

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

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NO. 50

## DUTY AND INCLINATION.

"STAY at home," said Inclination,  
"Let the errand wait."  
"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,  
"Or you'll be too late."

"But it rains," said Inclination,  
"And the wind is keen."  
"Never mind all that," said Duty,  
"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden,  
Looked up at the sky;  
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,  
Rain unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination.  
"Go," said Duty, "go."  
Forth went Jean with no more waiting.  
Or a selfish "No."

You will smile if now I tell you;  
That this quiet strife,  
Duty conquering Inclination,  
Strengthened all her life.

—[Children's Friend.]

## INDIANS BEGINNING TO GET THEIR EYES OPEN.

### ANXIOUS TO SEND CHILDREN TO CARLISLE.

### A TELLING LETTER FROM A CAR- LISLE GRADUATE.

**Reservation Schools are Nurseries—Carlisle  
Changes the Tongue from Indian to  
English on the Reservation.**

MY DEAR CAPT. PRATT:

You have not heard from me for some time, but with poor mail facilities (like everything that belongs to an Indian reservation) together with a busy season, there is abundant reason for the delay.

Of course, the first thing you want to know is "how the Indians are getting along around here."

My usual answer, "The Indians are getting along as well as any Irishmen could get along under like circumstances," is possibly too old for you, so I must tell you the whole story.

The Indians in general are doing better this year than last, and there seems to be greater

interest taken in at they term "the betterment of the settlement."

That is, they are watching, so to speak, "civilization" as reflected by the whites around, and they are trying to follow as closely as they can in the path of improvement and progress upon all lines possible.

Their farms are beginning to assume an aspect much as you see among white farmers, with wire fences, and so on.

But what I take to be one of the most hopeful signs, is the fact that the Indians are not now only in favor of, but eager and anxious to have their children educated at Carlisle.

This is due to the fact that while the Government has spent a great deal of money on our reservation schools, (it is now over 30 years since the first school was established here) it has thus far failed to make one solitary Indian competent to deal with the whites in business transactions or in any other capacity.

At the same time the Indians have noticed a blockhead go to Carlisle, and in five years return with an education and common sense far ahead of the brightest pupils who attended our schools here regularly for a much longer time.

I was talking with one of the teachers here, when she remarked that the great trouble in teaching Indians on the reservation was "they learn the SOUNDS of the English language and not the meaning, hence they read mechanically."

My own experience, when I went to this same school, as good then as it is now, was that after I had attended regularly for three years or more, I could perform the feat of reading Daniel Webster's oration like lightning and manage not to understand a word of it.

I asked one of the Indians, the other day, why he sent his children to school here, he having expressed quite strongly against the reservation school which only amounted to a "sham of a school" as he said.

(Continued on Fourth 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, or  
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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Address: INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss Marianna Burgess, Manager.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office  
if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for  
in advance.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's mouth has not tasted so good for weeks as it has this week while eating from a basket of grapes brought to him by Celinda Metoxen from the country, a gift from her farm mother.

A little orderly goes to the country, is out not more than three or four months. He receives at first \$4 and then \$5 a month, and he sends in to his bank account \$17. A large boy goes to the country, gets 17 dollars a month, earns over \$40 during the summer, and comes back with only \$8. Which one of the two gives the better showing for becoming a thrifty business man?

AS THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT IS NOW MANNED: Room No. 1—Miss Boring; 2—Miss Bowersox; 3—Miss Lampson; 4—Miss Peter; 5—Miss Carter; 6—Miss Bourassa; 7—Miss Robertson; 8—Miss Cochran; 9—Miss Weekly; 10—Mr. Hendren; 11—(Juniors)—Mr. Spray; 12—(Seniors)—Miss Cutter; 13—(Normal Department)—Miss Quinn; 14—Miss Bailey; Vocal Music—Mrs. Berry; Instrumental Music—Mrs. Sawyer; Sloyd—Miss Ericson; Director of Drawing—Miss Forster.

