


THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X

—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1894.—

NO. 3.

 E welcome you, ruddy October,
We joyfully greet you again,
Your sweet-smelling vineyards and
orchards,
And all that you bring in your train.

The branches so heavily laden,
The corn snugly stacked on the hill,
The apples and grain still awaiting
Their journey to market and mill.

The barn and the cellar have garnered
Their stores for the cold winter's need,
The trophies which sunshine and shower
Have ripened from tiniest seed.

Oh, full are the hands of October;
Dear, bright, merry month of the Fall,
You cheerily gather your treasures,
And graciously give them to all.

THE OMAHAS AND WINNEBAGOES

**An Interview With a Recent Visitor to the
Omaha Country.**

(Continued from last week.)

"Do the Omahas and Winnebagoes dress in citizens' clothes?" was the next question of the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"I did not see any men in full Indian dress. I was told that they generally dress in citizens' clothes except on dance occasions, but I noticed that the women dress and look very much as they did twenty years ago, except perhaps instead of wrapping a piece of cloth around the hips and limbs for a skirt and turning it in at the top as the only means of holding it on, they now have the skirt made with a band, and instead of taking a straight piece of calico, folding it and cutting a place in the top for the head they make a regular straight sack, bind the neck and fit in sleeves.

"Do you mean to say that you knew the Omahas and Winnebagoes, twenty years ago?"

"I used often to see them on the plains of Nebraska, in those days," replied the traveller, "and I visited the reservation in 1878.

Most of the men then wore blankets and very few did any kind of work for a livelihood."

"Then they have made marked advance in twenty years."

"Yes, in some ways. I never, on any reservation heard as many Indians speaking English to each other as I did during this last visit. It is true, the talking was mainly among the young men and women, and most of *them* were returned pupils from remote schools, but I have repeatedly visited other reservations and noticed that the young people who had learned to speak English in the home schools did not have the courage to use the English they had learned. In English speaking as well as in some other particulars the Omahas and Winnebagoes have made great advancement, but in whiskey drinking they are far worse than in the days gone by.

I was told by Mrs. Picotte, an Indian and teacher in the Omaha school, a graduate of Hampton, and a person of refinement and culture, that it is now considered dangerous for a lady to travel alone on horse back or by buggy on the reservation. It has been but a few years since she and her sister, Dr. LaFlesche, considered it perfectly safe to go alone on any part of the reservation either day or night, and the uneducated Indians would protect them rather than molest them, but whiskey and the influences of a bad set of white people who have settled among them make it dangerous to thus travel. The real Indian dignity, respect and manliness are fast giving place to low, corrupt and unnatural propensities called the Indian of to-day.

"So I have heard before," said the M. O. T. B. S. sadly. "The Indian of by-gone days was a person who possessed dignity of character which commanded respect, even though he was ignorant and called a savage."

"Just so," said the traveller.

"Do the Omahas and Winnebagoes live in houses?"

(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, out EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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The Fifteenth Anniversary of the very beginning of the Carlisle School by the arrival of a large party of Sioux Indian boys and girls from Dakota, on the 6th. of October 1879, was appropriately celebrated last Saturday night by addresses and band music. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, Miss Cutter, Miss Hamilton, Miss Burgess, Miss Nellie Robertson, Mr. Chauncey Yellowrobe, and Mr. Herbert Littlehawk, were the speakers of the evening. Reminiscences were indulged in and comparisons of the times then with now called forth many hearty smiles from the listening audience, while the evidence of the remarkable growth of the school as presented by several of the speakers caused the hearts of all to fill with gratitude. Miss Julia Long read and read well, Miss Perit's beautiful poem composed for the occasion of the first anniversary, fourteen years ago.

