

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1895.—

NO. 22.

SMILES.

MOST of the smiles you get from others
 Are the reflections of your own:
 You may think of the world at pleasure
 With you, but when wiser grown,
 You will find 'tis but responsive
 To the giving you bestow.
 So, 'tis well to give your kindness,
 If more kindness you would know.

I N V I C I B I L E
 I N C I S I B I L E
 !

Not a foot-ball V this time but a Literary wedge that is impregnable and not to be surpassed.

It was said by a number at the close of the Invincible entertainment last Saturday night that in no previous year of the history of the school has there been so many entertainments of a high literary character as the societies have favored us with this winter.

The Invincible Debating Society came in at the last, but was not the least in ability to amuse and entertain.

There was so little tumult and fuss during the course of preparation that when the large audience was ushered in the presence of such artistic and unique stage setting as was presented to view upon entering, expressions of wonder and admiration filled the air.

The entertainment was given in commemoration of the birth of George Washington, and the thirteen original colonies were represented by six columns on either side of a central keystone. Gothic arches of red, white and blue between the columns leading to the grand arch under the keystone were very appropriate and taking.

Back of the main arch as a central stage figure was the bust of Washington, and in the rear of this another arch over which hung the society colors—red, white and blue, and the

name of Washington in gilt letters; while drapery of lace added to the pleasing effect.

The Electric Light Company of Carlisle kindly ran their wires in for foot-lights, which with tinted tissue paper as covering for the incandescent bulbs gave to the tableaux and Continental scenes a delicate coloring surpassing the effect of gas or calcium lights.

Samuel Sixkiller, president of the society, as Washington, attired in wig and continental costume was the conspicuous figure of the evening.

The band played a sprightly overture, and Washington paced the stage or sat in thoughtful reverie over times a hundred years ago.

For his cabinet there was Jefferson (Geo. Warren), Hamilton (Simon Standingdeer), Jay (Jas. Perry), Knox (Nicodemus Hill), Randolph (William Lufkins) all in costumes representing the days of Washington.

Hayes Williams paid a glowing tribute to the Father of our country, and then with flashes of foot-lights were presented, the tableaux—That Hatchet, with Jerome Kennerly as little George in the act of cutting down the tree, and That Father—dear old Grandfather Washington (Martin Wheelock), with uplifted twig as though ready to chastise his little son, but the whip never came down upon the back of the boy who could not tell a lie.

The double quartette—James Flannery, Phillip Lavatta, Levi St. Cyr, Thos. Hanbury, Timothy Henry, Ed. Campeau and Jas. Wheelock, sang "Hark They Come" which was encored. This well-trained quartette sang several selections during the evening, but the most touching of all was "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The scene representing the Continental Congress—William Leighton as Hancock, Alex. Upshaw as Samuel Adams, Brigman Cornelius as John Adams, Isaac Baird as

(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, not EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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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.

A very pleasant letter has been received from our former physician Dr. Dixon, now of Haskell Institute, regretting that he is unable to accept the invitation to Commencement.

No allowance is made for a student at Carlisle for his being an Indian. He is treated and taught and trained exactly as the youth in our best schools are treated and taught and trained, and thus he is encouraged to FORGET his Indian.

Take corrections in English kindly! The white child who knows no Indian must be corrected almost hourly in little forms of speech so natural to get wrong. NEVER use "went" with "have" or "had." That is one good thing to remember.

Our subscription list from Girard College, Philadelphia, is growing. We remember the time when the school visited that great institution of learning, the picture that was taken on the steps of the grand old college, and the kindly attention paid us while there.

Among the regrets that have been received, one from a sister school superintendent is especially gratifying: Supt. J. McKoin, of the Albuquerque Government Indian School, New Mexico, says: "I regret that time, distance and official duties will prevent my being present, but wish to compliment you upon the neatness and merits of your program, the size of your graduating class and wish you God speed in the noble work."

A friend of the Indian who has long been connected with the work both East and West and has had abundant opportunity to judge says:

"The locality for the Indians' widest opportunity lies east of the Alleghany Mountains and hence we watch with greatest interest your progress at Carlisle. Eastern schools seem to be greatly at a disadvantage in official circles but we can at least hope that there may come an early awakening of conscience and that a broader Christian patriotism may ultimately prevail."

Do the Indian boys and girls like to go out on farms to work? They are clamorous to go in the spring of the year. What for? In the first place they like to earn some money. In the next place they like the advantages that life in a good family gives them. The plan of separating and placing the Indian boys and girls in families throughout the land where they may mingle with English speaking children and learn of the practical farmer and his wife the true essence of earning a living gives him and her the courage, manhood and womanhood necessary to stand alone outside of the reservation unsupported by the "great father at Washington." A Carlisle graduate needs not the support of the Government, but like any person who is not a fool may take such support if offered. Who would refuse?

