

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.—

NO. 24.

JUST BE GLAD.



H, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm, we couldn't
Have you know!
What we've met of storm and pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!
We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known,
When the stars fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.
For we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

FROM A COMMENCEMENT VISITOR.

The readers of the HELPER and all interested in the uplifting of the young, especially of the Indian youth, will no doubt enjoy the impressions made by our recent Commencement upon the minds of the visitors, hence we will not allow the fear of being considered self-boastful to interfere with the printing of the following from a private letter:

CAPT. R. H. PRATT,
SUPT. CARLISLE SCHOOL.
DEAR SIR:

Thanks for your kind invitation to attend Commencement this year. I wish to say that I think every person on our car voted that a peculiarly enjoyable occasion. They were not only satisfied but delighted. I think I shall only express the feelings of all in giving a few points of interest:

First, as to transportation no time was lost.

We were taken up here, (Washington) and set down at the school door, and when our hours of enjoyment were past, we were returned in the same way, pleasantly, safely, promptly, thanks to Mr. Standing.

Second. Not only was the hospitality of the school generous, but all the arrangements were systematic and in perfect order.

Third. The appearance of the boys and girls was such as to leave the pleasantest impression. At their various tasks—in the school rooms—on the campus—at meals—in the gymnasium—so orderly—pervaded by such kindly spirit—I have never seen a collection of young people where they all seemed so contented and happy.

To see the young girls walking up and down the campus, with their arms about each other, one was led to exclaim:

"What! These Indian?"

In the quiet manner in which they accomplished their tasks, the girls who served our meals were models. No fuss, no unnecessary steps, no delay; they handled the crowd charmingly.

The dress of the boys, and especially of the girls, deserves the highest commendation—admitting the freest movement as we saw in the gymnasium; neat elsewhere—a perfect dress to graduate in—healthy and proper in every way.

Fourth. The under-current of enthusiasm, the very strong attachment to the place and to Capt. Pratt and his co-laborers, and the fatherly and motherly interest each employee seemed to take in the children was delightful.

Fifth. The public exercises were models of their kind. It was a rare audience to speak to. The impressions produced by those privileged to address them no doubt will be lifelong.

I have never heard in any public assembly, more true, noble, patriotic and uplifting sen-

(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.

Our Osage pupils may be interested to learn that Miss Elda Kenworthy is leaving the Indian work for the present and is going to live at the Iowa Industrial School, at Eldora.

Annie Thomas is at Ft. Lewis, Colorado, teaching. She finds the climate a little severe, and is just getting over an attack of pneumonia. There were several cases there at the time and the school was obliged to suspend on account of it.

The Hampton ladies, Misses Folsom and Hyde when here during Commencement were pleased on being introduced to Mr. Joseph Jordan, then in charge of the cooking, to learn from him that he had served in the army under General Armstrong, of whom he spoke with tenderness and gratitude.

Supt. McKoin of Albuquerque Government Indian School, New Mexico, has met with a great loss in the death of his wife, who died February 27th, while enroute to Kansas City. She is spoken of by those who knew her as a gentle, refined lady and her loss will be greatly felt by all at the school.

Fred Peake, class '92, writes from White Earth, Minn., that he feels that he owes Carlisle a great deal for what it has done for him. He hopes sometime to show that he is worthy of having been a student of this institution. He has not met with prosperity in every walk, and indeed feels life a burden sometimes, but is hopeful and means to do his best to succeed.

From Haskell Institute, Lawrence Kansas.

On Friday evening a little before six o'clock the death angel—the "unseen messenger of God" came and carried home one of the brightest, best boys the world has ever known—Johnnie Mandoka.

He came to Haskell from Athens, Mich., more than five years ago; a little child of ten and soon endeared himself to all who were associated with him, by his winning ways, his intellectual powers and his faithful performance of all duties assigned him.

For several years he had been a devoted

Christian and an earnest student of the "book of books," by whose teachings he patterned his life. A few days before his death he said to Dr. Dixon that if the "Heavenly Father wished to take him away from earth it was all right, he was ready to go, he was ready to see his Saviour." With him it was a gentle and solemn passing to rest. A glad entrance into the "mansion prepared for him," by the One he loved and whose teachings he obeyed.

HELEN M. BALL.

The photograph of the grounds now on sale in the HELPER office, is one of the finest views we ever had taken. It shows the stretch of campus from entrance to large boys' quarters, and pupils out at play. Price 25 cents; by mail 27 cents. We will send the INDIAN HELPER FREE for a year, and the photograph on receipt of 22 cents. Two-cent stamps are entirely acceptable in amounts less than a dollar.

