

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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NUMBER 44.

COMMON SENSE.



IF ALL the gifts this side of heaven
That ever were to mortals given,
The best to have, the worst to miss,
The truest, sweetest source of bliss,
The one rail left on Eden's fence,
Stands the pure charm of common sense.

IRON TAIL.

Funny name, isn't it?

And he is a queerly dressed man who bears the name.

He has not a queer looking face, however. Far from it. He has a good face. There are lines which mark strength of character, dignity and power. He has a thoughtful brow, a well-rounded head, a keen eye, a clear-cut mouth with lips compressed, indicating firmness and resolution, and a nose showing decision and bigness of heart. He is withal "a noble red man," with a carriage that commands respect. All these traits he possesses on the surface, yet Iron Tail is weak and helpless in many ways.

How so?

Well, he has no education. He cannot speak the English language. He has to rely upon an interpreter in talking to white people. He has had no experience that would fit him for life in the world outside of his little reservation, (one of many which might properly be called the grave-yards of a dying race.) In the hands of sharpers Iron Tail could be easily swindled.

"Poor fellow! I pity him!" said a great, manly Sioux boy—a NEW Indian, and one of our students, as he stood one side looking at the OLD Indian.

"What do you mean?" asked the writer, not believing that one Indian could be speaking thus sincerely about another of his own tribe, in the same sense that the educated white man would speak of his ignorant red brother. "Is he sick or suffering, that you pity him?"

"Oh, no, but just look at him! What a per-

fect picture of ignorance and superstition!"

And the writer did look at him.

The chief's hair was long.

On the crown of his head was a braided scalp-lock, six or eight inches in length.

In it stuck an Eagle Feather, straight up.

Long ago it was a mark of bravery for an Indian to wear a scalp-lock—a little handle, as it were, which dared his enemy. "Take a lift of my hair if you dare," the scalp-lock would say.

But those days are over, and the lock now is very much out of place. There is no bravery now in the wearing of such a handle.

There is no enemy to defy, and all such Indians would look better if they would cut off their scalp-locks or comb them out.

Iron Tail was dressed in all sorts of toggery, from beaded necklace to blanket, leggings, and moccasins. He had a beaver skin across one shoulder.

"That's the first Indian I ever saw dressed in looking-glasses," said a small boy from one of the western reservations.

And, sure enough, across his left shoulder he wore a narrow sash containing twenty or thirty small, round, brass-rimmed looking-glasses, which glittered in the sunlight.

Why did he come to Carlisle in such array?

In the first place, he was in wild dress because he was paid to dress that way. He had come over from Harrisburg, where the Wild West was exhibiting, last Thursday. He had come to see his son Phillip Irontail.

Phillip was not at home. He was out on a New Jersey farm, gaining manhood and experience that will fit him for useful, civilized life.

Iron Tail would in a minute adopt the civilized dress in its entirety if it paid him better to do so, than it does to wear the clothes in which he now adorns himself.

He is not too old to learn. He could learn to speak English, read and write some and be-

(Continued on last page)

THE INDIAN HELPER

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—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, not
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 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.

By the Evening "Sentinel" we learn that
John Leslie, '96, of Tacoma, Washington, has
become a Klondike enthusiast.

Henry Redkettle, '97, directs that his HELP-
ER be sent to Merriman, Nebraska, but does
not say in what business he has engaged.

Did you get an expiration notice this week?
Only 5 two-cent stamps, your name and ad-
dress, and the word "Renewal" enclosed in an
envelope! We will understand the rest.

It only takes a minute to enclose a dime
with your name and address in an envelope
for renewal or for a new subscription, and it
means a great deal toward the prosperity of
our little weekly letter.

"The Red Man" is always brim full of en-
couragement for the Indian. He is as good if
not better than his neighbor, is the doctrine
Carlisle's excellent paper continually
preaches.—[Progress, Regina, Assa.

"The Wotanin Kin" of the Indian Indus-
trial School, Genoa, Nebraska, has changed
its name to "The Indian News." That's bet-
ter. Now we know what we are reading, and
the HELPER wishes it continued success and
prosperity.