If a pastor has a friend in need, what better missionary act could his congregation do than to give said needy one a long list of subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER, thus running a chance of gaining for him or her our fifty dollar prize, and at the same time helping forward the worthy cause of Indian education. If the prize were not won, there would be sufficient discount to make a helpful sum of money for the person sending the list. See "Conditions," last page.

Rev. Mr. Wile's first sermon last Sunday afternoon to all the pupils gathered in from farms, and his second to us since his return from the sea-shore where he became sun-browned and rested, was full of the usual force and interest. He dwelt upon the power of love as the greatest force in existence. With the love of God in our hearts we are more than conquerors. As compared with the power of sin—tribulation, distress, etc.—all poor, miserable things that can be pushed aside by the power of love—there is no comparison. The power of love converts tribulation and distress into helps. Mr. Wile's sermons are always listened to with marked attention.

On Monday, at one o'clock, every boy and girl,—and we may say the old, sedate and solemn among us, too,—were driven into a frenzy of delight, as Professor Gentry's procession of trained ponies and dogs moved across our campus. This was introductory to the schools' attending an exhibition of his skill as a trainer, on Tuesday afternoon. The tent was well filled, the Indian predominating in the audience, every face eager with anticipation. The signal was given, and in tramped dogs of every description to their places with gambols, suggestive of a frolic of our own small boys on the campus about the time the school bell rings the close of a session. Then came the ponies, and the interest and amusement was at a white heat, as in obedience to their trainer, they went through evolution after evolution, that did credit to their HORSE SENSE, and more than one little boy, and big one, too, who loses step going out of chapel put his head into his vest pocket to hide his chagrin, that a pony should out-do him in keeping time, and that even "Tough" the daintiest of black ponies could out-do a little Indian in being disobedient. The tricks of the dogs were more wonderful, if that could be possible, than the ponies. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, (no relative of our Mr. S. except geologically speaking some eons ago) with their baby dog in a perambulator, did their part with a grace and modesty unheard of in DOGDOM. The efforts of the dogs at leapfrog, backward summer-saults, riding, waltzing, rope walking, everything but speaking, the remarkable leaping of the pack of graceful grayhounds, and the inimitable tricks and antics of "Major" were worthy of animals far higher in the scale of intelligence. Indeed only a few days ago, we read of some Sioux Indians attempting a mock battle on the 4th of July, who did not do nearly so well, but they were UNTRAINED. Now put that kind under training, and they will solve an equation, beat Lehigh at football, or earn their own living on a farm in Bucks County, if Uncle Sam does not urge them to enjoy his hospitality on a sand lot in Oklahoma or Dakota.

MORAL: Go see Gentry's trained dogs and ponies, then come home and be AS ACTIVE, OBEDIENT, RESPONSIVE AND WILLING TO DO YOUR BEST. But what have morals and shows to do with each other any-how? We children hate stories with morals tacked to them. No one ought to read them. But if ponies can count and dogs can understand, we believe every Carlisle boy and girl ought to be able to—THINK. Well, try it!!!

There are some who have just joined the \$50 prize contest, and they stand as good a chance of winning as those who joined earlier. A month is plenty of time in which to work up a long enough list to win, judging from the small number we have received up to date. October—the month of county fairs, the month of schools, the month when everybody is getting home from summer vacations, the month when churches and Sunday schools are full, and business houses are thriving; the month when everybody is happy over election prospects that free silver or standard gold is going to give business a boom; just the month to begin. See conditions on last page.

NOW is the time to begin.



Chestnuts?

Now for a frost.

Straw hats linger.

Send in ONE subscription, if no more.

Miss Quinn spent Saturday in Washington, D. C.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are off to Washington on a business trip.

Walter Parker left for his home at Sisseton Agency, Dakota, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Whelan, of the Hospital corps of workers, left for her home in Oklahoma, on Monday evening.

The new orchestra cornet just received, and played by the band leader, is an instrument to be proud of.

The new classes for the year have been organized in sloyd, and Miss Ericson reports all are making a good beginning.

Dr. J. E. Robbins, Assistant Physician of the Danville Lunatic Asylum, was a guest of Professor Bakeless for a day.

