

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1894.—

NO. 30

A WORD.



NCE a little girl I know,
Said a little word;
Whispered it so very low
Just one person heard.

And that person told it o'er,
Just to one or two,
Adding to it one word more,
As so many do!

And at once the two that heard
Told it in a crowd;
Each one adding one more word,
Told it quite aloud!

Straightway every one that heard
Shouted loud and clear
Till the hapless little word
Floated far and near.

Then the maiden raised her head,
She was very glad
That the little thing she said
Wasn't something bad!

RETURN OF THE BAND AND CHOIR AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAY BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

Last week our readers were informed that the Band of 30 pieces and Choir of 40 voices in charge of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt and assistants started on Monday morning the 9th of April on a little concert tour. The pupils appeared before audiences in Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn.

From the time the party of 75 went aboard the cars that early Monday morning up to Monday of the following week when the same party returned to Carlisle, enjoyment, interest, dignity of purpose and education characterized every move.

We were out for the EDUCATION there was in it:

First, for the purpose of educating all who met us or talked with us or heard our music into the idea that Indians are no less susceptible of improvement under favorable conditions than the youth of any other race.

In the next place we went out to gain all the education we could from the people who build

these towering cities, construct the railroads over which we travel, dig the tunnels through which we pass, connect the shores of raging rivers and the opposite banks of mountain gorges with bands of iron and steel over which we fly on rapidly spinning wheels, and who achieve all the other wonderful works in art and science witnessed as we passed along.

There was broadening of the intellect in this experience—an inspiration and incentive which will be lasting and which it is hoped will forever banish from our minds the idea that we can ever contentedly shut ourselves up on a reservation to lead a life of idleness with the outside world pushing and driving as it is toward the high civilization of which if we do not become a part, we shall in time be deservedly crushed out of existence.

If there is one principle that the Carlisle Indian school endeavors to inculcate in the minds of her pupils it is that to be discontented with the old Indian life after learning higher and better ways is a duty, and if there is one encouraging feature of our work more prominent than any other it is that so many of our returned pupils are pronounced unfit for life among the Indians on a reservation or in an Indian community.

"GET OUT and STAY out" is what Carlisle preaches.

Arriving at Washington a little after noon, we marched to the Interior Department to pay respects to the Honorable Secretary of the Interior. We were there joined by Judge Browning, Commissioner of Indian Affairs and Miss Cook of the Indian office.

From there we went to the Ebbitt House to lunch and thence on to the White House where President Cleveland greeted each member of the party with his characteristic shake of the hand and pleasant word.

The Treasury Department was next visited. Hon. Chas. H. Mauser, Second Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, under whose special patronage we were in Washington, was with our party a good share of the time. Treasurer Morgan took great interest in showing the Indian boys and girls the huge bags of money in the vault and in explaining various points in his department. Some of the party looked in upon the Senate and House of Representatives after this, while a few climbed to the top of the dome.

Others went to the Washington monument, but by six o'clock all had gathered again at

(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.

We are glad to hear from Miss Daisy Dixon whose father is now Haskell's physician, that she "cannot do without the HELPER."

To the person making an effort to solve the enigma on the last page we will give the print of the graduating class, free. Send a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.

Do not mis-read the advertisement on last page! For the solution of the Enigma we will send picture without the extra for postage. The other conditions must be carried out.

It is a difficult undertaking to explain to an Indian why it is good English to say—"the United States is north of Mexico," while to say—"the Mexico is south of United States" is bad English.—[*Southern Workman*].

The INDIAN HELPER, a little publication issued from the Indian Industrial school at Carlisle, Pa., comes to our exchange table weekly. It commends itself to every one who is interested in the development of the human race.—[*Watonga Republican*, Ok.

"My little girl was perfectly delighted and myself as well with the picture of the Indian baby. It is very pretty."—*Subscriber*.

