

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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NUMBER 17.

TURNING THE WINE-CUP.

Hail! all ye children of this land,
A cheerful, mirthful, numerous band,
With your eager faces
And your graces,

Come,
Come,
Come,
Every one
And let us

Take
Hold
Upon
This

WINE-CUP,
Yes
This
Great

WINE-CUP,

This red wine-cup,
This cruel wine-cup,
This accursed wine cup,
This all-intoxicating cup,
That from the ancient times
Has been filling up with crimes
And with anguish and with tears
And with sin, and hate, and fears
And with bitter pains and dread,
And with cursings strongly said,
While it slowly swelleth higher,
Higher, with an all-consuming fire
That from out the lustrous wine
Darts its forked flame, to twine
'Round its victims, like a breath
Mixed with want, or woe, or death.
Ah dear children, come and stand,
One great Home Guard in the land;
Take this treacherous, gilded cup,
Right side up, in glebe and town,
Which always should be upside down.

And let

The fears,
And wine,
And tears,
Escape

Forevermore.

—JOHN P. TROWBRIDGE.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

At the Saturday evening meeting last week there were present the visiting chiefs, whose names are given elsewhere. Ida Swallow was called upon to play a piano solo for them, and her selection and skilful rendition pleased them greatly as was evidenced by the way they watched her fingers fly over the keys. It was plain to be seen that the chiefs were proud that one of their race could produce sounds so charming.

Black Horn was then called out and introduced by Major Pratt.

"I never before in my life saw anything

like this," he said. "I see you here from all over the United States. You look like white people. You are just the same as white people, and I am very glad to see you here. I am related to you all. You are of my race. When you leave this place you can go home and be able to take care of yourselves. When I look around me and see this nice house and all these wonderful things it is just like a dream. It makes me feel good to see you all here."

Next, Big Foot was introduced by the Major. He was dressed as Black Horn was in citizens clothing and wore his hair long. It was neatly brushed, and his suit was of good fit and scrupulously clean. Straight as an arrow he stood waiting for the applause to cease so he could make his opening remarks.

Isaac Blount, their travelling interpreter translated the words as Big Foot spoke:

"I wish my forefathers had had these opportunities. Our forefathers did not know how to bring up their children as you are being brought up; we were like cattle. As I grew up, I learned that it was best to send my child to school as you are here. If the children learn to be like white people, they will learn to be able to take care of themselves. We have land at home for you, and when you get home it will be there for you and you will be able to earn your living. We do not know anything, but you will be able to help the old people to do like the whites. When you get home your parents will depend upon you and you can tell them what you know. I came here to see you, and I see that you are like the white people. I am very glad to be here."

The school then sang most heartily "Send the Light," after which Major Pratt used the occasion.

He first spoke to the chiefs and had his words interpreted. He told them that they had been kind to speak to us and that we were glad to see them here. There is no school more

(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, but EDITED by the Man-on-the-band-stand who is NOT an Indian.

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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.

Mrs. Lydia E. (Dittes) Davis who is now at White Earth Agency, Minnesota, says in a business letter that they are having a very cold winter.

A letter from Fred Penn, Osage, who attended our school years ago shows that he has married a white young lady. He sends to his old teacher, Miss Carter, a picture of his handsome little baby boy of which he seems very proud. Fred has been on the police force of the Osage agency for sometime, but is now High Sheriff of the tribe. We notice on his certificate the names of Alex Tallchief and Embry Gibson both ex pupils. The former is Private Secretary to Chief Black Dog, and the latter Executive Interpreter for Saucy Chief.

The entertainment to be given by the band next Friday night in the Opera House, Carlisle, is for the benefit of the G. A. R. Director Wheelock will present a living picture that has never been excelled by our band. His arrangement of Tobani's Civil War to suit the times and circumstances of the Spanish-American War is full of laughable as well as pathetic scenes. His band numbers 61 members, and their music compared with what it was in the early part of the season is a great success. 25, 35 and 50 cents admission.

