

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.—

NO. 18

THE TAIL OF A KITE.

The
ranks
of life's battle
are open to all, the
lowly as well as the great,
and though in the conflict full
many must fall, you may reach to
an honored estate. Press up to
the front, with a resolute mind
and struggle with all of
your might, or soon to
your shame and
confusion you'll
find you are
but the
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NOT BACK TO THE BLANKET.

And Not the Murderers.

Through the columns of the HELPER most of our subscribers have been made acquainted with Richard Davis, Cheyenne, who for several years was a student of Carlisle. He married one of our Pawnee girls, and went to live with William Harvey, of Chester Co., where he had charge of a large dairy. Afterwards he was given complete charge of the Carlisle School dairy, which he managed successfully for several years. Last year he went with his family to his home in Oklahoma.

Some of the more favored race who enjoy pointing to Carlisle failures will be disappointed to learn that Mr. Davis has not gone back to the blanket but has been on the advance ever since he gave himself up to education's ways.

The true Standard that he is, having been a member of that Society while a pupil with us, he adheres to the Standard motto; "En Avant," and now holds the responsible position of Sub-Agent.

By private letter recently he states some of the depressing conditions with which he must cope.

He says:

"I am here taking charge of a sub-agency, for my people whom the whites term 'bad Cheyennes.'

They number 650 souls and are located along the Upper Washita River.

Our Agent, Capt. A. E. Woodson, of the United States Army, is an honorable man. My Indians like him, but some Cheyennes don't like him, through the influence of certain whites.

I have come home and I am making the best of these people.

I think I have a big job here. There are 750 allotments in my district.

I have three United States Indian Policemen as my assistants. I also have charge of a new issue station established for my Indians recently.

Col. Faison, U. S. Indian Inspector, was here last week, and he informed my Indians that in three years they are expected to begin and earn what they have to eat.

The fact is that all of these Indians are in a lower and poorer condition than they were before they received land in allotments.

I do not blame the Government of the United States for allowing my people to fall into this condition, but I charge it to certain whites who pretend to be their friends and at the same time are skinning these Indians to the bones.

I do not blame the Indians for not sending their children away to the schools, like Carlisle for instance, but I charge the same to these pretended friends of the Indians.

There is not one of them who can come to me like a man.

They know that if more Cheyennes and Arapahoes are educated the same as I was at Carlisle they would make things move.

I attended the U. S. District Criminal Court recently, and the prosecuting attorney charged us educated Indians with having planned a murder case for two Cheyenne Indians.

He said that the uncivilized Cheyennes had fought with the best Generals of the world and that educated Cheyennes would certainly be the smartest.

They charged two of our young men with being murderers when they were not in it, but they are continually keeping these Indians uneasy about it."

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.

Yes, renewals will count on the prize offer.

Florence Wells, Class '94, who is teaching in the Genoa Indian school, seems to be prospering. She is not particularly fond of Nebraska, however.

The buglers, Wm. Lonewolf, Albert Hensley, and Ralph Armstrong, are making progress on their handsome new bugles, and will soon be able to sound the calls with all the latest hitches.

Yes, twenty cents on the dollar will be given to those sending us subscriptions for five or more names. Not for LESS than five names. We will send all the sample copies which a solicitor can reasonably use.

A barrel in Miss Ely's office is standing ready to receive partially worn garments for the destitute of Nebraska. By the side of it stands a box for small contributions of cash from those who have no garments to give.

Harry Kopay writes that he expects to finish his course in Stenography at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., this month. It is not an easy thing to learn and he finds the most trouble in reading his notes, but adds with stoic Osage grit, "I have no idea of giving up."

Miss Leverett, whom some of the older pupils will remember as teacher in No. 11, writes from her Hartford home that she is still suffering considerable inconvenience from a broken leg received some time since, which does not mend as it should.

Chas. Dagenett, (Class '91,) says that the Crow Creek Agency school where he is teaching at present, is about to start a reading room for its pupils. "It will not be very elaborately furnished," he says, "but it will be a place of quiet resort where the pupils may go and read whatever we can find for them." When not in the school-room Mr. Dagenett performs the duties of disciplinarian and has organized his boys into companies with first and second sergeants.

Prof. Durell, of Dickinson College, carried us, as a school, entirely off of the earth last Wednesday evening by the aid of his descriptive powers and views of planets thrown on canvas by calcium light. We visited the earth's twin sister, Venus, saw her mountains, valleys, rivers, ice-caps and clouds, and on the return trip stopped between trains to view the planet Mars with his whizzing moons, his artificial canal system and water ways. We became acquainted with the giants of Mars who have fingers ten inches long, blue eyes, light hair and voices louder and more hideous than the Frog works' whistle. We thank the Professor for his interesting and cheap trip and consider it almost equal to the World's Fair escapade minus the tedious car ride and the troublesome getting about.

When we hear the cold winds of winter sighing through the crevices and up the chimney we shall always remember the poor and pity them, after hearing Byron W. King, Principal of King's School of Oratory, Pittsburg, last Tuesday night in the chapel. Dr. King gave an entertainment in Bosler Hall, Carlisle, the same evening under the auspices of the Dickinson College Y. M. C. A., but favored us with some memorable selections before his regular evening began. He made a lasting impression and we hope he will come again. Dr. Reed, President of Dickinson College introduced the famous elocutionist in his good natured way, which always captivates his Indian audience.