It is very pleasant to get such words as these about our graduates. E. M. Keith, of Pine Ridge, S. Dak., says in a private letter: "I occasionally see Tommy Black Bear and learn that he is doing very nicely. He is very agreeable and a perfect gentleman in every way. I hope Carlisle will turn out many more such nice young men." Mr. Kieth alludes to a recent visit made by Mr. Standing to his school at the Agency and remembers it with pleasure.

Rose Howell's friends will be glad to learn that she is still among the living. She is ever grateful for what Carlisle has done for her. She finds it convenient to know something of various kinds of work, for she is often in emergencies called upon to assist the matron, the laundress, and even to take charge, sometimes. She is assistant-seamstress at the Pawnee Agency Boarding School and says she is very well, and especially happy because her people are living like white people. She feels proud of both her brothers who are industrious hard-working young men.

Eli Hunlona, who was never strong, but who was made better each time he went to the country, returned to the school a few months since to die, of tuberculosis. His funeral occurred on Sunday last, Prof. Durell, of Dickinson College, officiating. Eli was an older brother of Bruce Patterson and was well thought of by his country friends and by all who knew him.

The old boys who have learned to move with a business air have to smile at the new ones who take about twice as long to pick up a stick from the parade as the ordinary person should. We all "get a move on" at Carlisle if we get nothing else, and the new pupils are coming on.

George Buck (class '95,) has gone to the country for a few months. We miss him from the mailing department of the printing-office, which place he has held most acceptably for the past year.

Word from Casper Edson says he is still acting disciplinarian at the Darlington Boarding School. His lungs are troubling him some still.

Stilts?

Marbles?

Base-ball.

Time for tops.

MARCHING on!

Keep off the grass!

Not time for spring-fever yet.

Another covering of beautiful snow, to-day.

Drift in the lane nearly as high as the fence still.

The country boy saveth the easter egg, these days.

Helen Patterson has gone to a country home.

Too cold to change under clothes to light weights.

The school is learning a new song for Easter.

Simon Standingdeer has entered the printing office.

The country fever is getting a deep hold on our pupils.

Winter seemeth disposed to linger in the lap of spring.

Rumor says that Hugh James and Lena Green are married.

Roger Silas has been expelled from the school for misdemeanor.

If ILL move slowly! A lazy swagger is not becoming to a well person.

Miss Pierce a teacher of Boston is a guest of Miss Cutter at present.

Miss Susie McDougal, class '95, is assisting with the clerical work in Capt. Pratt's office.

The school was entertained by Mr. French, a man of many accomplishments, on Wednesday evening.

The first thunder shower of the season occurred on Friday night, nearly morning, and the shower ended in snow.

One of our kind hearted Indian boys does not believe in Woman Suffrage, for he thinks they have to suffer enough anyhow.

Little Albert Weber and his mamma returned from a visit to his grandma in Reading, this week. The baby is suffering with a cold.

The graduating class of '95 is on sale at the HELPER office for 30 cents. By mail 32 cents. HELPER will be sent free for one year, and the graduating picture, on receipt of 25 cents.

George Warren and Antoine Donnell, class '95, have gone to their homes at White Earth, Minnesota. Both are ambitious and faithful young men and no doubt will do their best wherever opportunity offers for usefulness.

"I knew she was a cook the moment she picked up a spoon," said Mrs. So and-so of a person who had just arrived to take the position of cook in one of the houses on the grounds. And so we all tell what we are by a very few turns of the hand.

When we go to town let us GO FOR SOMETHING and then come back! Let us step as the mail boys do! Henry Old Eagle and Eddie Crane allow no grass to grow under their feet. Standing around the streets gazing at nothing in particular makes a young man look like an idiot.

Dr. Montezuma has returned from his Indian Territory trip.

Homer Patterson is getting to be very handy at the copying press.

The *Red Man* is mailing, but the edition is a large one and will take a few days to address all the names.

Louis Rubens, our little boy who walks upon crutches, went to his Idaho home with his uncle James Rubens, this week.

Thomas Tallechief sends for the HELPER and says he is at the Osage Agency, his home. He is well and remembers Carlisle gratefully.

Miss Lida Standing is home, having recovered from an attack of measles at the Shippenburg Normal. She is not as strong as usual and will rest from her studies for awhile.

A pleasant letter has been received from Miss Mary Moon, Susie's sister, who visited us quite recently. Miss Mary lives in Ohio. The sisters are Alaskans and are in the East for an education, and both are making good progress.

"How is the earth going to get up there?" asked Jerome when looking at the eclipse last Sunday night. Another or perhaps it was Jerome, too, said when he saw the shadow just beginning to show on the moon: "There! There! Is that a little piece of the dirt?"

Word comes from John Edwin Bakeless, who is now at Milroy with his grandma, that he is thriving, and almost able to kick himself off the lounge. Indeed had he not been discovered in time, the other day, would have been successful in accomplishing that abnormal feat.

