

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1895.—

NO. 28.

FAIR EASTER MORN.

FORGOT be winter's bitterness:
All hail, fair Easter morn!
The earth puts on her virgin dress,
All nature is new born.

So in our souls may life arise
In fuller, grander swell,
As voices glad chant litanies
At sounds of Easter bell.

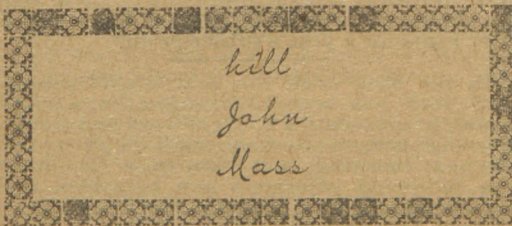
A CHANCE FOR A CURIOUS PICTURE.

A letter was addressed as below and naturally went to the dead-letter office in Washington as no ordinary postmaster could read the directions.

In the dead letter office the Government employs experts to study out where letters are to go, when they are poorly addressed.

The expert must have had to study a long time over the back of this letter but finally sent it to the right place.

Now, who can tell where that place is?



To every person who will send us the address intended, or who TRIES to give the address intended, and with the letter sends a 2-cent stamp, we will forward a small, but true and striking picture of a band of eight reservation Indians in full and hideous dance dress, or rather undress with more feathers and toggery than clothing.

We have the loan of the plate through the kindness of *John Three Sixteen*, and send out the picture only for the purpose of showing from what degradation and barbarism, the Carlisle Indian school would rescue the In-

dian youth if encouraged to do so, in much larger numbers than now.

Carlisle with its hundreds of friendly families in the surrounding country could handle 1500 children as well as 700 and with very little extra expense to the Government.

It would be far better to thus give the Indian youth experience in PRACTICAL living, than for the Government to spend large sums of money in erecting school houses in the vicinity of the homes of such scenes as the picture represents, and where only the theory of an education can be carried to them.

The Indians would be clamorous to have their children brought into civilization if all influences now brought to bear to keep them together as Indians were used on the side of showing them the QUICKEST way out of their darkness. The BEST way is the quickest way, and that quickest way is the way that LEADS OUT into the stream in which they must all learn to swim.

DOES THE INDIAN BOY WISH TO BE A PAUPER?

"Are those your best trousers?" asked a person in charge of one of the shops of an Indian apprentice one day.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are wearing them at this rough work?"

"I have no others," answered the apprentice, meaning perhaps that his old ones needed some trifling repairs.

"No others!" exclaimed the manager, who has to work hard for every cent he gets and for every article of clothing he wears. "There is a gunny-sack," continued he indignantly. "Better cut out some trouser-legs from that than to wear your BEST at your work. Those pantaloons you have on should last at least three years."

"Three years!" said the Indian boy aghast.

(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, and 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.

The *Red Man*, the INDIAN HELPER, the Carlisle school and our work have a good friend in superintendent Myers of Siletz, Oregon. He says, "You never knew of a place where the *Red Man* was in greater demand than in the Siletz Indian Boarding School."

Jennie West writes from her home in Poplar, Montana, that she and the four girls who went with her arrived there safely. They stayed at the school the first night, and were delighted to see and talk with Florence Miller, (Class '94) who asked many questions about Carlisle. Levi Levering and Nimrod Davis are also there.

The most complete illustrated article that has been written about the Carlisle Indian School for many a day appears in the April number of the *New England Magazine*, written by Prof. Super, of Dickinson College. His data is correct and statements are rendered in the finest English. The HELPER office has a limited number for sale, for twenty five cents each.

Willie Warren and Miss Alice Lambert, of White Earth spent Monday taking in sights of the city. Just as they were about to start home their team became frightened at a passing locomotive and ran against the electric pole in front of the Wilson House breaking the tongue of the buggy, but fortunately they escaped without injury.—*Detroit Free Press*. Minn.

Alice was a member of Class '95.

How is this for an Indian printer? In school the other day he was asked to recite the principal parts of the verb cut and gave it thus: "Present, cut; past, chopped." Said printer evidently should have a *stick* after him and a *rule* to guide his *impression*. We can furnish a *shooting-stick* for the teacher if desired, or a *slug* or two in *case* of need. It is *proof* positive that he must have more *metal* in his *composition* before he shall be able (2-em brace) a † (dagger) to fight his way up to ye editorial chair.

On Saturday night the school was favored with the presence of two distinguished guests in the persons of Prof. Deiderich, of Washington, ex-United States Consul to Leipsic and Mrs. Craunell, of Albany, editor of the *Indian Advocate*, and President of one of the largest Indian Associations of the East. Both guests made brief addresses before the school, a synopsis of which will be given in the April *Red Man*. They remained over Sunday and were greatly interested in all that they saw of Carlisle. Mrs. Crannell is progressive in her ideas of Indian education and does not allow sentiment to interfere with duty. Prof. Deiderich expressed the wish that all Europe might see Carlisle. Their ideas of the Indian are gained through such mediums as Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and they have no conception of the Indian as reclaimable.

