

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1894.—

NO. 12.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR SAYS:



LORIOUS it is to wear the crown  
Of a deserved and pure success.  
He who knows how to fail has won  
A crown whose luster is not less.

Great may he be who can command  
And rule with just and tender sway,  
Yet is diviner wisdom taught,  
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God  
And earn the martyr's crown of light,  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in his sight.

A TUSCARORA PECULIARITY.

"You speak very good English," said the Man-on-the-band-stand to Mrs. Mary Smith of the Tuscarora tribe of New York, who was visiting her son and daughter at the school, last week, on her way west to take a position in the Pierre Government Indian School, South Dakota.

"English is my great draw-back," she modestly replied. "I realize that I speak very poorly, but I did not have such advantages as these when I was a growing girl."

"Where did you get your education? I suppose the Tuscaroras are so civilized in these days that they use English altogether in their homes."

"It may be astonishing to you," she replied, "but most of my people prefer to use their own tongue and to this day adhere to some of their old customs. I never speak English at home, hence feel the lack of practice greatly, when I meet such people as you."

"How do you account for this when the Tuscaroras have been surrounded for so many years by the whites?"

There was no answer, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thought to himself that the curse to the tribe has been the encouragement they have received to dwell together in a mass and not to scatter out among the people of whom

they must eventually become a part, and as if Mrs. Smith were thinking in the same line, she said:

"The very best thing that can happen an Indian young man or woman is for them to have to go away from the tribe to live where they are obliged to speak English. I love my children, but I prefer to have them away from me while they are being educated. But would you believe it, there are Indians to this day on my reservation who utterly refuse to allow their children to go away from them even when they know they cannot gain the knowledge they are in need of in any other way.

When I was a school girl I used to pack a market basket with eatables enough to last from Monday morning till Friday night, and then carried it on foot for four miles to a town where there was an academy which I attended while boarding myself out of my basket, in a little room rented for the purpose."

"What are the peculiarities of the Tuscarora tongue, Mrs. Smith?" asked the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"One striking peculiarity," she said, "is that the lips of a Tuscarora never meet in speaking his own language. I could talk to you all day in the Tuscarora tongue and never bring my lips together."

The Man-on-the-band-stand learned many other things from Mrs. Smith, but has not the space to tell them all. One thing, the tribe at one time lived far to the south of Pennsylvania, probably in the Carolinas, and were driven north by war-like tribes. Hundreds of years ago this was, and at the time of the great migration north, some branched west and Mrs. Smith has no doubt that several of the great western tribes are closely related to the Tuscaroras.

DEAR SUBSCRIBER: We cannot find the meaning of *Alfaretta*.



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# THE INDIAN HELPER

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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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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

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The happy news comes all the way from Oklahoma that Richard and Nannie Davis have again been blessed with an addition to their family, making four children in all.

For a RENEWAL and ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION or for TWO new subscriptions we will give a print from a new plate just received, of the Indian school foot-ball team. It is almost as good as the photograph itself, indeed some say it is better. Names and tribes given.

Plucky little Indian girl—One of the farm mothers writes: "So-and-so is doing well in school and has passed her monthly examinations well considering she could not see to study for nearly two weeks. Her lessons during that time were always read to her and she attended school every day." The mother who takes such an interest in her Indian daughter, is doing the best kind of missionary work.

AN APACHE WITH HIS BLOOD UP:—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* contained the following special telegram from Lambertville yesterday morning. The boy named is one of our students of small stature. Who will say he was not brave? His many friends at the school will feel anxious for further reports of his condition:

"Hugh Chee, an Indian boy, aged 18 years, living on the farm of J. M. Rulon, at Ivyland, Pa., had an exciting time with a burglar last night. When the boy returned to the house about seven o'clock, after finishing his chores, he discovered a light in one of the upper rooms. Mr. Rulon and his wife were absent, and the boy started upstairs to investigate. He found a man with a dark lantern standing near the bureau. The boy seized him and in the struggle they both rolled down stairs. The burglar freed himself and escaped. The Indian lay two hours unconscious. His jaw, wrist and a rib are broken. The thief secured a gold ring and about \$50 in money."

Hugh is one of our Chiracahua Geronimo Apache prisoner pupils, who according to Delegate Smith of Arizona "can no more be

civilized than the rattlesnake." For two subscriptions for the HELPER, or for five cents cash, we will send a print from the photograph of Hugh among a dozen others as they came to Carlisle with a contrast print as they appeared four months later. Ask for the "Apache contrast." Send one cent extra for postage.

Dr. Montezuma has returned from his New Haven trip, feeling that he did good service perhaps, for the cause of Indian education in turning the minds of some interested friends up that way in a little different channel of thinking. The Doctor is another Apache. He knows what Indian civilization means, for he has been through the mill. He prefers a mill that grinds rapidly and very much objects to the slow, murdering, reservation process now in operation, which will keep the Indians Indians for generations to come. It did not take a thousand years to make Dr. Montezuma a self-respecting, honored gentleman, and he came from one of the most war-like tribes in the United States. He claims that if all the children were passed through the mill he has experienced there would be no Indian question in a very few years, and he is eminently RIGHT.