This is one of the twenty cent photographs we give free to the person sending five subscriptions for the HELPER, or for sixteen cents cash we will send the HELPER to any address for a year, and the picture.

The editor of *The Indian Moccasin* says "People think the Indians should break up their tribal relations. They do not know how hard it is for the Indian to do this. It is easy to talk and tell how to do, but when we put ourselves in the place of the Indian, it is different."

Is this any harder for the Indian than it is for the white family to be broken up and spread throughout Christendom to satisfy the demands of duty or business? If a young man always lives with papa and mamma, what does he amount to?

Mr. Campbell reports the Government School at Osage Agency, under the Superintendency of C. E. Kendall, in a flourishing condition. Supt. Kendall is in favor of Eastern education, although in one of the best equipped schools on any of the western reservations. Many of the Osages talk English but will not. Mr. Campbell relates an incident of catching an old blanket Indian with an intelligent glance of the eye after an English sentence had been spoken in his presence. Mr. Campbell said to him "My friend you speak English." "No" he said as he shook his head. Mr. Campbell persisted until finally he spoke out in perfect English, "How did you know I could speak English?" He had been deceiving the Agent for years and speaking through an interpreter. Other interesting incidents occurred which we hope to state in the future.

Our plucky little contemporary, the INDIAN HELPER came out in a half-sheet last week! It calls itself "only a postal card." It was that "or nothing," as the pressure upon its office was "taxed to the utmost," but it brings with it the promise of a "photo-print supplement" soon.

There is always a spice and vigor about our contemporary, that reminds one of the wisdom and freedom of the great West, for whose welfare, it is so earnestly working, as it endeavors to bring the East and West into harmonious relations in a work of God and humanity, in the elevation of our brother in Red.—[*Reformatory Record*].

It is with great grief that we are called upon to record the death of our dear friend Miss Mather of whose life and connection with the school we spoke two weeks ago. None knew Miss Mather but to love her, none associated with her but to improve. She died on Wednesday afternoon in St. Augustine, Fla., at an advanced age, after a long life of true nobility of purpose, and most helpful endeavor to better the world. The world can little afford to part with such as she, and it behooves us to walk in her footsteps of usefulness and imitate her worthy example.

Pleasant news comes from the Navajo reservation: Tom Torlino, whose contrast picture has been so popular for many years in our collection of photographs, wears citizen's dress in so far as he is able. He does not do his hair in Navajo fashion but wears it cut off at the neck, and talks as much English as he can. He has a farm, is working it and is trying to help the people around him by doing the best he knows.

Miss Folsom has a very pleasing account of our Commencement exercises in the last *Southern Workman*, published at Hampton, Va. From her standpoint everything passed off as well as others seem to have viewed it. Miss Folsom is one of Hampton's faculty, having been long in the service and knowing what she sees.

All letters coming from the reservation are full of outcry against educated Indians returning to life among the Indians. Go any other place under the sun where a living may be made, urge the different writers.

Now for tennis!

Good bye steam heat!

Our trees are leafing rapidly.

Propitious days these for taking colds.

Mr. Spray spent a day of this week in Washington, on business.

Some of the boys are rejoicing that the time for straw hats is at hand.

Rose Wilde, on account of ill health, has gone to her home in Montana.

Were ever robins more tame than those which skip about our campus?

The paper **T** to-night in town will catch many a penny from the Indian School.

The Spring bonnet which is a little late to appear in this region will soon begin to show up.

A telephone has been erected between the stable and the office building—a long needed improvement.

As we go to press preparations for a sociable to be held in the large gymnasium are in progress.

Miss Florence Wells takes Miss Bourassa's school-room in the absence of the latter in Philadelphia.

Delos Lone Wolf is attending the Y. M. C. A. Presidential Conference, held at State College.

Who called the big statue on Bedloe's Island, the Liberty of Statue? Echo answers, who.

Mrs. Breece, sister of Miss Jamison, left for her home on Tuesday, after a pleasant visit of a few weeks.

