


THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1894.—

NO. 21

E can never be too careful
What the seeds our hand shall sow:
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way,
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.

O, YE INDIAN, SHALL YOU LIFT YOUR-
SELF UP OR SHALL YOU WAIT TO
BE KILLED BY KINDNESS?

For the *Indian Helper* by Mr. H. M. Huddelson
who Taught in Number 11, at the Beginning
of the School Year.

Some years ago while passing through a copse, I noticed several cocoons attached to as many twigs.

I cut off some of these twigs with their little brown double cones, which had been made by ugly worms winding threads of silk about them until their nests became a solid looking mass of brown silk, forming a prison from which they never were to come out in the form in which they wound themselves in, attached; took them home and placed them in a drawer.

Some months after, I went one morning to the drawer for some article.

When the drawer was opened I was astonished and delighted to see the beautiful creature that met my gaze.

A large *Cecropia* moth came forth, soared aloft and perched upon my mirror.

With its graceful body all covered with brilliant down; its long slender feelers appearing as beautiful horns; its gorgeous wings all spangled with crimson and gold, waving gently, it stood a thing of beauty.

For a moment I was lost in wonder and admiration.

I then turned again to the drawer to exam-

ine the condition of and see what was going on in the other silk prisons.

I found something in the end of one of the cocoons struggling with all its might to free itself from the prison which seemed to afford no means of escape.

It pushed this way and that with all its strength to break the obstinate threads, or make a passage between them.

It was making such poor headway that all my sympathy and compassion went out toward the struggling creature.

I took a very sharp pointed knife and tenderly cut away the threads which obstructed its progress.

In a very short time it was free.

But what was my disappointment and sorrow when it fell to the floor, a poor, clammy, helpless thing, whose miserable life went out in a few moments!

I had not cut or bruised or injured its body in any way. I had simply relieved it of the effort, the struggle in coming out from the dark prison life of a loathsome worm to the bright, free life of a beautiful butterfly, which was necessary in order that it might have strength to live this beautiful life and fulfill its purposes.

It is just so with the white man and the white woman.

It is just so with the Indian man and the Indian woman.

If you wish to enjoy the pleasures and take advantage of the possibilities of a higher civilization; if you mean to improve the privileges and embrace the wonderful opportunities of a nobler life on a higher level, you must develop the necessary strength of mind and will and muscle and moral fibre by **LIFTING YOURSELVES** from the condition in which you as a people and as individuals now exist to that higher level of true civilization.

The Carlisle pupils—most of them at least—are working on that line of development.

(Continued on the 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

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.

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.

Emily Peake, (class '93) is teaching in the Government School at Leech Lake, Minn.

Mr. Backus, formerly superintendent of the Genoa, Nebraska Indian School has settled in Seattle, as a lawyer

We learn that Mr. Swett, former Assistant Superintendent of the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, is the newly appointed Superintendent to take Mr. Meserve's place, recently resigned. A friend of the Indians and of the school writes in punning humor, "And so it transpires that the Haskell folks have to take a Swett every day."

ONE OF OUR WIDE-AWAKE BOYS who recently returned to a western reservation writes thus of the terrible conditions there:

When I glanced about and received the information of the health of this country I sunk down discouraged and in despair, and there are no extensive manufactories and farms for independence here; no indications of advanced civilization or for spiritual or moral improvement. Here a large majority of the people prefer a dancing hall to a hall of our Creator. Such exhibitions of so-called civilized life reminds me of the old saying: "West of Bismark there is no Sunday and west of Miles City there is no God."

I believe every word of this maxim. This is a land where the sheriff has scarcely any rest or no station for his horses at all. This is a land where the poor Indian cannot be tolerated unless he has land to give away.

I am constantly asked about Carlisle, and if I say something about Carlisle's wholesome principles those who question me will answer, "So—— (a western) school has such management, but as for me, and what I understand by education and am able to judge by personal experience, I prefer dear Carlisle every time, because it gives the golden opportunity and blessed advantages by which the Indian is to be freed from savagery and promoted to equal footing with his pale-faced brother. No other Indian school in this Republic has such a sublime aim as Carlisle.

The light and loveliness of virtue has reached this part of America no more than Africa. It seems that the people can't be convinced of the possibility of Indian civilization and progress.

Some one said that whenever the ration system is abolished "those miserable devils will play hell." I replied, "Turn them loose out in the world and see if they will play heaven or hell."

Such sentiments ring through the air almost constantly. The condition of affairs in this land justifies me in returning to Carlisle. Kindly remember me to the teachers who are always willing to help the Indian out of his difficulties and let me beg them to accept my sincere gratitude for all the aid they have conferred upon me."

