

THE INDIAN HELPER


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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1895.—

NO. 32.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

 ILL some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea,
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger,
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where's the road that she must travel
To return to yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar
With to-day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious signposts
Tell of ways and where they lead.
And her heart upbraids her sorely,
Though she did not mean to stay
When she fell asleep last evening
And abandoned Yesterday,

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done;
And she fears she's lost some favors
That she fairly might have won.
So she'd like to turn her backward,
To retrieve them if she may.
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where's the road to yesterday?

—St. Nicholas.

A WRETCHED PICTURE.

A true friend of the Indian girl is a superintendent of one of the boarding schools on a western reservation. The following letter was written privately to one of our girls who had written for advice while under the influence of a little home fever. It speaks for itself:

"April 13, '95.

My dear _____

I am glad that you wrote me before thinking seriously of coming back to this place. Do not ever think of coming back to this place unless you want to be a *squaw*, for there is nothing else here.

The Indians all live in the same miserable bush huts, and sleep on the ground, and cook over a fire out of doors and starve like pigs. The women do nearly all of the work.

They cut the wood, dig in the fields and wait on their lazy good-for-nothing husbands and have dirty sickly babies.

They drink and gamble and steal and worse than that—the women are as low as low can be.

_____ (an expelled Carlisle girl) has been married several times, but her husbands leave her.

She drinks and fights and has been in the guard house more than once since I have been here. She dresses in squaw clothes, and so do all the school girls who have ever come back here from _____, _____, or any of the other schools.

The little children go naked and men and women do too, partly.

No, _____, do not ever come back here.

You had better die there where you could have a bed to die in than to lie on the ground, and then have your body carried off and hid in the mountains, with no funeral. That is the way _____ died and was buried.

Never, NEVER, come back here. It would kill you."

THANK YOU! GOOD MORNING!

The principal of a young ladies' school in Boston after hearing a lecture on the children of Japan confessed to the lecturer that one of her most difficult tasks was to induce her pupils to say "thank you" and "good morning."

These were WHITE children of Boston. Ye Indian teachers, do not get discouraged.

A GOOD RULE FOR ALL SCHOOLS.

One of the strict requirements at the Carlisle Indian School is that no pupil shall use tobacco in any form. In our judgment this example might well be followed by the Colleges and Seminaries conducted for the whites. Why not?—[*Sunday School Herald*.]

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

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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.

A letter from Mrs. Kinney, of Connecticut Indian Association repute says she met Delia Randall when she arrived at the station in New Haven the other day and took her at once to the nurses' home. Delia has gone to New Haven to enter the school of nursing at that place under the charge of the Connecticut Association.

"Miss Mollie V. Gaither desires your presence at the exhibition of the Umatilla Indian School, Oregon, Thursday evening, May ninth, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at seven o'clock," is the way some neat little missives read that were received this week by Miss Gaither's Carlisle friends with whom she used to associate as a teacher.

A very disastrous fire has occurred at the Santee Agency boarding school, S. D., where Miss Ida LaChappelle, '95, and Chauncy Yellowrobe, '95, went this Spring to take positions. Chauncy writes that "the school was completely destroyed. No life was lost but thousands of dollars worth of Government property was turned into ashes. The cause of the fire is unknown."

Among the officers of the Osage Nation as published in the *Wah-shah-shie News* we recognize the following as old Carlisle students: National Treasurer, Alex. Tall Chief; Private Secretary, Louis Big Horse; High Sheriff, Frank Prudom; District Sheriff, Ed Chouteau; Interpreter of Executive Committee, Embry Gibson.

One of Carlisle's early students was William Paisano of Laguna. He is now a thriving business man of that vicinity. We occasionally hear through him of others who have gone back to Laguna. In a recent letter he says the Carlisle boys make better hands upon the rail-road than the Mexicans. The rail-road men like them better. He also conveys the sad intelligence to us of the death of Amelia Haswell who married John Davis, both Carlisle students.

Mr. C. A. Brewster, of Oakville, was a guest of the Bushmans on Tuesday.

At a sacrifice of more important experience we could take our pupils to a higher standard of scholarship than we do in the term for which most of them come. They might learn Greek, Latin, Algebra and higher mathematics, but what are these things, compared with the incentives to want to be somebody and do something in the world which industrial experience gives? It is THIS that Carlisle strives to inculcate more than scholarship. INCENTIVE first, and scholarship falls directly into line. With the proper incentive, when our pupils reach the graduating point to which we carry them, they are then ready and anxious to go higher, as several now are doing in the Dickinson College preparatory. Carlisle has no patience with the educated dude who is too high and mighty to work. There are those educated in the reservation schools who may have been pushed farther in books than the Carlisle graduate, but how about the all-around make-up of the young man or young woman who has knowledge poured into him from the outside and has had no opportunity to see and learn through practical experience in the outside world?

