

THE INDIAN HELPER

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A WEEKLY LETTER  
FROM THE

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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VOL. VIII. FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1893, No. 28  
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DRIVE THE NAILS ARIGHT.

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DRIVE the nail aright, boys.  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys.  
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,  
Do it with a will.  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky,  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be down cast,  
Try and try again, boys,  
You will succeed at last.

[The above poem is a selection from one of Edward Marsden's early school books, the Canadian Second Reader, and in 1881, it took him over one month to commit it to memory.]

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AVARICE PUNISHED.

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The following narrative is a literal translation from the French. It is so graphic, forcible and concise that it is given as near the original as possible. The terse and concise style is much like the Indian manner of expression, I think. For this reason, as well as for the moral that adorns the tale, I send it for publication in the \*Indian Helper.\*

The Tale.

Three men traveled together; as they went along they found a treasure; they were very much pleased. They continued to walk, but hunger overtook them, and one said:

"We must have food, who will go for some?"

"It is I," replied a second.

He departs.

He buys some food.

But in buying it he thought that if he poisoned it, his traveling companions would die

and that the treasure would remain with him, so he poisoned the food.

However, the two others had meditated, during his absence, to kill him, and to divide between them the treasure.

He arrived.

They killed him.

They ate the food that he had brought.

They died.

And the treasure belonged to no one.

HELEN V. AUSTIN.

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CORRECTION.

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DEAR HELPER:

Owing to the prevailing excitement at the time of their writing, my friends at home in Alaska somewhat misinformed me of some of the accounts of the fire mentioned in your number of the 10th inst. Recent advices have established the following facts:

The calamity took place in the forenoon of Feb. 7. instead of the night, and 24 private buildings, 20 temporary houses, including log cabins, were completely consumed inside of one hour. A good many were injured, but no life was lost. Not less than 40 families were homeless and about one-quarter of the town was destroyed. The total loss is estimated to be more than \$20,000. Every possible help has been given to the sufferers. Says the Portland \*Daily Oregonian;\*

"In the afternoon a general meeting of the people of Metlakahtla was held, at which a subdued and quiet spirit prevailed. Instead of moroseness, angry fault-finding and despair, which would, under the circumstances, have undoubtedly appeared in years gone by, there was only sympathy for the sufferers, pledges to share the heavy burden, resolutions to renewed efforts, and the adoption of wiser methods for providing against danger. In the end the severe calamity may prove a real

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(\*Continued on the Fourth Page.\*)

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The Indian Helper..

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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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Price: - 10 cents a year.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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Entered in the P.O. at Carlisle as second class  
mail matter.

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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.

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We were glad to see a line again from Kish Hawkins, Class '89, who has been silent for a long time. He writes a business letter but promises a word for the Man-on-the-band-stand soon.

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How did you learn to skate, this winter? By getting up every time you tumbled down? Certainly! So we can learn to be the respectable boy or girl we wish to become only by getting up every time we tumble down.

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Seventy-three boys start for country homes tomorrow. THAT is what Carlisle does! We do nothing to hold our pupils from going out to BETTER places than Carlisle, but do EVERYTHING to encourage them from going to worse places - the reservation, for instance.

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Think of it! An Indian girl writing of HER patient! Such words tickle the ears of the Man-on-the-band-stand. He is proud of every Indian girl who has pluck enough to go through a course of training as a nurse, and come out able to manage difficult cases of sickness and thus earn a livelihood, and money besides, to put away. Lily Wind, graduate of Hartford School of Nursing, writes of a serious case of Typhoid Pneumonia of which she has entire charge. She says it is a slow and tedious case but she is cheerful and hopeful, and that is almost enough in itself to make the patient get well. The Indian girls are showing remarkable skill as nurses.

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One of the returned Carlisle girls in speaking of her brother, also a Carlisle student who has been away from the reservation for a number of years earning his own living independent of the government says: "They are talking of putting him off the roll because he does not stay on the reserve." See! They are trying to scare him back to be an Indian again! But our sensible pupil says, "It is the poorest place to educate an Indian on the reserve, but I don't think our agent thinks so for he is building a big mission and has built another new school-house on the reserve. But some of the Indians are moving to town to educate their children.

Our Apache friend, Dr. Carlos Montezuma, who graduated from the Medical College of Chicago, and is now Government Physician at the Colville Agency, Washington, has been honored with an appointment as a member of the advisory Council of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition on Medico-Climatology. Dr Montezuma is to be congratulated as he springs from the race of whom it is said there is none good but a dead one. He is a living example of what environment will do for the Indian. In relation to the reservation life he thus earnestly speaks in a private letter:

"Relative to the reservation system I have always affirmed it is SIN to blind the Indians from the outer world, and to feed and clothe these over-grown, lazy, worthless babies. It only makes them idlers, beggars, gamblers and paupers. When these conditions exist nothing good can come out of it. It only creates vices of all character. What little remains untainted will never survive unless we surround them with better examples and influences. This can never be done among themselves. We must deal with the rising generation of the Indians individually on the same plan which you have been trying in the East for the past fifteen years. I would like to see one reservation where they have "admirable surroundings," and I could send my children to be enlightened. There is none. No, not one. I enclose notice of my appointment. I do this not for a vain purpose, but to show the Indians under your charge that if they strive to be useful to others, they will be wanted everywhere. Even in the learned professions they will be recognized.