The *Red Man* for January and February will contain the original speeches of Misses Florence Miller, Stockbridge, Nettie Fremont, Omaha, Florence Wells, Alaskan and Messrs. Phillip Lavatta, Shoshone, Joseph Adams, Alaskan, and Malcolm Clarke, Piegan, in their spirited public debate of last Thursday night as to the superiority of the Negro over the Indian. The young ladies representing the Susan Longstreth Literary Society took the Negro side and the young gentlemen of the Standard Debating Society, spoke for the Indian. The judges, Miss Cutter, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Marshall rendered a decision unanimously in favor of the young ladies. All the speeches show thoughtful preparation and are good reading matter for those interested in the progress of the youthful mind of the Indian.

The sad news has been received of the burning on the 8th inst., of the Pine Ridge Agency Government Indian School, South Dakota. Oscar Warden, one of our former students, was there at the time and with a recollection of the services which our boys and "Uncle Sam" have rendered at the various fires throughout the town of Carlisle, expressed a wish that the good old hand engine and the Carlisle Indian Fire Department had been on hands at Pine Ridge. The main building was burned to the ground and also a good deal of property belonging to both the Government and the employees was destroyed. The children all escaped without injury. Patrick Bitter writes that the fire was caused by a lamp dropping.

The Superintendent of the Ft. Belknap Indian School gives the information through a business letter that "Belknap Fox a former Carlisle student is working at this agency as teamster and is well liked. Rosa Ereaux another one of your students who was formerly employed in this school has married a well-to-do white man. The school here is in a healthy condition. We have 120 children, many of them small. Many who entered less than a year ago from camp are now reading in the First Reader and are able and willing to converse freely in English."

Misses Botsford and McAdam have resigned as teachers. They will rest from Government service for a while. The friends of these ladies are sorry to see them leave us and they go with the best wishes for their future success from all who know them.

Snow!

Coasting!

Rusty skates!

Did YOU get a Valentine?

Can we keep off the grass now?

Thursday was a holiday, it being Dawes Bill day.

Skating in slush was the order of the day on Thursday last.

The weather during the past week has been somewhat weatherish.

Miss Smith an old pupil of Miss Luckenbach has been visiting the school.

Class '94 was photographed yesterday P. M., by Mr. Choate, at his art studio in town.

"That package belongs this hat in," said an Indian boy to a person who had finished doing up a package for him.

Mr. Samuel Jordan, our former steam man has assumed charge of the laundry for the time being.

Most of the orderlies are very BUSINESS, but there is one who potters by the way, after his errand is done. HE is not business.

Bessie Collins received an enthusiastic encore during the S. L. L. programme last Friday evening after a beautiful piano solo.

Mrs. Pratt was the recipient of several mementoes and floral gifts and a serenade from the brass band and the Glee Club, in honor of her birthday, on Monday last.

The girls are grateful for a package of bright colored pieces of silk and worsted received from a friend in Bethlehem. The pieces will help out greatly in their fancy work.

We are glad to be able to report that Miss Shaffner is much better and has hopes of being able to come in for Commencement.

The announcement of the engagement of Samuel Townsend, our first foreman of the printing office, to Miss Hattie M. Payne, both of the Pawnee Agency, Ok. Ty. has been made public. Congratulations are in order.

Mr. Standing must be experiencing some weather from accounts of a blizzard that swept over the Indian Territory this week. When last heard from he was about to start from the Cheyennes to the Pawnees and Poncas.

It was not altogether rude, but on the contrary rather appropriate and pretty for the girls and boys to clap with the step of the Standards as they passed out the other evening after the debate. Of course much of that sort of thing would be rude.

Miss Bender is going the rounds among the girls in country homes. Mr. Campbell returned last week from his trip among the boys. A few of the boys and girls are coming in for Commencement, but the majority are remaining at their places not wishing to have their school broken in upon, and this is sensible.

Persons in town who entrust Indian boys on the street with HELPER subscriptions do it at their own risk. They are liable to strike new pupils who know no English, or who have not learned where the Man-on-the-band-stand lives. Subscriptions can always be left at Mr. Richards' book store and the business will be promptly attended to.

We see by the Phila. Record, that the Presbyterian Mission House and schools at Anadarko, Indian Territory, have been burned, The teachers and Indian scholars barely escaped with their lives. All the clothing, books, etc., were destroyed.

From the *Evening Sentinel*: Mr. William R. Claudy, in responding to the toast "The Ladies," at the Odd Fellows, banquet last night, made one of the neatest addresses it has been our pleasure to listen to

At the opening exercises of the school on Friday last Miss Carter read an interesting selection upon Edison as a boy; on Monday Miss Wiest talked upon the subject Raphael; on Wednesday Miss Bourassa spoke about St. Valentine's day; and yesterday Mr. Drum addressed the school, taking George Washington for his subject.

We hear through a letter from Robt. Hamilton that he reached home on the 20th of January after travelling five days and nights. He says: "I had a pleasant journey but was very tired when I reached home." His brother Joseph to whose bedside he was summoned, is getting better and as soon as able is going to California for his health.

