

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1895.—

NO. 30.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

THE warm, sweet rain is falling
From April's changeful skies;
The green leaves on the willows
Laugh out their glad surprise.
The violet wakes from dreaming
Beneath the dead year's leaves;
Each blossom adds its brightness
To webs that springtime weaves.

The robin in the maple
Sings fitfully and low,
As if he'd half forgotten
The songs he used to know;
His little heart is happy
As from his burnished wing,
In pauses of his singing,
He shakes the rain of spring.

The buds on oak and elm tree
Seem growing as we look;
Spring legends are repeated
By the babbling little brook;
The air is full of sweetness,
The skies are brighter blue;
The rain that falls in April
Makes all the old world new.

—[Guardian Angel.]

RUNNING DOWN RESERVATION SCHOOLS?

"If you don't stop running down our reservation schools we will not send you any more of our children," said a superintendent of a reservation boarding school when on a recent visit to Carlisle.

The remark was half in fun, but back of the smile of the speaker there was something that savored of more than fun.

From the fact, however, that the gentleman is continually sending his pupils to Carlisle we judge that at heart he thinks the remote schools are of some account.

There are schools on the reservation, and the writer has visited scores of them, wherein self-sacrificing workers are wearing their lives away in earnest, energetic effort for the real good of the Indian, but we have never

met one of those hard working people who did not acknowledge that if their pupils were far away from the scenes and enticing influences of the camp they would progress more rapidly and effectually.

Carlisle is not a stickler for Indian schools of any description. So there can be no justice in the criticism that we run down reservation schools, any more than we discourage the fruitless expenditure of public money in the establishment of schools where the least good to the least number can be accomplished.

Get out! Get out! Get out and away from the tribe! is our cry, and when they reach Carlisle we continue the cry, Get out! Get out! Get out and away from the Indian. Carlisle sends her pupils out as fast as possible into the great school of experience as found in the family life—such experience as it is not possible for any school to give.

STILL A BETTER ONE.

The card photographs advertised last week of a Carlisle Indian graduate of Class of '95, as he came in camp dress and one taken just before he graduated have been improved upon.

The card shows only the face. We have now the same picture in cabinet size which takes in the full figure from the Eagle scalp feather to moccasins. It is the latest contrast picture, and possibly the only one we shall ever be able to get, as camp Indians seldom come to Carlisle now-a-days, in camp dress. The cabinets are sold for twenty cents each, forty cents for the two. For ten subscriptions to the HELPER we will forward the pictures free. Or for thirty-nine cents cash we will forward the pictures, and the HELPER free for a year.

Why does the eye resemble a school master in the act of flogging? There is a pupil under the lash.

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.

Every body should have the photographs advertised on first page, as they tell more in a minute than whole columns could tell in favor of Indian education.

Hon. Ellis B. Childers, one of the most progressive young Creeks in the nation, says the *Muscogee Phoenix*, was in Muscogee, Wednesday, from Wagoner. Ellis some years ago was a Carlisle student, and we believe is the first one to have "Hon." attached to his name. Who'll be the next? and when shall it be for United States Senatorship?

It is rumored that Sibbald Smith is disciplinarian at the Cherokee School, N. C., of which Mr. Potter is Superintendent and Miss Botsford principal teacher. Edwin Schanadore is an employee at the same school. We hope Sibbald has found his calling at last, as he seemed a little uncertain while at Carlisle as to just what his calling was.

It is pleasant to see six-footers get down to the sports of the small boy, if too much time is not spent in that way. The favorite ground for marbles appears to be the bare spot on the north side of the gymnasium and the time between half-past four when school closes and supper, these spring evenings, is used by many of the boys in the marble recreation. After supper the ball-diamonds are occupied. The set that play on the diamond on the south side of the ball field have the most fun, while the more scientific playing is done on the regular stand. Some good games have been played in the field South of the school house.

Take some offensive material, encase it in a capsule so that none of the odor can get out and none of the outside pure atmosphere can get in, will not the stuff always remain offensive until it dries up or goes to nothing? You may lay the capsule in a bed of diamonds or surround it with sweet smelling flowers, and the inside will remain unchanged. So take an uneducated Indian, encase him in his paint and feathers, shut him up within himself and pay him a salary to remain an Indian, then you may take him around the

world a dozen times and he will not partake of the civilization which surrounds him. The Indians who are hired to display their savagery in such a show as is on exhibition now in Philadelphia and which is encouraged by tens of thousands presumably intelligent people who pay fifty cents or more each to see the disgraceful exhibition, will remain unchanged.

