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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VIII

—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1893.—

NO. 23

YOUR PLACE SOMEWHERE.

THE impress of each sunny hour
On life's great after-work you'll see;
Youth now is yours, and yours the power
To make or mar your destiny.
How? By the way you use these hours;
Now store your mind and nerve your heart,
Training the while those latent powers
To do their part.

Within the world, my boy, somewhere
There is a place just right for you,
Your future battle-ground is there,
And there is work for you to do;
Perhaps it is to sell the grain,
Perhaps to sow, maybe to grind—
Just think awhile—your quickened brain
Your place will find.

And be it high or be it low,
No matter where you find your post,
Oh, stick to it, my lad, and show
Your mettle, while you make the most
Of youth's fair hours. Learn to fill
Your place with honor. Know always,
To do your work, and do it well,
Is highest praise

THERE IS NO GOOD INDIAN BUT A DEAD ONE.

True!

And the following account of a concert given by the Carlisle Industrial School Band tells a story of what the native American can do if the proper opportunity is afforded for him to kill the Indian that is born in him. Some of the members of our band who play the most difficult instruments, as the clarinet, piccolo, etc., could not blow a note on any instrument a year ago.

The band makes no claim of being above amateur, but when as a whole it succeeds in pleasing and entertaining a music-loving community as upon a number of occasions both great and small, recently, the evidence is strong that we are making progress in the direction of Indian extermination and bringing ourselves up toward equality with that class of people who have no Indian in them to kill and

whose virtues we wish to imitate but who are not free from vices far worse than Indian superstition.

The *Evening Sentinel* of Carlisle, says:

The snow of last night, one of the most disagreeable of the season, did not interfere with the concert by the Indian school band in the opera house. It kept away a great many persons under ordinary circumstances, for our people never failed to show their appreciation of this, the finest Indian band in the world, but there was a fair sized and critical audience present, and all were well repaid for the trouble.

The band filled the stage with their talented Indian conductor, Dennison Wheelock, to the front. The concert opened with a very difficult number, the overture "Caliph of Bagdad," but throughout the band readily responded to the leader's baton and this opening selection gave a fair idea of what was to be expected. This was followed by the trombone solo "The Wizard" by Mr. Malpass Cloud and the soloist carried his part well. The more rapid movements were especially taking, and in no part did the soloist lose the required ascendancy. Keler Bela's "Waltzes on the Rhine" followed.

Mrs. W. P. Campbell sang as a soprano solo the beautiful "Pattison Waltz Song" to the piano accompaniment by Miss Moore. She was given a hearty encore and responded with "The Milkmaid's Song."

The next selection developed the fact that that band has now two triple-tongue soloists. Mr. Edwin Schanandore the soloist in the "Grand Russian Fantasia," gave some good tripling and was encored.

"The Forge in the Forest" has for some time past been the masterpiece and the young Indians have the faculty of bringing out the woodland features of the selection, bird warbling, ringing of anvils and all.

(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.

WASHINGTON!

Born February 22, 1732.

Who WAS Washington?

One of the greatest men whom the world has
produced.

He was the father of this country, OUR
country, YOUR country.

He was the first President of these United
States of America.

Wednesday, February 22, was celebrated by
our school, by a holiday and a meeting in the
morning, when patriotic songs, recitations,
speeches and other interesting and appropriate
exercises were carried out.

Through the post-master at White Cloud,
Kan., we learn of the death of Frank Dorian.

Gettysburg is entirely snowed in, we hear.
Not even sleighs are able to get out.

A letter from Mr. Michael Ohl, trader at
San Carlos Agency, Arizona, to Mr. Kensler,
corroborates the statements given last week
in relation to the murder of Cottonwood.

Dr. Eastman, who for some time has been
native Government Physician at Pine Ridge
Agency, S. D., has quit the Indian service and
is located in Minneapolis. This is promising.
It begins to look as though he meant to take
a decided step toward breaking up the tribe.

Josie Vetter is at Bulo, Nebr. She says, "I
often sit and smile to myself at the happy
times I have spent at Carlisle when some one
comes in and spoils it by asking what I am
smiling at." Her brother Joe is still in California.

Vista Gray has written from her Montana
home that the weather is very cold out there.
She is much better in health than when she
first arrived and is contemplating going to
the Ft. Shaw school, although her inclinations
lead her toward Carlisle. It has been two
months since she arrived but it seems as
though it were only last week.

First it's slippery,
Then it's sloppy;
Now you melt
And then you freeze;
Now you cough
And then you sneeze;
Watch the mercury
Hop and skip;
It's not strange
We have the gripe.

Phillips B. White's version of the recent
Pine Ridge trouble shows that times were
very exciting, Capt. Brown was equal to the
emergency and that he himself was on the
right side.

Mrs. J. F. Ingram and Miss Millie McIntosh
left Monday morning for Okmulgee, where
Mrs. Ingram will be matron and Miss McIn-
tosh teacher in the Orphan Asylum.—[Indian
Journal

We suppose it is our Millie.

