

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1895.—

NO. 11

WHAT IS THE REAL GOOD?



HAT is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
ORDER, said the law court;
KNOWLEDGE, said the school;
TRUTH, said the wise man;
PLEASURE, said the fool;
LOVE, said the maiden;
BEAUTY, said the page;
FREEOM, said the dreamer;
HOME, said the sage;
FAME, said the soldier;
EQUITY, the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly—
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom,
Softly this I heard—
"Each heart holds the secret—
KINDNESS is the word."

TIM AND MAJOR AGAIN.

"Say, Major."

"Well, what's the matter now?" replied Major as he took Tim's arm at the foot of the school stairs and started with him down the central walk toward the boys' quarters.

"Do you know, I've been thinking!"

"Pshaw! No wonder it rained this morning, but tell me what strange thing now has been in your mind."

"O, nothing much after all, only a bit of philosophy. Suppose, and ——"

Here there was a pause of about three full stops.

"Suppose what, I'd like to know. Don't keep a fellow in suspense all day!"

"Well, let's imagine a case! You know I had a letter from home to-day."

"No! What are they doing at home?"

"You remember that Martha T— and Amy L— went home last summer."

"Yes; of course I do."

"They were coming back, you know. They are my cousins and they TOLD me they were coming back," said Tim emphatically.

"Humph! That's nothing. You didn't believe 'em, did you?" laughed Major, half sarcastically.

"Why yes, I believed them. I KNOW they meant to come back. I am sure they did."

"Nonsense! They meant it at the time well enough, but when a girl, or a boy either, gets out there, it is a horse of another color. YOU know that."

"Don't I though? That's why I didn't want 'em to go. Haven't I been home since I came, and tried it? Why out there, nine out of every ten people you meet, if you are at all well to do, look at you, and praise you, and fill you with the idea that you are able to do wonders, giving you the big head so badly that you can't wear a common size hat, simply because you are not afraid to talk the little English that you know, wear respectable clothing and have decent manners."

"I know," sighed Major, "I've been there."

"They offer you positions, and tell you it is your duty to stay, until you feel that you are wicked if you don't believe them. The people of your own blood cry over you and beg of you to stay, saying you care nothing for them if you go away again, and when that has no effect they threaten and persecute. Who can stand such a pressure as that? Why it took the courage of a lion for me to keep my promise to come back for more education, but thank the Lord, I did. There is no getting around the fact, though, old fellow," continued Tim as he gave Major a good slap upon the back, "it's nice to have your freedom, to go and come when and where you please on the reservation, ride horse-back, go to dances and have a jolly good time."

"That's so! That's so!" said Major with a series of nods, "but what does that sort of freedom amount to after all? We've got to get used to this business harness, if we are going to be worth a cent as useful persons. Haven't you noticed that the half-educated fellow who accepts a place too high for him and fails, is the one to get the finger of scorn

(Continued on 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

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An Indian chewing gum upsets tradition—*[N. Y. World.]*

Our old friend and co-worker Miss Stafford who has been silent for a long time writes from Elmira N. Y., where she is engaged in Evangelistic work.

By the Minnesota, *Detroit Free Press*, we see that Fred Wilson, former pupil, has lost his father. He appears to have been a prominent man of that country.

Another good letter received from Belinda Archquette, '94. She is up to her eyes in Christmas work for her little ones in the To-mah, Wis., school, and is very thankful for a box of papers sent by our King's Daughters.

Oliver D. Schock spent Thanksgiving day at the Indian School, Carlisle. Nearly 800 Indian boys and girls participated in the memorable services in the chapel. He reports their singing as excellent, while the music by the band of about 30 performers, was superb. —*[Hamburg Item.]*

The Indian Helper - - - - - 10 cents.
The Souvenir of our school with
60 views - - - - - 25 "

Total - - - - - 35 cents.

But for THIRTY CENTS both the HELPER for a year and the Souvenir will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada. A good Christmas present!

The November and December *Red Man* is mailing. It contains a full account of the last foot-ball games, the dedication exercises of Society Hall with Judge Henderson's and Judge Biddle's addresses, extracts from the last report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, some spicy correspondence and other interesting reading matter. The first page alone on which appears three letters about a reservation hobby is well worth the price of five cents for a single copy. The subscription price of *The Red Man* is fifty cents a year, and those at all interested in the Indian question should take it and studiously read it.

The band and choir of the Carlisle Indian school, which rank among the finest musical organizations of the state, gave the second entertainment of the college Y. M. C. A. star course before a crowded house last evening. The character of the music furnished by the Indian band is too well known to need any praise, but it is sufficient to say that the players last night were at their best and that an audience of five hundred persons was only satisfied when the program had been prolonged by nearly one half its length. The performance of the choir won the highest praise and the solo work of Miss Linnie Thompson was especially fine. The Minuet from Paderewski was by many considered as one of the best selections and the "Indian War Dance" was a very popular number. The "War-Whoops" in the latter were so blood curdling that a young son of Africa who occupied the gallery is said to have turned several shades paler and given rise to the supposition that he was becoming white.

