

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 35

OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN the door, let in the air.
The winds are sweet and the flowers fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day.
If our door is wide open he may come this way.
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with grace divine.
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unawares.
Open the door.

INDIANS ARE INDIANS STILL.

On last Monday, in company with Geo. W. Reid we visited the Indian camp about four miles south of town, where the Pawnees were giving a pipe dance in honor of Osages who are visiting them.

The members of each tribe brought out all their valuables and decorated themselves in true Indian style.

From an Indian standpoint, the dress of the Osages was gorgeous, all the colors of the rainbow being displayed in buckskin, feathers, paint and beads.

Some of the braves, in the hasty preparation of their toilet, had evidently omitted a portion of their apparel, but did not seem to mind a little thing like that.—[Times-Democrat, Pawnee, O. T.]

Twenty years ago the writer lived among the Pawnees. In those days they had the same barbarous dances as is described in the clipping above. The Osages came to visit them, as now, and they made the night hideous by their wild howling and beating of the tom-tom around big fires in the timber, or in some lodge.

In looking at a group of school children taken recently at the Pawnee school and reproduced in the "Wichita Mirror," not one child represented in the picture was born twenty years ago.

Some who were the oldest pupils of the writer at that time are to-day grandparents.

And thus one generation grows up as In-

dians and another generation follows. They are Indians, too. How can they be different, having seen nothing of the outside world, and gained none of the valuable experiences that come through association?

In the group were several Indian employees who had been educated away from their people. They have had enough of the so-called Indian rubbed off, through contact with their white brothers, to enable them to take a small part in the education of the growing generation.

Who dares to say, that had all the Indian children of school age twenty years ago been induced to go outside of the reservation to schools beyond the reach of Indianism, and had they been placed in good white families interested in their welfare, thousands of whom, in the East, are standing with open arms ready to take in the Indian who is old enough to care for himself and through training to become helpful; is there a person who could conscientiously say that had such a plan been carried out there would be Pipe Dances and Ghost Dances to-day, with such heathenish exhibitions of naked forms as described above?

But so long as the majority of young Indians are kept at home in order that home schools may be made necessary; so long as the young Indians are educated as Indians among Indians, Indians will remain Indians forever.

"Take all the children of school age from their homes? It can't be done!" say some.

It CAN be done, and that very easily!

The Indians would readily enough lend themselves to any plan that would speedily make them independent and happy individual citizens. They *could be reached*, if proper means were taken! Indians are reasonable! Let in the light that they may see! Indians are not blind; they are only kept in the dark.

All children of school age could be educated away from the tribe and that with the full and free consent of parents!

Only the PESSIMIST says it cannot be done!

Some of the largest parties ever brought to

(Continued on last 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, and EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Miss Marianna 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.

William Johnson pitches for the Genoa team.

A new power house is building at the Genoa School, Nebr.

Mt. Pleasant School, Michigan, is to have a \$60,000 building.

A new Indian school is to be built at Chamberlain, South Dakota.

From the Ft. Lewis "Outlook," we judge they have a very good brass band.

If "trans" does mean across, transparent does not necessarily mean a cross parent, does it?

They give band concerts on Sunday afternoons at Chemawa School, Oregon; so it seems from the "American."

The Souvenir, 25 cents post-paid, giving 60 views of our school, is still sent FREE for 10 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra for postage.

James Van Wert class '95, is evidently well satisfied with his present employment, at Wittenberg, Wis., for he ends a short business note with: "All well here and everything lovely."

Mrs. Morton says in a business note from Baltimore, that she looks forward to the coming of the HELPER each week, but if people keep on leaving Carlisle, the little paper will soon become a stranger to her instead of the friend it now seems.

Mr. Morgan Toprock entertained the pupils in the chapel with his Indian club swinging. Mr. Toprock used to be one of the eight that represented Carlisle in club swinging. A few of the employees have clubs, and are taking lessons of Mr. Toprock.—[The Ft. Lewis Outlook.

Howard Gansworth, class '94, and class 1900 of Dickinson College, has gone to his home in New York for the summer. Howard has some prospects of going to Princeton. A few evenings before he left he gave a stereopticon entertainment at Steelton which was pronounced by the Steelton correspondent of the Harrisburg "Patriot" as interesting and instructive. His talk on Indian life was excellent and the many views shown illustrated it very nicely.

A slip of tongue sometimes brings one down quicker than a slip of the foot.

Representatives of the Germania Band and orchestra, of Reading, who are playing this week for Dickinson, visited the school.

"The Indian Bulletin," published by the Connecticut Indian Association, of which our good friend Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, is president, comes out in an illustrated edition for its June issue. The central picture is Mrs. Kinney, herself, and a very excellent likeness it is. The group that takes largest place is the class of '97, of Carlisle, and a good article about individuals of the class and their future prospects is given in connection with a description of the school.

"Wotanin Kin" is the name of a new paper started at the Indian School, Genoa, Nebraska. Not since the days of "The Pipe of Peace" published at the same school have we been in touch with that institution. The new little paper will be a welcome visitor each month, if always so full of interesting news as the first number. It will improve typographically and in its mechanical make-up as the compositors gain in experience, still their first paper is creditable indeed.