Now that the evenings are growing shorter and the time between supper and dark attractive for out-door sports the debating societies are somewhat on the wane, yet certain plodders, who are more in love with intellectual development than with the pleasures of the body are always on hand to do what they can to make the meetings interesting by their exchange of ideas in argument. On last Friday evening the Invincibles discussed whether steam had done more for the advancement of civilization than electricity. John Sanborn occupied the chair and conducted the meeting with dignity and skill. Alex. Upshaw, the first speaker, made a creditable effort in favor of steam, enumerating, at considerable length, the wonderful achievements accomplished through its power, and massed such volumes of evidence that it seemed as though electricity would have a slim chance, but when James Perry arose and took up the cudgels of war on the side of the more popular and refined instrument of force he dispelled many of the notions advanced by the first speaker, and electricity seemed to have the first place. Mr. Perry's speech possessed finish and was delivered with a grace and ease which promise for him a brilliant career as a public speaker if he but give himself the chance. Messrs Leighton, Lavatta, Blackbear, Smith, Kennedy, Sanborn and others argued well and when adjournment was in order not one in the handful of wide-awake students present but felt that he had spent a most profitable hour. It is deplorable when we allow the lazy nature of our bodies to kill the chances for the mind and stay away from the society meetings. All the members of the S. L. S. were gathered at the hour of meeting and they had an entertaining evening. The Standards also had a good meeting, having under discussion the labor question.

The school Base Ball team lost to the Hagerstown Association Club on Saturday at that city. Our boys had an off day and their numerous errors cost them the game.

The grounds, besides being not wide enough, were new and in poor condition and in consequence the fielding was poor. The features on our side were the putting out of two men by Parkhurst at home, one by a beautiful throw in by Shelafo from left, and one by a throw from home to second and quick return by Jamison, and a slashing three bagger by Hutchinson with three men on bases. The score was 26 to 18.

Miss Hamilton returned from her little visit to the White's Institute, Indiana, and gives glowing accounts of that school which has done so much for the Indian youth who have been so fortunate as to come within its care. They have a very large farm, and a beautiful place. She met some old friends who knew her when she was quite a young girl.

Bees.

Straw hats.

Arbor Day.

Have you a wheel?

Going to get one?

Don't be in a hurry to take off winter flannels.

Our ball team plays Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, tomorrow.

Miss Richenda Pratt has returned to her school after a pleasant Easter vacation.

Have you seen Jack's dog? Get out your magnifying glass if you want to see it!

It is better to be cursed for doing right than to be complimented for doing wrong.

The country fever is spreading. A large number want to go in next Tuesday's party.

Mr. Ben Garrett, of Philadelphia, grandson of Mrs. Pratt's sister Mrs. Pickard, is visiting the school.

Nothing like a fish story to hold the school in breathless attention as was shown Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Weber spent a day or two in Reading this week, with Mr. Weber's grandfather, who is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing and Jack went to Shiremanstown yesterday on a tree boat for Arbor day planting.

If you have made yourself so valuable that you cannot be spared for the country, count that as ONE in your favor.

A new Victor iron roller takes the place of the old stone one. Now for the hard tennis-court to be put in the best condition possible.

Edgar Rickard is around with head and jaws tied up, the result of a little fun with the boys. He will no doubt be all right in a day or two.

Delos Lone Wolf went to Chambersburg on Tuesday evening to lend a hand in the reorganization of a Young Men's Christian Association in that city.

Bishop Newman's lecture on "America for Americans," to be held in Bosler Hall this evening no doubt is something far beyond the ordinary lecture.

Our folding force each week is augmented by little boys and girls from Miss Hamilton's rooms, and they do nice work.

Abram Isaac, with his violin, and Gus Auce with his guitar spend many happy hours together as they furnish enjoyment to all within the sound of their instruments.

To-day being our mail-day, Arbor-day and a holiday, interests clash and there may be a few hours' delay in mailing, as the HELPER in this instance is the smallest toad in the puddle.

Nearly all of the teachers and a large company of girls spent Saturday on the mountains gathering arbutus. They enjoyed the well earned outing.

One of the little girls would like to know why it would not be just as good for the tennis players to say "15 hate" as to always be calling "15 love." She may learn why after she grows older.

Nellie Kennedy and Agnes Cusick have gone to their homes at the New York Agency.

A public sale of condemned property was held last Saturday in front of the store room, Mr. Kensler serving as auctioneer.

It may be death to the person who plays till every pore of the skin is oozing with perspiration if he or she sits in a draft of air afterwards. If we use common sense about those little things there is no need of getting sick.

Mrs. Cummins, mother of Miss Cummins, was her guest on Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. Cummins was greatly pleased with Carlisle, and it is not too much to say that Carlisle was pleased with her. We trust she will come often to see her daughter.

We knew Miss Barr was a trained nurse but when in the absence of the Doctor the other evening she went at a disabled hand that was literally split with the base ball, and sewed it up like an old practitioner we can say that she is Doctor as well as nurse.

The Agassiz society composed of the little white boys and some of the more advanced small Indian boys of our school have delightful times with Prof. Bakeless investigating the mysteries of nature. On Tuesday evening they visited the electric plant in town.

