

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XI

—FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1896.—

NO. 29

I ASKED the roses as they grew
Richer and lovelier in their hue,
What made their tints so rich and bright;
They answered, "Looking toward the light."
Ah, secret dear! said heart of mine,
God meant my life to be like thine—
Radiant, with heavenly beauty bright,
By simply looking toward the light.

A robin sang,
The dull world wakened from its sleep,
Cast off its robe of winter sadness;
The leaves from bondage gan to peep.
The brooks o'erflowed in jolly madness.
All nature listened to the warning,
And laughed with glee in springtime's morning,
When robin sang.

THE ANNOYANCES OF AN INDIAN SCHOOL ON THE RESERVATION.

What a writer in the Regina, Canada, Indian School paper—*Progress*—for March, says casually, is true of the reservation school in general as witnessed at various times by the writer of this introductory paragraph. The *Progress* correspondent says:

"I remember visiting at an Industrial school and seeing a number of paint-bedaubed, blanket-enveloped Indians sitting in the reception room.

I asked the Principal who they were and he told me that they were the parents who came there to visit their children.

I learned from him that they always made a point to get there about meal time.

He said the most remarkable thing about it was the number of parents each child had."

LOSE THE BENEFITS BY GOING BACK.

We frequently, these days, hear the Indians themselves speak in favor of the Carlisle idea of scattering and becoming a very part of the citizenship of the great United States.

John Thunder, an educated Indian who is a Presbyterian missionary on the Sioux reserve at Pipestone, gave in a little talk before the pupils of the Regina Indian School, Can-

ada, a few words of advice which if taken by all the Indian children would lead them out into the world where opportunities grow.

His earnest advice to the children was that when they had completed their education they should remain among the white people and earn their living by diligently following their trades.

On the reserve they could have no chance for that work and they would be useless. By going back they would lose the benefits of the education they had received.

They should stay with civilization and in civilization.

Mr. Thunder wished those who intended to stay out to show hands and nearly all expressed their intention of doing so.

THE INDIAN RACE NOT FAIRLY JUDGED.

The repulsive, stolid creatures, with sullen stare, long, begrimed locks and filthy blankets full of fleas are the Indians that the traveller across the continent sees at the stations along the way, and these are the Indians from which he is apt to judge the race.

The Indian traveller in the East would have as good a right to judge the white race from the greasy, begrimed and benighted creatures seen on the back streets of the average eastern city.

DON'T LAUGH UNTIL YOU CAN WRITE IT CORRECTLY.

A white man wished the position of school trustee and thought he would get some votes, if his county newspaper would print his request. So he wrote to the editor:

"To the ediTyr i am a canpydait to the Offise of Skule KommiSioner an Ask My Frens to cast a voat in my Beehalve. I am I arm man, Beein cut oph in A. saw mill, and knead the Offise."

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, on
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class
mail matter.

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

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 Souvenirs containing 60 views of the
school, FREE for ten subscriptions and two
cents extra to pay postage.

The good news comes from New York that
Spencer Smith is much better, being able to
walk around and help himself.

On last Thursday, (Arbor Day) several of
the boys and girls, on invitation of Miss
Luckenbach, enjoyed a pleasant trip to the
cave. They went by trolley but returned in
the good old fashioned way on foot. Refresh-
ments were served by their hostess, while on
the banks of the creek, the eating of which
was no small part of the enjoyment.

One of the most interesting lectures we have
had the pleasure of listening to for a long
time was delivered by Dr. George Morris
Phillips, Principal of the West Chester Nor-
mal School, on last Friday evening. His sub-
ject was "The Story of the Heavens" and he
brought it so within the understanding of his
audience that all were benefitted and delighted.
The subject of astronomy is a very fascinat-
ing one to our pupils.

Resolved: "That women would be justified
in taking advantage of Leap Year," brought
out a very exciting debate for the Susans, at
one of their meetings recently. The judges
decided in favor of the affirmative. Many
of the young ladies were ready to say that
women would be justified in taking advantage
of the right to propose marriage thinking
there would be fewer unhappy wives on ac-
count of intemperate husbands.

Dr. W. N. Hallman, Superintendent of In-
dian Schools, was one of the distinguished
guests of the school last week. He was with
us on Arbor Day, and delivered a telling ad-
dress before the school. When we plant a
tree we plant a purpose, and he would have
us nurture that purpose as we would the tree,
that it may grow and be a benefit to humanity.
He spoke again on Friday evening, and paid
a high tribute to woman and her helpfulness
in life. He looked into our workshops and
spoke words of encouragement and cheer
wherever he went. On Saturday he departed
for Washington.

Dr. B. G. Northrop, the great village im-
provement and Arbor Day advocate was a
guest of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt for a few days
last week. He delivered a lecture before the
school on Thursday night which was full of
useful lessons. The power of will was dwelt
upon forcibly. The school repeated and
learned the motto: "A perfectly educated
character is little else than a perfectly edu-
cated will." He showed how through the
will tough things were made easy, and we
learn to do disagreeable things pleasantly.
He used as an illustration the game of basket
ball he had witnessed, in which the intellect
was educated. He told of schools for the
weak minded which he had visited and how
the intellect was cultivated through physical
culture. He wants us to do tough things at play
and to master tough problems in our studies.
"They can who THINK they can," was one
of his strong mottoes. There is no room in the
world for flinchers, shirkers, grumblers, beg-
gars. Our faculties are trained by a careful
and thoughtful study of the Bible. Even
when we are at work he would have us occupy
our minds with great truths. We may be
like a porcupine with prickly quills or we
may be encouraging and stimulating to our
fellow beings.

