

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1895.—

NO. 20

## TIME.

§ SIXTY seconds make a minute;  
How much good can I do in it?  
Sixty minutes make an hour;  
I'll do the good that's in my power.  
Four and twenty hours a day,—  
Time for study, work and play.  
Seven days make up a week,—  
Time for wisdom all may seek.  
Four full weeks, and sometimes more,  
Go to make a month's clear score.  
Twelve passing months complete a year,  
December bringing up the rear.  
Days three hundred sixty-five  
Make a year in which to strive.  
Right good deeds each day to do,  
That every year be wise and true.

## DOES EDUCATION KILL THE INDIAN?

To those who seem pleased to say that civilization kills the Indian we would commend the following statements by Frederick Treon, M. D., of Craco Creek, S. D., in a paper read before the Dakota Medical Society five or six years ago. What he describes the writer has seen in hundreds of instances.

Read and judge whether it is education or the present harmful methods of living that is killing the Indian!

Dr. Treon says:

"In their houses we find but little or no ventilation: the family cook, eat, and sleep in one room.

In this room are crowded a half-dozen or more men, women, and children.

Around the room hangs plenty of fresh beef, upon which the flies may light and deposit their quota of living germs to be taken into the stomachs of these people.

You will also find in this ill-ventilated, overcrowded, filthy room a half-dozen or more dogs, and frequently as many more squealing puppies with their eyes not even open.

Their beds are positively too filthy to describe, usually a wooden bedstead with too scanty bed-clothing, were it not for the fact that the inmates seldom remove their cloth-

ing upon going to bed, and, when they rise, ablution being rarely, if ever performed."

Dr. J. B. Graham, who has made the subject a study, adds:

"Their log cabins, with dirt floor are plastered till almost air-tight.

Light is admitted through a single window, without any ventilation whatever.

These houses are kept in winter at a temperature from 80 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and inside are practically dry at all times.

Exhalations from persons and dogs, with sputa from consumption and pus from scrofulous sores, are allowed to lodge on the walls and dirt floors.

They are rapidly dried by the high temperature, and suspended in the atmosphere of the room.

Thus it may be seen that these houses are the very gravest sources of danger.

Veritable culture-soils and hot-beds, they furnish the best possible conditions for the spread of tuberculosis, when the bacilli lodge in the soil prepared for them by exposure, underfeeding, and mal-nutrition.

Not only is death lurking in the air of these places, but, as the raw beef, sliced, is hung there to dry in winter, tubercle bacilli, or spores, may lodge on the beef; and, as this is often eaten raw, another most formidable source of danger to other and of self-infection presents itself."

It is this that Carlisle is educating the Indian out of and away from, but Judge Holman, of Indiana, Chairman of the Indian Committee of the House of Representatives says "No." He says:

"You can only educate the Indian efficiently in contact with his tribe."

He says:

"Indian children educated off the reservation as a rule relapse," and that "You educate the whole tribe when your school is in its midst."

That sort of education has been carried on for over 300 years, but we fail to see any whole tribes that are educated.

Such statements as these are absolutely false and yet they are made year after year. Those who know the least of our aims and purposes as a school are loudest in their denunciation of our methods.

# 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-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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## THE BLIZZARD.

Now that the blizzard of '95 is over, the subject seems altogether too cold to dwell upon, but the greatest of its kind that has ever visited our school and this vicinity must not be allowed to pass without a word.

For three days and nights the snow laden winds of the "wild and wooly west" whizzled one woeful wail in their mad race for the orient. Such an onrush of blow following so near upon the heels of the discussion of the Indian Appropriation bill in Congress, made the Man-on-the-band-stand almost imagine that Delegate Smith of Arizona had exchanged seats with some northern member and from his self-built throne up near the borealis was trying with mighty electric bellows to blow the Carlisle school from the face of the earth, as he declared before the House a few weeks ago that he has endeavored to do for the past few years; but, the school still IS. The Carlisle Indian School stood the test of the blizzard better than some other things round about, and it MEANS to stand, even though blizzards and Smiths blow about it daily.

