


THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

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NO. 17.

HO dares not follow Truth where'er
Her footsteps lead.
But says, "O guide not there, nor there,
I have not strength to follow where
My feet would bleed,
But show me worn ways, trodden fair
By feet more brave—"
Who fears to stand in Truth's broad glare,
What others dared not, will not dare,
Is but a slave.

VISITING CHIEFS.

On last Friday, Quanah Parker, head chief of the Comanche Indians of Oklahoma, Essatite, and Red Elk, also chiefs of the same tribe, arrived from the west.

Quanah was accompanied by his wife.

They were all dressed in citizen's clothing. They have long hair and still adhere to the traditional scalp lock.

Mrs. Parker dresses in basque and skirt of gay colored material. She wears high heeled shoes, has diamonds on her fingers and carries a gold watch. Her hair is combed neatly back, parted in the middle, and tied at the back in a single braid with red ribbon.

She speaks no English.

Quanah has three children with us.

Tuesday, Lone Wolf, chief of the Kiowas, and Tsadle Koukay, Judge of the Indian Court of Offenses arrived, making a striking company of representative men of the Indians of the south west.

The latter were also dressed in citizen's clothes, and Lone Wolf has discarded the scalp lock, and wears short hair.

On Wednesday the entire party left for Washington, and were accompanied by Delos Lone Wolf, son of the Kiowa Chief.

While at Carlisle the chiefs took a great interest in examining into the workings of the school and in drawing comparisons between the then of long ago and now.

On Tuesday evening the school was called together and music was tendered by the band and choir in honor of the visitors after which

there was speech making on the part of the chiefs, and others.

By way of introduction Captain said:

"Next June will be 29 years since I met these people on the Little Washita down in the Indian Territory."

He remembered the time and place and incident very well. As Mr. Standing was an old friend of the chiefs, he having spent his first years among the Indians in the tribes they represent, Captain asked him to make a few introductory remarks.

Mr. Standing said in part:

Among the many opportunities that come to us here that would not come elsewhere is that of meeting many of the prominent Indian chiefs of the day, from most of the Indian tribes of the United States.

These men have become great in their tribes by reason of force of character and natural ability, and have by the same means compelled the respect of all with whom they have come in contact. They have no education, but are intelligent and know how to make a good bargain.

One of the strongest educational forces that has acted upon the Western portion of the country they represent has come by Indians visiting Carlisle and seeing as they could not see elsewhere the possibilities of education. We cannot estimate the good results of these visits; they are productive of very great good to the Indians as well as the people of the country.

After a few minutes more of very good talk, in relation to the Kiowas and Comanches, Mr. Standing introduced Quanah Parker. He is not educated in books but is well versed in general knowledge and business experience. The Comanches are divided into small bands. The band which Quanah represents is called Quahada—Antelope Eaters. The other bands are Buffalo Eaters, Honey Eaters and Root Eaters.

Continued on 4th 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, but EDITED by the man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Mr. Campbell in reply to a business letter gives a little account of his work among the Shoshones, at the Wind River Boarding School, Wyoming. He claims they have a very complete water system which has been put in without costing the Government anything for labor, so they have water and plenty of it. He has a full school of 156. They need more industrial facilities but are doing the best they can on what they have. His pupils do not run away from school. He asks many questions about things in general and what the debating societies are doing, showing that he has not forgotten Carlisle nor has he lost interest in the welfare of the school. Wonder what he would say to see a trolley car arriving on his old tennis ground every half hour!