Our first team stands thus: p., Shelafo; c.,
Spencer; ss., Yellowrobe; lb., Pierce, (Haw-
ley); 2b., Jamison, (Capt.); 3b., Suis; rf.,
Jackson; cf., Rogers; lf., Archiquette. These
are the men who won a hard fought game
last Saturday afternoon with the Dickinson
College nine on their grounds, by a score of 6
to 2. Dickinson scored their two runs on a
single error of Pierce who was unable to
reach a poorly thrown ball from 3rd base.
Several times Dickinson had three men on
bases and but one out, but were unable to
score even then. Several very pretty double
plays were made on the part of both teams.
Both shortstops made some difficult stops and
double plays. Yellowrobe is fine. Dickinson
changed pitchers at the end of the sixth inn-
ing. Shelafo did excellent work in the box
for the Indians keeping a perfectly cool head,
easily striking out the best batters of the op-
posing team. Dickinson had all old players,
while but three of the Indians had ever be-
fore played a match game.

In an account given in the New London
Press, Wis., of the State Indian Teachers
Convention, held in that city recently, we
clip the following in regard to Miss Ida Pow-
las, class '94:

"Miss Ida Powlas, Indian teacher from
Oneida, read a very interesting paper 'A Plea
for the Indian Teacher.' Miss Powlas'
paper told in a few well chosen words, the
difficulties the educated Indian had to contend
with and advocated giving him a fair trial be-
fore final conviction."

In the same description we are pleased to
note what Superintendent Pierce, of the
Oneida Boarding School thinks:

"Supt. Pierce thought that if these young
people could compete with white labor in the
east they should stay there, and not return to
the over-crowded reservation, after their
graduation."

Our team plays Pennsylvania College at
Gettysburg, to-morrow.

White washing!
New base to the flag-staff.
New fence on the north side.
Plans for vacation are working.
Breakfast on bicycles is the latest.
Mrs. Sprout is visiting friends in Illinois.
And now Edgar Rickard, printer, has the mumps.

Miss Cochran has gone home to see her sister married.

April school entertainment last night. To press too early to give particulars.

The dandelion diggers are doing good work in rooting out the enemies of the grass.

The large spring at the farm has been stocked with young trout by the fish commission.

Professor Bakeless went on a business trip to the eastern part of the State on Wednesday.

Thomas Flynn, typographer, has gone to the country for the summer in preference to going home. He has an eye to business.

It is nonsense to call a man a hog. A hog will neither chew tobacco nor expectorate on the sidewalk.—[Philadelphia *Bulletin*.

Mr. Standing advised Mrs. Standing to get on a bicycle the other evening. He said he "knew she could go right off," if she would only mount.

The band played for the Keene-Todd entertainment in town Monday night, and tonight they go to the Shippensburg Normal to play for an entertainment.

Last Friday evening the Standards held their usual meeting and had a very interesting time, although their numbers are reduced on account of many going to the country for the summer.

Lewis Curtis writes for the HELPER this week to be sent to his farm home. He is another who cannot live without it. He says he must know how his friends are getting on, and that he loves the old school.

At the convention of Y. M. C. A. presidents held in Carlisle last week, Howard Gansworth had his place with the rest, and moved among his colleagues with the dignity becoming the office of president of our school association.

The Seniors spent a part of Saturday on the mountains gathering arbutus. Their teacher, Miss Cutter, was the chaperon. Others from the school, Miss Hill, Miss Bourassa, Miss Bowersox and Lilly Payne joined them, on the mountain.

We have an electric motor put in by the Cumberland Valley traction company. It runs beautifully and serves our purpose much better than the steam engine with its heat. It is a five-horse power motor. A fifteen-horse power, put in by the same company, is running the stone crusher.

The Hubs and the Cuban Giants, both teams from the large boys' quarters, are to play a championship game tomorrow, to see who shall be called Third team. An exciting game is expected and everybody is invited. The following are the Hubs: p. and Capt. P. Corbett; c., Halftown; 1b., Tsamawa; 2b., Block; 3b., C. Mishler; ss., Stewart; rf., L. Mishler; cf., Biets; lf., C. Yarlot. Albert Nash, Manager.

Debate between Standards and Invincibles to-night.

Miss Bourassa has a new wheel in exchange for her old one.

The trees are out in half foliage. Where did the leaves come from? Last week no leaves. This week millions.

Mary Beaulieu is pouring the tea and coffee at the Teachers' Club, in the absence of Mrs. Sprout, and she has the reputation of looking after the needs at the tables with a critical and pains-taking eye.

