

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894.—

NO. 6.

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

WONDER if oak, and maple,
Willow, and elm, and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the time when their leaves must
fall!

Do they know of the yellow whirlwind,
Or dream of the crimson spray
That must be, when chill November
Bears all their leaves away?

Perhaps, besides the water,
The willow bends serene
As when her young leaves glistened
In a mist of mellow green,
But the brave old oak is flushing
To a wine-red, dark and deep,
And maple and elm are blushing
The blush of a child asleep.

"If die we must"—the leaflets
Seem one by one to say—
"We will wear the colors of gladness
Before we pass away.
No eye shall see us falter,
And before we lay it down,
We'll wear in the face of all the earth
The year's most kingly crown."

So, trees of the stately forest,
And trees by the trodden way,
Ye are kindling into glory
On this bright Autumnal day!
And we, who gaze, remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts, and to trees together,
May come through the ripening frost.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE INDIAN WOMAN.

When we Were Little Girls and How we Lived Then.

Written by Miss Nellie Robertson, [Class '90], and Read by
Mabel Buck, in Bosler Hall, Carlisle, Last Week, at an
Entertainment Given by our Methodist Indian Pupils for
the Benefit of the M. E. Church of Carlisle.

In our life among you, we are often asked
many questions about our home-people in the
west, and one subject which is brought to the
girls, very often, is about our mothers and

ourselves when we were little girls and how
we lived then.

A glimpse into our Indian woman's life as
it was in the past, is now and will be in the
future, as seen by one of many observers, may
interest you.

We glean our knowledge of the past from
our grand-mothers and from what we have
seen and heard of the Indians who still cling
to the old customs.

We learn of her present from what we have
seen and heard within the last few years, and
that of her future from the young Indians now
attending schools.

In an Indian home, the advent of a little
baby girl never brought as much rejoicing as
that of a baby-boy.

The mother, nevertheless, made her com-
fortable and happy by strapping her on a piece
of board, by packing her in a basket or by
wrapping her in furs and skins.

The mode of packing depended upon the
tribe to which she belonged.

She spent most of her time on her mother's,
grandmother's or sister's back, till she was
old enough to care for herself.

Her amusements were as many and as var-
ied as those of her white sisters then.

If she was a chief's daughter, she was dis-
tinguished from her playmates, by the dress
she wore, which was of buckskin with rows
of elk's teeth fastened on the sleeves and
waist.

As soon as she was old enough, her mother
began to teach her the many necessary duties.

She taught her to keep the teepee in order;
To prepare meals by roasting the deer or
buffalo before the fire and to bake the corn
bread in the hot ashes;

To cut and dry meat;

To pick, dry and put up the wild fruits for
winter and for times of famine;

To dress the skins of animals for moccasins
and clothing and then to make them;

(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, and 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.

Bert Kennerly, of Mont., formerly of Carlisle, has entered the Valparaiso, Ind., Normal School.

Edwin Schandore is making a reputation as a band-leader, judging from the very complimentary notices found in the Bryson City, N. C., *Times*.

The poem on the first page was printed at the request of a Haverford College person, the selection of last week having revived it in her memory.

The sad news comes through a Bucks County friend, of the death of Dell Whiting, one of the former Carlisle pupils, at his home in the Indian Territory.

We get from Miss Ida Blue Jacket's own pen that the rumor that she has entered the bonds of matrimony is false. She claims that she "rejoices that she is still a Miss."

The HELPER is appreciated on account of its smallness, there being a great deal of news in a very small space and requiring but a few minutes of the week to keep the general run of what we are doing at this school.

Any one of our premium photographs will make a nice Christmas present. They are worth twenty, twenty-five and thirty cents in cash, but will be sent FREE for five, seven, ten or fifteen subscriptions. Send for list and directions.

A letter from Otto Wells, who married one of our Oneida girls and who is making his home at present among the Oneidas of Wisconsin, speaks of attending the first Fair that was ever held among those Indians. From other sources we learn that the Fair was a success.

Do you wish to make some Christmas money? A small boy or girl might make a dollar a day by canvassing for the HELPER. Any regularly appointed agent may retain 20 cents on every dollar received. Send us the eighty cents and ten subscriptions. Two-cent postage stamps are acceptable.

Mr. J. Watt, Curator of the Agricultural Department Museum, Washington, D. C., through Miss McCutcheon, of the same department, who is a friend of our Miss Quinn, has by the request of the latter kindly sent to the school a package containing silk cocoons, raw silk, reeled silk, Chinese Ramie, the natural seed heads of barley, rice, cotton, New Zealand flax, buckwheat, and the like, which will go the rounds of the various departments of the school for object lessons and finally land in our museum. The Carlisle Indian School is certainly very grateful for this generosity on the part of Mr. Watt.

