

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX

—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1893.—

NO. 8.

SOME TIME OR OTHER.

Some time or other we'll all pull through—
Jordan is a hard road to travel!
But we'll get there shouting, if our shoes
will do,
And grind down the trouble with the gravel!

Some time or other—
Helping one another;
Every man's a traveler
And every man's a brother!

Some time or other we'll all pull through—
Jordan is a hard road to master;
But we'll whip up the horses when the skies
beam blue,
Till the wheels spin faster and faster!

Some time or other—
Helping one another;
Every man's a traveler,
And every man's a brother!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE INDIAN CHIEF IN COUNCIL.

Here we are out West upon an Indian reservation.

The chiefs and head men have been called together to talk over a very important matter, and we are in the midst of them.

The blanketed participants sit in a circle under in the floor, with feet and legs curled under in true primitive fashion.

The pipe of peace is going the rounds and the air is filled with the fumes of kinnikinnick, (a mixture of sumach leaves and tobacco, which many Indians smoke.)

Notice HOW they smoke!

A few long pulls and then a deep breath. This is held in the lungs for a second after the pipe is passed, then the nostrils and mouths become veritable smoke-stacks, and you are amazed at the volumes of poison which the human lungs are capable of inhaling.

It is partly because of this manner of smoking, no doubt, that consumption is so prevalent among the Indians, killing them off by the hundreds every year, for how can the lungs made to breathe God's pure air be expected to stand such treatment?

Most civilized smokers are content to fill the mouth with the vile stuff, and then slowly puff it out in vain attempts to form graceful ringlets. This is bad enough, but the injuri-

ous effects rarely go below the throat, as in the case of General Grant who died from the effects of smoking.

But to the council!

The Agent has now made his speech.

The complications of the subject to be considered are grave and the conditions delicate. The Indians listen, but there are no grunts of approval.

They do not understand his explanations.

They will not understand.

After a half hour's earnest talk, the Agent seats himself and now comes the time for the head chief to speak.

He is a massive man, younger than some of the others, but has gained the enviable position of head chief of the tribe by scalping the enemy.

He is painted gorgeously for the occasion.

His head is clean shaven with the exception of a tuft of hair about two inches long which has been stiffened and trained to stand on end terminating at the crown in a thin braided scalp-lock about six or eight inches in length—a sort of bribe, as it were, to the enemy to "Come if you dare! Here is a good handle to my scalp. Let me see you take it!"

At the roots of his top-knot the scalp is painted red and a tinge of the same bright color covers the shaven portion of the head, while the face is striped with yellow and red, the edges of the eyelids skillfully painted and the cheeks daubed with dark blue blotches here and there.

He gathers his blanket around him, leaving the right arm free as he steps to the front of the Agent to shake hands with him and the other visitors and interpreter, and then falling back toward the centre of the group now breathlessly attentive, he begins.

It is needless to say that this Indian is a war chief.

He commences deliberately, but soon his words are like fire and the How! How! How's! of approval coming from the excited listeners give him courage to go on, while the Agent looks a little anxious.

He abuses the United States Government.

He abuses the Agent.

He holds up the faults of the white race.

He waxes eloquent over the grievances of his people.

His tones are loud and bitter.

He smites himself upon the breast and

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY.

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

—AS 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.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

To the person sending us the largest number of subscriptions before the year 1894 begins, we will give THIRTY DOLLARS.

To the person sending the second largest number, we will give Ten Dollars.

To the person sending the third largest number we will give Five Dollars.

And so that no one need labor without compensation we will return ten cents on every dollar received over and above 5 dollars from any person in payment for 50 subscriptions.

Send for regulations governing this offer. They are simple and easy. There is no time to lose. Address HELPER.

We all remember Susie Young, and that she went home, married a white man—Mr. Kelsey. They are living in Nebraska, 40 miles from an Indian reservation. In a recent letter she says she does not often see the Indians except when she goes to visit them. She has two little boys, the elder being nearly three. They have about 400 chickens, and there is so much profit in raising chickens that she feels like advising others to do as they are doing. She says "We sold a hundred dollars worth of eggs this summer at ten cents a dozen. I sent 30 dozen every week to market."