Tuesday was a red letter day for the graduating class: the weather bureau having kindly provided us with snow, our Captain gave them a grand sleigh-ride. At 2 P. M., (which means in the after-noon) William Johnson drove up with four prancing steeds attached to a grand tally-ho sleigh (otherwise the farm bob-sled). By the way, William handles the ribbons to perfection. The class in charge of its teacher Miss Cutter, enjoyed two hours' ride. The horses were minus bells, but the boys said they had belles enough in the sleigh for a good time, and a livelier party of young people never entered a sleigh. They returned at four o'clock, and Mr. Foulke, our master of horse, assumed charge of the reins and drove up to the teachers' quarters, while the teachers and officers piled in for a happy turn on the first real snow of the season.

On Thursday night at the public debate of the question: Resolved, That the Negro is superior to the Indian, there were numerous visitors from town, among others Hon. R. M. Henderson whose presence is always welcomed by the pupils and teachers alike. We enjoy his stirring addresses. At the close of the regular debate he spoke on the Negro side and was answered by Capt. Pratt, for the Indian. The evening was a most interesting one throughout. The Standards with their manly efforts and the young ladies with their grace and dignity and sound arguments won the hearts of their hearers. It was plain to be seen that the sympathy of the audience was on the side of the Indian, but when a good point on either side was made the listeners were broad enough to applaud for the sake of the point, without regard to their real feelings on the question. This was another one of those intellectual evenings when the Man-on-the-band-stand wished with all his heart that the intelligence of the country could have been present. There was no stronger argument educed in favor of the mental equality of the Indian with other races than the very addresses of the evening by the young Indians who took part.

(Continued from the First Page.)

May they continue to do so!

Direct you may depend upon your teachers to direct you in your efforts, but there their work ends.

They can do little more for you.

You should never desire or permit them to do for you what you can as well do for yourselves.

The more of YOUR part of the work they do the weaker and more dependent you become.

You might be taken bodily into the most learned society, but you would not be there in mind or spirit, you could not appreciate or enjoy it, you could not be a part of that society unless you had been fitted for it by raising YOURSELF up to that high level by your own efforts.

The white man owes the red man a home and educational opportunities; but these will not benefit him unless he puts forth his own individual efforts and improves these opportunities.

The more rations and blankets the Government issues to the red man, the poorer, the weaker, the more helpless and dependent he becomes.

The more any one is indulged in idleness the lower he sinks in every way.

All men are in a wide sense self-made men.

All women are in the same sense self-made women.

We are in a large measure what we MAKE OURSELVES.

Kindness weakened and killed the beautiful moth.

A little misguided kindness will weaken and kill the noble red man of the forest.

No race has greater possibilities for developing nobility of character than he.

Will he float down the stream of time in the canoe of idleness to utter degradation and destruction? Or, will he lay hold of the opportunities offered him and by the might of his own efforts raise himself to the higher level of true civilization and citizenship—to a life of usefulness and honor and present and eternal happiness?

The new superintendent of the Indian school assumed his duties this week and is bending his energies to get the school back to its normal condition again. It has practically been without a head so long that it will take a large amount of persistent work to restore it to its former condition and we sincerely hope Mr. Bell will prove the right man in the right place and we believe he will.—[*Genoa Leader*.]

THE INDIAN HELPER is issued weekly from the Indian Industrial school, at Carlisle, Penn. It is printed by the Indian boys of the school, and filled with interesting matter relating to that interesting school. Price 10 cents a year.—[*The Public School Journal*.]

"THE INDIAN HELPER."—The little brownish folio sheet with this title is otherwise called the Weekly Letter from the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Penn. It is printed and mailed by Indians, and has a circulation of more than ten thousand. It is printed by Indian boys, and its price is but ten cents a year. The Christmas number is decorated on its first page with a typographical Christmas Tree, the composite words being happily cognizant of the annual holiday. THE INDIAN HELPER claims that it helps the Indian by showing people that the Indian is the same as the rest of us, if he is given the same advantages in life. It is filled with short and meaningful paragraphs; sprinkled all over with spicy and timely items about Indian life and customs; imparts a constantly fresh variety of information about the Carlisle Indian School; and in this number describes a Hard Times' Festival at the Indian School, which would awaken a sympathetic interest in any, the most casual, reader. We sincerely commend this very worthy little weekly to all persons—male and female, old and young—who would help on the good cause of Indian education and enlightenment. As the product of the industry and skill of Indian boys this little paper does them great credit.—[*Banner of Light*, Boston.]

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters

My 6, 3, 12, 13, 10, 7 is Capt. Pratt's old home.

My 2, 8, 9, 6, 12, 14 is a part of a hatchet.

My 2, 3, 8, 15, 1 is an organ of our bodies.

My 13, 11, 5 is something we use every day.

My 4, 15, 11, 9, 3 is a dear little girl's name at Carlisle.

My whole delights the Hoosiers on Monday.

*From Room 5, of the Delphi,
Indiana public school.*

Endings to lines in last week's poem: Wise, ease, eyes, sees, jays, tease, de cays, bees, use, gees, excuse, peas, excel, owes.

SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

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