

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1894.—

NO. 27

## TRUE MANHOOD.

**I**T is not always the coat that tells,  
Nor the collar your friend may wear;  
It is not only the shine of his shoe,  
Nor the finished touch of his hair.

It is not all in a silken hat,  
Nor the fitting neat of his gloves;  
It is not merely his cultured air,  
Nor the circle in which he moves.

It is not his temper, his pride, nor smile,  
Nor yet his worshipful mein;  
It is not even the name he bears,  
In a world that is shallow and mean.

Ah, no, after all, 'tis the man himself,  
As he stands with his God alone,  
'Tis the heart that beats beneath the coat,  
The life that points to the throne.

The eye that cheers with its kindly glance,  
'Tis the arm 'round a brother cast;  
The hand that points to a hope beyond,  
'Tis a love that endures to the last.

—The Silver Cross.

## HE IS A GRADUATE AND WRITES THUS:

Hundreds of Carlisle students every year go out to live in country homes, but generally the graduate goes to some higher school, or branches out in other lines of work where openings occur.

Two or three of the boys of class '94, wishing to earn the wherewithal to see themselves through college accepted the first opening that offered, which was a country home at wages paid the ordinary farm hand. The following excellent letter just received from one of the number speaks for itself:

"I am getting along well so far, though it did seem rather hard right at first, but I am now fully prepared for the work that is to follow. I have an excellent home and perhaps could get no better.

With the exception of wages I am perfectly content. 'Tis often said that 'contentment is

better than riches' and in that I am pretty well off.

I believe with Capt Pratt:

'It is not what we earn in early life but the experiences that we pass through that are important.'

Although the almighty dollar comes rather slow, there may be a time when it will come much easier and quicker, and then I will know its value as a result of these Bucks county experiences.

It is one thing to make money and it is another thing to keep it.

Owing to the mild weather this spring, farm work is nearly a month earlier and many farmers have already sowed their oats.

I believe that as a farmer I would be perfectly safe in making that my future vocation, though I don't intend to do so, for although I like work, I am not so fond of this kind of labor that I would be willing to work daily from day-light to dark the rest of my days.

All the boys in this vicinity are doing well. I am improving in health and have already gained in weight.

After all, there is nothing like pure exhilarating breezes, blue skies, good country living and a good appetite to restore health, which money cannot buy.

Please do not publish. If at any time I hear of anything that would be of interest to you I will write."

## IT IS A GOOD INDUSTRY THAT DRIVES THE INDIAN FROM THE TRIBE.

Every time an Indian boy learns a trade at which he enjoys working and the pursuit of which drives him from the tribe he has taken a grand step in the direction of becoming a self-respecting and self-supporting citizen.

A letter from a correspondent who resides on one of the western reservations says:

*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

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.

This little paper has a circulation of over 10,000. It is an INDIAN HELPER in its best and broadest sense, and can help the Indian most by being widely circulated, showing through its columns that our red brother is the same as the rest of us when given the same chance in life. The INDIAN HELPER should have a circulation of a hundred times ten thousand. Sunday schools use the Helper and it is valued by public school teachers for supplementary reading. Please help the HELPER by forwarding subscriptions. Send for a list of interesting photographs given as premiums, for subscriptions.

## Two More of Carlisle's Promising Students United in Marriage.

One of the prettiest little weddings that has ever occurred at the Carlisle Indian School took place in the Susan Longstreth Literary Society room yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, the contracting parties being Mr. Daniel C. Varner and Miss Lillie Arquette, both of the Puyallup Agency, Washington, the Rev. Dr. Norcross, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, officiating.

The invited guests were few in number comprising special friends of the bride and groom. The room was appropriately decorated in flowers, smilax and drapery. In front of the large folding doors at the opposite side was a handsome Japanese screen hung with smilax and surrounded with Easter lilies and other choice flowers.

Promptly at nine o'clock Miss Moore struck up Mendelssohn's wedding march and approaching footsteps were heard as the party advanced down the long hall.

The first to appear was Capt. Chauncey Y. Robe, the groom's best man, with Delia Randall upon his arm as first bridesmaid. The next couple were Mr. John Leslie and Miss Ida Bluejacket, second groomsman and maid, then the happy pair.

They advanced to the Japanese screen above alluded to, a short ceremony was said and the twain made one were ready for congratulations.

The blooming young bride, as perfect a picture of health and happiness as one would

ever wish to look upon, was especially pretty in her drab gown of *cr pe de ch ne*, carrying white carnations and maiden-hair, and with the groom dressed in neat-fitting black suit received the hearty hand-shakes and well-wishes with becoming dignity and self-possession.

These young people have proven themselves in every respect worthy of the love and trust shown them at Carlisle, ever since they entered.

They took the 10:40 train for Bucks Co. to live with Mr. and Mrs. H. Q. Smith, among the best of Carlisle's excellent country homes. Here they will have every opportunity to make a start in life (as Carlisle would have them do) independent of Government aid or tribal drawbacks. May every blessing attend their efforts, is the sincere wish of all who know Mr. and Mrs. Varner.

