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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1892—

NO. 36

HASKELL

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, is one of several large, training schools for Indian youth, supported by the United States Government.

They carry on the roll at Haskell about 500 Indian students representing some thirty or more different tribes.

The writer had the good pleasure on the 1st and 2nd of May, to visit and examine into the workings of this great institution.

We were on our way from San Francisco to Carlisle, and stopping at the station in Lawrence, there met Mr. Chas. E. Meserve, superintendent of the school, as per arrangement.

Jumping into his light buggy to which was hitched a pair of prancing bays; the distance of two miles between the town and the school was quickly traversed, and what was left of us after passing through that Kansas zephyr which required all the veils in one's possession to keep hat and hair together, and took both hands to keep one's clothing intact, was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Meserve, who gave us a warm welcome.

The last stretch of macadamized road leads through an archway, around which is inscribed the words, "Haskell Institute"

As the visitor enters he beholds four imposing buildings standing in a semi-circle around a small campus in the centre of which is a band stand of primitive appearance, but which when occupied by the excellent school-band is made to resound with good music, as we can testify after the concert given the morning of our departure.

The main buildings are 2½ stories high over basements each equivalent to a story and each occupied by various important departments.

The dining-room, for instance, is in the basement of the girls' building, which is the first to the right as we enter and like the rest is constructed of native limestone, but unlike the others is faced in front with an im-

ported stone, from Cottonwood, which gives it a neat and pretty appearance. The inside of this building is finished in the natural wood, and the house from top to basement is kept spotlessly neat.

When one considers there are 200 girls quartered within its walls, the assertion that no dirt was to be seen and no untidiness of any description discernible seems almost incredible, but it is true nevertheless, and we never saw in any school of white girls or Indian girls better behavior, or more dignified quiet young women as they went about their daily tasks or engaged in their girlish sports.

Mrs. Lutkins, the lady in charge, is an old friend of Carlisle having been a worker with us for a year or two. We were told that the girls love and respect her, which no doubt is the secret of the perfect order maintained without seeming difficulty.

The small boys' building next in the semi-circle, then the school-rooms and the large boys' building last, were also in good order, although being longer in service gave evidence of more wear and tear.

We did not see so much of the boys as the girls, for our room was in the girls' building, but we could not fail noticing their marching to and from meals and were pleased with the precision of step to the beat of drum and triangle.

In all the long line of boys as they marched single file out of the dining-room at Sunday dinner we did not notice one out of step.

That Sunday dinner, by the way, was a picture in itself. The enthusiastic young matron having found in a neighboring field a blossom-covered branch blown from an old apple tree had plucked the flowers and placed at each pupil's plate in the top of a pyramid formed by stacking spoon, knife and fork together, a button-hole bouquet of apple-blossoms.

From the smiles of the pupils, as they entered, and the suppressed "Oh's" and "Ah's,"

(Continued on third page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY,

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

EDITED BY THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND, WHO IS NOT AN INDIAN.

Price:—10 cents a year

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter

THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

IT IS OVER.

Yes, and we had a good time.

At 7:30 o'clock, Wednesday morning, the school, headed by the band, marched to the Cumberland Valley freight track where it crosses the school-line and there boarded a train of six coaches standing in readiness.

When numerous interesting barrels, boxes, bags and bundles had been stowed away in the baggage car and the conductor sang out "all aboard" the engine gave a shrill toot, the bell began to ring and we were off for a forty-mile excursion up the Valley to the celebrated Mt. Alto Park.

The occasion was a picnic, and that all hearts were light and happy was evident from the merry laughter, the sparkling eyes brimful of joy and the excited chatting as we passed along.

The band played lively airs going through Newville and Shippensburg, and there were singing and shouting and merry-making until, before we knew it, the train came to a stop and the question "Are we there?" burst forth from scores of voices.

"No, we are *here*," was the brilliant reply of a sage in disguise, and sure enough we were here and there both.