Ex-pupil, Henry Horselooking, of Rosebud Agency, has married and settled down at the Agency. He says he is working for "Uncle Samuel." He thinks the Indians of that section can do better at stock-raising than at farming, for the season is short. In mentioning his marriage, he puts it thus: "Excuse me, I did not live by myself since on the 7th of August, 1898." The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks he is entirely excusable if he found a good young lady who would have him for better or worse. He was ever a faithful student here, and was well liked by all who had to do with him. He was a good hand on the farm in the country, and his reputation for straightforward, honest work, was excellent.

What was ever more welcome than the whistle of the first locomotive from Harrisburg, which brought the mail through from the outside world after the blizzard? The siren on the frog works is nothing. By the way: Carlisle had among her visitors a poet not long since, and the siren on the frog works, which is enough to wake the dead, aroused his curiosity and poetical fire until he brought forth this rhyme, found on the table of his room after he left:

Oh, list to that sound that so breaks on the air,
Like the winds in a blizzard fit of despair,
Then drifts off in plaints like an elephant's laugh
Or the groans and bawls of a great Unco calf;
Now like a fierce lion, in rapturous roar,
Or screech of a fog horn when driving ashore;
A catamount's wail in a mountain ravine,
Where naught else than lynx and the tiger are seen;
Then dwarfs like a convict making a lunge
From a huge alligator after a lunge.
A steam organ's notes would be tame to compare,
With old Vulcan's bellows so high toned and rare,
While the coyotes yelp and the hoot of the owl,
With the jackass bray and the bulldogs howl,
Are spread to the breeze on wild pinions afar,
As though gates of heaven and the earth were ajar.
Just list once again! It will make your hair bristle.
O, pshaw! It's that pesky, unearthly old whistle.

We have with us a little snow-bound visitor—Master Jarvis Butler, on his way to Virginia. The Man-on-the-band-stand seeing that time hung heavily, employed the young gentleman to aid in the arduous reportorial duties of ye HELPER editor, and these are the items of the youthful reporter:

90 large boys left here on Tuesday morning to clear the railroad tracks; the Cumberland Valley Railroad asked for 30 boys and the Reading Railroad asked for 60 boys also. The Cumberland Valley Railroad boys were served lunch by the Railroad and the Reading boys had their lunch carried to them from the school. They had coffee, bread, butter and eggs. It was hard work, but a kind of picnic for them.

Mr. Kensler, going to his home in town Sunday night got lost in a snow drift. He said it was hard getting out of it and he will not do it again.

The trolley came out on its first trip after Sunday morning, on Tuesday, at 5:15 P. M. It came about 500 yards from its usual stopping place.

The first train of the Cumberland Valley Railroad after Sunday morning came through from the East on Tuesday at 5:30 o'clock P. M.

There is a new kind of goose in the tailor shop; it was caught in the bone house by one of the tailor boys. They call him Mr. Crow.

Mary Barry who was sick for a few days came over from the hospital on Tuesday and took her old place at waiting on our table.

On Tuesday evening some of the ladies and gentlemen had a coasting party after study hour, the men playing horse.

The Commencement Number of the RED MAN will contain all the graduating orations, a picture of the entire class, and a number of views of the school, the names of visitors, and a complete account of everything that is said from the platform on Wednesday evening and Thursday afternoon. In no other place can a full account be had. Five cents for single copy.

Bicycles are taking a rest.

Mail trains are not regular up to this writing. Did you get a valentine? Ask our foreman. That'll do! We have had all the blizzards we want.

Mrs. Pratt's and Lincoln's birthday came last Sunday.

Miss Shaffner has returned from her country trip among the girls.

The Hiltons have to blanket their kitchen clock this zero weather to make it go.

The Man-on-the-band stand does not mean it for impudence when he says "Shut your mouth" out in the cold raw air.

Librarian Sara Smith reports that the best cared for books of all taken from the library are by the pupils of Numbers 6 and 7, Miss Paul and Miss Robertson, teachers.

The pike for several hundred yards either side of Judge Hendersons is fence high with snow, and was impassable for teams till it was shovelled and plowed out.

