

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1892.—

NO. 4.

THE INDIAN HELPER.

HOW fine it would be if we had at command
The means that would give us a Helper
at hand;

But then of all gifts that we fain could expect,
Or come to our aid our dear rights to protect,
Is that kind of aid whether merit or skill
Which always looms up as result of *free will*
Then give us assistance as far as you can,
To turn the lone Indian into a man;
Or plant in the minds of our Indian youth,
A love for real manhood and freedom and truth;
For the INDIAN HELPER much aid can lend,
To make the Indian both helper and friend.

Our good little paper may make it quite plain,
That justice with progress we ought to maintain,

And give to true labor the homage that's due:
Make men self-supporting and honest and true.

The white and the red man to live in true peace,
When misunderstandings and clashings shall cease.

So keep in full view both in form and address,
The methods and measures which lead to success.

Now INDIAN HELPER a model should be,
As fitting exemplar both noble and free,
To hold up the standard of civilized life,
Remote from the ravage of carnage and strife;
And then as the years shall continue to roll,
And we shall be spread from Equator to Pole,
We oft may remember with pleasure the while,

The days that were spent in the school at Carlisle;

While upward and onward our course we pursue,

And live for some purpose in all that we do.

W. B.

AN INDIAN BOY WHO TRIED HIS TEACHER'S METAL.

Ou-ou-OU!!!

The person making this exclamation of distress was a young white man, who having finished his high-school course in the East

thought he would try teaching Indians on a certain Indian reservation in the West in order to earn money to see himself through college.

He entered upon his difficult task with an earnestness that won the hearts of the children of the plains.

He made it a point to be free with his boys out of school hours.

He played games with them, and told them stories and entertained them in various ways.

He loved to gather them about him in the evenings on the balcony and tell them stories of the great Eastern country, the big cities there, and especially of the Great Father's city—Washington.

Indian boys and girls are always fond of a good story, and in this way our young teacher saw that he could get hold of them and benefit them.

And thus he spent many an hour, for their entertainment.

But—

There was one boy, larger than the others, who sometimes proved a little unmanageable at such times, although he was very tractable and well-behaved in the school-room.

Mischief was all that ailed him.

He was so bubbling over with it that at times it was impossible for him to be as respectful as he should to those over him.

So it was that while in the midst of a story one evening, to which he was not giving special attention because of a mischievous plot that had popped into his head, this Indian boy thought while watching his teacher talking, "I wonder if he is brave! I brave. I afraid of nothing. He very white, I guess he afraid of too much hurt. His hands too white, too soft. I guess I try him."

This is about the way he would have said his thoughts aloud in English.

(Continued on the 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-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.

The sad news comes from far off New Mexico of the death of our little Minnie Paisano, whose sweet face, kindly smile and patient bearing we so well remember.

You will be judged by your associates.

Keep bad company, and you will lose respect. "Birds of a feather flock together," is an old saying and a true one. If your associates are evil your acts will be evil.

Edward Marsden received a letter from his home in New Metlakatlah, Alaska, dated September 20th, saying that "Snow is now on top of the mountains. This is an unusual thing. Jack Frost seems to be in a great hurry."

If we were sure of getting ten dollars for every perfect lesson recited in school there would be no trouble about finding time to study. There is the secret. What we WANT to do, that we generally find the time to do. It is all in the *want to*.

Don't be too modest to ask your friends to take the little Indian paper printed at the Carlisle Indian School. They may say no, but that need not discourage you. The most business-like boy or girl is the one who will win the prize of twenty-five dollars.

To those who have entered the contest for the twenty-five dollar prize we would suggest that they send in the names nearly as fast as they get them; or, as soon as a list of ten or more is reached, send them so that the subscribers may have the benefit of the paper at once.

A person writes as P. S. to a business letter, "I would give the price of one year's subscription to the HELPER to see the words published made from the words The Indian Helper. I think they would be interesting if not instructive." It would cover one side of our paper solid to do so, and we are afraid that our friend would not find it very interesting reading matter, but we will do it if there is demand.

Thirteen years ago yesterday, the first party of 80 Indian pupils arrived from the West and the Carlisle Indian school BEGAN its work. Those boys and girls! How they did look! We have a small picture showing that first group in their blankets, long hair, moccasins and other Indian toggery. We sometimes study it and wonder at the great change between then and now. Not one of that first party are here at present. Some have gone to their long home, others are leading lives of courage and daily sacrifice, and are living examples of integrity and honest purpose. We could mention in this list the names of Robert American Horse, Clarence Three Stars, Edgar Fire Thunder and a host of others. Carlisle began by teaching LIBERTY, INDIVIDUALITY, and to day she finds no better principles to teach than these two words cover. We have grown in every way, increased in numbers, have larger and better buildings, have a larger force of workers, but in the spirit of our effort—that of INDIVIDUALIZING the Indian there can be no advance. The spirit must remain forever the same and we must not stop until the work is complete. Indians must get out from the TRIBE and become INDIVIDUALS if they live. Carlisle's aim to day is the same as at the beginning of the school, and that is to individualize the Indian.