But how the wind did tear!

Every crack and crevice in the premises was made to whistle and whine. Roofs were lifted. Stately buildings trembled, great trees bent low in the driving breeze. Snow piled in drifts half as high as the houses in which people, overladen with coats, shawls, mufflers and capes were hovering over radiators and open grate fires in vain efforts to keep comfortable. Drifts?

The garrison lane, our main egress and ingress was snowed under—literally packed full. A drift by the guard house stood like a formidable mountain defying horse and man. There has been no going to town by the lane since last Thursday night. Even now, hills of snow block the way and teams go through the fields and over fence tops. On the walk between the office and the school building pedestrians pass through palisades of snow five or six feet high on either side. Surely such a mountain of feathery flakes is unusual for this section.

Near the creamery lane the drifts are piled

ten and fifteen feet high and passers up and down the pike may travel over the top of Judge Henderson's high picket fence.

For three days a passenger train was fast in a snow bank over the hill by the poor-house until a hundred "good for nothing" Indians shoveled it out. Indians were in demand. The Cumberland Val. R. R. wanted Indians. The Reading Railroad wanted Indians, and there were Indians in readiness to go, plenty of them. Many a frost bitten nose, ear, cheek, finger and foot is the result, but nothing more serious. One of the boys said that when the wind was blowing its worst if he stopped to shut his eyes while catching breath, they froze shut, and it was even so.

The story is a long one, and enough incidents, many of them startling, some sad, others amusing occurred in our very midst to fill a dozen letters like the INDIAN HELPER, to say nothing of the untold suffering of thousands who were not so fortunate or so blessed as the members of the Carlisle Indian School, in quarters, fuel, food and clothing.

The great blizzard of '95 will be memorable for its severity, for its length of days and for its big snow drifts, all quite sufficient to satisfy the Man-on-the-band-stand for the rest of his life. Boo!

At the public debate held in the chapel on Monday evening, by the Invincible Debating Club and the Susan Longstrech Literary Society, the question, Resolved, That more work has been and is being done for the betterment of humanity by women than by men, was entered into with a good degree of spirit. The speakers of the occasion were Messrs. Samuel Sixkiller, John Sanborn and Benjamin Caswell on the part of the Invincibles, and Misses Emma Johnson, Laura Long and Susie McDougall for the S. L. L. S. Mrs. Judge Biddle, of Carlisle, President Reed and Prof. Durell, of Dickinson College were the judges, who rendered the decision that as to weight of argument the young gentlemen and young ladies were equal, but in point of address the young ladies excelled. All of the speeches were good. The young men were gallant in the extreme and their remarks were entirely free from slurs, as are sometimes indulged in by young speakers upon a question of the character of that discussed last Monday night. All deserve credit for masterly effort and wide research. Should the Man-on-the-band-stand be allowed to judge he would sum up the addresses irrespective of argument, as follows:— Miss Johnson's was perhaps the most finished, Miss Long's the most concise, Miss McDougall's the best rendered, Mr. Sixkiller's the most witty, Mr. Sanborn's the most profound and Mr. Caswell's the most poetical.

When our pupils reach that happy point that they are not content in an Indian school nor in an Indian population with its Indian drawbacks, then the Man-on-the-band-stand rejoices. He would have each boy and girl look well, however, before leaping, to see that the place he or she is going is really a better place. "There is no place like home," 'tis often said, and yet it were better, oftentimes if a young man had no home to fly to when the way he should go is a little severe.

Good coasting!

Another blizzard is promised.

Valentine's Day, yesterday. Did you get one?

Miss Ida LaChapelle taught for Miss Cochran on Thursday and Monday.

Miss Margaret Hench was a guest of Miss Pratt, Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge of Harrisburg have taken charge of the pupils' kitchen.

Those who remember the blizzard of '88 say it was a babe in comparison with the one just past.

