

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1894.—

NO. 4.

A LAS!—faint hearts, ye are longing ever
On the lofty mountain tops to stand,
Instead of making a brave endeavor
To climb the hills, that are close at hand.

If we brighten one life, that had else been dreary,

If we help one soul to be strong and true;
Our hearts may sing, tho' our feet be weary
We are doing the work that is ours to do.

THE OMAHAS AND WINNEBAGOES.

An Interview With a Recent Visitor to the Omaha Country.

(Continued from last week.)

"I do not wish to prolong this interview until our readers and yourself are tired, but if you will bear with a few more questions, I will then cease my inquiries," said the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"I shall be glad to give you all the information I can in the line you ask," replied the traveler, "feeling sure you will ask only what thousands of the readers of your little paper would like also to know about."

"That's the idea," said the aged gentleman. "I keep my readers in mind all the time. What kind of ROADS did you find on the Omaha and Winnebago reservations?"

"The best natural roads in the world."

"But full of rocks?"

"No rocks. I was told that there are stones and rocks on some portions of the reservation, but you can ride for days on those divides and never see a stone."

"Is there *anything* peculiar about the roads?"

"Yes, there is so much travel with double teams and so little with single horses and buggies, that the wheels have worn deep tracks and the grass grown centers of the roads, almost touch the body of the carriage as we roll along, in some places."

"Dust?" hinted the M. O. T. B. S. in the form of a question.

"In dry seasons the dust is something beyond description."

"What have been the weather conditions there this season?"

"There has not been such a wide-spread and destructive drought in that section for years as has prevailed there this year. Crops are destroyed, wells have dried up, streams have been eaten up by the sun's rays or swallowed up by the thirsty earth; vast acres of grass have been burned to death; while the dust—well, one day, we traveled with the wind, (of which there is always a plenty and some to spare in that country) and we literally chewed dust. To say that we were blinded, choked, and completely enveloped in Nebraska soil is mildly expressing the truth."

"Are the roads all on the divides?"

"By no means. In the course of a few hours' travel in any direction you will have numerous ravines to cross."

"Are the ravines bridged?"

"Some are and some are not. It is not uncommon for the carriage or the wagon in which a person rides to stand, seemingly to the occupants, perpendicularly on its fore-wheels, as it plunges down into a frightful looking depression of the ground.

There comes a shut-your-eyes, hold-your-breath pitch, a bound-off-your-seat thud and you are at the bottom, then a mild suggestion at the end of the whip for the Indian ponies to pull their level best to get you up the opposite pitch, and you are over what you do not look back upon with pleasure."

"Are the bridges good when you do come to them?"

"Good!" exclaimed the traveller, with that circumflex intonation which implies surprise mingled with sarcasm. "We came upon one bridge spanning a chasm I should say fifteen feet deep. As we drove down the pitch leading to it I observed that the main beam which should have supported one side of the

(Continued on the fourth page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

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—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,
BY INDIAN BOYS.

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

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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.

Malcolm Clarke, (class '93) is preparing for
Ann Arbor University. He is now in Mont-
tana.

We are pleased to see among the names of
those in attendance at Mohonk that of our
Nancy Cornelius, now of New Haven, Conn.

According to the average Carlisle inhabit-
ant Wednesday was a "stormy day," al-
though scarcely a cloud could be seen. In
most localities it storms when it rains or
snows, but according to Webster, the Car-
lislean is right, for that dictionary says:
"Storm is a violent commotion of the elements
by wind, but not necessarily implying the
fall of anything from the clouds." And we
certainly had the commotion on Wednesday.

The Red Man which will be out in a few
days will contain an extended account
of the Mohonk Conference with com-
ments; the Mohonk platform and the names
of all those in attendance; the proceedings
of the Institutes of Indian workers held at Fort
Shaw and St Paul; a strong talk by Major Kid
on the present situation in the Five Civilized
tribes, and the Fifteenth Annual Report of
the Carlisle Indian School besides other
good reading matter for those interested in
the Indian work.

The school foot-ball team played a tie game
with the Dickinson College eleven on Satur-
day afternoon, on the Athletic grounds of the
latter, each scoring 12 points. The game
opened with kick-off by Dickinson. The In-
dians secured the ball and by good rushing
scored the first touch-down in seven minutes,
from which Pierce kicked the goal. Another
touch-down was made and goal kicked by the
Indians in the first half. In the second
half, Dickinson carried the ball on small gains
through the line and off-side play of Indians

to the Indians' 5 yard line. Dickinson could
not make the necessary five yards in the next
3 downs, but the referee failed to give the ball
to the Indians. Dickinson then made the
touch-down and kicked the goal. Dickinson
made the second touch-down and goal on line-
bucking and off-side play of Indians. Our
boys put up a very aggressive game in the first
half, but were unable to keep it up. The team
was the same as in the first game, except that
McFarland took White Thunder's place at
half. Warner was slightly hurt near the close
of the game and Houk took his place. Mr.
West, Dickinson, was referee, Mr. Claudy,
Indian School, umpire and Prof. Stephens,
Dickinson, linesman.

