

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.—

NO. 10.

GAINING WINGS.

A TWIG where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Hath the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swarthing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
'You shall not struggle more;'
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

—EDNA D. PROCTOR
in *Youth's Companion*.

KINDNESS SOMETIMES KILLS.

As was the case in the above beautiful but pitiful poem by Carlisle's good friend Edna Dean Proctor, it frequently happens that too much kindness, or THE WRONG KIND of kindness shown the Indian when he is struggling manfully, to FREE HIMSELF from the cocoon of reservation darkness and home hindrances, utterly destroys his power to help himself.

AN INDIAN BOY'S REASON FOR A SMOKY CITY.

One of our courageous foot-ballers with a backbone, who was of the number that played the Athletic Club of Pittsburg recently, was asked on his return how he enjoyed himself while there.

"O, very well," he replied, "but nearly every man I saw had a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.

'Have a smoke?' they would say to me.

'No, thank you!'

'O, won't you smoke with me?'

'Thank you, I do not smoke.'

'Take a cigar?' another would ask.

'No, sir.'

And I just believe what makes Pittsburg such a smoky city is that too many men all the time smoke."

INDIAN HANDS NOT LARGE.

Miss Sybil Carter, at the recent Mohonk Conference in N. Y. displayed some very beautiful lace made by the Chippewa Indians whom she had taught the art.

Some one asked her how the Indian women could make such delicate lace with their large, coarse hands.

"Large hands," said Miss Carter, "I never knew an Indian woman whose hands were larger than mine, and I wear a five and a half glove.

Then their touch is peculiarly fine.

Look at their bead work for instance.

The nicety and exactness with which they work on that.

Surely the hands that can do that can make lace."

Indian hands can do any thing they are taught to do, echoes the Man-on-the-band-stand, and the more useful the teaching the more thrifty will be the individual taught.

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-land-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.

It took 74 tremendous turkeys to give our pupils a Thanksgiving dinner.

We go to press too early to give any of the Thanksgiving news unless we write it up before hand as some journalists do.

"As a reward for putting before your readers at such a nominal rate, so much valuable and interesting information your subscription list ought to reach the million line."

(Signed) A constant reader and well-wisher.
Reading, Pa.

Several little folks are making their Christmas pennies by soliciting HELPER subscriptions, and retaining twenty cents on a dollar. If they would work for the premium photographs and sell them at the retail price they might make forty cents on a dollar. Write for a list of premiums.

Some of us remember Miss Leverett who was a teacher with us for a short time a few years ago. Her friends will be pleased to learn that she is still among the living and remembers Carlisle with interest as is manifest this week by a business letter requesting the HELPER continued.

A very busy as well as prominent lady of Philadelphia writes in regard to the HELPER in a business letter: "I am much pleased with No. 16. Indeed I am pleased with every number, and busy woman as I am, I read all there is in it each week. I get subscribers whenever I can as I am sure the paper cannot help correcting many wrong ideas about our red brethren—the RISING Indian."

The story of Christmas Mike is a very interesting little tale to read to a school, and it is a true story about a little Apache boy. We will send the story in the form of a wee bit of a booklet, and the twenty cent picture of Mike, who is now called Bruce Patterson, FREE for five subscriptions to the HELPER; or for SIXTEEN cents we will send the picture worth twenty cents, and the HELPER FREE for a year, along with the story. A nice little Christmas present.

Miss Minnie Barker, teacher, says in a letter wherein were found the names of 51 subscribers: "A few days ago I receive a few copies of your paper; after distributing among the pupils of my school and telling them what I knew of your school nearly all of them decided to take the paper for supplementary reading. They are very much interested in the work." Who can say that Miss Barker has not done a missionary act in interesting young minds in a subject they should know about? Indians are NOT wild and savage at heart, any more than the uneducated white man is. All we ask is a chance to spread this truth and to show up the habits of the RISING Indian to counteract the damaging notions spread abroad in the land by such Indian shows as the wild west, wherein the Indian is hired to display only his savage nature. Let there be LIGHT on this subject, and the INDIAN HELPER will help to distribute the light, so please help the HELPER, by sending subscriptions, or by sending a long list to whom we may send sample copies.

One hundred and thirty-four subscriptions from the public school children of Jamestown, N. Y., were received this week. The schools of that city are fortunate in having such a person as Prof. Rogers at their head. He believes that the rising generation should be educated on all points and there is no better medium through which to gain the knowledge of what the great Government is doing for the Indians in this the greatest school it supports than the publications we send out—*The Red Man* and little weekly letter called the INDIAN HELPER. We have to thank Prof. Rogers and our good friend Mr. Lavant Mason, through whom the Jamestown interest started, for their part in the matter.

Those of us who remember Miss Clark will read with interest the following item from the *Pawnee Republican*:

"Miss Helen P. Clark will conclude the Ponca and Otoe allotments by the first of December and then it will be determined what disposition will be made of the unallotted lands. Miss Clark has done valuable work among the Indians and will leave the territory with the remembrance of many friends."

