

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1895.—

NO. 29

NOT all at once may we attain
To any good we hope to gain,
Nor soar by rapid, eager flights
From darkest depth to sunnier heights.
The little rills
That skirt the hills
And breathe a trembling melody,
May join ere long
The solemn song,
The anthem of the sounding sea:
Through dark ravine, down mountain slope,
Through all the labyrinths of hope,
They journey on their devious way,
And gather courage day by day.

DO INDIANS EVER JOKE?

Bi-hop Whipple, whose life work of love among the Indians of the North West has given him a sainted name among them told this story recently when asked if the Indians were not a very stolid people, or if they relished a joke:

"In the dark days of our Indian affairs a politician was appointed to do some very dishonest work.

He desired to impress the Indians with his dignity, and he dressed himself in a full suit of a colonel's uniform, with a sword by his side; and he began in this wise:

"The great father at Washington has had a great deal of trouble with his red children, and he has come to the conclusion that he has made an awful mistake. He has been sending to you civilians when he should have sent warriors. He has found out that the Indians are a race of warriors. And so he looked over the country and found me."

And then followed his dishonest speech.

When he was through, an old chief rose, and looked him over from head to foot, and then slowly replied:

"Ever since I was a little boy I have heard that white men had these great warriors, and I always wanted to see one. I have looked on one; and now I am ready to die!"

ITEMS FROM THE CHILOCCO INDIAN SCHOOL.

Down in Oklahoma, near the border of Kansas, is an Indian school known as Haworth Institute. It was built after Carlisle had been in operation for some years. It is called one of the best schools in the service and we take pleasure in giving the following items from an interested employee:

Commissioner and Mrs. Browning left today, after a week spent in looking over the school and visiting with their son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Cochran and niece, Miss Kincaide, employees of the school, and others. The Commissioner expressed himself as being well pleased with what he saw and his visit was greatly enjoyed by all.

The 6th and 7th grades, Miss Moore's pupils, gave a very pleasant and instructive entertainment the last Friday in March.

An entertainment by the Kintergarten and 1st primary, Monday night, was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The costumes, speaking, singing and marching were splendid and reflects much credit on the teachers, Miss Blythe and Kincaide.

There are two literary societies here now, one known as the "Haworth Literary Society" and the other as the "Mozart." There is also a flourishing Y. W. C. A. A joint debate is held once a month between the two literary societies, in the large Chapel.

Base ball is all the rage here now. The first nine does some splendid work. Last Saturday a game was played between the club from Hackney, Kansas, and the first nine resulting in a score in favor of the "Chilocoos."

The school nursery has supplied the students with thousands of trees and vines which they have had put out on their farms. It has also supplied a good many thousand to reservation schools and agencies, and sold a good many to the farmers in this vicinity.

Chilocco is not hampered for room. There is in the school farm 8,640 acres.

The school herd of cattle numbers over 400, and is increasing right along.

What makes every one sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

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.

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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.

Miss Dittes writes that they have warm and windy weather in Oklahoma.

William Denomie, Class '94, is teaching in a Lac Court Oreilles Reservation Day school. He feels that he is getting along nicely but has not given up the idea of taking a business course at the Eastman Commercial College. "Come what may," he says, "Carlisle has stood me on my feet and it remains with me whether I stand or fall."

We have a letter from Miss Henry who is teaching at Riegelsville, saying that she expects her father and mother from China soon. They have been missionaries in China for years, and it is there that Miss Henry was born. Her many Carlisle friends will rejoice with her in the happy meeting of parents.

Ida Schanandore of Sagole, Wis., who was once a member of our school, sends ten cents for the HELPER and says that John Webster, who left Carlisle but a few weeks ago, is working for them in the field, driving a plow. That has the right ring. John is a printer but is not the kind to sit back and WAIT for a certain kind of work to turn up. If all who are seeking for work would take what they FIRST find to do, stick to that until something BETTER comes, there would not be so much suffering and discontent in the world.

The Easter service in the school chapel was out of the usual line. Prof. Durell delivered an able sermon. The choir sang a beautiful anthem—"The Lord is Risen from the Dead," in which the basses took an important part, showing pains-taking drill on the part of Miss Hill, the instructor, and patient practice on the part of the young men. The school rendered two new hymns and the singing altogether was most pleasing and creditable. The rostrum was decorated with ferns, Easter lilies, hyacinths, and other flowers.

There are many moments of pleasure mixed with the hours of work and trial at the Carlisle school, but at a such time as on last Saturday evening when after a day of rain the

setting sun burst from the pink-tinged clouds, adding luster to the painted roofs, and vividness to the sprouting grass; when the band upon the band-stand discoursed exhilarating strains as the white-aproned promenaders sauntered along the spotless walks, and red-waisted cyclists whizzed bird-like here and there pedaling time to the sounding horns; when chirping robins and restless sparrows hopped among savageless girls and groups of merry boys bending over marbles; when the distant "hurrahs" of the winning base-balls mingled with the applause of the rested teachers, tireless matrons, loitering students and accidental visitors, it is then that pleasure vies with pleasure and we are glad that we live.

