

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1894.—

NO. 40

A GENTLEMAN.

I KNEW him for a gentleman,
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough, and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his teacher on the street,
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manners tell the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

REMINISCENCES OF LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS LONG AGO.

Dr. V. M. Metcalfe of Hopkinsville, Ky., one of the editors of the *Youth's Advocate*, a Sunday School paper of very large circulation, while glancing over his exchanges not long since came across the INDIAN HELPER, "which," he says, "although small carried me back nearly sixty years among the Indians."

He hastily "scratched down his thoughts," to use his own expression, "and here is what I remember:

I have all my life, loved the Indians.

Among the most pleasing remembrances of childhood, are my playmates—many of whom were little Cherokee Indian boys and girls.

My father moved from Kentucky to East Tennessee in 1825 and settled in Hiwassee Valley among the Cherokee Indians.

These Indians were very friendly; many of

them had intermarried some of the best white families in the country.

I remember well the names of the Rosses, Donleys, and Smiths.

My father owned a cotton factory, saw mill, carding machine and grist mill, besides a small store.

I have seen hundreds of Indians sit with their red blankets drawn closely around them of a warm summer day, watching the mills—strange things to them—while waiting to have their corn ground.

Their little children and their dogs would often attend them, and I became very fond of playing with them.

Of course, the boys and girls were not dressed like our people, yet I learned to love them because they brought me bows and arrows, nuts and pretty skins of wild animals.

At last the time came for them to be taken to their reservation in the far off west.

My oldest brother, Thomas Metcalfe and his father-in-law, Gen. John Smith, were appointed as Government Agents to conduct them to their future home.

They did not wish to leave their beautiful Hiwassee.

I remember many touching scenes that transpired while they were being forced away from their beautiful hunting ground.

One old man lived near us who had a large family; he came to my father almost daily to get him to intercede with the *great father* at Washington to let him stay; but he told him he was powerless and could do nothing for them.

The day came for them to move.

It was a sad day for us all.

My father and mother were always kind to the Indians and had won their hearts.

They did not want to move away from such kind neighbors, but they had to go, as the Government had so determined.

As the long train of wagons was passing

(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.

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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.

Hon. Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior and his wife visited not long since various reservations in the west.

In an interview with a correspondent of the Richmond *Despatch*, Mrs Smith shows considerable shrewdness in seeing at a glance the main difficulty in the way of trying to educate Indian children in schools at home.

The writer has had years of experience both the day-school on the reservation and in the reservation boarding school, besides several years at Carlisle and feels quite able to vouch for the correctness of Mrs. Smith's statement when she says:

"It seems to me it is returning to their parents to spend vacation which counteracts the effects of education in schools."

And then she goes on to remark:

"I was told by some of the teachers that the parents will come and beg for their children to return to spend a while with them. They beg so hard that it seems impossible to refuse, and the moment the children are back in the teepees they put off their civilized garb and take up their old ways. When they return to the school much work has to be done all over again with them. This makes education slow work."

Hon. W. S. Holman, Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and a few others in the same great body of representative men are going to civilize the Indians by keeping them out of civilization; break up the tribes by compacting them; make them citizens by keeping them away from citizens; get them into the United States by keeping them out; make them industrious by keeping them in idleness; teach them the English language by keeping them away from it, and do other equally miraculous things for and with them.

What is the real solution of the Indian question? If it is not in leading the Indian out into the nation and incorporating him, INDIVIDUALLY, as a part of its civilization and industries, then there is NO solution.

A writer in the *El Reno Weekly Globe* says that the graduates of Carlisle in comparison

with those of a Western school seem to have a smattering knowledge of military tactics only, while those from the western school have a "more practical idea of affairs, enabling them to cope with the whites with firmness and stability." Please loan the Man-on-the-band-stand a fan, or set back his ears so he may give a good generous smile.

We are informed by letter from Wm. Lone-wolf of the death of Miss Annie B. Ivins, of Bucks Co. In his own words, he says: "As I sit and think over our lost friend it brings tears to my eyes. I remember my beautiful winter home last winter at Mr. Ivins. Every evening Miss Annie would come down and help me out with some of my lessons, and whenever I saw her anywhere, she was always doing something for the Indians. She was a good friend to all the Indians and did many things for them. Now she has left us."

Some of the pupils who have gone to their homes within a week or two have already been heard from. Frank Harrington writes that he ought not to have left Carlisle, and that he met Cora Poor Bear who expresses the same thing. A party who went to the North West would have turned round and come immediately back, writes a friend, had they possessed tickets. Carlisle stands ready for all who are in earnest in their wish to get a good practical education, with a trade thrown in.