Mr. Wheelock was very generous in responding to encores, and the amount of training shown by the excellent manner in which these as well as the regular numbers were performed was highly creditable to his skilled instruction —*[Evening Sentinel.]*

Mrs. Wade, former student known here as Ida Bluejacket lives in Vinita, Ind. Ter., and in her reply to the King's Daughters letter she received recently from her old circle— "What-so-ever, it would seem she is still interested in that kind of work. She says: "To hear from old associates now and then makes one feel better for having been with them. To say that poor people are numerous down here is no exaggeration. I often think if I had the means to do with I would make it my business to work among the poorer classes. The ladies of the Methodist and Congregational churches united and gave a Thanksgiving supper and also a dinner for the benefit of the poor and needy. Great loads of provision and clothes were gathered up and distributed among them."

One of our young lady graduates is at present engaged on a great newspaper in one of the largest cities of this country. She writes: "I am glad that I have had Carlisle training. It has done more for me than you may think for. Carlisle gives an inspiration, a desire and a will to accomplish a purpose in life. (That's it. We don't presume to do any better teaching than other schools, but we do get the determination into our pupils, and that is due MORE TO OUR SURROUNDINGS THAN TO THE TEACHING—M. O. T. B. S.) and I for one am truly thankful for the fortune that took me to Carlisle, and I am glad I am here. I am very anxious to improve myself and condition, and I believe this is the place for me."

Celinda Metoxen had a pleasant Thanksgiving day trip in the country which she writes about in an appreciative way. It is not ALL work and no play for our country pupils. They have many advantages they would never get at the school or at home.

Bicycle riding in the gymnasium is resorted to for exercise, these stormy days.

Mufflers!

Coasting!

This was a dry snow.

The first hand sleds were out yesterday.

Perpetual motion: Jack Standing's Fancy.

Is the trolley really coming into the school?

Christmas shopping in Harrisburg is the fashion.

The admission to the Assembly Hall this evening is free.

HONESTY was the subject of last Saturday evening's talk.

Skating is now the fashion, or was up to the time it snowed.

We have enough wheelmen to form a good drill. Why not?

Yesterday's snow was the first of the season to cover the ground

Some people who try to help the Indians, help only to manufacture helplessness.

Snow is pretty to look at, but dangerous to play in unless one is careful to dry off thoroughly afterward.

The Souvenir FREE for ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra for postage! A nice Christmas present!

The cistern in front of the dining-hall was cleaned this week, ready for its supply of winter rain-water.

Basket ball is the amusement of the hour among the girls. Margaret LaMere's side can't be beaten, up to date.

One of the views in the Souvenir shows our pupils on the skating pond last Christmas week, and it is an attractive picture.

Miss Rosenburg, of Finland, who has been a guest of Miss Ericson for a few weeks, departed for New York on Saturday last.

The Annual entertainment to be given this evening by the Susan Longstreth Literary Society promises to be an enjoyable affair.

On Monday, Miss Paul attended the funeral of the late Mr. R. R. Craighead, of Craighead, a guest of the family.

If the trolley comes in to the school grounds it will land by way of creamery lane and the terminus will be at the west end of the girl's quarters.

Richard Grant is the new janitor of the school building. It takes a new boy some time to learn where ALL the cob-webs grow, but Richard is not the kind to slight the corners.

Mr. Robert Tempest, the eminent pianist to whom we had the pleasure of listening a week or two since, writes from his home in Philadelphia: "I often think of your school with pleasure, and would often like to have the pleasure of a good foot-ball game instead of so much study."

It does not hurt a person, if well, to run out in the snow barefooted, and rub the feet afterward with a coarse towel, but to run out with shoes and stockings on, and leave them wet upon the feet, kills. If it killed one suddenly it would not be so bad, but it is a long, slow, painful process of dying—first, with heavy cold, then pneumonia or consumption possibly. It PAYS to take care of one's body.

Santa Claus smiles at the snow.

If any one says that five cents is too much for the *Red Man*, ask him where he can get a monthly publication containing a resumé of all Indian news for less.

"I am glad chewing gum is not a popular pastime at the Carlisle Indian School."—[Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, veteran missionary among the Creeks, at Muscogee.

A very large man on a bicycle and a very small dog came together one day last week in town, with the result that the man went sprawling and the dog went howling. A bandaged knee is all there is to pay.

Chauncey Yellowrobe is occasionally heard from, in his work at the Genoa, Nebraska, school. He says he is teaching the boys military tactics and enjoys his duties. He feels better than he ever did in his life.

A tableau or living picture should be shown at least a full minute. Hard on the performers? Well, say a full half-minute, and then have it repeated, by all means once, and twice if called for. A flash? No one looks at a good picture in a flash. So says the Man-on-the-band-stand.

A kind farm-mother writes thus at the close of a letter: "When our Indian boys went to church with us, we always took them into our pew. I have since heard that a person considering herself a lady (I doubt it very much) said that she would rather have two 'big buck niggers' sitting with her than those Indians. I tell you this that you may see how badly the people in this section need educating on some subjects."