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Arizona Apache
who was educated in the East, graduated
from a Medical College in Chicago, and has
been practicing physician on several western
reservations since, is now at Colville Agency,
Washington. He says it is going against the
tide to remain on a reservation. We should
think so under such trying conditions as the
following: "No wonder the Indians are not
civilized. If the Government thinks that
three of us can civilize 600 Indians with no
sign of the comforts of home life, they are mis-
taken. I found my house bare as any wick-
i-up I ever entered. The drug room was
everywhere from the kitchen to the front
room. No chairs or table of any kind could I
see; lamp is unknown. Farmer, blacksmith
and myself are the only employees expected
to civilize six hundred Indians."

A sentence in Capt. Pratt's speech at Den-
ver before the National Convention of Char-
ities and Correction last June is here apropos:

"We make our greatest mistake in feeding
our civilization to the Indians instead of feed-
ing the Indians to our civilization."

In Miss Dittes' letter of regret at not being
able to accept the invitation to Commence-
ment, she shows an abiding interest in Car-
lisle, in the following words: "In my day
thoughts and night dreams I am still with
you at Carlisle. My interest, sympathy and
love for my girls at the Quarters have not
lost one iota in fervor. Under my nine
months of rest and treatment I have improved
much but still not sufficient to warrant my
undertaking but light home duties. We have
had an intensely cold and stormy winter (in
South Dakota) and every one is anxious for
the Spring to come. I think a summer of sun-
shine and fresh air will restore my old time
strength. I fancy you have heard that Ella
LaBelle is married to a Charlie Robertson,
quite a promising young Indian and our dear
Etta Robertson is Mrs. Solomon Renville. He
is a son of a native preacher. Our Indians
here are spending much of their money for
drink. The saloon element is creeping into
the little churches that it has taken so many
years to establish and foster."

Mr. Morrett is serving as a juror this week in town.

Seventy-five boys and girls are coming in from farms for Commencement.

Miss Lizzie Hench of Carlisle is taking Miss McAdam's place in the school-room.

"I can't find the windpipe" is not so bad when the printer meant the bellows.

The Shipp Brothers English Hand Bell Ringers were here to help celebrate Washington's Birthday.

John A. Morrison shows a wide awake disposition and interest in his people at home by subscribing for the *HELPER* and *Red Man* for his father.

Fifty of our boys spent part of their Washington's Birthday and the next day in helping the Reading Railroad to dig out its trains between here and Harrisburg.

Some beautiful work is being done in the school-rooms for the Pennsylvania exhibit at Chicago. There is work also getting ready for the Indian school display in July.

The views of the interior of the girls' and boys' rooms recently taken by Mr. Choate, of Carlisle, are something nice. The *HELPER* has them for sale; 25 cents, post paid.

The homeless black cat that has been wandering around the grounds sought shelter in the school-building and No. 4. pupils "wrote her up." The results may appear in the *Red Man*.

Miss McAdam was called suddenly to her home in Iowa by the illness of her father. She started Monday morning and we fear has had difficulty in getting through as these are very snowy times.

Of course it is very naughty to ever throw a snow-ball at a girl, but if you *SHOULD* so far overstep the bounds of propriety as to do such a terrible thing, never be so ungallant as to make the ball hard.

Phillip Lavatta bruised himself considerably in an impromptu wrestling match. Falling against the radiator his head was cut and wrist sprained. With his head bandaged in black he presents a striking appearance.

Mr. Backus returned from the Omaha Agency, last Monday, with seven children for the school.

Mr. Tannihill returned from his trip to Rosebud, S. D. on Wednesday, with fourteen pupils. He goes to the Yankton Agency, next Monday, for more children.—[*Pipe of Peace, Genoa, Neb.*]

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt have returned from a very pleasant little trip through New England. They visited Amherst, Northampton, Holyoke, Boston and Cambridge, and on their return stopped at New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, meeting with numerous distinguished people. Among others whose delightful hospitality they enjoyed were Dr. and Mrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, President Gates of Amherst College, Mr. Thos. Williston, of Northampton, Mrs. Mead, President of Mt. Holyoke College, Mr. Houghton, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Russel Sage, Mr. and Mrs. Larocque, Mrs. Dr. Agnew, of New York and others.

Miss Cochran's sister is visiting the school.

Mr. Claudy is filling in the diploma blanks for the graduating class.

Philip Lavatta's interview with George Washington, was read very well by Timothy Henry at the Wednesday morning exercises. The production is unique and interesting and will appear in the *Red Man*.

Mr. Kemp does not allow such a small thing as a holiday to interfere with his duties. The harness-shop demands are so great that he worked the 8th and the 22d, too, when others were taking a day off. Mr. Norman of the paint-office kept him company, Wednesday.

On Tuesday Mr. Banks of the Lazenby Press Manufacturing Co. of Baltimore replaced a shaft in one of the new presses which was bent in the transportation. It was the first time he had ever been North and he was surprised to find the Indians such gentlemen.

