

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1897.

NUMBER 8.

GROWTH.

I.

YES, build your dam as high as you can.
You think I'm small; but I'll tell you all
I'll get over it,—over just so,—
And make your wheel buzz down below.
You can't stop me while water flows:
I may be a river yet,—who knows?

II.

See how the brown mould over me sifts;
Bury me deeper 'neath leaves in drifts;
Forget I'm here, deep out of sight
Where it is dark,—as dark as night.
You can't hide me while acorns grow:
I'll be an oak-tree the next you know.

III.

Keep me in dresses, and play I'm a girl;
Keep my long hair nicely in curl.
But I'm a boy. Doubt that, who can?
And some bright day I'll be a man.
The world will know me,—that's what I said;
For I've a thicker in my head.

—SARAH E. WINSLOW, in St. Nicholas.

INDIANS "SETTLED" THE COTTON QUESTION.

SEGER IND SCHOOL, COLONY, OKLA.,
Nov. 13, 1897.

DEAR HELPER;

I will tell you about the children of this school picking cotton. The farmers of Oklahoma have a large cotton crop this year and it was a problem how they were going to get it picked. The Indians settled the question for many of them by turning out and picking the cotton for them.

First the school children went out with their parents and picked one or two days. The first field they went into there were one hundred and fifty pickers, their ages ranging from 80 years down to 4 years,—men, women and school-children all working side by side. They went through the field like a flock of locusts. Before them was the fleecy cotton,—a pretty sight to behold; behind them were the bare stalks. The first twelve hours they picked 6400 lbs. and earned 38 dollars.

The Indians seeing what could be done scattered out in small parties, and have been picking ever since. They give good satisfaction

as cotton pickers and the farmers deal justly and fairly with them.

The children of this school went out two days in each week during the busy season. They now go on Saturdays only. I have now three or four standing applications for them to work. They have to go 6 miles to pick as they have picked all that is near the school.

I will give you an account of one day's picking.

Mr. E. E. Palmer, one of our teachers, usually goes with the children to keep their accounts as they pick for 60 cents per 100 lbs.

Last Saturday the children were told they might go and pick cotton, except those who had duties to perform and those who had trifled and had not picked well on former occasions.

When the teams arrived which were to carry them to the cotton field, there were 50 boys and girls ready to go.

It was 6 miles to the field.

Every one seemed to enjoy the ride. As they passed by the fields picked by them on former trips each field seemed to furnish some pleasant reminiscence, which some one could relate.

Every child kept a watchful eye on Shep, who was thinking more of rabbit hunting than picking cotton. Those readers of the HELPER who are acquainted with Indians as they were, have no doubt seen one Indian with three or four dogs following him.

In this instance, however, there were 50 Indians and one dog, which they all claimed and called Shep.

Where the dog came from and who gave him the name of Shep, I have never been able to fathom.

Shep is a hound, having no particular qualifications as a school dog, and yet he shares the love of all the children alike.

I don't think Shep was ever guilty of catching a rabbit, yet every child seems to expect he is going to.

(Continued on last page.)

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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.

A GOOD PAPER FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING. "My sister is teaching in one of our Baltimore public schools," writes a subscriber, "and frequently takes the little paper to school and reads from it to her class. The children are quite surprised to learn how the Indian boys and girls are being educated."

Dr. Jackson will take us a trip to Klondike, next Monday evening. He has been to the gold fields on the Yukon, and will tell us how to get there. No man living knows as much about Alaska, and has been there as often as Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States Commissioner of Education to Alaska, and we expect a rare treat.

Some things the little pupils of No. 13 were thankful for, as developed in written work since Thanksgiving Day: I am thankful for eat; I am thankful Thanksgiving comes every year; for the clothing we get here in this school; for aprons; I am very thankful that God saved the girls' quarters, when those girls tried to set it on fire; for grass; for gravy; for bed; I am thankful I learn talk English; for dress; for sleep; for shoes; for health; for money; for ribbons; for stockings; for fruit; for teacher; for chickens; I am thankful God made me to live on the world; and how to walk; because I am learning how to write and read; I am thankful I came here so I could see this school; for Christmas; for Winter to come; for Spring to come so we could see the pretty flowers; I am thankful all are well.