Out of the fifteen male graduates this year there are six harnessmakers—Chauncey Archibquette, J. Jennings Gougé, Louie McDonald, Corbett Lawyer, Thomas Denomie, and Vincent Natalish.

Lydia Gardner came in from Lansdowne to have her picture taken with class '99. She is attending High School at Lansdowne, having taken our course and more. Lydia returned to her school yesterday.

The band went to Harrisburg last evening to blow themselves and help blow the women suffragists into public recognition as beings more important than THINGS. Only women, Indians as Indians, and paupers are deprived of voting.

Miss Senseney held another of her choir soirees on last Thursday evening in Teachers' parlor. Some of the costumes of her guests were grotesque and interesting, and the evening was full of pleasant entertainment and surprises.

Miss Bowersox, Miss Kowuni, Professor Bakeless, Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Given and Miss Annie Morton will attend the societies tonight, the first two named, the Invincibles, the next two, the Standards, and the last two, the Susans.

For one hundred and two years Carlisle has not experienced as cold weather as on last Thursday and Friday, and those were the days that two of the schools went sleighing. On Saturday the weather was not so bitter, and the Juniors went.

The Dawes Bill was ably discussed by our pupils on Friday night, before the visiting Indians. Joseph Gougé presided and the speakers were Dahney George, Amelia Clark and Louie McDonald, Affirmative; Edward Peters, John B. Warren and Frank Beale, Negative.

The recent visiting chiefs were Big Foot, Charge-the-crow, Black Horn, Medicine Bear of the Sioux tribe; Frank Redstone and James A. Garfield, of the Assinaboine tribe. Isaac Blount was the interpreter for the former and Dan Martin for the latter. They were all dressed in citizens dress, and bore calm, strong, dignified faces.

Scrubbing is disagreeable to most students, but we know of departments that have made of the task such a pleasant duty that students beg to scrub. That is the secret of good management.

Now we have straw boards for mailing photographs, light weight and sure protection from breakage in the mail bag. We are selling more of the band and foot-ball just now than any other pictures. They are 14x18 and splendid photographs; 80 cents buys one; 86 cents by mail.

A valuable acquisition to the library has been received from the Minister for Siam—Visuddha, who recently visited the school. It is a fac simile of a copy of a letter from a former King of Siam to a King of Portugal, and one of a leaf of the Bodleian MS. or Polygt. c. i. The gifts will prove of great interest to the history loving portion of our school.

J. Wells Champney, of New York, the celebrated artist, is coming. He is to deliver the Tuesday night lecture, Commencement week. He chalks as he talks, putting life into his pictures in a most infatuating manner. His lecture is mirth-provoking as well as serious and artistic. Tickets will be twenty-five cents. This lecture is something that everybody will desire to hear. Secure tickets at Means' and Richards' after Monday next.

Acting-Postmistress Miss Ely put up where all could see it at the Office: No mail. Then Miss Miles coming along and knowing that our supply of Chicago beef could not get through if the mails could not, wrote under Miss Ely's line: No meat. A wag taking up the story in four words added a supplement: No eat, and thus the placard read: No mail. No Meat. No Eat. Finally an Indian boy added: No work.

"I hain't got no rubbers."—The little Indian girl in line who called out as she came from the girl's quarters last Monday evening on her way to the gymnasium: "I hain't got no rubbers," little suspected that there was a friend who overheard her and who was very much ashamed of the English. Did she know better? Then she, too, should be ashamed. Did she know NO better? Then she must profit by this little allusion to her mistake and learn better. Why? Our speech places us.

The wall of snow in front of the boys quarters stands man high and looks like a formidable piece of breast-work before a fort that is to be held at all hazards. Mr. Thompson passes through a cut, shoulder high, as he goes to and from his office. In the shop-court there is a drift through which the men pass in going to the tin, harness and shoe-shops that is higher than a man's shoulders. All the walks are walled on either side by high snow banks. The eight-foot fence around the athletic field is almost out of sight in one place. The snow is dry and packed hard. Before it became so packed the Indio-young-America was in high glee, when dressed in overcoat and other protection, he dove, swam and wallowed in the "beautiful," enjoying the fun. In one drift we saw the boys jumping from a high place as from a long springboard into a swimming pool, going in all over and entirely out of sight.

