursing connected with the Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia, and she expects to follow her profession.

(Continued from first page.)

to make the beds harder, so that one actually hates to go to bed.

But when once in bed and sound asleep it is difficult to arouse us at six o'clock for a cup of strong coffee and a piece of bread and meat, before taking a tramp over the hill for berries.

Now, naturally, one may say that picking berries is a delight.

I admit that, if you have a patch as thick as the leaves on the trees.

But suppose you are a new arrival in camp, not knowing which way to go, it is then an entirely different idea you form.

Or, suppose you have found a nice patch to which you take your intimate friend for a few days and pick all you want and then the order be given, as it was to-day, for "all to pick huckle-berries," and you having been to this particular spot so often, a trail leading to it has been made, how quick your temper is aroused to find that about thirty or forty boys are following, hooting like so many wild beasts at the idea that "we've got them this time sure."

Suppose again that a prize is offered for the most berries picked.

All go out with the determination to do their best, and eat as little breakfast as possible so as to get an early start.

You pick as many as you can before dinner then come into camp with the idea of eating a full meal, when to your dismay the driver has lost a bag of bread on the way.

You are tired and hungry as a tiger, and get so mad that you feel like —— well, like eating a hearty supper when it is cooked.

It is said that Indians are not as intelligent or industrious as other races, so they do not find much to amuse themselves with in camp except the bow and arrow.

It so happened, however, that one of our number thought of bringing a few horse-shoes.

Consequently, the leisure time of the boys is put in at pitching horse-shoes for quoits.

The number required for a game is ten, and when that number is reached, how funny it is to see the winners mounted on the losers' backs being carried between the stakes!

Sometimes a large boy will be on the back of a small one, or the small one on the back of a large boy.

That part of camp life is classed as "having good times."

Our camp located so far back in the mountains affords us beautiful and wonderful scenery.

Water-falls are innumerable.

So enticing is the scene that one being here



invites our Carlisle photographer over to take some views.

So on a bright sunny morning all start for a favorable spot to have a few pictures taken, each anxious to have his own form taken with these beautiful water-falls.

A screw to the camera is lost on the way and must be found or no picture.

A diligent search is made.

Never before was anything so important lost and it was hunted as though it were a precious bit of gold.

It is a usual occurrence to see a boy, cup in hand, with thick leather boots on, and a club as large as himself start out on a tour for berries, snakes being so numerous that it is absolutely necessary for the snake cowards to do this, but one has to smile when one of these so-called cowards although so prominent that his name appears in a widely circulated paper, after a good-sized rattle snake is killed, takes his knife, skins the snake and pockets the skin for a specimen of the trophies he conquered while at camp.

Game being scarce one can imagine the surprise at a sudden call to arms to give chase to a bear.

Each cook grabs a large butcher knife.

Each boy who has not got a bow handy takes a few large stones.

One little white camper, taking the advantage of his father's absence, snatches a revolver.

The spot where the so-called Bruin is said to be located is surrounded with boys, yelling, and hooting and screaming sufficient to scare the animal to death.

But the bear turns out to be nothing but a lean, hungry innocent dog.

One probably cannot doubt the fact that camping out is good for the health.

In fact no sort of life is better for us than this, but as late in the season as it now is one has some room to growl, for the nights are exceedingly cool, and having but two blankets, the large open tent allowing the wind to strike you full blast is not entirely agreeable.

Imagine a crowd of boys, pulled out of bed at six, some with no coat, hat, shoes or stockings on, shivering like fun, each being afraid of losing his delicious cup of coffee and breakfast if he be a single minute late.

There is one good habit, however, which one forms in this—the habit of being punctual.

There is a bright side to camp life.

Those who enjoy lying around doing nothing, have all of it they want, and if one enjoys reading he finds sufficient time for that, but what strikes the boys most favorably is the excellent meals the cooks prepare when they have no picnic in view and when the rations come regularly.

Then things move like clock-work.

The different dishes prepared one day were black-berries, stewed onions, fried potatoes, pies, huckle berry pudding, nice corn starch (if it hadn't been scorched,) nice boiled beef, beans and excellent soup.

All this, if regular, is exceedingly enjoyable, and would be carrying out the thought that the camp boys are getting fed well if not getting fat.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A good rest.

Henry Keouk, who died a few months since at the Sisseton Agency, was a Carlisle boy who went home somewhat ill but the physician there said his disease was curable. Henry refused to take any medicine, however, but gave two ponies to Indian medicine men for their powwows, which soon ended his life on earth. Henry was no doubt influenced to do so by ignorant relatives. The medicine men knowing NOTHING of the laws of hygiene or of disease MUST kill, there is no other way. The writer has seen the eyes and ears of dear little Indian babies suffering with some trifling disease that a few simple remedies intelligently administered, might cure, stuffed full of mud and almost instantly killed by those monsters who call themselves Indian medicine men.

### Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 4, 8, 9 is what some flowers are planted in.

My 10, 5, 3 is what most boys enjoy lots of.

My 6, 11, 12, 13, 1 is what most people enjoy at a county fair.

My 14, 2, 7 is a bright object in the heavens.

My whole is what most of the teachers are expected to bring back with them next week.

Any person especially a boy or girl desiring to make a little money by soliciting subscriptions for the HELPER, can earn exactly how by addressing INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

### 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 coat ast, 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 bound 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 wholeschool (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 30 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, 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 studio-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 or twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.