Frances Bones of the Comanche Agency, Oklahoma, who has been at the school but a year was taken with the Pleura-Pneumonia three weeks ago and died on Monday night. It is always the source of great grief to be obliged to chronicle the death of one of our number, but the dread monster comes here as elsewhere. We have great cause for rejoicing, however, that we have been greatly blessed in this particular, death having carried off but few considering the large numbers we have handled and the diseased material that comes to us too often as a direct result of unhealthful modes of living and unwholesome and insufficient food elsewhere.

Cards of invitation to the Graduating exercises of the Women's Medical College, held Wednesday last in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, were received by the friends of Miss Alice Seabrook, one of the graduates. Miss Seabrook who for several years was a member of the faculty of our school, first in the capacity of teacher and afterwards in charge of the hospital, shall henceforth be known as Dr. Alice M. Seabrook, a title for which she has worked hard the past four years and made many personal sacrifices to gain. Mr. and Mrs. Standing, Miss Barr and Miss Shaffner were in attendance.

There is great risk in sitting or lying upon the grass. The Man-on-the-band-stand is sometimes surprised to see persons who in other ways seem to have common sense, in this particular exercise no sense whatever in throwing themselves on the damp ground to rest.

A gloom was cast over the school by the announcement yesterday morning of the sudden death by heart clot of Moses Neal, of Sac and Fox Agency, Indian Territory. Moses has been at the school but a short time and his knowledge of English was very limited.

The white-wash brigade is doing excellent work on the fences this year.

Lilaes!

Croquet.

Apple blossoms.

Thunder showers!

Good-bye, steam heat!

The bumblebee bumbleth.

Charming May moonlight!

Jack Standing goes to Metzger.

Even the big walnut tree is leafing.

Miss Grace Peter, of Chicago, is a guest of her sister Miss Fannie, at our school.

Mrs. Milligan and baby of Wellsville, were guests of Miss Bourassa for a few days.

Mr. Snyder, instructor of tailoring, has a new wheel—the Diana, and it is a beauty.

It is said that the violet, the daisy and the bicycle girl are the foremost bloomers of spring.

Mr. Ben Garrett, of Philadelphia, has returned to the City of Brotherly Love after a brief visit at Carlisle.

Miss Silcott has returned from Dakota and Miss Boring from North Carolina, where each went as escorts for parties of children.

For a feast to the eyes go take a look at the exquisite Wisteria vine now in bloom in front of the Commanding Officer's residence.

From the printing-office window we could see the bicyclers on the pike as they returned from Hoguéstown in the great race, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Kemp, instructor of harness-making, again mourns the loss of a son, who died in Baltimore a few days since. He lost a little boy, but a few months ago.

Professor and Mrs. Bakeless are visiting a sister who is very ill in Sunbury. Martha Sickles went along to help take care of John Edwin, and for a pleasant little trip up the Susquehanna.

Julia Dorris came in from the country to go home to New Mexico with Annie Marmon on Wednesday evening. Annie was not well before she came to Carlisle a few months ago and is not well now.

Miss Shaffner, Miss Bourassa, Edith Smith, Grace Red Eagle, Martha Sickles and Susie Farwell are in attendance upon the King's Daughters' Convention held in Philadelphia, this week.

A few days ago the branches and limbs of the trees looked like great dry sticks. Now they are covered with fresh, beautifully fresh green leaves. Where did they come from? And "Who sewed them on?"

Spyna Deveraux has gone to her home in Montana, and taken with her Hattie Kennerly. Spyna has been out in the country and looks remarkably well. Libbie Wren and Julia Cobell were also of the party.

Fifty girls left on Tuesday for homes in the country. More left yesterday, both boys and girls. The small boys and girls who are too little to earn much wages are delighted that people will take them for what they are worth. The change will do them all good, and they are more capable than many might think.

Indians vs. University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, tomorrow. Dare we hope?

It is said that the base-ball crank is happy as the season has opened, and so has his mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Stevick and children of Denver, arrived in Carlisle on Wednesday evening, for a month's visit. They are at present guests of Mr. Guy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Stevick, of South Hanover St.

Miss Luckenbach, the boys' and girls' money mother, is the first to take an annual leave this year, preferring the early season to later on. She will spend her time mainly among friends at Audenried and Bethlehem this State.

A good musical program was rendered last Friday evening by the Susan Longstreth Literary Society in the Society's room. Nearly all of the faculty were invited in, and there were in attendance a number of guests from town. It was the closing meeting of the year.

A number of our young men spent a very pleasant Saturday and Sunday attending the Y. M. C. A. district convention held in Steelton. They claim that their Steelton brothers were extremely cordial and they experienced a delightful feast of reason and flow of soul at the meetings.