Miss Luckenbach's Sunday School Class celebrated the afternoon of Washington's birthday by a home-made candy party. They were very generous with their candy after it was made, but before—well—they did not want the nuts all eaten up, that's all. But they had a delightful time.

George's hatchet brought out a shout of applause on Wednesday morning when Mr. Standing produced a small rusty ax which had been dug out of the ruins hereabouts. The ax must be over a hundred years old and is a curiosity, but that it is the veritable hatchet that cut the cherry tree is doubtful.

"Oh, I did not *HAVE* to work at home," said a very æsthetic young lady of Indian extraction the other day when called upon to perform a duty not altogether pleasant. The Man on-the-band-stand has to say to all such high-minded youth at Carlisle if there be another, there is one thing for us all to thank the Lord for daily, and that is that we have at last reached a place where we *HAVE* to work. There is no room for drones in the Carlisle Indian School. It is the one thing that Carlisle is proud of. We are proud that we *CAN* work. So the overly æsthetic and drone-like nature must move along with the rest of us proud spirited pushers or get run over. We are moving for a *PURPOSE* here, and mean to *WIN*.

Blizzards are bad enough, and cyclones no small joke, but when a blizzard and cyclone well shaken together before taken, strikes a place, as the storm for instance of Sunday night about 8:30 P. M., the impression left can not be dispelled easily. It didn't rain, it did not snow, but came down impenetrable slush. The blackness was so dense that not a hand could be seen before the face. The electric lights were put out at once, tin roofs rattled, high buildings trembled, Mr. Jordan being caught out had to crawl on hands and knees, and a boy at the farm was taken up bodily and dashed against the wall cutting his head, aside from which no serious damage was experienced. In the town, gable ends of buildings were smashed in, chimneys toppled over, smoke stacks demolished, roofs blown off of buildings and the like, while a little way out, barns were unroofed and a general disarrangement of board-piles and lumber yards was experienced.

(Continued From First Page.)

The comic song by seven Indian boys told with good effect how Peter Gray fell in love with a girl in Pennsylvania; how her father "kicked" and sent her to Ohio, and how Peter followed and was scalped by the bloody Indians. David Abraham sang the solo and in giving the encore "If I were as young as I used to be" he proved that an Indian would not fall short in comedy.

Then followed what in many respects was the most difficult work of the evening, the euphonium solo, "Favorite" by Wm. Baird. The different variations were finely executed.

The "Musicians' Strike" was the feature of the concert. The way the band is run does not suit the players and one by one they go on a strike and continue going until the music gets decidedly thin, so thin in fact that there is nothing left, for even the last man retires in disgust. But they all come back again and the band plays their favorite march.

The finest work of the evening was Levy's triple-tongue cornet solo "Yankee Doodle Polka." Dennison Wheelock, the soloist, has an admirable style of tripling and the tone of the cornet is maintained through all the higher passages. The concert closed with "Hail Columbia."

The *Daily Herald* said:

The Indian School Band which has earned the reputation of being one of the best musical organizations in this section of the State, gave a very excellent concert in the Opera House last night, and despite the inclemency of the weather many people were in attendance who were greatly delighted with the selections rendered.

FROM A FRIEND IN THE CAUSE.

It was with extreme pleasure that I was permitted to be present at a series of exercises given at the Santa Fe, U. S. Indian School (The Dawes Institute) on the evening of February 8th, (Franchise Day) by the instructors and pupils of that very excellent Institution.

Remarks were made by several of the employees also by several of the pupils, the most interesting feature of the evening was the address of Eustace Esapoyhet, the tailor of the Institution, and a full blooded Comanche Indian, a graduate of the U. S. Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., who in the course of his remarks urged upon his hearers (the pupils) to abandon the idea that the Indian was not capable of attending the higher grades of study and to take advantage of the opportunity that was now

placed within their grasp by the Government for an education that the days of following the trail was a thing of the past and that the red man must now prepare himself to take a position in life along side of his white brother.

Mr. Esapoyhet's remarks were delivered in a very forcible manner and I am sure carried conviction with them.

This very pleasant evenings entertainment was closed by a social intermingling of the pupils and employees.

"Deh is a good temperance sermon in a freight train," says Uncle Mose. "No matter how much de cars dey gits loaded, de engine w'at does de work gits along strictly on water."

Enigma

I am made of 9 letters.

My 2, 3, 4 is what builders do with logs to prepare them for use.

My 9, 8, 6 is to pull or draw with great effort.

My 5, 7, 3 is water hardened.

My 1, 5, 3 is an article of wearing apparel that the average Indian boy spends more for than any other part of his dress.

My whole is the style of hair that is not specially becoming to young men and surely not to the average Indian boy, that is, "the eyes of the M. O. T. B. S."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: On a farm.

STANDING OFFER.

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

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

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 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 13 1/2 x 16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir-size for 7 subscriptions, 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 summaries to all Indian news and selections from the best writers. The subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year for twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the INDIAN HELPER.