The popularity of our young friends from the Indian school as singers, says Wednesday's *Evening Sentinel*, was fully proven last evening, as well as the attractiveness of Miss Shaffner as a speaker, by the overcrowded condition of the Girls' Reading Rooms and the interest shown even by those who could not be seated.

Miss Hill kindly accompanied the quartet as they sang "Lift their eyes" "Wood Thrush" "The ragged sailors" and "Within a Little Wood." The last was loudly encored and after their repeating that "The threemice" was called for. Ben Bolt by Miss Linnie Thompson, was fully up to expectations. Miss Shaffner's address gave a vivid review of the work of the W. C. T. U. and the need of more women in the work. Her manner of speaking is very pleasant.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's Agent was the recipient of Easter flowers gathered from the Park in San Francisco, by her parents on the 49th anniversary of their wedding. The agent has been separated from her home and friends for twenty years, but not being an Indian no great fuss is made about it. We doubt if there are many families who receive the HELPER that are intact. It is the way of civilization to go where business and duty calls, but the INDIAN must not be allowed such privileges. His only privilege, it seems, is to be an Indian and his dwelling place must be the reservation among his people. Was there ever before such absurd sentiment which found place in the minds of intelligent people?

We have a rare photograph of one of the members of class of '95, (a full-blood Indian) as he looked when he came. We do not give his name here but it is on the picture. He came to Carlisle a boy of possibly sixteen wearing his native camp dress of feathers and blankets. This picture goes with one taken but a few weeks ago. They are card size and make one of the best contrast pictures we ever had. The young man received his entire education at Carlisle, and the photographs tell a history in themselves. They are $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches and are worth 10 cents each; the two by mail 21 cents. For 18 cents, however, we will send the HELPER free for a year and the pictures to any address, in the United States and Canada.

Change the noun snow to a verb, and use the past form in a question. Pupils examine—"Did it were snow on the mountain?"

Tennis?

Shad plentiful and cheap.

Ears are open for fish stories.

The storm-doors will go next.

Read the three don'ts on the last page.

Don't play for keeps! That is gambling.

Sunday was a nice day for the new bonnets.

The bull frog practiceth his scales these nights.

Our base-ball nine play with Hagerstown to-morrow.

The corners and curves about the grounds are receiving a Jordan touch.

Miss Hill is teaching some pretty Arbor Day songs to the school.

It seems strange that soap and whiskey should both be bought by the bar.

Last Saturday one of the boys was heard to say: "To-morrow will be Eastern Sunday."

The Fortnightly club composed of representative women of Carlisle met at Mrs. Pratt's on Saturday evening at which Mrs. Judge Biddle presented an able paper on Ruskin.

Siceni Nori, who is attending Preparatory school, played short stop for Dickinson in their game with State College last Friday. He led the batting with a single and a double, and scored one of the three runs made by the winners.

Miss Hamilton and her mother, Mrs. Hamilton, left for the West on Tuesday evening. The mother goes to Minnesota to visit a sister, and Miss Hamilton went with her as far as Indiana where she will spend a day or two among friends at the White's Institute and elsewhere.

Miss Richenda Pratt is spending her Easter vacation at home. What is there in the Baltimore atmosphere that makes people grow? Miss Richenda is considerably taller than her mamma, in fact she is crawling up to the ears of her papa. She looks well and happy and likes her school.

The Standards have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Robert Hamilton; Vice-President, Howard Gansworth; Recording Secretary, Leander Gansworth; Corresponding Secretary, Delos Lone Wolf; Treasurer, Joseph Martinez; Sergeant-at-arms, George Conner; Critic, Elmer Simon.

The boys and girls of Nos. 11 and 12 went to the mountains for arbutus on Friday last. The girls rode in the large herdie and took Miss Hilton in on the way out. The boys walked the sixteen miles there and back. They returned hungry and tired but pleased with the day and with the few sprays of arbutus they secured.

Our language is difficult and the comparative and superlative endings of adjectives sometimes become attached to the noun by a curious twist of the pen; for instance when one of the Indian boys addressed his teacher the other day saying he was going to "work on the low farmer" he didn't mean he was going to do missionary work but only tried to say that he was going to work on the "lower farm."

Mrs. William Fairlie, of Newark, better known to us as Miss Irvine, is lying ill with pneumonia at the home of her parents in Carlisle. She came home on a visit and was taken ill on the day of her arrival, Monday the 8th. She has been in a critical condition but her friends will be happy to learn that the crisis was passed safely and she is improving.

One of the boys, after last Saturday night's talk, wanted to go to the country to build a new compartment to his ship. The speaker made a lasting and impressive illustration in his story of the launching of a great ship and the description of the many compartments built in the safest ships, so that when one is stove in there are others which will carry it safely to port.

John Edwin Bakeless and his mamma Mrs. Bakeless made happy the Professor on Wednesday by returning from Milroy, where they have been visiting Mrs. Bakeless' home. The baby has greatly improved notwithstanding he had no gymnasium to exercise in. It is said, (but the Man-on-the-band-stand does not say it) that since his return he has been giving some free concerts which are highly appreciated by those who can get reserved seats near the door. He has a new coach which came wheeling into the printing office yesterday.