Born, a daughter to Sergeant and Mrs. Girton, formerly William C. Bull and Nellie Moore of our school now of Ft. Douglas, Utah, Co. I, 16th Infantry.

Dr. Bingham, of Denver, has remembered her Indian girl friends at the Carlisle School, with a package of pretty bright pieces of silks for fancy work, which they much appreciate.

One of our girls in the country who wants to go home and then return east till she learns English better says very affectionately in her letter:

"I would like to go home this summer. I have been at dear old Carlisle about six years and eight months. I have a father and a mother to go to in the west, but I have a father and mother over here, too, and I know their are just as love me as my own father and mother did it. I am sorry to leave these people here but hoping I may return to them again. If some other girl comes to this place for this summer she must be like a lady, and she must go away again when I come back."

A youthful HELPER subscriber attending boarding school in the East, was heard to say the other day, "What is the use of educating Indians, any way? If they are happier in the wild state why not let them live that way and keep them for curiosities?" The Man-on-the-band-stand has no doubt but that the little white boy who made the remark would become as great a curiosity as the uneducated Indian, if he would shut himself on an Indian reservation away from the best educational advantages and association with masses of educated people. The mother of Quanah, a Comanche chief who visited the Carlisle school last week, was a white woman, who having been captured by the Indians when she was a little child, lived with them the remainder of her life. She would not go back to her people in Texas when she had the opportunity. She was as much Indian as any Indian in the tribe. Turn the little white boy out among the Indians and in time he may become a "heap big chief," but bring the little Indian boys to live with us and they will as readily take on our life and customs and enjoy them as much as we do.



Watch out for all fool's day.

Mrs. Thompson has returned from a very pleasant visit to her home in New York State. Miss Nana Pratt is again with us after an extended visit in Denver with her sister Mrs. Stevick.

The Junior class begins with 24 pupils and the members of this promising class are doing good work.

According to the old-time adage, March must go out tomorrow like a lion as it came in like a lamb.

Dr. John Stahr of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, was among the visitors Sunday afternoon.

It required 1,300 eggs to give the school a good Easter breakfast, and being colored they made a pretty sight on the table.

Prof. Bakeless has now arranged the grading for the schools so that the course is a year in advance of what it has been before.

It is the Standards' turn to be master of ceremonies at to-night's sociable, and from the preparations going forward a good time may be expected.

The little girls wish to thank Miss Hattie Moore, of Lee, Mass., for two volumes of "Five Little Peppers" and other interesting books for little ones.

Chiefs Lone Wolf and Quanah Parker of the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, Oklahoma, arrived from Washington on Friday night and went west the next day.

The committee on chapel decorations for Easter deserves commendation for collecting and arranging with very pretty effect a variety of potted plants and easter lilies.

The school has to thank Mrs. Hollowell, of Pen Yan, N. Y. for a package of second-hand magazines, which have proved very acceptable to the occupants of the reading rooms.

The exhibition on Thursday night is admitted by all to be a partial failure. If some of those who gave recitations and declamations had spoken louder they would have made a better showing.

Susie Metoxen, class '94, who has been ill with rheumatism in her country home is on the mend. The people speak in highest praise of Flora Campbell, one of the hospital corps, who went to nurse her.

The teachers and pupils of the educational department have completed a pictorial encyclopedia embracing the departments of science, art, literature, geography and history. A collection of papers from President Warfield of Lafayette College, has contributed largely to this wonderful and interesting collection.

If ever a person deserves severe punishment it is the careless driver who will blindly take a carriage laden with human beings upon a railroad track without looking both ways to see if a train is approaching. A very narrow escape from a fearful death occurred one evening this week in the garrison lane. Had not the horse turned, of his own accord, a terrible accident would have been the result. In this case the horse knew more than the boy, and after crossing in safety should have turned and kicked the driver instead of submitting to a brutal whipping, as he did.

Mr. J. L. Weitzel, of Carlisle, is teaching in No. 10 in the place of Mr. Mickey, who held the position for a few weeks to bridge a lapse. The latter has resumed his practice as a lawyer in town. Mr. Mickey made many warm friends during his short stay with us, both among the teachers and pupils.

Col. Homer B. Sprague of the University Extension corps of lecturers was with us on Sunday afternoon. After the service he stopped with the choir a few moments and said that in all his travels this was the most interesting place to him and the choir was one of the most interesting parts of the school. He was astonished to find that such music as they render came within the power of Indian youth, and he thanked them for the pleasure their singing had given him.

Mrs. Masten gave the teachers' club a pleasant surprise Easter morning. At each plate was a memento in honor of the day. Some had little chickens, some kittens, others little pigs, etc., while all appreciated the kindness of a remembrance. The tables were decorated with flowers and the scene most pleasing. She did not forget her worthy Indian girls, who help so faithfully in the kitchen and dining-room, for each had a pretty basket of eggs and flowers.

