

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—  
*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.*

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1896.—

NO. 33

## WOMAN'S SPHERE.

THEY talk about a woman's sphere,  
As though it had a limit:  
There's not a place in earth or Heaven,  
There's not a task of mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whisper, yes, or no,  
There's not a life, or death, or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth,  
Without a woman in it.

## THE OMAHA DANCE AS SEEN ONLY FIVE YEARS AGO.

Mrs. Kinney, of the Connecticut Indian Association wrote the following, after witnessing the Omaha dance, in 1891. Who dare say, that should she visit the same reservation to-day, she would not see the same dance, only intensified by the free use of whiskey?

At the further end of the lodge, stood, four men in gorgeous attire—perhaps I should say unattire, for, aside from a choice variety of paint, they were bare to the waist.

They were beaded and feathered and painted, and wore fringed buckskin leggings and beautiful moccasins, and carried big feather fans in their hands.

My friend drew a long sigh of relief when she saw that they were without knives or tomahawks.

Back of the four magnates sat half a dozen drummers and ten or a dozen women, all of them members of the secret order and there to take part in the dance.

The women were beautifully and modestly clothed, low-necked and short-sleeved gowns not being permissible among the Omahas.

The presence of one of our society belles in full ball attire would be regarded as an insult by these people, whose ideas of propriety are in some respects as rigid as those which were entertained by our Puritan forefathers.

The lodge was capable of holding two or three hundred persons, but not more than one hundred were present on this occasion.

The medicine dances, with other old-time superstitions and practices, are giving way gradually before the advance of more civilized customs, and the interest in these displays is slowly but surely dying out.

The audience was seated on the ground all around the sides of the lodge, and here we seated ourselves, surrounded by Indian men, women, babies and dogs.

The four men stood like statues while the singing and drumming went on for perhaps five minutes; then the leader commenced to beat time cautiously with one foot, then with the other; then he stepped out of line and the others followed him, all finally dancing quietly and gracefully in a circle, never coming in contact, but each having his or her own place, and dancing, not in couples, but as individuals.

Each dancer carried the sacred otter skin, which is the trade mark, so to speak, of the medicine man or woman.

In the head of the otter the members of this order carry their medicines, many of them, so they claim, having a sacred origin, and all of them calculated to do great harm to the faithless.

As the dancing grew more brisk the otter skins were waved more wildly in the air, and after a little came the denouement.

The "magic shell" was shot from the head of the otter, and entering the body of the nearest dancer, he (or she) fell to the ground, coughing violently.

If he succeeds in coughing up the shell, he instantly regains his vigor, rises to his feet and goes on with his dancing as blithely as ever.

If not, the magic influence does its work and he succumbs, and dies then and there.

It is needless to say that although several of the dancers fell at my feet, I failed to see the magic shell, and as for dying, not a mother's son or daughter of them breathed their last during that dance.

## Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 3, 4, 6 is a large body of water.

We hope sometime to be 2, 1, 8, 4 to beat the world at my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 which is my whole.



# 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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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.

A letter from William Paisano expresses a great deal of pleasure at meeting Capt Pratt and Miss Nana at Laguna. He said they held a meeting at which they sang and talked together.

In a letter received from the President of the Williamson School he says: "Among all the pleasant notices we have received lately the friendly article in the *Red Man* for April is the best."

SOMEBODY will win the dollar for writing correctly the Rebus in No. 31 HELPER. Send for No. 31! It will be forwarded FREE if you wish to try, and you may win the dollar. Ten days yet! Plenty of time!

At the Annual Spring Sports of Dickinson College on their athletic field last Saturday Frank Cayou won three prizes. He was first in the one hundred yards dash, in the two hundred and twenty yards run, and in the four hundred and forty yards run; broke the records in the first two.

The dance described on first page is still a frequent occurrence on the western reservation and ever will be until education changes the desire for higher amusement, pastime or religious ceremony. If education is to do it then why not take the shortest road? The speediest and most thorough results come from removing the youth entirely from such scenes in the midst of the work-a-day people of the world where common sense rules.

Capt. Pratt and daughter, Miss Nana, when last heard from were at Pasadena, California. Just at the time of writing they were at Echo Mountain, 3000 feet above Pasadena with Los Angeles and Pasadena in full view. The day before they were 6000 feet above the cities mentioned, and Captain says the railroad ride surpasses Pike's Peak for grandeur of scenery. Mrs. Grinnell has taken them all over the beautiful city in her carriage. They have been to Albert K. Smiley's summer resort at the Red Lands and have visited the Perris Indian School. They are on their way to Seattle, Oregon, where they take the steamer for Alaska in company with Rev. Dr. Jackson.