Harold Parker has received a letter from An-
adarko, Okl., dated since the reported shooting
of his father. No mention was made of any
such affray, and it is safe to say there is no
truth in the story. The newspaper man who
would start such a story as that for the sake of
the few pennies he gets for the item and its
contradiction, should be dealt with severely.
Such falsehoods disgrace "newspaperdom."

Professor and Mrs. Lindsay of Dickinson
College, Carlisle, are in Scotland, and from
letters written to friends at the Indian school
we judge they are having a splendid time.
They are travelling by wheel, and Mrs. Lind-
say says are burning into regular "Brownies."
The roads are as smooth as marble, and they
coast six miles at a stretch. There is only
one thing that seems to distress Mrs. Lindsay
and that is, she fears the kilt skirt and bare
knees of the Highlanders will not become the
Professor, and he may have to adopt the
style, if they tramp much longer, which
occupation is very hard upon clothing.

On Tuesday, a bee ventured forth from its
nest and disclosed to an army of Indian boys
that there was honey in store in the corner of
the oil-house roof. The boys, feverish with
excitement and in for what they thought was
going to be fun, armed themselves with twigs,
coats, slats, hats and all sorts of things ready
for an attack. The bees, with nature's bayo-
nets, made the boys hop around lively, and
wounded nearly every one in the regiment of
raiders, but killed not one boy. We wonder
if the boys have thought how it would seem
to them, if after working all summer to stow
away good things for winter, a company of
giants came along, armed with trees, flag-
poles, railroad ties, barn roofs, wagon-tongues
and the like, and killed every boy, so as to
get the good things they had laid up. It is
well to think of such things even if it is fun
to rob a bees nest, and fun for others to watch
the robbers.

We are pleased to learn through a letter
from Cheyenne Agency, Oklahoma, that Kish
Hawkins, '89, is esteemed as one of the thrifty
business men of that section. He married a
Carlisle girl—Katie Zalliwaggar; has built
himself a neat little home, in which he and
wife, and little son and daughter live happily.
He has the name of always being industrious,
and the author of the information predicts a
bright future for him if he continues to do as
well as he has done since he left Carlisle.

Joseph Adams writes from his home at
Siletz, Oregon, that he is getting quite well
again, and is helping his father farm. John
Brown has also quite recovered from the oper-
ation he had performed while here, and is
busying himself at carpenter work. He wants
to come back to graduate. Joe attended the
Chemawa commencement, and saw many of
his old friends. He expects to go on a camp-
ing tour about fifty miles into the wilds of
Oregon, soon.

A newsy letter from Miss Paull, who is at
the Mt. Pleasant Indian School, Michigan,
says that Miss Rose Bourassa recently paid
her an enjoyable visit, and that she was there
at the same time that Samuel Gruett, '97,
called. They sat together on the balcony and
reminisced over Carlisle times. It was a mi-
niture Carlisle re-union, and they all wished
it could have lasted longer, but in the evening
they went to church and had to separate.

There are more mosquitoes this year than we
have ever known at Carlisle. The Man-on-
the-band-stand does not mind the bite, but
when a lone wanderer insists upon sitting up-
on the lobe of his ear and affectionately sing-
ing a high-keyed melody just about the time
he is dreamily dozing off for a night's sleep,
the gymnastics performed with forearm and
handkerchief will compare very favorably
with the antics of a boy in a bee fight.

If, like the writer of the following from
Germantown, after taking the HELPER for a
year you like it, we hope you will follow her
example, and renew. She says: "I knew
scarcely nothing about the Carlisle Indian
School until I made the acquaintance of Miss
Leila Cornelius, who was attending the Drexel
Institute, Philadelphia, the same time that I
was. I subscribed for the HELPER and have
found my paper interesting."

The HELPER suffers unavoidable delay, this week.

Jack Standing has resumed his post at the case until his school begins.

Stewart Hazlett has begun lessons on the type writer, and is making fair progress.

Miss Maud Abercrombie, of Steelton, was a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt, this week.

Mr. Hendren has gone to North Carolina, on business connected with the school.

Alex. Upshaw '97, left for Crow Agency on Tuesday. He expects to return in a few weeks.

Abundant rain insures good pasturage for the cows, and has helped the corn and vegetables very much.