Miss Allie Mullin, who went to her new home in Washington State a few weeks since, her people having moved there from the Osage Agency, speaks by recent letter of the pleasant journey out, and the thrilling scenery witnessed in the Rocky Mountains. She saw some Indians at various places, and once two or three riding on one pony, but in Allie's characteristic way of telling it she says, "That's nothing for Indians. Sometimes they get on a horse by the dozen until the last one falls off of the horse's tail." She hopes that the new climate will agree with her, and her many friends at Carlisle share the same hope.

Perhaps our most venerable subscriber is "Aunt Polly" Kilburn, of Massachusetts. "Aunt Polly" is a term of endearment used by her friends, and she loves to hear it no doubt. She is 97 years old but is still bright in mind and remarkably active in body for one of her age, she having recently attended a church fair, in which was some of her silk pieced work with feather stitching, on display. We speak of it to show how that by leading the right kind of lives when young we shall have a vigorous, happy and useful age.

Hugh Sowcea, is attending Normal School at Sante Fe, New Mexico.

One of the boys who went home this summer complains that he does not receive the *Red Man* in the following unique way: "I buy a red man, I send \$.50 in printed Office for June '94, never come to me, I would like to know what is the matter anyhow"

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society held one of its most interesting meetings last Friday night. The young ladies are wide awake and take an active interest. The reporter's notes by Miss Edith Smith and an essay on the County Fair by Miss Jessie Spreadhands were specially bright. The time for debate was given over to remarks from Capt. and Mrs. Pratt who spoke by invitation upon the early days of the school, as it was the anniversary of the arrival of the first party of students, at Carlisle.

It will be of interest to the many friends of Mr. Edward McFadden, who while attending Amherst College, spent several of his vacations at this school on duty as assistant in Capt. Pratt's office, to learn, that after two years of hard study since graduating at Amherst, he has passed the Bar examinations in Columbus, Ohio, being sworn in by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. McFadden intends to settle in Columbus. We hope that Mr. McFadden's Indian friends at this school will note that he didn't beg to "go home," before he had half finished his course and also note, he is not settling at home. Whenever we hear the cry that the Carlisle ways are cruel, because it takes the young Indians from their homes to educate them let us to use a Bible expression "spue it out of our mouths."

Our football team played its first match game of the season on Saturday afternoon, at Harrisburg defeating the High School eleven of that city by a score of 14 to 0 in twenty minute halves. In the first half, the Indians with the wind against them made two touch downs on rushes through the line, but were unable to kick the goals. In the second half, only one touch down was secured, Metoxen making a beautiful run through the tackle from near the center of the field, NOT on a fumble by the High School boys, as the daily papers had it. Pierce kicked the goal. At the end of each half, the ball was in possession of the Indians near their opponent's goal line. The special features of our boys' playing were the strong work of the line men and the line bucking of Caswell and Metoxen. They were weak, however, on end plays and fumbled considerably or the score would have been larger. The Harrisburgers were rather light and made all their gains around the end, but never put our goal in danger. They did considerable holding, which the umpire was unable to see. Very little kicking was indulged in. Our team was made up as follows: Lone Wolf, c; Pierce, rg; Wheelock, lg; Irwin, rt; Buck, lt; Warner, re; Austin, le; Shelato, qb; Caswell, rh; Thunder, lb; Metoxen, fb. Referee, Harry Jennings, Umpire, Mercer Tate, Linesman, Vance McCormick. Capt. Pratt, Miss Nana and Mr. Mason D. Pratt witnessed the game.

The rain of Tuesday night was no light shower.

Tommy Flynn has entered the printing-office.

Mrs. Campbell does not like the Dakota winds.

Teachers' breakfast at seven is the new order and works well.

Not all of the new boys have learned to tip the hat on passing a gentleman or lady.

Miss Shaffner is at Miss Ely's desk temporarily, doing the correspondence with the pupils on farms.

Mrs. J. K. E. Coyle, one of the HELPER's long time friends of Philadelphia is visiting friends in Carlisle.