Miss Fetter, of N. J., who for many years has been identified with the Indian cause and especially with those of the Omaha Agency, writes, "Enclosed please find subscription for another year to the interesting little paper, INDIAN HELPER. In it I find statements relative to my Indians—the Omahas, which are both pleasant and painful in character, being personally acquainted with many of them and specially interested in all, particularly in the children you receive from what was once our mission school. My earnest prayer is for all of them. God bless them and their teachers."

All who entered Capt. Pratt's office on Monday morning were greeted with a kindly look from Ex-Senator Dawes whose large photograph graced the mantel, the picture having just been received. It is a good likeness of the grand man who has for the best years of his life championed the cause of the Indian. Senator Dawes is now chairman of the important Commission appointed by the President to negotiate with the Five Civilized tribes in regard to taking their lands in severalty and other important business connected with their welfare.

Miss Girton, and niece Miss Lillie Girton, of Newtown, have been visiting the school, for a day or two. Miss Girton is known by the Indian Episcopal boys of Newtown and by many who have returned from that vicinity as their Bucks County mother. She kindly looks after their interests and has made many warm friends among them. On Monday, Joe Spanish accompanied the ladies to Gettysburg, where with the guide they visited the battlefield.

We learn through Wm. F. Campbell, class '89, that Theo. H. Beaulieu, an Indian residing on the White Earth reservation in Minnesota, has been nominated for the legislature by the Democrats of the 50th district, and is making an active canvass and many friends. Mr. Campbell, it will be remembered, was admitted to the bar a year or two since, and now is practicing law in Fosston, Minn.

If the writer of the unsigned foot-ball letter from Philadelphia will send us his or her name the editor of the HELPER will take pleasure in explaining some points which do not appear clear.

The Pawnees will have their first vote this fall. Samuel Townsend, who was educated at Carlisle, Jas. Murie, of Hampton, and Ralph J. Weeks, all well known to the writer appear to be figuring in politics conspicuously.

Leaves!

Red leaves!

Falling leaves!

Beautiful leaves!

Leaves in heaps!

Good-bye, October!

Chill November!

Where is Mt. Shasta?

Prepare for snow-squalls!

Take a sly glance at your skates!

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are still in Oklahoma.

Those who climb no hills never enjoy any good views.

Wonder how the Thanksgiving turkey is beginning to feel!

Miss Ely is again at her desk, after a month's sojourn in Kansas.

Bargains in soap (?) Apply to room 3 upper floor teachers' quarters.

Pennington Powell is a good driver, for he goes slowly over the crossings.

Although not much talked about, the postage stamp is on every one's tongue.

Our printing office is MORE than a printing office, it is a SCHOOL of printing.

Who says the herdie is sometimes too dirty for a person with a clean dress to get in?

Dr. Katherine M. Crawford, of Chambersburg, was a guest of Miss Hill on Sunday.

On Wednesday all hands received pay, and the sky immediately after cleared most beautifully.

Mr. Kennerly, of Kipp, Montana, rejoiced he hearts of his little son and daughters by a visit this week.

Asher Parker is now numbered among the printers and he takes hold of the work with an interest which means success.

A little paper that is read more by our pupils than any other is the *Jamesburg Advance*. It is well edited and full of interesting stories.

Miss Hailman says the Indians are full of music, and we should say she is in a position to judge, being musical-directress of the school.

Why didn't ALL who went to Annapolis ask for a rest the next day? Because some have the "stuff" in them that makes good foot-ball players.

Mrs. Thompson, and the Misses Pratt, Carter and Paull took tea with Prof. and Mrs. Bakeless in their new dining room apartments on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Standing will be glad if the umbrella which left her porch rather unceremoniously by the help of the wind or some mysterious person, would be returned.

Prof. Bror Sundeen, the great mind reader, interested the school for an hour yesterday afternoon. He performed some wonderful feats eliciting enthusiastic applause.

Susie McDougall's heart was made sad by the news this week of the death of her dear mother who has been an invalid for some time. Susie has the warm sympathy of many friends at the school, whom she has made by her kindly ways, exemplary conduct and dignity of purpose.

The HELPER for a year is a *lasting* Christmas present. The Man-on-the-band-stand doubts whether as much can be procured in any other way for ten cents.

Mr. Caswell received some wild rice from his Minnesota home and a number of his friends have been favored with a taste. It does not look inviting, but it is very good.

The school made its usual monthly "flip-over" yesterday. That is, the afternoon workers of October will work in the morning during November and go to school in the afternoon, and vice versa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brewster, of Oakville, Mrs. Alex Martin, of Montandon, Mrs. Ed. W. Harkness, of Carlisle and Miss Luella Hard, of Newville, were guests of Mrs. J. Scott Bushman of our school farm, this week.

Miss Cummins, of Washington, D. C. has joined our corps of workers, she having received the appointment through the Civil Service. She takes the place of Mr. Oumand, who has been transferred to Ft. Shaw, Mont.

The premiums earned by our cattle and produce at the Cumberland County Fair, this year, amounted to \$25.00, and have just been received. We received 19 dollars for the best cattle. This speaks well for the care that the Indian boys give them.