Arbor day was celebrated by the school on last Thursday on account of Drs. Hailman and Northrop being with us. There were quite elaborate ceremonies connected with the occasion, some of which will be reported in the April *Red Man*, which will be out in a few days.

Robert Emmet, another of the printers, has gone to the country instead of going home. It requires courage for a young man who desires to see his people and has the chance to go, to forego the pleasure, but he knows it is for his best good to stay. Nearly all who go home and return to finish, lose some time in getting settled down to real work, after they get back.

Miss Shaffner and Miss Miles spent a few days among the Friends of Bendersville, twenty miles distant. They were seeking homes for some of the small girls who are able to do many handy things, but not sufficient to earn wages. They found fifteen or twenty such homes and the little girls go on the first of May. The change will be a great benefit to them.

On Saturday, Edward Spott, class '96, died of consumption, after a short illness. His funeral occurred on Sunday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Norcross officiating. Edward was a bright young man, full of hopes and possibilities. After graduation and before, he was a member of the preparatory school at Dickinson College and won many friends among the students there. He was beloved here by all who knew him and his death is exceedingly sad. The pall-bearers at the funeral were Thomas Marshall, James Wheelock, Timothy Henry, Robert Jackson, Frank Cayou, and George Suis.

The Captain was surprised on Tuesday evening by a party of 30 or 40 of our young ladies and gentlemen. Carrie Cornelius and assistants were the leaders, and the company gathered on the lawn in front of the Captain's residence about eight o'clock, and sang America. He wondered what it all meant, but soon took in the situation and invited them in. Linnie Thompson and Adam Fox furnished the music, and all contributed toward making the games and chit-chat lively. Refreshments, consisting of lemonade and cake, were served. These had been slipped in at the back door in the early evening. Mr. and Mrs. Mason D. Pratt, of Steelton, Prof. and Mrs. Bakeless, Misses Hamilton, Weekley and Bourassa, were the honored guests outside of the pupils. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt appreciated the thoughtfulness on the part of the company, and the evening was a most enjoyable one throughout.

NOT SO.

"You have got to get the fountain head right before the stream will be pure, and the work of reformation has got to start at the home," say those more in favor of reservation Indian schools than of schools remote from the reservation.

It seems however in the case of Indian civilization, that the systems of management in the past which have made the Indian a weakling and placed him in the slough of despond—the Indian reservation, dumping in upon him our vices until the reservation has become a cess-pool of superstition, ignorance, pauperism and inaction, has made it impossible to purify the pool, so the only way now is to guide the overflow, the YOUTH, through rocks and pebbles and such filters as the Carlisle school, that it may purify ITSELF, and thus become acceptable to the forces at work in the building up of a great nation.

It can be done.

Sewage, now-a-days, by proper FILTRATION may be safely turned into a stream which supplies a town or city with drinking water.

Give the overflow a chance to percolate, that is all it needs, but when it gets through don't dump it back into the stagnant pool again, but turn it into the common stream.

INDIANS THE VICTIMS.

There are many white men lurking around the borders of the reservations where the Indians have taken lands in severalty, glad to sell them liquor.

There are laws against it but the white man succeeds in evading the law, and the Indians are victims.

These Indians call themselves citizens and they are.

They say they have a right to drink as much whiskey as they please, and they do drink.

The whiskey curse sprang from the white man, and is killing off the Indians faster than bullets ever did.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all my mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel; and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made out of good stuff"—*[Our Sunday Afternoon.*

HOW TO STOP A BOY FROM SMOKING CIGARETTES.

A father wrote to an editor for instructions how to stop his boy from smoking cigarettes and got the reply below. While the plan is a little more severe perhaps than most of our readers can endorse, it may be well to learn of all the different ways of managing such a case. The editor says:

"We suggest bribery, persuasion, instruction or shutting off his allowance. Then if he still remains obstinate, use raw-hide on raw-hide. Welt him until he is ready to hold up his hand and promise never to smoke another cigarette. If that does not work, drown him. A drowned boy is better than one that smokes cigarettes."

NO MORE USE FOR THE INDIAN CHIEF.

Some old Indian chiefs of the past were capable of leadership, and were a necessity to the tribe, but it is a well conceded fact by those who understand the Indian situation best that there are a very few chiefs who do not stand in the way of progress.

A few are taking the right stand, and by example are leading their people in paths of industry and right doing.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a dog with a lame leg like a boy ciphering?
 2. Why is a letter B like a hot fire?
 3. Why is a prudent man like a pin?
 4. For what was Eve made?
 5. When is a baby not a baby?
- Answers next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CONUNDRUMS:

- (1) Because he is above doing a mean thing.
- (2) That they may have a will of their own.
- (3) When he is turned into a meadow. (4) They expect soft water when it rains hard.
- (5) She spreads her sheets, crosses the line and goes from pole to pole.

Enigma by Libbie Archiquette.

I am made of 15 letters.

We should go 4, 9 when it begins to 15, 8, 7, 5.

We should 12, 14, 9, 6 a 10, 8, 5, 6 to 2, 14, 12, 13.

We should always be 9, 3, 8, 1 but not too 12, 11, 8, 5.

My whole is what the Indian boys and girls are glad to see every week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Home fever.