

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1894.—

NO. 38

Printed by request]

TEMPERANCE.

My Position.

I AM a little temperance man,
Cold water only drinking;
And now I'm going to tell you what
I have of late been thinking.

I'm totally opposed to beer,
I hate both wine and brandy,
And shun the danger lurking in
All kinds of wine-filled candy.

I am opposed to all saloons;
I look with detestation
On every one, no matter where—
They curse the entire Nation.

If alcohol will make me strong,
I'd like at once to know it:
Both time and platform I'll divide
With any who can show it.

I think it's best to totally
Abstain from gin and whisky;
To drink at all of such vile stuff
Is dangerous and risky.

I think if we are only firm
In this our own endeavor,
We'll live to see the drunkard's drink
Cast out, and that forever.

The harvest soon we hope to reap,
And in its full fruition,
We'll raise in thanks our voices high
For total prohibition.

A FRIENDLY CALL.

When Rev. Mr. Martin, of Colorado, who was visiting his brother, Mr. John Martin, of Carlisle, came out to see the Indian school, one of the first places he stepped into was the printing office, and soon gave evidence that he had been a printer himself. He casually remarked that he had forgotten some of the boxes and his brother, who is quite an aged gentleman said he had never forgotten anything about printing.

"Because you never knew anything about it to forget?" said the minister.

"Just so," was the quiet response.

The Presbyterian minister in referring to the Indian, said to the writer, "You are doing a great work here but there is very little faith in Indian schools where I live."

"Ah," said the writer, "then the people out there are something like our superintendent."

"How so?"

"Why, he has no faith in Indian schools."

"And he is superintendent of the largest Indian school in the country?" asked the brother.

"True, but he does not believe in massing Indians, as Indians. He would use the speediest possible means to get the Indian youth into the family life of the nation and into the public schools of the country, so like the rest of us, they might grow up as INDIVIDUALS, not Indians."

"The people of Colorado would not take Indian children into their families," said the minister.

"We have no trouble here in finding homes for our pupils, and it is their salvation."

"Do you make servants of them?"

"Not servants in the common acceptance of that term. They are no more servants away from the school earning their daily bread than they are here, and no more than we are who are their instructors. We are careful to give them correct ideas in regard to the dignity of labor. The boys make good and acceptable farm hands and the girls find homes mainly where the housewife works along with them and instructs them in the art of cooking and keeping a house nice. They become members of the family, go to school in winter, with the children of the family, and very soon get a taste of the real family life."

In regard to the severing of family ties, the brother said, he did not see why so much account of that should be taken. "The families of other peoples separate. My brother, here,

(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.

Miss Reeside has again been obliged to leave the work of her heart among the Kiowa women in Oklahoma, having been summoned to her home in Philadelphia, to attend an aged aunt who fell and seriously hurt herself. Miss Ballew, her companion in missionary work, is also absent for the time being and the mission is left in charge of Julia Given. Martha Napawat, (class '94) will be with her for a while. Miss Reeside says Julia feels the responsibility but she will carry on the work satisfactorily, and when Julia said so bravely "I will do my best," Miss Reeside could not "help feeling proud of her and told her that it may be a Providence to show people that a Christian Indian girl can be trusted in charge of a whole Indian Mission."

Wonder if Mr. Smith of Arizona, who said the other day in the House of Representatives that the training which the girls received at Carlisle did them more harm than good, and that their education only taught them intrigue and treachery would like to read the story of Julia Given, and a thousand other Carlisle girls and boys who are bravely using their education to good advantage.

It is just as "natural and gratifying" (using the words found in some reports from the field) for the reservation Indians to send their children to remote schools if they meet with the proper encouragement, as it is to keep them at home. The Indian is the most easily influenced unfatored being on earth. He is able to see readily into good reasoning, and will choose every time the BEST for himself. All he needs is a fair chance to see what the BEST is. When smart people get hold of him, who for purposes decidedly their own and against his interest influence him in the direction of home schools, then home schools he prefers. Isn't it strange how we civilized (?) people blame the Indian for being slow to take on the new and better ideas in regard to his welfare, while we remain ourselves even slower than he is to see the best way out? There is no question that the BEST WAY is to kindly force him into the stream in which he MUST learn to swim, and let us think

more about LESSENING the reservation lump, and less about "leavening" it with poor half-educated yeast!

Cornelia Cornelius, Leila Cornelius' sister is a Hampton student and writes from her country home in Richmond, Massachusetts, for the HELPER. She expects to return to Hampton in the early fall.

Mrs. Collins, with whom Mary Bailey lives in Philadelphia, writes that Mary has passed her transfer examinations from one to two years' grade in the Girls' Normal School, with the creditable average of 80. The lowest transfer average was 64.

