

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1894.—

NO. 44

FROM SHADOW—SUN.

THE clouds but cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often from wrong's own darkness
Come the very strength of right.

We must live through the weary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must lie buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom;
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sadness
The sweetest songs will fall.
For as peace comes after suffering,
And love is reward for pain,
So after earth is heaven—
And out of our loss the gain.

RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT.

"STERLING, MASS.,
July 11th., 1894.

DEAR HELPER:

Ever since reading in the HELPER of July 6th., the assertion of Hon. M. A. Smith, Arizona's Representative to Congress, that 'the hope of civilizing the Apache Indian is just as bright as the hope of civilizing his food, the rattlesnake,' I must confess my ideas have been marshalling themselves in battle array, until I feel that I must give some expression to my thought.

However, I hope our Apache friends are not greatly disturbed by the *wise* remark, for Carlisle affords notable proofs to all truly interested, of the willingness and ability of the Apache to learn and to acquire an education fitting him to become a worthy citizen when the privilege is given to him or her.

Please allow us to quote the following from

page 333 of a 'A Century of Dishonor,' by Mrs. H. H. Jackson—than whom there was never a truer friend to the Indian—as an offset to that unkind remark.

C. B. Brierly, Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., says of the Apaches:

'I have been among nearly all the tribes of the Pacific coast, and I have never seen any Indians who showed the intelligence, honesty and desire to learn manifested by these Indians.

'I came among them greatly prejudiced against them, but after being with them I am compelled to admit that they were honest in their intentions and really desired peace.' "

A FRIEND.

ANOTHER.

Her Blood Boiled.

"— has proved herself trustworthy and helpful and we think everything of her.

It is true I saw a few flashes of temper, but I believe character is all the stronger for temper under control, and on several occasions I admired the very temper which caused her to set her face like a flint to conquer some difficulty.

When I listened to the Indians' accounts of her father and how he named her after the hair of a white woman whom he killed in Texas, it seems like a miracle that Carlisle has made her what she is.

And I was glad to become better acquainted with —.

She is quite different from —, but is brave, true and lovable.

My blood boiled against Mr. Smith of Arizona.

I wished he could see — and —."

IF YOU HAVE BRAINS, USE THEM.

Mr. Huddelson, formerly of us, but now of Indiana, has written a very forcible and interesting Chapel talk to our boys and girls.

It is too long for the HELPER, so the Man-

(Continued on the fourth page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

AS THE INDIAN HELPER IS PRINTED BY INDIAN BOYS, BUT
EDITED BY THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND, WHO IS NOT AN INDIAN

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

Word comes from Prof. Bakeless, at Cook County Summer School, Chicago, that he is enjoying his work there very much.

Miss Susie McDougall, one of our printer girls, sends us some subscriptions and says that although she has a nice place, she is anxious to get back to the case. She has had several enjoyable trips and has a visit to the sea-shore in prospect.

One of our Bucks County friends, in sending us subscriptions, calls himself "hayseed." To these very hayseeds has been due much of the success of Carlisle's outing system, which has proven so beneficial to our pupils.

We learn that Mr. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, has won the first prize of \$100 offered by the J. G. White Co., of Baltimore, for the best essay on the subject of a street railway car house. Mason's many friends here will rejoice to hear of his good fortune.

Tomorrow will be Indian Day at Mt. Gretna, the seat of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua. The afternoon programme will be furnished by members of our school, and will consist of singing, band music, and addresses by Dr. Carlos Montezuma, School Physician, and Mr. A. J. Standing, Assistant Superintendent. A public rehearsal of the musical part of the programme was given on Tuesday evening in the school chapel.

The following letter from one of our pupils who went home recently to the Man-on-the-band-stand, shows that home may not be the best place to go to after all:

"I am taking the greatest pleasure of writing to you this evening as I have nothing else to do, as all the Cheyennes are gathered at this place to make some kind of medicine ever since I came home. Oh! I wish I had not left Dear old Carlisle. When I am alone, the word Carlisle seems still ringing into my ears all the time as my home, but HERE I must stand for all the trials and stick to it, because this is my people. I have seen some of the Carlisle boys are doing well. I saw Paul Good Bear, Jos, Pawnee and others are doing well. etc."