Truly the HELPER has a mission. One who has received a sample copy says, "I like the paper very much. I think it will open up in the minds of the people here a different conception of Indian life and character." Another sends a list to whom we may send samples, and says "If out of these ninety names you get ten subscribers your interested friend will have been rewarded." Still another says: "It is truly named INDIAN HELPER. Some of my friends and myself have had more enlightenment in regard to the Indians than ever before. Would that everybody could find the weekly HELPER." And another: "Through your little paper I am becoming interested in your school." The last is from a little nine-years old girl; and so we might keep on until it would become tiresome.

The generous Missionary Committee of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Seventh Street M. E. Church, of Philadelphia, through Miss Godshall, has remembered the Carlisle Indian School Santa Claus, by sending a nice box full of something, we shall not tell what. We have so MANY little folks who are looking hopefully for Santa to bring them something that we hope that none will be disappointed. Of course if the older students do not receive presents they will be made happy by giving to friends, as most of them have a few pennies saved up for the purpose.

John Leslie is making up some beautiful Souvenirs of the Indian School in the form of a collection of  $4\frac{1}{4}$  x  $5\frac{1}{4}$  photographs taken by himself. The views are enoice and the collection of ten in the form of a booklet fastened by ribbon or cord with Chamois skin cover, makes a fine Christmas present, for \$1.25; by mail \$1.31. Single picture 10 cents, by mail 11 cents. A choice of any one of his pictures and HELPER for a year, will be sent for SIXTEEN cents. Remember this is Indian work and the first sent out from the Carlisle school.



Lovely Moon.

Snow on Monday.

Christmas is in sight.

After foot-ball—hair cut.

It is time to begin practicing writing '95.

The gymnasium has received its annual bath of gray.

The grip 's a goin' to "ketch ye, if ye don't watch out."

Who has the only right to live by loafing? The baker.

Mr. J. L. John, of Millville, Pa., visited the school on Friday last.

Philip Lavatta has returned to the school after a summer's vacation in Idaho.

John Sanborn, of the printing office force is quite ill with pneumonia, but his recovery is hopeful. Willie Brewer is making good recovery from the same disease.

Among the treats of the week was an evening with the phonograph, which proved very entertaining and instructive.

Bessie Gotholda and Maggie Trombly have come to the front this week with list of subscribers sent in from the country.

The High School of Shippensburg with its principal, and Mr. John C. Wagner, editor of the *News*, visited our school, last week.

Misses Hailman, Shaffner, Campbell and Barr were in Harrisburg yesterday attending to musical and Santa Claus affairs, for the school.

One of the boys said in school the other day that the farmers out west raise geese for their fur, but just how much fur one *geese* would raise he did not know.

What is the difference in power between an Indian printer running a press by treadle and when it is run by steam? One is run by an Injun and the other by an engine.

One of the typos last week made the words "prima donna" read "prince dormer" in his proof, which may be a sad comment on the writer as well as upon his own limited education.

Miss Hailman favored the school at opening exercises yesterday with an interesting talk upon Mozart, and afterwards she and Miss Hill played one of the great composer's productions.

Captain found out that it was his birth-day, last Thursday, in many ways. First the band gave him a serenade; then the foot-ball team presented him with a beautiful ink-stand with silver base and top, when he responded with an appropriate little speech and they in turn gave him their characteristic yell—Hello! Hellee! Who are we? (3 times) Indians, C-a-r-l-i-s-l-e. In the evening, when as guests of Mrs. Pratt, the faculty began to pour into his residence, he was again made cognizant of the fact that he was having a birth-day anniversary. The evening was passed in social chat and music, sandwiched with most delightful selections from Judge Green of Brooklyn, who chanced to be present. The Susan Longstreth Society Quartette rendered some pretty singing on the piazza, and were invited in to partake of cocoa and cake along with the rest of the company.

This way, Santa Claus!

Sample copies of the *HELPER* sent FREE, as many as interested friends will distribute in schools, Sunday schools or assemblies where they will do good work for the Indian.

Owing to a long spell of cloudy weather, Mr. Choate has not been able to print premium photographs as fast as ordered. All orders will be forwarded to club senders the first possible minute.

The school gave its regular monthly exhibition on Saturday evening last. Among other pleasing numbers of the program, Clark Smith's oration, "Have a purpose in life," was perhaps the most striking.

Mr. Weber is more than busy these days, as two of his firemen are unavoidably off duty: Mr. Forney on account of the death of his infant son, and Mr. Rudy on account of sickness.

The Band and Choir will give a concert in the Fifth St. M. E. Church of Harrisburg, tonight for the benefit of the church. Dennison Wheelock, band leader; Miss Hailman, musical directress; Miss Hill, accompanist.

Mrs. Paull, mother of Miss Paull, departed for her home in Blairsville, on last Saturday, after a very pleasant visit, she claims, with us at the school. We are sure that all who met her will remember her genial, happy face.