William Baird, the Euphonium player of the band has gone on a visit to his home in Wisconsin.

Fifty girls left for homes in the country this morning, Miss Shaffner going with them as far as Philadelphia.

Mr. Weber and his assistants are making the grounds to shine with levelling, sodding, rolling and so forth.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society has kept up in numbers and interest to the very last. Can the other societies say as much?

Mr. Mason Pratt and little daughter Sarah came over from Steelton for a day or two, the former on a fishing trip and the latter for a little visit.

Mr. Gus Mackey, pitcher on the Harrisburg base-ball nine and a former pupil of Haskell, spent Saturday and Sunday with us. He likes our school.

The thinning out of the schools gives those who are left a chance to work for promotion. Four of No. 7 pupils will be promoted to No. 8 and one from 8 to 9 in a short time.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society held a farewell meeting on Wednesday evening, after which refreshments were served and a thoroughly good time enjoyed. The subject proposed in last week's HELPER by A-te-ka was discussed, a part of which will appear in the next *Red Man*. An original song at close of meeting was a pleasing feature of the occasion.

Jack Standing with his wheelbarrow, doing up the spring work around the house, is one of the pleasant sights these days. He is getting to be what the boys would call a "hustler" at work.

Capt. Pratt, Dr. Montezuma, Miss Rose Bourassa and Julia Dorris have gone to Philadelphia to attend a meeting of the Friends' Indian Aid Association. They are invited by the Association.

Mr. Martin who for a time served as Capt. Pratt's stenographer has left to fill a similar position in Philadelphia with the same firm with whom he worked formerly. Mr. Martin is a rapid type-writer.

Miss Martha Napawat, class '94, left for her home in the Indian Territory on Wednesday evening. She intends coming back to enter a profession or learn a trade at which she may help herself through life.

Rev. Mr. Wile who on invitation of Capt. Pratt accompanied the band and choir as far as Washington and Baltimore, was one of the jolliest of the company. He had many pleasing stories and anecdotes to relate which always called forth a merry shout of laughter.

Stailey Norcross has arrived at his home but does not get the position he expected as tailor at the Ft. Defiance school. The officials have but to try him to learn of his true worth. Stailey's English is faulty, but as a tailor and an officer in our school he excelled.

Captain could not stand the pressure of the opening of the trout season without being in it. Although tired after the trip taken by band and choir, he went fishing the day after the arrival home, and the next morning had trout for breakfast.

A letter from New England says that Eugene Tabkapuer, the young Comanche boy from our school who has joined the great United States Citizenship Army, and thrown away his Comanche notions for several years past, has been quite ill this winter, but is now well again.

Several of the pupils in Miss Worthington's art class have finished landscapes and other pieces this week. The pictures are very pretty indeed. Miss Nettie Fremont's bunch of Hydrangias is especially rich in shading and strong in line. All are on exhibition in Prof. Bakeless' office.

Messrs. Dennison and James Wheelock have gone home to Wisconsin for a few weeks' vacation. The former, our band leader and clerk, and the latter one of the principal clarinet players, need a rest. Mr. Dennison says, "Prepare for a feast of bear meat, for I intend to do some hunting." The band will be silent for a time.

Base ball has begun in earnest. On Saturday afternoon the school nine defeated a team from town by a score of 28 to 7. On Monday afternoon at 4, the Uudines of town played with our second team. The game was called at end of third inning on account of supper, with the score standing 24 to 8 in favor of second nine. Tuesday evening a picked nine beat the school nine by a score of 4 to 3. Wednesday evening the printers tackled the first nine, but could only make 5 runs, while their opponents made 9.

(Continued from the First Page.)

the hotel for supper, and to prepare for the evening.

At the hour for the concert to begin, Metzgerott Hall, where the most celebrated symphony clubs and musical organizations of the world have held concerts at various times, contained a good and most kindly audience, consisting of Government officials, Senators and Representatives, the clergy and many of the best people of Washington, who greeted the Carlisle singers and players with marked attention and frequent encores as the programme progressed.