There is the Carlisle idea exemplified.

An enthusiastic audience of several hundred witnessed the game of foot ball at the Indian school on Saturday afternoon. Early in the game the Indians showed themselves to be more than a match for their Harrisburg rivals, but the latter put up a very strong defensive game. Caswell and Metoxen did very fine playing and rarely failed to make a gain or a tackle. Fortney did excellent work as full back for his team. The Indians won by a score of 10 to 0. —(Carlisle Evening Sentinel.

One of the Chemawa Oregon, Indian boys, Harrie Read, who has recently come to Roxbury, Mass. asks for change of address and to be remembered to his Chemawa friends at Carlisle.

Thanks are due to several subscribers who have kindly sent lists of names for sample copies. We want to place a sample copy of the HELPER in the hands of EVERY TEACHER IN THE UNITED STATES, and by this means let the growing generation know that the Indian in the Indian is being rapidly killed by the Carlisle process, and that the INDIVIDUAL hath an existence and "do MOVE". Friends of the Indian, send us the names of teachers—Sunday School teachers, public school teachers, select school teachers, teachers of any race or color, and thus help the Indian to help himself!

In reference to two of our boys who have recently gone to their Indian reservation homes we hear the following excellent report from the Superintendent of an Indian boarding school. He says:

"Two Carlisle boys are employed at this school, one receiving \$720 a year and the other \$300. I like them. They are doing much good among their people. They speak very highly of Carlisle and especially of Capt. Pratt. I hope that they will continue to be steadfast and immovable."

It is to be hoped they may, and knowing the boys we can say they showed those qualities here, but the Man-on-the-band-stand trembles every time our boys and girls are coaxed by good positions to stay on the reservation. He sometimes wishes they could never find employment there, and that they would suffer and be uneasy without it. THEN they might seek places where the GREAT men of the world have had to begin—at the BOTTOM in some thrifty community and work up into a field of usefulness LARGER than a prison house, as the reservation is.

Names of persons who have entered the contest for the thirty-dollar prize: Howard and Leander Gansworth, Timothy Henry, William Denomie, Samuel Dion, John Sanborn, Harry Kopay, Mary Bailey, William Carrefell, LeRoy W. Kennedy, Ned Brace, Ida Wasee, Sophie Huff of the school.

Harry Eberhard, Phila.; Frank Fackenthal, Roanoke; Mrs Joseph Weber, Bethlehem; Jacob P. Keplinger, Lancaster; Mrs. Will Gephard, Carlisle; Miss Dora Geiz, Carlisle; Walter A. Downey, Phila.; A. A. Beaunger, Haskell Institute; William C. Hauf, Lancaster; Levi Levering, Bellevue, Nebr.; Miss Ida Haberstroh, Harrisburg, and others who do not wish their names published.

If the reader is acquainted with any person whose name is in the above list of contestants and wishes to help him or her win the prize, send to the HELPER address as many subscriptions as you can, being very careful to say to whom the credit shall be given. In every case the money must accompany the names.

The 30 dollar offer is not meant especially for Indians but for EVERY BODY, no matter what age, sex, or color.

Big frosts these mornings.

The *HELPER* circulation in town is increasing daily.

Ida Wasee receives credit for one name from M. C. F.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Midwinter Fair.

Samuel Sixkiller has returned after a summer's visit home.

Did you see the snow-capped mountains on Wednesday morning?

The *Sentinel* presents a much improved appearance in its new and enlarged dress.

Are the Standard's getting up an entertainment? Hush! Don't mention it! It may be a secret!

A person remarked when walking in front of Captain's house the other day. "It looks as though it had had its face washed." And so it has, with paint.

The six Apache boys who have been visiting Mt. Vernon Barracks, Ala., returned this week to the school. They see a vast difference in temperature between this and the sunny south.

