

782

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1893.—

NO. 25

## NEVER SAY FAIL.

**N**EEP pushing—'tis wiser  
Than sitting aside  
And dreaming and sighing  
And waiting the tide;  
In life's earnest battle  
They only prevail  
Who daily march onward  
And never say fail.

With an eye ever open  
A tongue that's not dumb,  
And a heart that will never  
To sorrow succumb,  
You'll battle and conquer  
Though thousands assail;  
How strong and how mighty  
Who never say fail!

## A TRUE STORY OF THREE INDIAN LADS WHO TRIED RUNNING AWAY FROM SCHOOL.

The boys were Ben Stumpfoot, Harry Short-neck and Ed Buffalo Horn.

They were chopping wood at the woodpile of a certain reservation boarding school in the far West.

Ben, who was spokesman, leaned on his ax-handle and said in bold Indian language, for they could not get the boys and girls at that school to speak English with each other as they do at Carlisle, "Come on, cousins, lets run away!"

The boys had been chopping wood all the morning, for it was in the days when steam heat in a reservation school was not dreamed of.

They did not even have coal to burn; and to keep enough dry cotton wood cut in proper lengths for the stoves for that great barn of a house through which the winds whistled in their mad rush toward eastern civilization, meant constant wood-chopping for somebody.

The large boys, few in number, were the ones detailed to perform this work.

They would chop and chop and chop it seemed to them incessantly.

They would get so tired and disgusted at the white man's stove for burning the wood so fast, that they often longed to be back in camp where the women chopped the wood and kept the fire up for them while they sat and smoked and talked and enjoyed themselves.

But in the evenings at the school when the cold and dismal wind was groaning and moaning to get through the cracks, and they were in the play-room around a stove piled full of the very wood they had been chopping, and as the flames roared up the chimney they sat and told stories or played the Indian gambling game so common among the boys, and which the school authorities were unable to break up; then they were happy enough and thought not of complaining.

In this game, opposing sides would hide a small object in the hand and while singing a weird tune they would pass the button or bean or small stick, back and forth from one hand to the other or from one member of the company to the other until the opposite side made a guess by sign, then there would sound forth an exultant shout whether the side holding the hidden object had succeeded in deceiving the other in guessing wrong or not.

Ben was a queer sort of a boy, clever enough, but apparently indifferent to everything around him.

He often ran away from school and was brought back by a policeman.

He would then receive some slight punishment and appear perfectly happy and content for a time.

He would have good lessons and work away at the wood-pile or wherever else he was detailed during work hours as contentedly as any one might wish until a fit struck him to slip off again.

(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-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.

Mr. Josiah Standing of Earlham, Iowa,  
sends ten cents for the HELPER and says  
"We think it a lively little paper."

Miss McAdams did not reach her home in  
Iowa in time to see her father alive. She has  
since written to have her leave extended as  
she is not well.

George Connor at work on a Bucks County  
farm says in a business letter, he was gratified  
to read in the HELPER that the male graduates  
of class '93 were all Standards.

Harry Kohpay's letters show marked im-  
provement in writing since he entered the  
Business College at Poughkeepsie. He is  
rushing his studies so as to get through a cer-  
tain course before June.

Miss Hamilton is at Lawrence visiting  
friends and takes great pleasure in an occa-  
sional call at her old place of teaching, the  
Haskell Institute. Supt. and Mrs. Meserve  
are now East. Mrs. Lutkins, Miss Stanton  
and Miss Wood, all former Carlisle workers,  
are well and like their work.

*Dusty Rhodes*—"My life has been a long  
struggle after the unattainable."

*Mrs. Dogood*—"Poor fellow. What has been  
your aim?"