The following from such a distinguished person as the Hon. Frederick Douglass, is especially complimentary:

I shall never forget my visit to your school. The destiny of the Indian had long been a sad and gloomy thought to me. My visit to Carlisle was a revelation and a relief to me. I saw the Indian in a new light. I saw him as a student devoted to his studies; as a mechanic, successfully pursuing his work; as a soldier apt in drill; and in the use of arms, prompt in obeying orders. But what impressed me most was the music furnished by the Indian Band. I think there is a future for any race that can sing and has a taste for music. It was a treat to hear your band play the Star Spangled Banner. A people that can be trained to handle musical instruments as they did, can be trained to do more in the race of higher civilization, and are not to be relegated in the thoughts of men to permanent barbarism. I wish all who have formed unfavorable opinions as to the possibilities of the American Indians could visit your school, and see as I saw, the evidences of the progress of your Indian pupils.

I cannot too much commend the workmanship shown by your Indian boys and girls in the printing and binding of my address. Please express to them my thanks as well as my approval of their work. I shall send copies of it, not only to my friends in this country but to some of my friends in England.

A base ball team, claiming to be composed of Indians and dressed in blankets and feathers, has been travelling through the state during the past week. They have been playing poor ball and the newspapers have not spoken of them in flattering terms. So many people and even newspapers have confounded them with our Carlisle school team, that we deem it but just to make the statement that they have no connection whatever with our school. Carlisle does not present to the world any imitations of Buffalo Bill, but rather the productions of education and civilization, and its ball team relies only on its playing to attract.

A friend of the Indian and a person of wide experience has the following kind words to say of us:

"The little INDIAN HELPER certainly has more bright locals and news items than any paper of its size in the world. In addition to the freshness and breeziness of the paper, the solid articles and information in relation to education and uplifting of the Indians, makes it of the greatest value to all readers. And 'long may it wave.'"

Alice Long Pole, who has been ill for some time, left Tuesday evening for Newberg, Ore., where she will be in the care of kind friends. Miss Burgess went in charge of her, and will then spend her vacation with her parents in San Francisco. One of our wits says that "the Man-on-the-band-stand has gone to put hinges on the Golden Gate."

The latest from Capt. Pratt is that he was on his way to Salem, Ore., but that travel was somewhat interrupted. While in Denver, he made an address before the Colorado branch of the Indian Rights Association.

Hot again!

Tennis is languishing.

Threshing is in progress at the near farm.

The dining room floor has been given a coat of paint.

Mr. Loeb, of Lancaster, was a guest of Mrs. Campbell on Monday.

Mrs. Given is visiting friends in Wilmington, Del.

Luther Dahah is improving slowly and is anxious to get back to the case.

Timothy Henry is back at the case after a few weeks in the harvest field.

Mr. Manby, piano tuner of Lancaster, has been putting the pianos at the school in good order.

The heat and dust gave way before the rains of the early part of the week, which were greatly needed.

The Carlisle Athletic Club won a game from the Third Nine Saturday afternoon on the school grounds. The score was 12 to 6.

All the girls who have not had the privilege of attending a Sunday School picnic this summer are enjoying a picnic at the lower farm today.

The large boys have moved to the third story of their building from the gymnasium, which they have been occupying while housecleaning was going on in their quarters.

A lawn sociable will be held next Wednesday evening. Refreshments will be served, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the Sunday School.

Allie Mullins, who has been with Miss Rote at the Westtown Boarding School, is back, the school having closed. She came with Miss Rote as far as Harrisburg.

The band boys went to Williams' Grove on Wednesday, where they will spend several days playing for the Sunday School Assembly now in session there.

Captain Pratt while fishing near Denver, landed the largest trout he has ever caught. A drawing of it, received by Mrs. Pratt, shows it to have been a beauty.

"Who let you?" and "Who give you?" are the latest expressions among the boys, and after a boast or doubtful story are very disconcerting to the narrator.

We have received several copies of the *Moqui Indian Messenger*, a journal published in the interests of mission work among the Moqui Indians of Arizona. It is quite interesting and newswy.

The Methodist picnic last Friday at Pine Grove was largely attended from the school. Sixty-nine boys and girls, in charge of Miss Luckenbach, went and had a delightful time.

John Lowry, who went home recently, writes that he is now an assistant at the Fort Sill School, Okla. He speaks encouragingly of the progress made by the Kiowas in the last five years.

A friend has kindly remembered us with several specimens of Hurlbut's Authors Linen writing paper. By holding it to the light, a correct likeness of some great author may be seen in addition to the regular watermark. It is quite a novelty.

Jean Swan has returned to her home in Idaho.

Miss Hamilton is attending Summer School at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Quite a number of answers to the Hidden Cities Enigma are being received.

W. F. Campbell, Esq., class '89, has removed from White Earth to Fosston, Minn.

A party of charming young ladies from the Holly Inn, visited the school Wednesday afternoon.

