

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1896.—

NO. 25

NOW the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!
First the blue and then the shower;
Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride
Where the timid violets hide.
All things ready with a will,
April's coming up the hill!

MR. HENRY CLAY JONES.

Mr. Jones is a Sac and Fox Indian of the Indian Territory, or, more properly speaking, Oklahoma. He is the father of Frank Jones, and has been visiting the school this week on his way home from Washington where he was attending to some business pertaining to his tribe.

In a little interview with him the following interesting comments were elicited, along with a great deal more of most excellent common sense which space forbids giving:

"Is this your first visit to Carlisle, Mr. Jones?"

"No. I was here 14 years ago, with a delegation from my tribe on their way home from Washington."

"How do we look as a school now compared with then?"

"Wonderfully improved. I would scarcely know the place. The opportunities here provided for the boys and girls to learn are fine."

"Mr. Jones, what is your position in the Sac and Fox tribe?"

"I acted as interpreter for many years, in times past. I was a plain blacksmith at the agency. When we had our organized Government with its upper and lower house—our legislative body, as it were, I was one of the counsellors, and at one time had the honor of being chief justice of the tribe."

"Do not the Sac and Fox still have a legislative body such as you have described?"

"No; our lands have been divided in sever-

alty, and we are a part of the Oklahoma Government."

"Do you think it better for the Indians to have lands in severalty than the old way of trying to carry on a Government within a Government, independent of our Government?"

"Well, yes, although it is difficult for the uneducated Indians to see it. The mixed bloods are quite able to take care of themselves and do not feel the change, but the full bloods are still very ignorant of the ways of citizenship, and not being prepared for the great change, will suffer."

"Do you think there is really more suffering now than when the Indians were massed as tribes and governed by chiefs or by a few who gobbled the lands?"

"No, I do not believe there is."

"Is not experience the best teacher and through it will not the Indian gradually become prepared to take on citizenship?"

"Yes, and he surely will never learn to stand on his feet until he is placed in a position to stand. It is as a Congressional Committee said who once visited our tribe, 'Every year we come here the Indians say, We are trying our best, but the Committee sees no appreciable change for the better. We will come down here in ten years from now, and it will be the same old story, We are trying to do our best. As long as the Indian remains on reservations and in tribes, conditions will remain the same.'"

"Then you approve of Land in Severalty."

"I do, if the Indians are compelled to keep their land for a term of years, in which time they may learn how to take care of themselves."

"Why compel them to keep it for a term of years?"

"Because the ignorant Indian is sure to make many mistakes and lose his personal property and all that he has several times

(Continued on last 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, but EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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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.

The glee club and others who started on a little trip Saturday to Williamsport, to sing and speak before the Methodist Conference and at other places, returned on Tuesday having had a very successful trip financially and in every other way.

On Friday evening last, some of the Standards and Invincibles visited the Susans at their meeting. After the programme was carried out, the Susans called on different members of the other societies to display their "oratorical talents." Each speaker gallantly stated that he learned something new by coming. The Susans are gratified if they have been of any help to their brothers. At the close of the meeting Mr. Albert Nash sang a solo which was enjoyed by the lovers of music.

REPORTER.

What is done by the girls and boys in the culinary department? 600 pounds of flour are baked daily; 28 bushels of potatoes are pared in one week; 8 bushels are prepared for cooking with the jackets on; 8 bushels of parsnips are prepared weekly and 8 bushels of beets. Dishes? In one week 47,880 dishes and 41,895 pieces of cutlery are handled. Oh, yes, there is some necessary rattletybang about it all, but the work gets done and is well done.

Before the Pupils.

Mr. Henry Clay Jones, the subject of the interview on first page, gave the pupils, who were gathered at dinner on Wednesday, a very sensible and earnest talk. He spoke of the great inspiration he received when he first visited the Carlisle school 14 years ago.

He learned to believe then for the first time that the race of people to which he belongs could be educated, and it filled him with new aspirations. The Indians are like a great body of ice slowly melting away in the sunlight of civilization, he said, and to be saved they must be educated.

Mr. Jones has always felt the lack of an education, but he is now on the down hill side of life, and while he can not learn much more, he would advise the young people to lay hold of the opportunities here given, and use every inch of time in the right way.

"We cannot depend upon the hunt any

more. We were once an independent people, and could live without the white man's knowledge, without the tilling of the soil, but that day is gone. The pale faces are surrounding us and coming in amongst us. We must educate ourselves in their habits and modes of life or be wiped out.

He was proud of being an Indian, proud of being a Sac and Fox Indian of the Mississippi and proud of being to-day an American citizen under the protection of the flag of the free. Their great chief Black Hawk had made mistakes, but it was through ignorance.

The speaker alluded pathetically to the time when the whites numbered less than 3,000,000, and the Indians outnumbered them nearly two to one, but to-day there are nearly 70,000,000 white people in this land, and what has become of the Indian? There are only about 250,000 left. We MUST become educated, and the Indian ere long will not be recognized as an Indian but as a MAN."

