

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

[Suggested by Commencement at Carlisle.]

MY brother, with the piercing eyes,
The swarthy cheek, the distant mien,
In whose impassive port is seen
The habits of free centuries,
The dignity that scorns surprise—
Brave without hope, and proud, I ween,
Only of something that has been,
And in the dead past buried lies,—
Look up—with happier courage face
This modern strife; accept the plan
Of a strange world no longer young.
The future beckons to your race;
You, the self-centred, silent man,
Shall yet gain friends and find a tongue!

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.
in October New England Magazine.

AWAY OUT IN CALIFORNIA.

"Scatterization" is a word that Carlisle likes, although it may not be found in the dictionary.

Some of the Carlisle ex-pupils and graduates are filling positions of trust and honor far from their native homes, and are thus carrying out the Carlisle idea and strengthening themselves in those characteristics which make useful men and women.

Carrie Cornelius, Oneida, is perhaps the farthest from home. She does not brag upon her attainments in any way, but being in a land almost inaccessible except by perilous steamer ride up the coast from the Golden Gate, and finding so many new and interesting things to engage her attention, her private letters (never intended for publication) are teeming with just what her friends like most to hear.

Carrie is in Hoopa Valley, California. She says by recent letter:

Hoopa Valley itself is very beautiful with its magnificent mountains and beautiful streams. The people here call them hills, but I call them mountains, for I puff pretty hard before I get very far up one of them.

The weather here now is pleasant, but they tell me that we shall soon have the rainy season.

My journey out here was simply fine and the days were delightful. It took me just thirteen days, and I think I could have gone on if it had not been for the unmerciful steamer. I shall have to own up that I was seasick. It was such a disagreeable feeling that I never want to go on the sea again.

But as for riding the mule I chose the wagon and you may be sure that I was glad when I came to the end. I rode up and down and around and in every other direction for two whole days after I got to Eureka before I found Hoopa Valley, and it is a wonder to a new comer how he or she is ever to get out of this place when they once get here.

It seems to me that it is a little world attached outside of the big world.

I like my work very much.

There are twenty buildings on the school grounds.

The Indians here have houses to live in, with the exception of a few who will not give up their old ways of living.

These live in houses made of wood, which have only round holes for doors and windows.

Some live very nicely, but there are some who do not know how to keep house, but just half and half; the majority, however, are pretty well advanced.

I was just this far yesterday when I was interrupted by a knock at my door. To my surprise it was our Principal Teacher, and worse still he asked me if I would speak to the pupils of this school about the Carlisle Indian school.

Of course a thousand things ran through my head, but the only thing I could find to say was:

"I cannot do it."

"Oh, yes, Miss Cornelius, I know you can," said the Principal.

So I thought of one of Carlisle's mottoes, "Do it, if you can," and I took courage and said to myself, "I'll do it for Carlisle's sake, but I never was so scared in all my life."

There are about 160 children in this school. I have a Sunday School class of about 20 little children from 5 to 7 years of age, and I like them all so much.

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

We have an interested subscriber in Middletown, who is in her eightieth year.

May Jackson declares that she likes her country home very much, and although she has to study pretty hard she enjoys her school and loves her teacher.

Miss Annie Moore formerly of us but now studying in Chicago attended the game. Professor Kinnear, at one time musical director of our school also witnessed the contest.

The subject of Saturday night's talk before the student body was Patriotism, and not a soul who heard the stirring sentiment as it came from a heart overflowing with the patriotic spirit born of bona fide experience in fighting for ones country, but felt his or her blood tingle with the desire to be hereafter a loyal student, a loyal member of the debating club and literary society, a loyal footballer and a loyal helper in every way. As the Major was in the depths of his earnest discourse, Miss Ely entered, with a note in hand. All instinctively felt that it was a message from Chicago. What was the news? The noble six hundred held their breaths. One could have heard a pin drop as the paper was unfolded and the Major's eyes glanced along the written lines. His face disclosed nothing to the eager watchers for some sign that the news was good. Miss Ely looked as blank as blank until the Major read in measured tones—"University of Illinois nothing, Indians eleven." At the word eleven such a spontaneous burst of loyalty was rarely ever heard. The explosion of pent up feelings came like a mighty crash of a gigantic building that had suddenly collapsed, then it grew into a tumultuous storm of clapping and hurrahing. Handkerchiefs were waved and hats were tossed in air while several miniature war-whoops from the small boy made us almost think that we were on the plains. It all lasted but a minute or two, but could the world have heard the great Indian outbreak, it would have been satisfied that we as a school are loyal to our football team, as well as to our country.

We have heard that Miss Mabel Buck, '97, who has been in the Indian service during the past year among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, in Oklahoma, was married recently to Robert Block, graduate of Haskell. If true the young couple has the sincere congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends at Carlisle.

The death of Rev. Dr. Collins of Philadelphia, not long since, was deeply felt at our school. Miss Seonia who made her home with Dr. and Mrs. Collins while going through the public school course of Philadelphia, attended the funeral. She has a sister, Howice, now with Mrs. Collins, who mourns the loss of the distinguished gentleman as much as if her own father had passed away.