When such holidays as that of Friday come along it might better be termed a "horrid day."

Dr. Montezuma is in Philadelphia on business connected with his profession.

Dawes Day, Miss Ely's birth day and the blizzard all coming on the same day, no wonder it made a stir!

The Girls' Reading Room is indebted to some unknown friend for the *Century Magazine*, which comes regularly every month.

The band and several others from the school attended the Women's Convention held in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg last night.

Master Ned Bakeless seems to think that blizzards are all right as long as he has an indulgent aunty to keep him well wrapped in swaddling clothes.

Clarence Three Stars is still at his post of duty at teaching in one of the district schools at Pine Ridge Agency, S. D. "doing the best I know how" he says.

Miss Cochran was in the midst of wedding festivities when the blizzard came. She was brid-maid for a friend who was married near her home in Milerstown.

Some of the snowdrifts round about on Friday would have made good studies for the art class. At the rear of the teachers' quarters there was one which looked like an Egyptian sphinx.

Some of us old folks as well as the young need the advice on table manners printed elsewhere. Even the Man-on-the-band-stand has trouble with his fork. The fork, the FORK! Let us watch the fork and not grasp it in a back-woods manner!

When a person brags "Oh, I can go out with out protection. I can get my feet wet and it doesn't hurt ME. I don't need an overcoat. It doesn't hurt ME to leave off my under-vest," mark that person down as half idiotic. Don't be anxious about him and don't get angry at him, for he is not worth getting angry at.

Commencement invitations for the 27th and 28th are on the wing. The names of the members of the class '95, appear alphabetically on the invitations and are as follows: Isaac Baird, George Buck, Antoine Donnell, Nettie Fremont, Clark Gregg, Milissa Green, William Hazlett, Alice Lambert, Laura Long, Ida LaChapelle, William Lufkins, Susie McDougall, William Moore, Chauncy Y. Robe, Samuel Sixkiller, George Suis, David Turkey, James Van Wert, George Warren, and Lewis Williams.

Albert Silas is now one of the printers.

Miss Shaffner is spending Friday and Saturday in Washington in attendance upon a Convention of the W. C. T. U.

After the last mail in, one week from to-day, the \$5 prize contest closes. The child of 12 or under who has sent the most subscriptions will be the winner.

The printing office engine is getting its supply of steam from the high pressure boiler in the plant below it, Mr. Weber having made the connections Wednesday night.

Belle was injured while out with her owner Capt. Pratt, during the blizzard, looking after his boys at work shoveling out trains on the Cumb. V. R. R. Her leg was hurt in a bridge down near Mechanicsburg.

Mr. George Red Eagle, of the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, is in Washington, D. C., on business connected with his land, and ran up to the school to see his sister Grace on Monday. He was pleased with Carlisle.

Captain was heard to make the remark this week after witnessing the pluck and endurance of the Indian boys at work in a blizzard shoveling trains and engines out of snow banks, "My boys are worth their weight in gold."

In the *Delphi Journal* there is mention of the gift to the Delphi room of the Hadley Home, situated 30 miles from Indianapolis, by the What-so-ever circle of King's Daughters in the Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., of a quilt and 24 pin cushions.

Our Electric Light Company of Carlisle is said to be one of the best in the state, and that our lights burned brilliantly all through the terrible blizzard when many a city was in darkness on account of down wires, proves that its reputation is a just one.

Miss Zippa Metoxen, graduate of the New Haven school of nursing is at the Tomah Indian School, Wisconsin, putting in practice her profession. Miss Johnson who is a sister of Miss Emma Johnson is also there and the two are going to board themselves.

The Letort spring was snowed shut in some places, causing an overflow in the meadow. The freeze-up made good skating which the boys have much enjoyed in the last few days.

Messrs. James and Nicodemus Hill walked fifteen miles after three o'clock in the morning on Monday last and toat after shoveling snow for the Reading Railroad all day and night. By waiting an hour or two they might have ridden but preferred to walk and keep from freezing. As it was they each had frost-bitten toes.