If you wish to educate a child to paint beautiful landscapes would you shut him in a dark room, give him a dim light, sit by him and tell him of wonderful scenery you had beheld, or would it be wiser and better to take the child out of the room and place him in the midst of the landscapes you might wish him to paint? If you wish to give an Indian child such education and experience as will fit him to mingle with the sensible men of the world, would you shut him up in his camp surroundings and TELL him the story of what you want him to learn, or would you encourage him to leave his camp and go out among the sensible men whose ways you wish him to absorb?

Supt. Hanks, of the Tonasket Indian School, Washington believes that schools on the reservation should be preparatory to non-reservation schools where the pupils "may be more fully taught the necessary professions and trades that are essential to success in life." He says they have quite a number of boys and girls who should by all means be placed in just such schools as Carlisle. He read the *Red Man* to the school who were much interested in our Commencement exercises, and he shows a substantial interest by sending fifty cents for a year's subscription.

In the past week the schedule of school and work has been so arranged that a pupil has eight consecutive hours of work and study. For instance, an afternoon work pupil works the next morning, and then goes to school the following afternoon and to school the next morning, so on through the week. It is thought that this will give better results both in school and in the shop and is better for the pupils than the old way of working for a month in the forenoon and school in the afternoon, or vice versa.

In giving the past tense of verbs an Indian in one of the lower grades was asked to state the past of "go." He was puzzled: "Go, goed, no," he whispered to himself, and decided he didn't know. The teacher by way of help said, "You start to town now and you may say 'I go to town,' but what did you do last Saturday?" "I went to town," said the boy, "but went has nothing to do with go," and is it any wonder that such crooked little English verbs puzzle the mind of the beginner?

Eggs!

Robins!

Bluebirds!

Colored eggs.

Easter lilies.

More cool weather.

Now the grass is b-e-a-U-t-i-f-u-l.

Jack Standing has started his garden.

The Man-on-the-band-stand misses the bugle calls.

Capt. Pratt had a business call to Philadelphia on Wednesday.

George Suis has entered "prepdom" of Dickinson College.

The fire plugs have had their unsightly over-coats removed.

Mrs. J. M. Gorton, of Iowa City, Iowa, a sister of Miss Quinn, is her guest.

The fellow who makes the most noise generally don't have time for anything else.

Foreman St. Cyr was down with a cold for a day but soon braced on hospital treatment.

Twenty rooms are girl-less since the party of girls left for country homes on Tuesday.

Miss Pierce of Boston, who has been a guest of Miss Cutter for a week or two, departed for her home on Saturday.

Three good Guernseys have been added to the school herd. They are splendid animals and give quantities of milk.

The Episcopal girls miss Miss Phillips at Easter time. She always had colored eggs for them, and the kindness was appreciated.

Albert Nash says he has joined the bakers. He likes to handle the dough, and no doubt will soon be able to turn out good sweet bread.

Harry Kohpay has finished his course at Eastman Business College, and is helping temporarily with Capt. Pratt's office work.

Our team will play the Pennsylvania University on the 11th of May, Lehigh University on the 25th and Franklin and Marshall on the 30th.

There was a grand scramble for the arbutus which Mr. Kensler brought from market on Wednesday morning, it being the first of the season.

Wa-chi-ka is the name of the little Sioux girl whom Mrs. Crannell, of Albany, brought last week. She is our baby now and the pet of the school.

Mr. Corbett, whose face is very familiar to people looking for express packages, is very ill in town. He is a son of Mrs. Corbett, for many years of the sewing department of the school.

Robert Hudson April fooled himself when he poured a lot of oil in the mucilage bottle with which to do an extra nice job of pasting in quarters, and he could not see WHY that mucilage soaked through so.

The HELPER gives shortest possible mention of happenings at the school while the *Red Man* (50 cents a year) goes more into detail and covers the whole Indian field. Those interested enough in the Indian cause to keep up with the times, should by all means take both papers.

John Lone Star and sister Esther left last evening for their home in Wisconsin. Esther is not well and it is hoped that the change will do her good. John expects to return in the Fall.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society gave a very interesting entertainment in their society room last Friday night, a short account of which is promised by the critic for April *Red Man*.

The base-ball diamond has been changed so as to avoid the evening sun getting in the fielders' eyes. They now face the north more. A part of the grounds is being plowed and leveled, and the field will soon be in excellent condition.

On Saturday night after English speaking meeting many of the boys went to the gymnasium and performed for the benefit of the visitors. After exercising upon the rings, trapezes, bars, ropes and other apparatus, a lively game of basket ball was played.

Mr. Bushman of the near farm and Mr. Harlan of the lower farm with their Indian boys are busy at Spring work. On Saturday twenty of the small boys assisted Mr. Bushman plant a field of onions. The ground is in the best condition, the recent rains have been timely and all conditions are good for farm work. The wheat looks fine.