Messrs Hoffer and Hays of Carlisle, played a match game of croquet, last Friday afternoon on our grounds.

Iron Tail, of whom something is said on first page, is a brother of our lamented Herbert Littlehawk, and looks like him.

Leander Gansworth, foreman, and Simon Standingdeer, typist of our printing-office, are rustivating in the South Mountain.

A dime carries very well in an envelope, if wrapped in a piece of paper or stuck to the paper with a little mucilage.

Miss McCook, with her wheel, has gone to the shore for a vacation. She will be in a cottage with her parents and brothers and sisters.

The laundry is crippled just now by a breakage in the steam mangle, perhaps to show us how to get along without it, as we used to do.

The new cooking ranges at the school kitchen and hospital are first class and suit the cooks, making their work much pleasanter.

The meals that are being served these latter vacation days at the teachers' club by Mrs. Taylor of Harrisburg are said to be "away up" and in style.

The floor of the old kitchen recently added to the dining hall, is being repaired. All the floor is being coated with a composition, to make the work of scrubbing easier.

Professor Bakeless has returned with a whole bookful of reports about the good doings and the misdoings of our boys on farms. The same will be kept on file in the office for future use, and will serve as a guide to the management. Professor is now off for a well earned vacation—his annual leave.

Mr. Fred Martin of Harrisburg made the chapel piano talk in eloquent strains one evening this week. Misses Richenda Pratt and Irene Daniel are the only pianists left beside some of the pupils. The young circle frequently gathers in Assembly Hall, from whence emanate vibrating chords that touch the heart of the lonely listeners on the balconies around.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing and family returned from the shore on Monday evening, receiving a warm reception by friends on the grounds. No one, however, was more delighted to see them than was little Fancy who showed her extreme pleasure by enthusiastically bounding from one to the other as fast as she could leap and trying her best to talk. Mrs. Standing brought back some very interesting photographs taken by herself.

Frank Mt. Pleasant is Miss Ely's morning orderly, and is also a faithful little clerk when needed.

James Flannery is again at his post of duty in the tailor shop after a short leave, which he spent in the mountains, and from which he appears greatly benefitted.

Through a letter to Mr. Norman from Frank Mott, of Winnebago, Nebraska, we learn that he has a Government position at the agency. He has been quite successful and happy ever since he went home from Carlisle.

Master Edward Biddle, of West High Street, is making inquiry as to prices of printing presses. He evidently is contemplating enlarging his establishment, and the Man-on-the-band-stand wishes him every success.

Mrs. Esther M. Dagenett of the Chilocco school came down from Omaha with, and has been visiting Mrs. Lillibridge for the past ten days.—[Wotanin Kin.

Mrs. Dagenett was Esther Miller when here, and graduated in '89, while Mrs. Lillibridge was Annie Thomas.

Nothing the small boys enjoy more than to be allowed to go with some responsible person to the creek for a swim. On Saturday, quite a party went with Alex. Upshaw and Thomas Marshall, and had a royal good time. The creek is about a mile from the school, while the good swimming hole is at least three miles.

Mr. Norman's little daughter Hattie was 10 years old on Wednesday, and celebrated the event by a little party at her home on South Bedford Street. Mamie Monchamp and Josie Morrel were among those invited and say they had a delightful time. Only the ice-cream, cake and watermelons were the sufferers of the occasion.

Our visitors, Messrs. Bradford and Parsons of Washington, are fast making friends among the Indian boys and others of our household. They seem to enjoy the quiet, the trees, the birds and the grass of our campus. Mr. Bradford speaks in high terms of the military training which the boys of Washington receive in their high schools. While it is not calculated to make soldiers of the boys it improves their carriage and general deportment.

Crash! Bang! A noise as though a great meteor from Mars had struck the roof, startled the occupants of the printing-office last Saturday afternoon when all was still. A piece of iron, probably 10x14 inches from the rim of the smoke stack nearly a hundred feet in air, had broken from its place. It is thought by some that lightning struck the stack in one of the recent severe storms and caused the breakage, but we believe that theory is disclaimed by engineer Weber.