We are glad to print Supt. Seger's little picture of the Indians in the cotton field. When they not only pick the cotton, but plant, cultivate and market it, and when they get into the cotton business full and complete, in competition with the other men, as individuals, there will be great reason to exult. The failure is caused by the disposition to control in masses, which hinders individuality and kills the courage of moving out from the tribe and engaging in the struggle for the good things of life in company with the rest of us, all of which the Indian is fully equal to, if supervised that way.

Our Football Team.

The scores for 1897 are as follows:—

Oct. 2, Dickinson at Carlisle: Dickinson 0, Indians 36.
Oct. 9, Normal at Bloomsburg: Normal 0, Indians 26.
Oct. 16, Princeton at Princeton: Princeton 18, Indians 0.
Oct. 23, Yale at New York: Yale 24, Indians 9.
Oct. 30, Penn. College at Gettysburg: Penn. 0, Indians 10.
Nov. 6, Univ. of Pa. at Phila.: Univ. Pa. 20, Indians 14.
Nov. 13, Brown at New York: Brown 18, Indians 23.
Nov. 20, Ill. Univ. at Chicago: Ill. 6, Indians 13.
Nov. 25, U. of Cin. at Cincinnati: U. Cin. 0, Indians 10.
Nov. 27, Ohio Med. Col. at Columbus: Med. 12, Indians 20.

The new course for reading as planned by the Department is out. The Reading Circle meets fortnightly on Monday evenings in Professor Bakeless' office. The last meeting was very interesting, and all should attend, as much more satisfactory work in the line intended can be accomplished when all take an interest. "We need each other," says the Professor, and he invites all to come.

"The western tour of our football team will always stand out as a memorable event in our school history," said Mr. Thompson, when asked what kind of a trip they had experienced. "Within one week," he continued, "our first team won three games, and our second, one. The scores were: University of Illinois, 6 23; University of Illinois, second teams, 0-20; University of Cincinnati, 0-10; Ohio Medical University, 12 20. Hudson and Smith of the first team did not play the last game. Our visit to and reception at the University of Illinois will never be forgotten. The compliments bestowed upon our boys for their manly bearing received on all hands, it is fair to them to say, had been well-earned. It was a glorious ending to a most successful season. We have gone no place where we have not been asked to come again. As the noise of the "gridiron" dies away and we take on our ordinary duties with renewed vigor, we will not forget the good work of our coach, Mr. Bull, and the fact that he has brought us from a position of obscurity in kicking to one of the most prominent in the foot-ball firmament."

The Sloyd class numbers over a hundred at present; that is, one hundred small boys and girls, 14 at a time are learning to handle tools—knives, planes, saws, trysquares, levels, hammers, etc., in the manufacture of small, useful articles in wood. They do not become skilful mechanics in the Sloyd room. It is not the idea to make carpenters of them, but merely to teach the hand and head of the growing youth to work together systematically by directions, based upon scientific principles. A child inclined to be awkward in his work, with no talent for doing small things the most handy way, receives untold benefits from Sloyd, while the one showing inherited talent has an opportunity to advance in a line of work best suited to his taste. From Sloyd to manual training, and thence to a trade of choice is the general plan. Miss Ericson has a right to be proud of the progress that her pupils are making. The articles, from a small, plain flower-stick or match scratcher, up to flower-pot stands, spoons, knives, forks, frames, breadboards, butter-ladies, etc., etc., are on sale.

Miss Linnie Thompson, who has been our principal singer for a few years has gone to her home at Sanborn, New York.

John Given, who is attending school near Chicago, ate Thanksgiving turkey with friends, at Elgin.