The cane made by Simeon George, which
was on display at the recent county Fair, is
made of hickory and covered with unique and
original carvings. Begin at the knob, which
is the handle, and examine downward, if you
please, and you will first come to a chain of
several links, cut so that it hangs in the cen-
tre of an oblong; then there is "the old oaken
bucket that hung in the well" and the words
"Indian school" below it, in gothic letters;
then come figures of men and women and tur-
tles and birds, a man on horse-back and a
snake, making in all a wonderful conglomera-
tion of expert and painstaking workman-
ship.

From Miss Edith Smith's "Reporter's
Notes," read last Friday night in the Susan
Longstreth Literary Society, we glean the
following:

It has been asked by one of the girls if an
elephant can chew gum.—A new member
of the choir remarked that she did not know
which was the top of the sheet of music, but
she would scream along with the rest.—
When Capt. and Mrs. Pratt were on their way
to the station the other day Capt. found he
had forgotten his cane. Luckily he met one
of the boys and told him to run back and get
the cane that was standing at the back door.
The boy soon returned with a key which he
had taken from Mrs. Standing's back door.

If a man can afford to hire a workman to
work for him, what business is it of that work-
man how the man who hires him employs
HIMSELF. Suppose he should lie in bed all
day and fan himself, is it any of the work-
man's business? Then what silly twaddle it
is for an Indian boy on a farm to say, "My
boss, he do nothing. I do all the work." Do
YOU own the farm. Do you do the BRAIN
work of the place? How do you know he
does nothing? He may be at work while you
are asleep. Don't be a baby! It is a FAVOR
to HAVE a place to work, for board, wash-
ing and ten dollars a month these hard
times. Some of our boys are getting fifteen
and more, but they do every inch of a man's
work. All are paid according to WORTH, and
the man who hires must be the judge.

What is the only pain of which every one
makes light? A window-pane.

High winds!

Indian summer?

Beautiful foliage!

Moon-light nights!

Chestnutting parties.

Where is North Street?

Where is South Street?

Those beautiful maples!

How we do like grapes!

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have gone to house-keeping.

Mr. Claudy is again at his post of duty after a brief vacation.

Pin up on the door or wall your Schedule for Sunday School lessons!

What is the matter with Company E hats in the march out of chapel?

The band took part in the Shippensburg Industrial parade, yesterday.

Where are East, West, High, Pitt, Pomfret, Bedford, and Louther Streets?

Miss Luckenbach is spending a day or two in Bethlehem attending the wedding of her niece.

Jack Standing is doing case-work these days. He can set up as clean a stick as some who have been in the office much longer.

Dr. W. N. Hailman, Superintendent of Indian Schools, arrives just as we go to press. Dr. Hailman is always a welcome guest at Carlisle.

Miss Lida Standing was home from Shippensburg Normal to spend Sunday. She looks fine in her new gymnastic suit with divided skirt.

The new balcony around the rear of the teachers' quarters is a big improvement to appearances and makes the back of the building more like a front.

Met-the-oxen, as the papers call him, is not a bad name for Jonas Metoxen of foot-ball fame, for he would as soon meet an ox on the foot-ball ground as a man.

How many of us know the names of the principal streets of Carlisle, and how many of us who do not know are ashamed of living in a town the main streets of which we can not call by name?

Herbert Little Hawk in his anniversary speech the other evening said the "Carlisle school is like an eagle with wings to protect the young. It spreads its wings over the young to help them."

The way Messrs. Masten and Jordan keep their kitchen would be a lesson to many a house-wife. Inspection morning, pass from the dining-hall through the kitchen, if you wish to meet sights and odors most pleasing.

The accounts of the recent Mohonk Conference brought back by Capt. Pratt and Miss Nana are very pleasing and show great growth of thought along the most practical lines for fitting the Indian for useful life with us as citizens.

Gen. Schofield says that labor rioters are more dangerous than Indians.

The American Volunteer now comes out on Saturdays as well as mid-week, and its new dress is very taking.

Rev. Henry W. Kemp, Baptist minister of Baltimore, and son of our Mr. Kemp was married recently, to a popular lady of that city.

If sweaters are so expensive why wear them all the time? but keep them for the purpose for which they are intended. Besides, they are too warm to wear in the house, aren't they?