Specimens of school work—drawing and writing, were on exhibition last Thursday at the school entertainment. The papers were fastened to the rostrum screens, and made a creditable showing. The Sloyd work was another step in advance and displayed many little articles of use made by our miniature carpenters—articles to be proud of. The music, recitations and songs had their usual place. There were tableaux, and Jean Ingélow's "Songs of Seven" were enacted in costume with pleasing effect.

Visitor (at the Indian School) — "So all these children are Indians?"

Teacher—"Yes, many of them are sons and daughters of great chiefs."

Visitor—"What are they doing now?"

Teacher—"This is the arithmetic hour, and they are doing sums."

Visitor—"Ah! Yes I have often heard of Indian summers."

The silence which followed was depressing. —[*Ex.*

We hope the skaters will remember last year's lesson, how a crowd stood together to have a picture taken and the ice gave way, precipitating several in the deep water. That some were not drowned, was marvellous. One or two were rescued only in time to save them. It will also be remembered how the more cautious ones were not in the crowd and warned the party. There is no fool such a fool as he who goes headlong into danger. Generally such people are the biggest cowards. The world moves under the cautious mastery of wise heads who see danger, and steer clear.

Basketball
Girls

Continued from first page.

pointed at him from those who induced him to stay? I despise a fellow who hasn't grit enough to hold onto a good chance, until he KNOWS something.

"NOW you are talking. Who wants to be a great IGNORAMUS? That's what keeps me here! I don't want to be an ignoramus. I don't want to have to dig mud for a living all my life, and I never heard of a better place to work for an education than right here."

"You're right. You're right!" responded Major.

"My cousins don't want to be know-nothings, I know they don't, they are charming girls."

"You could not call them know-nothings. Why they could read in the Fourth reader and do quite advanced problems in arithmetic, couldn't they?"

"Oh yes, but how young they are! They really did not know anything compared with what a person has to know these days if he doesn't want always to have to take a back seat and be pushed and pulled around by those of education and experience. I've found THAT out!"

"Have you heard that your cousins are not coming back?"

"Yes, and it makes me ill. Poor simpletons! Out there, they are the creatures of circumstances. They are being pulled down by the current. They WOULD jump into it all I could do or say. When the question was put to them by a Government official, Do you want to go home? and they were told they could go right away if they wanted to, of course they were taken by surprise and thrown off their balance. They thought the Government wanted them to go home, and it was natural enough for them to listen; but now, NOW where are they? Down, down in the dirt."

Here Tim held his head in distress. The two boys had reached the gymnasium and were standing each with one foot on the first step as they talked.

"I hope it is not so bad as you represent!" said Major encouragingly.

"It can't help but be at our Agency. I tell you, those girls, they are gone. But what I started out to say when we met was this:

What if my cousins had been white girls? Would they have been thrown out thus from all protection?"

"How preposterous!" exclaimed Major wishing to show that he had learned a new word.

"There are lots of white people lower down in sin and ignorance than the lowest Indians."

"I believe you."

"Believe me! Didn't I see for myself the time I was in New York City? I went through some of the back streets, on purpose to investigate, and did I not see the awful drinking, filth and misery and hear such

swearing that made me shiver? I never saw such low down conditions at home, never."

"No, the ignorance of Indians shows itself in other ways. The black superstition of the medicine man is what holds the Indian down."

"That's so!" replied Tim. "But suppose my cousins had been little white girls rescued from one of those awful streets I saw in New York."

"I see!"

"And having been placed in a good school like this and learned better ways,"

Tim hesitated for a moment.

"Go on!" said Major.

"And before they were half educated, some manager had come along and said, It is time for you to go home now; Do you want to go back to your people?"

"Humph!" said Major indignantly. "No manager of sense would ask them such a question; and if they ever expressed a wish to go back to that filth, every encouragement would have been thrown out for them to stay away from it."

"But their fathers and mothers would be there!"

"I know," said Major, "but were they not incompetent to take care of their children or give them proper shelter?"

"You are right," said Tim. "But I say suppose they SHOULD be sent back into that life, what would happen to them?"

"Every one knows what would happen to such young, innocent, clean, pretty girls under those circumstances, but there is no use supposing anything of the kind. They never would be sent back as long as their parents were incompetent to take care of them, and certainly never if they had no parents. They would go out from this school and be helped to places of trust and honor."

"Now you have come around to the point. Then tell me, WHO are the most to blame for my Indian cousins going back to the wretched Indian camp, they themselves or the people who pointed out the way? The people in AUTHORITY, I mean, who encouraged them to leave school, before they were ready to take care of themselves!"

The two boys clasped arms again and walked away in silent disgust at the situation, disappearing in the quarters.

The concert by the Indian School Band in Bosler Hall last evening was well attended, the building being filled. An excellent program was given, the music of the band being superior to that of other years. The singing of Miss Linnie Thompson was heartily enjoyed.—[*The Daily Herald*.]

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 3, 4, 10, 7 is what people do, coming in opposite directions.

My 1, 2, 5, 6 is the currency of a country.
My 9, 8, 7, 10 the widow dropped in the treasury.

My whole is a good rule for school boys and girls, Indian or no Indian.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hurry up.