It took but a few moments to unload and spread ourselves throughout the lovely woodland park, where every convenience and comfort for a picnic party are provided.

Some struck out for Oak Knob immediately and missing the way found themselves at the Cascade instead.

From Oak Knob observatory, which was found by nearly all, a magnificent view of Cumberland Valley, with its cultivated fields, rich gardens, comfortable farm-houses, prosperous towns hid among the trees, freshly-leaved groves and sparkling brooks lay before the vision in one grand, inspiring panorama of nature's handiwork.

At Mt Alto, there are any number of paths leading to shady nooks and retreats by the side of rippling waters where the life-giving mountain breezes fanned the cheeks of happy mortals.

And flowers!

Why the arm-loads of azaleas, orchids, dog-wood blossoms and other wild varieties brought in by exploring groups of pupils would have delighted the hearts of the thousands of poor little city children who rarely ever see the like.

Besides rambling over the hills and through the park, croquet, base-ball, tennis, swinging, bowling, grace-hooping, fishing, and other sports engaged the time of many, while the ice-cream and candy vendors were not entirely ignored by the favored few who carried along some spare change to treat "our friend."

The big lunch for all spread on long tables covered with table-cloths made a pretty picture among the trees, and by the time the summons was given to partake, all hands were ready for it.

The hot coffee, ham-sandwiches, cakes, cookies and cheese disappeared with a relish born only of mountain breezes.

The few drops of rain which came down like tears of joy for the good time we were having, did not disturb the pleasure seekers, and when the 4:40 bugle blew to board the train for home, even those who were deliciously tired and ready for a good night's rest turned reluctantly to obey the summons.

The day was fraught with pleasure from beginning to end and when we arrived home about 6 o'clock in the evening the general expression of satisfaction and gratitude could be seen throughout the entire company.

We have to thank the good authorities who favored us with such a grand treat, and let us show by our excellent deportment and increased enthusiasm in work and studies that we merited the kindness proffered.

While the Indian question is under discussion in the halls of Congress and it is often asserted that the educated Indians as a rule lapse into barbarism on their return home, the perusal of "Stiva, an Indian Girl at Home," will convince the reader that the wonder is that so many are able to withstand the demoralizing influences at work. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of Indian Education and will amply repay the reading.

Miss Sparhawk and sister are visiting Haskell.

'Tis looking downward that makes one dizzy.—Browning.

ITEMS FROM FT. TOTTEN, N. DAK.

Mr. Potter writes:

Gen. Morgan has recently named the Indian Training School at Ft. Totten, "The Whipple Institute," in honor of Bishop Whipple, the pioneer missionary of the North West.

Mrs. Anna C. Hoag, one of the oldest and most efficient teachers in the Indian service has been transferred from the Ft. Totten school, to Mr. Seger's new school at Seger's Colony, Indian Territory. Mrs. Hoag's father, Mr. Darlington, was the first Indian Agent to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, in 1868, and Mrs. Hoag is greatly respected and beloved by all the Indians, old and young, with whom she can do a great and good work. Ft. Totten's loss is Mr. Seger's gain.

Exhibition to-morrow night.

Good weather for ducks, this.

It does not pay to go town without a pass.

Let us be thankful for shelter this weather.

We shall soon have green garden vegetables in abundance.

They are reading the life of Benjamin Franklin in the Normal room.

Mrs. Mason Pratt and babies and Mrs. Crane are visiting at the school.

Mrs. Strabahan, of Harrisburg, was a guest of Miss Luckenbach on Sunday.

Some say it hasn't rained so hard since the Johnstown flood as it did yesterday.

Mr. Norman who has been suffering with partially paralyzed eyeids is recovering.

Invitations for Dickinson College Commencement are out for the week beginning June 4.

Mrs. Pratt accompanied Mrs. Given to Philadelphia, on Friday, returning Monday evening.

Mrs. Booth has presented the Girls' Library with seven volumes for which the girls are grateful.

It was no elephant that broke through the bridge at the picnic. It was not even a large size cam(1)bel(1).