Florence Miller, (class '94,) writes from Poplar, Montana, where she is engaged in the Indian work and shows her continued interest in our school by requesting certain numbers of the *Red Man*, etc., to be sent to her, but she speaks not of her own doings. She is another of our brave young women who has branched off from her people to follow a line of duty that seemed pressing. When we are held at home by sentiment when duty calls elsewhere there is something the matter within ourselves which needs correcting.

The Invincibles would avail themselves of an opportunity to thank those who so generously assisted in preparing for their entertainment Saturday night. To Prof. Bakeless for his thoughtful suggestions and untiring zeal; to Mr. Spray, their critic; to the teachers who assisted with the costumes; to Mr. Gardner and his carpenter boys for stage work; and to the electric-light company of Carlisle, they would tender their thanks as generously as were the services rendered if it were in their power.

Bosler Hall was filled last night by an immense and highly appreciative audience who had assembled to hear the concert by the Indian school Band and choir, under the auspices of the Dickinson College Y. M. C. A. It was an exceedingly fine entertainment that could be inferred from the fact that it was given by the Indian school. The band and choir vied with each other and it is difficult to discriminate between the two and say which did the better work — [*The Evening Sentinel*, Feb. 22.]

The Dixon Tribune very truthfully says: When the down is brushed from the peach, the beauty is so marred that it can never be restored; and so, when a young girl throws lightly aside that sweet and modest reserve so becoming to a maiden, and which so elevated her and enabled her to command the respect of all, she loses her greatest charm and becomes common and cheap, to use no more harsh term.

Mrs. Bessie Rodd who was Bessie Fesson eleven years ago when she was a Carlisle pupil writes a newsy letter from her home at White Cloud, Kansas, and she has friends among the readers of the HELPER who will be glad to hear from her. Bessie was married several years ago and has four children.

New Moon.
Snow banks still.

Commencement news next week.

Lovely Commencement weather as we go to press.

A busy person is not necessarily person of business.

Population: Total on rolls 756. 450 boys and 306 girls.

How many pupils on farms at the present writing? 140.

Carlisle is exterminating the Indian and saving the man.

The Indian has in him more than can be seen by the average western eye.

The graduating class photograph (8x10) is on sale at the printing-office. Price 30 cents.

The sociable on Friday night last was again full of interesting amusement and good time.

Are the Indian children forced away from their parents to come to Carlisle? NEVER.

Fifty three farm boys and girls have come in from their country homes to attend Commencement.

Leander Gansworth has charge of the photograph table and is making a small commission on sales.

Dr. Montezuma is in the Indian Territory having gone last week with Alpha Esenta-hoate who is ill.

Have you noticed the new whistles on the Cumberland Valley engines? Not so shrill since the blizzard.

A full account of Commencement will appear in the February *Red Man*, which will be out in a few days.

Mr. George Hilton of Carlisle was one of the callers on Tuesday bringing a nice subscription list for a little friend.

It makes a change in the whole bearing of the Indian boy and girl to remove them from their home scenes and drawbacks.

Is it not more sensible to carry the Indian into civilization than to attempt to carry civilization to him in his prison house of a reservation?

Harry Kopay will return to Poughkeepsie to finish his course in stenography, instead of going home, as was feared he would be obliged to. He has three weeks more at the great business college.

Mr. Standing went to Washington on Tuesday and returned Wednesday with the Washington party who are in attendance upon the Commencement exercises.

A life-size pencil portrait of Senator Dawes, made by Mrs. Thomas, is a striking likeness of the great Indian Franchise man and we are proud to have it on our chapel wall.

We go to press a day earlier than usual on account of Commencement, and as we start to printing our weekly letter about a hundred guests have arrived from Washington, New York, Philadelphia and other points.

Agent Roe Young, Mrs. Young and sister Miss Anderson have arrived from the Pima and Maricopa Agency, Arizona, bringing with them eight Indian girls and eleven boys. This is commencement surely for nineteen little Indians in the east.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, and daughter Miss Abbott, Miss Edna Dean Proctor and Dr. Lemuel Moss arrived on Tuesday evening. The names of a hundred guests who arrived an hour before going to press on Wednesday we could not get for this week's issue.

Rev. Dr. Stewart, of the Market Street Presbyterian Church at Harrisburg, and one hundred members of the Christian Endeavor association of the same church spent two hours with us last Friday morning. Dr. Stewart made the statement that it was one of the happiest Washington's birthdays he ever enjoyed.

Those who are specially venomous in their denunciations of our method of encouraging the Indian boy and girl to seek an education as far removed as possible from their reservation life, which has kept the Indian down and back for generations, rarely if ever come to Carlisle to investigate the methods of the largest Government training school. They talk openly against the plan and scarcely know what the plan is. Ought such people to have an influence with the intelligence of our country?

On Tuesday evening in the school chapel nearly 200 of the best citizens of Carlisle and a large number of our own pupils had the rare treat of listening to one of America's great men, Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his lecture upon "How to Succeed." For an hour and a quarter Dr. Abbot held his audience in rapt attention, as rich gems of thought came from that store house of knowledge and experience underneath the three-story brow of the famous preacher and editor. It was an inspiration to look into the face of the grand man, to say nothing of the impressive lessons gained from the simple truth propounded in Abbotonian eloquence. Would that we could give his lecture verbatim that all might read and profit!