The band gave a concert on the band-stand Friday evening, which as usual was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Given is making a short tour among the out pupils in Juniata, Luzerne and Columbia counties.

Lucy Heaton, in sending subscriptions, for the HELPER, speaks of the very pleasant country home she is in.

A postal from Fred Wilson announces his safe arrival at his Minnesota home. He says he is feeling fair.

Susie Farwell, Josephine Smith, Paul Teena-bikazen, Isaac John and A. J. Martinez have returned from the country.

Miss Cutter is taking laboratory and other work at the summer school at Amherst, Mass. Her three sisters are with her.

The hospital has received a lot of new supplies, among them being a fine emergency bag, of which the doctor is very proud.

Don Campbell had his arm slightly wrenched Tuesday morning by getting it between the fly wheel of the large press and the belt.

The school has lost a warm friend in the death of Mrs. J. Dundas Lippincott, of Philadelphia, which occurred last Saturday.

Miss Bowersox says she is having "loads of fun" at Martha's Vineyard. She has been playing tennis and hunting for specimens of rocks.

Miss Rebecca Croll, of Middletown, Miss Thomas, of Phila., and Miss Elizabeth Norcross, of Carlisle, were guests of Miss Pratt last Friday.

Miss Bourassa has returned from the Summer School at Martha's Vineyard, where she has been spending several weeks. She promises to give in the near future an exhibition of bicycle riding, in which she became an expert during her stay there.

The *Red Man* for June, July and August is now being mailed. It contains, besides general Indian news, extracts from the speeches of Congressmen on the Appropriation Bill, which are quite interesting. Fifty cents a year of twelve numbers, or five cents a copy.

The school team played a game of ball at Reading on Saturday with a nine composed of the strongest amateur players of that city and was defeated by a score of 9 to 2. Our boys were unable to connect with the ball to any great extent, which was the principal cause of the defeat. A feature of the game was a double play by Houk unassisted. William Johnson umpired the game in a very satisfactory manner. The score by innings was as follows:

Reading.....	1 0 1 0 4 1 0 2 0—9
Carlisle.....	0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0—2

(Continued from the first page.)

on-the-band-stand is going to print it in a little book and will give a copy to any Carlisle boy or girl who wants one.

It will take a few weeks to print it.

Near the close of the talk we found this common sense paragraph:

A great artist was once asked what he mixed his colors with.

He replied: "I mix them with brains."

If you wash dishes, wash them with brains.

If you are cooking, season all your viands with brains.

If you make garments, cut them with brains and sew them with brains.

Decorate your rooms with brains.

Boys, plow corn with brains, feed your horses and hogs with brains, peg your shoes with brains, heat your iron with brains, hammer it with brains, set type with brains, play ball with brains,—use BRAINS, every place and always.

Ask yourself, your book, your friends; "How is this?"

"Why is this thus?"

"What has it to do with other things?"

"What am I?"

"What are the purposes of my being?"

"What am I doing and why am I doing it?"

Seek the principle, the purpose, the cause, the relation.

REQUESTS FROM THE WEE BOYS AND GIRLS.

From a large number of letters of considerable sameness, begging to go to the country, we take the following as being specially cute and interesting:

"Dear Capt. R. H. Pratt:

Please may I go to the country this spring? I would like to stay out one year. I will not chew gum."

"I can milk, and hitch the horses to the wagon. And I can clean the stable in good order. I can pick the red cherries. I can rake hay."

"I would like very much to go out in the country, and would like to be where there is a baby. I can wash dishes, take care of a baby, sweep and make beds."

"I can milk, plow, plant corn, cut wheat, oats, corn, buck-wheat, hay, feed chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigs, horses, cows, sheep. I can sweep, scrub, get some water, wood, coal,

pail of water, work in the garden, drive cows, and horses."

"May I go the country this summer? I can work just as good as some other boys."

"Please would you let me go to the country. I can drive the cows in the stable and drive the horses to the field. I can plant turnips, onions, potatoes, cabbage, and sow the wheat, and I can wash the dishes and scrub in the kitchen."

"I wish you would be kind enough to let me go out to the country. I can ride on a horse and put the cows in the pastures."

"I can work in the stable, milk the cows, comb the horses, and feed them, or I can work in the house, wash the dishes, clean potatoes, and bring in wood and etc."

If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 12, 4, 6, 9 is a good kind of fish to eat in the Spring.

My 7, 10, 5 is not cooked.

My 3, 7, 11 is what some babies do

My 1, 2, 8 is a problem to be solved in Arithmetic.

My whole is what the Man-on-the-band-stand is not very fond of.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Strike.

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