From accounts from various parts of the Indian field it appears that a few agents having Indians in charge use Carlisle as a great bug-a-boo. "If you don't do so and so, I'll send your children to Carlisle," they threaten, and the Indian, not knowing that his child might go to a worse place, immediately collapses and forthwith does so and so. But it is all for effect and the Indians will soon find it out. Not ALL of the uneducated Indians are fools, and there are some educated young minds coming on who may take a hand at threatening, in the near future.

We quite agree with the following, handed to us by one of our wide-awake boys:

Parties visiting a printing office should bear in mind that it is just as much ill-manners to look at the proof sheet or read the type, as it is to go into a man's kitchen and look into the pots and see what they are going to have for dinner.—[Linn Co Republic.]

Capt. Wheelock, leader of the celebrated Indian band at Carlisle, and Mrs. Wheelock, accompanied by Miss Ella Hill, professor in the music department at the Indian school, came up from Carlisle to hear the band (Sousa's) and enjoyed the music to the full bent of their musical natures.—Chambersburg Valley Spirit.

If the inhabitants of Mars had been looking down at us on the night of Prof. Durell's lecture they would have seen Carlisle enveloped in a thick fog.

Miss Fannie Colton, of the Commercial Exchange, New York City, was among the visitors of the week.

Sleighting still excellent.

Filthy-lucre day, yesterday.

Every back hath its own pack.

The first of the month and detail day.

Mr. Standing is expected home as we go to press.

The good sleighting bringeth the country school.

Did you see the new moon over your right shoulder?

Always speak to a horse as you would to a gentleman.

James Flannery received well deserved applause for his cornet solo, at the Opera House, last Saturday night.

We learn that Miss Cummins has accepted the leadership of the King's Daughters Circle known as the Wayside Gleaners.

One of the boys to whose ears many English words sound alike says that Dr. King made the wind whistle, "Peter the poor."

In sending Money Orders for the payment of subscriptions make them payable to Miss M. Burgess.

Again we reply to an anxious inquirer that the Man-on-the-band-stand is the news personified.

Miss Anthony was out yesterday looking over the teachers' club affairs, with a view to taking the management of the club.

Miss Hill has moved her belongings from the room over the parlor to the one in front of Miss Bowersox and opposite Miss Hamilton.

Capt. Pratt has been confined to his bed for a few days with a severe cold and attack of la grippe, but is again around.

The selections played by the orchestra last Saturday night at the Standard entertainment were well appreciated by the immense audience.

We are asked, Do the proceeds of the INDIAN HELPER go towards the support of the school? Yes, after the expense of printing of the paper is paid.

Eddie Crane and Henry Oldeagle are what might be called experts in the mail-carrying business. They allow no grass to grow under their feet, not even in summer.

Tommy Flynn lost his finger nail and sustained an ugly mashing of his seeing finger in the printing-press yesterday which will disable him as a case hand for a few days.

Little Harry Weber, with his papa for a pony, was out taking a sleigh ride in his new little sled made from the material that was in his own papa's baby carriage, when he was a baby.

What has become of the little sewing circle so charmingly managed by Miss Campbell for some months before Christmas, that all her little girls want more? They wish Christmas was near at hand all the time, for they did enjoy their little sewing bee so much.

Mr. Chas. C. Greer, of Johnstown, who was one of the jolly World's Fair party, sends a business remembrance this week in the way of a renewal to the HELPER and says that he peruses all the products of the Carlisle publishing house with a great deal of interest.

The boys in the field back of the small boys' quarters have greatly enjoyed skating on the crust of the snow this week, but no one has entered into the fun more than Captain, who while ill, watched their youthful pranks from his window and wished he were a boy again.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hoy, of Sendai, Japan, who for nine years have been missionaries in that foreign land but who are now in this country for a year, visited the school, on Monday, and were guests of Miss Shaffner. Miss Shaffner's aunt Miss Gutelius, of Harrisburg, was her guest on Sunday.

Mr. Boss of Plainfield, N. J., was a guest of Miss Cutter on Wednesday. He is acquainted with Miss Cutter's sisters who are teaching in Plainfield. As a commission merchant of N. Y. City, he had business this way and stopped off to see the Indian school. He expressed himself as greatly delighted with our work here.

Mr. Riddle, General Ticket Agent C.V.R.R. Chas. H. Quarters, Auditor of the passenger traffic of the P. & R., Mr. Rufus Moody Pile, of Philadelphia and Mr. W. L. Ritchey, of Chambersburg, were among some railroad officials who visited the school on Monday. In the evening they came out to witness the regular drill in the gymnasium.

The handsome little ship, rigged and standing on dry dock, on the Captain's desk, a present from John Brown, one of our boys, is a fine piece of workmanship, and would go well by the side of the beautiful models seen in the patent office at Washington. It is complete in every little detail and is greatly appreciated by the recipient. John is an expert with small tools and at left-hand fiddling.