*Dusty Rhodes*—"I have been trying all my  
life to live without work and have had to  
hustle to do it."—[*New York Herald.*]

Philip Good Voice who was one of the Car-  
lisle's early pupils, coming to us in 1880 with  
no knowledge of English and remaining but  
eighteen months, now writes of himself, since  
his return to Rosebud Agency, Dak., that he  
is catechist for the Episcopal Church. He  
married an uneducated girl but is getting  
along well in his work for the church. He  
visits from camp to camp and does mission-  
ary work. He farms about four acres of ground  
has two horses and seven cattle. He has  
endeavored to live up to the Carlisle teaching  
ever since he returned. It has been many  
years since we have heard from Philip and at  
this late date to get such an encouraging re-  
port is truly refreshing.

Hon. Phillip Garrett, in his presentation of  
the diplomas to class '93 on Commencement  
Day said in connection with the advisability  
of Indian youth leaving their homes for the  
purpose of securing an education and experi-  
ence, that his son had left him ten years  
ago to attend college. We could but think  
what a terrible crime that was to separate  
father and son, when only the benefit of the  
child was considered. There is not a progres-  
sive man in the country who if he is giving his  
son any advantages whatever is not separated  
from him, and yet there is a strong sentiment  
in Congress and in the country at large against  
the separation of INDIAN father and son.  
This is considered a cruel thing to encourage  
or enforce. Schools at the very door of the tee-  
pee are advocated, so that the family ties may  
not be severed. It will take a century or two  
longer, the advocates of this theory claim,  
but then, it is better for the dear Indian not  
to give him too much light all at once, they  
think. And then, too, Indian money can  
benefit a larger proportion of Congressional  
constituency by spreading it along over a  
series of years in doling out the light in  
Homoeopathic doses. Are not Indian youth as  
worthy of the best advantages as the youth of  
other races? The Carlisle boys and girls seem  
able to endure the light as it comes to them  
from a cultured community, and the Man-on-  
the-band-stand wonders how many of them  
would like to exchange the educational privi-  
leges they now enjoy for opportunities of a  
more limited range, in a school by the teepee  
door.

Miss Woolston formerly of Carlisle, now of  
Crow Agency, Mont., comes to the front with a  
list of fifteen subscriptions for the *Red Man*  
and 42 for the HELPER for which we have sent  
her a nice lot of premium photographs and  
our sincere thanks. Miss Woolston says that  
she has become acquainted with several re-  
turned Carlisle pupils, and Chas. Clawson  
deserves special mention as he is doing nobly.  
She has not become entirely acclimated but  
is much encouraged in regard to her health  
and voice. She closes with "I have had my  
peep of reservation life and see but little if  
any hope for those who return to it. There is  
so much I would like to say on this line but  
have not the time; besides Capt. Pratt has  
given the right view so much that it would be  
but an indorsement of the Carlisle idea."

Our esteemed friend, who was once Miss  
Mary E. Raymond, writes from her place of  
work as missionary among the Apaches in  
New Mexico, that she wishes her name  
changed on the HELPER to Mary E. Ray-  
mond Whyte. Her new home, she says, is  
only a few rods from the mission and she  
goes on with the field matron work as before,  
with Mrs. Eldridge. Mrs. Whyte has the good  
wishes of a host of friends at Carlisle.

We certainly HAVE the power to do evil or  
do good, and accordingly as we DO we shall  
suffer pain or pleasure. Let us be ruled by  
common sense and throw away all foolish  
speculations about things we cannot under-  
stand, then we will come out all right in the  
end.

Good-bye, snow.



Spring rains have begun in earnest.

Painters are at work renovating the outside dress of the dining-hall.

Capt. Pratt is spending a day in Washington.

Misses Nellie Carey, Nellie Iddings and Mr. Hiram Bailey, Cheyenne, left for the West on Monday.

William Dominick and Fred Wilson have entered the printing-office, the latter as an all-day worker.

Mrs. Given and Miss Fisher were guests of Mrs. Worthington at tea in her cosy Hanover Street home last evening.

According to our venerable friend, Mr. Reighter, of the tailor-shop, blue-birds have put in appearance and the robin has been on the wing hereabouts for two weeks.

This is a conundrum asked in a small company on Monday evening: "Why is the graduating class like the big walnut tree?" "Because there is good timber in it."

