

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

—FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1896.—

NO. 14

## HOUSES Versus TENTS.

"Oh, what's that?" cried Tim as Major opened an envelope containing the photograph given below.

"Ho! ho! A picture of camp as sure as you are alive."

"No! Do your people live in tents like that?"

"Yes," said Major. "Lots of 'em. The year round, through all kinds of weather, some have no other shelter than a few poles set up with a piece of canvas drawn around, as you see here, and this they call home. Half starved and nearly naked they may be often found."

"Why, I thought all the Indians were living in houses by this time."

"They are fast getting into houses upon some reservations, but they generally like

herding by the score in houses too small for their accommodation, houses with but one or two rooms, low log houses tightly built with little or no ventilation, I tell you it is a serious question in my mind."

"But look at these tents! Are they not very poor protection?"

"Yes, in stormy and cold weather. They are not nearly so warm as the old style buffalo-hide tent which we seldom see these days, and when the mercury is down below zero with a northwester blowing I tell you the people suffer untold misery, but at other times the tents are not so bad. In fact, I believe that the Indians who live in tents are healthier than those who live in badly ventilated huts."

"There may be something in that. I know, however, that my people are better in health since they have all come to live in houses



the tents better, especially in the summer time, and some of the old men and women can't endure to live in houses. I don't blame them?" said Major meditatively.

"How you talk! Don't blame them? Don't you think the Indians should give up their old ways and take on the civilized ways as you and I are doing?"

"Certainly!" said Major. "But this matter of

than they were before. At least so my father says."

"Then your people must have comfortable dwellings."

"Yes," said Tim. "Not large edifices you know, but quite equal to the average farm house. Our houses all have floors, and good

(Continued on THIRD 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, out  
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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.

What trade class are you in, ye carpenters,  
black-smiths, tailors, painters, harness-makers,  
shoe-makers, tanners, bakers, printers,  
laundry girls, sewing-girls?

We are informed by the Indian boy who  
we thought was the author of the Enigma on  
the last page, that he is not, but that it was  
given to him by a young lady of Steelton.

For a good idea of how Carlisle school  
looks buy one of the Souvenirs containing  
sixty views. They are 25 cents cash post paid,  
or FREE for ten subscriptions and a two-cent  
stamp extra for postage. For THIRTY cents  
the HELPER for a year and the Souvenir will  
be sent.

A superintendent of Public Schools in In-  
diana writes that he has learned more about  
the Indians through the HELPER than  
through all other sources. "I consider it  
a most excellent publication," he says, "and  
think its policy of making individual and re-  
sponsible citizens of the Indians the only cor-  
rect method of dealing with this great ques-  
tion."

If we feel a little chilly in rooms off of halls  
well heated by steam heat, sleeping under  
two or three good heavy blankets, what must  
the poor little rag-a-muffin suffer who has on-  
ly a dry-goods box to crawl in or a miserable  
house, and no blankets to sleep under. There  
are thousands upon thousands of poor people  
not so well provided for as we are this cold  
weather. Let us not forget this and be thank-  
ful for our wonderful blessings.

Dr. Montezuma, according to several promi-  
nent Chicago papers which gave sketches of  
his life last week, is now settled in Chicago in  
what the Record calls his "cozy reception  
hall and study, at 3444 Wabash avenue." The  
Doctor's many Carlisle friends wish for him a  
brilliant career as a physician among other  
leading physicians. He is a fine druggist,  
however, so if people with aches and pains  
give him the go-by he can fall back upon his  
old trade and supply them with drugs that  
many love so well and would be better with-  
out.

An informal dedication of the new library  
in the school building was held one evening  
last week. The teachers and one or two others  
were invited in as Prof. Bakeless' guests.  
There were refreshments and toasts and a  
very pleasant hour was spent. The south  
corner of the Professor's office is made over  
in true library style with shelves to the ceil-  
ing and a platform with iron railing half way  
up, which one reaches by little stairs. It is  
nicely painted and bears an artistic appear-  
ance. The handsome card case is of the lat-  
est model and the shelves and books are num-  
bered and lettered according to the latest  
methods. This has long been needed. What  
is now needed most are books of the right  
character to fill the shelves. The Professor  
will not have trashy literature, but only valu-  
able books of reference and of the highest lit-  
erary merit. He has a good beginning, and  
has faith to believe that more will come.