Elmer Simon's opening address, as follows was well received, the last sentence calling forth a general outburst of sympathetic laughter:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We the Band and Choir of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School feel this to be the proudest moment of our lives. It gives to us the great privilege and responsibility of representing in the Capital City of the Nation, and before this distinguished audience, the opening day of new and better conditions for our race which has for centuries repelled your civilization.

Descendants of Tecumseh, Black Hawk and Red Jacket, we contend no longer with you using their weapons. Your civilization has conquered us, your beneficence is educating and training us, and we have entered the race for the good things of life with you, adopting your dress, learning your language, occupations and refinements, we now heartily welcome you to this most auspicious illustration of harmonious results.

We do not profess to have reached the highest we are capable of but we are progressing and hope to demonstrate to you that even your music charms and wins us Savages.

We know we are scattered tribes imprisoned on reservations and we are not yet counted a part of the people. That among the wise men, who in yonder Capitol guide the affairs of the Nation, we are without representation. We, therefore are the more thankful that we can come before you on this occasion, representing ourselves, and hope our appearance and efforts may help to dispel unreasoning prejudice and bring nearer the day of our full freedom and opportunity, when our own representative man through the equality of rights you preach, shall appear in Congress or possibly preside at the other end of the Avenue."

After the concert people lingered and congratulations were showered upon the boys and girls who took part, until the lateness of the hour demanded retirement for rest for the next day's duties.

And the next day it rained.

Rained, snowed, sleeted and blew a gale. We were in Baltimore, when the now celebrated blizzard of April '94 struck that city. People could not move about in the streets, business, as well as pleasure, was at a standstill. The Academy of Music in the afternoon contained hundreds of empty seats. The same with the Y. M. C. A. hall of the evening.

Those who braved the storm seemed heartily pleased with the singing and playing. The newspapers encouraged us by pleasant notices but the visits to Baltimore and Wilmington

were fraught with discouragements on account of the terrible storm which prevailed. In Philadelphia it was some better. In the great Academy of Music more than a thousand people gathered. The storm was not over.

But on Friday morning, the sun came out clear and bright bringing with it brighter prospects. We had a treat of a sail on the New York Harbor, a visit to the Statue of Liberty, Governor's Island, where we were warmly received by General Howard who addressed the pupils in affectionate words. In the evening we went to the great Madison Square garden to see Barnum and Bailey's Biggest Show on earth, and were wonder struck at the achievements of men and animals.

On Saturday evening a large and very fashionable audience greeted the Carlisle Indian singers and players at the Lenox Lyceum N. Y. City. On Sunday morning we attended Dr. Abbott's Church, Brooklyn and in the evening were welcomed by 2500 people in the same church in a praise service rendered by the band and choir, the band playing sacred pieces and the choir singing anthems and hymns, with a few quartets thrown in.

Strange to say although it was Sunday night, and in a church, nearly every number was applauded by clapping of hands.

Dr. Abbott spoke most feelingly on behalf of the Indian and Capt. Pratt addressed the vast audience. After the meeting hundreds gathered in the parlors to shake hands with the Indian boys and girls.

We were invited by Dr. Abbott, to his study to get a view of the bay, city and Statue of Liberty by night, after which we took the mid-night train for home having made many friends, strengthened old ties, and we believe benefitted the cause of Indian education beyond the power to estimate.

What the newspapers said of the party we will collect for preservation in the column of the coming *Red Man*.

Enigma

I am made of 9 letters.

My 3, 7, 8 is an unpleasant four legged animal.

My 5, 4, 9, 6 is pleasant to do with our hands when they are soiled.

My 6, 7, 2, 1 is what some reservation Indian girls dislike to wear.

My whole are crying to get out.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: An April snow.

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.

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