

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1894.—

NO. 15.

TAKE CARE.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my words will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will find reflected back,
So, my little folks, take care.

ALICE CARY.

POOR LITTLE INDIAN MAY.

Around the Camp-fire.

(Continued from last week.)

"Good cup! Did an Indian boy make this?" asked the father as he examined carefully a tin among the samples.

"Yes," replied the teacher, proud of the work.

And then he took up the hammer, made by a Carlisle black-smith, and the mother examined shoes made by one of the shoemaker-boys.

May's sister, who was larger than she and had learned to sew Indian fashion, inspected all the folds and tucks of the neat little dress made by one of our girls, and seemed perfectly delighted at the button-holes, for an Indian garment knows no button-holes.

Then they began at the pictures again, and exclaimed at the largeness of the houses and the many windows in them, the handsome healthy faces of the boys and the good faces of the girls.

"Just like white folks," they would often say.

And as the teacher talked of the capabilities of this boy in the picture, and explained how that girl, who had gone through the Carlisle school afterward finished the studies of a big school in a large city where she learned how to nurse sick people, for which she was now earning fifteen dollars a week, she saw they were intensely interested.

"Hey de dool! Hey de dool!" said the mother at the mention of fifteen dollars a week, for an Indian girl to earn.

And the father covered his mouth in surprise.

When opportunity offered the teacher ventured, to remark:

"I came from Carlisle to ask the Indians of this tribe if they would like to send some children with me to be educated at this school which gives to them so many good things and makes them like white people able to speak English and to take care of themselves.

May at once crept down behind her mother as though she thought that the teacher intended to take her then and there.

A wail!

"What's that?" asked the teacher starting at the queerest sound she had ever heard.

The interpreter pointed to an object sitting on the edge of a bed back underneath the dark inner eaves, as it were, of the lodge.

Such a looking creature!

Her thick, shaggy, gray locks hung down over her wrinkled and begrimed face.

She clutched with long, bony fingers a ragged black blanket which she held around her withered form.

Her moccasins were old and torn, and the leggings she wore scarcely covered her limbs.

A most pitiable object, with a most remarkable lung power!

She was the grandmother of the household, and had been listening to the conversation, unobserved by the teacher.

"No body must go away from this house with that white woman! What is she doing here? She has come to steal our girls! Drive her out!" she said.

"The white people steal all our land!

They take away our buffalo.

They steal everything from us, and now they even come to steal our children!"

And then she cried more vehemently than before, talking between her moans in such a strained, cracked voice that the teacher will remember it as long as she lives.

Finally May's father had to stop her, plainly showing by his manner that the talk was not pleasing to him, while she again curled down on her forlorn couch and covered up her head.

The interpreter did not tell the teacher until afterward what the grandmother was saying, but it was very plain that she was scolding a most desperate scold.

The teacher instinctively said, "Be not

(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.

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.

Some one from Lancaster Co., has sent five subscriptions and desires the photograph of "Mike" but we have no means of knowing the sender of the club.

We all remember little Fordyce Grinnell, son of our former physician. He writes thus cheerfully from his present Pasadena home, California: "The wild flowers are here, and I brought in some poppies to-day. Sometimes Joe and I go out hunting with Dell and Cruiser, (our ponies). We have our Carlisle robin yet. I send my love to everybody at the school and wish them a happy New Year."

A cheery letter from Robert Mathews speaks of being at home at the Pawnee Agency, I. T. Stacy Matlack is herding for the school, Samuel Townsend is working in a printing office in a town near there. Abram Platt and Frank West are working their farms. William Morgan is not very well. The returned students help each other, and he thinks they are doing first rate.

Result of the \$30 Contest.

JOHN SANBORNE, of Carlisle, won the first prize of thirty dollars, having sent in 585 subscriptions.

J. P. Keplinger, of Lancaster, won the second having sent in 353 subscriptions.

Mrs. Gephard, of Carlisle, won the third, having sent in 348 subscriptions.

Those who sent over fifty and received a rebate of ten cents on the dollar are as follows: Mary Baily, Phila., 202; Howard Gansworth, Carlisle, 151; William Carefell, Carlisle, 142; Isabella Cornelius, New Britain, Conn., 126; A. A. Breuninger, Lawrence, Kan., 101; Leander Gansworth, Carlisle, 91; Sophia Huff, Rancocas, N. J., 90; LeRoy Kennedy, Carlisle, 67; Dora Getz, Carlisle, 56; Mrs. Jos. Weber, Bethlehem, 56; Jeannette LeFevre, Littlestown, 53.

We received in all 2580 subscriptions for which we thank all who have labored in the good cause of spreading practical common sense information regarding the Indians.

Death of one of Carlisle's Bright Hopes.

From Rosebud Agency, S. D. we get a letter bearing date of Dec. 24, telling the sad news. The writer, Mr. Caton, of Cutmeat Station says:

"It is with the deepest regret and profound sorrow, I write to inform your many readers of the death, this morning, of their friend Richard Y. Robe.