Professor Super, of the Dickinson College  
Faculty, gave a very entertaining illustrated  
lecture on Wednesday evening, in Assembly  
Hall. His topic was "The River Rhine," and  
the illustrations were fine. The Professor's  
cultivated language was above the heads of  
some of our pupils, who grew restless, but the  
advanced classes were eager in their attention  
and learned much, while the faculty were  
very much pleased with the lecture. This  
magnificent River whose source has never  
been seen by the eye of man, and which is  
mouthless, traverses a land rich in historical  
lore and picturesque castles. We thank Prof.  
Super for his trip down the Rhine and wish  
we could hear the story again.

In a letter received from Nancy Cornelius  
we learn that she and two sisters with Zippa  
Metoxen and Lily Wind spent an enjoyable  
Holiday week together. She says: "I tell  
you we talked of all good times that we used  
to have when we were at our good Carlisle  
school." Nancy, Zippa and Lily are all pro-  
fessional nurses. Zippa says she has all the  
work that she can do and receives twenty  
dollars a week. Nancy who was the first In-  
dian in this country to graduate as a nurse,  
says, I am proud of Zippa. Zippa could say  
as much and more of Nancy, while Lily, too,  
is making a most excellent reputation.

Prof. Robert Tempest, the celebrated pianist  
of Philadelphia, who recently visited the  
school, has composed a march called "The  
Roosters of Carlisle" taking the refrain, no  
doubt, from the Indian music published in  
our Holiday number. It is full of sparkle  
and originality and is dedicated to our band  
leader, Mr. Dennison Wheelock. He sent  
Mr. Wheelock a band arrangement which we  
hope to hear before long. The Invincible  
Debating Club has elected Prof. Tempest as  
an honorary member of their society.

It was on the banks of the Rhine that print-  
ing was invented, and the Germans deserve the  
credit of developing the art. The largest  
water fall in Europe is in the River Rhine, but  
it looked like a babe in comparison with our  
great Niagara. Professor Super says the falls  
of the Rhine are not the highest in Europe,  
for some falls in the Alps are a thousand feet  
high, but the stream is so small that a slight  
wind blows it out of existence.

Leap year!  
Looks like snow!  
That was a cold snap last week.  
The poem on last page is just like Six.  
Save your nickel for a first ride on the trolley.

The administration building has a storm door.

How goes the class work in shops since the new order?

What do you read? TRASH or something worth while?

The trolley rails are down at the school end of the line.

The snow is trying its best to hold off until the trolley is done.

Miss Nana Pratt spent Sunday among friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Guignet, of Carlisle, was a guest of Miss Ericson one day last week.

The band is to give a pay concert in the near future, we understand.

Joslyn Kenjockety is the latest to join the corps of "art preservative" learners.

Miss Elizabeth Hensch is teaching in Number eleven, during Mr. Spray's absence.

Skating this week has been fine, and none have enjoyed it more than the Indian boy.

If weather continues so that the trolley men can work they promise us a ride by next week.

A force of trolley men and our Indian boys are at work upon the forty-foot drive via the trolley to the pike.

Who are Tim and Major, anyhow? Only the Man-on-the-band-stand's friends who have had much experience.

Mr. Spray is on his country rounds among pupils on farms to see after their schools and homes and their surroundings.

Mrs. Bushman, of the near farm, and sister from a distance were among the printing-office callers on Friday last.

The last heard from Johnnie Given at Bloomsburg he was enjoying himself skating. And so are some of his friends at Carlisle.

Miss Shaffner left on Tuesday morning for her tour among the girls in families. It will take her several weeks to make the rounds.