No more regular band practice for a time. The leader Mr. Dennison Wheelock has gone to his Oneida home in Wisconsin, for a vacation and much needed rest. Mrs. Wheelock accompanied her husband. They will be greatly missed even though their absence be very brief.

Mr. James Rubens has been a Carlisle guest for a few days. On Wednesday evening he spoke before the pupils in the chapel making his oratorical eloquence felt and impressing all who heard him with genuineness of heart toward his race. Mr. Rubens is a Nez Perce and one who has become widely known through his eloquence and writings.

"Prof Bakeless and Miss Cutter present compliments and request the pleasure of your company in the teachers' parlor from eight to ten, on Thursday evening March 7th," is the way some dainty little invitations read. The reception was in honor of the graduating class. The pleasures and games were unique and both young and old enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

Miss Nettie Freemont, class '95, has gone to Swarthmore College, to take a four or five years' college course. She will live in the home of Mrs. Daniels, with whom she spent two or three summers since she came to Carlisle. Miss Nettie will have every advantage of time and opportunity, and will do what she can between times to help herself along. She fully appreciates these exceptional advantages, and we are sure will make the best use of the chance. She has the congratulations of her many friends at Carlisle and elsewhere.

(Continued from the first page.)

timents. The high tone was sustained throughout. Even the drills in the afternoon and the sports partook of the same nature—clean, true, healthy, graceful, enjoyed alike by participants and partakers.

The little variations not put down on the bills, such as the statement of the children giving \$1851 to put up one of the buildings; calling upon the boys to show their hands when asked how many could hold a plow, and upon the citizens to confirm their statement, also upon the girls to raise their hands if they could prepare a meal, when a forest of hands went up;

The standing up of the Osage chief, with an interpreter to tell us that he thought his failure to learn English had left him in darkness;

The music which was a revelation to us, in its purity and sweetness of tone, in solos, quartettes and choruses, as well as by the band;

All these things made impressions which memory loves to recall.

In conclusion let me say:

No doubt as the years go on and these young people have a chance to compare the spirit of Carlisle school with that pervading other places of instruction, they will in some good measure appreciate what a blessing it has been to them to have been at Carlisle.

It strikes an outsider, however, that you have raised the standard for education far above most schools of the country, of any kind, in educating all parts of a human being—the body in how to DO things and how to be well; the mind in how to think for itself; and the spirit in gentleness and appreciation of the dignity of life for an immortal being, with influence to exert here and a life to live hereafter.

WHAT INSURES SUCCESS.

Away out among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains there lives a good friend of the Carlisle Indian boys and girls.

Sometimes when this friend sees in a paper something specially helpful to young people she sends it to the Man-on-the-band-stand, and this week comes the following clipping which is good for girls as well as boys, for old as well as young, and very appropriate just now when so many of us are thinking about going out in country homes to work for the summer:

"I like that boy. He is always cheerful. He is never cross or surly, no matter what I ask him to do. And when I tell him to do anything he does it willingly. He never complains. He is always cheerful and happy."

So spoke a man who is at the head of one of the largest whole-sale dry-goods houses in New York, to me the other day, as he pointed to a clean frank-faced lad, whose countenance beamed with honesty.

Boys have much to do with carving out their own fortunes.

No man cares to employ a boy who is sour of temper and surly in manner; who is fretful, querulous and complaining.

I like a boy who is smiling and happy.

I like a boy who goes at his work with a determination to do it quickly and well.

Such an one has a great chance to get on in this world.

GOOD DRIVING.

Such and such a driver holds a tight rein (not too tight). There is no jarring when we go over the crossings. He does not worry his horse by jerking at the line. He never hurries him up the hill when there is a heavy load on. When it is necessary to back up to the pavement he does it and when it is not necessary he does not. He knows the names of all the prominent business houses of Carlisle. It is a pleasure to ride with him. Who is he and where did he learn all these essentials to good driving? We may learn his name some day.

Some people's minds are like strainers that let all the good run through, keeping only the impurities. Others are like sieves which let the dust through and keep the good grain.—*The Sermon Flashlight.*

A suggestion comes from one of the West-town Commencement visitors that if we change the name of *Red Man*, we make it "The East Indian." The suggestion a good one, but we do not deem it wise to make a change of name at present.

Enigma.

I am made of 19 letters:

We say the sun 14, 16, 5, 4, 17, but does it?

My 1, 13, 6, 15 is frozen rain.

My 11, 10, 19 is the part of a shad that some people are very fond of.

If we 18, 2, 7, 8 our trunks we may keep our treasures in them.

My 3, 10, 12, 8 is to jeer; to deride.

My 9, 16, 18, 4 is an instrument which a skater has much use for.

My whole is what some of class '95, who went home last week, no doubt are feeling by this time.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Forgotten to put up the flag.

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