The school team went to York on Saturday and played a game with the Y. M. C. A. team of that city, winning by a score of 8 to 3. Our boys put up a good game, Houk's star catch of a high foul being one of the features. The score by innings was as follows:

York	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Indians	2	3	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	—8

Mr. Spray accompanied the team.

Dickinson's second team came out to the school on Saturday afternoon, confident of defeating our second nine. They started off with a rush and for a while it looked bad for us, but our boys settled down and commenced to pile up the runs, and when the game was over, we had 10 to their 9. The game was exciting and at times quite scientific. Charles Buck was the umpire. Why can't the school team have a game with Dickinson's first nine?

Miss Flora Campbell, '94, has returned to the school from Philadelphia where she has been taking a course of nursing, in the Presbyterian Hospital of that city. Miss Flora has not been well since she undertook the training course and will now rest for a few weeks.

On Wednesday afternoon, while Rev. Mr. Wile's family were seated in the dining room of his residence in town, says the *Evening Sentinel*, they were horrified to see a maddened bull rush into the house from the street. There was a general scattering of that family circle and all succeeded in escaping unhurt. The butcher was driving the bull along the street when it became enraged and made a dash through the open gate and front door into the house, through the hall and into the dining room. It was a case of a bull in a gospel shop instead of a china shop, and Mr. Wile's many friends at the school congratulate him upon the small amount of damage done, there being only the tearing down of some curtains in the study.

WISHES vs. NEEDS.

A good nurse does not ask her patient if he WISHES to take the medicine prescribed by the Doctor, but if it is best for the patient to take the medicine, the nurse urges, and if necessary forces him to take it, as the very life of the patient may depend upon the medicine.

So a good friend of the Carlisle Indian student, whether she be here or at some distant reservation home, will not ask him if he WISHES to go home, but if he is well, and has not finished his course of study she will urge upon him the medicine that is BEST in the matter.

The Indian student himself, if he is a good friend to himself, will not ask himself: DO I WISH to go home, but is it wise for me to leave at this time taking everything into consideration? His very life's success may depend upon his remaining a few years longer at his studies and trade.

It is weakness to consider one's desires.

It shows strength of character to throw aside one's desires and to consider only one's NEEDS.

ETHNOLOGISTS, NOTE!

A Wichita, Kansas, special says: A. J. Blackwell, the rich and erratic squaw man of David, Ind. Ter., has announced his intention of erecting at that place a temple to cost \$300,000, for the purpose of perpetuating the Indian religions. He acquired a large estate through his Indian wife, owns big herds of cattle and is the founder and almost the absolute owner of the towns of Blackwell and David City. He was imprisoned for a time by the Cherokees for treason in selling town lots.

VERY TRUE.

A little paper published on an Indian Reservation in the west says that this is the Indian treatment of an organ:

Mr. F.—I heard your next-door neighbors have a new organ. Do you know how many stops it has?

Mr. J.—Only about three a day, and those are for meals.

FOND OF BOOKS.

H. Is your boy fond of books?

D. Very. I gave him a copy of Robinson Crusoe the other day and he got lots of fun out of it.

H. I didn't know he could read.

D. He can't read; but he tears the pages out and makes boats of them. O, yes, HE'S fond of books.

HIS LAST YEAR AT COLLEGE.

This is Edward Marsden's last year at Marietta. In a recent letter he shows his practical thinking in the following words:

"My work has been one of a continuous growth. Remembering what little service I have rendered in this and other states, I do hope that I shall do more for humanity when my duties as an humble college student cease, when the actual duties of life commence. I agree with Bacon that "General counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learn."

It will be remembered that Mr. Marsden is an Alaskan Indian from New M'th'akatlak who has partially earned his way through College. He is a good speaker and can turn his hand at a dozen or more trades, one of which is printing, having spent a few vacation months in our Carlisle printing office.

THREE MORE TABLE DON'TS.

The last one was No. 18.

19. Don't drink from your saucer. While you must avoid this vulgarity, don't take notice of it, or of any mistake of the kind, when committed by others. It is related that at the table of an English prince a rustic guest poured his tea into his saucer, much to the visible amusement of the court ladies and gentlemen present. Whereupon the prince quietly poured his own tea into his saucer, thereby rebuking his illmannered court, and putting his guest in countenance.

20. Don't carry your spoon in your tea or coffee cup. This manner is the cause frequently of one upsetting the cup. Let the spoon lie in the saucer.

21. Don't smear a slice of bread with butter; break it into small pieces, and then butter.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 8, 9, 5, 1 is what we need when we study at night.

My 3, 4, 6, 7 is what the police should do to gambling houses.

My 10, 11, 2 is something a lock is no good without.

My whole is the name of one of the best reservation boarding schools.

From a pupil of the same,

JEFF DAVIS, a Pah Ute.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Press-ly Houk.

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