Among the guests at the monthly exhibition last Saturday night were Prof. and Mrs. Miller, and daughter of Harrisburg. Prof. Miller directs the music of the public schools of Harrisburg, and gave us the benefit of some of his experience and a solo during the exhibition hour.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Chew, sister of Matthew Johnson, sent to Capt. Pratt by Matthew on his return from a visit last week to his home in New York State, a handsome cushion, which was much appreciated. Matthew went home to see his mother who is ill.

Rev. Dr. Craighead, of Washington and Mr. Craighead of Craighead were among the visitors yesterday. The former having spent some of the best years of his life as editor was specially interested in the printing-office. He visited the school years ago at the time of a visit of a Senatorial Committee, and expressed surprise at the great strides we have made since that time. But the history of Carlisle from the beginning is move, in spite of obstacles.

Indians do not laugh, eh? Would that all who have such an idea had heard the outbursts produced by the stories related by Judge Green of Brooklyn, last Thursday night. We have lived with Indians for many years but have never heard such spontaneous and hearty outbursts of bona fide ha-ha-ha-ing as were then impossible to hold back, and it was not the usual uproarious hilarity of Young America let loose either. Judge Green came to Carlisle to make us laugh, and he succeeded. His stories were refined but exceedingly funny, and his way of telling them still more so. The Judge said that the Indian audience was one of the most appreciative gatherings he ever lectured to. The Judge is part of the great *Brooklyn Eagle* and he went to the case in our printing office to demonstrate that he could still set type.



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WORDS FROM A BONA FIDE  
JAPANESE.

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Rev. Mr. Tada, of Tokio, Japan, who was with us during his Thanksgiving vacation from the Union Theological Seminary, expressed the situation of the American Indian exactly when he said:

"It is not right to remain in a barbarous condition. It is our mission to go onward." "Go forward!" was the spirit of his message in clear and forcible English.

We were greatly favored to have a native of Japan who has been in this country but a few months, to give us some points on the war between Japan and China.

He said the Japanese were not fighting for Korea alone but for civilization and the spirit of progress.

Mr. Tada admitted that the Chinese and Japanese resembled each other but said that the Japanese were very different in character. The latter were very imitative.

The Chinese believe that they are the head and front of civilization. Even the Chinese laundrymen of this country think that the Americans are the barbarians.

Chinese soldiers carry an umbrella in one hand and a gun in the other, and smoke all the while.

The Chinese soldiers are skilful in one thing, and that is in running away.

The Japanese soldiers are well drilled like the Americans and French and English. It is for this reason that they are successful in the present war.

The Chinese are very cruel to their wounded prisoners.

The Chinese Government gives \$30 for every Japanese head, and for that reason all the dead and dying Japanese soldiers left on the field of battle are beheaded.

The Japanese are kind to their wounded prisoners.

At the close of Mr. Tada's remarks, Dr. Montezuma asked the pertinent question where the Japanese learned what they know of civilization.

"At present," Mr. Tada replied, "we have good schools and academies in our own country, but at first our young men and women were taken to distant countries."

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IS CAPTAIN IN?

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Even the old folks at the Carlisle Indian School sometimes throw off the cares and weight of responsibility for a moment and indulge in a little fun.

"Is Captain in?" asked an absent minded

member of the faculty upon timidly entering the bureau of information and post-office department of the school, a room so small that a four year old child could not be there without being seen.

The accommodating clerk at the largest desk on the grounds gave a searching but facetious glance around as if to discover whether the Captain's diminutive (?) form might not be hidden behind some newspaper or perchance be resting on a foot-stool underneath one of the desks, when looking into the vacant eye of the day-dreamer she very soberly responded in that characteristic Quaker monosyllable which ends in a rising but soothing inflection— "No."

Miss Absent Minded immediately awoke to the ridiculousness of her situation and retired amid blushes and convulsions of laughter.

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DUE ONLY TO FALSE EDUCATION.

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"O," said a recent visitor. "I am so disappointed at not seeing some of your Indians in war paint and feathers."

"You prefer such an exhibition of savagery to civilization, do you?"

"O, no, not exactly! It is,—ah,—so much more esthetic don't you know, and they *must* love the pretty red more than the sober dress of civilization, don't they?"

And so—

It is the mission of the INDIAN HELPER to correct such false notions.

The rising Indian youth no more likes paint and feathers than the rising white youth.

The Indian is no more a savage than the uneducated white man.

The Indian has no more right to be ashamed of his savage ancestry than has the white man, whose ancestors drank blood from the skulls of their enemies.

The white boy is exactly what we make him,

And so is the INDIAN.

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Enigma.

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I am made of 14 letters.

My 14, 3, 1, 7, 10 runs an engine.

My 2, 11, 6 catches fish.

My 5, 4, 8, 9 holds the horses.

My 13, 8, 12 roofs buildings.

My whole is what the Carlisle Indian School revelled in last week.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Football season.

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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.