Since last week's paper was issued the following pupils have gone to their homes in the West: Jemima John, Elsie Cornelius, Cora Cornelius, Carrie Cornelius, Dolly Wheelock, Marv L. Thompson, Julia Edwards, David Hodgson, Jos. Martinez, John Morrison, Wm. W. Bear, Ota C. Eagle, John Uyya, Hugh Sowicea, Clement Soldier, Daisy Esau, Jessie Bitter, Sallie Face, Emma B. Bonnet, Alice McIntosh, Martha Van Wert, Hannah Long Wolf, Isaac Metoxen and Isaac Davis.

The Commencement exercises of the Class of '94, of the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, took place on the 27th. There were nine members of the class and the programme was quite elaborate, consisting of orations, music by the band and singing, besides the customary invocations and presentation of diplomas. Dr. Hailman, Superintendent of Indian Schools, was in attendance.

Blanche Melbourne who is in a country home near West Chester says thus cheerfully, "You will wonder how we get our work done these hot roasting days. I'll tell you, the hotter it is the faster we work so as to get through with our work. There are twins in the family and the nurse reads the HELPER every Saturday to them and she likes it very much."

The first Graduating exercises of the Chilocco Indian School occurred yesterday, according to some very handsomely gotten up invitations that have been received. Judging from the showing, made by the Chilocco School at the World's Fair we have reason to believe the occasion was a success. This first class contains fifteen members.

Pavements are melting in Philadelphia.

Ice-water!
Young birds!
Business slow!
Water-melons!
Sun umbrellas!
Poor city-children!
Bubbling thermometers.
Baggage by the wagon load.
No more small-pox in town.
Make hay when the sun shines!
Summer trips are the order of the day.
High School Commencement in town this week.

Got your nerves ready for the Fourth of July fire-cracker?

Walter LeRoy Kennedy says he has a nice place in the country.

Mr. J. B. Given, of Lehigh University is home for the summer.

It is good to see Luther Dahab around on his feet again looking much better.

Mr. F. B. McNeal, dairy and food commissioner of Ohio was one of the visitors of the week.

Several of the home party left subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER. John Lowry also bought a copy of Stiya.

Dr Bender and Squire Hoffer of town enjoy coming out occasionally for a stiff game of croquet with our experts.

Letters from Misses Fisher and Merritt, say they expect to attend the Indian School Institute to be held at Sante Fé.

Prof. Bakeless leaves to-day to attend the Indian Institute held at Chilocco I. T., and the Chicago Summer School, for a few weeks.

Miss Shaffner has started on her round among the girls in country homes. It will take her several weeks to make the entire tour.

Messrs. Delos Lone Wolf and Elmer Simon have gone to Northfield to attend the Moody School, as delegates from the Carlisle School Y. M. C. A.

Miss Rosa Bourassa has gone to spend a few days with Mrs. Bennett, formerly of the school farm. She will then go to Martha's Vineyard to attend summer school.

There are plenty of vine yards near at hand, but Martha's is the only one that has a summer school in it.

Brigman Cornelius, another typo, has gone to a country home. Brigman is one of the kind who will show his true worth wherever he finds something at which to turn a hand.

Miss Bettie Wind, just graduated from the Methodist Hospital, Phila., as a trained nurse, is spending a week or two at her Carlisle School home. She is now on the list of Professional Nurses.

Miss Hamilton left for the west on Wednesday, to attend the Indian Institute, held at Chilocco, I. T. She will visit some of the Indians of the South-west, before returning. The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency is old stamping ground for Miss Hamilton, she having taught there for several years previous to her coming to Carlisle.

Green apples!
Next, pain-killer.
Welcome, raspberries.
Good-bye, strawberries!
Screeching wheelbarrows!

Mrs. Kenster is in Philadelphia undergoing a serious operation. She has passed through the trying ordeal bravely, and when last heard from was doing as well as could be expected.

From a lot of samples sent out last week subscriptions are beginning to come in. Thanks to Ellis Wagner, a little boy of 8 years for a nice list, for which he secured a premium.

Miss Moore is full of gratitude for the token of appreciation of her piano playing shown by the choir in the presentation to her by that band of happy singers, of a beautiful turquoise ring.

Our band furnished part of the music for the St. John's Commandery of Knights Templar on their Pilgrimage to York, yesterday, to take part in the installation ceremonies of the Commandery at that place. Mr. Claudy is a Sir Knight and accompanied the party.

Miss Nellie Robertson, who has been at her home in Dakota for some months, has returned and will assist with the work at the Hospital until the Fall term of the Normal School at West Chester opens. Nellie is working for a diploma from that notable school.