One of the most sociable little sociables we have ever enjoyed at the school occurred last Saturday night. The Educational Department did itself proud, and the pupils showed their appreciation of the effort made for their entertainment by many complimentary remarks in their home letters the next day.

Hallowe'en Wednesday night! The tumult in the town could be heard up to a late hour. With the exception of corn throwing and the carrying of the heavy chair which usually stands on the porch of the little boys' quarters to the top of a tree in front of Mr. Standing's house, there was little excitement on the school grounds.

The large bunch of Chrysanthemums placed on the chapel piano, Tuesday morning, was well appreciated by the pupils who are as a rule passionately fond of flowers. The donor, Miss Luckenbach, received as a token of appreciation resolutions formulated by the pupils of No. 12, and a letter of thanks from the little ones of No. 13 and 14.

It seems that taffy pulls are occasionally indulged in at the hospital, especially when the "old bird" is away, as was the case the other evening when Miss Barr, the head nurse, was out and Misses Wind and Robertson upon her return presented her with a lot of her favorite sweet-meat. It is needless to say that the kindness was highly appreciated.

The game at Annapolis on Wednesday resulted in a defeat of our foot-ball team by a score of 8 to 0. It was a very close and hard fought battle and our boys speak in the highest terms of the Naval Academy young men. It is claimed that but for a fumble and error by one of our players the score would have stood in all probability 6 to 4, and perhaps 4 to 4. The party making the error it is said by good judges is one of the hardest and best players on the team, and as all are liable to err at the exciting moment when there is much at stake, let us not be too hard in our criticisms.

(Continued from first page.)

To till the ground in summer and plant corn.

All this she must learn before she can become a suitable wife.

Laziness in an Indian girl or woman is a vice despised by all Indians, even by the lazy, good for-no-thing Indian man himself.

Our little Indian girl was then sold to the man who could give the most ponies for her.

Sometimes it was to the one of all her suitors she most favored, oftener to some man old enough to be her grandfather.

It must not matter to her who he is. The marriage ceremony was quite a lengthy affair, the time depended upon the distance the groom lived from his bride.

The remarkable feature of the wedding was that most of the attention was passed to the groom and very little to the bride.

After all the preparations were finished at the home of the bride's father, he sent his best pony to fetch the groom.

The ceremony was finished when the medicine men had sung, yelled and stamped themselves tired and when the guests had partaken of the dog feast.

The young Indian wife, who was then between 14 or 17 years old became almost a slave to her husband, working for and waiting upon him almost constantly, and taking care of his ponies while he was hunting or out fighting with other tribes.

She was a kind and loving mother.

The death of any of her children meant great torture to herself.

She expressed her sorrow by slashing her body with sharp stones till compelled to stop, too weak from loss of blood and from pain to continue.

She cut her hair and thus she mourned for days, thinking she would never see her child again, no one being there to comfort her with the glad news that such a thing was possible.

The Indian child of to-day is, among many tribes, changed.

As the white men settle among her people, they are gradually seeing that a life of civilization is far better than one of barbarism and though for some tribes, the step from the one into the other is very hard, many are taking it.

To be sure there are many Indians still too ignorant and prejudiced to make any advancements towards a higher life and who are still with their children, leading the old life.

The little Indian baby now is no longer "packed" but is dressed in such bright colored calicoes as the mother can afford.

She no longer lives like her companions, the birds and squirrels, but is sent by her thoughtful parents, to school in the East or on the reservation.

She learns many useful things at a reservation school.

She is taught housekeeping, sewing, washing, ironing and cooking, besides the school-room studies and English.

With this knowledge she returns to her home each vacation, and teaches it to her poor mother, who is always willing but slow to take up the new ways.

Her home, a log or frame house, is not always as clean as it might be but it is no fault of hers.

She leaves school at an early age and settles down in life with a husband, who is not only her parents' but her choice also.

You may go out to our Indian school here any day and see for yourself, what the Indian girls and women are learning and doing in a model Eastern school.

Many former members and graduates of these schools are now in the East and West living lives of usefulness as doctors, trained nurses, teachers and good educated wives.

There are many more here upon whom the future of the Indian woman depends.

That she will in time take her place beside the best women of the land has been proved by the examples we can give.

Many of you, who are friends of the Indian woman may feel discouraged because of her slow advancement.

A little more time, your environment and friendly encouragement is all she needs. Give her these advantages and you will soon see for yourself what the future of the Indian woman will be.

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 14, 15, 7, 8, 10 is a part of an engine.

My 1, 11, 20, 21 is to mock.

My 3, 2, 6, 4 is a wind instrument.

My 17, 19, 5, 15, 18 is a compact.

My 14, 16, 13, 7 is a close companion.

My 21, 12, 16, 9 is a falling water.

My whole is the name of a true HEARTED POET.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Missionary Society.

SPECIAL.

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