Miss Elizabeth Forster, director of drawing, entertained her sister, Miss Forster of Harrisburg, for a day this week.

Samuel Gruett has just arrived from his Michigan home where he spent the summer. He is looking much improved in health.

Miss Nana Pratt spent Sunday at Laurel, a guest of Mrs. John Heber Murray who is one of a camping party there from Carlisle.

Mr. Gardner has moved into the band-hall, with his carpenter shop, while the band uses the Invincible Society Hall, all temporarily.

Mr. Spray gave a talk before the school on Wednesday on Mt. Mitchell and Professor Mitchell, the man for whom the mountain was named.

Mrs. Nellie Lindsay, of Santee, Nebraska, brought 7 girls and 3 boys to the school on Sunday evening, the first Santees that have ever entered.

Miss Luzena Chouteau, Class '92, is taking a course in Byrant & Stratton's Business College at Chicago, fitting herself for a special line of work. Miss Luzena's "luck" has a big capital P in front of it.

Master Jack Standing started with the term again at Metzger College, yesterday. He has been spending the half days of his vacation in the printing-office, and is getting to be quite an expert caseman and pressman.

School may now be said to be well under way. The farm students have found their respective places; all the new students have been examined and classified. Some of the rooms, notably the Junior, No. 11 are greatly crowded.

The following Sunday School officers were elected for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Miss Bowersox; Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Dennison Wheelock; Secretary, Miss Lillie Payne; Assistant Secretary, Miss Matilda Jamison.

Master Buffalo Meat, son of a prominent Cheyenne Chief who was one of the Florida prisoners in 1875 when Capt. Pratt had them in charge, and Master Bear Robe, descendant of another prominent Cheyenne, arrived from Oklahoma without escort on Monday. They look like promising boys.

The Man-on-the-band-stand watched Jonas Mitchell shoeing Beauty after the run-a-way, the other day, and he was proud of the workmanship displayed.

Miss Helen Parker of Washington, D. C. and Miss Rebecca Henderson, with Mrs. Mary Hammond Parker of Carlisle visited the printing-office, sloyd and other departments of the school on Wednesday.

Among the 250 pupils who arrived from farms last Saturday were the following printers whom we welcome back to the case: Enos Pego, Robert Emmet, Samuel Miller, James Kawaykla and Thomas Flynn.

Assistant Superintendent Standing is again down to business after a short vacation, a part of which time he and Mrs. Standing spent at the shore. They returned last week, Mrs. Standing, especially looking much improved for the little outing.

Miss Cochran, with her brother Mr. Max Cochran of Carlisle, and others were of a party who went to Dublin Gap, Saturday on a wheel excursion, and had a delightful ride. They went by train to Newville, and from there to the Gap and return, by wheel.

Mr. Burns, of Wilmington, spent Sunday at the school with his wife and son who are visiting Mrs. Given. Master Harcourt wonders if all the little Indian boys in line wouldn't like to see their mammas. He could not do without his mamma even for a day, he thinks.

Some of the teachers of Indians in the country schools deserve special commendation, as many of our pupils have come back to us after a year or two in the country well up with their grades. One or two, in two years, covered the work from third to sixth grade, and did it well.

The Invincible Debating Society elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, A. B. Upshaw; Vice President, Edward Rogers; Secretary, Caleb Sickles; Treasurer, Louis Mishler; Reporter, Frank James; Sergeant-at-Arms, Brigman Cornelius; Critic, H. W. Spray; Assistant Critic, George Suis.

O, Beauty, thou art tricky! She was left standing in front of the school house for a moment and took advantage of the situation, by running to the stable. At the short turn there the wagon was overturned which overturned Beauty, but up she got and was in the stable in no time. The wagon was twisted out of shape somewhat and the fifth-wheel was broken, but otherwise there were no serious results. Beauty will now have to work in the team for a while, for punishment.