None seemed to enjoy the picnic more than Mrs. Dazen, (Captain's mother), who has been longing to go to the mountains. She, too, got the view from Oak Knob.

Encouraging reports come from Mrs. Given who is at the Woman's Hospital, receiving treatment for a sprained ankle and a general run-down condition. She will probably be back in a week or two.

Miss Laura Stevick, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Stevick, who was reported last week as being ill in Denver, Col., with scarlet fever, is getting along nicely, so say recent messages from that quarter.

Stacy Matlack left for his home in Indian Territory on Wednesday evening. Stacy is a graduate of '90 and we trust will show his Carlisle colors in all times of trial, and when the courage of manhood is called for.

The storms of the west must have taken a circle around the world, and are coming to us from the East. The way the rain poured down yesterday by spells was interesting especially to those who had to be out in it.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Agnew of New York, the Girls' Endeavor Society have a nice second-hand carpet for their room in the girls' quarters. It has recently been put down giving to the place a home-like air much enjoyed by the young ladies.

ITEMS WRITTEN BY NO. 4 PUPILS.

Miss Caryl is taking care of the small boys in Mrs. Given's absence.

Lizzie Howard has the measles and is back again with us.

The storm, on Sabbath, broke several panes of glass in the chapel and a transom in No. 4.

Leon Williamson keeps No. 4 supplied with tad-poles, for object lessons.

Miss Caryl is missed at the girls' quarters.

Miss Dittes led the prayer-meeting last Sabbath evening.

we judge the little act of thoughtful kindness was appreciated by the majority, and the flowers served to beautify the tables at the same time.

Standing on the raised ground by the main buildings and looking off to the south and west we have before us a beautiful stretch of meadow land and rolling fields comprising the school-farm, then out in its fresh Spring dress.

There were peach-orchards and apple orchards in blossom, fields of waving young grain, newly planted gardens, pasture lands with cattle grazing here and there, Indian boys engaged in turning over the rich earth and planting seed, groves of willows and other trees in the distance with wild flowers around our feet and a back ground of green bluffs to greet the eye making a charming scene of early Spring—a picture of natural beauty, thrift, activity and prosperity.

On Sunday morning we went the rounds of inspection and found each boy and girl standing at the foot of his or her bed to receive the greetings and essential criticisms from the Superintendent as he passed through the dormitories to examine the neatness and order of the rooms as well as the dress of the pupils.

Major Shawnee in his military air, was a striking evidence of the ability and dignity of the educated Indian.

"Attention!" was obeyed most cheerfully by all who heard his command.

For dinner we were entertained by Miss Stanton and Mrs. Lutkins at the teachers' club, the former of whom is also an old Carlisle teacher. Both of these ladies claim a fondness for Haskell and Kansas climate, but Carlisle has in the memory of each a bright spot.

In the evening after the regular service, there was an informal meeting of teachers and employees to give greetings to the Carlisle visitor, who recognized in the little body gathered an intelligent and earnest force bound to carry on a great work to a successful end.

The next morning we took a ride over the farm and visited the school-rooms and shops.

In the former, recitations were being carried on much as we would find in any educational department. We were especially interested in Miss Stanton's room full of young pupils, all attentive and wide-awake, in Miss Darnell's room of little ones, where calisthenic songs and exercises were given, while in Miss Brown's room, which is the highest department, the pupils were wrestling with a difficult problem in mathematics.

The manner in which Miss Brown elicited responses from her class was most engaging and in accordance with the latest and most approved methods of teaching.

Mr. Peairs, the principal of the school, had left a class in algebra to escort us through the several departments under his charge, each of which made a creditable showing.

From the school rooms Mr. Meserve went with us to the blacksmith and wagon shop which is a substantial stone building recently put up, complete in all its arrangements. The workmen in this shop were getting ready a shipment of some 30 farm wagons manufac-

tured at the school, to be sent to agencies in the west.

The shoe, harness and tailor shops occupied pleasant rooms, and all hands were busily engaged doing the legitimate work of their respective departments.

