

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

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MAGIC KEYS

In a rude voice screamed little Tom—
“Open the door for me!”
“Yes,” was the answer from within,
“If you’ll bring the proper key.”

“If you please, mamma,” said little Tom,
Putting down his pride:
At mention of the gentle words
The door flew open wide.

Hearts, like doors, are often locked;
“Thank you,” and “If you please,”
Spoken with a pleasant smile,
Are the magic keys.

MARY F. BUTTS IN “OUTLOOK”.

MISSIONARY AND CARLISLE, ARM IN ARM.

A recent private letter from one of God’s own missionaries in the field is so full of the thunder and lightning which purifies that we cannot forbear taking large extracts for the benefit of many:

“You labor under the disadvantage of being in advance of the times, and the man who has not only the Indian but the dear public to educate finds himself sometimes ‘Between the devil and the deep sea.’

When I hear the cry of the sentimentalist about ‘Breaking up sacred family ties,’ I can only excuse it as I do many things in the Indian on the ground of his extreme ignorance.

We who have spent our best years for the Indian, in such service as these same people would not for one moment consider giving themselves to, know to our sorrow that practically there IS no such thing as family life among them and ties considered sacred as we understand the term.

If the people who spend their time worrying over what is to become of educated Indian girls, would spend a little more of it investigating in person the condition of the uneducated or the fate of the bright few who get a glimpse of light in an agency school only to be thrust into the outer darkness of the reservation when their school days are over; if

they could see things as they ARE, there would be only one opinion in this matter.

The very best institution life possible can never equal family life in the development of character.

‘He setteth the solitary in families.’

It remained for man to put him in institutions, and the change is not for the better.

When the millenium dawns all these great human incubators will be done away with, and humanity will get up and do its duty by every other bit of humanity with which it comes in contact.

But you and I will never see that day, and must continue to do the best we can with the means at hand, ‘Till the day breaks and the shadows flee away.’

As the lowest forms of animal life are found in the depths of the ocean where light does not penetrate and organs of sight are unnecessary, so the lowest types of human life are found in the corners of the earth where the light of a Christian civilization has never reached.

We all know the modern definition of an Indian reservation, and an Indian Pueblo is merely a condensed reservation.

If the moral and sanitary conditions of a large reservation are bad, just draw a small circle containing a few acres of ground and sweep the entire reservation into it and you have a pueblo.

Perhaps this testimony from a home on an Indian reservation may add a feather’s weight to the growing convictions of the true friends of the Indian.

If the American people desire to raise and perpetuate a class of human beings belonging to the order of invertebrates, let them keep them on reservations wrapped in the swaddling clothes of infancy as an appropriate badge of their helpless condition.

Just as long as Eastern people say ‘STAY IN’ to the Indian they need not wonder that the average western man will say ‘GET OUT’ to the poor, dirty victim of a wretched system.”

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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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.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Too Ready to See Evil.

The INDIAN HELPER, organ of the Carlisle Indian School, narrates an incident in which two men tried to induce one of the pupils of the school who was spending his vacation in the country to drink beer, but without success.

The HELPER remarks that if the boy had taken the beer and been made drunk the Associated Press would not have failed to chronicle the fact under flaming headlines, such as Carlisle Indian Drunk, or, Money Spent on Indian Education Worse Than Wasted, but that no one takes any note of the heroism which enables an Indian to brave the ridicule of his tempters by refusing to touch the stuff that converts men into "swill tubs."

This is the way of the world; and, unfortunately, in this respect as in many others, a large proportion of the members of our churches must be counted in with "the world." Whether they actually belong to it or not, they at least give it the benefit of their influence by eagerly noting defects in good people and failures in efforts to do good, and closing their eyes to the many temptations that are resisted and the many difficulties that are overcome by those whom they are so ready to criticize whenever they can find an opportunity to do so.

If a minister or a Sunday-school superintendent yields to temptation, the fact is immediately blazoned abroad over the whole country in a way calculated to suggest the idea that to be either a minister or Sunday-school superintendent is next door to being a hypocrite. But when will you find in the secular papers or in the conversation of semi-religious people any recognition of the earnest and faithful work that is being done all over the land by these two classes, and the tremendous influence of that work for good? Yet there are at least a hundred faithful men in each of these classes for every one that goes wrong.—[New York Witness.

Barbara Showainy is working in the city of Albuquerque. She likes her work very much. Julia Dorris is in the same city. Barbara and Julia are frequently invited to the Government school societies.

The satisfaction of work well done is lasting. The Indian boys who have been washing the buildings with the uniform gray, and the painters who have been freshening up the various quarters with the brush, may look with pride daily, upon their work and say "I did that." Poor work always comes back upon one with disgrace. It always pays to do WELL what we have to do, even though it be to sweep the floor, darn a stocking, sew a seam, iron an apron or pick up bits.

In connection with the letter on first page from a missionary in one of the New Mexican Pueblos it may be appropriate to say that we have more copies of *Stiya*, the story of a Pueblo Indian girl, who after several years at the Carlisle school went home and suffered everything, even a whipping at the hands of a brutal Indian Governor, for the sake of the principles she gained while at Carlisle. The book is illustrated and finely printed by the Riverside Press, Co., and may be had post paid for fifty cents.