William Beaulieu, who went to his home at White Earth, Minn. last year, on account of ill health, is dead. William was one of the printer boys, and a more good-natured, thoroughly willing and ambitious young man never lived. His many friends will receive the sad news with deepest regret.

Carl Lieder writes a cheery letter from Montana showing that he is up to his eyes in business. He is making a small beginning at owning cattle, has teams of his own at work on a ditch seven miles long, we suppose for irrigating purposes. He has plans for the future which keep him with the surveying party that now employs him as interpreter, and when winter sets in, he expects to work on his place, getting rails ready for fencing.

The republicans of Canadian county made a new departure in American politics at the convention held at El Reno on the 17th instant.

Robert Burns, a full-blood Cheyenne Indian, was nominated for the office of register of deeds. He is a progressive young Indian, who is now in the employ of the government in the agent's office at the Darlington Indian Agency, and is amply qualified to discharge the duties of the office. He is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian school.—(The Norman Transcript).

Robert is not a graduate of Carlisle although he was once a pupil of our school.

The best of men and the most earnest workers will make enough of mistakes to keep humble. Thank God for mistakes and take courage. Don't give up on account of mistakes!—Moody.

Friday was pay day.

It doesn't take any ability at all to be a growler.

The painters are at work on the dining-hall building.

Jacob Cobmoosa arrived from Massachusetts on Saturday.

Mrs. Hamilton has taken temporary charge at the hospital.

Clarence W. Thunder now graces the band front as Drum-Major.

Julia Bent came from Shippensburg Normal to spend Sunday.

Rosa Aubrey and Katie Bent have gone to their Montana homes.

The decided change in the weather brought sore throats and colds to some.

The outside fence is getting a coat of white-wash to help keep it warm this winter.

The game of ball last Saturday between the 1st and 2nd nines, resulted in a score of 13 to 8 in favor of the SECOND NINE!!!!!!

Miss Caryl's sister, Mrs. Fosdick, of Massachusetts, has been visiting the school for a day or two.

Misses Margaret and Helen Krause, of Bethlehem, are visiting their aunt Miss Luckenbach.

Nellie Carey has gone to Boston to enter the Massachusetts General Hospital for a course of training in nursing.

It would be much better for those who repeat texts on Sunday evenings if they would learn them first.

Mr. Mason, Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Pickard, and Miss Richenda spent a few pleasant hours on Saturday going over the Battlefield of Gettysburg.

The Wayside Gleaner's gave Miss Seabrook a surprise party at Mr. Dixon's last Thursday night, and the band gave her a send off yesterday noon.

Mr. Claudy, chief assistant at the printing office, has gone for a two weeks' vacation. On Tuesday he went to Philadelphia, and will visit other places before returning to the school.

Overcoats have been issued. Be thankful when you step up to get YOURS that you are better off than tens of thousands who have no place to step up to and get a coat. It is all right for us to have the coats and many of us have earned them, but let us not forget to be grateful for them all the same.

There is a patient little sufferer in the hospital. Louis Reuben's foot was badly hurt, months ago by some one tramping upon it. A scrofulous sore was developed which spread the whole length of the foot. He lies on his bed of pain wearing the most patient smile that one can possibly imagine. Nothing delights him more than to have some one read to him or tell him stories. When those who are strong and well become cross and petulant let them remember little Louis and brighten up with the thought that they have nothing to complain of in comparison.

Later: At we go to press we learn of the amputation of Louis' foot.

Now that we have excellent walks why step off the side and wear out the grass. This is particularly noticeable in front of the small boys' quarters.

Mrs. Pratt's brother, Mr. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y. arrived on Saturday and remained two or three days. Mr. Mason always has a word of good cheer when he comes, making us wish he could come oftener.

Miss Ely is spending her vacation in Kansas visiting friends and relatives. She writes that on her way out she used some of the time studying her next move in the game of chess that she and Miss Wood, who is at the Omaha Agency, Nebr., are still playing. It will be remembered that this game began a year ago last June, and the participants claim that it is still interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing and Jack with Miss Seabrook as guest went to Harrisburg, Friday, on a pleasure trip. After their arrival there they took a delightful carriage ride and ended up with a dinner, at which Miss Ely whom they ran across on her way west, was invited. The treat was given by Mrs. Standing in honor of Miss Seabrook's departure from the school.