Among the New Year's visitors at our school were Mr. Walter Deitrich and Miss Maud Baldwin of Harrisburg who called upon Miss Bowersox.

One of the interesting features of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society last Friday evening was a talk given on the "Sights of London" by Miss Shaffner.

Last week the school was entertained by an illustrated lecture by Prof. Bower, of Carlisle. Famous pictures of Christ were thrown upon the canvas and explained.

In the new library catalogue there will be a Subject catalogue with cross references; Author catalogue and a Topical catalogue, making the whole very complete.

That was a hard collision between bicycles which occurred last week on the grounds. Amos Osage and Daniel West were the riders and Amos's wheel was badly used up.

Our Standard Debating Society will meet the Gamma Epsilon Literary Society of Dickinson Preparatory School in public debate sometime in the near future. It promises to be a hard contested debate.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg, Philadelphia, to-day, the Captain having been invited by the New Century Club of the city of Brotherly Love to make an address on the Indian question.

At the opening exercises of school during the past week Prof. Bakelless talked on "The Arrangement and use of the new Library" and upon "Harnessing Niagara," Miss Weekly upon "Paper Making" and Mr. Hendren upon the "Monroe Doctrine."

Two of our musicians, Messrs Joseph Adams, Trombone player, and Jas. Wheelock, Clarinetist, accompanied the Dickinson College Glee Club last week on a little concert trip through the western part of the state, and had a fine time they say.

James Flannery gave his "Old Kentucky Home" solo accompanied by the band, before Prof. Super began his lecture on Wednesday evening. This selection by the band is always appreciated by the audience while a few of the finer and difficult touches in the solo carry some off into ecstasy.

Miss Wiest, of Metzger College, formerly one of our corps of workers was a caller on Wednesday. Her mother, who lives at Newville, has been very ill and still requires careful nursing. Miss Wiest's duties were interrupted for some time, and now she has engaged Susie Farwell as nurse during her mother's convalescence.

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*From First Page.*

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windows and doors. Most of my people are partly educated and have their houses comfortably furnished with stoves and beds and chairs, while some of them—those who have been saving are living in very good houses, indeed. Two story houses built of brick."

"Education makes the difference," said Major. "But I believe that a lot of uneducated beings, who know not how to keep clean, who never have learned the proper uses of doors and windows, and who would laugh you to scorn if you preach cleanliness to them, had better stay out in tents."

"I don't know but you are right, come to think of it, for people who live year after year in one house must keep it passably clean, and be clean themselves, if they would keep well."

"You know how the tent Indians do, don't you, when the ground around the tent and inside becomes covered with old bones, litter and filth, that even they can't stand it any longer?" asked Major.

"No, what do they do?"

"Why, they simply pick up their abode and pitch in a clean spot. They can't do that to a hut built of logs, you know."

"Of course not," laughed Tim, "but what is to hinder their cleaning the house?"

"That would be work without pay, you see, and a precious few of 'em want to work without the visible cash in hand?"

"That's natural! Isn't it?"

"I suppose so, in a sense, but I should think that natural instinct and self-preservation ought to induce one to keep the filth from his person and away from his door. The majority of the Indians think nothing of that, though. Why, on a cold winter's day, I have gone into one of those huts where ten and fifteen Indians live in one room. The stove would be nearly red hot and the temperature surely 90 or a hundred. All kinds of people would be in there—old and young, consumptive and blind, the lame and the balt, the sore-eyed babe and the prattling child of four, to say nothing of a half-dozen dogs which nearly every Indian family of the old type is blessed with."

"Phew!"

"I should say so! The air was stifling, but they did not seem to mind it. There they sat talking and smoking, the old and the blind lying in corners on the floor, poor distressed looking mortals, and all breathing that poisonous air."

"Why are they so opposed to opening the windows?"

"They simply do not know how to take care of themselves. The little windows were so clogged with dirt you could not see out. They were never opened, and in that atmosphere full of smoke and foul odors those people cook and eat and sleep."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Tim. "No wonder the Indians die like sheep."