We were glad to notice in the tailor-shop a half-dozen girls working with the boys, and all carrying a dignified business mein as they pressed the seams or operated the sewing-machine.

The store house is a good-looking building with front door fine enough for a chapel.

We found the sewing-room quite empty for some good reason, but the long row of machines and the stock of freshly made-up gingham dresses ready for Spring wear gave evidence that this also was a busy department.

The mending at Haskell is done by the matrons of the different buildings, however, each supervising all that belongs to her special charge, which relieves the sewing-room matron, but adds greatly to the work of others, and, taking all in all, Mr. Meserve said was not fully satisfactory.

The boiler-house is spacious and the immense boilers both low and high-pressure, like those at Carlisle, show no mercy in their appetite for coal.

Of old Carlisle pupils we met Sam Noble, whose reputation is most excellent and who has charge of one of the school-companies; Rosa Lewis, whose eyes have completely recovered; Lulu Blind, who with Rosa is on the hospital detail; Fannie Sherman who was a Carlisle pupil for a short time, Moses King, Frank Eagle and others.

We also saw a number of friends and relatives of Carlisle pupils who sent greetings to their friends and relatives here.

Our visit at Haskell will long be remembered as one of the bright spots in our experience. Mr. Meserve and his good wife were exceedingly cordial and we were made especially welcome by our friends Miss Stanton and Mrs. Lutkins.

Haskell has reason to be proud of the success she has attained. When she secures the appropriation for two or three much needed buildings, her future will be marked by still greater strides in the good work.

We were asked in what does Carlisle excel Haskell Institute. The two schools cannot be compared, for they are working on different lines. Our great aim is to give Indian pupils as speedily as possible the one experience which alone can make them self-responsible men and women. Where we have 500 out in good country homes Haskell has but twenty or so. Instead of inducing pupils to remain with us by giving them a higher course after graduation, we take pains to secure the higher course in other schools and colleges where the association is of the quality they wish to become like.

We are in a better locality, for we are not so near the reservation, and the inducement to step home is not so strong nor the way so easy. There can be but one Carlisle, one Haskell, one Genoa.

But Carlisle, Haskell, Genoa and all the other Indian Schools, indeed the whole work is a farce, if the education given does

not make INDIVIDUALS instead of educated INDIANS.

An Indian girl at Laguna, New Mexico, in speaking of the fact that she wore Indian costume replied that she thought regarding returned students it was more important what they *were* than what they *wore*.

An old Carlisle worker who is now an enthusiastic teacher on an Indian reservation writes: "The agency work is mere creeping. We can't get a chance to WALK right along as you do there—so little accomplished—so many drawbacks—children always on the go, either running away or being taken off by friends on one pretext or another." Still Congressman Smith of Arizona would ask, "Why establish schools so far from the Indian's home as Carlisle?"

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters:

My 7, 2, 8, 12, 7, 11 is a boy's name.

My 1, 5, 6, 7, 2 is a small but useful article.

My 13, 9, 8, 6, 11 is used in building.

My 3, 5, 13, 9, 11, 6 is to be attentive.

My 10, 5, 4 is a part of the body.

My whole is sure to keep us from growing selfish.

SPYNA DEVEREAUX.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: JUNIOR Base Ball Nine.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription to the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

1. For one subscription and a 2-cent stamp extra, a printed copy of the Pueblo photo, advertised below in paragraph 5.

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache cont ast, the origin 1 photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappoose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo. of Piegan Chiefs.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a bondoit combination showing all our prominent buildings.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and a other of the same pupils, three years after, showing marke and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo. of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo. of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo. of bu ldi gs.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, returned Carlisle Indian girl at home."

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 and 8x10 photo of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of mar h at the Bi-centennial in Phila

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13 1/2 x 16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 7-cents ret ll. The same picture lacking 2 faces B udgir size for 7 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums will not be sent.

For **The Red Man**, an 8 page periodical containing a summary of all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year of twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.