How is this for a business note required from one of our boys as a school exercise? "Mr. So-and-so: I would be very please if you send two quarts of chestnuts by this orderly, I will settle you some other time."

The 80 ft. smoke stack which extends from the steam plant through the printing office, more than rattled-around in the winds of Wednesday afternoon. The devil did not get frightened but some of the others did.

The Wayside Gleaners have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Miss Essie Cornelius; Vice-pres., Miss Julia Cobell; Secretary, Miss Nancy Seneca; Treas., Miss Nellie Kennedy. Miss Hench is the leader of this circle.

Thos. Jackson, of Alaska, has reported at the printing office for work. He will get as much knowledge of engineering as we can give with our little three horse power engine, and will take turns at the case and other departments of printing, between times.

There are several Friends now in the faculty of the school, and when the pupils who have lived in Friends' homes give such greetings as "How does thee do?" or "I bid thee good night," in passing a Friend on the walk, it is needless to say that the form of speech is duly appreciated.

On Tuesday evening the school was entertained by magic lantern views, and descriptions of Yellowstone Park so recently seen in the original by Capt. and Mrs. Pratt! Mrs. Pratt did most of the talking while Capt. managed the lantern, in the absence of those who usually do the lantern work. We have a first class lantern with calcium light.

One of the interesting places to visit is the dining-hall at Sunday morning inspection. As the party enters, each girl, dressed in white apron and cap stands at her table which is also dressed in white. The silver, the porcelain, the linen, the spotless floor, the order altogether makes a beautiful and impressive sight. Miss Miles has things down to a system most commendable in that department.

Miss Hill has had difficulty in getting her piano pupils to use the trip-hammer method of fingering, but some who started out with the weakest fingers are getting the professional motion nicely, proving that persistent effort in that as well as in all things will bring success. The Man-on-the-band-stand was greatly amused the other day when one of her little boys kindly sent a substitute to practice his lesson while he played ball.

(Continued from first page.)

bridge was broken in two and the structure hung only by the nails and spikes which were used in putting it together."

"And of course you could not cross it."

"We were obliged to cross it. We could not go around it, and to go back was out of the question."

I exclaimed:

"Levi! You are not going to drive onto that bridge, are you?"

After straining his neck first on one side and then on the other, while the collars of the harness were riding in close proximity to the ears of the patient ponies in their desperate attempt to hold back the brakeless carriage, Levi in that cool self-possession so much to be admired in the Indian, said:

"Oh, I guess we can go over."

"I prefer to walk," said I, climbing out in a manner not the most graceful.

As I passed over the bridge it trembled with my weight, and when Levi drove upon it I expected to see team, driver and all go to the bottom, but they did not. That bridge will remain in the condition we found it, no doubt, until some team does go down with it. We were among citizen Indians with lands not taxable, and with no revenue to draw from for the repair of roads and bridges."

(To be Continued.)

FROM AN INDIAN FATHER.

The following affectionate letter from an uneducated father to his two sons and daughter who were recently admitted to this school from a western agency is very expressive and more truly tells the real spirit of the Indian in regard to education than half of the trumped up stories that they are opposed to sending their children away to school. He says in a personal letter to the writer, who was present at the station when he bade his children a tearful good-bye:

"I beg you to help them, in all ways as I told them to learn all they can. It is hard for me, for I don't know myself how to read. They may think that father has sent them too far away, but tell them not to think so. Tell them not to take anything that does not belong to them. I feel little anxious for them not to do it, I did not send them for anything else but for them to learn all they can."

Why is a washerwoman a very unreasonable person? Because she puts her tubs out to catch *soft* water when it rains *hard*.

When is a man duplicated? When he's beside himself.

The Omahas.

Mr. A. J. Standing, assistant Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., is here at present.

Hon. Browning, commissioner of Indian affairs is expected here this week.

—[*Decatur, Nebr., News.*]

J. D. Gaulette has been with us a few days from Santa Fé, New Mexico, securing a few of the best specimens of our Indian boys for the training school at Santa Fé. He is a Sioux himself and has been well taken care of. —[*Pawnee Republican.*]

The Indian trade in town this week has been immense considering their circumstances. Where do they get their money? —[*Homer Independent.*]

The man who went to the seashore for "rest and change," says the waiters got most of his change and the land lord got the rest.

Why is a pig the most provident of animals? Because he always carries a spare rib or two about with him.

What can pass before the sun without making a shadow? The wind.

When do two and two make more than four? When they make 22.

When is a pig the heaviest? When he is led.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters:

My 5, 3, 2, 4 is what a small boy likes to wear on his foot.

My 1, 6, 8, 7 is what the leaves do now.

My whole is what some young men study more than they do their lessons.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Accuracy.

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