Miss Caryl, whom many remember as having been connected with the Carlisle school in '92, and afterwards went to the Hope mission Indian school, Springfield, Dak., writes from Massachusetts, that she gave up her place in Springfield and has since been abroad. In reference to the Hope school she says the boys and girls there have very nice, gentle manners.

At English Speaking meeting on last Saturday night, Capt. Pratt greeted the Juniors and Seniors who had arrived from country homes during the day. He gave a general talk, and would have us all take up the work of the new school year determined to make it a more profitable year than any that has passed. On the principle that you can "lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink" we have facilities at Carlisle, but the pupils may stand still, nevertheless, if we so will it. However, we may find here the highest opportunities for advancement, but we must resolve to improve them, and doing so we shall be glad the whole year through.

F. Dora Wilson, of Harrisburg, says by business letter, she has never been to Carlisle but feels that she knows of its students and teachers through the HELPER. Prof. Bakeless says he met people on the Pacific Coast and elsewhere this summer who said the same thing. So the HELPER keeps people in touch with our work and in that way helps the Indians. If each who reads this item would send a new subscription immediately, the accumulation of ten cent pieces would enable us to help the Indian that much more. No dime could possibly do more good and reach farther than one spent for the HELPER. Send the weekly letter to a friend if you already take it. We have a premium list of photographs given for subscriptions, which we will send free upon application, but the Souvenir of 61 views takes them all in and may be had for TEN subscriptions, and 2 cents extra for postage. The price is 25 cents cash, post paid.

We learn that Phoebe Howell has arrived at Pawnee Agency, Okla. Her mother has aged greatly since she saw her last. Phoebe is visiting her sister.

Harvest moon?

Adieu, vacation.

More new pupils.

Good bye, summer!

Welcome, Autumn.

August '95 is past time.

The school-bell ringeth.

The last rose of summer.

Mr. Snyder returned, on Monday.

Did you see the eclipse, Tuesday night?

ON TIME, and we shall have no trouble.

It will soon be the "sear and yellow leaf."

A number of the boys are learning to ride wheels.

Misses Campbell and Hulme returned Thursday last week.

Sun-burned noses seem to be in fashion hereabouts.

The new vocal teacher is Prof. Kinnear, of Westerville, Ohio.

Misses Carter, Barr and Hill, came back Friday afternoon.

There are fourteen bicycles owned by members of our school.

Several of the band instruments have been sent away for repairs.

Chester Smith has invested in a bicycle and is enjoying the pastime.

Thirty-seven pupils were admitted to the school in the past week.

Don't forget to help the HELPER help by sending in subscriptions!

A Herdic load of pupils from the west came in via Boiling Springs on Sunday.

Misses Cutter, Silcott, Cummins, Weekly and Cochran, arrived Saturday.

The roof of the new part of the gymnasium is nearly covered with tin.

Miss Lida Standing has gone back to the Shippensburg Normal to graduate this year.

Leander Gansworth is again sticking type after a very pleasant vacation at his home in New York.

Miss Nellie Robertson, class '90, has returned to West Chester to finish the course in that great Normal school.

Forty-one pupils have returned from the country. The number will be more like three hundred and one next week.

Miss Isabella Cornelius, class '92, left on Friday for New Britain, Conn., where she is attending Normal School.

Miss Eva Johnson, class '89 arrived from Washington on Monday. Miss Eva left her home in the Indian Territory to join Mrs. Hailmans's kindergarten class of teachers in Washington, this winter. She will return to the capital in a few days.

A pleasant letter from Miss Susie McDougal, Class '95, says she arrived safely at the Genoa Nebraska Indian School. She enjoyed the journey very much. Miss Flora Campbell, Class '94, who went to Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, to teach, and Susie travelled together to a point beyond Chicago. They enjoyed the Niagara Falls very much, having several hours there. Miss Susie is to take the Primary Department of Genoa. She has found pleasant people there.

Miss Richenda Pratt has mastered the wheel and may be seen these evenings flying here and there like a bird.

Miss Lampson of Fondulac, Minn., brought eight pupils from the Fondulac reservation, and remained a day looking into the workings of the school.

Miss Annie Lockwood's many friends gave her a warm welcome when she returned this week from Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Last week Le Roy Kennedy delivered the RED MAN on a bicycle to the subscribers in town. At least, it was a Red Man on a bicycle who delivered the RED MAN.

Misses Anna Rondthaler and Helen Krause who have been visiting their Aunt Miss Luckenbach, departed on Tuesday, having had a "jolly good time" while here, so they claimed.

"Compliments to Captain" are the words but more expressive are the fine loaves of bread and glasses of jelly that accompany the words, which "our girls from the country" bring as evidence of what they have been doing this summer.

A Superintendent of an Indian School in Nevada, says after receiving one of the Carlisle Souvenirs; "It is very interesting indeed, and forcibly illustrates what can be accomplished when operating from correct principles."