Miss Alice Fletcher was one of the speakers at a gathering of Friends in the Race Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, last Thursday evening. She eulogized the work that Friends had done among the Indians and spoke of the difficulties that the Omahas have had to encounter in their efforts to become citizens. When Miss Fletcher first began her work among the Indians years ago it was as an ethnological student. Previous to that she had been engaged in archaeological pursuits, and not understanding the machinery of the Government it seemed strange to her that she was obliged to have letters from the Secretary of the Interior before she could go upon an Indian reservation—a place in her own country. Finally she was urged to take a place on the allotment commission.

Miss Fletcher believes strongly in individual work, and commended the Society of Friends for their instituting the office of Field Matron which has been a great blessing to the Indian woman, and through which Friends have learned to recognize the individual. In individual work now lies the hope of the Indian.

Compulsory education must be enforced. The Indian is suffering from our having to publicly confess our sins before him. There is danger in our manner of helping. The Indian is not lazy; if he were he would not now be a problem to this Government. He is a natural statesman and a warrior.

Miss Fletcher spoke strong words in favor of the Carlisle outing system, paying a high tribute to Capt. Pratt, the originator of the plan, to Miss Ely as the one through whose skilful management it has attained great success, and to the Friends who take the children of the plains into their families and give them individual help.

We see by the *El Reno Democrat* that Rosa Lewis, a former pupil of Carlisle, has married DeForest Antelope in accordance with the rites of the Congregational Church. The event took place on Wednesday evening, the 15th at the Cheyenne School, Darlington. A full description of the occasion as found in the paper mentioned will be given in the May *Red Man*. Among the guests present are recorded the following peculiar names: Bushy Head, Bull and Pipe Woman, Warpath Bear, Stump Horn, and Howling Crow. Mr. Antelope is said to be a person of excellent repute at the school, and the bride has endeared herself to her associates while there for her sweetness of disposition. Rosa has the congratulations of all at Carlisle who know her.

Fleety Payne would have us know by letter that the girls in the country do not have to work all the time. One day last week Lillie Cornelius, one of our girls, gave a surprise party to Susie Baker, Lucy Americanhorse, Celicia Metoxen and Fleety. They were shown into a nicely furnished and decorated room in the middle of which stood a table on which were vases filled with sweet violets, buttercups, daisies, shrubs and evergreens all tastefully arranged. They sat and chattered and had refreshments consisting of several kinds of cakes, iced and plain, lemonade and apples "for all of which we were most thankful," says Fleety.



Mr. Claudy is off on his annual leave.  
How long is the food canal? Ask Lillie Payne.

Elias Stanton has gone home to Gray Horse, Oklahoma.

Miss Daniel is preparing for the preparatory of Dickinson.

The tennis court near entrance avenue is a good change of base.

Mrs. Sprout, matron of the teachers' club is seriously ill in Illinois.

The much needed rain is reviving the spirits of the farmers hereabouts.

Joseph Adams went to Shippensburg last Friday to play the trombone.

The May entertainment is on the boards as we go to press, Thursday evening.

Send for No. 31 HELPER for the Rebus offer. ONE DOLLAR for the most perfect answer.

The stone crusher has been in active operation for a week, and has devoured piles of rock.

Why are absent minded people like hens? Because they never find things where they lay them.

Our nine will cross bats with Dickinson tomorrow on the Dickinson College Athletic grounds.

Mrs. Cope and Miss Smith of Bloomsburg, were guests of Professor and Mrs. Bakeless over Sunday.

Mr. Thompson has returned from Albany where he has been spending a two week's leave.

Caleb Sickles has gone to the country to earn a few pennies for the winter campaign of schooling.

James Flannery went with his cornet to Gettysburg Wednesday to assist in the Catholic orchestra.

Miss Mary R. Henry and M. H. Brun, employees of Pine Ridge, were married at Rushville, Nebr., recently.

Some one is going to commit suicide if it doesn't stop raining. The farmer was near that point if it did not rain. How can all be pleased?

Miss Luckenbach and Levi St Cyr are in attendance upon the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute Commencement, Virginia, this week.

Leander Gansworth is doing a part of Mr. Claudy's work as chief of the Mailing department, this week and a part of Levi St Cyr's work as foreman.

Edgar Rickard was taken suddenly ill on Wednesday evening with fever and cold. He is much better at this writing with every prospect of soon being out.

On the 15, 16 and 17 the Railroad men held a Y. M. C. A. Convention in Harrisburg and did not forget the Indian boys. Several received invitations and attended. They were entertained in the families of the railroad men and were very happy to be thus favored. Some of the Indians were privileged to address the various meetings. The young railroad men and the Y. M. C. A. boys of our school seem to be on the best of terms.

A unique subscription letter: "Enclosed you will find (if some rascal does not get it before reaching you) ten cent for a year's subscription to the INDIAN HELPER.

Thirty years ago liquor was almost unknown among the Indians of the west. The nearer the occupants of a reservation come to citizenship the more perceptible grows the deadly curse.

Thomas Schanandore went home to Oneida, Wisconsin, on Monday evening. He will probably be back in the Fall as he says he is not done with the East yet. He will return if he can.