(Continued From First Page.)

glad to see the chiefs when they go to and from Washington than the Carlisle school. We hope they will not pass us by, ever. We are glad to have them stay long enough to get acquainted with us. There are 70 different tribes, and yet there are none of us who could pick out those from each tribe. Here and there are a few known by the tribe. If the chiefs have visited the quarters where the students room, in every room occupied by three students they found that three tribes were represented, and that they were all friends. A Sioux Indian at this school does not think himself any better than a Crow. We are working together, and we are pulling one way. That is what makes us strong.

You can see that the children do not look as though they were starved. (Laughter on the part of the chiefs)

Then the Major spoke of the mind-food we were giving our students, and impressed upon the chiefs the necessity of children learning to help themselves, and of keeping them in places where they may learn independence. He pushed and pulled and did everything he could to get them out and to become self-supporting and self-respecting men and women. He had many people here to help him, but it was discouraging when all the talks they heard from the home people were to the effect that they must go back to help the people who were older than the children and should be helping themselves. He gave his son an education, and then he said "Go out and help yourself." He did not say "Come back to the Carlisle School and help me."

"I want you to come to see us again," continued the Major "and the next time you come I want you to stand up and advise my boys to get out into the business of the world by themselves and work themselves up. You have said that they look like white people, and they are like white people, but this thing that you ask my boys to do, is not like the white people, it is like the Indians. I want them to become merchants, and farmers, and lawyers, and doctors, and to do what is right. I want my boys to be able to stand alone and to be independent men.

Your land is not worth much. It cannot help you. I never owned a foot of land in my life, and I feel that I am better off than the Indian. MANHOOD is what we must have."

Then the Major talked most earnestly to the student body showing that it were better that they possessed no land if it had to hang about their necks to drag them back and

down. Anything that held the Indians together as Indians meant their destruction.

We should not be willing to always stay in the A B C of learning and experience when by the right kind of push we could reach the Algebra stage. We would be foolish to stay here and dig for lead when we could move to yonder mountains and get gold.

The editor of the HELPER wishes he had the space to give the Major's address in full.

All who heard it absorbed the spirit, and it has caused more comment and aroused more thought in right lines than anything that had happened for many a day.

A DEMURRER.

Not long since a letter from one of our graduates in the west was printed in the HELPER. In it he made the remark that he did not care to tie himself to a wife before he has seen something of the world.

A farm mother takes exceptions to the proposition and thinks he must have meant that he did not dare to ask a nice girl to tie herself to him until there was evidence of his proving a strong, firmly-set hitching post.

William Denomie, '94 was the young man and we will let him answer for himself.

There is such a thing, however, of planting oneself too firmly in one spot when opportunities for broadening and strengthening are on every hand, and we trust that Mr. Denomie will keep to his original plan of getting out and learning more.

A FAMILY OF BOYS.

Mrs. Griffin's family of boys at the Kearney, Nebraska, State Industrial School, (a model of its kind,) enjoys reading the HELPER, so she writes, and thinks it a very nice little paper. She says they are much interested in the news about the Indians. The Man-on-the-bandstand congratulates her boys in their desire to get reliable news and that which shows the best side of their red brother. The Indian is not what history in the main pictures him. Don't believe that he is treacherous! He is no more so than the white man. Don't believe he is lazy and good-for-nothing! He is as industrious as his white brother after he learns how. Don't believe that he can learn how just as well if a few people are sent to the tribe to teach him as he can if he is allowed to go out and associate with good people outside of his tribe! Read the right kind of papers and you will get the truth about the Indians.

Enigma.

I am made of 6 letters.

My 1, 4, 3 one may sleep on.

My 1, 2, 5, 6 is an article of dress.

My whole is the relation that the Carlisle School stood to the out-side world for a part of the week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Chitoski Nick.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA OF WEEK BEFORE LAST: Shoveling Paths.