While the shops are being raised another story the former occupants are in the gymnasium. As we enter the great room, the first on the right is Mr. Morret, with his shoe-maker boys, then Mr. Harkness, with his tinners. In the southwest corner, Mr. Snyder with his goose, sewing machines and tailor boys, are making clothing, and on around to the entrance again we come to Mr. Kemp and the harness makers. Mr. Harris thinks he can't move his blacksmith shop, so while they build over him in the old stand his boys will shoe-horses and make wagons under an improvised roof. All is lively and the work of the shops is going forward with a busy hum.



(Continued from First Page.)

His reply was: "Oh, just to have them taken care of, so they don't bother me with my work during the day."

And there is no escape from this conclusion, that the Government reservation schools are simply nurseries, where Indian children are raised, protected and prepared to become "big Injuns," and nothing else.

It is always interesting to me to look back to 1885—about as interesting as 1873 is to a silver man—when the first party went from here to Carlisle.

Since then every year has seen a party on its way to Carlisle.

But more than that it was a beginning "to grow" with us, and we have grown wonderfully, since.

Whereas, in 1885 not a word, hardly, of English could be heard on the reservation, all the conversation, speeches, songs and hymns being in the Indian language, to-day, you can hear English spoken every where, and even their religious meeting has put on a metropolitan style, with a large choir composed of returned students, whose singing not only delights the ever increasing Indian congregation, but the whites who come Sunday after Sunday from a radius of 18 miles to hear the Indians sing.

Not only does the choir sing but often the whole congregation of old and young Indians join in swelling the chorus with as much interest as if they had been accustomed to the English all their lives.

We have a grand debate, now and then, in the English language.

The Missionary is now a potent factor among us by reason of his ability to dispense with Indian interpreters occasionally and "talk English entirely."

He recently gave utterance to the following sentiment which shows he is not one of those deluded fellows we often meet on reservations: (Possibly I should not have said "fellows" because my experience last fall while getting children for Carlisle showed me that members of the other sex are often in their ranks. I refer to the time I was getting up a party at ———, and the missionary lady preceded me by about five minutes as I went from house to house. She warned each family if they sent any of their children to Carlisle they would all go to hell. But here is OUR missionary's sentiment): "Let civilization digest the Indian and not the Indian civilization."

What is the cause of this change?

CARLISLE!

And all the scheming to hide this fact from the Indians is doomed to fail.

I would write you a longer letter because the Indians here are disgusted with the new order from the Department, which requires the children to finish a prescribed course on the reservation before they can be taken to Carlisle, but I must close.

I want to add this, however.

The reason the Indians never said much nor objected to any of the plans of the Government, was, that they were formerly left to decide always where to send their children.

But now the Government assumes to know, and therefore orders to which school they must first go. This virtually is a "close up" of the Carlisle school to many who are anxious to go there.

The Indians are asking, Why?

It seems to me nothing but justice that they should know.

The sentiment here is simply this, and I wish it were given broad cast all over the land—for EVERY CENT the Government spends to keep us on the reservation and to educate us here, we have to pay TEN in retardation.

Whatever the excuse the Department may have for its scheme, this is the situation.

It seems to me the good American people ought to know this, and it is time they should.

I hope Carlisle is still marching ahead and reaching forward to those things which common sense dictates to be the only way out for the Indian. My regards to all.

Yours,

#### Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters.

A 2, 7, 14 lays eggs.

Birds 16, 13, 4, 15.

Everybody likes to keep 1, 9, 10, 11.

My 8, 3, 7, 16 make honey.

Farm work in summer makes some Indian boys 5, 6, 13, 4.

My 13, 12, 3 is anger.

My whole is the time when all the Indian boys and girls at the Carlisle School move.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Li Hung Chang.

#### Standing Conditions of the Fifty Dollar Offer.

Time, November 1st, 1896.

Money must accompany the names.

Names must be new.

After the first twenty-five names the contestant may retain 20 cents on a dollar.

State with every list sent that the names are to be counted in the fifty dollar contest.

Those not wishing to join the contest may retain 20 cents on the dollar on all lists of ten or more names.

Two-cent postage stamps in amounts less than a dollar are acceptable.

All the sample copies needed will be sent to canvassers.