Randolph Hill came in from his farm home this week, without permission, and did not discover until he got here that he had made a very great mistake. He saw it soon after he arrived, however, and promised to go back if his employer would take him back. A message from the farm father said he would, if Randolph would live up to the rules. He has gone back a wiser boy, and to make a man of himself. The mistake cost him over five dollars in car fare. One or two others have done the same thing, and have found that such work does not pay.

(Continued from first page)

come a useful citizen if he were properly encouraged.

Then whose fault is it that he is as we see him to-day?

Buffalo Bill pays him 20, 30 or possibly 50 dollars a month for several summer months, and all expenses, to remain Indian, to wear the scalp-lock, blanket, and all the glittering toggery in which it is possible for an Indian to bedeck himself.

He pays him to dance the wildest, most blood-thirsty savage dance known.

He pays him and sixty others to rob stage coaches and to race on horseback around the track shouting the war-whoop, shooting and yelling till the peoples' hair stands on end.

Such savagery, the Indian schools of the country are trying to kill in the Indian, giving instead, cultivation, and the manly arts.

What a pity that the good Government which spends millions annually to educate the Indian in books and in civilized pursuits, should at the same time permit showmen to parade the fathers of the children through the country, for the purpose of exhibiting the Indian in the savagery of olden times, which would naturally die out, if schools and churches and all helps to true citizenship had full sway.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS IN REGARD TO INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Having been asked to give information about various Indian tribes of the United States we will cheerfully do so from time to time in the form of questions and answers, and will get our answers from official reports as well as from other sources. The tribe specially inquired after this week by an interested Bostonian, is the Pawnee.

Where is the Pawnee reservation?

In Oklahoma Territory about 75 miles south of Arkansas City, Kansas.

How many Pawnees are there?

Only 702, according to the last census.

Have they not decreased in numbers?

Yes, very rapidly. In 1875 when they moved south from Nebraska, (the writer being a part of the caravan which crossed the plains of Nebraska, Kansas, into the wilds of the then Indian Territory by wagon) the tribe numbered over 2,000.

How is such a large falling off accounted for?

It is believed to be on account of change from a healthful climate to one full of malaria, and also to their entire ignorance of sanitary laws.

Most of them must have died during the first years there?

True; they did. The first and second summer and fall they died by the score weekly, and the nights were made hideous by the doleful wailings of mourning parties who carried the dead to the bluffs for burial.

Are the Pawnees a poor people?

Not exactly, now, although they have suffered a great deal from want of proper food and clothing.

Last year, however the cash annuity they received amounted to \$51,047, making over \$70 for each man woman and child in the tribe; so that families consisting of father, mother and four and five children received four or five hundred dollars. They need not suffer for food and clothing as long as that amount is paid them annually, but the chances are that they do not make good use of their money. They gamble it away or use it up before it comes into their hands, consequently always seem poor.

Is such cash annuity of real benefit to the Indian?

No. Scarcely an Indian agent in the service but will maintain that cash annuity leads to idleness, gambling, pauperism and vice of every description, and that it saps the ambition and vitality from the tribe.

Do the Pawnees live in houses or tepees?

Many of them live in houses. They are building new houses all the time, "and the day is near" says one who is with them, "when the tepee among them will be a curiosity."

Have the Pawnees a boarding school?

Yes, with an average attendance last year of 124 students.

Of what age are the pupils?

The average is about 9 years, according to Supt. Goodman's report. He also makes the statement that every Pawnee child of school age and suitable health attended school last year, either at home or some training school.

What sort of games do the children enjoy?

Those who have been to school and associated with out-side children have many of the same games that other children play, but the little camp girl who has never been to school, has her little dollies made of rags, which she straps on a little board, similar to the one her mother carried her on. They play with the puppies, make mud figures, play with beans and imitate their mammas the same as white children try to do.

How do the little boys amuse themselves?

They whip the top, play shinny, throw spear-like sticks gracefully through the air at long distances, and shoot a great deal with bow and arrow.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

Gold may be carried in my 2, 1, 7.

Most Indian boys like a nice 9, 6, 4 on the neck.

My 8, 3, 5, 9 means weight.

My whole is an occurrence among the small boys on Tuesday, the interesting "point" of which some saw very clearly before they were through with the transaction.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Vacation Days.