We had to smile when we read in the Dickinsonian that the Indian "stars" on the football team are men of almost life-time experience. Most of the members of college teams have been at the business ever since they wore knee pants in the Grammar and High School, playing through all their preparatory course. They are nearly to the professional stage before a college team will accept them. If the "four year" rule meant four years of football experience very few college teams would contain any of the men they do. We are scarcely out of the Grammar School stage. When it comes to comparisons in age and experience, the average college team had better remain silent.

The visiting committees all say that the girls carry on the business of their society in better form than the boys. Come! Come! Boys! This will never do. Remember the committees are composed of men and women, so this is not a one-sided, woman's notion. The men say so, and the boys who visited the Susans last week said so. The manner in which the Susans conducted business was a revelation to them, and yet they make many blunders. Some of the committees feel that when the program is through they should depart. If this was the intent of the originators of the committee plan it is not in accordance with the Man-on-the-band-stand's idea of what is needed. Almost any organization can carry out a set program of essays, declamations, and addresses without aid or much criticism, but it is the BUSINESS part of the societies that needs attention. We do not carry on our business in the most approved way at all times. We are not up in parliamentary practice. We hope the societies will not allow the committee to retire without protest, unless there is something of a very private nature to come up. Ask the committee for aid? If the members would raise more points of order it would help. Ask the committee about certain rules! Ah, they may not know? If they do not they will be honest about it and say so; but they may know more than you think and may be able to direct where to look up the point at issue. The secret of the girls' success has been their anxiety to get all the help they can. It is considered a great thing to play a "snappy" game of football. Let the Presidents of the societies demand of the members a "snappy" game in parliamentary practice. It will be beneficial all around.

Be patriotic through and through, were the key words of Saturday night's talk.

Very short days, these.

Miss Wilson has been ill, but is on duty again.

The La Crosse boys practice mornings and evenings.

Miss Cochran spent Sunday at her home in Millerstown, Pa.

Walter Gardner and friends from a distance were out Monday visiting the school.

Mr. Standing has been confined to the house for a day or two on account of illness.

The offices in the Administration Building are being kalsomined, cleaned and carpeted.

Mrs. Cook has gone to Philadelphia and vicinity to spend Thanksgiving with friends.

A few minor games of ball on Thanksgiving Day and the season is practically over, for '98.

Some will get their HELPERS a little earlier and some a little later this week on account of Thanksgiving.

Jack Standing's football, thinking the season was over, went down the chimney ready for Santa Claus.

Captain Hudson and members of the first team witnessed the Pennsylvania-Cornell, game, yesterday, in Philadelphia.

The Illinois University Team gave our boys a hard tussel, for some are bearing muscle bruises which show in their carriage.

The Esquimaux have been here just a year and celebrated the anniversary of their coming by having their pictures taken last week.

Four ministers of the Anti-Saloon movement were present at our Sunday afternoon service, and had a few words to say to the school.

Committees for visiting societies tonight; Invincibles, Mrs. Cook, Miss Wood; Standards, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Butler; Susans, Miss Cochran, Miss Weekley

The football, first and second teams, were photographed on Tuesday. This year's eleven have been mounted on heavy card, 16x20 inches, sold for a dollar; by mail \$1.32.

The Major told the school last Saturday night that we were to have a Portorican student before long. Hurrah! The Indians will give him a warm welcome and treat him well.

It is said that the Standards challenged the Invincibles for a public debate but the latter would not accept. They have now asked the Susans to meet them but have not had a reply at this writing.

An eye witness of the football game in Chicago Saturday last said that the Indians reminded him of a herd of buffalo on a stampede, they would bow their heads and butt into their opponents sending them flying in all directions.

The Harnessmakers seeing that the Tailors could not score against the Printers' football team thought they would show the Tailors how well they could put harness on the "news-boys;" hence lined up against the Printers on Saturday afternoon. The Harnessmakers were not so liberal in returning compliments as the Tailors were, and kept the whole goose egg to themselves, the score being 20-0 in favor of the typos.

Miss Bessie and Master Jarvis Butler, of Philadelphia, spent Thanksgiving vacation with their mother, Mrs. Butler, of the clerical force of our school.

Resolved, That the Indians should hold lands not in use by them, will be discussed tonight by the Standards, Frank Thomas and Edward Oga taking the affirmative and John Garrick and Solomon Miller the negative.

It is said that when the Harness-makers were asked by their instructor: "Who are you going to play with," replied: "There is no team brave enough to play us." They have found out that the printers have some skill if no bravery.

George Moore, ex-Chemawa pupil, of Coleville, Washington, arrived this week to enter as a pupil. He impresses all with whom he talks as a young man of intelligence, and one who is going to make the best of his opportunities.

James Johnson and Emmanuel Powlas, affirmative, David Abraham and Sebastian Shomin, negative, will handle the question, Resolved, That a warrior is of more benefit to his country than a statesman, tonight in the Invincible society.

The friends of Miss Ida LaChapelle, class '95, gave her a warm welcome this week on her return with Mr. and Mrs. D. Wheelock from the West. Little Edmund came too, and is as brown and bright as ever. They brought two Oneida girls with them to enter as pupils of the school.