Rev. G. H. Hubbard, the distinguished president of the Peace Society of Friends lectured on the Supremacy of Thought, or Peace by Arbitration before our school on last Friday morning. He held the school for more than an hour and some of the Indian boys were heard to say when he was through they could have listened all day to that man. Before his address he sang a touching song. Mr. Hubbard said that the difference between the civilized being and the barbarous man is that the former has head, heart and soul while the other has only stomach, appetite and passion. A barbarian will look at a running brook, and say how good to slack one's thirs; but the civilized man makes the brook his servant to run through pipes and turn thousands of spindles. The two pictures of cannibalism and war by so-called civilized nations were very vivid. He does not consider a nation civilized until it can settle its difficulties by the brain and not the muscle.

The way to advance is to get an idea ahead of you and work up to it—Rev. G. W. HUBBARD.

The Invincibles had their banner raised to the highest point of the arched ceiling of the chapel on Saturday night, as if to say: "To go higher will cost great effort."

(Continued from the first page.)

Dickinson of Pennsylvania, Daniel Morrison as Stockton of New Jersey, Alex Parkhurst as Wythe of Virginia, Joseph Blackbear as Poca of Maryland, Mark Penoi as Penn of North Carolina, Antonio Tapia as Lewis of New York, Johnson Adams as Benjamin Franklin, and Roger Silas as Whipple of New Hampshire, formed a living picture which brought vividly to the imagination the real scene of a hundred years ago. The speeches of fire and reason which induced the obstinate members of that notable Congress to sign the Declaration stirred the hearts of all present.

The tableaux which followed—"The Genius of Liberty" (Henry Bird) with Timothy Henry and Herbert Littlehawk as guards of honor was a most striking picture.

After a band selection, Randolph (William Lufkins) gave a speech on Citizenship.

The arrest of Andre the spy (William Carefell) and the prisoner Condemned brought to memory one of the saddest tales of the Revolutionary War. The part of Paulding (John Sanborn) who was the chief actor in the arrest, showed brilliancy of conception of the true character. Jacob Jamison made an excellent Van Wert and Hartie Miller a capital Williams, while William Carefell, the unfortunate spy, was so natural as to excite the sympathy of all.

And who was that horse? For the distant hoofs upon the turf as the horse and rider approached was most natural.

As a closing picture, twelve boys—Henry Bird and Isaac Webster as color bearers, John Given, Adam Spring, Elias Charles, John G. Ground, Peter Dillon, Clement Noadlada, Donald McIntosh, Lewis Webster, Joel Moore and Ollie Nichols, each with flowers and wreaths and all dressed as little Romans knelt around the bust of Washington, while Frank James recited a poem specially appropriate, and "Crowned Our Hero." The spectacular effect of this scene was very pleasing.

The band played and was encored, played again and was encored and again, and thus ended another very happy and memorable evening.

The Indians Might be Called our Forerunners.

When the Pilgrim Fathers came in 1620 they found a strange red people, who at some earlier time had gained possession of the continent, conquered the wild beasts, and so prepared the way for them.

THEY MIGHT BE CALLED OUR HOSTS. *

Many of the early settlers were given food, shelter and fire by the Indians, who were often very generous and kind in their treatment of the white strangers.

HOUSE CLEANING.

An Extract from a Recent Address in Support of Indian Education, Delivered in Southern Ohio, by our Friend Mr. Edward Marsden, an Alaskan Indian Student of Marietta College

"You tell me that Indian education and civilization is a home work.

I believe it.

The country that is enclosed by the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific on the west, the Great Lakes on the north and the Gulf on the south is our HOME,—beloved and dear home.

Now we have at home a good many evils, and the one that we most abhor, as you tell me is heathenism, and we do well to abhor that.

But what have we done about it?

We know that, until recently, this venomous and deadly element of our home life has only been meddled with, by a few money-getting politicians, strict sectarians, or long haired wild-west show-men.

You say that it is a home work.

Very well.

Indian heathenism is a poisonous and disgraceful element of our American home life, and whatever soils and corrupts the purity and integrity of our American home life ought to be either destroyed or put out side.

Therefore, I say that it is about time that the heathenism of centuries ago be cast out of our American home life.

Let me repeat it in a stronger language:

IT IS NOW TIME THAT WE DO A LITTLE MORE PRACTICAL AND COMPLETE HOUSE CLEANING!"

Overshoes are handy, even if they are worn a foot.

Enigma

I am made of 11 letters.

My 9, 4, 7, 8 melts iron.

My 1, 2, 11, 10 is what the sun looks like.

My 5, 2, 3, 6 maketh a red nose.

My whole is what the Man-on-the-bandstand at the present writing is wishing for Commencement.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Mud and slush.

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