Richard was one of those noble young men, who after graduating from the Carlisle Indian School, came back to his people, and in all his walks has done everything in his power for the uplifting of the tribe. Upon leaving the school he came home to take the position of Assistant Farmer, in his native camp, a position which he has ably and diligently filled to the last, with the exception of what time he was in the Army. Early in 1891 he enlisted in the Indian company of Infantry, stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah, as a private. Eight months later he was discharged as first Sergeant, on account of disability; since which time his life has been one miserable round of disease and pain. He passed away peacefully this morning about one o'clock, and his people say he talked very good.

He was a noble example of what can be made of the Indian; honest, intelligent, industrious and upright citizen."

Richard was not a graduate of Carlisle, but a very exemplary pupil. His many friends at the school are grieved to learn of his death and sympathize with his brother Chauncy in this his great bereavement.

Before the subscriptions were counted on Monday, the following credits were given, they having come before midnight Sunday: Ida Wasee, 5 from L. K. P.; Wm. Carefell, 12 from B. E. M.; 3 from Joe W. McG.; 8 from A. M. S.; 20 from a friend; Howard Gansworth 25 from J. G., Jr.

The home letters last week were full to overflowing with the good times Santa Claus gave us, which of course will gratify our parents, for if they have not as many comfortable things as we enjoy it is natural for them to wish their children to have the best.

The last entertainment of the year '93, was perhaps the best, consisting of a sweet little Christmas cantata rendered by the little ones of the school. Miss Richenda Pratt, being at home for the holidays took a leading part and surprised many of her friends by the display of a very sweet soprano voice. Very few were aware of the fact that she could sing.

Donald Campbell sang a solo and Irene's pretty song touched the hearts of her hearers. The chorus singing was excellent. Santa Claus acted by Sieni Nori, of course was much enjoyed. Jack Standing took the part of poor little ragamuffin very well indeed, his torn shoes and patched coat being in marked contrast to his neat everyday appearance. Johnny Given and Cyril Marshall each had a part and Herbert's good voice could be heard above the others. Mrs. Campbell as director could not help being proud of the stage full of little folks Indian and white who followed her directions so nicely. Miss Moore was pianist for the occasion.

Good-bye, 1893!

Welcome, 1894!

We have a left-handed violinist.

Sibbald Smith, of North Carolina, is the last acquisition to the force of typos.

The societies on Friday night were visited by Col. Faison, Capt. Pratt and others.

Miss Richenda Pratt has gone back to boarding school after having a pleasant visit at home.

Miss Seabrook of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, was among the holiday visitors at the school.

Miss Lida Standing, who was home from Shippensburg Normal for the Holidays, returned this week to school.

When one of the engines gets the grip all we have to do is to send for Mr. Weber who gives a dose of medicine that cures every time.

Old Mr. Weather will have to hurry up if he keeps good the saying, "As the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen."

Capt. Pratt and Col. Faison, the United States Indian Inspector now with us, have gone on a little tour among the pupils on farms.

Prof. J. G. Cope, Professor of Natural Science at the Bloomsburg Normal School, and his daughter have been guests of Prof. Bakeless for a few days this week.

William Denomie, Benjamin Caswell and Robert Hamilton attended a meeting in St. Patrick's Hall, Philadelphia, last evening in the interest of Father Gauss' Church of Carlisle. They made addresses and sang.

The shop-man who reported, last Monday morning, a certain boy as absent dating his paper Jan. 1, 1893, was informed that he should have reported the fact sooner as it would be difficult to trace the whereabouts of a boy absent a year since.

Mr. J. B. Given, of Lehigh University, has returned to his studies. He is a member of the Lehigh Glee Club and participated in several concerts given by the club in Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and elsewhere, before returning.

A pupil of No. 11 hands in the following item: "Mr. Henry of Carlisle who has been faithfully teaching for a while has retired to another position in town. Miss Russell is teaching temporarily in No. 11 until another one fills the absent place."

It is not an easy task to wash the high windows of the gymnasium inside and out, but the boys are managing to get them clean. Mr. Thompson thoroughly believes that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," and he even dusts the highest beams up among the rafters. There is no one thing that tells so much upon the health of the school as the thorough and scientific drill which our pupils are now daily receiving under Mr. Thompson. Last week, out of a population of nearly 700 there was not one in the hospital, which is remarkable considering that grip is claiming victims everywhere, and that the country, east, west, north and south is full of sickness. A few pupils are suffering from colds this week, but gymnastics wisely administered soon kills a cold.

Washington's birthday will be the next holiday.

Why was Buck Redkettle's speech the other night like a genuine article? Because it was not an adult-oration.

The picture of cunning little Mike, about whom the Christmas Story was written the week before Christmas is much asked for. Five new names secures the photograph and the little story goes with it. Send a one-cent stamp to pay the postage.

The sociable committee—Misses Shaffner, Carter, McAdam, Botsford, Bowersox and Messers. Campbell, Thompson and Claudy spared no pains to give the school a most enjoyable evening on New Year's night. There was music of a high order, entertainments in the way of gymnastics, promenades, games and refreshments. What more?

At the regular school entertainment given last Thursday evening, the parts deserving special mention are: Dialogue—"Old Year and the New," by Thomas Flynn and Alex Upshaw, in costume; Howard Gansworth's recitation; "The Ruggleses" by Misses Lambert, Longpole, Napawat, and Archiquette; and the stirring music of the band.