Miss Clark is a good Indian and she isn't dead either.

Eugene Tahkapeur, our Comanche pupil who has joined the Massachusetts tribe as a voting citizen is spending Thanksgiving at the school, a guest of his old teacher, Miss Cutter. Eugene says business is too rushing where he lives to make a long visit. When Mr. Jordan said to him he looked as though he was well cared for, he proudly let it be known he was caring for himself.

Mrs. Dagenett took the train at near midnight Sunday for Crow Creek Agency, S. Dak., having spent a very enjoyable fortnight with her old friends here and her big friend—the Carlisle School, which she will ever hold as dear. Mrs. Dagenett carried with her many good wishes for her husband, Charles. Both are graduates of Carlisle, and the latter is employed as teacher at Crow Creek.

Snow on the mountains, last Saturday.

Miss Lida Standing is home for Thanksgiving.

The girls' quarters are getting a coat of paint inside.

Teachers' quarters have had a bath in the uniform blue gray.

Mrs Paull, of Blairsville, Pa., is visiting her daughter Miss Paull, of the Faculty.

Three new pupils from the Sac and Fox Agency, Ok. Ty., were admitted on Monday, having come without escort.

Miss Shaffner was the recipient of a box of colored silk ribbons, bangles and odds and ends for Christmas decorations from friends in Delphi, Ind.

A boy who drives a wheel-barrow which goes s-q-u-E-a-k, s-q-u-E-a-k at every step advertises his laziness. Too lazy to put on a drop of oil!

We are in receipt of a very neatly printed calendar gotten out by the inmates of the reform school at Deer Island, for which we have to thank Mr. James R. Gerrish, Superintendent.

Some of our subscribers will get the HELPER a day in advance this week so as to give the printers a Thank-giving holiday with the rest of the school. Others may get it a few hours late.

When Mr. Kensler was on his rounds in the country for Thanksgiving provision, he met a farmer not far from Carlisle who had never heard of Thanksgiving Day. Verily some white people need civilizing.

Miss Nellie Robertson, Class '90, and for some time a student of the West Chester Normal School has been assisting in the Hospital during the summer and fall, but last week returned to her studies and expects to graduate the coming summer.

Yes, Dr. Dorman is a crank. He is the kind of crank that TURNS THE WORLD and starts the brains of men to thinking on right lines. Dr. Dorman knows from a professional stand-point what he says when he portrays the awful effects of nicotine in tobacco. He is a medical doctor and made a study of it.

We had a rousing meeting on Sunday night. Dr. Dorman was the moving spirit, and his talk on tobacco and its evil effects led many a one to a righteous resolution to let the vile stuff alone, hereafter. Dr. Dorman calls cigarettes, white coffin screws, and the cigar, pipe and cigarette, funeral torches. He spoke from a professional stand point.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt were among the number who attended an Indian meeting held in the parlors of Mr. John Rockefeller, New York City, on Monday night. Chauncey Depew was in attendance and spoke. While in New York Capt. and Mrs. Pratt were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage.

Mrs. Milligan and Miss Wells, of Wells-ville, Pa., accompanied by Miss Shearer of Carlisle were guests of Miss Bourassa one day last week. Mrs. Milligan's home was Miss Bourassa's first country home when she was a pupil of the school. Having graduated with class '90, and successfully passed the Civil Service examinations, Miss Bourassa is now one of the teachers—Chief of No. 6.

Mr. J. A. Agnew, of New York City, brother of the late Dr. C. R. Agnew, Carlisle's loved friend, is with us, a guest of Capt. Pratt.

Miss Phillips has been silent for so long since her departure from the school that a recent line showing that she is well, will be greeted by many friends.

John Sanborn, Spencer Smith, and W. LeRoy Kennedy are live agents for the HELPER, having brought in more subscriptions this Fall so far than any other Indian workers.

All those from the school who witnessed the Hospital entertainment at the Opera House in town given by home talent for the benefit of the town hospital esteem it a great success. Miss Thompson, the Indian School prima donna, rendered Ben Bolt; very acceptably to the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, with their three little daughters Sarah, Roxanna, and Marion, and son Dick are spending a Thanksgiving vacation at the school. Mr. Pratt is a street railway engineer of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, Steelton, Pa., and has become a very busy man. He has had very few vacations since his several years' connection with Steelton's great works.

The school foot ball eleven went to Washington, D. C., on Saturday and were defeated in a well played game by the Columbia Athletic Club of that place by a score of 18 to 0. Our boys fought hard, but were unable to stand the rushes of their more experienced opponents. Mr. Thompson accompanied the party. The season closed with the game at York yesterday, an account of which will be given in our next issue.