Mrs. Mason Pratt and Mrs. Carney of Steelton were among the visitors on Tuesday. Sarah, Dick and Roxanna came with their mamma, the last two returning with her on Wednesday evening, but Sarah says she is going to stay and be a Carlisle girl for a little while.

We are glad to have Miss Susie McDougal, '95, with us again in the printing-office after a few weeks' absence. She has been helping on with the rush of clerical work in Mr. Beitzel's office. She enters the mailing department and will see that the HELPER and *Red Man* subscribers get their papers.

Miss Jessie Spreadhands, who has been at Carlisle for a long time has gone to her home at Darlington, Indian Territory. Jessie was the wit of the girls' quarters and was always merry and happy, ready to laugh herself and to make others laugh; besides she was one of our faithful, willing workers.

The choir singing at the Wednesday night's entertainment was much enjoyed, and "Nature's Praise," rendered by a dozen voices selected from the choir was exceedingly pretty. The most taking recitation of the evening was "A Spring Holiday," by Mary Blue-jacket, in which there were a number of bright hits upon the recent arbutus party and the colds contracted thereby, the selection winding up with three generous sneezes on the part of the choir.

There was a real mad-dog scare on Friday. Indeed Eddie Albert had a narrow escape. The dog ran into the hall of the school building and snapped at everyone whom he met. Rufus Ricker stunned the animal by throwing his book with force at his head. The dog was killed and buried back of the printing-office. Eddie's wound will not prove serious as the skin was not broken. It was very fortunate that he had on heavy pantaloons. The bruised flesh was cauterized, however, and Eddie was soon around as usual.

ONE FOR THE PRINTING OFFICE.

For the reasons given in the following clipping the printing-office is specially useful for the Indian student whether he ever follows the trade in after life or not. And if we were to choose a trade for the Indian boy we would select that of printing for the reason that when he goes to his home, (if home he must go) he cannot find work to hold him to the reservation. To follow his trade, if it be printing, in nine cases out of ten he would be obliged to leave the reservation.

The clipping says:

The composing room is an excellent school for boys, and those parents who cannot afford to keep their children at school after reaching the age of fourteen or fifteen years could not do better than to put them in a printing office to learn to set type.

Not only do they have opportunities for learning to read and spell, but they have chances for acquiring a fund of general information.

The best editors are those who learned to set type, and from composing room have gone some of the brightest men the world has ever seen.

They may be found in all of the higher walks of life, in the judiciary, in legislative halls, in the pulpit and on the platform.

GREAT RESULTS FROM READING ONE PAGE A DAY.

Some of the Indian boys and girls have been heard to say they would read more but the books look so hard and so long and so dry. Let us try reading one page a day as the following writer suggests and see where we will stand at the end of ten years.

One page of good literature a day, thoughtfully read, must produce beneficial intellectual results, even though the reader find it difficult to recall at will the full thought of the author, or to reproduce a complete sentence in which that thought, or any part of it, was expressed.

One day's toil will build no temple. But seven days make a week, and four weeks make a month, and twelve months contain three hundred and sixty-five days.

One page a day will therefore, grow in one year into a volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages.

Now, at three hundred pages to a book, one may read in ten years twelve stout volumes.

He who in a decade reads, with interest and attention, twelve volumes, is no mean student; and if the reading in five minutes of a single

page should stimulate thought that keeps hammering or digging or singing in the reader's brain during the day when he is at work and his book is shut, at the end of ten years such a reader and thinker will deserve some reputation as a "scholar."

He may be, in some sense, a master of twelve big books.

And if they be the right books no master of a large library can afford to overlook the claim upon his recognition of this man who reads well one page a day.

THREE MORE TABLE DON'TS.

The last one was No. 12.

13. Don't stretch across another's plate in order to reach anything.

14. Don't forget that the lady sitting at your side has the first claim upon your attention. A lady at your side should not be neglected, whether you have been introduced to her or not.

15. Don't talk when your mouth is full—never, in fact, have your mouth full. It is more healthful and in better taste to eat by small morsels.

THE BAR-ROOM IS A LOSING BANK.

You deposit your money—and lose it.

Your time—and lose it.

Your character—and lose it.

Your health—and lose it.

Your strength—and lose it.

Your manly independence—and lose it.

Your self-control—and lose it.

Your home comfort—and lose it.

Your wife's happiness—and lose it.

Your children's happiness—and lose it.

Your own soul—and lose it.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 2, 5, 7 is a hard cold substance.

My 6, 4, 7 is a strong substance used in the manufacture of soap.

My 6, 2, 1 is a nickname for a girl.

My 6, 2, 3, 7 is an inhabitant of plants.

My whole is a craze that has struck some of the faculty of the Indian school this spring.

Answer to last week's Enigma will be given, next week.

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