The band played to a good house on last Thursday night, notwithstanding the rain fell in streams and it was the worst night this year as far as weather is concerned. Thanks to the trolley, however, the people were transported to and fro very comfortably. The features of the evening were first the clarinet solo by James Wheelock—Cox's "How can I bear to leave thee?" This coming the first and before the audience had warmed up to the occasion it did not receive the applause the rendition merited. The Carlisle *Herald* said it was about the finest clarinet playing ever heard by a Carlisle audience. Every measure of variations in James Flannery's cornet solo—"My old Kentucky home," by Masten, was enthusiastically applauded. The Saxophone solo—"Serenade," (Titi) by Levi St. Cyr and the Euphonium solo—"Success," (Holt) by Joseph Adams, were well received. Mr. Claudy surprised the audience by a clever rendition of Haudel's "Largo," on the violin, accompanied by the band. This was encored. The Young Ladies' Glee Club sang well, and Miss Linnie Thompson pleased her audience by a vocal solo—"Judith." Of the band selections, Dennison Wheelock's own productions—March, Class '96, and Indian School March, were rendered with spirit. The favorite of the others was LeThiere's Original Fantasia, in which Simeon George plays a trombone solo conspicuous for its sweetness and expression. The Indian War Dance by Bellstedt, is always a pleasant diversion, and Paderewski's Minuet is always enjoyed for its wierd strains of beauty. The evening was a success, and the band cleared between 80 and 90 dollars.

ONCE AN INVINCIBLE ALWAYS
AN INVINCIBLE.

Once a Standard Always a Standard.

"That's right," said H—— after reading the item in last week's HELPER in relation to the same subject. And then H—— goes on as follows in a little communication for the HELPER:

Be as true to the society of your choice as to the country in which you live!

Be loyal to your society, not because it is the best in the world, but because it is the one which you are helping to make the best!

If you are appointed to take a part in the program of the evening, feel that it is an honor which your society shows you and try to prove yourself worthy of the trust!

Make careful preparation if you are to speak in debate, and do not disgrace yourself and your companions by asking the president after you have made your bow to the audience:

"What is the subject, anyhow?"

Could anything be more imbecile than such conduct?

If you are naturally timid, and shrink from taking your place on the platform, summon all your courage, stand by your guns and do the best you can, in the speech or declamation assigned you, and even if you do not prove yourself as eloquent as General Gordon you will earn the respect of your audience for being true to the trust reposed in you when you were chosen for that part, and you will be better for the self-mastery which the effort cost you.

Above all, have too much pride to FLUNK.

To absent yourself for your own pleasure when your name is on the program, gives others reason to think you a coward, or worse. Not even a concert in town should call you off unless you have secured someone to take your place, so that the program will not be marred by your absence.

Gallantly rally round your "Standard," or in valor and loyalty prove yourself "Invincible," or show that bravery and resolution may be shown by a modest "Susan." H.

Miss Ericson has received the sad intelligence of the death of her friend and teacher Miss Meri Toppelius, in Chicago, a few days since. Miss Toppelius arrived in America in 1889, the same year and day as Miss Ericson. She introduced Sloyd into several Chicago schools and was the leading teacher of the system in that city. She was esteemed as a most excellent teacher using the best methods, and her death is a great loss to all interested in manual training. The Sloyd drawings we use at Carlisle were published by Miss Toppelius. She was a teacher of Sloyd for many years in the Pedagogical Sloyd Institute in Helsingfors, Finland. Miss Toppelius' uncle is the greatest poet and author of Finland now living.

When Lonewolf was here two years ago he wore a scalp lock and long hair. He has since cut his hair, and the scalp lock has disappeared. No one but the Indian struggling in the transition period can tell what a tremendous sacrifice it must have been for him to give up these life-long customs, but his present appearance is all the nobler, manlier and more independent.

Bad colds are in fashion.

The *Red Man* for January is mailing.

Chief Essatite wears yellow shoes.

LaGrippe will grip if we don't watch out.

Nearly time for the traditional ground-hog.

The trolley is a great thing to catch nickles.

Lone Wolf looks something like William Penn.

Miss Campbell paid a flying trip to Lancaster on Saturday.

Trolley time: The car leaves at a quarter past and a quarter of each hour.

A new plank siding at the end of the trolley is a great convenience.

