

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1895.—

NO. 25

MARCH.

HERE'S a gleam of sunshine across the hill,
In its light are the willows growing;
The earth is alive with a subtle thrill,
There are waking cries from lake and rill
To the gay, wood swallows who drink their fill,
And the wild March winds are blowing.
Come forth, O daisy and meadow-sweet
In the sunlight's tender glances.
Green leaf and spray deck the woods complete,
Cling close, O grasses, the earth entreat
To spread a carpet beneath our feet
For the springtime's merriest dances.

When your heart throbs with delight,
Lift your happy song;
Every soul that sings aright,
Helps the world along.
With the birds, sing, full and clear,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

SPEECH BY JAMES RUBENS.

Mr. Rubens is a full Nez Perce. While on his way home from Washington he stopped at Carlisle for a day or two. During his stay he delivered an address which was full of fire and enthusiasm. We caught some of his words, but much of the spirit was lost.

He said in part:

SUPERINTENDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have not made preparation for a speech to you tonight, but wherever I am, I am glad to acknowledge in my heart that I am and always will be a friend to my race.

Since I have come before the civilized world, I have thought of many things, and the memories of the past are with me.

I will speak of my brothers and the remnant of my noble race.

Once this country, the land from the rising to the setting sun, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, was ours.

I came here from the wilds of Idaho, where I live.

I came unaccompanied.

My closest friends have passed away, and I

hope I may find a grave in my native land, my land I love.

I love to sit under those gigantic trees that have so long sheltered my race, and by the beautiful rivers. Wherever I am, I have an interest in my own Red race of North America.

I claim before the civilized world that an Indian is a human being.

I can prove this.

When we go back to the first we find upon record the story that God made all nations—colored men and white men on this earth to be the same.

We find that the Red Man must have been created at the same moment and with the same mind and with the same power.

I have been many times told that an Indian was not a responsible person in my own native land; that an Indian could not sue a white man in the courts; that if an Indian was to shoot or kill a white man, that was the end. His fate was settled; that if an Indian killed a white man, that was the end of his tribe.

We know of many instances, and you know it is true, and it is on the records that for many years from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific, tribes have been exterminated simply because of the guilt of one person.

I tell you that I am glad to greet some of the fifty different tribes of the remnant of my race. Some of them are from Oregon and Washington. We have some from Alaska and some from the country in the southwest. Some were brought here as captives, from the bondage of slavery.

I have been told that Carlisle was a different place from what I found it to be.

Sometimes I have heard people say bad things of Carlisle and I have investigated that for myself, and I find that it is all satisfactory and that Indians are here treated as MEN.

I am glad to know this.

(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.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

In some of the Missionary schools of Alaska, lead-pencils, papers, pictures, hard bread, combs, and even soap are given as prizes for punctuality and diligence.

These words are very gratifying coming from an eminent source. "The Red Man Commencement Number looks well and reads well. My compliments to the editor and to the printer. Ever yours."

Those who are reading in the newspapers of the present trials of Minister Thurston, of the Hawaiian Islands, can do so with much more intelligence and interest, having seen the gentleman. He was one of our Commencement guests, and gave a brief address on Commencement day.

We are informed through one of Miss Hamilton's old pupils that a missionary at the Cheyenne Agency, I. Ty., is teaching in the Cheyenne language and the young man who writes the letter is delighted that he can write Cheyenne. He writes fair English but is now encouraged to spend his time in study of his language which can be of no possible use to him.

One of the girls who is now in another school, speaks by letter in a most gratifying way of the contrast between the gentle, refined lady-like manners of the Carlisle girls and the rude manners of those with whom she has to associate. Some of our girls are rude, too, but the Man-on-the-band-stand is pleased that enough are lady-like to give the class as a whole such a good name.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Paul Nicolai, Russian, lectured before our students, upon many interesting things pertaining to his country and the Russian people. Mr. Nicolai is a student of Dickinson College and earning his way. He has been in this country four years. Two years he was in a German settlement, attending a German College. He found that to become an intelligent citizen of the United States he must learn the language of the country, hence broke away from his Ger-

man friends and has since associated with English speaking people. Two years ago he could speak no English. He now with little accent expresses himself fluently in the English tongue. Mr. Nicolai has a most interesting history. Some of the points of his lecture we shall attempt to give in the March *Red Man*.

Mr. Nicolai's description of the huts of the Russian peasants reminded us somewhat of the homes that some of us are quite familiar with in the west, and his recital of the conditions in a Russian soldiers' barracks made us happy that we are not Russian soldiers. He said that when he saw what we had here for dinner he wished that some of his poor fellow soldiers could at least have a smell of it. The Russian soldier has no breakfast; his dinner consists of black bread and thin soup, made of vegetables, and some tallow to give it an odor. That meal comes at 12 o'clock after vigorous work at gymnastics and rifle drill from four o'clock in the morning. Most of the afternoon is spent at drill and gymnastics and supper comes at 6 o'clock. The supper consists of what was left from dinner. The work of cleaning up quarters and grounds is done from 7 to 8 in the evening, and the men may go to bed at 9, on a sack filled with straw. They have no bed covering but the overcoat. A Russian soldier's salary is $\frac{1}{2}$ cent a day.