Snow gone and wheels out again.
Teachers' Institute in town this week.
Almost enough snow for coasting last week.
Supervisor Conser left for the West on Monday evening.

Foot-ball for '97 has died a natural death.
What next in the way of athletics?

Examinations in music are progressing, with what result we have not learned.

Miss Florence Knight, of Philadelphia, was a Thanksgiving guest of Mrs. and Miss Barclay.

Mrs. Senseney, of Chambersburg was a Thanksgiving guest of her daughter, who is vocal teacher.

Supervisor Conser gave an excellent talk last Monday at the opening exercises of school, on Plymouth.

The Thanksgiving Dinners spread before the pupils, as well the teachers, were up to date and well enjoyed.

Geneva Jamison, Rosalie Harris, and Esther Whitehead are helping the printers in the binding department for a few days.

Miss Richenda Pratt, of Wilson College, with her room-mate, Miss Emma Kemp, spent Sunday here at Miss Richenda's home.

Miss Moule, of Carlisle, who for several weeks was 2nd assistant matron of the girls, is now teaching temporarily for Mr. Hendren, who is under the weather.

It would be a good thing if Carlisle's man with the spy-glass would visit Genoa, and ask some of those pointed questions to our girls and boys.—[The Genoa, Nebraska, Indian News.

Prof. Carter, of Norfolk, Conn., who is still with us, takes great interest in educational matters, particularly in our methods of instruction both in the Academic and Industrial departments.

Rev. Mr. Wile gave us another of his characteristic Thanksgiving talks last Thursday, full of mirth and practical illustrations, with enough of the earnest and sublime for all to realize the great import of the occasion.

We see by the Genoa "News" that Miss McAdam former teacher here belongs to the Mandolin Club, and that said club was delightfully entertained recently by Mrs. Lillibridge, who was Anna Thomas when a pupil of Carlisle.

"Hello! Hello!" called one foot ball player to another as he stepped out of his quarters on the way to breakfast, "How did you come down this morning? "Well," said the latter in a nonchalant manner, "the elevator was not running so I thought I'd walk down."

Our teachers are attending the Cumberland County Teachers' Institute, held in town this week. They take turns in going, placing their schools in the hands of pupil teachers. It is excellent drill for the pupils, and they are doing well.

Joseph Nash and Jesse Webster have started up an opposition printing-office at the hospital. They have a small press and a font or two of type, which afford them great amusement and entertainment. They are at present little shut-ins, but they will not always be shut-ins, and who knows, their amateur press may be the beginning of some great enterprise in the art preservative.

People sometimes question the strength of the printers, so, to demonstrate their strength they lined up against a team composed of large boys, last Thanksgiving Day and defeated them by a score of 12-0.

The Thanksgiving decorations in Assembly Hall, this year were specially fine, showing that our farm products have been abundant, specimens of which were arranged with artistic and pleasing effect, by the committee.

Miss Stuart, who has served the Teachers' Club as matron for three months, has resigned and gone to her home in Chambersburg. We hope she will run in upon us frequently, now that she has formed many pleasant friends at the school.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess, of San Francisco, are again spending a fortnight with their daughter, while on their way from Philadelphia and vicinity to the home of their early married life, in the northern part of this State, where they will probably spend most of the winter.

Mr. Harry Kohpay, '91, we have just heard, was married last June to a white young lady at the Kaw Agency, O. T. He has been an employee at the Industrial School there for some time, and now has a transfer to the Osage Agency school as Industrial teacher, at an advanced salary. Harry has many friends among the HELPER readers who wish him well.

An interesting number of the Florida "Press", published at St. Augustine, July 10, 1875, is before us having been sent by a friend. It gives an account of a Fourth of July celebration, in which the 70 Indian prisoners of war then confined in Old Fort Marion, and in charge of Capt. Pratt, took conspicuous part. The account is well written, and the paper has grown yellow with age.