Masters Walter Wolf of Lebanon, and Louie Parker of Carlisle were among the interested little visitors of the week.

Misses Elizabeth Wind and Julia Long were invited guests of Misses Bowersox and Bourassa, for Sunday dinner at teachers' club.

Miss Jennie Martin accompanied on the piano by Miss Mabel Buck favored the school with a pretty violin selection, at the opening exercises on Wednesday.

A five-o'clock sponge bath and a run to the near farm for a drink of milk is what some of our boys headed by Mr. Thompson are treating themselves to these mornings for "building up" purposes.

Mr. Beaver, son of ex-Governor Beaver, and the State College Sec'y. of the Y. M. C. A. visited the school last Sunday and met with the boys of our organization. His talk before them was most impressive and helpful.

Miss Julia Long has been elected President, Miss Melissa Green, Secretary and Miss Julia Jonas, Treasurer, of the Sunshine Scatterers, —the King's Daughters' circle of which Miss Bowersox is the leader, since Miss Bender left us.

Mr. Dennison Wheelock led the Sunday evening service and varied the programme somewhat by having more of a song service than usual. The choir, boys and girls each took various parts alone, making the hymns impressive and pretty.

A very pleasant programme was carried out last Thursday evening at the first monthly school exhibition for the year. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," rendered by the choir was specially deserving of commendation. It was simply beautiful.

Capt. Pratt and daughter, Miss Nana are attending the Indian Conference at Lake Mohonk, N. Y. Some of the leading minds of our country are invited there each year to discuss the ways and means of advancing the Indian to a position where he may best help himself. Mr. Albert K. Smiley, a Friend, and for many years a staunch friend of the Indians is the honored host. His large and popular mountain resort is located at an entrancing spot in the mountains above the clouds, and there many of the best plans to assist the Indian have originated. The Conferences at Lake Mohonk have done more for the advancement and civilization of the Indians than the Indians themselves will ever know.

The school went in town for an hour on Friday morning last to see the Forepaugh street parade, and most of us were repaid for going. As fine a lot of elephants as was ever on parade went marching by, and some of our little folks had never before seen an elephant.

The following are the newly elected officers of the Standard Debating Society: President, Lewis Williams; Vice President, William H. Moore; Recording Secretary, Harry Hutchinson; Correspond'g Secretary, Leander Gansworth; Treasurer, Edward Spott; Reporter, Pennington Powell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Geo. Connor.

Mr. H. H. Campbell, Superintendent of the Steel Works at Steelton, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Bassler Boyer, of Lebanon, Mr. and Mrs. Earle, Mr. and Mrs. Carney and mother Mrs. Sarah Carney, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason D. Pratt, of Steelton visited the school yesterday, and were much interested in the school and shop-work.

Madame Rumor says that the Standard and Invincible Debating Clubs are having dull and sleepy meetings these nights and that a very few are in attendance. Too bad! The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like SPURTS. He likes to see a steady activity with a purpose back of it. There is no better kind of organization in the world for young men than a debating club, to develop power of thought and expression, and some of the best minds that have been turned out from this school have been the most active in our debating societies. Boom them! Rush them, as the best means to improve, out side of the school-room, and keep up the boom! A spurt, an entertainment and then a "fall-flat" shows weakness.

Later: Prof. Bakeless after reading the advance proof of above says "I can vouch for the Standards having a most excellent meeting last Friday night as I was there." So Madame Rumor is wrong, again. Good!

Mr. Ben Marshall, a prominent merchant of Clarksville is in the City.—[*Muscogee Phoenix*].

Ben is one of our old boys.

Dr. Montezuma, who is at present in Wisconsin looking up pupils for Carlisle, writes facetiously, "Injun hunt Injun is no funny work." He says he thinks he is missing all the water-melon parties but is giving us all of the parties—Chippewa parties.

Its gradually being circulated and substantiated that the Omahas will receive another large payment this fall. Probably about \$25,000.—*Decatur News*.