The pupil who has a chance to go on with his school and says, "O, yes, I would stay longer if such and such a person were not here, or if I did not have to work by the side of so-and-so, or if — — — and if — — —" is fishing up excuses and should not be ALLOWED to stay. He cannot see that this is the best chance he will probably ever have again, and being blind should be allowed to run himself into the fire which he will surely go into when he leaves. The knocks and kicks and abuses that an IGNORANT person gets in the world he will receive plenty of, and we feel sorry for him. There is no excuse for IGNORANCE these days and the person who is anxious to get away from a good chance to learn, is to be pitied, because being an ignoramus he is sure to SUFFER UNTOLD MISERY.

Dr. Stahle of Emigsville in a letter requesting some copies of the *Red Man*, speaks of our school as the Native American School instead of the Indian School. Such a name might help to exterminate the Indian and that is what we are trying to do. "Kill the Indian and save the man," is our motto. By Indian in this connection is meant traits taken upon himself through environment which make him inferior to the races that have thrift and enterprise for a backing.

Have you noticed in what nice order "Uncle Sam" is kept these days? The brave old fire-engine is not cleaned by spurts, but every day it is shining and ready for use, and the young man who has it in charge deserves commendation.

The *North Star*, published in the interest of Mission schools of Alaska, again beamed after an absence of glow for many months.

Jumping!

Hold on to your hat!

Spring began yesterday.

Ball has begun in earnest.

Brewster likes the gymnasium best of all.

A number of the faculty turned in with ready pen and willing heart to help the *Red Man* mail off, on Saturday.

Miss Nellie Robertson, class '90, is spending the Easter vacation at her Carlisle home. She is a student of the West Chester Normal.

One of our girls writes "I have simply to FIGHT for Carlisle," so many bitter things are said against the school that she loves so well.

Misses Cochrane and Carter visited schools in Harrisburg on Wednesday and are prepared to give some hints on pedagogy at the next teachers' meeting.

Miss Louisa King has been called home, to care for her father who is ill. She left for Oneida, Wisconsin, last Wednesday evening, having come in from the country the day before.

Last night's monthly exhibition took place after we had gone to press, so we had not an opportunity to observe whether the young orator had studied elocution this month or "yolocution." We will reserve comments till next week.

Richard Grant says by letter from the country that they are having as fine fun in the country as we are having in our gymnasium at the school. He says he has had excellent health all winter. His brother James is working in a store in Montana.

Icele weather interferes somewhat with bicycle weather. Still, Miss Bourassa has begun with the wheel upon the walks. Miss Pierce also rides and Mrs. Gallup takes a turn occasionally, to say nothing of Miss Cochrane who is still timid but is making fair progress.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammann, of Bethlehem, were guests of Miss Luckenbach, on Sunday. Mrs. Hammann is better known to her Carlisle friends as Miss Adeline Krause, which was her name at the time of her visit last year. She does not look as though she were sorry she had changed her name, however.

It was very refreshing on last Saturday to have one of the boys who loves pleasure and sport as much as a boy can possibly love such things volunteer to work all the afternoon to help us along with the rush. Such a spirit is what will win in the long run, while those who are afraid of working a moment over time will have to take a back seat when rewards and merits are distributed as deserved.

Certainly the pupils of each department have a certain responsibility to bear as well as the teacher. If a pupil has learned anything and doesn't speak loud enough to be heard, he may nearly as well know nothing. The writer has seen a teacher in an Indian school stand with her ear close to the mouth of a pupil who was reading, and only by counting grunts could she follow in the book. There are a few boys and girls here who no doubt would like such accommodating teachers, but is it right to play the baby in class?

The days and nights are equal.

The sun crossed the equinox yesterday.

Alex Man-above has gone to his home at Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

March is only turning the equinoctial corner which may be the reason the wind blows so much.

Have you ever noticed how the average Carlislean begins his conversation with "Why! ———"?

The occupants of table "B" at teachers' club are renewing their youth by cultivating "bows" as well as cheerfulness and gaiety.

Miss Anthony has gone to her home in Carlisle after mothering the teachers' club very acceptably for a few weeks, to fill a breach.

Miss Kremer, of Carlisle, Miss Brown of New York, Miss Pierce of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammann of Bethlehem, were of the unsuspecting party on Sunday morning.

When there were some twenty or thirty people at work upon the *Red Man* last Saturday, pasting, folding, wrapping, addressing, and selling, Mr. Standing happened in and said he thought the days of slavery were over.