After a period of two years of constant changing in Superintendents and employees which left this school in as bad a condition as possible, the present Superintendent, J. E. Ross, was sent here to build it up. Two years of the hardest kind of work has made wonderful changes and now it can be said that the Genoa school never was in better shape, and still everything is not perfect, the world was not made in a single day, neither can an Indian school be raised to life in as short a time.—[Wotanin Kin.

The HELPER has quite a number of subscribers among the students of the Curtis School, Brookfield, Conn. Vacation evidently is at hand, for letters came this week asking for change of addresses. We wish to say, that as specimens of business letters they are perfect, being written in the vertical hand and in a style that is creditable to instruction given. Besides, each letter contained a two-cent stamp to pay for the trouble of changing, which was not necessary, for changes are made without charge, but it shows a thoughtfulness that we greatly appreciate, and the Indian boy making the changes will have a few extra pennies to spend for his best girl friend.

The question is often asked: "How do your pupils use their education on their return home?" One of our teachers, a few years ago, visited the Pueblos in New Mexico. She climbed their curious ladders, sat down and talked with returned Carlisle girls, in their adobe homes. Her heart was pained by many experiences they gave, and when she returned to the school, out of the abundance of the heart she wrote a story combining in one character, called Stiya, the village life of several of our girls. It is a pathetic tale, but not overdrawn. The book is printed on the best of paper at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, and contains numerous illustrations showing the quaint adobe houses, and the Indians in their native dress. For fifty cents "Stiya" will be sent post-paid to any address in the United States or Canada. Address HELPER.

Carlisle, requiring two and three cars to transport them, were brought by the writer; and the boys and girls, wild, unkempt, in blanket, paint and feathers were gathered on the reservation in the face of most discouraging obstacles.

She was always met with the cold, indifferent statement by some of the most prominent workers who refused to lend a helping hand: "It can't be done. These Indians are very much against parting with their children. They will hardly send to the home school, let alone so far away."

"Let me talk with the Indians," the Carlisle teacher would reply.

"Shall I call a council?" the agent would ask.

"No thank you. Let me visit the mothers in the tepee! Let me sit around the campfire and play with the children! Let me show them my pictures and tell them about the school. Give me a team, an interpreter and some provisions. I wish to see for myself before I'm willing to say that Indians do not know a good plan when presented to them in an unprejudiced light."

Then we would start out—myself and lady assistant, with an interpreter and two or three policemen as guides. We would travel many miles over the prairies, and visit the various camps fifty and sixty miles apart, and the result in several instances was that more wished to go to Carlisle than we were allowed to bring.

There is no greater enemy to the cause of Indian education than the Can't-be-done fiend.

A FRIEND TO THE INDIAN, AND ONE NOT A FRIEND.

"Isn't it too bad? Look at those splendid, healthy Indian boys stretched out in that damp grass! It rained only yesterday, and although the sun has been shining since, the ground is damp, and ten chances to one some of that group will catch their death colds."

The person speaking was a friend of the Indian, and the words came from the very bottom of his great heart. He felt deeply, and bore an expression of pain and regret on his kindly face as he made the remark. And no wonder! For has he not seen fine specimens of young manhood carried in their coffins to the school burying ground? They had died before they need to have died, just because they were careless about themselves. They would not listen to the advice of those who have made a study of the human body and know the dangers of lying in the wet grass. They would expose themselves to drafts of air after vigorous exercise, or sit around with damp shoes upon the feet, all of which are dangerous, and all of which they had been told about so often.

There was another person who heard the remark of the interested friend. He was indifferent to the Indian.

"Let 'em lie there!" said he, gruffly. "They

have no sense and never will have any. Let 'em catch cold and die! What's the difference? The more dead injuns the better."

The Man-on-the-band stand only tells the little incident to show to our pupils how our "don't-care" actions about ourselves, after we have been taught better, make enemies of people who would be our friends and would help us, if we showed good sense about the common things of life.

ONE GREAT CAUSE OF DISEASE AND DEATH.

Alcohol is a more fruitful source of disease and death than any other known cause whatever. From the testimony of physicians and from reliable sources it is ascertained that fully 100,000 persons die annually in the United States from this cause alone.

There were 22,523 carloads of distilled liquors made in the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896. How DARE people wonder what is the cause of hard times?

Ireland spends about \$60,000,000 per year for liquor, and, as usual, they have the annual famine on their hands and are out with an appeal for help.

Enigma.

I am made of 21 letters.

My 13, 19, 6 is what boys will grow to be if they live long enough.

My 9, 11, 7, 14 is an important part of the face.

My 10, 8, 1 is a kind of fish Massachusetts people like

My 16, 17, 20, 21 is a part of a dollar.

My 12, 2, 4, 19 many Irishmen are nicknamed.

My 18, 5, 15, 3, 14 is a kind of pie.

My whole is what is interesting many at our school this week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Chewing gum.

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