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The sad news comes from Anadarko, Indian Territory, of the death of Rev. Joshua Given, who has been laboring as a Missionary among his people, the Kiowas, for several years. Mr. Given has had a short but eventful career. Coming to Carlisle when quite a lad, and taking sufficient of the course to enable him to enter the Lincoln University, he graduated from that institution as a Reverend. He was afterward married to a young lady of Brooklyn. The Presbyterian Board then sent them as Missionaries to the Kiowas, since which time he had labored faithfully, to help his people. His good wife who survives him writes to his sister Julia Given, who is still with us, "Joshua died very peacefully with a beautiful expression upon his face. He has suffered so much. I wish you were here to attend the funeral tomorrow which will be held in the church. The people have been very kind to us in sending us things for Joshua's comfort during his sickness. You have lost a dear brother, but don't forget that I have lost a husband and two little children have lost a father as well. Poor Camah, she misses him so much. She cried and cried for him tonight."

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We are happy to learn through a letter from William Petoskey that he and his wife arrived safely at their home in Michigan. He says the railroad men were very kind to them and aided in moving Moses McClellan, who was ill. "I am glad that I came," he says, "for my home needs my attention, yet I wish that I could have staid longer at Carlisle."

Pass the eggs?  
Gardens are making.  
Exhibition, tonight.  
Sunday will be Easter.  
Storm doors are down.  
It will soon be arbor day.  
Keep off the grass, just a little while.  
Do not believe the half that you hear!  
Have you got your new Easter bonnet?  
The baseball fever is taking hold in earnest.  
Good Friday, today, and a holiday for some people.  
Wonder who will be the first April fool, tomorrow!  
The organ grinder has come, which is a sure sign of Spring.  
The school battalion was photographed by Choate, on Monday.  
Miss Nana Pratt has recovered from a slight attack of pleurisy.  
Miss Emma Gutelius is spending Sunday at her home near Mifflinburg.  
Little Sarah Pratt and her papa Mr. Mason Pratt were over from Steelton on Saturday.  
Miss Hench enjoyed a pleasant little "At Home" with her young lady pupils, on Saturday afternoon at her home in town.

Two practice games of ball were played Saturday on the school grounds, excitement running high for the first games of the season.

"Doesn't the parade look well since the line of pickers began?" was asked by a casual observer.  
"Beautiful," was the reply.

Rosa Aubrey, of Blackfeet Agency, whose bright little face we so well remember when with us, says her papa takes the \*Red Man,\* but she feels lonely without the little HELPER.

Master Johnnie Given and Miss Luckenbach have gone to Bethlehem to spend Sunday. Johnnie wanted to see what sort of a school the Lehigh University is anyhow, that his brother Mr. J.B. attends.

One of the type-setters thought, "O yes, he could set from the raw manuscript," but he set up "books" for "broke" "imigne" for "unique," "eginpments" for "equipment" and "Braimer men" for "banner-men." He is an excellent workman, at the case, however, when he has reprint or type-written copy.

The band added to the enjoyment of the King's Daughters' Fair on Friday night by giving a few of their best pieces. The Ghost Dance is certainly a weird production, which was brought out then for the first. It is said that the band boys had to laugh so much while learning it, that the task proved to be quite difficult to accomplish.

Miss Caryl's canary "Sweet" accidentally fell into the large open fire place one cold night last week and before he could be reached flew up the chimney and out. After satisfying his pleasure in bopping around in the trees on one of the coldest days of spring he flew towards the dining hall and was caught in Miss Gutelius' room. The poor little bird was glad enough to get back to his warm room, and he is now happy.

Mr. Cunningham, a merchant of China was a visitor at the Captain's on Monday.

There is a chess game going on now between Miss Moore, of Lee, Mass., and Miss Ely. They move by postal card.

This is called flitting week by some Pennsylvanians, as so many people move their homes about the first of April.

Miss Julia Henry, of Canton, China, is visiting at Capt. Pratt's. Miss Henry's father and mother are in China, as missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Meck and friend called on Monday. Mrs. Meck subscribed for the \*Red Man,\* showing that she has no notion of falling behind on the Indian question, if she did go and get married.

Mr. Kensler says the girls are learning to march with military precision in the gymnasium, but he is not quite satisfied yet with the way they go out of chapel. They are going to improve there, too. Just wait!

Abraham Lone Bear, who was accidentally knocked from the clothes box on which he was reposing, and had his collar bone broken, is around again, after wearing his arm strapped to his body for some time as though the doctor were afraid it would run away. The bone has grown fast again and Abraham is nearly ready for baseball.