Example: If $\frac{1}{4}$ of a bushel of corn were put in one bin, one-fifth in another and 77 bushels in the third how many bushels in all?

Answer by Indian pupil on his slate: "140 corns," and the teacher immediately felt like ordering some pain balm for the poor farmer.

Sumner Riggs, former student of Carlisle, is again heard from. He says by letter that everything at his home at Seger Colony, O T, is going along peacefully. The late trouble between the Cheyennes and cow-men has passed away. He tells the sad news of the death of one of his children.

A kindly lady writes in reference to one of our girls who occupies a prominent place as pupil in one of the best schools of this country, "She is a perfect example of the educated Indian girl, and I trust a typical one. She endears herself to all hearts."—(Another of Mr. (Arizona) Smith's Carlisle pupils who has been injured more than benefitted by an eastern education.

Two girls from Lemhi Agency, where Susie Metoxen, (class '94) went after graduation, to take a position in the sewing department of the boarding school, have expressed a wish to come to Carlisle, proving conclusively that Susie has made a good impression and that she is doing good work. Agent Monk speaks by letter very favorably of the very good beginning she has already made. (Another of Mr. (Arizona) Smith's Carlisle failures.)

Whoever writes to Mr. Samuel Townsend, now will attach "Esq." to his name, as we learn by letter that he has passed the required examinations and hangs out his shingle as Attorney-at-law, at Pawnee, Oklahoma. Another one of (Arizona Delegate) Smith's Carlisle Indians who has been injured more by the school than he has been benefitted.

Samuel Dion met with an accident the other day while cutting brush-wood in the woods near his Massachusetts summer home. He was quite frightened for a few minutes, thinking he had lost his thumb but the cut proved to be a little deeper than the nail. Samuel says that the mountains and hills of old Berkshire are beautiful. He has a nice place and is enjoying his work very much.

The big walnut is the favorite place to tack base-ball notices, and the tree by the dining hall is another.

Ice-cream!
 Cherries?
 Thin coats!
 Dust, actually!
 Poor cart horses!
 Kalsominers busy!
 Good strawberries!
 The Fourth of July, next!
 Welcome, warm weather!
 More girls to the country!
 Screen-doors at the pupils' dining-hall.
 Our winter supply of coal is going into the bins.

After to-day the school bell will take a rest.

That was a severe storm on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Weist is spending a part of her vacation in Philadelphia.

The girls' quarters are getting their summer cleaning from end to end.

The C. C.'s beat a team of little town boys on Saturday by a score of 15 to 21.

Preparations for the last exhibition of the school year are making as we go to press.

Miss Williams, teacher of music at Wilson College, Chambersburg, is visiting Miss Henry.

Walter LeRoy Kennedy, one of our typos, has gone to the country to try his hand at farming.

One of the Indian boys living in a country home sent the poem on first page, for the HELPER.

There's one thing to be said in favor of the summer: one has warmer friends than in winter.

The first nine were beaten by a score of 8 to 12 by the Lock Haven Normal School team last Saturday.

Miss Bender writes from her home near Philadelphia that she is about to start for Denver, Colorado, to visit her sister.

The large boys are using the gymnasium for a dormitory while their building is being thoroughly renovated, with plaster, kalsomine and paint.

Mr. Claudy received a sprained ankle, last Friday evening in the ball game which threw him on crutches for a day or two, but from present indications he will soon be able again to make a home run.

LOST.—A letter was dropped somewhere between the office and hospital on Wednesday. The finder will please take it to the person whose name is on the envelope, or drop it in the letter box in the office building.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Pratt gave one of her enjoyable little receptions, in honor of the vacationists and others who leave shortly. The balcony was hung with Japanese lanterns giving the entrance an attractive appearance. The storm of the afternoon prevented using the lawn as was intended, but the balcony and spacious parlors afforded ample opportunity for the guests to float around, play games and chat. At a reasonable hour refreshments were served, soon after which the "good nights" began.

Miss Richenda Pratt is now home for the summer, having completed a year's course at a boarding school, near Baltimore.

Mr. Morrett's wife and little daughter have gone to visit friends in Ohio, and he feels quite bereft in his home in town.

Roger Silas was hit by a bat while watching a game of ball near his country home. He fainted and was carried off the grounds in the carriage of a stranger. He is all right by the last reports.

The Juveniles and Faculty had their game on Friday evening. It was a hotly contested fight and the Juveniles won, greatly to their delight. The score stood 16 to 11 in a game of 8 innings.

Miss Hamilton's room is being lined, plastered and kalsomined. The old brick resting on the ground absorbed so much water after each rain that the room became very damp. Now it is all right.