The name of Mr. Ralph Kisner was inadvertently omitted from the list of visitors from Millville, last week. The enthusiastic young typo in setting Miss Kisner's name may have been struck with the thought of how odd it would seem to have an "h" in the name where "n" appears, and very naturally in his confusion of ideas jumped over the brother's cognomen.

Miss Luckenbach has returned from Lititz where she attended the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Linden Hall, having taught in that institution for the five years previous to her coming to Carlisle. Governor Pattison addressed the graduates of '94, and Attorney-General W. N. Hensel, delivered the Centennial Oration. Historical tableaux were a unique and interesting feature of the celebration.

Misses Alice Lambert and Susie McDougall two of our printer girls think they have found very nice homes in the country. The former claims she is as "Green as a gourd on a farm." "I have not undertaken to enter the cow-yard yet for the cows get frightened half to death. Alice thinks of the printers when she is in the straw-berry patch which place is the delight of her heart. She can cook potatoes and meat and means to know all about family cooking before she comes back to the case in the Fall. She has promised to bake a cake for the printers, the coming of which they are looking forward to with anxious expectancy. Miss Susie's home is only six miles from the city and the trolley cars run out to that point. She is also having an opportunity to learn the art of cooking, and wonders if Alice has learned to cook water without burning. The change of work will do the girls good and the Man-on-the-band-stand is glad they are taking such a hearty interest in learning the womanly arts.

(Continued from the First Page.)

our home I shall never forget the cursing of some and the weeping of others.

As the old man and family already mentioned were passing, they stopped, and my mother filled their sacks with cakes and good things to eat on their long journey.

The old man bowed himself to the ground and wept like a child, while the women and children all cried and begged to stay near us.

Myself and little brother went with them as far as the big hill that overlooked the valley.

Here they had a big cry again as they took the last look at their beautiful valley.

My little heart was almost broken to part with these friends, and to see them so much troubled by being taken against their will, from such homes among the mountains and valleys of their own Hiwassee.

I would be glad to tell the Indian boys and girls more about their ancestors who lived in East Tennessee where I was born, but this is enough at present.

Several years ago I spent a very pleasant day at Carlisle at the school, and hope again to meet Capt. Pratt and the school.

I am always glad to notice the progress the school is making in educating the Indians for useful lives.

For twenty five years I have been working for the children, they all know me as 'Uncle Minor,' and as long as I live and can write or speak, I expect to work for the children. May God bless Capt. Pratt and all the Indian boys and girls."

THE WAY THE NOBLE QUALITIES OF THE INDIAN ARE CULTIVATED IN SOME PARTS OF THE WEST.

The Indians will be here on the Fourth and will give their war dance in the afternoon. They want something for dancing, but have decided to take up collection from the crowd. This is a good scheme, for there will be hundreds of people here who will give something in order to see the Indians dance. —[*Watonga Republican*.]

Angel DeCora, a Winnebago Indian girl, won the prize of \$25 over all the twenty-six undergraduate students in the art school (of Smith College) this year. Her home is in Winnebago, Nebraska. This was made known at the year's view of work done by the art students, which came Monday (June 18), four to six.—[*Hampshire Gazette*, Northampton, Mass.]

Angel is a member of the Class of '91. We Hamptonians are proud of her.—[*Talks and Thoughts*.]

HE OBEYED THE ORDER.

The order was to take the Herdic to the Second Church. When the people who were going to church were ready, they stepped out to wait for the Herdic, and saw it going out at the entrance gate. The Indian driver, who believes in carrying out orders to the letter, went to the church, waited a reasonable length of time and then came back to the school. Nothing had been said about people going in, the driver had carried out the orders and nobody cared to complain.

THE INDIAN HELPER, a small quarto sheet published by the pupils of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, has lately come to our desk. It is a neat newsy paper and shows what progress the Indian boys are making. Several bright young Nez Perces are at school at Carlisle, and to one of them the *Teller* is indebted for the HELPER —[*The Lewistown Teller*.]

A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of.

Enigma.

I am made of 19 letters.

My 5, 17, 8, 19, 10 is unbecoming to any one's countenance.

My 14, 18, 8, 16 is what we have with us always.

My 13, 15, 12 is the way we feel when a friend dies.

My 6, 11, 9 is what sometimes spoils our croquet fun in the evening.

My 2, 3, 7, 11 is an animal hunted for by sportsmen with fast dogs.

My 4, 1 is a syllable in music.

My whole is something that Mrs. Bakeless was very sorry for last Tuesday afternoon.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Grind-organ.

SPECIAL

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

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