The band played out the old year last Sunday night with a most superb rendering of "Gloria from the 12th Mass"—Mozart; "Safe in the arms of Jesus" and the Doxology. And as the bells were ringing in the new year it played for the first time two pieces: Overture Zampa"—Herold; and Heroic March"—Fullerton. The fire branded baton of the drum-major showed off well. It was a very taxing and unique concert at that midnight hour.

The Standards have challenged the S. L. L's for a public debate. The challenge has been accepted but date not determined upon. The subject suggested by the male persuasion was that the mental capabilities of the sexes are not equal, but it was rejected by the young ladies on the ground that said question has been long settled and decided by the best minds in the world that there is no difference in the mental capabilities of the sexes, and they concluded that time could be more profitably spent. A good worthy subject no doubt will be proposed in due season.

Miss Phebe Howell spent the holidays at her Carlisle home, where she is always welcome. Phebe is now putting into practice the skill gained from having gone through two training-schools of nursing at Philadelphia and she is earning professional wages as well as a professional reputation. The writer remembers Phebe years ago as a child at the Pawnee agency then in Nebraska, and she also remembers how hard it was to persuade her aged father, Comanche Chief of the Pawnees, a few years later, to let her come to Carlisle, but now that she has become the skillful nurse the gentle maiden of honor and usefulness among her white brothers and sister, thereby helping her people at home more than if she were among them, the writer can but be thankful that she was the instrument employed in rescuing this brave child from narrowing, degrading conditions of an Indian tepee life and placing her out in the broad, free, open way of getting up into the sphere of usefulness she now so ably occupies.

(Continued from the First Page.)

afraid my good friends! I will take no one with me who is not perfectly willing to go and whose parents are not perfectly willing for them to go.

"Come here little girl," she continued, extending her hand to the little one still crouching behind her mother, but who seemed not altogether afraid.

The child not moving, the teacher arose and pressing a bright silver dollar into the mother's hand, said:

"This is not to buy your child, but it is to buy something for the dear old grandmother there and for your little daughters.

I must go now. In three sleeps more I start for the sunrise."

And then stooping to pick up the pictures and other things to return them to the trunk, asked the interpreter to carry the trunk to the wagon.

"Thunderbull is going to send his daughter with me," said the teacher.

"Id ee doo!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "Who else?"

"White Elk has promised to send his two daughters."

"Ee! Oo!" piped May's little voice, while her sister said, "I want to go too, then."

"I have 25 girls and 17 boys promised."

"Ke!" said the father. "I did not think you would get so many children here, because our people seem afraid to send their children away to school."

"No, no," said the teacher. "You Indians are a brave people, and when you see that something is good for your children, THAT you will do."

"You speak well," said the father.

"Your little girls are very bright. They have good heads. They have good eyes. They can learn fast, I am certain, but if you keep them here in this little Indian village until they grow up, they will not learn anything of the white man's road, and will suffer, I fear."

"True," said the mother, half sorrowfully as she placed her hand timidly into that of the teacher to thank her for the money received.

Then looking steadily into the mother's face, the teacher continued:

"You and I are sisters, are we not?"

The same Great Spirit made us both, but I was born in a different place from you, that is all.

You look at me and you call me white woman.

The color of the skin is nothing. It is what we GET INTO OUR HEADS that counts.

My father and mother were kind to me when I was a child and sent me to school and by that means I got into my head some useful knowledge that helps me every day and gives me power.

I have seen many parts of the world, and many kinds of people.

But you?

You have stayed here in this one little place, you know only this one people, the Indians."

"I want my daughters to be good women, strong women and to know as much as you do, but we love them, and it is hard to let them go away off for five years," said the mother.

"Then they cannot learn these things."

"We have schools, here on the reservation." "Very good," said the teacher. "The teachers in your reservation school are good and kind and try to help your children all they can, but they tell me it is very hard work. The clouds around here are so dark and heavy, sometimes they cannot see the way. They mean the clouds of Indian ways. The Indian dances and you know how some of your people do everything to keep their children away from school.

It is not the same at a school away from the Indians. There are no clouds, the white man's knowledge and experience pours into them from all sides and the child learns quickly and gets strength from the strong light.

If you love your little girls you will be kind to them as my father and mother were kind to me. You will be glad to give them this VERY BEST THING IN THE WORLD—a good education, in the VERY BEST PLACE you can find away from home.

But I shall not ask you to let me take your daughters with me. I go in three sleeps. And if they go, they go, and I will take good care of them. YOU shall govern. Good bye."

(To be continued.)

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 2, 3, 5 is a female animal found on most farms.

My 3, 6, 4 is a passage.

My 7, 6, 4 comes from a star.

My 4, 2, 3 is a kind of tree,

My 1, 2, 6, 7 is not far away.

My whole has just begun.

F. W., Harrisburg.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Skating.

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, 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 Piegian 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, '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 6½x8½ 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 13½x16 group photo of 8 Piegian chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest price premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir-size for 7 subscription, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

without accompanying extra for postage, premium will not sent.