Major J. M. Kelly, 10th Cavalry, acting Indian Agent of the Ft. Belknap Agency, Montana, is here at the present writing with eight of the most prominent chiefs of the Assinaboine and Gros Ventre tribes of Indians, who have been to Washington on business connected with their tribes. The Assinaboine tribe is represented by 1st Sergeant, We-tan, The Male, Little Chief, Eyes-in-the-water, and Chas. Perry, interpreter. The Gros Ventres are represented by Capt. Jemy Running Fisher, Lieut. Otter Robe, Sit-him-high, Sleeping Bear and James Matts.

The King's Daughter's sociable on last Saturday night was all that it gave promise of being. A song "Going forth on gentle errands," was sung by all, then Capt. Pratt gave an amusing account of the first sociables at the school; the band rendered some new selections delighting the ears of all. Candies, cake, ice-cream, fruit and cocoa went like wild fire at the regular prices, and at the close of the evening many pennies that were scattered in the pockets of 600 people were collected in little boxes at the various stands as the result of sales. These pennies are to go into Santa Claus' pocket for Christmas to give us another good time, so while we do not encourage spending money foolishly, if we will allow a few pennies occasionally to go for sweet-meats, ice-cream, etc., it is very pleasant to have a chance to buy at the home sociable where we may have a friend at hand to share the good things and with whom we may eat, drink, chat and be merry for an hour.

AN ORIGINAL CAMP FIRE.

It was reported that some of the Indian boys in Bucks County occasionally collected in the evenings and created disturbance with their jollity around a temporary camp-fire in some secluded spot on the high-way.

A circular letter was dispatched from our school office for the boys to make individual investigation into the matter and report.

One of the earnest, good boys, with limited English reports as follows:

"I ask some of men in Newtown if they ever seen any of the Indian boys are building fires around here.

They told me never heard anything like that.

I go every evening in Newtown.

I take up the milk to the station.

But some those of boys I have been seen, they have building campfires in their mouths walking along in streets, but I never go with those boys. I always on business, go after mail. I don't run around town."

The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes those boys, if there are any who use tobacco, will not forget the promise they signed, and will quit at once. The WORD OF HONOR is more to a young man than all the imaginary good of a cigar.

DEPLORABLE AND DISCOURAGING CONDITIONS OF THE WEST.

If what a Carlisle boy at a Western Agency says in a recent letter be true, and that after civilization has been carried to the Indian for generations, then is it not high time that the order of things be changed and the Indians be carried into civilization in larger numbers than the Government is doing at Carlisle?

And let us remember in this connection, that the Indian boy is NOT carried into civilization until he finds a HOME away from his associates in a good family who will not PET him, but where through the very nature of the work which the family together are obliged to perform, and through the good associations he cannot run away from, he will absorb the real civilization that alone can make a man of him.

The author of the letter says:

"Beef and rations are issued here every Friday and Saturday, consequently the INDIANS HAVE A DANCE NEARLY EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

It is a genuine old-style Indian dance in full dress of breech-cloth, war-bonnets and bells on neck and legs."

THE INDIAN PIPE DANCE.

From the following description taken from the *Pawnee Republican*, it is plain to be seen that the PAWNEES need to be carried individually into civilization as well as many other tribes. Such disgraceful proceedings will cease when the proportion of Indian youth BROUGHT INTO civilization is greater than those who are allowed to remain to feed upon savagery:

"Many of our people attended the Indian dance given the Chowee band by the Skeedee band the first of the week, the former receiving 106 ponies according to the Indian manner.

The pipe dance is held in early winter of each year and is a time of much merriment and rejoicing and the relating of individual and tribal history to the young men of the tribe. Those familiar with the Pawnee history know that the Sioux tribe was their enemy and many of each tribe bit the dust in mortal combat. It is with pride that we can say that the Pawnees have always been friendly to the white man and defended the American flag to which they are most loyal.

The relating of bloody conflicts while in Nebraska and Dakota is the feature of the pipe dance.

The dance commenced with feasting followed with gaudy and bright dress for all but the dancers who performed in native nakedness, and the best efforts of Wild Bill are tame and uninteresting compared with a real Indian dance where five hundred are associated."

Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters:

My 9, 10, 6, 2 is the opposite of wild.

My 15, 13, 16 is a noise.

My 3, 7, 1, 4 is the home of birds.

My 11, 5, 8, 17 is what foot-ballers watch.

My 18, 13, 14, 12, 19 are what some housekeepers wash dishes in

My whole is what was not given in first article of HELPER of November 16, as doing more to exterminate the Indians than whiskey.

The answer to the above Enigma kills more Indians than whiskey because it keeps them on the reservation.

Because it says that Carlisle is too FAR.

It says to the Indian after he has been away to school for a while, come back and help your people, long before he is able to stand alone.

It gives them money.

It protects them from the hard knocks that make white men, MEN.

It provides every means to keep the Indians together in weakening masses, but does, nothing to separate, and individualize.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The turkey.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year FREE will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE. Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premium for subscriptions.