Piano instructor, Mrs. Sawyer, is delighted with the Assembly Hall piano since Mr. Brown, of the Stieff Piano Works, of Baltimore, gave it such an excellent going over. He put in new hammers, regulated the action and gave the outside a beautiful polish. Even novices see a great improvement.

The Susans will debate upon the Chinese question to-night: Resolved, That the Chinese be excluded from the United States. Principal speakers: Affirmative, Susie Yupe and Mary Bruce; Negative, Alice McCarthy and Huldah Doxtator. It is said that they surprised the young gentlemen visitors last week by the way they brought out points on the Silver question.

"Illinois 0; Indians 11; small attendance," is the wording of a message that came from Chicago Saturday night. It was impossible to connect the long distance telephone as the line was busy for more hours than the anxious crowd was willing to wait. Two years ago, when the team played in Chicago, we heard Mr. Thompson's whisper at the Palmer House, Chicago. The small attendance at the game was occasioned by bad weather.

The line-up of the Printers who beat the Harness Makers last Saturday: Center, Edgar Rickard; right guard, Frank Bender; left guard, Guy Brown; right tackle, Genus Baird; left tackle, Lewis Webster; right end, James Wheelock; left end, Frank Thomas; right half-back, Edwin Moore; left half-back, Caleb Sickles; full-back, James Johnson; quarter-back, Robert Emmett. It was heard in the line of large boys on Saturday night: "The printers are all right. They are small but they are all there."

OUR SOLDIER BOY.

Joseph DuBray who has been through the Americo-Spanish war as a member of the 6th Massachusetts, and who came home on a furlough a short time ago returning soon after to his regiment near Boston, is one of our Sioux boys.

While here he told many interesting experiences.

Among other things he said one evening in No. 10:

"There were some soldiers on the Yale that took me to Porto Rico, who were just out of High School and never had been away from home before.

They looked back at the land and said:

'We'll never see that glorious old United States again. Boys, we're going to be targets for the Spanish bullets!'

And then they sang, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and I wondered what I was doing away off there from my friends."

Another incident he related was this:

"We were keeping guard, the night after landing on Porto Rico soil, and were stretched along something like a telephone.

When one man heard a noise he would run to the next man, a hundred feet away, and give the alarm, and the second man would carry it to the next, just as quiet.

We did not want the enemy to know where we were, of course.

I heard a horse galloping up near me.

I halt him but did not stop, so I fire; and I heard the horse fall and groan, and the next man on guard ran up to help me.

I said: 'We ought to see if a man is hurt.'

He said: 'They may be waiting to kill us.'

But we went anyway, the poor horse was groaning so.

We crept on our knees and it was so dark that we could not see anything, and my heart felt as though it was tumbling over and over clear up to my throat.

We found the horse and put some shots into it and stopped its suffering, but we did not find any Spaniard there."

"Once," the speaker continued, "during the march across the Island, a ranchman told us we might have all his chickens if we could catch them."

Two soldiers were chasing a chicken.

I saw it coming right toward me.

I happened to have a good heavy stick in my hand, and I hit at it with that, then I fell onto it just exactly as I fall onto a football.

I took that chicken to the cook and asked him to fry it for me and be sure and give me all of it, too, when it was done.

We were sorry when peace was declared. We were going to take San Juan so nicely. We were just a day's march to San Juan when the news came.

WILD RIDES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Superintendent Lydia L. Hunt, of San Carlos, Arizona, Indian School, whom so many of us know, writes in a personal letter that she is enjoying the possession of a lovely little pony this year.

She, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, were about to take a rough, mountainous trip to witness the opening of some new coal-fields and would be out two nights.

Miss Hunt says she enjoys such trips very much.

She receives happy, contented letters from the Apache boys and girls whom she brought to Carlisle this summer, and can but trust that they may prove as satisfactory here at Carlisle as they did in her school at San Carlos, for she selected them from her best.

It is fair to say that most of them are proving to be of Carlisle's very best. They are taking hold of their work and studies with determination that always means success.

WHY IS A BOY LIKE A BICYCLE?

An exchange gives these excellent reasons. Some of them may apply to girls, too. How is it boys?

A boy is like a bicycle:

Because he needs a steady hand to direct his way.

Because he runs the easiest down hill.

Because if you lose control of him he may break your heart if not your head.

Because he is not made to travel on bad roads.

Because the straighter you keep him, the more safely he runs.

Because the faster he runs the more closely must his guide stick to him.

Because he needs blowing up once in a while.

Because he should never be run by more than two cranks.

Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 9, 3, 12, 4 is what all soldiers should be.

My 5, 10, 14, 11 is what often causes pain.

My 1, 6, 7, 4 is what all girls should try to be.

My 13, 18, 10, 16 is what all good people do.

My 2, 11, 4 is what no one wishes to be.

My 8, 18, 15, 13, 17, 18, 19 is what the Indians did for a living.

My whole is what all the scholars in River-ton, N. J. admire.

E. H. F.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Christmas Day.