Stacy Matlack is talking of coming East again. He says Nellie Iddings who recently arrived at Pawnee Agency, from Carlisle, is dissatisfied and wants to return. Malcolm Clarke (Class '93) is one of the surveying force under his aunt, Miss Clarke, who is allotting lands to the Pawnees. Robert Mathews is working at the Pawnee School. Abram Platt is keeping up with his trade at the agency carpenter shop. William Morgan is staying with his father-in-law. Frank West is doing well, working for himself on a farm of his own. He has a daughter, now.

Mr. Standing is relieved to the extent that the Carlisle Indian School exhibit for the World's Fair is at last on the cars. There are 8,000 pounds in the exhibit which started for Chicago yesterday on a mission to educate the so-called civilized people into the notion that the Indian, too, can produce something worth showing, if he has the OPPORTUNITY. Mr. Standing will attend to the exhibit in person at Chicago, and a more fitting person for this duty could not be found, nor one who knows more concerning Indians and the progress they have made in the last twenty years than our unassuming Assistant Superintendent.

The Wayside Gleaners carried on another one of their popular Fairs Friday night. It is astonishing how many pennies are found around loose in convenient places when there is a King's Daughters' Fair to raise money for benevolent purposes, and how much better it is for us to spend our pin money within our own little province, and so let it do some good. The young ladies were dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, and dealt out the ice-cream, candy, lemonade, oranges and fancy articles in a very fascinating way. Tickets were used for the cream which simplified the making of change and made it easy to get a dish without being in a crowd. Much is due Mrs. Dixon, their leader, for the pleasant evening afforded to all who attended.

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(Continued from First Page.)

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gain, for some of the lessons necessary for the natives' advancement in civilization can only be learned through actual encounter with disaster."

Your sincere friend,  
EDWARD MARSDEN.  
MARIETTA COLLEGE, OHIO.  
March 18, 1893.  
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#### CONNECTICUT INDIANS.

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It may interest the readers of the INDIAN HELPER to know that the Pequot tribe of Indians is not extinct, as is commonly supposed. Descendants of this once powerful people live on reservations, in New London Co., Connecticut.

When first visited by Europeans, the Pequots occupied a territory fifteen by thirty miles, and numbered about 2300 souls. They were the only Indians of Southern New England, who were able to "wallop" the fierce Mohawks, whose warriors were a source of terror to the other red men in this section.

The Pequots were, apparently, a branch of the Mohicans, who lived on the banks of the Hudson River. They separated from the parent stock about the latter part of the sixteenth century, settling in Eastern Connecticut. They soon subdued the surrounding tribes and forced them to pay tribute.

At first they were friendly to the settlers, but were finally driven by the whites into an unfortunate war. As usual, the bow and arrow were no match for the pale-face's implements of war, and this brave and courageous race was all but destroyed. They fought nobly, but their cause was lost.

J.F.R.

#### ----- A CONCERT BY OUR INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS IN HARRISBURG.

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Our School Band and Choir gave a concert in Harrisburg last Thursday night for the benefit of the Fifth Street M.E. Church of that place. The following is what the \*Harrisburg Patriot\* has to say about them:

An audience of nearly 2,000 persons filled the auditorium of the Fifth Street M.E. Church last evening to hear the Indians from Carlisle sing and play. The platform was filled by the Carlisle Indian School band and choir, each consisting of thirty persons. The reputation of the band and choir, who had sung and

played at New York on Columbus Day and at the opening of the World's Fair buildings, had preceded them and a large

audience turned out to greet them. The band's playing was excellent and the singing of the choir showed that they had been well trained.

The young Indians who spoke used the English language with ease and showed themselves to be good speakers. Both of the young artists who played on the cornet had a mastery of the instrument, as did also William Baird, the euphonium soloist.

The duets and quartets from the choir were sung well and were loudly applauded. Different numbers on the program brought forth much applause by their rendition.

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Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 6, 4, 5, 11 is what most of our boys and girls like to do pot-pie day.

My 7, 10, 11, 10, 13, 14 is what the 70 boys who go to country homes tomorrow are going to try to learn.

My 1, 8, 13, 3, 15 is what we may learn much from.

My 2, 9, 12 is what is sometimes written for "and so forth."

My whole is a most important piece of advice uttered by Capt. Pratt last Saturday night in his strong talk to the boys who are to go to country homes tomorrow. And he would have every boy in the country and at the school, and ever Indian boy and white boy in the land heed the same.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hard Colds.

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#### STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscriptions 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.

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.

(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.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir combination showing all our prominent buildings.

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 as he arrived and a few years after.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5-cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo of prominent Sioux chiefs. Or, 8x10 photo of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91. Or, 8x10 photo of buildings.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, a returned Carlisle Indian girl at home." Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums will not be sent.

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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.

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\*indicates word between asterisks is italicized in the original text.