Teachers' meetings on Monday evenings are a regular thing. They are assuming the character of miniature institutes, where views upon the best methods of teaching are presented and discussed.

The publication of the *Red Man* is part of the work of the Indian School printing office. It is an eight-page monthly containing a summary of all Indian news. Terms fifty cents a year. Address *Red Man*, Carlisle, Pa.

The school is having very interesting opening exercises these days. Historical sketches, quotations, news of the week, and the like are listened to with profit and interest, for a few minutes each morning and afternoon.

At the bright sunny noon hour on Tuesday the band favored the school with two or three favorite selections. The William Tell Overture is always a study to the most interested listeners and the boys are improving upon it every time they play. The band goes to Chambersburg for Thanksgiving.

Miss McAtee who is now in Kansas, at the close of a business letter sends greetings, love, congratulations and best wishes to all her Carlisle friends. She has so many friends that there is no better way to reach them all than a line in the *HELPER*. She says she reads her *HELPER* every week, and never lays it down until she has finished every word. It is truly like a letter, then, isn't it?

The S. L. L. S. discussed the benefits of the Literary Society last Friday evening. Flora Campbell gave a strong, thoughtful and well-prepared paper in favor of the society. The opposite side was the difficult one, but the points brought out by Ida LaChapelle, showing that when dissension and strife were allowed to enter, the benefits were lessened, were well taken. The rest of the programme was enjoyed and Jessie Spreadhands' paper on the Midway Plaisance began to be enjoyed even before she reached her position in front of the audience. One of the most pleasant and helpful features of the Society continues to be the splendid sentiments given in at roll-call.

John Webster, Stailey Norcross, Brigman Cornelius and others of our boys who have lived in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Woolley, in New Jersey, are grieved over the news of the death of the latter. Mrs. Woolley was a woman who won the esteem of all the Indian boys who lived there.

There is no more pleasant sight than to pass through the school-rooms of an evening during the study-hour period and witness six hundred Indian boys and girls hard at work over knotty problems, studying geography, history, and other lessons which have been assigned for the next day. There is HOPE in that.

A long-time subscriber and stranger says in her letter of renewal: Again I wish for renewal of my two copies of *HELPER* which they are indeed, and will here say I have been delighted with its account of the World's Fair. I have not seen its descriptions excelled in Boston or New York papers and I have read a good number of them. Many blessings on the faithful workers with you."

Yes, the man-on-the-band-stand is of the opinion that foot-ball is too rough, although he enjoyed the game on Saturday as much as any of the many lookers-on. The members of the Harrisburg High-School club proved themselves to be gentlemen in every particular, and although badly beaten we believe they enjoyed their visit at the school. Especially the supper so nicely served by Mr. and Mrs. Masten.

The readers of the *HELPER* who know Sophie Huff now living with Mrs. Mary A. Tomlinson, N. J. will be glad to learn from the latter that Sophie is a loving and affectionate child learning promptly to do all required. She does beautiful needle work and earns many a penny in that way. She is clean and rapid at crocheting, and at school is studious and well behaved.

Mrs. Smith, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y. mother of Spencer and Edith left Wednesday. On Tuesday evening the Tuscaroras gathered in the teacher's parlor in her honor to chat and be sociable. Mrs. Smith is one of the progressive women of the Tuscaroras who knows advantages when she sees them. She could but exclaim continually at the golden opportunities the government is giving the children of her people here at Carlisle. She wishes she were young again that she might reap like advantages.

The cold winds this week make us thankful that we are comfortably provided for. Let us each ask ourselves, Do we DESERVE all these comforts of warm quarters, warm clothing, plenty of food and excellent school privileges when there are so many thousands of good people out of employment and suffering for food and shelter. Let us TRY to deserve it all by doing our very best, and let us never DARE to complain when we have something a little disagreeable or difficult to do. We do not as a class complain. The Man-on-the-band-stand has heard of no mutterings recently, and we venture the assertion that there is not an institution in the world where there are so many students as at Carlisle, who do as much work in the school-room, shop and out doors, as we do, with so little complaining. We are in the main a contented, happy family.