The Thanksgiving football team as represented by some of Miss Bowersox' pupils on her blackboard was unique, showing originality in art. For instance an ear of corn with pumpkin head, was fiercely tackling a watermelon with corn-stalk arms and legs. On another board was a turkey on a plate ready for carving with fork in right place, as directed in the HELPER.

Gen. O. O. Howard's lecture, last Friday night, on Sherman's March to the Sea, was well attended by townspeople and students, and was listened to with rapt attention and interest. It is a rare treat, these days, to listen to an actual participant of such a famous expedition. Gen. Howard is a quiet but forceful speaker. He is always a welcome guest at Carlisle, and we trust he will come again soon, to tell more of his experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. Bull left for New York, on Wednesday morning. While most of Mr. Bull's time was taken up with football coaching and valuable instructions, Mrs. Bull ran in and out of the various departments, becoming acquainted with the inner life of the school. She has made many fast friends in her ten weeks' stay with us, and all who learned to know her esteemed her for her refined, cultured, kindly ways, and will miss her greatly. She was at home in the editorial sanctum and gave many an hour of proffered assistance, in the line of proof-reading.

(Continued from first page.)

When he starts one up, the children encourage him and cheer him on his way until the rabbit gets away.

The children do not lose faith in Shep, and the dog seems to have undying faith that he will catch a rabbit some day.

On this trip Shep had chased several rabbits and lost them, when another jumped up just in front of him.

Shep kept very close to the rabbit for some time. The children cheered and shouted:

"Get there, Shep!"

But Shep was losing ground, when little John Left Hand jumped up and yelled:

"Shep, I will give you five dollars if you will catch him!"

Notwithstanding this magnanimous offer Shep lost the rabbit.

I could not help thinking if they would have as much faith in their own success as they had in Shep's ability to catch a rabbit, and would imitate Shep's DOGged perseverance, they would sometime reach the high mark they should.

But now we are at the field and every child gets a sack and scampers away to a row and is soon busy.

When their sacks are full they bring them to the scales and weigh their cotton.

Each one watches with eager eyes, when his cotton is weighed and when the beam goes up, he calls out the weight of his sack, if it is a creditable amount, but if he has been playing and the amount is small, some one else calls out the amount and the picker hangs his head.

In this picking they have learned to weigh, to add the different weights and to reckon the amount of their earnings, also to make change.

It has been a splendid schooling for them, both in practical thinking and in industry. They generally take a lunch with them to the field and generally get back to the school after dark.

When they are going home it is generally too dark to watch Shep chase rabbits, so they put in their time, singing. A great favorite with the children is:

Hurrah! hurrah! for the red, white and blue
The flag is for the white man, the red man too,
All the boys and girls must be loyal and true,
Hurrah for the flag, boys, the red, white and blue.

Very Truly Yours,

JOHN H. SEGER.

SUCCESSFUL REBELLIONS.

Murdoch. "Oh, mamma, see the carriage wheels making successful rebellions!"

Mamma. "What do you mean, dear?"

Murdoch. "Why, mamma, teacher said that revolutions are successful rebellions."

WHY HE QUIT DRINKING.

A professional gentleman who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said:

"I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity and roughly told him:

"I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied:

"You need not be so cranky and highminded my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy.

"Then, was it drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and said, "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.

Some Inspiring Words at a Recent English Speaking Meeting.

It is a great thing to contend, and to have the grit to continue to contend.

Lose your past! Throw it away and reach out into the great future that is opening before you. Make yourselves friends to civilization, become a part of it, and let the rest go.

Better without lands and without money if it ties you to the past.

I would inspire you to be men, not Indians, not tribesmen, but MEN.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 12, 10, 6 is a great body of water.

My 9, 13, 14 every boy in the land is.

My 4, 3, 2, 7, 12 the Indian boys are learning to use

My 5, 11, 4 is used on the baseball field.

My 1, 13, 3, 8 soon parts with his money, so it is said.

My whole some of the Carlisle teachers are not sorry is over.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMAS: 1. Tumor. 2. Canton.