The band concert given last Friday evening was a treat for the soul, but the "band-quit" as some called the banquet which followed the farewell concert in the sewing-hall was a grand treat for the inner man. There were ice-cream, cake, chicken-salad, lemonade, fruit and other delicacies of the season, Messrs. Fred Wilson, Jas. Wheelock, Jas. Flannery and Harvey Warner, Committee on invitations and Mr. Schanandore as master of the occasion did the thing according to the approved style and the evening was a grand success. The band boys wish to express much satisfaction and to extend gratitude to Mr. Masten for his indispensable aid as caterer.

Why should a graduate of the Carlisle school, who has left the school to accept a place down near the foot of the ladder, but with brave heart means to climb to the top, feel hurt when a lazy, indifferent fellow at the school who is getting uneasy and anxious to go home before he graduates points sneeringly at him and says: "Humph! he's nothing but a farmer. I don't care if I never graduated! I can farm anyhow, as well as he"? The young man who STICKS TO HIS SCHOOL until he graduates will STICK TO THE FARM until he gets something that he considers better, and he will STICK TO THAT, until something better again offers, and thus he will go on CLIMBING, while the ignorant, lazy fellow, if he does any thing at all for his own support, will always be obliged to do work that requires only little brain power, such as shoveling, digging, etc. When anything higher and better comes his way, he can't take it for he has not the education. One dollar a day with a very little education means that you will always be a one dollar man, whereas if you get the education you may be able to make your services worth 3, 5 or 10 dollars a day. We are proud of the graduates who are willing to begin away down in a business life, to rise with every opportunity that offers.



(Continued from the First Page.)

"I have seen a part of Indian life on a reservation. My heart aches for the returned pupils.

If I were privileged to say what I think of your Outing System I could but say, May the good work go on and increase. Permit me to write of one instance that speaks for itself:

In 1891, when I was helping to take a lot of San Carlos children to Grand Junction, Colo., the interpreter, an Apache and a former student of Carlisle, said to me:

"I wish so much that I could get something to do in Colorado, and not go back to the reservation. I would herd cattle or do anything, just to stay in the States."

And as we left behind us, out of sight, the reservation, his face lightened up with something akin to hope when he asked:

"Do you think I CAN get work to do?"

I knew he must return to the reservation, while he continued:

"I know we are blamed for returning to the Indian ways, but we are only a few who have been to school for a few years. Our people do not want our work that we have learned at school, so our trades are worth nothing on the reservation except a few positions about the agency."

The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to here ask:

What better argument could be found in favor of Carlisle's industrial educational plan which encourages settlement among industrious people than this bit of personal experience? The Indians must become a part of the people of the United States or DIE. Is not education along Carlisle lines then the speediest and THE BEST?

Answer, who will!

Convince Carlisle that she is WRONG and she will gladly renounce her way for a better one.

#### AN ASTONISHED VISITOR.

A teacher of Indians of a western reservation brought a party of bright little boys and girls to the Carlisle school to enter as pupils.

The children were car-begrimed when they arrived. They wore old and ill-fitting clothing and the boys had on those time-honored soft hats which with much use gradually make for themselves peaks in the top, while soiled rims were crushed down over ears, eyes and long and unkempt locks.

One of the little fellows, perhaps the brightest of the party, but more untidy than the others, was the special pet of the lady in charge.

It was not long after the arrival that each of the group were turned into a bath-room where soap, water and scissors did their effectual work.

The lady went to her apartments for rest and did not see her charge until the next day when on her way to hunt them up she met a fine-looking little lad with delightfully clean face, short hair, and dressed in neat fitting suit and cap. She was much attracted toward him as he seemed to especially smile at her.

She thought also, how nice, for in her experience the Indian boy was usually shy of strangers, and she attributed his fearless, kindly smile to Carlisle training.

And so, to encourage the little fellow, she placed her hand on his head and said:

"My little man, what part of the country did YOU come from?"

Another smile and a familiar word in his native tongue disclosed the astonishing fact that he was none other than her little pet she had brought the day before.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.

My 6, 5, 3 is an animal that the Indians are specially fond of.

Most Indians may learn the English language if they will do my 11, 12, 13.

Indians as a class value my 7, 4, 1, 2 as much as white people do.

My 16, 8, 9, 18, 17 is a little animal often feared by ladies.

My 10, 15, 12, 11, 14 is the direction in which the needle of the compass points.

My whole is where Carlisle has found the best medicine to cure the Indian in the Indian.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Spring fever.

#### 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.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE.

Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premium for subscriptions, published in No. 201

WE KEEP ON HAND HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS—THE BAND, KING'S DAUGHTERS, CIRCLES, VARIOUS CLASSES, VIEWS OF THE GROUNDS, INTERIOR SHOPS, VIEWS OF SLEEPING AND OTHER ROOMS, INDIVIDUAL FACES ON CARD AND CABINET, RANGING IN PRICES FROM THE CARD PHOTOGRAPH OF TEN CENTS UP TO THE LARGEST 16x24 WORTH 60 CENTS. FOR A DESCRIPTIVE LIST, SEND A ONE-CENT STAMP.