"Let ME scrub! Let ME scrub! Let ME scrub!" cry a score of voices every Saturday morning," says Miss Hulme, Superintendent of the sewing department. The secret of the desire no doubt is that when the scrubbers do nice work, they get off a little earlier than the others, and thus unpleasant duty is made the most desirable.

When a spirit of UNREST gets hold of a school boy it is time for him to take the reins in his hands with a will and give himself some sharp spurs as he calls out to himself—"Whoa, there! Gee! Back! Step around into place and attend to business." He will have to do it sooner or later, or land where he does not want to. Our jails and prison houses are filled with people who could not control themselves.

Fifty-three of our brave, energetic girls have gone to country homes for the summer to earn some pin-money and for a change of air. Our farm girls always come back with rosy cheeks, good clothes and a pocket-book not altogether flat. Miss Shaffner accompanied the party as far as Philadelphia, on Tuesday, and met several of the new patrons. She says they are very nice people. She or some one will visit the girls in their homes during the summer.

The first ball game of the season for our team was played in Harrisburg last Saturday with the Harrisburg team of the Pennsylvania State League, and was won by the Indians by a score of 11 to 8. Nori's pitching and base running, and Parkhurst's catching were striking features. Our team stood thus: Sicensi Nori, p., Alex. Parkhurst c., Harry Hutchinson, 1b. and Captain; Jacob Jamison, 2b., Pressly Houk, 3b., Frank Hudson, rf., George Shelafo, lf., Robert Jackson cf., and William Lufkins, ss. Mr. Claudy accompanied them to Harrisburg. A full account of the game and newspaper comments will be given in the April *Red Man*, out in the fortnight.

(Continued from the first page.)

He was accustomed to having things given to him and did not know the value, perhaps.

"Yes, sir, three years. Your pantaloons are made of good cloth and with proper care, careful brushing when you put them away, and by wearing them only at proper times they will look nearly as well at the end of three years as now.

"Nothing makes a hard-working, honest man more indignant than to see a young person neglectful of his clothing and other things he calls his own, and such a person will never rise much above the state of pauperism. If we are saving in every move we make—saving of our writing paper, saving of the strings, saving of our clothing when partly worn, saving of old things that may sometime be of use, saving of time, saving of money, ———"

"But the Indian does not know how to save," says a bystander.

"True," replied the manager. "It does seem so, sometimes, but he is fast getting into economical ways at Carlisle."

DON'T! DON'T! DON'T!

It will be remembered that the Man-on-the-band-stand has promised to print three don'ts from a little book of don'ts. If we are in the habit of doing some of these things let us "Don't" do them any more. The last one was No. 6.

7. Don't handle fork or knife at table awkwardly. Let the handle of the fork REST IN THE PALM of the hand. Don't stab your food with a fork and handle it as if it were a dagger. How to handle the fork can only be learned by observation and practice, and some people who should be examples and who have had much opportunity to learn by observation are careless about this. From the way some people handle the fork one would think they were brought up in the back woods.

8. Don't eat fast! Take always plenty of time!

9. Don't fill the mouth with too much food, and keep the lips closed while chewing.

HOME SCENES MAKE HER LONELY.

Those who take the ground that the Indian should not be educated above his home surroundings will find solid comfort in the following pitiable lines from one of our girls who recently went home.

The greatest hope and encouragement that the REAL Indian helper ever feels is when the state of mind herein portrayed produces

such unrest as to lead the subject out and away from the degrading conditions that would keep him or her an Indian forever.

If the Indian is not to be educated into something higher and better than his home surroundings then efforts to elevate the race should at once cease.

The author of the letter says:

"I was glad to see my brother but still I am lonesome for dear Carlisle. Every place, it seems to me, is lonely and I don't know many Indians and worst of all I can't talk with them. When I see an Indian coming I call for my brother and he tells them what I say.

I do not know what to do with myself sometimes. All I can do is to be as happy as I can and take things as they come.

I am sorry now that I came back, but it is all my fault. I wanted to come back so bad, and my time was up anyhow.

I never knew how much I loved Carlisle until I came back here.

I know the other boys and girls will feel the same as I do now. If they could only know how much better it is to be out in the east."

A careful record kept at Yale for eight years shows that non-smokers are twenty per cent. taller, twenty-five per cent. heavier and have sixty per cent. more lung capacity than smokers. A recent graduating class at Amherst presented a similar difference in favor of non-smokers, who had gained in weight twenty-four per cent. over the smokers, and in height thirty-seven per cent., and also exceeded them in lung capacity.

Don't sit down and cry about mishaps, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy your children frocks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting and, above all, keep a merry heart and you'll be up in the world.—FRANKLIN.

Why is a washerwoman the greatest traveler on record? Because she crosses the line and goes from pole to pole.

Always take hold of the knob and shut every door behind you without slamming.

Where are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Patriotism.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year FREE will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE. Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premiums for subscriptions.