Mr. Standing has returned from a little run to Chicago where he went to see after the space for the Carlisle School exhibit. He says we are well located. He went to Philadelphia yesterday.

It may be of interest to some who are absent from the school to know that the snow drifts in the lane for the past two weeks were higher than the head of a man of ordinary size.

Mr. Campbell and Dennison Wheelock attended the inauguration and succeeded in getting within ten feet of the President as he delivered his grand inaugural oration replete with common sense and sound doctrine.

The patients at the Hospital were presented with a very pretty scrap-album by Miss Henry. Also fruit, flowers and books from other friends have been thankfully received, giving cheer and comfort to the "shut-ins."

The large picture of Mrs. Fry at Newgate presented to the girls' society is in the hands of the framer in town and will be completed and on the wall of the Society room in time to be photographed with the rest of the room for the World's Fair.

The following are some unique Indian names received this week in a subscription list: Miss Plenty Butterflies, Miss Medicine Tail, Miss Shoots-as-he-goes, Miss Grand-mother's Knife, Miss Beads-on-ankle, Miss Crooked Arm, Mr. Comes-in-a-day, Mr. Old Crow, Miss Shell-on-neck, Miss Bull-all-time.

The second baseball nine of the school has organized as follows: Abran Hill, c; Joseph B. Harris, ss and p; Sieni Nori, p and ss; Edwin Schanandore, 1b; Levi St. Cyr, 2b and capt.; Joseph Taylor, 3b; Albert Metoxen, rf; Paul Lovejoy, lf; Julius Brown, cf; William Denomie and Martin Archiquette, subs; Mr. W. R. Claudy, manager.

When the electric light went out Tuesday night during study hour the pitchiness of the darkness was something astounding, there being no light on the ground nor in the town. Matches played a conspicuous part in the ten minutes, while the pupils in No. 12 performed mental arithmetic examples orally, to fill up the time.

Self-control!

Have you LOST it?

Poor weak mortal, great will be your misery before you die, if this be true.

The Reading Club consisting of young men and women of the town, met at Miss Nana Pratt's, on Monday evening.

Various little parties have been entertained in the room over Mr. Standing's old office this week, very much to the enjoyment of the participants.

Gen. Sherman says that February is "flowy" and March "blowy." According to present indications March will be more flowy than blowy this year. The stream in the meadow has overflowed its banks and high water is reported in many places.

Miss Phillips so far recovered from her sudden attack of illness as to be in her school-room on Commencement day, but risked too much, as on Friday last she had a more severe attack than the first and has been confined to her home ever since. At the present writing she is much better.

Miss Adelaide Krause, niece of Miss Luckenbach, and Miss Mary Henry, cousin of the former, have been visiting the school. Miss Krause tried to learn the printers trade in the few moments she called at the office and succeeded in so far that she was able to assist the pressman to the sheets as fast as he fed the press, which is quite a step for a five-minute experience.

The Captain was very greatly surprised on Commencement morning while escorting the visitors around to run upon a beautifully framed crayon of himself in the Girls' Society Room. The picture was enlarged from one of his best photographs by Mrs. Abbie Wertz Smith, of Olney, and presented to the Society. The girls and all who have seen it are greatly delighted with the picture.

The Standards elected the following officers at their last meeting: President, Phillip Lavatta; Vice-President, Robert Hamilton; Recording Secretary, Bertie Kennerly; Corresponding Secretary, Paul G. Bear; Treasurer, Delos Lone Wolfe; Marshal, Leander Gansworth; Reporter, Anthony Austin; Committee on Arrangements, Felix I. E. Feather, Paul Shattuck, and Joe Evans.

Nearly two hundred boys have shown their eagerness to go to the country for the summer by signing requests, in connection with which there is a promise to abide by the rules of the school, while out. These rules are essentially the same as have always been enforced, but as they appear now all in a lump in the printed form they seem formidable to some. One little fellow, however, understanding the true situation said "Why of course I sign. I always keep those rules anyhow, every time I go. They not hard."