Miss Seabrook left yesterday to enter the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, as a student. She hopes to win a diploma after the required course and come out a Medical Doctor. Miss Seabrook has been a teacher worker for the past 8 years, first as a teacher and latterly in the capacity of nurse in charge of the school hospital where she did faithful and efficient service. She leaves a host of friends among the pupils and employees who wish for her unbounded success in the new field she is about to enter.

By the King Fisher Free Press we see that John Williams, has been nominated by the Republican convention of County Oklahoma Territory as Register of Deeds. It is our John, and ex-Indian Agent John D. Miles who while Agent of the Cheyennes encouraged him to go to school can say "my John." Thus we may all feel proud to see our boys one by one taking responsible places.

Mr. Harry F. Webber, of Harrisburg, has been doing work this week which elicited considerable interest to those passing by. In the first place he was up in the world, having risen, as Mr. Standing suggested, by his own efforts, but when once up he took a seat which allowed him to be raised or lowered at the will of a person having hold of a strong rope running over a pulley. The fact is he was painting the smoke stack.

Charming little Miss Colby, (six years old) the prodigy elocutionist, was out on Wednesday with Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Haverstick, and her mamma, and gave a few recitations before the employees of the school at the noon hour, thoroughly captivating her audience and making them feel like responding liberally to the call of the Episcopal entertainment to be given next Thursday evening, in town, at which the wonderful little reader will appear in many different characters, and no doubt please her audience greatly, as she always does.

(Continued from first page.)

Waiting until the story was over and a number of the boys had left the balcony, our mischievous friend slid noiselessly over to the seat on which his teacher was sitting and sat down by his side.

He then placed his hand gently into that of his teacher, his face the while lighting up with a most gracious smile, as he said:

"I like you."

The teacher, delighted with this mark of esteem coming as it did from such an unexpected source, gave a cordial grasp of the boy's hand in return, saying as he did so:

"I am glad you like me, brother, and I like you too. I want to see you grow up to be a great big man with a big good heart and a wise head. You are a very good boy and we shall be friends."

"How! How!" said the Indian boy which meant, "True! True! We will be friends," but then with a semi-barbarous twinkle of mischief in his black eyes he began to press back the little finger of his teacher's hand.

He pulled it slowly back, back, back, smiling all the while in the most friendly manner.

The teacher, regarding it as an Indian way of expressing affection, determined not to break the spell and did not give any signs of the intense pain he was suffering.

The boy, observing the determination in the teacher's face, kept on pressing the finger till it seemed as though the very tendons would snap.

Then burst forth the exclamation with which our story begins, as the teacher forcibly drew his hand from the vice which held it.

The Indian boy had won his point.

He had made his teacher cry out with pain and he ran away shouting out at the top of his voice,

"You no man. You just like a baby."

As the cry of distress did not come as soon as the boy anticipated, however, the teacher had won his respect in spite of the derision he pretended to throw back while running away.

"Just like the Indian!" is it?

Not so.

This peculiar trait of testing a new comer does not belong to the Indian alone.

Many a school teacher in rural districts has to undergo severe trials before gaining the respect of his pupils, but this certainly was a unique test, to say the least, and illustrates that the Indian boy as well as the white boy needs a courageous teacher who will remind him of obligations and respect due to superiors; who will teach him that the TRUTH

even in little acts must be ever practiced if he would be counted worthy; and who will patiently labor to show that such acts of deception as disclosed in the above story do not exhibit smartness on the part of the perpetrator but on the other hand show a deplorably low order of trickery.

Every day a little knowledge,

One fact in a day.

How small is one fact!

Only one.

Ten years pass by.

Three thousand, six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Wonder What Pupil Can Beat His Teacher on This Arithmetical Puzzle.

Arrange the figures from 1 to 0 (1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0) in such a way that the result when added will be 100.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ANAGRAMS: 1. Sovereignty; 2. Potentates; 3. Treachery; 4. Penitentiary; 5. Catalogue.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLE: Blacksmith.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription: as 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 contrast, 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 50 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 Indian printer boys. Name and title of each given. Or, pretty faced peepooes in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo of Piegan Chiefs. Cash price 30 cents each.

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

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photo graphs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing boy on arrival and a few years after. 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 wholesaler (8x11), 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 "Stiya, a returned Charlie 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 6 1/2 x 3 1/2 and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi centennial in Phila. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13 1/2 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. adult-size for 7 sub. scrip. and 2 cents extra. Cash price 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 for-wise numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.