The Man-on-the-band-stand admires the Indian boy or girl who having found a place in the country where he or she had to rough it a little, did so uncomplainingly. Are you improved in HEALTH? Then thank the Lord you had to rough it. That's what did it.

At a party given by Miss Luckenbach last Saturday evening, for her nieces, Joseph Martinez won first prize for trimming a lady's hat. All the young men trimmed with smart success, and our ladies need not patronize the milliner stores hereafter to get hats of the latest fashion.

Among the arrivals this week to finish his school course was William Leighton, from the Crow Agency. He has brought some news of returned students and the condition of his people which we will give on the out-side, probably next week in the shape of an interview.

Mr. Standing says it rains every day at Atlanta. Improvements go on as fast as the gang of convicts working in chains can force them, but mud is supreme. The exterior and grounds are pretty. The interior except the Government building, he does not know anything about as yet.

Mr. Kemp, instructor in harness making, had a close call one day this week as he was walking from the school to his home in town on the rail-road track. He is very hard of hearing and did not hear the train that was coming behind him until it was nearly upon him.

It only takes TEN subscriptions and 2 cents extra for postage to secure the new Souvenir containing over 60 views of the Carlisle Indian Training School, and most of the views were taken originally by an Indian photographer. 25 cents cash will secure the same, post-paid.

Under the above heading, a Boston paper comments on the announcement in fashion-papers, that the modish woman in the coming season, must appear *in wings*.

This means, not that her long-talked-of angel pinions are now to become visible, but that she is to borrow the wings of Nature's most useful and beautiful creatures, and decorate (?) her hat, wraps, muff, and cuffs, with the withered wings of dead birds, wrenched from their little quivering bodies to deck, not a South sea Islander (nor an Indian) but a supposedly civilized woman.

About three years ago, we were told that hoops were once more to be worn.

From England to California went up a cry of remonstrance.

Clubs were formed, and papers circulated to secure influence against the hoop-skirt.

Whatever may be said about that article of apparel its use does not necessitate the taking of life.

Does not each woman know that to encourage the fashion of bird ornaments, requires the destruction of millions of birds every year?

That farm crops are laid waste, and noble Elm-trees dying, because the busy workers that hunted worm and insect, are killed for her *to wear*?

Do not women *care* that the bird-young are left to starve in their nests in order that the bodies or wings of the parent birds may be used as ornaments for them?

The aigrettes, so much worn lately, are the nuptial plumes of the White Heron, donned only during the nesting season. Every one of these light, airy plumes on a woman's hat, means that a bird has been killed in the mating season, and its young have miserably perished.

Whole species of birds are becoming extinct, that women may bedeck themselves.

(Civilized women, understand, not Indians. —ED. HELPER.)

Will not our thoughtful and merciful women (who are promised mercy as they show it) unite to prevent this remorseless slaughter?

Every wing, plume, or bird's body bought this season, means the killing of at least one other bird to meet fashion's demand.

The movement against hoops was successful;—who will start a crusade against *wings*?

Who will carry it on?
I hope all will "speak at once," and speak much, and often.

Let "Anti-plumage Leagues" be formed in every town and village.

If women *will not wear* bird mummies, birds will not be killed for her.

ISABEL SPENCER FREELAND.

[Leaflets giving the facts of bird destruction, may be obtained of the Humane Education Committee, 61 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.]

Joseph Evans of the Holy Family Mission, Montana, writes for the HELPER in the following affectionate words: "I do not feel at home without you, dear HELPER, come quickly, and reveal to me the news of Carlisle's noble work."

A HAPPY SOLUTION OF THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

An Indian maiden formerly of the Carlisle, school not long since married an educator of the Anglo-Saxon race. She writes:

"Personally I am very pleasantly situated, with a loving good husband, who is a conscientious, earnest worker and has plenty of work to do. Indeed if every body's Indian problem was as happily solved as mine there would be no more need of puzzling one's brains with the solution of it.

DON'T.

64. Don't say "I done it," "he done it," "they done it." This is a very gross error, yet it is often made by people who ought to know better. Say "I DID it," "he DID it," "they DID it."

65. Don't say "I SEEN." Say "I SAW."

66. Don't say "It is HIM," or "It is ME." Say "It is he," "It is I."

A kindly subscriber, much interested in our work, and one who shows it in a substantial way by continually sending subscriptions, says: "I show my photographs on all occasions; I find much prejudice and ignorance in regard to it all." It is to help dispel this prejudice and ignorance that the HELPER is sent broadcast. It helps by showing that the Indians are human beings like the rest of us, and ONLY need the same opportunities that others have to grow and develop into useful citizens.

Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 13, 3, 7, 6 some of us do on the 4th of July.

My 9, 8, 16, 10 was used in the war.

My 4, 12, 14, 7 we all do.

My 14, 5, 16 is a part of the head.

My 11, 3, 15, 6 is to cure.

My 1, 5, 7, 6 is what some trees are.

My 2, 12 is a pronoun.

My whole is the season that most of us enjoy, as does probably the reader in Strasburg, who composed this Enigma.

We cannot print Fleety Payne's Enigma as promised last week on account of not having the answer. Those sending enigmas to the HELPER must send with them the answers.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A stitch in time saves nine.

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.