Keep cool! The Arctic Ice Company sent its new ice-wagon around on Wednesday, which at the Man-on-the-band-stand's door dropped a card in the shape of a block of ice large enough to make him shiver for a week, clear enough to make him want to use it for a spy-glass and cold enough to freeze his toothless gums. It looks as though the ice companies who have been sawing ice from the pond and creeks around will have to take a back seat, for this ice is made from distilled water and like certain baking powders advertised claims to be "absolutely pure."

The little Normalites made many happy hearts on Easter morning by small gifts of daintily folded paper boxes and baskets in which were the prettiest little eggs "you e'er did see" nestled in variegated cotton. Perhaps the eggs were laid by rabbits, who knows? They were sweet, and the Man-on-the-band-stand never saw any *robins'* eggs that were sweet. Along with the baskets were cards with the donor's name, and some of these were hand painted. We haven't a real kindergarten school, but some of the pupils under Miss Hamilton do kindergarten work and through it they are taught to think of others, and they are learning to *love* to think of others.

The many friends of Samuel Sixkiller, the poet of Class '95, were sorry to see him leave for the West on Wednesday evening. Sorry because we shall miss his genial presence and overflowing wit, sorry because of the suffering he will pass through in overcoming temptations of which he does not now dream, and which if he does not overcome will hinder the grand possibilities before him. Six, as his best friends have learned to call him, was a master workman in the mailing department of the *Red Man* and HELPER office. He has prospects of going forward in advanced studies after a summer's rest and change, and we hope that his highest anticipations will be realized.

LEWIS RUBEN.

The readers of the HELPER are fairly well acquainted with little Lewis Ruben, Nez Perce whose foot and limb below the knee had to be amputated on account of an accident a couple of years ago. He walks on crutches. It will be remembered that his Uncle James Ruben visited Carlisle not long since and made an eloquent address before the school. He took Lewis home with him, and now comes the following cute letter to his teacher. Lewis no doubt refers to the prairie dogs which are such a pest to farmers in some parts of the West.

FT. LAPWAI AGENCY, IDAHO.
MISS HAMILTON:

I received your letter and two others from some little boys—Joseph Moore and Joe Delisle. Every day I try to kill something that live in the ground; they stand up on their hind legs and look at me. My grandma set a trap but they would not come, they come out in the other hole.

We live way out in the farm about 10 miles from Lewiston and 4 miles from Genesee and 2 or 3 miles from a river.

The Indians have to have a payment for land about one week from now. Every Indian has to get about \$75 each, even little boys and girls and little babies.

I have a baby sister, little one, named Bessie Ruben. It is a cunning little thing. Tomorrow, all of us, the baby too will go to town, have our pictures taken, then will send you one. Please excuse me for not writing much. From your friend. LEWIS RUBEN.

P. S. Send my love to everybody. Tell Miss Cummins to write to me.

The following from Jeremiah Hubbard's *Moccasin*, published in Afton, I. T., fits right in here:

In the INDIAN HELPER of March 22, we found a speech made at the Carlisle Indian school by James Ruben, a full-blood Nez Perce Indian. We remember well, some sixteen years ago when the Nez Perces were brought to the Quapaw Indian Agency that a difficulty arose between Chief Joseph of that tribe and the Government by a white man interpreting wrong and as we went to Joseph's band on Sping River and found him and shook his hand and looked into his face we said there must be something wrong somewhere and so the Government sent and brought James Ruben to interpret. So when he came everything was soon made right.

THE THREE DON'TS.

The last was number 9.

10. Don't put your knife into the butter, into the salt-cellar or into any dish.

11. Don't spread out your elbows while cutting your meat. Keep your elbows close to your side.

12. Don't when you drink, elevate your glass as though you were going to stand it on your nose, as some do.

THANK GOD.

Miss Fisher, of Albuquerque, formerly of Carlisle is naturally interested in her Carlisle friends and sends the following lines from Charles Kingsley for the undergraduates as well as for all the readers of the HELPER:

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

"The man who knows most about how it ought to be done is usually the fellow who doesn't have to do it." Just so in this Indian business.

There is more joy with a good man over one mean thing he didn't do than over ninety and nine good things he performed.

When is a man over-head-and-ears in debt? When the hat he wears is not paid for.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

A correspondent from New York City says:

Referring to the article in your issue of April 12 headed "A chance for a curious picture," quite a number of years ago I was told the letter in question was intended for

JOHN UNDERHILL,
ANDOVER,
MASS.

but I never believed that any such letter was ever sent. The story is a companion to one about the English sending their

CCCC to the **W D E D D** under General **BBBBB**.

Our correspondent is right in his answer, but as to whether John Underhill's letter ever found its way to the dead-letter office, each one must decide for himself. It was a good way however to teach one of the uses of the dead letter office. We will take advantage of the English Enigma at the close of our friend's letter and offer to the person who will answer it correctly the INDIAN HELPER which is 10 cents a year, and the *Red Man* which is fifty cents a year, FREE for a year to any address in the United States and Canada. The answer must be CORRECT. We will give the correct answer in No. 31, two weeks hence.

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 will give a premium for subscriptions.