Mr. Steele brings the news from Atlanta that Miss Merritt is married.

Nearly all severe illnesses come from colds, so let us nurse our cold carefully.

The best way to cure a cough is not to cough even though the desire is strong.

Essatite had the noble countenance and elevated brow of a Henry Ward Beecher.

Tsadle Konkay looks like a judge, and he is a Judge of the Indian Court of Offenses.

Miss Weekly entertained her King's Daughters Circle last Wednesday evening.

Weather for wheeling has again unexpectedly come and many are taking advantage of it.

Miss Mary Anthony, of College Street, had the misfortune to fall and break her arm last week.

On Friday night, Miss Cochran gave a little party in honor of Mr. Snyder who expects to leave us soon.

State Secretary S. M. Bard, of the Y. M. C. A., led the meeting of our Y. M. C. A. two Sundays ago.

Our foreman, Mr. StCyr has been under the influence of LaGrippe for a day or two, but is again at his post.

When Chief Quanah Parker was asked if he were a Democrat or Republican he replied: "I stand up both sides."

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt and children of Steelton are visiting the school, guests of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt.

Now is a proper time to revive the old conundrum, Which travels faster heat or cold? The answer is, Heat because you can catch cold.

The news comes from Oneida, Wisconsin, that Albert Metoxen a former Carlisle pupil has recently married Miss Celicia Danforth of the same agency.

Mr. Standing wants to know why the new clock seems to be ashamed of itself. Maybe we will offer a prize for this answer, but why should it, anyway?

The Chiefs who were here this week represent 3,000 people who control over 3,000,000 acres of land which if divided in shares would give to every man, woman and child 1000 acres.

When Captain said the other evening that if he had been born in an Indian camp, and brought up as an Indian he might now be wearing a scalp lock, he forgot the present condition of the spot on his head just where the scalp lock would naturally come.

General Gordon's thrilling lecture at the Court House, last Saturday night was enjoyed by many of our young men and their young lady friends.

Miss Ely was acting Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School for about 37 minutes last Saturday, and she has not gotten over it yet.

Mr. John Steele of Carlisle is repairing the school clocks. Now we can be on time. Mr. Steele has just received a letter from Harvey Warner, Omaha Agency, which shows that he is getting along well.

It is said that an electric alarm is to be attached to the pole near the dining hall to tell when the trolley car comes across the bridge in the meadow so that all desiring to take the car may be warned in time.

On Friday night the residence of Captain Pratt was brilliantly lighted and much astir about nine o'clock, the occasion being a Progressive Jack Straw party tendered to a number of her Carlisle friends by Miss Nana Pratt in honor of her guest Miss Mary Middleton of Philadelphia.

Among the many invitations that were sent to the girls for the lecture on Saturday night, was one that the Susan Longstreth Literary Society reporter was glad to get hold of to add to her notes. It read:—"Dear Friend: I write to ask, if may I am pleasure company you to electure you Saturday night. Your's Respected."

Miss Hamilton, who for several years taught among the Indians of the South West, entertained the chiefs the other evening, and a very jolly company it was. There were a few others invited in. Who says the real Indian does not enjoy jokes and fun as well as others? The Indian must know and believe in his associates, then he lets himself out.

The Five dollar offer will be open till Washington's Birth day. Every body try, no matter whether a subscriber or not! If after trying once you think of another way it might be, try again, but every trial must be accompanied by a new subscription. FIVE DOLLARS is offered for the one sending the best complete answer to the conundrum—Why should "i" be the happiest of all the vowels? Each answer to be accompanied by a new subscription.