Two of Miss Mosher's little friends seeing in the HELPER that the wheel fever had struck her, wrote letters of earnest solicitation in regard to health and hoped that she would speedily recover.

President Chas. F. Meserve, of the Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., says in a letter transmitting his annual subscription: "I have, as you know, been out of the Indian service for some time but I have not lost my interest in the Indians and never shall."

A man who expectorates in public places in New York hereafter not only cannot expect to rate as a gentleman, but he is liable to be arrested and imprisoned for violation of the sanitary code. The board of health has just made its anti-spitting resolution a law by making it a section of the code.

Mr. Weber and corps of assistants have taken up temporary abode in the girls' quarters. With brush and kalsomine they move up and down, over and around, back and forth eradicating all blemishes, resulting from previous habitation. It is said that the step ladder is not much used by Bemus Pierce.

Owing to the country exodus the King's Daughters' Circles have agreed to hold joint meetings each Friday evening at 8 o'clock instead of Sunday afternoon, the different leaders taking turns in conducting the meetings. The lessons for the present comprise the study of the Kingdom of Israel and Judah.

As we go to press we learn of the death of Mrs. A. M. Worthington at her late residence on North Hanover street. One day last week while on the trolley she was taken with a stroke of paralysis and never regained consciousness. She leaves a daughter, Miss Marie, who has the heart-felt sympathy of the entire school. More of the particulars of the sad event will be given next week.

The lovers of the national game who were at the Indian School last Saturday were treated a magnificent exhibition of ball playing. It was a pitcher's battle from the start, and each man had the record of 12 strike-outs. Burns, Chambersburg's pitcher for the coming league season, was in the box for the visitors. He pitched a very good game but the Red Men tallied just twice the number of hits off his delivery than the Pennsylvanians secured off Jamison. Both pitchers had speed to burn, but Jamison got the better of the argument and held them down to 3 hits in seven innings.

A very pretty double was executed by Sheldo, Yellow Robe and Pierce, but the feature of the game was Mitchell's all around playing and baserunning.—Monday Evening Sentinel.



## A TREATY OF PEACE.

From Six.

Samuel Sixkiller, class '95, when with us was called Six by his most intimate friends, and partaking of the ease of his native sunny clime he makes his signature with one stroke of the pen, calling himself "6".

6 says he is staying with his uncle in the Indian Territory, "basking in the rays of a July sun in April." The letter was written about three or four weeks ago. To use his own words:

"You can imagine everything as green and beautiful as the Spring poet says it is, but on some points I must be allowed to disagree with him. He does not mention anything about the flies and mosquitoes, the humblebees and dirt-dobbers, who insist on renewing their acquaintance and in impressing upon you (generally on your neck) the fact that they think as much of you as ever, and don't at all wish to appear cold and indifferent.

Uncle has long ago come to the conclusion that I was not cut out for a farmer. I am just finishing a treaty of peace between me and the plow. The verdict was this:

It was to let me alone if I could let it alone.

I was very much attached to the hoe at first, but wearied of his friendship and dropped him, and tore up fourteen hills of potatoes killing a snake.

I have a position—tilted back in a chair with my feet against a tree, reading, and am very well satisfied, but it doesn't pay.

Well, it wouldn't be I if everything went smoothly. Fates, the elements and last night's biscuits are all against me, and I don't see how I am going to succeed.

If you would give me a hint or a pointer of some kind I would surely appreciate it."

### SELF-RELIANCE.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reason why you haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours."

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it sea-

soned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered with the tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"The next!' and I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well' "

"Why," whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said, No.'

"Why didn't YOU say "Yes," and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says "No," your business is to say "Yes," and prove it."

## BICYCLE LEGISLATION.

### It Is Now a Crime to Place Pointed Objects in the Streets.

TROY, May 16.—For years bicycle riders have suffered great inconvenience by having their tires punctured by pins, tacks, glass and other pointed or cutting substances. The presence of a large portion of these objects about the street has undoubtedly been accidental, but it is just as certain that the placing about material calculated to wound tires has very frequently been done with malice aforethought. The nuisance that this has proved grew to be so great that at the request of wheelmen from all parts of the state the last legislature took notice of it and on February 25 the following bill was passed:

Section 1. The penal code is amended by inserting therein a new section, to be known as section six hundred and fifty-four, and to read as follows:

654a. Whoever, with intent to prevent the free use of cycle thereon, shall throw, drop or place, or shall cause or procure to be thrown, dropped or placed, in or upon any cycle path, avenue, street, sidewalk, alley, road, highway or public way or place, any glass, tacks, nails pieces of metal, brier, thorn or other substance which might injure or puncture any tire used on a cycle, or which might wound, disable or injure any person using such cycle, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction be fined not less than \$5 nor more than \$50.

2. This act shall take effect immediately.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A trolley ride.