"What do you mean?" was asked by one almost indignantly. "We are not slaves."

"No," said he "but in the days of slavery in this country they sold the black man, and here you are selling the Red Man."

We believe, never before in the history of our school could we report skating on the 21st of March, but only yesterday the small boy was enjoying the exhilarating sport on a strip of ice in front of the small boys' quarters. The high drift of snow in the lane leading to town still stands nearly as high as the fence, while in one spot in front of the teachers' quarters there is a bank of snow nearly three feet high. The surrounding campus however in beginning to take on a shade of green, and Spring sports have begun.

Mr. Paul Nicolai, who lectured Tuesday evening is four or five thousand miles from his native land. He calls the United States truly the land of the free, and means to become a worthy citizen of our "grand country." Mr. Nicolai is a Russian Jew. He has embraced the Christian religion, but in order to do so had to forsake home and friends. He did not dare to step foot over his mother's threshold for many months after he became a Christian, but she finding him determined and sincere has since welcomed him back, and, to use his own words, "we are good friends again." His mother lives in Brooklyn.

The word "CARLISLE, PA." in well formed capital letters were tramped in the snow on the triangle in front of the office by some unknown party last Saturday, in honor of probably the last and most beautiful snow of the season. Long after the feathery whiteness had faded away from the surrounding green a rim of the letters was left standing making a very striking enigm on the plot of grass which was greatly admired and which said almost as plain as words could speak:

"And so it shall be that long after the transitory flakes of talk against Carlisle have melted away in the sunshine of truth and right understanding the NAME Carlisle will stand a lasting tribute to 'a way out' for the Indian!"

(Continued from the first page.)

It does my heart good to know that my people are going to be treated as men and human beings.

You are distant and far from your homes. Your fathers and mothers are praying for you that you may qualify yourselves and return to help your race. And here you are sitting among the comforts of Carlisle.

Some of you are three thousand miles from your homes. I cannot express what I wish to say to you. Many messages have been sent to you who are here. I have not given all of you the messages that were sent to you through me from your loving fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, for I could not control the tears that would cover my face.

Young ladies and young gentlemen, your fathers and mothers love you with a love unknown to you.

You do not know their deep solicitude for your welfare. The fate of your race is in your hands.

Remember one thing, qualify yourselves to be orators of the heart.

A CONVERTED MINISTER.

"As Good as an Indian"

Who can say the following is not boiled down common-sense?

"DEAR INDIAN HELPER:

Having had three opportunities of seeing and studying your Industrial School, I cannot but feel very deeply interested in its welfare and that of the pupils and students, whose names have ever been enrolled on its books.

I am fully converted to the Eastern idea.

When I read of the experiences of some of the graduates who returned to their people on reservations, it made my heart sad.

IT IS NOT THE THING TO DO.

I know Indian fathers and mothers love as other parents, and their children reciprocate that love, but that is not the question.

The question is one of the future life.

My father had a large family and he could not provide for their future.

In the course of a few years we were all, but two, out from home doing for ourselves.

Now I think I am as good as an Indian, as long as I behave as well as they, and it is a poor rule that does not have a general application.

There are two facts that I would have the Carlisle students remember:

1st. 'God hath made of ONE BLOOD all nations that dwell on the earth.' Hence we

all are brethren and Adam our common father.

2nd. The Indians 'Discovered America' and OUGHT NOT to be shut up on reservations LIKE CATTLE IN A PEN.

Your Friend,

J. H. L. Phila.

P. S. I preached once to your school and attended the last Commencement and have never heard sweeter music than I heard then."

FROM THE LAND OF SUN AND FLOWERS.

A few years ago Dr. Grinnell, of Pasadena, California, was our school physician. Mrs. Grinnell, whose poems and short stories are frequently seen in popular periodicals, at that time often favored our columns with contributions.

The following words in connection with regrets that they were not able to respond to Commencement invitations, will be read with interest by many.

Mrs. Grinnell says:

"We do not forget the school at Carlisle nor does our interest in its welfare flag. We are glad to note that it is as prosperous to-day as at any time during its history, and trust its usefulness and benefits to the Indian may continue as long as there are Indian children to educate, or, in Indian phraseology 'as long as the sun shines and the water runs' for Indians.

We keep to some extent, informed of your work through the HELPER and the *Red Man*, each of which are welcome visitors to our home.

The children are always eager to scan the news and remember with pleasure many of their Carlisle experiences.

The only personal acquaintance with snow they (except Joe) ever had was there, and they remember the big lift the Captain gave to an immense snow-ball on the play-ground."

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 5, 3, 9 is a young goat.

My 6, 2, 8, 4, 5 is what some students say when they can't get a problem in arithmetic.

My 1, 7, 10 is a pen for pigs.

My whole are two words which Capt. Pratt made very emphatic in his last Saturday night's talk.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Home-sick for Carlisle.

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