(Continued from the First Page.)

swings his right arm to and fro in the air, and with beads of perspiration pouring from between the streaks of paint, and eyes glaring with emotion he is a picture of hardness and cruelty, as he exclaims in thunder tones:

"We are MEN! We will DIE! We will never do this thing! Before we die—"

Here several fierce looking Indians spring to their feet. They know what he means to do, and wish to have a hand in the terrible business.

They rush toward the Agent who knows not what they are saying.

But the interpreter knows too well. He has learned the hard lesson that it does not pay to fight the United States Government, and besides he has personal grounds for being specially friendly to the Agent.

He keeps wildly forward and drawing his knife from its sheath cries in deafening tones:

"Wait, you cowards! What do you mean to take the life of a man who is your father? I'm not a woman to sit here and see you murder this innocent man. Before you touch a hair of his head you will walk over my dead body."

The life of the Indian Agent was saved and the war chief could do no more. He took his seat with the rest, and great was the confusion of tongues for a few moments until the Man-from-the-skies arose.

With superior dignity he strode to the customary position in the centre of the council room.

What a contrast between the two speakers! Notice this man's massive brow! See his well rounded head!

Watch the slight twiftings of emotion upon the lineaments of his strong face!

Do you see what a square, firm-set jaw he has?

And have you observed the clean, clear-cut curve to the lips of his large mouth?

His head is not shaven, but his long, heavy, straight hair hangs to his shoulders.

Like a veritable Caesar he stands with blanket drawn over the left shoulder in true Roman fashion.

And as he speaks he shows the spirit of eloquence and there is great force, but no antagonistic fire.

He sways the minds of his listeners as the wind the long stalks of grain in a field.

But who ARE his listeners?

He has magnetism!

He has personality!

He has force of character!

He has a powerful voice!

But what effect would all his magnetism, personality, firmness, force of character and powerful voice have upon an audience educated in letters, the sciences and arts?

What does this magnificent specimen of the natural man lack?

What position could he in the state we now behold him occupy in the world of business and learning?

He would be nowhere!

His hands would be tied.

He would be as weak as a child.

He is only powerful in a community of uneducated grown-up children.

He has the natural characteristics of a statesman, and we are obliged to admit that all that he lacks of being a great man is education in the occupations and experiences which men must have to build countries and nations—only such experience and education as we are getting at Carlisle, in our school-rooms, in our work-shops and industrial halls, in our games, in our country home life, in our religious meetings, in our **DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETIES**.

Oh!

Literary Societies! Are they specially helpful?

Yes!

They are fitting chiefs for council.

Women chiefs for the council of the household where intelligence and argumentative persuasion shall be needed to bring about and maintain happy conditions.

Men and women chiefs for the councils of business;

For the councils of war against injustice;

For councils of peace in working out great plans to benefit mankind at large.

Then let us keep our **LITERARY SOCIETIES AND DEBATING CLUBS** working hard!

KEEP them as they have always been, attractive, interesting and a power for intellectual growth and mutual improvement!

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.

When I 1, 15, 16, 5 I weave.

A 13, 3, 2 is 20 cwt.

The most important thing taught at Carlisle is 4, 8, 12, 1.

A rose bush is 17, 6, 11, 12, 15, 18.

Compassion is 10, 16, 13, 7.

The 9, 11, 8, 12 we always have with us.

In 14, 2, 16, 8, 15 is strength.

The whole is a Carlisle motto, and was a favorite text of a former Chaplin.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription 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, comprising 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 Dwyer & family. Or, cabinet photo of Piegan Chiefs. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boulder 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 30 cents each.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (8x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes class '89, '90, '91, '92, '93. 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 6x9, 8x9 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 13x4 2x6 group photo of 5 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest price premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 cts faces Boudoir-size for 7 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premium will not be sent.