The girls really look very graceful in their gymnastic suits with divided skirts. They now are able to exercise upon all of the apparatus used by the boys, and to play basket ball. There is no better medicine in the world than the "gymnasium" when judiciously taken. Our school has been in excellent health this year and large credit is due to the regular exercise taken by the pupils. Mr. Thompson enjoys the duty of instructing in gymnastics and treats the subject upon a scientific basis.

## A TRIP TO THE EAST AN EYE OPENER.

If a single trip to the East did so much toward opening the eyes of stolid old chiefs what may be said when several of the best years of a young Indian man's or a young Indian woman's life are spent among people of whom the Indian is to become a part.

The following interesting account of how the Navajoe Chiefs talked on their return from the World's Fair, taken from the last report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is a fair sample of what all would say if allowed the privileges to see and learn for themselves.

These Navajoe chiefs said:

Coming back I never slept for thinking of it.

You should let your children go to school. No difference how much you love them, better let them go to school.

I have wished a thousand times since I came back that I was a boy so I could put myself in school.

I have put two children in, and a neighbor has put one in.

The headmen were ashamed of their hogans after seeing the houses the white men lived in.

I have told the people that after we traveled for a night and a day, the white people were taking care of the earth all the way. Look at our country; we ought to be ashamed of it.

Look at the difference.

The white people are like ants, industrious, working all the time; they are thick, coming and going all the time.

Before, we thought the agent told lie when he told us how many white people there are.

All believe now because so many of us saw.

To see the progress of the white man, like the corn growing from the seed fast in one season.

Old things are like the seed.

From the old to the new is like from the carita [Mexican cart with wheels of solid wood] to a Studebaker wagon.

When I saw the big guns I told the medicine men what did they mean by telling the young men that they could protect the Navajoes against all the whites.

Two white men with one of these guns could whip all the Navajo tribe.

I was asked by an ignorant Indian from Cotton Weed, Wash, if there were more white men than Navajoes.

I showed him the dust and grass, and told him I could just as soon try to count the white people; that they lived on the water as well as on the land.

Then he sat down and wanted me to tell him all I saw.

I told him I could not if I talked till I was gray.

## BACKWOODS TABLE MANNERS.

Nothing tells against a person more, no matter what his station in life, than ill-bred, awkward manners at table, and there is no excuse for such manners. Any one with ordinary powers of observation readily learns good manners without having to be told. We cannot afford to be the least careless in these things if we would mingle with cultivated people and not excite their pity. Notice how well-bred people do not hold the fork like a spike in the fist in an almost vertical position, but with delicate hand cover the handle and use the fore finger to bring purchase on the food they are cutting. Notice how well-bred people do not vigorously mash and mix their food as though making a dose for an ox; how they always take small mouthfuls, eat slowly, and do not shovel food to their mouths with their knives. Notice, too, how they always thank the person who hands them anything, even though it should be an intimate friend, and never lean back in the chair unless very tired or ill.—[M. O. T. B. S

### A SLICE OF "INJUN" CAKE.

Miss Carrie Cory received a large cake from her Indian friends in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Tuesday. She sent the *Journal* a slice and the sample is hereby branded "sehr gut."  
—[*Delphi Journal*.]

### Another on Flirting.

Flirting may seem to the giddy and thoughtless girl to be wonderfully amusing, and she may even get an idea that she is making herself fascinating; but it is a most degrading thing, and should be frowned upon by every young lady who has an ambition to become a worthy, charming and respected woman.

### Enigma.

A — old woman with — intent,  
Put on her — and away she went,  
— she cried grant me this day,  
That I may be able to — away.

A word of four letters by transposing the letters will fill up the blanks in the above.

To every one who answers this (if the answer has not been seen before) a pretty new print of a view of the grounds will be sent. This plate has never been in the press before.

Address HELPER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Thermometer.

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