Even Mrs. Given came out to see the ball game between the Faculty and Juveniles, last Friday evening and more than once she was caught clapping her hands when one of her little boys made a good play.

Miss Dawson, of North Street, for a long time one of our sewing force, and now an invalid was seen the other evening on the steps in front of her home. She is feeling better since the real summer weather has begun.

Dr. Montezuma visited friends near Wilkesbarre, over Sunday, and was unexpectedly called upon to deliver an address before a Wilkesbarre audience. His remarks were favorably commented upon by the papers of that city.

Malcolm Clark (class '93) has gone to spend his vacation with his aunt, in Oklahoma. It will be remembered that Miss Clark is the allotting Agent of the Pawnee, Ponca and Otoe Indians. Malcom is one of the preparatory students of Dickinson College.

The most professional game of the season we have seen so far was one between the first and second nines of the school on Monday evening. It was a nine-inning game and the score by innings stood at the close:

First.....	2	0	0	0	0	1	3	1	0	—7
Second.....	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

The three printer girls are taking a turn in the country for the summer. Alice Lambert went on Wednesday, and complimented the school by letter in saying, "Be it ever so humble there is no place like Carlisle." She is visiting her sister at the Lincoln Institute for a few days and then will go to her place near West Chester. She is determined to brave whatever comes and to make a success of the summer. The other two girls, Misses Susie and Ida, probably leave today.

A person on the grounds was feeling sorry that Mr. Masten did not know how to spell "Cousin."

"What makes you think he doesn't know?" asked a by-stander.

"Go look for yourself. He has taken the trouble to plant those pretty colias to spell 'Cousin' but, see, the letters are 'C-U-I-S-I-N-E'."

"Oh," and the by-stander had to be carried from the scene.

(Continued from the First page)

lives in Colorado; I have another in Tennessee; one died in Chicago and I am in Pennsylvania. We love each other just as much as if we had lived together, but business interests had to be looked after, and we were obliged to separate."

This was considered a rational view of the case and the conversation ended.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

In a line with the foregoing, we have just received a delightful little letter from one of country girls which shows the point exactly how in many cases they live as one of the family and are made to feel that an interest is taken in their behalf.

Our brave little woman who really is in a school of house-keeping, writes thus happily:

"I must first tell you how I like my place. I am very thankful to you for sending me to this beautiful home.

This is the place where Indian girls can get themselves to be good careful housekeepers, for Mrs. So-and-so is very kind and willing to teach us to work.

I cannot express enough thanks to her for being very patient with me while I don't know how to cook.

I know how to cook some things now and I can make good bread as well as ———, now.

I wish the Man-on-the-band-stand could see the nice bread that I make. I know that he would not think that it was made by one of his little wild Indian girls.

I am getting along well and very much pleased with my work.

Country girls some times talk about getting lonesome, but we the 'lazy good-for-nothing' Indian girls at this place have not time to get lonesome, for we have a good time every day and have many nice interesting books and papers to read.

We are both getting fleshy and I am afraid that we will not be able to come back to Carlisle.

Mrs. T. was going to take us to the Zoo, in Philadelphia on Thursday, but it rained so we didn't go, but I was not disappointed because I have been there before."

IN THE SMALL BOYS' QUARTERS.

One of the boys in the small boys' quarters was so anxious to keep his pillow-case clean for inspection Sunday morning, that he took it off nights and laid it carefully under the bed.

On being discovered by the mother several

times in her nightly rounds after all are in bed, the child, on this occasion was gently wakened to give him a lesson that would be impressive.

"Wha— wha— what's the matter?" he said rubbing his eyes and staring around the room.

"My, boy, you must not sleep on the pillow without the case. The case is put there to keep the pillow clean."

"Ye— ye——. He's out! Only one out! Watch yourself!" he mumbled, still half asleep, and with mind evidently mixed as to base-ball.

"No! No! Get up! Here is your pillow case! Put it on!" she remonstrated gently shaking the sleepy boy.

"Oh yes," he said with a smile in his half unconscious condition, and taking the pillow-case, pulled it over his head instead of on the pillow, no doubt thinking he had been presented with a new sweater, the idol of his heart.

Here the story ended and we have not learned, but suppose he did not suffocate before morning.

We have two exchanges, the INDIAN HELPER and the *Red Man*, from the Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa. They speak well for the scholars' progress and interest in their school.—[*Union School Quarterly*, Glens Falls, N. Y.]

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 8, 6, 4 is a title of respect to a gentleman.

My 3, 5, 7 means "before."

My 5, 6, 1, 2 is what most of us desire to be.

My whole is what most Indian boys cannot bear in their sight very long.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLE: Egg.

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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