The What-so-ever's gave a pleasant little reception in honor of Miss Belinda Archiquette, last Monday evening. Miss Archiquette left for her home in Oneida, Wisconsin, the next evening, almost sorry to turn her back upon us. She enjoyed her visit and is so strong in the notion of reaching out after higher things that she may come back and perhaps enter a Normal School. She certainly will if she can get her father's consent and other home affairs permit.

The Standard entertainment given in the Carlisle Opera House last Saturday night seems to have well pleased the people, judging from the good accounts in the town daily papers and the kindly remarks on every hand. The large audience was composed of Carlisle's best people, and the house was full to overflowing. Professor Bakeless will use the hundred dollars made, in replenishing the school reference library, which is greatly needed.

Mrs. Masten, who has so faithfully and efficiently carried on the teachers' club for the past year leaves us today for her former home in Philadelphia. She has a very comfortable home there and does not need to labor as hard as her duties here demanded, but she would gladly have stayed longer had home conditions favored. She has made many and lasting friends at Carlisle both among the pupils and faculty. We have yet to hear a complaining word of her management, and her motherly care will be greatly missed.

A PRODIGAL INDIAN.

To get the full force of the following half-sad but interesting letter from a run-away Piegan boy, one must read slowly and measure each sentence.

The letter was read aloud before a number of the faculty who while sympathizing most cordially with the boy's wishes could not restrain convulsive outbursts at his unique expressions.

He says:

"Capt. I must confess that why I left Ind. school Carlisle. I will illustrate this matter. I am very sorry that I put myself in discontented, but that my own fault. I went out without permission outside the fence, and I was going get court-martial for that, and so I skip for that purpose.

Well, Capt. it is not necessary for me to say anything further about this matter, but simply say that Carlisle Ind. School has done more benefit to the Indian children than any other Ind. Schools, in the U. S. or in Canada or I say might just as well as to say, Carlisle School is the best Indian school on the western Continent.

Well, that is all, Capt. I never say anything against you Capt. or to the school. I always gave Carlisle Ind. School good strong record.

I am very sorry that I put myself in disagreeable condition, but I do not say to come to the school, but only thing in my mind always that is. I did not complete my education and I am very sorry for it all the time. I can't help thinking about it.

I am not give up yet, I will accomplish it in some day in the future, if I live.

Well, Capt. if you want me to come back to the school, will do so, or if you don't want me to come back will do so. Of course I will have no objection to that if you don't want me.

Capt. will you apologize me for doing wrong? if you please?

Well, I hope to hear from you soon Capt. don't be afraid to response my letter, I am not going to bite you Capt.

I must close by saying good-bye Capt. I hope you all in good health, and also may God bless you all for your good labors among the Indian boys and girls to the school. write soon. Your former pupil,

P. S. Will you please tell me how much cost from Buffalo to Carlisle, or from Detroit to Carlisle?"

GOOD FOR THE INDIANS!

A writer in the *Voice* has been trying to find out who got up the first temperance society. He has found among some old records in Pennsylvania the following papers which leads him to think that the credit belongs to the Indians:

ALLEGHANY, March 15, 1737.

This day we held a council and it was by the Sheynar's in general that whatever rum

is in our towns shall be broken and spilled and not drank, and whoever shall bring any rum or any sort of strong liquor, into our towns, Indian or white man, let it be more or less, it shall be all broken and spilled in the presence of the whole town, wheresoever it is brought, and four men are appointed for every town to see that there is no rum or strong liquor brought into our towns, and to have it for the term of four years from date.

(Signed)

LAYPAREAWAH, Opehasas' Son,
NENCHUNONER, Deputy King,
COYEAEO LINNE, Chief Council,
and 97 others.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

On the mantel in No. 7 school-room, there was a bright red calico lambrequin tied with yellow bows. It had been placed there by some one to beautify and brighten the room.

Although the taste of the decorator was somewhat questioned, the drapery was left undisturbed until Miss Silcott came and quietly put it away in the closet.

One day soon after the Principal's orderly appeared and said:

"Professor wants all the red scarfs in the chapel."

"Red scarfs! what red scarfs?" and wonderingly Miss Silcott cast her eyes about the room in vain effort to discover what the boy could possibly mean.

"There!" she finally exclaimed. "That is the only thing I know that bears any semblance to a red scarf," and going to the closet she secured the lambrequin put it in the boy's arms and bade him make haste with it to the chapel.

The boy had only reached the next room, however, when she discovered her mistake.

It was the pupils who were to take part in the red scarf song who were wanted, and the laugh which she enjoyed as much as the rest was on Miss Silcott.

Enigma.

I am made of 17 letters:

If you cannot 10, 14, 15, 1, 4 a person, that person is alone to blame

We buy the INDIAN HELPER paper by the 17, 8, 6.

Painting the face ruins the 16, 2, 5, 9.

Most boys hate another who practices 13, 11, 12, 3, 17, 5, 6, 7.

It is impossible to tell how much some of our boys enjoyed my all, last Monday.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A cold wave.

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 premiums for subscriptions.