Volume I, Number 1 of *The Indian Guide*, just started at the Wind River Boarding School, Wyoming, and printed by the pupils of the school, is before us! It will be remembered that the Wind River Boarding school is where Mr. Campbell, former disciplinarian at Carlisle, is now superintendent. The paper is a folio containing 12 columns, and is nearly twice the size of the HELPER. It is remarkably well printed and presents a most creditable appearance. There are typographical errors, but we have no room to speak of those, knowing how easy they slip out unnoticed by the proof reader. *The Indian Guide* is full of readable matter. There is no industry taught at the Indian boarding schools that is more productive of speedy advancement intellectually than printing, and would that every Indian school in the land published a paper, if they had to begin as we did with a small sheet not much larger than a postage stamp. From a small plant worth perhaps twenty dollars, we have risen to a plant worth several thousand dollars, and that with but very little aid from the Government. May *The Indian Guide* live long and prosper!

Few of us ever expect to go around the world, but we can become acquainted with it and its people if we read books of travel. Just now there has come within reach of the pupils of Carlisle Indian School, a book so delightfully readable, that all the "boys and girls," as well as their older friends will enjoy it. This book is written by a friend of ours, and is dedicated to Capt. Pratt and the pupils of the Carlisle School. Miss Ackerman is a woman so helpful that she is known among reformers in every land, and she tells us in her book,—*"The World Through a Woman's Eyes,"*—just enough to make us wish to know more, and thus in a tactful way, we are led to a desire for other books like this one, that tell us something that is real.

We have not forgotten Miss Ackerman's talks about her journeyings round the world that she gave us in the early part of this winter, and those who enjoyed hearing her will want to read and own a copy of her book entitled *"The World Through a Woman's Eyes."* Price for a paper bound copy, 25 cents. 75 cents for one bound in cloth. Address HELPER.

Easter eggs!

After clouds, a clear sky.

A single penny fairly got,
Is worth a thousand that are not.

Have you heard the robins? Yes.

Spencer Smith is at the Buffalo hospital.

Fidelis Check-e-kah-las is the name of one of our boys.

The days and nights are now nearly equal in length.

Miss Lyda Standing is home on her Easter vacation.

The teachers had a taffy-pull on Friday night and no end of fun.

Miss Ely has been confined to her room for a few days with lumbago.

Miss Nana Pratt spent Sunday with her brother Mason and family at Steelton.

Seventeen boys went to farms on Wednesday; 20, on Thursday, and 20 on Friday.

Now that we have passed the Equinoctial we may begin to look for better weather, eh?

The snow is melting rapidly and leaving the turf very soft. NOW, for a few weeks, is the time to keep off the grass.

Miss Nettie Fremont, class '95, has left Swarthmore College and taken a position as a teacher in the Indian Boarding school, at Pierre, S. D.

Jason Betzinez spent Sunday at the school. He has found employment in the Steelton works and receives \$1 80 a day, having been promoted twice in three weeks.

Although the country fever is striking hard in some schools, the higher grades are undisturbed by the excitement and are keeping up with most gratifying work.

The Souvenir, containing 80 photographic views of the school, for 25 cents cash, or Free for ten HELPER subscriptions, and 2 cents extra to pay postage. Address HELPER.

The matter of issuing books for pupils to carry to their country homes has been systematized. Each book is marked, and the method is very satisfactory to both teachers and pupils.

Skilled draughtsmen and skilled workmen are the foundations upon which to build successful men. Progress is always in the air at Carlisle. What if we should have a director of drawing next?

Number fourteen pupils now go to school only a half day the same as those in the other departments. Fourteeners being the small fry, have been attending all day, but Spring work will give even them employment, and it is better all around.

"Books and how to use them" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Mr. Brightbill of Dickinson College before our school on Tuesday evening. He has delivered the same lecture before a number of teachers' institutes in various parts of the State.

Did you ask what is done in the school laundry? Take last week as a sample (and the Superintendent of the laundry says it was the smallest week's work of the year) there were 7,892 pieces washed, ironed and delivered. The largest number of white shirts ironed by one girl in a half day was 22. Who can beat that at hand work?

Mumps are fast disappearing.

April showers have begun in March.

The hospital has been fitted out with new mattresses.

The parade is peeping out in spots from under the snow.

Miss Shaffner has mastered the obstreperous wheel, and goes sailing off as big as life.

The carpenters are making needed repairs on the balconies of the various quarters.

The *Chicago Standard* is out with a full page illustrated article from the pen of Mr. Dennison Wheelock, our band leader.

As we go to press on Thursday evening, the Academic Department is in preparation for its regular monthly exhibition. George Washington and King Arthur of Round Table fame are to be present.

A letter from William Moore, class '95, now taking the commercial course at Haskell says that Delos Lonewolf, class '96, stopped off on his way to Oklahoma, and that it seemed homelike to meet Carlisle friends. Delos talked to the members of the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday evening.

The plan this Spring of sending pupils to the country in small detachments instead of in one large body of 200 or more, works admirably all around especially in the Academic Department. It gives time to carefully attend to the individual needs of the pupils.