"And that is the reason I think tents are better for them than houses," said Major.

"They certainly are better for people who will not be clean. Houses must be kept clean and ventilated, then they are much healthier than tents. "But," said Tim, in distress, "haven't the Indians in that ignorant state much to learn? and how long it is going to take, if the children are not all soon rescued from those places you describe, and taught the laws of health and how to live!"

### SIXKILLER.

It will be remembered that Samuel Six-killer, class '95, was the class poet. A few days since the following private letter in the shape of a rhyme was received by his old teacher, who was kind enough to allow the Man on-the-band stand to read it, and we are sure the readers of the HELPER will enjoy its perusal as much as the old gentleman did. We feel a little chary about publishing it without permission, but Samuel is a printer and understands how when the publisher gets hold of a good thing he always wants to give others the benefit of the same. At any rate we will run the risk of Samuel's forgiveness, for taking a printer's license in this instance:

Well, Well, Miss Paul, forgotten you?  
I don't believe it's right,  
For when I think of Old Carlisle,  
Come memories fresh and bright

Of the many familiar faces,  
Of the many ups and downs,  
Of every thing and every place,  
That is upon the grounds.

I was sitting here this afternoon,  
With paper in my hand,  
And all at once I thought of friends,  
Back in that Eastern land.

I knew that you had written me,  
About two months ago,  
And why I never answered you,  
I'm sure I do not know.

I 'spose you wonder what I'm doing,  
And then would like to know,  
For every one who leaves Carlisle,  
Of course, the mark must toe.

But I'll tell you just the straight, of things,  
If you'll promise not to quack,  
For its very little I have done,  
Since Spring, when I came back.

You know when a fellow wants to work,  
And tries to find a place,  
If he cannot get just what he wants,  
He'll get down in the face.

Well, I'm in that position,  
With nothing much to do,  
But still with friends and kin-folks  
I can most always chew.

I'm getting mighty tired, though,  
With nothing 'tall to do,  
If a fellow cannot get a job,  
I don't blame him, do you?

This is my first winter out of school,  
For quite a while, you know,  
And all this thing of finding work,  
With me goes pretty slow.

I've found out that a fellow,  
If he makes a start at all,  
Must have a great amount of cheek,  
What most of us call "gall."

You know that is my weakest point,  
But still I'm in the ring,  
And I guess ere very long,  
This bird will learn to sing.

I have not heard from old Carlisle,  
For two or three months, I guess,  
Surely things about the place,  
Haven't got in such a mess

That you can't write a fellow,  
Or tell him what's the news,  
I haven't got a HELPER,  
Since the gray mule lost his shoes.

Tell the printers that a brother,  
Away out in the West,  
Is thirsty for some knowledge,  
Of the big and cosy nest.

Some day their wings will stronger grow,  
Then they will have to fly  
To some far distant Western home,  
And for the nest they'll sigh.

How about the old bird (?)?  
I hope he's well and strong,  
And able still for many a year,  
To help the cause along.

I've thanked him many and many a time,  
For all that he has done,  
The Indians had ne'er a better friend,  
Beneath the shining sun.

You know now who I'm talking about;  
You surely can see that,  
Who in the wide world could it be,  
But good old Captain Pratt?

Well seems to me its getting late,  
I guess I'll have to close,  
For if I don't I'm pretty sure,  
That I'll begin to doze.

The boys, I guess, that they're all right,  
And up to all their tricks,  
But now goodbye, I said I'd close,  
I remain as ever,

SIX.

### Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.  
My 3, 2, 8 is what a stove is when fire is in it.  
My 1, 4, 8 we should do to the letter "i."  
My 3, 4, 11, 7, 6 is a faithful animal.  
My 5, 10, 8 is a negative.  
My 9, 2, 11, 12 is what people can do.  
My whole is what the little Indian boy who  
is the author of this Enigma thinks that In-  
dians can do as well as white people.