It will be remembered that Quanah Parker's mother was a white woman, taken captive when a child during one of the raids made down in Texas by the Comanches many years ago. She grew up as one of the wild Indians and finally married an Indian of the tribe. When Quanah was quite a little child the whites recaptured his mother and carried her back to her friends and surroundings, but she had been so long with her Indian captors that she had imbibed their spirit and begged to be taken back to her wild Indian home. Is it not so that External influences make the man? Her friends would not take her back and so she died of a broken heart. With her dying breath she besought them to let her go back to her Indian husband and children. It is said that Quanah does not drink anything stronger than coffee neither will he gamble. He claims that a chieftain occupying the position he does needs all his mental faculties clear so that he may wisely govern his people.

From 1st page.

Quanah is a rich man, owning 1000 head of cattle. He lives in a \$6000 house, has 200 head of ponies, and 300 acres of land under cultivation.

Twenty years ago he had nothing.

When Quanah arose he was greeted with loud applause and spoke without interpreter. He had explained to Mr. Standing that he was afraid that he would not be understood in his broken English, but Mr. Standing asked the audience to be very still, and all were very still while Quanah said in part:

"I not talk English much. I been here 4 days. I look all at you. I find out everything good. I come 2000 miles west. Oklahoma, that's where I come from. I telegraph the Commissioner, me wants see my children. I go down Washington, I tell what I see here. Government wants open Indian country. Indian he no ready yet. You all Indian like me. Indian no understand farm. He don't know it how to make homes. That's my idea.

I don't want to open my country soon. Some poor Indians no ready yet. Maybe half of it, they ready. That's what I come for. That's what I tell Commissioner."

We have not space to give the entire speech.

Then Lone Wolf was introduced. Delos, his son, interpreted. When he began in the very strange Kiowa tongue many of the smaller children could not refrain from smiling, and some audibly, which was not meant for any disrespect. This lasted but a second, however, when Delos began with "He says:

The first thought I wish to present to you is in a line concerning our business. We are on our way to Washington to adjust some matters concerning our people. Commissioners were appointed to treat with us. You no doubt have read of the proceedings. My friends Capt. Pratt and Mr. Standing have read and know. The Commissioners saw that the old chiefs were weak and they made things go their own way. We found that we will receive rations only two years, and not half of our people are farmers and are not able yet to take care of themselves. The time is too short. I am doing what I can in my feeble efforts to help my people.

We have schools, one a mission school, and the two largest are Government schools. We are doing what we can to help the cause of education among our people. We cannot help feeling that Carlisle is doing a work that cannot be compared with any work that is going forward among the Indians.

The reservation schools have allowed the

children to speak the Indian tongue. Carlisle does not and for that reason Carlisle is successful.

Two years ago when I was here and stood before you, I said that I could see no difference between the pale faced children and our own, and it is because of the work that is going on here.

I have said time and again, we men are as children. Our children who have learned the English language are stronger than we are.

I have seen great buildings here which the Indian boys helped to erect. If Indians can do these things, Indians can do anything, [applause], and I extend the thanks of my people to your beloved Superintendent for such advantages.

I cannot help feeling that he is a first rate doctor; he is giving you good medicine."

Then Captain wound up the evening with a few remarks, showing his strong belief in Lone Wolf's assertion that Indians can learn to do all that the white man can if they have the same opportunity. He (Captain) would have been as much an Indian as Lone Wolf had he been born in Indian surroundings with no opportunity or encouragement to be otherwise.

"Lone Wolf says you look like white people; it is because you have associated with white people," said Captain.

Enigma.

I am made of 19 letters.

My 4, 2, 15 is a covering for the head.

My 8, 9, 10 is what we buy the coal by.

My 1, 18, 11, 16 is what all people do in the morning after they get up.

My 12, 14, 2, 5, 6 is a man part of the head.

My 3, 6, 9, 1 is something many people are waiting for.

My 17, 5, 7 is what some men must do to lay the "Traction Line."

My 3, 8, 19 is not very pleasant to get on the eye.

My 13 is the beginning of a small word used by a great many people.

My whole is something that is coming which the Carlisle boys and girls are looking forward to with pleasure. SUBSCRIBER.

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