Get ready, white sharper, most of it will go into your pocket if you are sharp enough, and if the Indian will not learn to use his money economically he deserves to lose it.

Thomas Blackbear, class '94, has been appointed teacher at the Porcupine District, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. William White Bear is still working at the Agency office and declares that he intends to try to do his best.

Oscar Warden and Ota Chief Eagle have gone from Pine Ridge to the Flandrau School to find work, and Andrew Beard is going to the Sisseton School for the same purpose, so writes William White Bear.

(Continued from the first page.)

"They have houses, but most of the older ones prefer to live in tents. I saw many good houses abandoned. The women cling to the old ways of cooking. Not the old, *old* ways of buffalo days and the days when they knew not how to use flour and baking powder, but the camp women like to bake in dutch ovens and work while sitting on the ground. They seem to prefer it to the comforts of a table and a kitchen. We came upon a number of camps where the women were seated around the fire in primitive style."

"Cooking?"

"Yes, indeed. The pans, pots and other utensils used in cooking all seem to be within reach. For instance, I saw one woman cleaning out an iron pot or dutch-oven with some grass which she had gathered at her arms length, then she put in the same pot some white dough she had been kneading in a pan in front of her; then with a stick, she reached over and stirred the fire and with another stick gave a pot of boiling meat a stir; after that she turned round and seized a coffee-mill back of her and from a rag obtained from no one knows where she took out two or three handfuls of burnt coffee, put it in the hopper, ground it, and put it in the coffee pot, which was only a little to one side. Just within reach was a bucket of water, and with a pan she dipped some and poured it in the coffee pot, and set it on the fire."

"All that without getting up?" asked the M. O. T. B. S. in astonishment.

"All of it. It seemed a hard cramped up way of doing such work, but I suppose it is the easiest way for an Indian woman."

"I would rather have my things elevated on tables or boxes," said the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"So should I," replied the traveller. "Why, it would break my back, and cramp my limbs so I could not walk, to work in that way. I also observed in another place a woman washing clothes. Her tub was flat on the ground. She stood facing us but we saw only the back of her head, it being plunged so low in the tub, and her long hair having fallen over her face while she was rubbing the clothes in the most awkward and uncomfortable manner possible. Instead of putting the tub on a box or a log as we would have done she preferred to stoop; indeed the tub was on ground a little lower than that on which she stood.

We stopped and I asked her if she wished to send any of her children away to school, noticing several around her.

She was a very large woman, and straightening up she looked at us searchingly but said nothing; then resting with her hands on the edge of the tub and with head down so that we could again only see the top of it, she talked very rapidly, saying:

"No, she had seen enough of schools. School was no good, and all the children that went away to schools died and she did not want to send any."

We drove on, making no comment, but the picture of the broad back of that woman as she stood like a great seal leaning over a wash tub, will ever linger in my memory as one of the striking scenes of my visit."

(To be Continued.)

Albert Bishop of the Cattaraugus Reservation has been appointed to the position of a teacher in the government school at Fort Shaw, Mont., by the Interior Department. Albert spent two years at the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., and graduated from that institution. He then entered the State Normal School at Fredonia, N. Y., and remained in that school two years. He started for his field of labor in Montana, Sept. 26th. —[*Cattaraugus Republican*.]

Col. James D. Graham, who spent forty years in Government service on the frontier, is said to have declared to a friend that he never had known of any Indian outbreak or outrage that was not caused directly or indirectly by wrongs perpetrated upon them by white men —[*Moqui Mission Messenger*.]

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 7, 1, 5 is what coal is hauled in on the railroad.

My 2, 4, 5 is a worthless dog.

My 8, 4, 3, 7, 6 is the name of a very nice soap used much in California, the name of which comes from a Mexican plant which furnishes the principal ingredient of the soap.

My whole is the chief thing we must learn if we would succeed in business.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The fall of walnuts.

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