David McFarland made a short address before the County Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society at New Kingston on last Friday evening. David is a member of the First Presbyterian Society of town and the only pupil at the school connected with the organization.

Dickinson College plays our basket-ball team tomorrow evening in the gymnasium. Twenty-five cents admission will be charged, and proceeds will go to the Indian School Athletic Association. A most interesting and exciting time is anticipated. Boys, remember the song, "Don't get excited, keep perfectly cool."

Who says the girls are not busy bees? In the sewing room alone last week 45 new dresses were made, 190 undergarments, skirts and aprons. 373 articles were repaired besides doing all the stocking darning for our regiment of 600 boys and girls. From 35 to 40 girls work in the sewing department each day, and half of these are girls half grown.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society has just received from the Champney studio, New York City, a very handsome pastel portrait of the noble woman whose name the society bears. It is a copy of the saintly face which hangs in the school Assembly Hall and will occupy a place of honor among the many other portraits in the girls' Society Hall.

The children in the Sloyd room are doing beautiful work and they love it, too. They are growing more skillful every day. We have on sale at the printing office small five and ten-cent articles made by the Sloyd boys and girls, marked with maker's name. For two subscriptions and two cents extra to pay postage we will send FREE what we consider the best five cent article on hand at the time.

(Continued from first page.)

over while he is gaining new experiences, but the land is there. He cannot lose that, and he will not make his family entirely destitute by his mistakes."

"What do you think of education?"

"I believe most emphatically that there should be compulsory education for all Indians, as the uneducated classes naturally cannot see the benefits of an education and many of them hold their children back."

"Have you several children of your own, Mr. Jones?"

"I am the father of 11 children. My son Frank is here; my son William is a graduate of Hampton, having attended the Whites Institute, Wabash, Indiana, before going to Hampton. He is now a student at Andover, Massachusetts."

"You have reason to be proud of these sons."

"I am proud of all of my children. My youngest is two years old and no doubt is looking for his papa this minute," said Mr. Jones affectionately. "The youngest and I are great friends, and when I am away he misses me very much."

Mr. Jones is one of the sensible progressive Indians we see frequently now-a-days. A man of no education, he claims. At one time not able to speak a word of English, and like most of the Indians of his tribe wore the blanket, but through association in his position as interpreter and his frequent trips to Washington he has picked up from observation much general information, and has all the manners of a cultivated gentleman.

THE HUALAPAI INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

Eager to Grow up Men and Women, Not Simply Indians.

The following letter, so full of the progressive spirit, must not be hid under a bushel, hence we trespass a trifle upon confidence, may be, in order to spread the spirit breathed from its utterances for the good of the cause.

For the missionaries and teachers upon reservations, whose influence and helps have an OUTWARD tendency, who point the way OUT to higher ground and broader opportunities than can be found in or near the tribes Carlisle has the profoundest respect, and extends the right hand of fellowship. The letter says in full:

HACKBERRY, ARIZONA,
March 13th., 1896.

CAPT. PRATT, CARLISLE, PA.,

DEAR SIR:

Perhaps while you are setting us so many good examples, you do not realize your boys

and girls are setting the *fashion* in dressing and style of wearing the hair.

Not long since our very kind friend Miss Bullfinch of Cambridge, Mass., sent us the Souvenir booklet of Carlisle Indian school.

Before putting it into the hands of my thirty Hualapai boys and girls, I explained to them that it represented a big Indian school.

They looked at the pictures with great interest, then said:

"All these Indians?"

"Yes."

"Good hair, good dress, good pants, good coats."

The next morning the boys came to school with their hair beautifully combed. The girls had tried to comb their hair behind their ears.

All had extra clean faces and most of the boys had on cravats.

It is true some of the cravats were only long pieces of calico or thick cloth; but they had caught the manner in which "Carlisle" boys wear their ties.

Do you wonder who we are?

We are thirty Hualapai boys and girls, who attend a Government Day school.

We are so anxious to learn, that before kind friends sent us some school books, we worked to earn money to buy some First Readers.

As I now write two boys sit studying and admiring Carlisle.

The Hualapai boys say,

"Tell the Carlisle boys, we think the big school very good."

We have ten copies of the INDIAN HELPER each week and hail its advent with pleasure.

We are interested in you, because you are striving so hard for the right. We hope you will feel interested in us, because we are eager to grow up to be men and women, not simply Indians.

Very sincerely yours,

(Miss) F. S. CALFEE,
(Field Matron) Acting Teacher.

Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.

My 4, 10, 16, 13, 8, 2 is made with small coins.

My 5, 11, 3, 1 is produced by fire.

My 9, 15, 7, 18 are made of tin.

My 12, 17, 14, 6, 3 is a foreign country.

"My whole is a kindness from all those who do it," says a subscriber.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: SHOW Bound.

Answer to Last Week's Conundrums.

1. Invisible green.
2. A little before Eve.
3. All the rest are week days.
4. A draft (draught.)
5. Warfare.