The members of the graduating class departed for their respective homes on Monday last. Emily Peake and John Morrison to White Earth, Minnesota, John Baptiste to Winnebago, Nebraska, Fred Bighorse to Rosebud, South Dakota, and Arthur Johnson to Grand River, Indian Territory. Malcolm Clarke of the same class went to Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory to visit his aunt who is there allotting lands. His home is in Montana.



(Continued From the First Page.)

Such a notion came over his mental vision on the morning of the beginning of our story, and although it was mid-winter and his friends in the Indian village had been suffering intensely from the severe cold weather, yet the knowledge of that fact and the suffering he might bring upon himself on an extended tramp at that season of the year, did not deter him from the determination to make an effort to cut loose from the school.

It was enough for him, Indian as he was in matters of looking into the future, that the day on which he made the proposition to run away was a fine one.

It was one of those mild days in mid-winter which in Nebraska sometimes precedes a blizzard.

"Where shall we go?" asked Ed as he stood erect with arms akimbo, while gazing intently at Ben who had offered the suggestion.

(To be Continued.)

### CHRISTIAN HELP NEEDED.

Last week Capt. Pratt received a note from Edward Marsden, our Alaskan friend who is attending Marietta College, Ohio, which gives us the news of the calamity which befell his home in Alaska. From it we judge that no lives were lost. Our deepest sympathy goes out to them and we hope they will receive liberal aid and assistance. The note is as follows:

"MY DEAR CAPT. PRATT: It is with a sorrowing heart that I forward you this note. News reaches me this morning and states that a conflagration has visited my new home and destroyed twenty-five of our new houses. It occurred in the night of the 7th. inst., when it was very cold, and our people experienced severe suffering. Thank God, mother was safe and our house was not destroyed. I have not yet learned the amount of the loss, but the number of houses and property destroyed is one-fifth of our new town. Food, clothing and shelter have been given to the poor sufferers, and Mr. Duncan and our Physician, Dr. Blumette, have expended more than \$1,200. The disaster can only be remedied through the help of our Christian friends. I have just sent them all that I have."

### INDIANS A BAD LOT?

Dr. Reed, President of Dickinson College related a little incident in the course of his remarks at the Graduating Exercises, of having met a raw-boned, tall, cadaverous-looking Oklahoma Boomer on the train recently. They began talking about the Indians, and the boomer thought it proper to run them down. The Dr. asked him if he knew anything of Indians.

"Wall, yes, they are a bad lot," he replied, but when put to the test he acknowledged having known one or two good ones and that one of the most prominent citizens of Oklahoma was an Indian and he a Carlisle graduate.

An army man who was in the same car

then told of his acquaintance with Indians as soldiers and said that the best Indian in his regiment was a student of Carlisle. Dr. Reed expressed the wish that the Oklahoma boomer had been present at the exercises then in progress that he might be convinced that the intellect of the Indian is not behind that of other races.

### INDIAN WOMEN MUCH LIKE THEIR WHITE SISTERS.

An artist who knows the Indian life pretty well says that the Indian women are just as vain of their personal appearance as the white women and spend just as much time upon their toilet, though it is somewhat differently apportioned, for instance less wash and more hair oil.

Face paint, rouge of the cheaper varieties, finds a ready sale among the Indian women.

An Indian woman may daub her cheeks with the aid of a three-cornered bit of mirror filched from the agent's ash barrel, while her Caucasian sister smears hers with the aid of cut glass mirrors in her boudoir. What is the difference? The principle is the same.

### Enigma.

I am made of ten letters.

My 7, 8, 10, 4 is the opposite of first.

My 5, 3, 4 is an industrious insect.

My 1, 9, 3 gives us light and warmth.

My 6, 2, 4 is a domestic animal.

My whole is a friend of children.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A black cat.

### 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 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 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 wholeschool (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 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 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 a summary to all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon 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 HELPER.